



Jon Jaymes Wall

Séraphin
María

Translated from French





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S raphin
Maria

Translated from French with DeepL
May contain some misunderstandings



Drawing : Jon Jaymes Wall

From the same author

In French

Le Château des Francs

Cynfyw, le Gallois - Prologue

Le Château des Francs - Tome I

Niamh O'Brien - Tome II

Maria

Maria - Séraphin

Le livre de Laurence

Laurence - Japy

In English

Maria

Translated from French with DeepL

Maria - Séraphin

Website

<http://jonjwall.free.fr>

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The mushroom hunt

Maria! Maria!

S raphin was hailing her, he was with his cousin, a wicker basket in his hand. Maria had known him since primary school, when he and his cousin lived in caravans not far from her house. S raphin was a handsome boy, with long black hair, dark skin, almond-shaped black eyes, long eyelashes, long guitar player fingers and a warm smile. He was a year older than her, but they hadn't seen much of each other since primary school, as they didn't go to the same school. He was wearing black trousers with elephant feet and a black shirt embroidered with floral motifs, which would have looked ridiculous on someone else, but his clothes suited him.

Her cousin was a big man with very short hair and tattoos on his arms. He was wearing shapeless shorts and an old, crumpled T-shirt that read: "I love New York", a city he had never been to. He watched her warily with his inquisitive black eyes, detailing her curves, her ample breasts and her bare thighs beneath the short skirt, shamelessly undressing her with his eyes, insistently, from head to toe. Maria shivered. Then he relaxed and smiled

frankly at her. A breath of cooler air passed under her little skirt, Maria was getting wet.



She'd spent the morning in the garden reading Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*, which her mother had recommended to her, in the stormy heat, stretched out in a deckchair on the terrace, dressed only in her old white T-shirt pulled up over her hips. She had masturbated lazily and at length, turning the pages of the book, clenching and unclenching her legs, opening and closing them irritated. The book had bored her and she'd felt like moving. She quickly ate a tuna sandwich and then went for an aimless walk along the path that ran behind the house into the woods, hoping to find some fresh air.

She had dressed lightly in a very short, indented white skirt with green flowers that Élodie had given her (she didn't like it any more), and an old white blouse with green piping that had belonged to her mother and had lost the top two buttons, revealing a pink bra and a plunging neckline. She hadn't put on the matching pink panties; she could feel the air cooling the moist lips of her pussy. She was wearing pink tennis shoes with no socks and, last but not least, she had chosen pink earrings and metal bracelets, which tinkled happily in her ears as she walked.

The caresses she had lavished on herself had not soothed her, she craved boys, their smells and their sex, masturbation had only pissed her off.



When she saw the two boys, she gave them a broad smile:

— It's been a long time, Séraphin. What are you doing with that basket?

Séraphin explained:

— We're going to look for mushrooms in the woods to walk around a bit and get some fresh air. It's terribly hot in the camp.

He looked at his cousin and continued:

— Do you want to come with us? Cousin, do you mind?... if Maria comes with us..

The cousin nodded, still undressing Maria with his eyes, which wasn't difficult, but a bulge was beginning to distort his shorts around the fly, and the stormy heat was getting on his nerves too.

They took the path that led into the woods. Séraphin was pleased that she agreed to go with them. He liked this girl, he was troubled, the girl had become a woman, and the way she looked at him, the way she smiled at him gave him a glimpse of voluptuous moments, intimate caresses that provoked an unwelcome erection. He wanted to take her hand, but he didn't dare: his cousin didn't like gadjé, and he didn't know how he'd react. He glanced behind him to see that his cousin was gazing concupiscently at Maria's buttocks and thighs. He was more advanced than him as far as girls were concerned, but he had always said that gadjis were worthless, and now even a gadji gave him a hard-on, the hypocrite.

Maria chatted away, talking about everything and nothing without waiting for an answer. It was she who decided to take his hand when the path became less passable. He clasped her warm hand in his and mentally sent his cousin to hell. He had nothing against gadjis, especially like Maria. He remembered playing doctor with her on the wasteland behind the school. She was a pretty feisty kid who wasn't afraid of anything. They'd simulated coitus, with their cocks between her tight thighs; there were three boys in his memory that day. But most of the time, she took them in her mouth while they groped her. They were too young to ejaculate, but it was a great experience.

— This way looks like a good spot for mushrooms.

The cousin had stopped and was pointing to a section of wood with tall trees and a beautiful clearing. He climbed the embankment, clinging to the branches of the trees.

Maria followed him, but her skirt caught on the brambles and she let out a little scream when they scratched her bare legs and thighs and got caught on her skirt. Séraphin helped her to unhook the brambles and climb the embankment. He asked:

— Maria... Did you hurt yourself?

She pulled up her skirt to show him the abrasion on her upper thighs.

— It's OK, it's bleeding a bit...

Maria moistened her fingers with saliva and ran them over the wound. She said:

— That's it, it's healed. It's nothing. It's nothing.

S raphin, at the sight of the girl's lack of panties, now had a firm hard-on. He asked in a faint voice:

— Let me see that...

Maria pulled her skirt up over her hips again.

— It's nothing, I tell you, it doesn't even hurt.

Maria took the boy's hand and let him touch the scratch.

— You see, it's really healed. It doesn't bleed any more.

— Well, if you say so... it doesn't hurt?

He wanted to lick the wound.

Suddenly, Maria drew the boy's hand to her pubis and raised her head towards him. S raphin fainted, his fingers tangled in the short blond curls of her pubic hair. The girl's hand pulled his towards the wet slit. He pressed himself against Maria and kissed her feverishly, one finger slipping into the slit. Maria rubbed up against him devilishly.

He was about to ejaculate when his cousin's voice rang out:

— What are you doing?

— We're coming, cousin. Maria got caught in the brambles.

Reluctantly, S raphin resumed his progress through the woods, pointing out the right passages to Maria who was following him.

For about half an hour they searched for mushrooms, finding nothing edible apart from a few russulas that even gypsies wouldn't eat. Maria found a stinking satyr, whose Latin name was "Phallus Impudicus", and called out to the boys, who giggled stupidly.

— It's a funny mushroom, I like the shape. Remind you of anything? Guys...

She gave it a saucy wank with an expert hand, laughing, then, tired of it, threw it away.

— It's not as good as a real one, is it, guys? It's still soft. There's nothing you can do about it. Promises, always promises...

S raphin kept his eyes on Maria, trying to get a moment alone with her, brushing up against her, but the cousin gave them no respite, he had seen them kissing at the bottom of the embankment and was determined to get his share. He was making plans, but apart from getting her naked, which wasn't difficult, and fucking her in the dead leaves or standing against a tree willingly or unwillingly, he wasn't seeing anything.



The sky had suddenly become overcast and threatening. When the first drops of water fell, they thought of taking shelter.

The cousin, with an idea in the back of his head, said:

— There's an old abandoned house not too far away, and if we hurry, we can get there before it hits us.

— Which way is that?

— Follow me, I should be able to find it.

They went deeper into the undergrowth, walking quickly through the rain. S raphin took the girl's hand in his. His cousin led the way and the plan was obvious: he would have the girl, by will or by force. The storm had come at just the right time. They walked for six minutes before the

storm broke. The thunder was deafening, the lightning blinding, the rain streaming. Maria, her hair dripping and her clothes clinging to her body, shouted:

— Is your house far away?

— No, it's very close.

The cousin tried to get his bearings, blinded by the rain.

— Anyway, we can't stay under the trees, it's dangerous.

Then he recognised the old, half-collapsed low stone wall that enclosed the small plot of land in front of the house. He let out a shout of victory.

— That's the way.

He led them towards a gap where they discovered the old house. The door was broken and wired shut, but the house still seemed to be in good condition and, above all, it had a roof. They ran for shelter in the pouring rain.

An abandoned house

Inside the house, there was nothing: the floor was tiled, black and white circular patterns spiralled outwards from the centre of the room, the floor was dusty but clean, along one wall was a long wooden bench, and at the back of the room was a large granite fireplace carved with strange imps. Inside, it was dark and cool, with daylight filtering through the open door and a small Gothic window where a stained glass window, blackened by time, still stood.

Maria looked round the room:

— This is a very strange house. No? What was it?

The cousin replied:

— I found it by chance, no one ever comes here. But I don't know who it belonged to or what it was used for. It's true that it's a strange shack. But the roof is still good.

He forgot to mention that he used to take gadji girls there to be quiet. It was he who had broken the door to get in, he had patched it up, but now it wouldn't close. The only thing he'd brought with him was a thick blanket to make him more comfortable when he made love on the floor and a bottle of whisky plus two glasses, which could make things easier when the girl was hesitant (the last one had

finished the West Indian punch that girls generally preferred to whisky). The blanket was neatly folded on the bench and the whisky in a small closed cupboard in the wall next to the fireplace.

Maria's bodice was soaking wet, sheer, stuck to her chest, her nipples peeking through the fabric, arrogant. Maria unbuttoned it and took it off, wrung it out, hung it on a big nail sticking out of the wall to dry, then sat down on the bench, catching her breath after the run she had made. Maria observed:

— My skirt's completely soaked too. Oh, and it's torn, it must be the brambles... it's ruined...

She stood up and took it off, sliding it down her legs with difficulty - the skirt was tight and sticky. She hung it up and stood for a while, facing outwards, wringing out her long hair, watching the rain fall. Maria shivered:

— It's pouring! The sky, it's completely black, it's unbelievable. Luckily we're dry now.

The boys' eyes were focused on the girl's back, or to be more precise, on her naked backside revealing appetising curves. Séraphin was surprised to see his cousin wink at him. He whispered in her ear:

— Jesus, look at her, she doesn't even have any panties on! We're both going to fuck her, you'll see... your girlfriend really turns us on... she's got a great arse. How old is she? She looks very young, she's got the face of a kid, but she's got great tits, just the way I like them.

— Fifteen, maybe, we were at primary school together, but she was a year older. She was already a rascal. In the

wasteland behind the school...

— I've got a hard-on like a bastard. And so are you. But if you were hoping to keep her for yourself, that's out of the question. We're gonna fuck her together. Agreed?

S raphin hesitated:

— If she would be willing...

— You're joking, right? That's what she wants. She's naked in front of us and you're wondering what she wants? She wants us to fuck her...

— We'll ask her.

— You bet... We'll fuck her... That's all. That's all she wants.

The din of the rain was deafening and prevented Maria from understanding what they were saying. Feeling the boys' stares behind her back, she wiggled her buttocks lasciviously.

— Guys? Guys? Do you like my bottom?

Without waiting for an answer, she took off her bra, then turned around, revealing her nakedness to the boys; her cupped hands mischievously lifted her breasts.

— How do you like my breasts?

Thinking that this had gone on long enough, she added:

— I wonder what we can do in weather like this. Do you guys have any ideas? Because mushrooms, it's over, aren't they?

The boys stared at the girl against the light in the doorway, blinking. She had kept her pink tennis shoes on, but was otherwise completely naked. The frizzy blond hair

on her pubic area was triangular, revealing a little girl's slit. Séraphin, embarrassed to see her naked, said:

— You'll catch a cold like that.

He was surprised to see that the scratches on her legs had completely disappeared. Yet he had seen them up close and touched them. It was magic.

The cousin whistled quietly his approval.

Maria stepped into the middle of the room and, pointing to the fireplace, said:

— We can make a fire, guys. I'm a bit cold. Besides, it'll dry us out.

She laughed:

— I'm all wet.

Séraphin looked for firewood. There was a small arched opening in the back wall that must have led to a loft. His cousin, with his hand in his trouser pocket, was ostentatiously fiddling with his hands as he stared at Maria.

Disturbed by his erection, Séraphin said:

— I'll go and see if we can find something... to make a fire...

He disappeared into the opening, folded in half, chasing away the cobwebs with his hand.

The cousin moved closer to Maria. He held her close, one hand feeling her breasts, the other searching her crotch. Maria softened and spread her legs, clinging to him. She feverishly unbuttoned his shorts and pulled out his stiffened sex. Maria wrapped her hand around it and squeezed it in her fist.

Séraphin's voice echoed through the room deafly.

— Shit! Shit! Shit! You can't see in here! It goes down, there's a staircase. You haven't got any dry matches, mine are all wet.

The cousin grunted:

— Shit, that idiot's a pain in the ass...

Holding back his shorts, he stomped to the back of the room and held out a large petrol lighter through the opening, pulling up the shorts that were in his way.

— Here! Grab it!

S raphin glanced at his cousin's unbuttoned shorts without comment, the turgid glans protruding partly from the shorts seemed enormous. He felt a twinge of regret, he thought he had the girl to himself, not sharing her with his cousin, and what if she preferred his cousin to him? He was better put together than he was and had more experience. He craned his neck to catch a glimpse of the naked girl standing behind his cousin. She gave him a small smile and winked.

With a heavy heart, he picked up the lighter and lit it. His voice was muffled:

— It's big in there, there's lots of stuff...

He came out with some kindling, threw it into the fireplace and went back for more. The cousin held the naked girl by the arm, as if he feared she might leave. She clung to him, trembling:

— You're cold.

She shivered and slid her hand down the boy's shorts. She whispered:

— You've got a big cock... it's huge...

— You haven't seen anything yet, little girl. Let's make ourselves comfortable.

The cousin fetched the blanket, still smelling of the cheap perfume of the last girl he'd brought here, a sixteen-year-old gadji apprentice butcher. She was fat and vulgar, with big tits and a big arse, but he wasn't fussy, he'd taken her doggy-style, skirt rolled up, she squealed like a pig during the act, which amused him greatly. He shook off the blanket and unfolded it in front of the fireplace.

S raphin set about lighting the fire, glancing quickly at Maria. The wood was dry and burnt straight away. The room was smoky for a while before the chimney began to fire. The boys knelt in front of the fireplace to stoke the fire. Cousin kept his eyes on the naked girl standing behind them, her arms flailing. As soon as the fire was well under way, S raphin called to Maria:

— Come closer, this will warm you up.

Maria sat down on the blanket, her arms wrapped around her legs, folded tightly between the two boys.

— Wow! That's hot. That's good.

Her long hair was curling as it dried, her skin was drying and she was warming up. Her cousin pressed himself against her, slipped a hand over one breast, his hand went down her pubic bone and tried to reach her pussy. She opened her legs to let him pass, and a finger slipped into her slit. He said in her ear:

— You're getting wet! You want to, don't you? Two guys don't scare you...

