

# Unchaste Maria

by Jack Faber © 2022

*This is the story of John, the naive one from the countryside and Maria the always horny unchaste one.*

John, whom everyone just called John, had graduated from high school at the end of 17 and had come to the capital to study. He had been lucky to get a cheap room with Maria, she was a young looking woman in her mid-forties who worked in the parish office. She was happy not to have to live all alone in the small three-room apartment on the avenue. Strictly speaking, there were two rooms, a large eat-in kitchen and a nice bathroom in this old building. She immediately found this boy immensely likeable, he agreed with the house rules, no alcohol, no parties, no lady visits. He was happy when she offered to make breakfast, lunch and dinner and at a fair price. Only the bathroom rules did not suit him right away. Mary had offered bathing three times a week, but he didn't want that. He never bathed, John said, but was used to taking a quick shower every night. Maria thought only briefly and agreed, the fellow was at least clean. He agreed to vacuum the apartment once a week, she did the housework and would also do his laundry, ironing he would have to do himself.

It was late morning, she had made coffee in the kitchen and after an hour all the details were discussed. She asked him curiously what he had done so far in his spare time in his village. He had read many books, that was what he liked to do most, sometimes he watched documentaries and knowledge programs on TV. He used the Internet only to learn. She didn't have internet, she said and he nodded, at

home he had internet only in school, that was okay, he had internet in university. She also only had a connection in the parish office, she didn't need one privately. Did he often go out, to the pub and so on? No, he laughed, when he was 14 and 15 he used to go out drinking beer with the boys, but since he was preparing to study archaeology, he no longer went out with his buddies. After all, it was all about drinking and sex, and he could gladly do without the drinking. And the sex? asked Maria, fixing her eyes on the tabletop, is there one? He laughed roughly, one? In our country it was normal that everybody had something with everybody! He stopped, because Maria looked very unhappy. It was agreed now, no lady visits, he said, and she nodded silently. She had always lived alone, she said blushing, there were no visits from men or acquaintances with men in her life. She did not look up and fell silent. Instinctively, he guessed that was a lie.

He could move in right away, she said, all we had to do was assemble the bed in the room, it was in the basement. He was glad that he was allowed to move in right away, because the last 5 nights he had slept on the couch with random student acquaintances. He would just have to pick up his two suitcases from the train station. She told him to go to the station right away, she would prepare his room in the meantime. So it happened, he came back after three hours with the suitcases, she had bought groceries, prepared his room nicely and fetched the parts of the bed from the cellar. An hour later everything was ready, his clothes stowed in the box and he put his books and laptop on the small table.

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She came out of the kitchen and said that there would surely be a bookshelf in the rectory, she would look first

thing tomorrow. "And now come, there's dinner! You must be half-starved by now!" she said on her way out. He quickly put the books on the floor and went into the kitchen. There were fried eggs, minced meat loaves and potatoes. Did he want to say grace, she asked kindly, and he shook his head blushing, he had not been raised a believer. She smiled kindly, put her hands together and prayed silently for a few moments with her eyes closed. He waited silently, pondering if this could become a problem, if she was a dogged praying sister? She seemed to have read his mind despite her closed eyes, because as she handed out the food, she said with a friendly smile that it was a little different today than it used to be. She worked in the rectory and was a believer, praying before the meal out of old habit and conviction. But she did not expect anything from him, everyone should live according to his conviction.

The food was excellent and she smiled gently. "Sorry, I was dueling you earlier in the room, it just happened. Sorry!" she said with downcast eyes and he hurried to reply, back home in the village everyone was on first name terms, it was normal. She formally extended her hand to him across the table. "Maria," "John or John," he said softly, shaking her hand. "Haven't had a hot meal in a while, John?" and without waiting for an answer she gave him the rest on his plate and some of her food too. "Eat heartily, you don't have to starve here!" she said firmly and he answered, thank you, Mary! After the meal they washed the dishes together, Maria put ashtrays, cigarettes and a bottle of red wine with two glasses on the table. "Closing time!" she announced and they sat down. "I only smoke in the evening when I drink wine and watch TV, but today we'll leave the TV off, we can chat." He declined the cigarette with thanks, saying he didn't smoke. But he gladly took the wine.

She wanted to know everything about him and he liked to tell about home, parents and siblings. His oldest brother would one day take over the farm and he had to learn a trade. As a servant with the brother he could still work to the emergency, but the archaeology fascinated him for years and that he studied now. His father had granted him a living for the first 6 years — the farm brought in enough — and after that he would have to go to work on the side if he needed longer or wanted to write a thesis. Maria was already buoyantly drinking the third glass and he only half of the first. He liked to have a beer or a glass of wine, but he didn't drink. She listened to him attentively and smoked silently. She gradually steered the conversation to "sex in the country." He smiled because she wanted to know everything and he didn't mind talking freely about sex.

Like his peers, he had his first sex at 14, he had slept with all the girls and most of the young women in the village and the surrounding area like everyone else. This sacred custom was followed by everyone, girls and boys alike. The longest relationship lasted barely four weeks, with the wife of an architect. He was 14 then, still a virgin, and she taught him everything. They fucked at least five times a day, but one day he had to leave and make room for a buddy. That was the only time he suffered cruelly from lovesickness for a few days, after which he threw himself fully into the fray, the girls were all waiting for new lovers, after all. No, he replied, he never made love with boys. Once he had caroused and debated deep into the night at the only lesbian couple in the area, then his buddies had left one by one, since there was nothing to fuck here, and he was the only one to stay until after midnight.