The cousin sat facing her, the girl's open legs on his thighs to get a better view, the girl leaned back, holding on to her outstretched arms, offering herself; he kneaded her breasts with his full hands, pinched her nipples.

— You're a good little girl, Maria, you've got nice tits.

S raphin, still kneeling, didn't know what to do. He didn't want to mix his hands with his cousin's hands on the girl's body, he would have liked to jerk off to relieve himself, but he didn't dare. His cousin's gaze paralysed him. Maria, sensing his dismay, stretched her lips towards him, who was emboldened to roll a skate over her. She freed a hand and placed it on the boy's fly to encourage him, pressing gently as the cousin searched his crotch; she spread her legs again, giving her soaked pussy to the cousin's fingers. The cousin was panicking. He wriggled to pull down his shorts. Then he pulled the girl towards him, one hand on the back of her neck, freeing her hand which he directed at her sex. Maria took hold of it.

S raphin, seeing this, couldn't take it any more, opened his fly and pulled out his cock, shuddering as the girl's fingers wrapped around it.

Maria now had a cock in each hand and eager hands examining her body. She relaxed, tranquilised, having achieved her goal.

Suddenly, the cousin stood up, fed up with his foreplay, quickly undressed, threw off his shirt, took off his shoes and the rest:

— I'm going to fuck you. And then it's S raphin's turn. How's that?

Maria mumbled in a low voice, her eyes downcast:

— Yes.

— Anyway, if you'd said no, it would have been the same thing. My balls are swollen. Look at the state you've got me in.

He held up his gnarled, swollen cock, the glans purplish, swollen, crowned with sperm, and waved it:

— It won't be rape, you little tease.

Let's go...

Ruben rolled Maria onto her back, taking care to ensure that she rested comfortably on the thick woollen blanket, then knelt between her legs and lay on top of her. Excited, impatient to possess her body, he rubbed his burning sex against her warm belly. She raised her hips and thrust the boy's sex towards the entrance to her vagina. The boy, relieved, didn't hesitate and gave a big thrust, then a second one. He wanted to empty his balls in a hurry, he couldn't control himself, he wasn't thinking, he was crazy.

S raphin, sitting on the sidelines, watched the scene with wide eyes, desperate, yet interested, he had hoped to be the first to fuck her, after all, it was he who had introduced her to his cousin. He would have liked to take his time with her, explore her body, caress her, lick her, but the cousin was spoiling everything, Maria even seemed to take pleasure in his cousin's assaults, he didn't understand a thing about this girl.

The cousin fucked the girl furiously, too fast, too excited, leaning on his elbows and panting, he ejaculated too quickly, much too soon. He let himself fall back onto the

girl's warm, quivering body, disappointed and frustrated, he had come, but he felt he had missed something, he knew he hadn't made her come, he hadn't heard her cry out her pleasure, struggling under him like a satisfied female. Maria, sensing his disappointment and wanting to spare his cousin's manly fatuity, whispered in his ear:

— It was good, sir, it was too good. I'll suck you... we'll do it again...

She added a little louder, wanting Séraphin to hear her:

— Séraphin would like to fuck... it's his turn too, he's waiting...

— Yes. You're his girlfriend, he's got to have fun with you too.

Ruben stood up, dazed, and looked for a cigarette in the pockets of his shorts, which he had thrown to the ground. His wet cock, stretched horizontally, glistened in the semi-darkness. He'll do it again, she'll see, that little whore, he'll make her scream, she didn't know him. He looked for his lighter, he'd given it to Séraphin, he hadn't given it back to him, it was important to him.

— My lighter! Didn't you give it back to me?

— Yes, cousin, I did.

He finally found it in the back pocket of his shorts. He swore. He called out to his young cousin:

— Your turn, Séraphin. Go ahead! She's waiting for you, don't let her get cold. We said we'd take turns, but do you still want her? Do you want to fuck her?

Séraphin hesitantly undressed himself, embarrassed by his cousin's gaze on his long, curved sex, his purplish glans

triangular and pointed, a drop of sperm beading at the tip. He couldn't take off his trousers without taking off his shoes, in a hurry, he thought his cousin was rushing him, so he just pulled them down over his ankles, along with his briefs. He laid awkwardly on top of the girl with all his length and weight, his shackled feet not making things any easier for him, he was feverish. The girl guided him into her, reassuring him maternally:

— Take it easy, Séraphin. Don't rush. No hurry. There's plenty of time. Look at me, my darling.

But like his cousin, he was too excited and couldn't hold back. He ejaculated after a few disordered thrusts, without having been able to get into a slower rhythm. The cousin, standing up, not missing a beat, finished his cigarette and threw it down the chimney:

— Let her breathe, Séraphin... you're suffocating her...

Séraphin sat up, untied the laces on his shoes and took them off, along with his wet socks. He thought he should have done it before, he would have been more at ease, but the ironic look in his cousin's eyes had disturbed him.



Ruben planted himself, standing over Maria, legs spread, both feet on either side of her sides. Maria had a perfect view of his big swaying balls and his big horizontal cock. The bossy cousin:

— Now you're going to suck my cock, Maria! You like sucking cock, you started young, Séraphin told me so.

Maria didn't rebel, as she loved sucking cock, and knelt down at her cousin's feet. She wrapped her fingers around

the cousin's sex and put it in her mouth. The cousin grunted. She licked the glans slowly while squeezing the balls with one hand and wanking the cock vigorously with the other.

S raphin's cock hardened, straightened and quickly pointed towards the ceiling, watching his cousin being sucked, he was jealous and excited, sitting next to them, he was checking them out, his hand found his sex without him being aware of it. Maria's gentle voice brought him back down to earth:

— S raphin, come on, there's room for two.

— She's greedy, the little one, come on, S raphin, I don't mind. When we've got money, with our mates, we buy a whore to blow us... three or four of us... she gives us a discount.

— Thanks, cousin.

— Go ahead, it's free, enjoy it.

She sucked them alternately while jerking them off. Ruben pushed himself deep into her mouth while blocking her head with both hands, while S raphin, when his cousin was willing, let Maria take the lead while he felt her tits.

— Your girlfriend's doing well.

The two boys were hard very quickly, Maria wanted to take advantage of this, so she stopped sucking and got down on all fours:

— Will this do, from behind, Mr Ruben? I'll be able to suck S raphin... and then we'll go the other way, if you still feel like it?

— That suits me fine, little one, call me Ruben, am I frightening you?

— Oh no, Mr Ruben.

The cousin wasn't against it, obviously, he wanted to take her like a bitch, he wanted his revenge, she had made him lose control, now he wanted her to be the one begging him. The girl had a magnificent ass, mouth-watering, bouncy, that ass was calling to him, he knelt behind the girl, he was like standing in front of a jar of sweets, he spread the girl's delicious, trembling lobes to reveal a quivering little anus, a pussy oozing cum with reddened lips. As the cousin threaded the girl's pussy, he promised himself that he would take care of her little orifice later.

The storm was over, but the rain continued to fall silently. Earrings and bracelets tinkled regularly in the near silence, punctuated by little suction noises, sucking, snapping, slapping, breathing and panting.

Maria, leaning on her elbow, was licking Séraphin's glans like a chocolate ice cream cone, he was on his knees, she was wanking him gently, looking up at him, observing his reactions. He closed his eyes, concentrating on the sensations, she found him beautiful and romantic.

When the cousin changed the rhythm, she shoved Séraphin's cock into her wide-open mouth and tilted her head back and forth, following the tempo set by the cousin, while kneading Séraphin's balls.

The boys grunted. Ruben penetrated her faster, harder and deeper. She had her first orgasm, which made her moan and pant, trapped by the possessive hands on her

rump. Then she resumed the rhythm imposed by her cousin. She inserted a finger wet with saliva into Séraphin's arse and moved it back and forth in rhythm, Séraphin was going crazy, he couldn't hold out and flooded his mouth with sperm, sinking to the hilt with each ejaculation, Maria swallowed sip after sip of the hot sperm that ran down her throat and dripped down her chin.

Ruben exclaimed hoarsely:

— Your girlfriend's good, isn't she, Séraphin! And she swallows... she likes cum.

Maria, on the verge of a second orgasm, moaned, trying to get out of her cousin's embrace to force the movement:

— Harder! Harder, harder! Faster, faster! You're making me come! You're making me come! I'm coming! I'm coming! Ahhh!

The cousin changed his rhythm again, clutching at the girl's hips, slapping her buttocks with a loud noise.



Maria split into two [1] and found herself inside the cousin's head and body, without really leaving her girlish body. From the outside, she could see the white back, the erratic swaying of the head, the wide-open mouth gasping for air, the eyes closed, the face grimacing with concentration. Séraphin, still on his knees in front of her, was tenderly stroking her face and hair while she cupped his sex with her hand, occasionally jerking him off. He played with her breasts as they jiggled. The girl's and the man's pleasures blended together in her, dissociated. The man was still in control, while the girl was cumming and

wanted to finish in a climax. But Maria was just a helpless spectator, with no authority over the protagonists. The regular, rapid sliding of the swollen penis into the hot, soggy vagina was unbearable. The girl's juices mixed with the sperm from the boys' previous ejaculations refreshed the man's balls by constantly dripping down the length of his cock. The tumescent glans collided violently with the cervix, causing painful yet pleasurable spurts.

The girl let go of Séraphin's sex and reached under his belly to grasp the man's big balls, which were throbbing on his rump. She kneaded them in her palm. Maria suffocated along with the man. Finally, the girl tightened her vaginal muscles, gradually, jerkily, to the rhythm of orgasmic aftershocks, forcing the man to slow down or risk premature orgasm. The vaginal canal was not a vice, but its constriction made friction more effective at the most sensitive points, despite its good lubrication. The man wanted to dominate the girl, to be master of her pleasure, while the girl defended herself with her weapons, blocked by the powerful hands on her pelvis. Maria was caught up in this opposition, she was the man and the girl and couldn't take sides, moreover, she was destabilized by this paroxysmal double pleasure, losing all judgment. Finally, the walls of the girl's vagina became covered with small elastic protuberances [2]. The man's sex was riled on all sides. Maria sensed he wouldn't last much longer. The man let out a raging cry and came frantically, smashing into the girl's pussy, shaking her and dragging her along in his orgasm to the tinkling of bracelets and earrings. Maria

ejaculated into her own pussy. She fainted briefly, disjunct. The girl fell back, inert, her head between her arms.

Everything calmed down. Séraphin put more wood back into the fire, even though they were hot now. The storm was over. It was no longer raining, but the room remained cool. Séraphin gently straightened up Maria, who was still dazed. She sat on the boy's lap and he embraced her. Ruben caught his breath. He reached into the pocket of his shorts for a small packet and began to roll a joint. He lit it, took a long puff and handed it to Séraphin. He chuckled:

— It'll do us good. Right, lovebirds?

He stood up and took the bottle of whisky from the small cupboard, still half-full, and the two glasses. He handed one glass to Maria:

— Here, you've earned it. You're hot. You've got great tits and a great ass. And a hell of a pussy. Muscular, your pussy. You train to do that?

It hadn't escaped the cousin's notice that this girl was weird. She handed him the joint and took the glass.

— Well yes... Put a finger in it. I can squeeze really hard.

She spread her legs and the cousin slipped a finger into her vagina. As he withdrew it, a loud plop was heard. He repeated several more times:

— Try it, Séraphin, she's too strong.

Ruben put his finger in the girl's mouth and she licked it clean. Séraphin, curious, tried to put a finger in her vagina, but was impressed and had difficulty withdrawing his finger. He tried again. He licked his spermy finger.

Maria felt a gentle warmth invade her. Seraphim caressed her breasts, her belly and her vulva, rubbing his sex into the furrows of her buttocks, which were pockmarked with semen and dripping juices. The smell of cum intoxicated Maria. Her head was spinning.

Seraphin, seeing the bottle, asked his cousin:

— You seem to have a habit here. Is this your gadji trap?

Ruben smiled cunningly:

— Hey, hey! This is my bachelor pad. I can't bring girls into the camp, it's common knowledge. But you keep your mouth shut, eh, don't go drooling. One of these days, I'll bring a mattress and fix the door so it'll lock with a big padlock.

He poured the drinks again and spun the joint. He was hard again. His cock was gnarled and stubby, like a big root, and the glans was big, almost square, purplish and shiny. It pointed proudly.

— After the break, let's do it again! Séraphin? You, from behind, me in his mouth. How does it feel? I can do it nine times in a row without getting hard. And with a pretty girl like Maria, probably more. Fucking hell! Your girlfriend gives me a hard-on.

Séraphin replied, embarrassed:

— It's okay... It's okay... It's okay... Cousin...

Ruben continued:

— Maria's going to suck you off a bit. Hein! Maria? Go ahead, suck him, wake him up...

Maria got down on all fours in front of Séraphin, who was still seated, and took hold of his cock, licked it from

glans to balls and then swallowed it.

Ruben was checking out the girl's rump, pussy and anus in full view, he said:

— Move aside a little, I can't see what you're doing. This way's better. I've got a good view of your rump.

He pushed her long, venetian-blond hair back over the nape of her neck in a twist. Then he slipped his hand between the girl's legs, spreading them to ease his way. He put a finger in her pussy, then two, massaging her clitoris. Sperm dripped onto his hand. The girl mechanically began to move her hips back and forth, slowly at first, then faster.

— Séraphin, she's ready, what about you? Get behind her... and fuck her... I want to see you at work, cousin.

Séraphin muttered something incomprehensible. His long, curved cock pointed skyward as he rose and knelt between the girl's legs.

— Good, take her and fuck her good. Right! Let her get her kicks. Make her scream... make her come... act like a man.

[1]. Maria did not master splitting. The first time this happened to her, she didn't understand what was happening to her and thought that strong pleasure could lead to this in girls. She asked Élodie, her best friend who did not understand the question, then to more intellectual friends, without having an answer. She understood then that she was special. She learned everything about male pleasure and the behavior of men with women, their desire to dominate, and even sometimes, their desire to humiliate and the pleasure that women could take from it.

[2]. Another of Maria's peculiarities that she gradually discovered. During orgasm, or a little before, the walls of the vagina, while tightening, would bristle with excrescences that increased the man's pleasure tenfold.

And so it begins again...

Séraphin didn't need Maria's help to penetrate her. The labia minora of her vulva were red, open and oozing, the orifice of her vagina clearly visible, blissful, he just had to push a little to introduce his sex up to the guard, his belly glued to the girl's buttocks. For him, this position [1] was new, comfortable, he'd never fucked a girl like this, like a bitch, he dominated the girl transformed into a simple sexual object at his convenience, his virility strengthened, he was the boss, he grabbed with satisfaction, owner, breasts hanging and swaying gently against the beat.

But when he tried to change his rhythm, the girl's vaginal muscles contracted vigorously on his sex, impeding coitus. He put his hands on her hips and locked them to force the coming and going. He had little experience and thought for a moment that she was suddenly restive, that she didn't want it anymore, but quickly realized that she was doing this to slow him down. It was an arduous struggle. He would give great thrusts with his kidney to constrain her, and the girl would increase the pressure of her vaginal muscles to prevent him from doing so. It was a game he'd win in the end, because he was stronger, she

was tiring and her vagina was well lubricated, dripping with semen. And then it would happen again. And again, he'd force her, clinging to her rump until she gave in. And again, she'd break free, doing as she pleased. And again, he forced her to accept him.



At first, magnanimous, Ruben let Maria have her way, his hands stroking her long hair, caressing her face without applying pressure. She licked the big, gnarled cock, the big balls and the purplish glans with delicious expertise, allowing herself to stick a finger up his anus. This girl, young and fresh, was really a good fuck, Ruben thought.

He preferred to stand with his legs apart, towering over her. She raised her head towards him obediently, leaning on one hand, her arm outstretched, serious, about her business, her eyes wide open, sometimes wincing under Séraphin's strokes as she squinted. Then she engulfed the glans, skilfully licking the brake, his most sensitive spot, while kneading his balls. Shivers of pleasure ran through his head. This girl astounded him. Girls his age tended to be passive, naive and inexperienced, often whimpering when he bullied them during sex, squealing at the drop of a hat. But this girl knew men. There was something fascinating about that. He had boasted earlier that he could do it nine times in a row. It had only happened once, when he was seventeen, with a married woman, a gadji, who always wanted more and had left him powerless.

When he'd fucked Maria for the second time, he'd ejaculated long and hard, much harder than the first time.

And now his balls were still full, ready to overflow. This girl was a demon. If some unfortunate girl had stuck a finger up his arse, he'd have slapped her, but now he wanted more and she didn't hesitate, her finger going in and out of his tight anus, which was nonetheless as wet as any pussy. Any girl would have choked on what he was shoving down her throat, but she was pushing for more.



S raphin still couldn't get into a regular rhythm. Every time he thought he had succeeded, the girl's muscles contracted, breaking his momentum. And he had to start all over again. It wasn't unpleasant, it only delayed the inevitable and made the pleasure last longer. But after ten minutes of this ordeal, his balls were swelling and wanting to be emptied, he ended up with a painful cock, his reptilian brain didn't know what to do. He tightened his hands on the girl's hips, immobilising her firmly, and planted his knees more firmly on the ground, legs apart, and began again. Little by little, the girl gave in to his assaults, his pace slow, but the girl no longer rebelled or could no longer rebel. His power overwhelmed him and he increased the pace regularly, taking care to put all his energy into it, to give nothing away. He had subdued her, tamed her.



Ruben could see that S raphin was having trouble finding a regular rhythm. He put it down to his inexperience. Then he realised that the woman was playing

them with malice. But the game was fun, and he was willing to play. His balls were swelling too, just waiting to be emptied. But he knew from experience that the longer it went on, the better it would be. So he patiently let it happen, sinking deep into his throat from time to time. Then Séraphin managed to impose his rhythm, slow at first but gradually increasing. The cousin saw that the moment had come for him. He tightened his hands on the girl's head, preventing her from slipping away, and thrust into her mouth at just the right pace. When she rebelled, he tugged at her previously twisted hair to get a better grip, then she opened her mouth wide, implicitly acknowledging her defeat. The affair had now been going on for more than ten minutes and they were getting tired. The girl was now obedient, it's true that she was practically immobilised on both sides, losing all initiative. The matter would now be brought to a swift conclusion.

Séraphin kept up the pace, but he was wary of the mischief of the girl who was still weakly resisting, and he now knew how to take counter-measures against her attempts at mutiny. Suddenly, the girl escaped his grasp, and at first he thought it was a rebellion, but it was not. The girl was coming. He was able to increase his pace without encountering any resistance. He was even able to loosen his grip and let her cum to her heart's content, grabbing her breasts like a trophy, meeting her cousin's probing fingers, and a brief complicity developed between them; she was now going their way, chaotically

accompanying them. She came for a long time, with many aftershocks, moaning, hiccupping and bellowing:

— Oh yes, oh yes, yes! I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming. Ah, that's good, that's good! Faster, faster! Harder!

She was also pleading between her now continuous gasps:

— Keep going, don't stop!

He increased the pace exponentially, sensing that it was his turn to come and for long minutes, he released himself deep inside her pussy, which was contracting spasmodically and tightening on his cock.

Ruben saw the girl's orgasm coming, the features of her face twisted. He withdrew from her mouth so that she could express herself fully, girls cumming loudly excited him. For him, it meant the job was well done and they liked his cock. And this one wasn't just pretending, she wasn't faking it. This went on for quite a long time, yet the girl continued to jerk him off ardently as if it were second nature to her.

Then it was Séraphin's turn, and the girl took the opportunity to cum again, bawling her eyes out. When everything calmed down, he plunged back into her mouth, which was still wide open, holding her head firmly in his hands, he showed no pity, this was his moment. He fucked her in the mouth as he had done her pussy earlier, hard and fast. He ejaculated for a very long time, and thought it would never stop, as the girl swallowed and swallowed and swallowed again, swallowing hard without trying to escape. To her surprise, she had a brief but powerful orgasm [2]

while he was still ejaculating powerfully down her throat. Then the flow dried up. Finally, she continued to milk him, swallowing the last spurts he could produce with relish, licking her lips. This girl was truly unique. He had never seen one have an orgasm while performing oral sex.

The three of them fell back onto the blanket, drained. Maria, lying on her back with her legs spread, offered, her knees red from rubbing against the blanket, red marks on her breasts, buttocks, thighs and back. Semen was dripping from the corners of her mouth and running from her vagina down her perineum. They breathed heavily, catching their breath. Séraphin pressed himself against her, caressing her. The cousin rolled a second joint and spun it. He also filled the glasses. He handed one to Maria:

— Here, this will do you good. You're a real witch. Where did you learn all this? You came when I ejaculated in the back of your mouth. Didn't I? I saw it.

She straightened up to take the glass and replied:

— It happens to me sometimes. Not always, when someone puts it deep inside me. After all, it's better for a girl, isn't it? It's my little reward. I must have a clitoris in the back of my throat.

He placed one hand on her sticky pussy and lightly stroked it with his palm, then put a finger inside her and turned it around and back inside her vagina. The girl contracted her vagina muscles several times, letting out a stream of cum which ran down her finger and then soiled his hand. He put his hand in front of her mouth.

— Here, lick it off, my fingers are full of cum, since you like that.

Maria grabbed her hand and licked her finger, then her hand. Then she said:

— Hm? It tastes good! I like the taste and the smell. And I can't lick myself right now, I'm not flexible enough, too bad.

The cousin turned to Séraphin:

— And you, do you like the taste of sperm? Would you lick Maria?

Séraphin thought:

— Maria? Yes, I'd lick her. But sperm...

His cousin had forced him to perform oral sex on him several times when he was younger, when he was horny for a girl. The first time he nearly puked, but his cousin made him swallow. He told him that he looked like a girl, with his long hair and languid eyes with long eyelashes. Séraphin felt ashamed when he thought about it, he had come to love the smell and taste of cum.

— Well, do it. If you do it, I'll do it after you. And you, Maria, would like it.

Maria lay on her back, facing Séraphin, spreading her legs and lifting her bottom with her hands:

— And then, Séraphin, you can kiss me.

Séraphin knelt down, leaned over her and licked shyly at the sticky cunt Maria presented to him. Then, growing more confident, he parted his lips and ran his tongue inside her. He had never detailed a pussy so closely. He spotted the erect clitoris in the fading firelight and clumsily worked

his tongue around it. The tastes were many, the sperm was not dominant, but very recognisable, there was an earthy flavour, spicy, pungent, peppery, he realised that he had a hard-on like a donkey, as if there was a powerful aphrodisiac in her juices. Maria whimpered softly. He put his hands on her breasts and massaged them while continuing to lick. Maria put a finger on his clitoris and stroked herself while he licked away the oozing juices. Then he pushed a finger into her pussy, then two. Maria's fingers swirled briskly around the clitoris until she came with a hiccup, letting a little viscous stream escape from the meatus.

— All right, Séraphin, now you're going to make way, that witch has come again and if you keep on, you're going to do the same. I have other plans for the future. And I want to taste her.

Maria called in a small voice:

— Séraphin! Come and give me a kiss.

Ruben in turn leaned over Maria's pussy. He smelled her and, after a moment, gave her his tongue. He found it to his liking. He'd never done it before, he thought cunnilingus was a thing for faggots or lesbians. He was mistaken. As he licked her, he activated his fingers around her clitoris. The other two kept kissing and cooing, and Maria lifted her buttocks higher to call him to order. He, too, put a finger in, then two, then three, and fucked her. Maria moved her pelvis back and forth to indicate that she liked it. He too began to harden like a donkey. He redoubled his efforts to make her come, three fingers in her pussy, the others

circling her clitoris. The two lovebirds were still kissing without catching their breath. Séraphin groped her breasts, pinching and tweaking her nipples. Maria rocked her hips faster and faster, she came again, a new viscous jet squirted from the meatus directly into the cousin's mouth, it wasn't urine, he was sure of that, the flavour was strong, it went to his head, his cock hardened again, he licked up the last drops. The girl fell flat on her back with a great sigh of satisfaction.

The sun had returned with its warmth and was shining into the room through the doorway, and the fire had died down. Ruben rolled a third joint and served the rest of the whisky. Maria sat on Séraphin's lap, finding it comfortable. Her cousin wanted to get a good view of her pussy, so she spread her legs to satisfy him.

— You're giving me a hard-on, Maria. I'm not finished with you yet.

The girl looked at him in silence, an exasperating little smile on her lips.

— I've had your pussy, I've had your mouth.

The cousin fell silent, ran a hand up the girl's sticky crotch and stuck a finger half a centimetre up her anus:

— Now I want this, Maria, and I'll really have you.

He turned his finger in the delicate little hole, and the girl helped him by lifting her hips. The cousin moved his finger back and forth:

— You like that, you little slut.

Maria's eyes widened. Séraphin wrapped an arm around her, under her breasts, to stop her slipping, as she moved

to the rhythm of the cousin's back-and-forth movement.

— You're not a virgin on that side, little one, you're wetting there too.

The cousin laughed:

— My young cousin will fuck you while I'm fucking you in the ass, he'll have learned something... we won't waste any time. What do you think, Maria?

— You do as you like, Mr Ruben.

— You're not annoying, kid, I like that. Not all girls are like you, they're always making trouble... and this... and that... they get on my nerves with their whining, even the whores. You're not a whore... I hope... Maria?

— Oh no, Mr Ruben.

— You're not doing this for the money... but because you like it?

— Oh yes, Mr Ruben.

— I like it better, even if you are a bit of a whore.

The cousin laughs:

— You're a whore without charging, that's fine with me. We need more like you.

Seraphin was horrified. He knew his cousin was a dirty cunt, but this was crossing the line:

— Maria isn't a whore, cousin.

— She's not? What do you call that, Séraphin? Our wives and daughters would never behave like that, we respect them, they have to respect us. And if one of them ever...

The cousin didn't finish his sentence.

— You're a gadji, you can't understand, we have our rules, we don't live like you do.

Suddenly worried, he added:

— Are you on the pill, kid? I wouldn't want to have knocked you up.

— I've only had my period once, Mr Ruben. The gynaecologist said I couldn't have children.

— That's cool... well, maybe not for you if you wanted children. But we can go right ahead.

The cousin laughs:

— OK, now you're going to blow us to get us going. Is that all right?

Maria obediently knelt down. The boys stood in front of her. She grabbed their cocks with both hands and started sucking them alternately. Before long, they were ready.

[1]. Claudia, a petite brunette of sixteen, usually only practiced the missionary position. He shared her with other boys in the camp, because she was only half gypsy, freer than the other girls married at fifteen, but had the reputation of being a slut, a little whore.

[2]. Maria could have oral orgasms. A pseudo-clitoris appeared at the back of her throat during fellatio. When the glans went in and out deep in the throat, it massaged the pseudo-clitoris and could induce an orgasm. It was a mutation, probably viral. Oral orgasms were powerful and brief, close to the brain, and could cause a brief fainting spell.

Doublet

Ruben ordered Séraphin to lie on his back and asked Maria to straddle him, which she did without question. As soon as Séraphin entered her, she moved her hips back and forth. The cousin cried out:

— Hey, wait for me! I'm warning you, Maria, I haven't got any Vaseline.

He settled behind Maria's ass. First he put his index finger in her anus, where it penetrated completely without too much trouble. He spat profusely and spread the saliva at the entrance to the anus. Then he slid his finger a few times to enlarge the moist orifice. Her little orifice was as wet as a pussy.

— Like butter, some people have been there before. Right, little one?

He continued with two fingers. Maria protested, then resumed moving her pelvis.

— Don't be in such a hurry. Just take it easy. Wait until I'm in there.

He placed his large glans at the entrance to her anus and pushed, holding her hips firmly. Inch by inch, patiently, he entered:

— Are you all right, little one? I've got a big cock, you know. Maybe you'd prefer Séraphin? But it's fine, you're a good wetter on that side.

Maria moaned:

— Continue, Mr Ruben, that's fine. Go harder. I'm not made of porcelain.

Stung to the core, he jerked, threading the girl to the hilt. Maria let out a high-pitched squeal, but placidly began moving her hips back and forth again.

— Séraphin, try to keep up. When I come in, you come in. When I leave, you leave. We'll start slowly, eh? I'm the one who sets the tempo.