The lesbians were a little older, maybe 40 or so, and they were kissing and cuddling and soon all three of them were naked. He was very curious, because he had never seen

anything like it, only heard about it. But the piggish, contemptuous whispering of the boys wasn't worth a damn! The lovemaking of these women was incredibly graceful, very intense, and probably the most beautiful sex he had ever watched. The two looked at him, grabbed his cock and giggled if he didn't want to do it himself? But he was already properly tipsy and didn't want to masturbate, he really wanted to fuck. *Fuck!* They nodded, oh well! While they were busy French kissing, he participated in kissing, cuddling and caressing. One held the other down with kisses and her hands, because it was the one who didn't actually want to fuck. He penetrated wildly into the lying one, he put his cock very deep into her vagina and began to fuck. He squirted in with all his might and the fucked woman wriggled in surprise as he thrust and squirted in. The women exchanged grins after a while, now the first one held the second while he penetrated and fucked away. He had to fuck for quite a while until he could finally squirt in. This one also wriggled a bit while being squirted and pushed him aside laughing. He wanted to fuck! he croaked with the bestemm of the drunk. *Fuck!* After a brief whisper, one told him she would never, ever do it. The other said, okay, but only in the doggy position. However, he was allowed to fuck both of them in turn until mid-morning, one after the other in all possible positions, until he was completely exhausted. A sip from the vodka bottle, a few puffs from the hashish pipe and his cock stood again like a guardsman! It was most beautiful in the doggy position, she licked her friend from one orgasm to another and got an orgasm herself while getting fucked. One of them was able to orgasm easily almost every time while getting fucked, the other not at all. Many of his previous partners have had to masturbate after being fucked to orgasm. This was probably the most exciting night of his life. Maria listened excitedly to his detailed and piggish narrative, she had sat there at the end as if petrified

and muttered almost inaudibly that she had never touched a girl sexually or ever let a girl touch her unchastely.

They set off for bed, he went to shower. The connecting door between the rooms always remains closed, Maria had said in the afternoon. Maria crept to the bathroom in her nightgown and watched him masturbate surreptitiously for some time, then left quietly. He lay in bed and heard familiar sounds through the thin wallpaper door, she was masturbating loudly rustling! He crept to the wallpaper door and put his ear to the thin panel. Her bed made a soft noise with each of her movements, so that the rubbing of the clit could be heard clearly. If he held his breath, he could even hear the wet squelch of the finger in the wet flesh. She rubbed fast and faster and the bed grew louder, Maria masturbated gasping loudly for what seemed like an eternity and stopped with an "Oh God!". He breathed a sigh of relief, at least his landlady wasn't a bigoted nun!

He went to college in the mornings and studied hard in the afternoons, sometimes going out for a beer with colleagues at noon, but being home in time for lunch at one. There was usually a big snack, because every week his mother sent him a package with large pieces of bacon, ham and cheese. Once a month she added a pound of coffee and a bit of chocolate. He called her every first of the month at 12 o'clock sharp and asked how everyone was doing, told a little about his studies. Maria gladly accepted the food from the farm, nothing was left until the next package.

After dinner, they watched the evening news together, then sat with red wine and cigarettes, talking splendidly. As soon as Maria had filled up on red wine — and she needed it every evening, — she steered the conversation to sexual topics, that was what she liked to talk about most. He had to describe the girls' private parts in great detail and then in

great detail the fucking of the girl, the squirting in or pulling out and squirting over if she wanted to use contraception. Most did not get an orgasm from being fucked and masturbated to their heart's content. In the countryside, girls don't make a big secret of masturbating, he said. Maria asked and asked, and he answered candidly.

She spied on him every evening when he masturbated standing or sitting in the bathtub before showering. It excited her very much that he masturbated and squirted twice and more often three times. He always heard her masturbating through the thin intermediate door for a long time, panting loudly to the point of "Oh God!". Only on Wednesday, when she left again after dinner and didn't come back until around midnight, did she masturbate a second time, and then for a very, very long time. A couple of times she masturbated a third time, panting very loudly and for what seemed like an eternity until "Oh God!" He didn't realize until months later that she was secretly watching him masturbate in the evenings, but he didn't let on. That he heard her masturbating every night he wisely concealed, that was compensatory justice.

One evening, Mary was nicely tipsy and listened to him recounting one sex adventure or another, she quite unexpectedly told him about her youth. John listened intently and sipped his glass of red wine. She hadn't had sex in ages, Maria lied, because John had always wondered what she did every Wednesday night, but he kept it to himself. But as a young thing she had sex of course, Maria continued, she had fallen in love with a married man, the religion teacher, when she was 15. She believed his fairy tales, he would divorce her and marry her at 18. She let him deflower her, which was very painful, and let him fuck her heartily almost every day. She felt wonderful feelings from being fucked from the beginning and believed that was all

there was to it. She was happy all around and sad when he could not get off on a day or several days. His wife must be a real dragon, she forced him to stay home and fuck her so many times until the poor guy was completely exhausted, he claimed. So that she would not be so lonely on those days, he taught her how to masturbate. She needed it very often then and masturbated like an addict, obsessed like a madwoman. When she turned 18, he was still not divorced and she found out by accident that he had taken on a dewy 14 year old virgin. She confronted him with the facts and he laughed at her coldly. He fucked her hard with anger and put on his pants. Whether she really believed to be able to compete with a 14 year old virgin untouched, what!?

She was beside herself with rage at this pig. That very evening she sought out the 14-year-old and poured her the bitter wine. The girl believed her only after long doubts. The next day she went to see the religious teacher's wife, but she only sobbed and would continue to keep silent, what could she do? Afterwards, she went to the school principal in anger. He listened, made her sign a protocol and said he would take care of it. The pig flew out of the school, had to leave the warming nest and moved to another town. She confessed and talked for hours with the kind old priest who was able to comfort her and bring her back down to earth. He hired her in the parish office and she had to vow to him to live virginally in the future. She kept her word even after his death, until today! Maria sniffed mendaciously and downed the red wine vigorously. Despite her promise, she still had *one night stands*, which she regretted every time, for a few years, Maria told. The stupid stepmother dragged her to a gynecologist because she still had no menstruation. She found out that her ovaries had been completely atrophied since birth. Well, then at least you don't have to use contraception! laughed the stepmother and that was the end of the matter, Maria would never have children.



John asked if that was very bad, but she shook her head silently.