Maria leaned on her hands, her arms outstretched, her breasts swaying before Séraphin's greedy eyes, he felt his cousin's sex through the walls of her vagina and rectum every time he entered. There was something incestuous about it. He would lift his head to grab a nipple and chew on it. Maria closed her eyes in delight. The cousin kept up a slow, full rhythm. When he tried to speed up a little, Maria tightened the muscles of her vagina and anus. Séraphin left the initiative to Ruben. He fell back onto his back, grabbing her breasts and lifting his hips high in rhythm. She relaxed the muscles of her vagina, but tightened those of her anus, hindering the cousin in his assaults, which jostled her forward with each thrust.

Ruben understood straight away what she was trying to do. She was playing with them again. As soon as he accelerated, she would stop him by imprisoning him firmly with her sphincters. He resumed a slower pace, hoping to

wear her down. In the end, he liked this game. He knew it would take time for her to give in. He began a war of attrition. In this war, Séraphin was offside and content to follow the music. He accelerated imperceptibly, until she blocked him again, but he was still gaining a little. He sensed that she was getting tired. Every time she weakened, he took advantage of it. His balls swelled and hurt. But the girl would eventually give in. He concentrated on the rhythm, waiting for the moment when he could force her, waiting for the break. He knew from experience that she would orgasm and lose control. Séraphin's sex rubbed pleasantly against hers, teasing her glans. The girl gave nothing away. Time passed and his balls swelled.

Maria leaned over and kissed Séraphin full on the lips, easing the pressure a little so that Ruben could do his job, moving in and out of her arse. Séraphin's lips were soft and fragrant and she put her tongue in his mouth. Her cousin increased the pace, blocking her pelvis with a firm hand, she had played enough, she could feel another orgasm coming on. She whispered in Séraphin's ear:

— Harder, Séraphin, go on harder. You're asleep or something. Your cousin does all the work. Put it deep in me.

Séraphin, who had let it happen, felt a little ashamed. He was behaving passively, like a girl. But it felt so good.

In the old days, his cousin didn't just give him blow jobs, he also fucked him occasionally. The first time was a horror, he didn't want to, he forced him, but the following times, he took a shameful liking to it, he liked being the female.

The rhythm was now regular, fluid, unhindered, and he hardened his loins to put it in thoroughly with each penetration. Maria sighed as she closed her eyes. The minutes passed at a steady pace, the two boys perfectly synchronised. This time, it was the cousin who was blocking the situation, Maria, sandwiched between the two men, suffering without being able to take the initiative, just waiting for the orgasm to come. Cousin panted rhythmically like a locomotive, his tireless piston greasing her relentlessly. Then something new happened: he eased his grip on her hips, letting her join in the trio, and slapped her buttocks in rhythm, then her breasts.

It took a few more minutes for the orgasm to take hold of Maria, who split herself again, or rather, dissociated into three parts. She was the cousin screwing her arse, but also Séraphin screwing her cunt, and she was still the girl, who was screw her arse and her cunt by the guys. Maria could see the girl's back, her shoulder blades, but also her spread white buttocks and the man's glistening sex moving in and out of her anus, then changing perspective [1], the girl's jiggling breasts, her grimacing face and Séraphin's sex moving in and out of her sodden pussy. In this strange universe, she felt distant pleasures, the urge to ejaculate stifled, she had fleeting visions of pussies, tits, arses and cocks in action.

Ruben had shown who was boss. The girl was contorting herself, carried away by a devastating orgasm. But he didn't change the tempo. Even though the girl's screams were tearing his ears apart. He could go on like this for

quite a while without finishing, and it seemed that Séraphin could too. They had twice emptied their balls into each other's cunts and mouths, and were now in perfect control. The girl was escaping from his hands, but she couldn't get very far, sandwiched as she was. She began to cry, shaken by strong orgasmic aftershocks. Tears fell onto Séraphin's open lips and he drank them in greedily. Inflexible, he continued. And the girl came and came. She was now slumped over Seraphin, forcing him to lean on his forearms and elbows to fuck her properly.

To remedy this, the cousin took hold of the girl's pelvis, raising it to the right height and pulling her by the hair to straighten her out. The girl squirmed, whimpered, shook her head, her mouth wide open, unable to say anything intelligible.

The force of the girl's orgasm, coupled with the pleasure of the men, shook Maria to the core. She deplored the brief fainting spells that made her miss a few things.

— It's alright, it's alright! Séraphin, can you hold on much longer? I'm going to teach that little tease a lesson.

— I can hold on, cousin. Just a little longer.

— Look how she's coming, she's crying.

He wrapped her hair around his hand and pulled back, forcing her to get up.

— Slap her tits! In time! One breast after the other. Tchac, tchac!

Seraphin complied.

— You're fondling them now. I'll show you.

Ruben slapped the girl's breasts. The slaps woke Maria up. She was grateful to his cousin for being able to increase the intensity of her pleasure without fainting, while at the same time pitying the poor girl for the blows she was receiving and her lack of stamina.

— Can you see it? Just like that.

— But are you going to hurt her?

— In the state she's in, it can only do her good, look at her, she's completely in the dark. She's somewhere else. She's going to faint. And what happens to us? We're not going to fuck a dead woman.

S raphin started again with more force.

— Come on. Go on. Don't be frightened. Look, she's coming round, lifting her arse like a cat in heat. And keep on fucking. Don't let up the rhythm.

The dry slaps of the hands on the girl's tits and buttocks echoed in the room. She opened her eyes in amazement. And had another powerful orgasm, sending her back into limbo.

— Slap her, S raphin, she's letting go again.

Maria came to, still shaken by the girl's repeated orgasms. If that slob fainted again, she'd miss the finale. It enraged her to depend on this evanescent girl. She had slumped over S raphin again, but she moved her hips back and forth mechanically. Maria silently shouted to her cousin, fascinated by the back and forth movement of her sex in the girl's anus, to straighten her out. He seemed to understand and pulled the girl back by the hair until she straightened up, giving S raphin some room. Maria knew

that the girl was suffering in her bones from his brutality, but she knew she was resilient. Besides, it was the price she had to pay for ever more pleasure.

S raphin could hold out no longer, vainly trying to force the decision. The muscles of the girl's vagina were contracting on his sex more and more strongly, and he was losing control. His cousin could feel it:

— Come on, let's get going. All the way.

He increased the tempo, locking the girl's ass. It was their turn now. S raphin pressed himself under the girl. His cousin's cock was now rubbing against the rhythm of his own. He ejaculated, breaking the beautiful harmony. The girl, close to collapse, was still holding on, Maria ejaculated into her pussy, she was nothing but a ball of pleasure.

The cousin held out for another two minutes before following him, while S raphin was still ejaculating. His sex was suddenly gripped by a sheath [2] lined with small protuberances that irritated the most sensitive part of his glans. He ejaculated immediately, and a flood of sperm poured into the girl's rectum.

She had fainted briefly, and the cousin had pulled her back violently, calling her to order, Maria's double had been able to ejaculate into this slut's rectum while she was still ejaculating into her vagina and the girl was writhing under a succession of orgasms. This time, Maria couldn't come any harder - it was more than she could take. The sheath tightened again, causing more endless ejaculations as the cousin pushed until his balls into her rectum. What devilry

had this girl invented? This time, the girl fainted for good and Maria lost consciousness.

The girl fell back on Séraphin, Ruben fell back on the girl. Séraphin bore the weight of the girl and the heavier cousin. He didn't mind, the girl's breasts pressed against his chest and his sex, still in her vagina, regained its strength. There was silence, just the boys breathing heavily, the girl had fainted, or something like that. They stayed like that for several long minutes.

Finally, Ruben got to his feet, lit a cigarette and sat down, thinking. Séraphin had pushed the girl to one side to free himself. He gently laid her as comfortably as possible on her back. Her breasts were red, burning and swollen. He asked his cousin for a cigarette:

— We've fixed her up really well, poor thing... look at her tits... what a state they're in... is she asleep?

— She's like Sleeping Beauty. Give her a kiss to wake her up, Séraphin, you're Prince Charming. It might just work.

The cousin grabbed one of the girl's breasts:

— I'd never seen a chick faint when you fucked her. Or get off so much. You can imagine, we fucked her for hours without lose our hard-on, and she came without interruption.

He looked at his watch:

— Crap! Six o'clock already! I've got to go, I didn't realise it was so late. I have to see the Sébastiani brothers about a car. We fucked for four hours, practically. I can't tell you what a pain in the arse she's going to be tomorrow. She'll be walking like a duck for days.

S raphin gently kissed Maria's lips. He slowly caressed the swollen, burning breasts. The girl didn't open her eyes. Ruben hastily got dressed:

— Pinch her nipples, that should wake her up.

He stood up:

— OK, I'm going. If you still feel like fucking her, feel free... a little more, a little less... I'd do her, but I've got to run. I'll see you later. Wow! What a day! Fold the blanket tightly and put it on the bench, away from the damp, otherwise it'll get mouldy.

He left, or rather, fled, leaving S raphin to fend for himself with the girl. He was still a little worried. What he was sure of was that she was alive. She was breathing and when you're breathing, you're alive. S raphin was there, he would take care of it. His balls were aching and he realised he was still hard. The bugger!

[1]. When Maria split into two, she could no longer see through her own eyes, but through those of the men who were fucking her, and this happened randomly when there were several of them. The phenomenon provoked a sexual dissociation in which Maria became masculine and her body a feminine object giving pleasure that was not Maria but 'the girl'. Yet she felt everything that 'the girl' was experiencing to the full. What's more, a whole orchestra in the background connected her to the universe.

[2]. It was a mutation in Maria. A sexual organ in the rectum.

At last alone

Séraphin laid Maria's head in his lap, gently caressing her face, her little nose, almost straight, her chubby cheeks still red and her childlike dimples, her small ears, the arch of her eyebrows, her smooth forehead, her long venetian blonde hair, which reached down to her buttocks (she had had shorter hair in his memory), her graceful neck, her full carmine lips between which a trickle of saliva and perhaps even sperm beaded, he bent his head to kiss her lips. He jingled the earrings, then played with the still bandaged nipples, pinching them, jostling the still warm breasts. He wasn't worried and had plenty of time, his cousin wasn't coming back.

Female anatomy fascinated him, he had read up on it in dictionaries, at school, in textbooks and with his friends, and now he could do the practical work he had been missing. Claudia, the only girl he'd ever been intimate with, had never let him play with her body, and when it was over (it didn't last long), she'd chase him out of the caravan to make room for someone else.

He dared to spread her legs, her pussy was hot and sticky, her clitoris proudly erect. His finger spread her lips,

slipped into the wet slit, it was good, he licked his finger and started again.

Maria was still wearing her little pink tennis shoes, so he cautiously removed them and placed them in front of the fireplace. He now had her all to himself, completely naked. Her feet were small, well made, and he counted the toes. Her toenails were varnished, pink varnish, a little chipped, pink like her tennis shoes, the nails of her hands were also varnished, he hadn't noticed. He bent and unfolded her legs and arms, but she didn't wake up. He examined the fine metal bracelets she wore on her wrists, smoothed the fine fluff on her arms and thighs, pinched her calves, caressed her round knees, still irritated from rubbing against the blanket, studied the hollows in the popliteus and the tendons as he stretched out her leg. The inside of her thighs was surprisingly soft.

He began to lay her on her stomach, first rolling her onto her side with her legs closed, then simply pushing her so that she lay on her stomach on her own, her nose in the blanket. With his finger, he followed the contour of the shoulder blades, from the spine to the buttocks, firm and round, still red, he spanked them lightly, then a little harder without the girl reacting. He pulled on one leg and slid a hand into her crotch. He ran his finger along the crack of her bottom and pushed the tip of his index finger into her anus, then two phalanges. The girl stirred and he withdrew his finger. And he did it again. He knelt behind the girl, half lying on top of her, and placed his glans at the entrance to her anus, spreading her round buttocks. He pushed,

waited, pushed again. The girl sighed. He reluctantly thought he was going to wake her. But very tempted by this impromptu sodomy, he pushed again. Curiously, the girl lifted her buttocks. He pushed, and suddenly his glans was swallowed by her anus, the girl pushing on her side. At that moment, he really thought he had woken her up, and withdrew. He contented himself with masturbating between the two globes of her buttocks.

He grew tired of the girl's tails, there was much more to play with on the other side. He turned her onto her back again, not without difficulty, after several attempts. The girl was like a puppet in his hands, inert.

He looked down at her breasts, which were less red and free of bruising, but still swollen and warm. On the side of the left breast, he noticed three small moles forming a triangle. The nipples were large and thick, with concave tips. They made you want to suck them, which he did, and nibble them, which he also did. The areolas were large, light brown, and he followed their contours with his finger. They were dotted with small darker protuberances of varying sizes, especially around the edges, and he could feel them under his finger. The areolas were oval rather than round, but this depended on the layout of the breast, and he noticed that they were not symmetrical, being rounder on the right breast. The breasts were pear-shaped, large but not too large, firm and elastic. He wrapped his hands around them. He pressed them together, pulled them up, down, sideways, slapped them gently, he could have played with them for hours. He straddled the girl and

pressed her breasts against his sex as he masturbated, the glans appearing and disappearing in the cleavage, his balls rubbing pleasantly against the soft skin, the girl moaned, he paused, waiting for her to calm down and resumed his exploration.

The belly was slightly rounded, the navel well defined and deep, and he mischievously put a finger there. He felt like he was playing with a doll. A thin thread of down extended from the navel down to the pubis. He followed him with his finger to her pussy. The mount of Venus was a small, prominent cushion, and he patted it with the palm of his hand like a small animal, then put his fingers into the blond pubic hair and curled it, pulled it, smoothed it out, tousled it, and they formed a neat triangle. He thought the girl was depilated, her labia majora were bald, like a kid. His fingers moved to the clitoris and he titillated it, the girl sighed. He thought he'd be a fool not to take a close look at this mysterious vulva, now that he had the chance. The girl's breathing was regular and she was fast asleep. His manipulations didn't seem to bother her. He kissed her and settled down, lying on his stomach with his nose between her legs. He opened them as wide as he could without waking her.

His index finger circled the clitoris, still swollen and vermilion, he played with it and then, after careful examination, after several tries, carefully unclasped it, revealing a cute little glans. He ran his tongue over it and received a small electric shock. The girl stirred. He waited for her to calm down. Then he started again. She moved

again and calmed down. He repeated this a dozen times, and concluded that this was a very sensitive point. Continuing his examination, he pulled her red labia apart with his fingers and examined what they were hiding. A small opening was just above the vagina, that of the urethra, the meatus, if he had learned his lessons well, he passed the tip of his tongue over it without provoking any reaction, he licked the small opening with more vigour, the girl shivered. He tried to put his finger in it, but to no avail, eliciting only a melancholy sigh from the girl. The orifice of the vagina underneath was half-open and looked much more interesting and welcoming to him, sperm and juice still dripping from it. He counted how many times he and his cousin had ejaculated inside. He murmured as he counted:

— The first time, lying on top of her, just after the cousin, the second time from behind, again after the cousin, and the third time, lying underneath her. Not forgetting once in the mouth. The cousin, twice in the pussy, once in the mouth and once in the ass. That's five times in the pussy, twice in the mouth and once in the ass. How many centilitres per ejaculation? Ten to thirty millilitres in the pussy, i.e. a maximum of three centilitres.

But he had the impression of having ejaculated a lot more than usual, and so had his cousin, it wouldn't stop.

— I'd say a good six centilitres, maybe even ten.

He slipped a finger inside the feverish, moist duct. The girl shuddered. He withdrew his finger and the girl calmed down. He explored the insides of her thighs, the skin was

very soft, warm, very smooth, sperm and pussy juice had run down and dried, long drips were soiling them, forming a thin film that rubbed off. He returned to the vagina. This time he put two fingers in, eliciting a few inopportune borborygms as he moved them slowly back and forth, dripping sperm down his fingers. The girl lifted her hips. He withdrew them. He turned his attention to the slightly open and swollen anus. Here too, a little sperm was dripping onto the blanket, which had seen many others, and he pushed a finger in, expecting resistance. He felt as if his finger had been drawn inside and was closing in on him. He murmured with a smile:

— Trapped! You shouldn't put your fingers just anywhere.

He took out his finger and licked it. It didn't taste bad. He put his index finger back inside the anus, and once again it was sucked inside. This time he moved it energetically back and forth, the duct was well lubricated and still wet. The girl stirred. But he couldn't stop. Maria was awake this time:

— I see you're very interested in my arsehole, Séraphin!

He gasped, taken aback:

— Have you been awake long?

— When you touched my clit under the bonnet. That's sensitive. Now you know how to wake sleeping princesses. That'll come in handy.

— Why didn't you say you were awake? Did you want to see how far I'd go?

— Yeah, I liked what you were doing. I didn't want to interrupt. Sometimes you tickled me, but I managed to keep from laughing. That was very good, Séraphin. But you got me too excited... climb on top of me... and fuck me.

Seraphin lay down on top of the girl, taking care not to crush her under his weight, and entered her, there was a slight gurgling sound, he knew the way. He went slowly, very slowly. Their lips met and he kissed her. She wasn't trying to upset him, the muscles in her vagina were contracting to accompany him in his coming and going. He could have stayed like that for hours. But after a while the girl said:

— You were very interested in my arsehole earlier on, I could tell. Now you're going to fuck me.

— How's that? Like this?

— Yeah, just like that, beta. Go on, then.

He withdrew and placed his glans at the entrance to her anus. The girl lifted her buttocks a little, leaning on her feet with her legs bent.

— Come on. Come on. Tuck it in. You'll see, it'll work itself out. Push! Harder!

Séraphin pushed, pushed, pushed some more and his cock was caught like his finger earlier. The sensation was different. His glans met with no resistance, while his cock was compressed by his sphincters. He pushed all the way in, balls touching her bottom, and repeated several times until her sphincters were sufficiently tenderised. Then he worked his way into the narrow orifice, which was gradually becoming lubricated. The girl controlled the pace

with her anus muscles. He knew very quickly what pace he had to take without being slowed down. One hand grabbed his balls, squeezed and didn't let go.

Suddenly, his cock came out of the hole with a wet plop before being guided by the girl's firm hand to the right spot. And this happened several more times. But he managed to control himself.

The girl's fingers slipped between their two stomachs and descended to the clitoris, which they titillated. He was a little miffed to see that she wasn't content with his cock, but the girl had her hands free, while he leaned on it to get a good angle of attack, arched over the girl, herself lifting her buttocks to ease his penetration. They adopted a leisurely rhythm, her tilting her pelvis and him accompanying her back and forth. This could go on for hours, despite the position, which forced her to lift her buttocks and him to arch his back.

It was then that he felt something encircle his sex like a hand, a kind of warm, moist sheath, a little rough, well, not exactly, a sheath bristling with little spikes that did more than tickle him. His glans was no longer swimming in the void, but in this sheath that tingled and titillated him, even if the pressure wasn't strong. He forgot all about tiredness and pressed on without the girl slowing him down. The case had a life of its own, undulating, stretching, retracting, its spikes hardening, growing, expanding, multiplying. Since he couldn't see anything, he fantasised about it. Then the girl sighed as she arched her back. It was she who changed the rhythm as a new orgasm shook

her. The sheath contracted but did not stop Seraphin's momentum. He was going back and forth in this magical case, his glans and cock tickling horribly, he was going crazy. His primitive brain took over again and he lost control. While the girl was still convulsing, vainly trying to close her legs, he ejaculated at length, in great jerks, tetanised. Emptied, he lay down on top of her, still tickled by the retracting pins of the sheath, milking her one last time, he spasmodically ejaculated at a decrescendo.

Maria had not fainted. But they remained motionless, frozen for long minutes, saying nothing. Séraphin's cock was eventually expelled with a plop from his anus like a foreign body. They fell asleep like that for a while. Maria woke up and pulled away from Séraphin. She staggered outside, naked. It was still hot, but a little cooler air made her shiver. She crouched down in the grass and took a long piss, blades of grass tickling her bottom, which made her laugh, she moved a little so that the blades tickled her still very sensitive pussy and anus. Unconsciously, she moved gently over the grass, caressing herself. She was coming to her senses, feeling good as she was, crouched down among the trees and the chirping of the birds, caressed by the grass. A hare passed within three metres of her, froze when it saw her and ran off again.

Seraphin woke up alone. He panicked, thinking that Maria had left. Then he saw his clothes hanging by the door. He got up and went out on the doorstep, relieved:

— You're here, I thought you'd left, I saw your things were still here... What are you doing?

— I've gone for a piss, as you can see.

— I can see that, but right now, what are you doing?

— The grass tickles me. That's nice. Mmmm! I like it.

You were asleep, so... What time is it?

— Er... Nearly eight. It's a bit late.

— Will you take me home?

— Of course, I wouldn't want anything to happen to you.

Maria stood up and pressed herself against the naked boy, taking his half-banded sex in her hand.

— So, my magical arsehole, did you like it?

S raphin didn't know what to say. They went back into the house.

— I wonder how you do it. My cousin says you're a witch too.

S raphin carefully folded the blanket, shook it out and laid it on the bench. Dressed, they set off for home. S raphin took her by the hand:

— I like you naked.

— Do you want me to take everything off?

— No! You'll get scratched by the brambles.

— You won't lose us, will you?

— Of course not! Now, will you tell me how you do it?

— Doing what?

— Well, with your arse...

— Why would I tell you! You know, I'm not the one doing it. It just happens when I get really excited. It's not my fault.

They reached the path. From then on, Maria knew the way. She took off her blouse and bra:

— Hold this!

— What are you doing?

— I'm getting naked, you said you preferred me naked.
Don't you want to?

— Well, yes, I do.

She hopped on one foot and then the other to take off her skirt and handed it to him:

— It suits you. I like walking naked in the woods.

S raphin took her hand. He had a hard-on again, he still wanted her. He didn't think he could do it, it was physically impossible. They walked in silence, Maria's nakedness both intimidating and exciting him. They reached the main road:

— You'd better get dressed now.

— I can go as far as the house. The path comes up from the back, and there's hardly anyone going that way.

— And if your parents are in the garden, they'll see you coming.

— My mum isn't there. And my dad doesn't care.

You could see the roofs of the houses. They walked cautiously along the shady side of the path, stopping at the slightest noise, like conspirators. When they reached the hedge of the house, they crouched down in the ditch and S raphin handed him his clothes:

— I don't see anyone in the garden. You can go in. But we can see you through the windows.

S raphin couldn't see him, but Maria's father was on the terrace, in the shade, drinking a chilled Vinho Verde. Maria didn't mind her father seeing her naked and her mother wasn't there, so she put on a conspiratorial voice:

— Can you see my bedroom window? The one on the right.

— Yes, why?

— Tonight at midnight, come and join me. Don't make any noise, the window will be open. And if I've fallen asleep waiting for you, get into bed, but don't jump in like a ninny! Then you'll surely find out what to do!

— At midnight.

— At midnight. But not before. I can count on you.

— I'll be there, Maria...

— Well, I'm off now. See you later, Séraphin.

Séraphin kissed her goodbye and let her go. She crossed the garden like a queen, down the central path, among the cabbages and carrots, under the big cherry tree, and turned off towards her bedroom window. She stepped over it and disappeared into the shadows of the room. Seraphin stayed there for a while, to see if everything was going well, then left for the camp, his heart full of joy. He couldn't believe it, she had invited him to spend the night in her room.

Family dinner

Maria went straight to the bathroom. All she had to do was take off her pink tennis shoes and get in the shower – that was the advantage of being naked. As soon as the water began to run, the door opened. Her father came in and sat down in the chair by the sink.

— I saw you when you came home, you crossed the garden naked, there was a boy with you, behind the hedge.

— Daddy! Daddy! It was a bet! I won it. He didn't think I'd do it.

Her father chuckled softly. He examined his daughter's body from top to bottom.

— You're very beautiful, my daughter. I've made some cod and we're going to eat on the terrace. I'll be waiting for you.

Then he left, taking one last look at his daughter's naked body, which she hadn't tried to hide by drawing the shower curtain. It was a little game between her and her father in which she saw no malice.

Maria came out of the bathroom naked and put on her old cuddly T-shirt in her bedroom. She grabbed a small Clairefontaine notebook and wrote down the date followed

by the inscriptions: 2GAR 100, 101 - 5BAI+++, 2FEL+ - 1BAIENCxev - 6ORG+x, then in French on the next line: - old abandoned house, storm, mushrooms, wood.

Maria took some candles from the kitchen and spread them out on the terrace table. It was more intimate this way, rather than the light from the electric bulb when it got darker.

Her father poured her a glass of wine. They toasted each other.

— You're always walking around bare-assed. You'll end up catching something.

— There's no such thing as an arse cold, Dad. It just cools me down a bit in the right places.

Her father grunted, then added in his gravelly voice:

— Did you have fun today? Coming home naked?

Maria turned the conversation round:

— There's a funny house in the woods, do you know it? It's an old house, with just one room and a big fireplace with weird patterns.

— I know the place. They say it used to be a sort of little temple. But nobody goes there any more, and now they say there's still something fishy going on. A property developer bought the land to build a housing estate, but nothing's happened since. Rumour has it that a druid used to work there not so long ago. And that's where you've been all day?

— We protected ourselves from the storm. We were looking for mushrooms in the woods when the storm broke.

It was terrifying. One of the boys knew the house, he brings girls there.

— Ah! Were there several boys? I recognised Séraphin, a nice boy. That idiot didn't see me. He was looking at your bum.

— There were two boys, that's all. A cousin of Séraphin, older than him. We didn't find any mushrooms.

— What have you been up to? Let me guess.

— It was raining. So... I got soaked and took off my clothes. You said it yourself, that's all boys think about.

— I say! You're exaggerating. That's all you ever think about, you little tease. You knew what was going to happen. For a girl like you, getting naked in front of boys means go ahead and fuck me.

— I really wanted to. I was pissed off with the storm.

— You did it with both boys?

— I couldn't leave one out. He wouldn't have liked it. I didn't want them fighting over me.

Her father poured the glasses again. The wine didn't really get Maria drunk. It made her head spin, but she liked the taste.

— Have some tomato salad, you have to eat or you'll get skinny, that would be a pity, I like you just the way you are... And then... Did the two boys fuck you well?

— Twice rather than once, Dad. You're very curious...

She chewed her salad. She often talked about her sex life with her father, sometimes in detail. Her father was curious to know how she lived it. He thought she was a

nymphomaniac, but he could have said the same about his wife. Now, he didn't judge her, she was like that:

— Tell me all about it!

His father served the cod.

— Dad, I mean, it's none of your business. It's very indiscreet...

— How is the cod? Did I spice it well?

— It's very good.

He poured the glasses again and went to get a new bottle. He uncorked the bottle:

— Did they make you come?

— Sure, Dad.

— You know, I'm hard again [1]. But your mother doesn't want me in her bed any more. That's why I'm sleeping in the little room.

— Dad, if Mum can't look after you, I can take her place.

— You're my daughter, it's not done to fuck your daughter. It's incest... you know that...

— When you see me naked, does it make you hard? No?

— Well, I'm a man. And you're a very sexy girl. Even more so naked.

— You know, Dad, you can't have children with me. So there's no incest.

Maria's father was shaken by this argument.

— But when I look at you, I know you're my daughter. I couldn't.

Maria cleared the table. She left her father's glass and the bottle half-full and wiped up:

— Touch me there, Daddy.

She indicated her pussy with her hand as she spread her legs.

— It's wet.

— You see, Daddy, I'm wet. If you take me from behind... you'll forget I'm your daughter... I'll be any girl. I'm ready.

Maria lay on the table, flat on her stomach, with her T-shirt up and her arse in the air. She hid her face between her folded arms. In a hushed voice she said:

— Go ahead, Dad. I want to. I'm waiting for you. I don't want you to be unhappy... and it won't leave the family.

Maria's father finally got up from his chair, wobbling. He didn't know if Maria was really his daughter, his wife had been unfaithful to him from the moment they married, but he had raised Maria as his daughter, and that changed everything. João hesitated, he didn't believe in hell, he believed in morality... but... he hadn't fucked a woman in over a year. His daughter was a slut, a tease, and he was angry at having been presented with this impossible choice. He stopped thinking. He put his big, calloused hands on his daughter's buttocks and kneaded them. Those big, rough hands electrified Maria's body. She felt the palm of one hand rubbing her crotch, she was wetting profusely in anticipation. And then the hands abandoned her, leaving her orphaned. She heard a rustle of fabric, a zip, the metal buckle of a belt. Then again, big calloused hands on her buttocks. A huge glans made its way through her flesh. She sighed with relief. Her soggy vagina welcomed it gratefully.