From now on they both had something to tell, Maria did not get tired of talking about the years of sex and her excessive masturbating in youth. But she was a grown woman now and didn't need masturbating anymore, she lied with veiled eyes, only the young girls needed that. He nodded, yes yes, she was absolutely right about that! Another evening he asked cautiously about Wednesday evening, and Maria evaded and lied that the beams bent! He could tell exactly when she was lying. On Wednesday she had to deal with leftover correspondence in the parish office, confessed to the parish priest, and cleaned up the parish office spotlessly. John hid his smug smile and just nodded approvingly at her web of lies. He would always remember this moment, for it was then that he decided to seduce Mary. He would have to do it slowly, step by step, Maria's nut was certainly not easy to crack.

They set off for bed, he to the bathroom, she in her nightgown to spy. He stroked his cock for a few moments, then jumped to the door and yanked it open. He grabbed the spy by the wrist and dragged her into the bathroom with a friendly grin. He pushed the completely taken by surprise onto the stool and said, as kindly as he could, that she could sit while watching, that it would be more comfortable than spying bent over outside. Maria stammered incomprehensible in her buzz and remained sitting dutifully. He masturbated three times standing up, splashed three times in the bathtub and took a quick shower. Then he walked with Maria to her room door and said that was just fine with him. She kept silent and went to her bedroom confused. He heard her masturbating for quite some time, an "Oh God!" and another God and another. The treacherous

bed relayed with soft sounds each of the movements, shamelessly revealing the rubbing of the clit.

She didn't look at him at breakfast, avoided eye contact at lunch. After dinner she wanted to go straight to sleep, but he had already provided the bottle of red wine and persuaded her to stay. She kept silent and could not manage a sensible word. By the third glass she was a little more relaxed and he brought his masturbation into the conversation. He did it every night, he needed it! He said it was very horny for him when she watched him. Maria's skepticism only faded after he talked about his horny thoughts and feelings while masturbating. She had never seen it before, she tried to justify her spying. He believed her, that seemed to be true. He said it was perfectly okay and she needed to please be there every night, it would be a great relief to him. At some point she nodded uncertainly, okay, but that seemed a little unchaste for her. She was already quite intoxicated and giggled mischievously when he suggested that she pull the floor-length nightgown up to her knees, her bare legs would excite him even more. Okay, she said tipsily, that was no problem at all and just a very tiny bit unchaste!

They went, he to the bathroom and she changed her clothes, swaying. He stood naked outside the bathroom and let her in. She sat down on the stool and pulled the nightgown up to her knees. He slowly but firmly pushed the nightgown up over her pubic area, then undid all the top buttons and gently brought out her breasts. "Shh, shh!" he reassured her, "that's right!" She sat stock-still, looking at him with blurry eyes. He began to masturbate while sitting and vigorously told her to spread her legs a bit. He masturbated and demanded, more! More! until he could see her cleft clearly. Wasn't it a bit unchaste after all? she murmured softly.

She had a decidedly slender figure, a gentle expression and shoulder-length brown-red hair. He looked closely at her breasts, they were small, the teats hanging down. Her legs were long and slender, her slender hands on the one hand parted the neckline of the nightgown to expose the breasts completely and on the other hand pulled the nightgown higher and higher the longer he masturbated. She had very few, almost transparent pubic hairs and John could clearly see her slightly open cleft. He stared at the cleft and squirted on it for the second time. He got out of the tub and straightened her hand so she held her nightgown up to her belly button. He spread her legs fully, brushed aside her pubic hair and parted her labia with his fingers to reveal her hidden clit. He smiled reassuringly that this was okay and certainly not unchaste and continued to masturbate sitting on the edge of the bathtub. He smiled sweetly at her and nodded. She had a small clit, but covered by a long foreskin, and he squirted pleasantly over her cleft, then he showered and they went to sleep. He could still hear her masturbating and calling out to God deep into the night. She was louder than she had been in a long time.

They finished each evening in this way, she presenting her breasts, pubic and clit more and more naturally as he masturbated. She looked at him smiling drunkenly as he pulled her nightgown over her head one evening and let it slide to the floor. She covered her shame and breasts with her hands, but only for a brief moment. Then she stretched her back and shoulders defiantly with a drunken look and placed a hand on her pubic area. The fingers parted the labia and let the covered clit protrude. He squirted and spurted on her cleft, encouraging her to show the clit in plain view. His semen flew in a high arc onto her cleft and she giggled intoxicatedly. She joined him in the bathtub as he showered and washed off the splashes of semen, then they went to sleep. Her nightgown remained in the

bathroom and she masturbated naked until they fell asleep. He heard her panting clearly through the thin door, calling out to God loud and long. At breakfast, she beamed.

They never got bored with these evenings. She needed a few glasses to thaw out and then their conversations became hearty and always revolved around sex. They both enjoyed porking and he knew exactly the points when Maria lied. For example, her masturbating, she vigorously denied, no matter how drunk she was. It was unchaste, the priest said, and she had really only done it as a young girl, honest! But sometimes she got confused and said that if the sexual pressure was too strong, it was okay to masturbate, wasn't it? John agreed with her and brought up squirting. Oh, she didn't mind, it would wash off easily. After much back and forth, she agreed to let him deliberately squirt on her. She just didn't understand why he wanted that. He told her that he had very often squirted into the girls' mouths, which everyone found horny and funny. Maria shook herself, that was disgusting, she would never do that!

Meanwhile, she came naked to the bathroom every night and sat on the stool to show off her sex freely. He said her clit was unfortunately covered by the bonnet. If she pulled back the bonnet with her fingers, he could see the little knob. He reached down on the bonnet and pulled it back very tightly a couple of times. "See, that's how you have to do it, that way you can see the little knob of the clit well and it's not unchaste masturbation either, right?" She nodded silently and pulled the bonnet back and forth a little. He sat down on the bathtub, masturbated, and watched her play with her clit. She stared at his masturbation and picked up his pace, now pulling her foreskin tightly over her clit at the same time as he did. She became more and more aroused, pulling back the foreskin faster and greedier, and he squirted on her cleft. She paused as he stood up and then

she continued tearing the foreskin while he masturbated standing up. He thrust his glans forward before squirting, pressing it against her lips. She quietly exclaimed that was disgusting and pressed her lips tightly together. But he remained stubborn and squirted on her lips, his semen dripping over her chin onto her belly.

They both continued doggedly. After all, she found out right away that playing with the clit hood gave her a wonderful high-creeping horniness without looking like the sinful masturbation. The horniest part was when she vigorously yanked the bonnet back and forth exactly to his beat, and then sped up. He pressed from now on his glans always on her lips to squirt, she had accepted it and if she pressed her lips tightly together, nothing went into her mouth. When she was distracted by her horniness, his glans penetrated a little between her lips and she tasted the saltiness on her tongue. They got in the shower together and he washed the semen from her body, from her labia and from her lips. He always hugged her in the shower, but she always fought him off. "That's unchaste!" she muttered, blushing, and went into her bedroom. He heard her shamelessly masturbating loudly and calling out to God, as she did every night.

The days trickled by, the first year of college was coming to an end, and her evenings ran almost evenly. She loved the exciting tearing of the clit hood, she tore quite quickly and pressed her fingers firmly on the clit when the half orgasm came, not a really violent one like at night and she thought she could hide it from him. For half a year she caressed his glans with her lips while masturbating. When he shouted "Now!", she took his whole glans in her mouth and lapped the notch that ran around the glans. She licked the glans with her tongue so intensely that he had to squirt immediately. She tasted the salty on her tongue and deep in her throat and swallowed involuntarily, it was no longer

disgusting at all. She now always masturbated naked on the bed and he listened to the familiar loud masturbation. During the summer vacations he went home for a week and enjoyed the loving unity of the family. He told of his studies, that he was learning Sumerian to decipher Babylonian cuneiform writings. His professor encouraged him to the best of his ability, for he was a gifted and diligent student. The second year began unspectacularly.

The mysterious Wednesday evenings gave him no peace. He showered and masturbated listlessly, she was never there on Wednesday nights, he missed her. He sat naked at the kitchen table and drank a glass of red wine. Now Maria did not go straight to the bedroom, but sat with him and drank a few glasses. She smelled different. Of sweat. Of man. Of sperm. He was quite sure that she went somewhere to fuck every Wednesday. But she wouldn't let him tell her the secret. Confession, correspondence, office cleaning. She did not deviate one iota from her lies, there was nothing to be done. For weeks he waited broodingly for Maria, then they went to sleep and he heard her masturbating outrageously loud and greeting her God. On Wednesdays she always masturbated two or three times, very loudly. One Wednesday night, he couldn't take it anymore.

No sooner had she started masturbating after her notorious binge than he crept up to her door, opened it, and stopped. He looked fascinated at her fingers, which rubbed the clit quickly and skillfully. She masturbated naked on the bed in the twilight, groaning and moaning loudly as usual, calling out to God as her abdomen twitched violently. She began masturbating again after a few moments and he sidled quietly up to her, kneeling between her spread legs. His glans touched her open vaginal entrance. Now she noticed him and flinched. "Have you been there long?" she whispered fearfully, and he nodded. "It had to be," she

whispered even more softly, "the pressure is killing me!" He nodded and whispered that it was quite okay and rubbed her clit. He rubbed her clit as best he could and she gasped and gurgled pleasantly. When he paused because his cock was digging into her vaginal entrance, she cried softly, "Please don't!" and her finger immediately jerked greedily to her clit. Unabashedly, she continued to masturbate and he very, very slowly penetrated her wet, slippery vagina. She whimpered, "No, please don't! Please don't fuck!" and he froze in mid-motion. He watched her masturbate and gazed in the twilight at her lust-distorted face as she called out to her god. She looked at him frozen as his cock began to spurt. He didn't move and squirted and squirted. She grinned fearfully, "You're squirting, my God, you're squirting!" He didn't move, he stayed silent and squirted in blissfully. She stroked his buttocks, sighing once and again until he finished squirting. "My pressure is still tremendous!" she softly pressed out, feeling for her clit. She sighed deeply. "Please don't fuck me!" she breathed. He thrust stiffly into her vagina and nodded weakly: "Okay, rub yourself again! I'm really not fucking you!" He pushed his cock in even deeper with a savage thrust that nearly burst the glans. "But you're still in it!" she breathed fearfully. She nodded when he remained silent and masturbated on it, vigorously, greedily and quickly. He spurted again in her vagina, but she kept going and going, straining to call out to God. God calmed her down surprisingly quickly and he was about to squirt. She grabbed his cock and deftly rubbed it in her vagina, only moments later he squirted the third time in her vagina. They lay silently side by side for minutes, he kissed her — on the lips for the first time — and quietly went to his room.

The next morning she beamed at breakfast and gave him a kiss on the cheek as he left for college. He was in a daze all day. In the evening, at dinner and over red wine, there was

only this one topic. He was very relieved that she basically took it sportingly. She made it unmistakably clear that she did not want to be fucked. He nodded that he was clear about that. "Please don't fuck me, please!" and he assured her that he would not fuck her. She breathed a sigh of relief. But what she thought about squirting in, she answered in an astonishing way. Whether he squirted in between her lips or between her labia, what was the difference? He remained silent, as if struck before the head. She looked at him triumphantly, "see, there you go! No difference!" They still debated endlessly, she had her firm opinion and he let her win with a smirk. Only he mustn't fuck her, please don't, he had to promise. She held his hands and said, please don't fuck! He nodded in the affirmative and stroked her hand reassuringly, he had not fucked her, but only stuck it in. But of course he was also allowed to inject, of course! she interjected mischievously and grinned impudently. From now on, this was the new ritual: after drinking red wine, he quickly went into the shower without masturbating and then into her room, where she awaited him lying naked on the bed: "Oh, John, today the sexual pressure is really big again!" she lied impudently every evening and helped him with her hand to penetrate her tight vagina. He remained motionless inside her and let it squirt on its own while she masturbated diligently. The third time he struggled and she skillfully masturbated him into her vagina to squirt. They didn't speak a word, he kissed her on the lips before going to his room.