A silence. Time stood still. Furious lumbar punches made her slide forward on the table. She was immediately

pulled violently backwards by the hips. And so it began again. It was no longer his daughter, but a girl [2]. When the girl moaned, he didn't recognise her. He methodically began to pound her pussy. The girl squealed with each stroke, getting closer to orgasm. He ejaculated interminably with each thrust, deep inside her vagina, without stopping. It's been so long. He began to coitus again, more slowly, he hadn't run out of steam, he was filling up his batteries. The girl's vagina contracted gently, expelling the sperm from her vagina which dripped onto his balls. He spread the globes of her buttocks, exposing her anus, so tempting. As he moved back and forth, he pushed a finger in without much difficulty. The rectum was smooth, warm and moist, and the finger slid in easily. The girl squealed again. The butter had remained on the table. He smeared it on her anus and pushed it in with his finger. He withdrew from the vagina and positioned his glans at the entrance to the anus. He pushed and pushed. Once the glans was in, he pushed all the way in, causing the girl to cry out.

She was only on the verge of orgasm, but Maria split herself in two, which was a first. If she could see through her father's eyes, she could also see through her daughter's eyes. Their pleasures intermingled. This doubling provoked an impetuous and immediate orgasm in the girl. Maria was fucking the girl and being fucked. The girl lifted her head and screamed. Maria also screamed and grunted, she was fucking and being fucked. The girl was passive, she was cumming, the father's big cock sliding with ease in the

dilated anal canal. The girl screamed again. The daughter's and the father's pleasure blended together.

[1]. After his accident, Maria's father couldn't get it up. His wife saw no point in having him in bed.

[2]. There's a saying that goes: *a dick with a hard-on has no conscience.*

Cuddly night

Séraphin arrived just after midnight. Maria was dozing, lying on her side, with a book open in front of her and the bedside lamp burning. Séraphin undressed, putting on clean clothes, and crawled into bed. He smelt of soap.

— Your father caught me in the garden. He invited me in for a glass of Vinho Verde. That delayed me.

Maria, in a sleepy voice:

— He knew you were coming. I told him.

— Your father's a nice guy. But he wanted to know all sorts of things, he's very talkative...

He placed a hesitant hand on Maria's shoulder. She turned onto her back, pulling up her T-shirt, and let him caress her breasts. She took his hand and placed it between her legs. She showed him what she wanted by pressing her fingers against his clitoris, taking it back, guiding it, directing it. Then letting him do it, and taking him back, until he understood. Séraphin applied himself, using his left hand to fondle his breasts, while his right hand learned the twists and turns of female masturbation.

— Slowly, Séraphin, slowly.

— You want me to lick you.

S raphin thought he was better with his tongue.

— No, I want you to make me come with your fingers. You've got to learn. Then you can have all the girls you want.

Maria's fingers wrapped around S raphin's cock.

— I'll leave you to it. If you do it well, you'll get a small reward, if not, nothing. Comprendes?

S raphin applied himself. When his caresses lacked relevance, Maria would stop his cock wagging. So he started again, applying himself. When it was really good, the girl would jerk him off vigorously, but that would throw him off. It lasted, but he didn't let go, even though his fingers and hand were starting to cramp. Sometimes, she would take him back, lubricate his fingers at the entrance to the vagina, and encourage him with a little pressure on his hand. And then:

— Keep it up, S raphin. Faster!

Maria moved her hips. She took over, putting pressure on her hand. Then she took over completely, her fingers twirling so fast that S raphin could no longer keep up. She came with a hiccup, lifting her loins.

— You still have a lot to learn, S raphin.

— I'm sorry, Maria, I'm clumsy.

— You'll learn, S raphin. It doesn't matter. Now I'm going to jerk you off. Lie down on your back.

The girl's skilful fingers ran deliciously along S raphin's cock. He was a little disappointed, he would have preferred to fuck her, in bed with a girl, and get a hand-job... that was for kids... But her skill reassured him. She had started

slowly, squeezing his balls with her right hand. Slowly, slowly, the pace increased, then slowed. She led him to the edge, then cooled him down. She knew neither cramp nor fatigue; she kept him on the brink of orgasm, without respite. When he became agitated, moving his pelvis, trying to find a way out, she stopped. All he could do was let her do it, submissive to her hands. The longer this went on, the crazier he became. He wanted to finish himself off, but she vigorously rejected his hand.

— Hands off! I should have tied your hands, Séraphin. You're boring me. Let go, for God's sake! It's for your own good.

For ten minutes, she played with him. Finally, she felt sorry for him and, sensing he was coming, she picked up the pace and directed the jets of sperm towards his wide-open mouth. Séraphin couldn't stop cumming. She licked her lips, licked the glans, then lay on top of him and kissed him. Her face was dripping with cum and he licked her cheeks, forehead and nose.

— You moved, I was aiming for my mouth, but you got it all over me. You're disgusting.

— I'll lick it off.

— Does it turn you on, Séraphin, to lick your sperm?

— I'm licking you. Not my sperm.

Maria straddled him. She rubbed her pussy against his sex while he licked her. She kissed him. He licked her ears, her eyelids - she had closed her eyes - her chin, her neck, her breast. He'd really gotten it everywhere, even in his hair. Droplets of sperm beaded on her nipples and he licked

them clean. Maria inserted his hard cock into her pussy and moved her hips slyly. Séraphin thought she had already straddled him that afternoon, sodomised by her cousin who had deprived her of all initiative. Now she was freely and selfishly polishing her clitoris against his pubic bone. That didn't mean she wasn't enjoying it. He continued to lick her face while he groped her breasts, letting her do it, obediently. Little by little, the tension mounted.

Why was he still able to get hard? Maria worked miracles. He'd been getting hard ever since he met her on the road. He'd had a hard-on thinking about her when he'd returned to the camp, in the shower, with the little hot water they'd left him, on the way, when he'd gone to her house, in the ditch, when he'd watched the house, waiting for midnight. He'd arrived too early, he could see the light in Maria's bedroom, he said to himself: "Why wait until midnight?" On his knees, behind the hedge, he masturbated with his trousers down, also in the shower, he couldn't resist. He told himself it was stupid to waste his semen like that, when he could be fucking Maria right now, but his hand was in charge. He leaned back and sprayed the hedge with cum; it was almost midnight.



Maria reached behind his back and grabbed his balls. Séraphin began to participate in coitus lazily. She set the pace by looking up at him, straight above him, leaning back a little, her tits jiggling in time to the rhythm. For Séraphin, the spectacle was worth the effort, and he placed a pillow under his head to make himself more comfortable and to

watch with interest as his cock moved in and out of her pussy. He placed his thumb on her clitoris and pressed down; she sighed. He could have gone on like this for a long time, if it hadn't been for the experienced massage of her balls. Unconsciously, he moved his hips faster. The girl followed him, managing to stick a finger up his anus. The bed frame creaked. The girl was impaled, jumping up and down. When she thought the moment had come, she lay down on top of Séraphin and with a final effort, their bodies entwined, she climaxed. Séraphin followed close behind.

Maria lay on her back. Séraphin, never satisfied with her body, caressed her. She spread her legs to give him easy access to her vulva. She could feel herself falling asleep, and Séraphin's caresses were not unpleasant in her half-sleep. She had simply placed her hand on his sex and felt it stiffen again. The boy made up his mind. He climbed on top of her and penetrated her. He fucked her calmly. Maria dozed off, only to be woken by Séraphin's spasmodic ejaculation deep inside her vagina. When it was all over, she lay down in foetal position on her back facing Séraphin and fell asleep.

Séraphin woke up in the middle of the night. He was pressed against the girl's back, his sex stiffened in the crack of her buttocks, one hand on her breasts. He lifted her leg a little and slipped his sex between her warm thighs. He began a back-and-forth movement that he soon found unsatisfying. He lifted her leg higher with his left hand and, holding her below the knee, slipped his other hand into her crotch. He found the clitoris and massaged it

patiently. Then he slipped a finger into the opening of her vagina. The girl was getting wet. He guided her sex to the entrance and carefully introduced it step by step, making a few strokes without waking her. He let her leg fall back and began to fuck her. The position was comfortable and he had all the time in the world. At first, the girl didn't flinch. Then she whimpered in her sleep as Séraphin increased the pace, cooperating with small movements of the pelvis back and forth. He didn't mind. He reached a point where he could go on indefinitely without tiring, keeping up the rhythm mechanically. The only drawback of the position was that he couldn't fuck her all the way, but he thought that when the time came, he could spread her legs wide and, changing position, attack deeper. But for the moment, he could take care of the breasts, with his left hand, he imprisoned the left breast and, passing his right hand under the pillow, he captured the right breast. He pinched the hardened nipples and titillated them. The girl's moans became more pronounced. She was about to come. He persevered.

Maria woke up to a brief orgasm. In a half-sleep, the muscles of her vagina tightened on the intruder, but Séraphin had no time to carry out his plan; he lost control and ejaculated in his turn.

Both went back to sleep, Séraphin still holding her lovingly to him.

A dirty breakfast

Maria woke up first. She went for a pee and a shower. Her father had left. Dressed only in her cuddly T-Shirt, she made coffee in the kitchen and took the cups to her bedroom. Séraphin was still asleep, lying on his side. She put the cups on the bedside table and turned him onto his back.

She took Séraphin's sex in her hand, which came to life when she jerked it. The boy was still asleep. On all fours on the bed, she licked him, then sucked him, massaging his balls without waking him. He began to give short, rhythmic licks. Maria pushed the glans deep into his throat. When the boy woke up, he was ejaculating:

— What are you...

He continued to ejaculate deep in the girl's throat, rocking his hips. When the flow dried up, Maria swallowed and looked at him, laughing.

— I'm having breakfast, silly... I've brought some coffee, would you like a cup?

Still shaken, Séraphin sat down on the bed and grabbed the cup Maria was holding out to him. He took a sip and grimaced.

— You want sugar. It's in the kitchen. We can make some toast.

In the kitchen, Maria toasted the bread while Séraphin drank his coffee.

— You want jam with your toast. My dad's made some really good cherry jam. You'll like it.

— I'd love to taste it. I like cherry jam.

Maria returned with the jar. She struggled to open it, but couldn't. She handed him the jar. She handed him the jar:

— Open it! He's resisting. You're big and strong. I'm just a girl.

Séraphin turned the lid without any success. He took a spoon, slipped it under the lid and lifted it. A spritzing sound was heard. He opened the lid with ease and handed the jar to Maria.

— You're so strong, Séraphin. I'd have died of hunger looking at that jar.

Séraphin smiled, knowing that she was making fun of him.

— Séraphin, now we're going to taste that jam.

Maria pulled a chair into the middle of the kitchen and sat down on it, facing Séraphin, her legs wide open. She pulled her T-shirt up to her armpits, revealing her breasts. Séraphin wondered what she was doing. Maria put two fingers in the jar and smeared jam all over her pussy. She did it again, putting a little bit everywhere.

— Séraphin, come and taste the jam.

S raphin had finally understood what she wanted. He knelt down between Maria's legs, and she pushed her bottom over the edge of the chair and began to lick the inside of her thighs where the jam had spattered.

— How do you like the jam? Is it good?

S raphin, his voice muffled:

— Super good.

He licked the edges of the labia majora, the folds and creases. Maria dipped her fingers into the jar and licked them clean.

— It's really good, it's my favourite.

S raphin licked his anus and perineum, on which the jam was dripping. Maria leaned forward again to make it easier for him. The licking of the anus made Maria sigh. As the jam slowly dripped onto her anus, S raphin set to work. Maria put her sticky hands on his head to encourage him. Then he licked her vulva with his tongue. He couldn't help but stick a finger inside her vagina, which was already very wet. Maria pressed down on his head, calling him to order. He continued higher, licked the periphery of her clitoris. The jam was caught in his pubic hair, which was caught in his teeth. He tried to pull them out one by one, but Maria's hands pressed authoritatively on his skull. He went for the clitoris and licked it vigorously; it tasted strongly of cherry. The girl sighed frankly. He used his fingers without any rebuff from the girl. His left index finger went in and out of her vagina and the fingers of his right hand fluttered around the clitoris, relieving her tired tongue. Maria's hands never let go of him. She wanted his orgasm. To great

evils, great means. He put a second finger in her vagina. The girl had slumped back in the chair, her legs open to the maximum, leaning back on her tiptoes, rocking the chair back and forth. The hands pressing down on Séraphin's head told him to keep going. Despite the cramps in his right hand, he persevered, striving to go faster. A few signs showed him that he was on the right track. The chair was rocking dangerously faster:

— I'm almost there, Séraphin. You're going to make me come. Keep going, keep going! Faster, faster. A little higher.

Séraphin, encouraged, redoubled his efforts, forgetting his cramps. The girl finally came, squeezing his head between her thighs. The chair was about to topple backwards, but he just managed to catch it.

— I'm coming, I'm coming. Ah! That's good! You're making me come! My love... [1]

Séraphin was relieved, he had gone all the way without faltering. She had called him “my love”, and he was overwhelmed. He shook his limp hand. The jam mixed with the girl's juice was even better, and he smeared it all over his face. Maria recovered more quickly than he did:

— I'll make some more toast with coffee, it suits you...

Maria sat on Séraphin's lap. She dipped the toast into the coffee they were sharing. It soon turned into a silly game. They bickered like children, kissing and tickling each other. Maria's breasts became covered in jam and Séraphin licked them. He rubbed his hard cock between her thighs. Their bodies were sticky.

Maria knelt at Séraphin's feet, dipped the boy's sex into the jam jar, put it in her mouth and licked it clean. She dipped it again. And licked it again. Séraphin had put his sticky hands on Maria's head, trying in vain to restrain her, but all she could think about was having fun.

— Yum, yum! Jam's good!

She reached a point where having fun was no longer enough. She now wanted something hard, but soft and elastic, in her vagina. Pushing what was there onto the table, shaking off the breadcrumbs with her hand, she lay down on it, her buttocks on the edge.

— Fuck me, Séraphin. I can't take it anymore.

Séraphin moved to stand between the girl's legs. She guided the boy's sex to the entrance of her vagina. He penetrated her with a sharp thrust. He grabbed her breasts, sticky with jam, and began a lazy back-and-forth movement, the position was comfortable, the girl let herself go. She sighed:

— Séraphin, faster!

Maria had her fingers on her clitoris.

— Go ahead, Séraphin, go ahead!