When he came back from summer vacation, something had changed. She was masturbating so self absorbed that she didn't notice that he needed it the third time and was impatiently waiting for the handjob. She was so absorbed in her fantasyland that she simply didn't notice his urging. John moved for the first time, thrusting gently and then harder and harder. She cried out, she screamed for God and



sobbed, "Oh my God, the boy is fucking me mercilessly!" Her orgasm was sheerly tearing her abdomen and she sobbed, "My God! My God! Oh God oh God oh God!" John squirted and squirted and squirted, then slumped over her. "You fucked me!" she grumbled, then smiled, "But I had a wonderful orgasm when you fucked me!" "Sorry!" he whispered, and slunk off to his room, glum.

He was depressed all day, imagining the worst things that would result. He was pleasantly surprised, however, at how kindly Mary treated him at lunch and dinner. Not the slightest reproach, no hidden insinuation. She fixed the red wine as usual and smoked silently. She poured herself the third glass and looked at him inquiringly. "What's on your mind?" she asked, though she knew the answer. "I fucked you," he said gloomily, "I waited in vain for the handjob!" "Don't blame yourself," she said placatingly, seeing his sorrowful look. He breathed a sigh of relief. She wasn't going to rip his head off. She wanted to dispel his grief and say something nice. "It's not like it's a bad thing, usually only he gets to fuck me .... " she broke off, horrified. Her gaze wandered back and forth between his eyes and she pinned it firmly on the glass. John shifted in a flash, "I know, always on Wednesday nights." He looked at her inquiringly, it was a silly trial.

Her gaze was ravenous as she looked up again. "You know!" she muttered, "and you never said anything!" She fell silent and gathered her thoughts. John knew and had never said a word about it. "He's still in love with me, even after fourteen years, though I haven't been in love with him for a long time!" John sat stock-still, listening with the utmost attention. She finished the glass in one go; the dam had broken. She pulled herself together and related incoherently. "He always says I don't need to confess this sin to him, that he knows about it." She paused for a long moment. "He

fucks me every Wednesday when his housekeeper isn't around. He's so desirous, he's so sexually starved, he fucks me two or three times every Wednesday, even though I haven't had an orgasm from fucking in years, that was just in the first few weeks." John felt a shiver run down his spine. The reverend! "He wanted to leave his ministry right away and move away with me, marry me. But I never wanted that, because I knew full well that as a priest he was everything to his parish and the best of all to his flock. I can judge that after more than 20 years in the parish office, believe me! After a few weeks my infatuation disappeared, I no longer loved him, but I stayed with him. I haven't fucked anyone since, no more *one night stands*. — He still says I am his wife, in front of God and all the saints. I feel somehow responsible for his mental balance, I have no right to push him back. What do I have to do? Hold out my cunt once a week and let him squirt in it until he empties all his seed in me? That's not much of a sacrifice." Maria finished her glass resolutely and poured herself another. "That I have to masturbate every night because I'm really addicted to it, I told him at first, of course, but he didn't want to know, he never wanted to hear it, he never wanted to see it. My addiction to masturbating remains my secret that he doesn't want to know about!"

Maria finished her drink and poured again, getting drunker and drunker. "But why you never said anything on Wednesday nights and just stuck your dick in to cum, I don't get it. You could have sent me to the shower, but no, you just stuck it in, just squirted on his seed, like that wasn't gross!" She looked drunkenly into his eyes.

He took a sip of his first glass of red wine. "I don't think it's gross, plain and simple. Look, when we fucked in a pack in the village, didn't everyone stick their dick in a cunt that X others had already squirted and cum in a moment before?

There's no disgust there. Some girls had semen pouring out of the hole and you put your stiffy in the middle of the mess with a grin. One was already so horny from watching, one wanted to fuck and cum one after the other, as if there was something to win! And it was natural to fuck all the girls and cum in every vagina. The girls who joined in expected it from everyone. Some really hard ones took a dozen of us out to the barn and got jizzed all over two dozen times, clawing their fingers into our hair and screaming their heads off with every orgasm — that was the pack bang!" He did take a cigarette now and smoked awkwardly. "Of course, every Wednesday I noticed that your sweet mouse was full of semen, that your sweet mouse was still all dilated from all the fucking, but that never bothered me, that was never gross. I put it in like I did every other day because I needed to cum, because I too suffer from the same sexual pressures that you and he do." She laughed brightly. "Sweet mouse, no one has ever said that about my pussy!" She reached into his hair and tousled it, smiling. "And as for sweet mouse, she's really looking forward to getting fucked again!"

He took heart. "So, no more masturbating, no more squirting between your lips? No more just sticking it in and waiting motionless until it squirts on its own? So, now fucking is allowed?" He paused theatrically and felt ridiculous, the answer was yes. She squirted her lips like a little mouse. "So I and my sweet mouse humbly request to be fucked only horny and lustful from now on, if it pleases Your Grace! Touch your cock no longer lewdly, but put it quite demurely in the sweet mouse and fuck me properly through, if it pleases Your Grace! And I humbly ask you to do it with an orgasm for me if possible, I would be humbly grateful for that, Your Grace!" They laughed until the tears came.

For a while they fucked before breakfast and after lunch. Maria didn't always get an orgasm, but quite often. And no matter how many times they fucked during the day or in the evening, she masturbated every night before going to sleep. At dinner on Wednesday, he quipped with a grin, "Go there, my dear, patiently hold out your cunt and let him cum in it at least three times! Then come home quickly and let me cum three times too, I'll be waiting for you! So that makes a total of" he counted theatrically on his fingers, "that makes a total of 6 times being fucked. Quite a lot for the Sweet Little Mouse!" He kissed her on the mouth laughing, he was not jealous of the priest and she felt that in her heart.

Without ever having asked her to do so, she told him every Wednesday night how it had gone before with the priest, in great detail. They didn't exchange a word, she lay naked on his bed and stretched all fours. He knelt naked on the prayer stool next to the bed and she heard him murmuring prayers for forgiveness for his unchastity. He knelt between her legs, stared at her sex and masturbated for a few moments until his cock was completely stiff, then he penetrated. He fucked quite quickly and squirted only briefly. This was repeated two or three times. At the end he tried to squirt again, but it was no longer possible. She masturbated him in her vagina and let him squirt in. Before she left, he hugged her from behind and kissed her on the head, she hadn't really kissed him for ages.

The priest was a good counselor and visited his flock day in and day out. If one was badly troubled by sexual pressure, he would fuck her, of course, whether she was 16 or 60. He was on the road restlessly 6 days a week to fuck one after the other, there was a lot to do! He told her about it every time they took a break from fucking, because that was not subject to confessional secrecy. In the confessional he learned which ones needed it now quite urgently and he

decided on the order. The married ones, who cheated on their husbands through and through, he never fucked, because he believed in the sacrament of marriage. The very young, the widowed and the old, whom the devil plagued with unbridled sexual desire, they wanted to be fucked properly and he prayed with them after fucking. The widows and the old people demanded it again and he sought to deliver them from their desire. The old were the most insatiable and came to the confessional every morning.

Maria told John that she had never been comfortable with that aspect of pastoral care. Maybe that also contributed to the fact that she lost her infatuation after a very short time. But all that fucking kept him fit; he fucked better than anyone at the time, like a breeding bull. In the early years, she often went along when he visited a woman or a girl once a week, because, for example, various papers or forms had to be filled out, then she sat in the kitchen in front of the cup of cold coffee and had to listen and to watch to how he fucked the little sheep in the bedroom next door. The beds cracked miserably and the little sheep groaned and moaned or screamed liberated in orgasm. She sat stiff as a board in the kitchen and secretly masturbated under her skirt to orgasm at the same time as the little sheep. He usually visited three or four women or young girls a week, I had as many orgasms as he fucked, and usually he still fucked me to orgasm at night. Maria looked at John from the side for his reaction.

The old priest had never done anything like that, Maria said, he had never been unchaste. He had never fucked a single woman in the parish, and when the devil goaded him every few weeks, he innocently let Mary do it to him with her hand. John said, "Uh-huh!" But Mary continued, it was really very innocent. "He asked me," she said softly, "to sit on the chair across from him naked and he watched me

masturbate." John nodded, "Quite innocently," and grinned. Mary continued unperturbed, saying she had done it several times and then knelt down in front of the old man. She then did it to him with her hand and he wanted to squirt on her breasts, that was okay. "My breasts were much fuller and firmer then than they are now, and men couldn't get enough of them. They were the bait on my fishing hook, I caught all the ones I wanted!" added Maria, gazing fixedly at her fingernails.

"You don't think it was innocent," she said after a while. But it was really very innocent, she said, "I adored and loved him like my grandfather. I was grateful to him and still very young, 18 or 19, I wouldn't do it today! I would have even let him fuck me then if he had wanted me to!" Mary looked at John helpfully. "It was obvious to me then, of course, that men had to squirt. After all, the *one night stands* were all about making the man cum, but whether I needed anything never interested any man! The old priest caught me when I wanted to throw away my worthless life, he gave me work and solid ground under my feet. I always confessed to him when I had had a *one night stand* and told him when I had masturbated halfway through the night. He was always kind and generous, he always forgave me and taught me to accept sexual pressure as part of God's creation. To one he gives great muscular strength, to another inventiveness and some got great sexual appetite, it's all according to God's plan. At some point it had slipped out, if he ever needed sex himself, I would give him everything, really everything. I would gladly let him fuck me because he was the kindest man I knew. I told him how much I would love to fuck him. That I wanted to fuck him anytime, as often as he wanted! He laughed and stroked my face that it was quite sweet of me, but he could be my great-grandfather and had satisfied himself with his hand all his life, he had never lain with a woman, hardly ever, he qualified. That's how it came

about." Maria was silent and drank. "The masturbating was my idea, to make him stiff. He himself just wanted a hand job."

Maria didn't drink anymore, she had had enough. She lit two cigarettes and handed one to John. She blew the smoke up into the air and watched him, lost in thought. "The older colleague retired and took me aside after the farewell party. I did it to him for decades, too, the colleague said. I know you are doing it to the old man now, you have my blessing. It is the right thing to do! Erna, the colleague, told me her story quietly whispering, after that I never saw Erna again." Maria looked thoughtfully at the billows of smoke. "He became old and demented, he lost his ability to speak, the handjobs no longer worked. He no longer recognized me when I locked the door and stripped naked. But I recognized the desire in his eyes when he looked at me, the naked young girl. I made him stiff with my hand and sat on his cock. His eyes lit up when I fucked him and made him cum inside. Almost every day during his senior year, I fucked him once or twice and made him cum inside. He was very happy after fucking and one day he fell asleep peacefully." Maria damped down the cigarette and lit another.

"In my opinion he was never unchaste, I am still convinced of that today! He gave me a nice life in the parish office and showed me to accept God's plan. I owe him my life and I tried to thank him with what I got in the plan, namely a fuckable body and tremendous sexual appetite. He gave me a real faith and didn't turn me into a bigoted prayer sister, there's a real difference!" John stroked her hand, his eyes moist, and wiped the corners of his eyes. "Thank you for your candor," he said in a heavy voice, "I understand these events better now and am ashamed that I intervened so thoughtlessly and stupidly. And I understand much better now what kind of person is in your body, a beautiful, noble

and lovable soul!" She was tired, he accompanied her to the room and very gently undressed her. She was dead tired and he fucked her gently, she dozed as he fucked her and smiled as he squirted in for a long time. He kissed her for the first time with long French kisses as he fucked and squirted. Although she had dozed she wiggled her ass and breathed for him to keep fucking. She dozed off again and smiled as he squirted in. She woke up again and he stayed with her until she fell asleep, holding her in his arms as she masturbated and let God soothe her. Only when she was deeply asleep did he go to his room.