When Séraphin reached cruising speed, Maria took her clitoris seriously. Séraphin watched as her fingers twirled frantically. He lifted the girl's legs by taking them under his knees and folding them over, keeping them well apart, he had a good view of the girl, her arrogant face, her pussy and her breasts, and the coming and going of her sex. Maria begged:

— Séraphin, faster, stronger!

S raphin didn't see why he should go any faster. The situation was excellent for him. What's more, he had a little revenge to take. She had played him for a fool long enough. He continued at the same pace, knowing that she was giving herself pleasure without needing him, her fingers were tireless. The only thing he did was to go all the way in, the girl's position, with her legs raised and bent, had tilted her pelvis and made it easier for him. He enjoyed jostling her at every turn, watching her breasts jiggle against the rhythm, then pulling her towards him. The sighs became hoarser. The girl was about to cum. His fingers ran frantically around her clitoris.

— My love... I'm coming, I'm coming! Ah, that's good!

The contractions of the girl's vagina did not faze S raphin. He knew the music. He folded the girl's legs up to her shoulders and quietly filed down, leaning forward a little. Her fingers were now lightly tapping his clitoris. S raphin was astonished:

— Aren't your hands cramping up?

Maria replied, her voice uncertain:

— It's a question of habit and practice, S raphin. You should practise too.

S raphin pinched the girl with more gusto. He lifted her legs high, holding them by the ankles, and spread them as wide as he could. The girl resumed her masturbation and sighed.

— Faster, my love! Faster, my love!

This time, S raphin complied. He could feel the orgasm building and his balls were still full. He ejaculated again

and again in the depths of her soiled pussy, in the midst of strong vaginal contractions. The sperm dripped down his penis to his balls, down his legs and ended up on the kitchen floor.

— I love you so much! Maria! I love you!

When he withdrew, Maria, limp and lying on the table, said:

— Let's go and have a shower. I'm sticky with jam, and so are you. It's all over you.

They soaped each other up, lingering over their sex for a long time. The shower helped, and Séraphin began to get hard again. Maria knelt down and sucked him. He soon regained his undreamt-of strength. She stuck a finger in his anus while squeezing his balls, moving her finger back and forth. All he could do was fuck her in the mouth, sinking deep down her throat to her tonsils, blocking her head with both hands. The girl had a brief oral orgasm before he ejaculated profusely into her mouth. He helped her to her feet and kissed her for a long time, tasting his own sperm. They went back to bed and slept for a while.



They got dressed, Maria put on a clean T-shirt and went out into the garden. She quickly prepared a salad with tuna, which they ate on the terrace table, side by side. Séraphin had put his left hand between her thighs:

— I promised my cousin I'd help him move this afternoon. And what are you doing?

— I'm going to buy some second-hand books, we're going on holiday on Sunday and I've got nothing left to

read. There's not much to do in the country.

— My cousin, he's a pain in the arse with his dealings. But I can't refuse, he often helps me out.

Maria spread her legs so that Séraphin could get his way:

— You never stop, Séraphin.

— Do you want me to stop?

— No. But I let you. You manage to make me come.

— I need to practise, Maria. I've got loads to learn. And you never stop either.

Séraphin placed the girl's right leg on his lap and, with his right hand, prodded her clitoris. Maria leaned back and sighed:

— Okay, go ahead. Do you want to see my tits?

— Yes, I'd like to. I'd like to.

Maria lifted up her T-shirt.

— How's that?

— That's great! You tell me if I'm doing it right.

— Not bad. Go a bit faster. Yes, that's it. A little higher.

— Want me to finger you?

— Good idea, Séraphin.

Séraphin put a finger of his left hand into the wet vagina. He worked silently, the girl sighed.

— You're getting quite wet. Does it feel good? Do you like it?

— Yes, my darling. You can go faster.

Séraphin was having trouble keeping up. To distract him, he put a second finger in her vagina. He persisted.

— Let me do it, darling. That's good, but you've still got a lot to learn.

Maria pushed him away and took her place. Her fingers were moving really fast, they seemed to flutter elegantly around the clitoris. The girl sighed loudly:

— Stick a finger up my ass.

— In the ass?

— Yes, in the anus. And move it.

S raphin complied. The two fingers of his left hand went in and out of her vagina and the index finger of his left hand went in and out of her anus. He didn't feel totally useless.

— I'm going to come, darling. Faster, faster with your fingers.

S raphin knew how to do that. The girl came:

— Ah! Oh, oh! That's it, I'm coming, I'm coming!

Maria, satisfied, leaned over S raphin's shoulder.

— Ah, my love, that was good.

— I didn't do much.

— You helped me a lot, S raphin.

S raphin asked anxiously:

— Maria! When will we see each other again? How about tonight? At midnight?

Maria pretended to think:

— Come round around six o'clock so we can eat with my dad, he likes you, you know.

S raphin left and Maria got dressed: matching pink panties and a pink bra, a very short white miniskirt, a very simple white blouse, sandals, a white linen jacket that had

belonged to her mother, little pink fancy earrings and metal bracelets on both wrists. She took out her bike and closed the gate.

[1]. Maria very rarely said words of love to her lovers, even during orgasm. But with Séraphin, she made an exception, because he was in love with her and it gave her pleasure.

The bookshop

As she pedalled towards the city, she was whistled at by drivers and men in the street. She was very amused by this, waving at them. Her miniskirt was magical. She arrived at the bookshop. She could stay there for hours, browsing and searching. The bookseller was a mischievous old man behind the counter, glaring at her. The girl came in regularly and he got to know her well. For a handful of pennies, he would sell her old books that nobody wanted:

— I've got two boxes on the shelf upstairs. You can open them. They were brought to me yesterday, but I haven't looked at them yet.

Maria climbed onto the stepladder and bent down to grab one of the boxes.

— Your knickers are showing, Maria! Pink knickers, aren't they cute? How cute!

Maria wiggled her arse lasciviously and lowered the box. Kneeling down, she opened the box and took out the books. She stacked them after reading the title.

— “Choses vues” is by Victor Hugo, can you read it?

The bookseller approached. He took the book and opened it.

— You see, Maria, Victor Hugo was quite a rascal. You know what those little notes mean.

He flipped through the book.

— For example, this one: “Sec. à Justin, t. n., 5 frs”.

— Well, no. I don't know what it means. What do they mean?

— Well, “t. n” means “Toute nue”. That he looked at her naked. Sometimes, he gives a bit of money, other times, no, like Louise Michel, who did it for free, there, he gave Justine 5 francs.

— The dirty old man. They don't tell us that at school.

— If you want, you can get naked and I'll give you the two boxes of books. I'll even give you all the books you want in the shop.

— Do you think you're Victor Hugo?

— Heh heh! No, Maria, but I'll take my chances.

— All right, then. I'll get naked. Do you often ask your customers to do this?

— You bet I do! They're all a hundred years old.

Maria unbuttoned her blouse. Her bra was pink with a white ribbon, matching her panties.

— Maria, you gave in too easily. You should have dragged it out a bit. Show some manners.

— Right! Do you want it or not? Because I...

— Of course I do, Maria.

A voice rang out from the front door:

— Fiodor, are you there, you old rascal?

The bookseller said in a low voice:

— Maria, wait for me here, I'll be right back.

Maria went back to stacking the books, the ones she was interested in on one side and the others on the other. When the box was empty, she climbed up on the stepladder to get the second one and took it down.

The bookseller returned with the owner of the drugstore's next door, also not very young. He was holding a bottle of wine and a corkscrew.

— Maria, this is Louis, the owner of the drugstore's next door. He's brought us a good bottle of wine. Would you like to join us for a drink?

Maria looked at them and smiled.

— I would like to try it.

The druggist looked at Maria's pink bra in amazement and uncorked the bottle while the bookseller fetched three glasses from the back of the shop. Louis carefully filled the glasses as he turned the bottle and handed one to Maria.

— Is it any good?

— It's not bad. But I don't know much about plonk.

— It's not plonk, it's wine, Maria. It's very good.

The druggist poured the glasses again.

— I ordered two cases. They arrived today. Good, isn't it?

— Very good. Tell me, Louis, have you read "Choses vues" by Victor Hugo?

— No, I haven't. Why?

— You do know Victor Hugo, don't you?

— Why are you asking these questions?

— Because Victor Hugo kept coded notes on the women who undressed for him, for money or for free.

— Well?

— Let's have some more wine.

— It gave me an idea. What do you think of Maria?

— She's a very pretty girl.

— Well, I persuaded her to strip for two cases of books. Before you arrived. She had unbuttoned her blouse, and...

— Well, well, well!

— Maria, is the deal still on? Even if there are two of us? Maybe Louis will give you something.

— I've got buttons, hairpins, junk jewellery, some of it's not bad.

— Maria? How's it going? Is the deal still on?

Maria looked at them and smiled. They were really very funny. She stood up and took off her blouse:

— If it makes you happy. It doesn't cost me anything after all.

— Well done, Maria.

Maria wriggled her miniskirt down her legs. She turned left and right, imitating the movements of a stripper. The two men looked at her with wide eyes. Then she unhooked her bra and threw it at the two men. The bookseller caught it on the fly and smelled it. Then it was the turn of the panties, which she threw at the druggist. She was completely naked. She spun round slowly. The bookseller commented:

— You're a beautiful girl, Maria, aren't you, Louis?

— She's a beautiful girl, Fiodor. Very beautiful.

Maria sat down on a cardboard box, her legs wide open. She leaned back, hiding nothing of her sex.

— Can you see? Guys?

The men were hypnotised. Maria straightened up:

— Have you seen enough? Well... I'll show you my bottom.

Maria got down on all fours and presented her bottom to the men. She wiggled them for a while.

— Okay with you?

— You can get dressed now, Maria, and thank you.

Maria reached for her panties and bra. The druggist reluctantly handed them to her.

— I would have kept it.

— If you like, I'll put an old one in your letterbox.

— I wouldn't dream of it. My wife takes the mail.

— Well, I'll bring you one personally.

They cleared the bottom of the bottle. The druggist suggested that Maria go to his shop and choose something. She took a pair of earrings and a necklace made of imitation pearls. She put the books in the panniers of her bicycle and set off again.



She hadn't gone a kilometre when she noticed that the front wheel of the bike was punctured. She picked it up by the handlebars and walked towards the service station after the crossroads. There she put the bike down and quietly entered the shop, the door open. A boy was sitting at the checkout, his hair curly, brown and long, well-dressed in a black T-shirt. Surprised, he tried to hide the magazine he was reading, but it fell open on the floor. Maria saw a beautiful, busty, naked blonde with her legs

spread wide. The boy quickly picked it up and stuffed it in a desk drawer. Maria smiled:

— Good afternoon, sir.

She waited a moment before adding:

— I've got a puncture, we can fix my bike here.

The boy looked at her from head to toe, then from her toes to the hem of her skirt, then back to her head:

— This is a service station, not a garage.

Maria gave him her best smile. The boy thought about it:

— Let's go and see.

They both went outside, he a little embarrassed by his erection.

— Ha! It's the front wheel. Because the rear wheel is boring. Follow me to the workshop. He grabbed the bike by the handlebars:

— Damn, it's heavy.

— I bought some books, well... bought... it's heavy... Books...

The wheel was fixed in a jiffy. Maria waited with her arms behind her back. The boy washed his hands in a small basin with black soap and smiled stupidly:

— There, it's done.

— How much do I owe you? For the wheel...

— Nothing.

— Anything? All work deserves a wage, doesn't it? So...

— It wasn't much to do. Besides... you're lovely... really... it was my pleasure.

— I'd like to thank you... do something for you.

— You don't have to do that. It's been a real pleasure helping you out.

The boy was very polite.

— Would you like a blow job? A little blowjob...

The boy stared at her in amazement, wondering if he had heard correctly, and repeated:

— A blow job? Did you say a blow job?

— Yes, a blow job, fellatio, blowing you, what have you. You fixed the wheel on my bike... I can do that for you to say thank you.

— Well, you...

— Is that a yes? Or would you prefer something else? I don't know... you don't like girls? Well, in the magazine you were looking at... they were all naked girls, weren't they?

The embarrassed boy blushed and cut her off:

— Here? In the workshop. Right now?

— I don't see why not. We won't be disturbed here. What do you think?

The idea of a good blow job had finally reached his overheated mind, two minutes before, he'd been thinking about masturbating later, in the office, fantasising about her breasts:

— Well, well... OK, if you want to do it, I'd love to.

Maria knelt on the filthy floor in front of the boy and pulled down the fly of his trousers. She pulled out the boy's already rigid sex and jerked him off, it was un hoped for, this girl was crazy. She put the boy's sex in her mouth, looking up at him with questioning eyes. He leaned back against the workbench, his eyes half closed. While she

sucked him off, he undid the waistband of his trousers and pulled them down to his knees to make himself more comfortable. The girl was able to grab his balls and massage them. She pulled up her T-shirt and pulled down her bra to expose her breasts. The boy glanced at the girl's breasts - she had nice tits - then at his cock, sticky with saliva, in and out of his mouth, then at her breasts, then at his cock. As the boy's excitement grew out of control, he put his hands firmly on her head, making her move back and forth at a faster pace. She continued to look at him in a strange way, interested and curious. Just as he was coming, the service station bell rang. All he could do was continue to peck at her mouth, he ejaculated, the girl swallowed it all without trying to escape. The bell rang again.

The boy quickly pulled up his trousers and went out to serve his customer. Maria pulled up her bra, pulled down her T-shirt and got on her bike. Her knees were black with the greasy dirt from the workshop floor, her legs had blackish marks and so did her white miniskirt. Her skirt was ready for a wash, she was ready for a shower. She swallowed one last mouthful of sperm, keeping the taste in her mouth. Before setting off again, she glanced towards the pumps. The boy, busy with his customer, didn't see her wave.

At home

Maria took a shower and put on a clean T-shirt. She sat down in the garden with a book and a glass of pomegranate milk, and moved the deckchair under the shade of the cherry tree - it was a warm day. The neighbour's ginger cat lay down under the deckchair, purring idiotically. She tried to stroke it, but it bit her.

— You stupid cat!

She lost interest and plunged into her book, “Choses vues” by Victor Hugo. She was lazing around in the garden, her fingers found her clitoris, she liked to caress herself while she read.

At six o'clock, Séraphin crossed the garden, a clean Hawaiian shirt on his back. Maria, engrossed in her book, saw him only at the last moment:

— Nice shirt, Séraphin. You look very smart like that. And your move...