The next morning she was up long before him and awaited him with a lavish, rich breakfast. She watched him eat and cleared the table. With heated face she gave him a French kiss and quietly asked if he didn't want to splash before leaving? She saw his glance to the wall clock and whispered it would only take two minutes. She quickly slipped out of her panties and dropped her skirt. She bent over the table and rested her upper body on the tabletop, reaching down to her buttocks and pulling them wide apart. He dropped his pants to his ankles and penetrated her vagina, she was wet and hot. He fucked quickly and hastily, yet he felt her incredible arousal. She had an orgasm after only a few moments and her face darted across the tabletop as he poured into her. It was a real quickie and they quickly got dressed again. She kissed him with glee, then he ran off. These quickies remained a rare, spontaneous surprise.

One of the next evenings Maria told Erna's story. Erna waited until the end of the farewell party and pulled Maria onto the parish sin couch. Quietly she told her story. When she started in the chancery, the former pastor had been banished to the convent; he had abused many young altar boys. The new priest was younger and left the altar boys alone. On one of the long afternoons he confessed how



much the devil tormented him with the sexual pressure and he did not find the manual satisfaction a salvation. Erna, who knew a little about male sexual pressure, offered to do it for him. He thought for days, then accepted. She knelt down in front of him, took his cock in her mouth and masturbated him. He squirted down her throat, deep down her throat. She had learned from an early age to make her father and uncle cum in her mouth. Her mother rubbed her husband's and brother's cock alternately in little Erna's mouth. She grinned dirty, because if the men squirted in the child's mouth, she did not need to fuck them. There were four of them living in the tiny apartment and all four slept in the marital bed. Little Erna saw every night how indifferently and disgustedly the mother held out her cunt to the husband and the brother and breathed a sigh of relief when one after the other had squirted into her. Erna's mouth squirting was to relieve her of a burden, but in time the heroes helped themselves to both. Mouth and cunt instead of mouth or cunt. Erna licked the priest daily, she liked to undress and let him look at and feel her sex. She knew that her body was otherwise worthless, she had a boyish figure and no breasts. She knew perfectly well how ridiculous and unerotic a girl without breasts looked, the long and usually stiff teats did not make up for it. She pleased the priest very much when she performed a fantastic dance of Salomé naked. Masturbating Erna did not know at that time, she masturbated for the first time at over 60 and had her first clit orgasm. For a good two years she did it to him every day and all was well.

Then the bang! The housekeeper had opened the door and stood there as if rooted to the spot, the High Lord just splashed in Erna's mouth. She slammed the door, grabbed her belongings and ran away. Three days later the bishop called him in. He went to the bishop's palace rather depressed, the fat bishop was having the second small

breakfast and invited him in, pheasant legs and wild boar ham, goose truffle pate and a glass of champagne. It was only a modest meal, the baroque prince said, as the priest kissed the ruby ring on his fat finger. Whether he did not abuse altar boys, the bishop wanted to know at first, but the priest swore by God and all the saints that he was not at all attracted to boys and had never touched a boy indecently, Monsignor! The bishop smacked his lips nodding approvingly and questioned the priest for three hours about his work in the parish. The latter reported with his mouth full and affably toasted the bishop, who liked his work well. You are a good man, dear brother, said the bishop, I could use a few more of your punch! He poured generously into the silver goblets and lamented his sad daily life. More and more often he had to send black sheep into exile, to monasteries, abroad or to Africa. The devil flooded his communities with pederasts who abused and corrupted the youth. This was a scourge imposed on him by the Lord to test him. He was, after all, the poor poor sufferer; he did not think of the altar boys for a moment. After four hours the breakfast was finished and the good priest stood up swaying with difficulty and kissed the bishop's ring. Good work, good work! dear brother, mumbled the bishop, but keep away from the boys! He went backwards to the door and the bishop called after him that he would immediately send him a new housekeeper who was not so prudish! The good man dragged his intoxication home and at some point vomited on the sidewalk.

In fact, the new girl was old, ugly and lazy. The deaf-mute did her work very conscientiously, of course, and then lay naked on her bed until dinner time, reading one trashy magazine after another and playing with her clit with relish. She left her door open day and night and because she masturbated loudly in between every now and then, you could hear her groaning and moaning lustfully throughout

the house. She didn't give a damn if she was being watched. Erna had watched curiously a few times like everyone else, but she soon got bored.

The priest told Erna in great detail how it had gone with Monsignor Bishop. That the bishop was concerned that he not touch the altar boys, the priest snorted contemptuously, as if I were in danger of becoming a pedophile! Erna asked breathlessly, and the other thing? The bishop had sullenly cut him off in mid-sentence, that was really a beep-no-matter and their fucking his private business! The bishop muttered something about the prudish housekeeper who wanted to be more pontifical than the pope! Anyway, said the priest winking, we may, with episcopal consensus! Erna laughed liberated when he translated this to her and she now took his cock in her mouth again daily with episcopal consensus. Amen.

Erna had been in the chancery for more than 10 years and had her master squirting down her throat when she got a very painful sore throat. She almost lost her voice. The doctor questioned her thoroughly and forbade her blowjob, she was not allowed to take any more cocks in her mouth! In case of a new inflammation she could lose her voice for good, the doctor ruled her, because she found fellatio really disgusting. Of course, Erna did not suspect the priest, but rather her father or uncle, who continued to cum daily into mother's vagina and into Erna's throat. Only when she stayed overnight with an admirer did she not do a blowjob. Making it clear to father and uncle that they were putting her health and voice in danger was far more difficult, and only when she suggested fucking both of them, all was well and mother had a few days' rest. The father was thunderstruck, because he still believed rock solidly that Erna was untouched and a virgin. Erna laughed out loud, she had not been a virgin for ages and had already fucked

with at least 100, she exaggerated laughing. The father fucked much much better than the uncle, she always got an orgasm with him if the uncle had her warmed up fucking first. For a few weeks she was the hit, then the fucking calmed down a bit. Neither the adults nor Erna ever wasted a thought on incest.

The priest understood instantly that she couldn't let him squirt in her mouth anymore, he wanted to squirt on her long stiff teats. He was totally thrilled, but she was annoyed to have to wipe off the mess. She sat down on his lap after a few weeks, wedged his cock between her bodies, but even so she was annoyed by the mess. She didn't want to be annoyed anymore and stuffed his cock into her vagina before squirting. He protested that this was very unchaste, but let her. Because he didn't always squirt right away, she kept fucking him until he squirted in and until he had finished squirting. They both enjoyed this for years and laughed heartily while thrusting, when you could hear the housekeeper's loud masturbation as they did so. After almost 20 years in the office, she decided to get married. The priest congratulated her and did not let her fuck him anymore, the sacrament of marriage!

Whether he did not want to fuck the housekeeper while she was masturbating, Erna suggested shyly. This woman masturbated only when she was quite horny and it was a blessing also for that woman to fuck such a horny woman! He could fuck her in all conscience and cum to his heart's content in the old woman, into the old woman. He was very insecure about it. But she would have already asked the deaf-mute and she would be insanely happy to be fucked, no matter by whom! He was of course repelled by the idea, he had watched the old woman masturbate often enough and found her obscene and disgusting. But Erna remained

stubborn and after days finally got him to go with her to the housekeeper's room.

When they emerged, the old woman put away her booklet, spread her legs wide and began to masturbate with a vulgar grin. They watched her masturbating for a while, Erna rubbed his cock quite hard and stuck it into the old woman's insanely tight vagina, where it stayed stuck for a long time and he came off roaring. He went along with it every day, squirting into the crooked grinning old woman, but he refused to thrust properly at first. Erna patiently got him to thrust properly in the old woman's tight vagina and squirt it all in. He didn't want Erna to assist him after a while — the holy sacrament of her marriage! — and showed her how well he himself penetrated the masturbating old woman to squirt, thrusting inside her until he had finished squirting. He had to thrust longer and longer until the squirting came. The old grinned horny, masturbated from orgasm to orgasm and opened greedily her labia so that he finally squirted in.

Erna was very happy that he finally bumped the old woman properly, she convinced herself for a few days that he pushed the old woman properly and squirted in hard. Then Erna left him to the 70 year old. He once said that he needed it several times because it was not as satisfying as with her, he said to Erna. But the old woman did her thing quite well and was always ready, also because he wanted to pour himself twice at night in her little tiny hole. Erna didn't really want to do anything more with him when she became a widow at an early age. But he wanted to fuck Erna every day, he pushed her again and again properly to cum and it was for the next years quite okay for her. They only stopped doing it when she turned 60. She lived abstinent for a few weeks, then she copied the old woman and developed the addiction of daily masturbation. That was Erna's story, Maria

concluded. Unwaveringly, she held on to the fact that the old man was not unchaste.

Some of his colleagues suspected John was gay because he didn't lay any female students like they did. He was friends with many female students, but he didn't flirt and when they took the initiative, he kindly rebuffed that he was in steady hands and didn't have a sexual emergency. Some, however, were really persistent and let him go only after he had fucked them. They whistled on contraception and let themselves cum to the top. The whispering about him being gay stopped instantly. He was terribly ashamed when he went home and gave Maria a big head start on drinking red wine before coming out with his grief. Maria laughed uproariously, saying that was wonderful! "Oh come on," she scolded him jokingly, "it's perfectly normal for you to fuck your peers." She didn't want to hear about him cheating on her, "then what about my priest!?!". He stammered incoherently that it was something different. The priest was there before him, the female students came after her, chronologically speaking. "Don't let your philosophical logic into your sex life, it'll ruin everything!" Mary was drunk, but her tears rose choking in her throat. She shook her head and shook the thoughts aside. He should tell her about the girl after all, what did she look like, how did she fuck, and how did she masturbate afterwards? He let himself be infected by her sexual curiosity and it bubbled out of him. He described the girl's body, breasts and genitals with anatomical precision and piggish comments. She closed her eyes in horniness as he described the girl's face and reactions with whimsical comments. She could well imagine the girl masturbating absorbedly and writhing in orgasmic convulsions. They talked about his fucking the girls for a long time before going into the bedroom.

Maria had approved, she had no objections, she wasn't jealous. He was now letting any pretty or interesting girl hook up with him and his reputation for being good in bed was spreading. Most of the girls had much tighter vaginas than Maria and it amazed him that he liked this fact very much. He put on a condom every time, even though some girls laughed and wanted it natural. Lust overcame him when he thrust and squirted into the vagina and he kept thrusting like a bull until he finished squirting. After squirting he pondered if he had just fathered a child and winced in shock, this girl was not the right partner for him either. He wondered if he could really reject her if he had impregnated her. He talked to Mary for evenings about his doubts. She assured him that the girls of this modern times knew how to count their fertile days, even if it was not a very reliable method. He should not drive himself crazy, she said.

Fate meant well with him. One of the girls, who had let him fuck her lustfully several times, said one day depressed that she was already 10 days "over it". He was paralyzed and could neither rejoice nor be angry. He felt nothing and remained sitting in the cafeteria for a long time with empty eyes. So that's what it was like, child-making. He didn't look up when she came back and quietly said she wasn't going to have it. The thought of abortion depressed him even more. He remained sitting motionless, staring into space. In the evening, Maria took him in her arms and cradled him like a child. The girl was right, the child would destroy both their lives, studies and career would be gone with the first cry of the child. He cried himself to sleep, not thinking of fucking Maria. Maria cradled him in her arms and gave the dozing man a long hand job before he fell asleep exhausted.

For weeks he wouldn't let a girl touch him. He lay quietly with Maria and they fucked in silence. Only gradually did he emerge from the dark, laughing with Maria when she

excitedly recounted passive fucking with her priest and smiling again in college. He was never frivolous anymore and if one didn't want the condom, he went with a firm step. That was his decision, whether she took it or not!