— My cousin pisses me off. He's a prick...

— Would you like something to drink? There's some cold beer in the kitchen.

Séraphin looked gloomy and sad. He came back from the kitchen with a beer, his head down.

- I need to talk to you.
- What's going on, Séraphin?
- It's my cousin...

He sat down across a deckchair and took a long swig of beer from the bottle.

— A cousin who got out of prison yesterday, on two days' leave. He has to go back tomorrow night.

— Another cousin?

— Yes. He's over forty. I hardly know him. I've seen him at weddings...

Séraphin continued:

— So, the cousin, the one you know, would like you to come to a lunch organised for him by his old boss...

— And why is that?

— The cousin insisted, the convict cousin hasn't had a woman in three years. You'd think...

— Ah!

— He wants to know if you're coming, otherwise he'll be looking for a whore. But he's only found old whores. He'd rather it was you, because he had such a good time with you. And what's more, he holds me responsible if you don't come. He's an idiot...

— I see.

— I didn't want that. I've got to phone him. I don't know what to do.

Maria saw his distress, there was no malice in it.

— It's not your fault, Séraphin. Who will it be?

— The cousin and the convict cousin. The guy who organises the lunch, the convict cousin worked for him.

Maybe Diego, he's a cousin who plays guitar, with a guy from his band. I think that's it.

— And then you, if I come.

— Yes, and then me... I'm invited... If you come... obviously...

— Go and phone him, Séraphin.

— What do I say? Tell your cousin...

— We're coming, Séraphin, I'm not going to let you down.

— So, are you coming? Will I? You're coming...

— Yes, Séraphin, tell him I'm coming. There's a phone in the kitchen. Go on then! Phone...

— Are you sure? Will you come?

— Go and phone, I'm telling you yes...

Séraphin went to phone his cousin. It was the number of a bar. He heard the owner calling his cousin and despite the deafening music, he managed to make himself understood.

— Cousin? Maria's coming. She told me... she's coming.

— Fine. What did I tell you she'd come, you wet blanket? She'll be compensated, don't worry, royally compensated, substantial compensation. You tell her. And there's no need for her to wear panties. At noon, eh! Séraphin. Lunchtime. For the aperitif. Do you know where it is?

— Yes, cousin, got it. We'll be there.

— She'll have to put her back into it, won't she! She's got to get off her arse. We mustn't disappoint our cousin. You tell him. He's tired of boys' asses in jail.

— Yes, cousin.

— Without fail, eh! Otherwise... don't disappoint me, Séraphin. Teach him a lesson. Don't be stupid.

— And the others, you, are they going to do her too? Maria isn't a whore...

— She won't come for nothing, the little girl, you can have her too, don't worry, she likes it too much to be a whore... whores don't like that, they fake it when they come, not her.

— See you tomorrow, cousin.

— See you tomorrow, noon, without fail, don't keep us waiting. You'll see, your girlfriend and I are going to have lots of fun. She won't be disappointed, tell her...

Séraphin hung up, demoralised, and went out into the garden, dazzled by the light. Maria was reading, her T-shirt pulled up over her thighs, her hand between her legs:

— The cousin is relieved, I could tell from his voice, he'd come forward without knowing. He said he'd never doubted your answer, but in fact he didn't know. His convict cousin scares him... he's no laughing matter.

— Ah!

— I told him you weren't a whore.

— Agh!

— He also said you'd get compensation. Substantial... That's what he said... It doesn't mean you're a whore, compensation... But it won't just be the cousin.

— I know, you told me.

— I'm just saying...

— It won't just be my cousin who fucks me. Is that what you're saying?

— Yeah, that's what I mean.

— That's what I thought it meant. I wouldn't have come for nothing.

S raphin replied, surprised:

— That's what the cousin said.

S raphin was relieved, he had managed to tell her everything. He took a second beer from the fridge and drank it in one gulp. He had been tense all day. He was in love and ready to defend Maria, but against his cousin... Maria had sacrificed herself for him.

— Thank you, Maria.

— I'm going to prepare the cod.

— What, Maria?

— That's all my dad eats.

S raphin was now noticing the indecency of Maria's outfit, her T-shirt pulled up over her stomach to her navel, revealing her pubic area. When she lifted her leg to get out of the deckchair, he saw a brief flash of light between her legs, a pearl of light.

Maria was preparing the cod, S raphin was peeling and cutting the vegetables.

— You're not angry with me about tomorrow. I didn't want to be, but cousins can be very stupid.

— No, don't worry. Pour us a glass of wine.

— You know, the cousin in jail is no laughing matter. Besides, he hasn't had a woman in three years. He wants to fuck a woman, he only fucks guys in jail.

— His balls must be swollen, the convict cousin. But you know, in prison, he works things out between them. I'm

sure he's developed a taste for boys.

— I'm not joking, Maria, he's a dangerous man. He's in there for manslaughter.

— Is he going to fuck me like an animal? He's going to fuck my fanny and my asshole.

— What are you thinking?

— I figured it out. I'm going there to be fucked by real men who give me pleasure. Give me the tomatoes.

— And you don't mind? About doing this?

— I'm sure you'll fuck me too. So stop being a sissy. When it comes to fucking me, you're not the last.

Séraphin didn't know what to say, there was some truth in that, but unlike his cousin, he loved Maria. She seasoned the dish and put it on the gas to simmer over a low heat.

— Séraphin, go and set the table on the terrace.

As he set the table, Séraphin wondered what she had meant. She seemed to enjoy the cousin's brutality. He didn't understand. With girls, it was often like that, they always chose the worst fat assholes who fucked them brutally and had no respect for them. You'd think she liked that about fat assholes.

— Well, all we have to do is wait. Let's go into the garden. Take the bottle and the glasses.

Maria lay back in the deckchair. Séraphin put the bottle and glasses on the table on the terrace. As he descended the stairs, he ogled the girl's legs, the T-shirt pulled up high enough to reveal her pubis. He craned his neck to get a better look. Maria spread her legs a little:

— Can you see better, Séraphin? Do you like it?

Maria playfully pulled up her T-shirt. She asked:

— You like my tits, don't you? How do you like them?

— Maria...

— Do you like them? Do they turn you on?

— Yes, Maria. They're great.

— Are you hard? Show me!

Séraphin pulled down his trousers. His sex was pointing to the sky.

— Not bad, Séraphin. Get undressed, I want to see you naked.

— But Maria...

— Do you like to see me naked?

— Yes, I like to see you naked.

— Well, I like seeing you naked, you turn me on.

— I'll be seen.

— And I can be seen, do you mind? Go on, then!

— Right, then.

Séraphin undressed.

— Turn around, Séraphin. I like your bum. Don't do anything stupid, Séraphin, because if you go to prison, you'll quickly become the darling of these gentlemen.

Séraphin smiled sadly for a moment, tears welling up in his eyes, and Maria guessed that his cousin had been there.

— Excuse me, Séraphin.

— It's nothing, Maria.

— You're making me wet, you rascal. Come and have a look! Come over here.

Séraphin knelt down between Maria's legs, laid his head on her breasts, and Maria stroked his face, saying tender

words to him:

— My little Séraphin...

He ran his hand down Maria's crotch, comforted:

— You're all wet.

Maria sighed:

— Well! Off you go! Put it into me!

He fucked her nonchalantly. She let him do it to her, her hands flat on his thighs. He paid no attention to the sound of Maria's father João's motorcycle entering the driveway alongside the house. He switched off the engine and climbed up onto the terrace through the kitchen.

He poured himself a glass of wine, from where he had a good view of the couple's lovemaking, just below him, on the body of his daughter and the back of her lover. Maria gave him a discreet wave, the situation exciting and troubling her. She encouraged Séraphin in a broken voice, taking her father to task:

— Come on! Make me come! Séraphin.

Séraphin felt that with girls he didn't have enough hands: two hands for their two breasts, two hands to hold their ankles and spread their legs, and at least one hand to take care of their clitoris, not to mention their anus. He chose the ankles, so he had an excellent view of the body of the girl, languid and at his mercy, and he pulled her T-shirt up to her shoulders. He made her breasts dance as he jostled her on the creaking chaise longue. Her head jerked from right to left in rhythm. She closed her eyes. Maria sighed:

— It's all right, Séraphin. Keep going, keep going! I'm enjoying it! Don't break the deckchair.

Encouraged, Séraphin redoubled his efforts. He spread the girl's legs, holding them firmly by the ankles, as high as possible, possessing her to the hilt, leaving her no room for initiative. And the girl wasn't trying to play him by contracting her vaginal muscles. He could fuck her in complete peace. Maria moaned for her father:

— Yes! Yes! You're gonna make me come! You're gonna make me come! Go on, go on, go on!

Séraphin fucked tirelessly. He wanted to come at the same time as the girl, he was trying to detect the warning signals to finish, but the girl remained passive. The only movements she made were caused by her energetic fucking. The breasts danced, the head tilted from right to left. So he fucked and fucked.

Maria's father watched his daughter being fucked. It was a pleasant and exciting sight. He pulled his sex out of his fly and masturbated. His daughter winked at him. Young Séraphin was putting his heart into it. Maria exclaimed:

— I'm gonna come! I'm gonna come! Keep coming! Keep coming! Yes! That's it!

And Séraphin fucked, watching for signals. But he was caught off guard. Maria shouted:

— I'm coming! I'm coming! Ah, my love! You're making me come!

The girl's vaginal muscles contracted sharply. Séraphin ejaculated with great loins thrusts, holding the girl's ankles

firmly as she flailed her legs violently. João followed suit, ejaculated, his semen was lost in the garden, a few drops reaching the boy's back. Séraphin realised that Maria's father was behind his back, holding his sex in his hand. He exclaimed:

— Maria, your father's here! On the terrace.

— Yes, Séraphin. I know, Maria.

— You didn't tell me! For how long?

— Quite a while. He enjoyed looking at you.

Maria laughed. Séraphin, still inside the girl, ejaculating the last drops, withdrew.

João, from the terrace, called out to them:

— Get dressed, Séraphin. We're going to eat. You too, Maria.

Séraphin got dressed again, grumbling:

— You could have told me. You did it on purpose. What do I look like now?

— Like a guy who just fucked me. It's all right, Séraphin. Wasn't it good? Are you sorry?

— Did you know he was coming?

— I like doing it with an audience, it's more fun. It turns me on.

Maria provocatively pulled down her T-shirt and went into the kitchen. At the table, she sat down next to Séraphin. Her father asked:

— So! What's my daughter like? Séraphin. Is it a good one?

Maria, her hand on the boy's sex, replied:

— He's still hard, he won't stop. Don't you think his buttocks are cute?

— I would have felt it. I thought I wouldn't be the first. No, you wouldn't! Séraphin.

— Leave him alone, Dad, you're jealous.

— You know, Séraphin, my daughter is an exhibitionist. She walks around the house half-naked. She's got a good figure, hasn't she?

Maria took Séraphin's left hand and placed it between his legs while she massaged his sex.

— Would you like to go for a walk? There's an old park about to be demolished. I'd like to go and have a look before they cut down the trees.

Curious encounters

They set off on Séraphin's motorcycle. Maria took him towards the old gazebo in the middle of the overgrown park of an old manor house bought by the local council to build social housing. The matter had been dragging on for ten years.

— Funny, isn't it?

Maria knelt down to give him oral sex. While she sucked him off, she took off her clothes, wearing neither bra nor panties. It didn't take long for her to find herself naked, apart from her sandals, bracelets, necklace and earrings. The sky cleared, the moon shone down on Maria's white body, and Séraphin's eyes had become accustomed to the semi-darkness. When Maria pulled her trousers down over the boy's ankles, he asked:

— What are you doing?

— Take it all off! We'll be better off. My dad's not here to ogle you, you idiot.

— There might be people in the park. I saw some suspicious shadows. There might be people in the park.

— In the gazebo, they won't see anything, and besides, they're probably doing the same thing as us. Come on,

S raphin, get naked. Chicken! You're afraid of everything.

S raphin undressed, as Maria was impossible to resist. He laid Maria's clothes and his own on the old wrought-iron rail. She began sucking him again, with all her skill. He forgot that he could be seen, or rather, he didn't care that he could be seen, he found it exciting that he could be seen naked being sucked. Maria, satisfied with S raphin's condition, decided:

— Right! Let's change! We're going to do it standing up from behind, you'll see, it's great.

Maria stood up and leaned on the railing, her buttocks stretched back:

— Come on, S raphin. Come on, Seraphim. Take me.

He pressed himself against her back, his hands on her breasts, and flexed his legs. His sex finally found the entrance to her vagina. Maria's white body was easy to see in the shadows of the gazebo, and the two kids couldn't miss a moment of it. Getting used to the darkness, Maria made them out in the foliage of the shrubs, a boy and a girl, taller, they must have been brother and sister. They whispered, motionless. The little girl, with her freckled face framed by two plaits, was the most interested, her eyes shining brightly as she watched them.

Maria had known about this place for a long time, she used to go there when she was a kid, the place was mostly frequented by homosexuals, and she used to come and watch them in action. She wasn't surprised to see that some curious youngsters had taken over.

S raphin was pushing Maria and growling. The children moved cautiously closer to get a better look. Maria sighed, S raphin had got into his stride, a little lazy but effective.

The kids had come even closer, standing at the foot of the railings, within arm's reach. This time, S raphin saw them. He didn't stop his fucking, he couldn't do it anymore. Without pausing, he said:

— How do you like it? The kids? Move it! Get out of the way!

The kids backed away cautiously, then, judging that the boy was too busy to run after them, they approached again. They had a good view of the back and forth of the boy's sex in the girl's vagina. S raphin hurried on, excited, to show his young audience that he was a man.

— You little vixens... get out of here...

The little girl reached out her cool little hand through the bars of the railing and closed her fingers around S raphin's balls. He groaned. The cool little hand was massaging his balls. He was going crazy, the boy had pulled down his shorts and was jerking off.

Maria's vaginal muscles contracted, the war was on again. He locked her hips and forced her in. Little by little, she let herself be fucked, moaning as she continued to struggle. The small, fresh hand irritated S raphin's balls, and he made a dash to finish it off; the girl screamed, cumming, leaving him to finish the job. He ejaculated deep in her rebellious cunt, the fresh little hand had tightened on his balls. He ejaculated again and again, throwing the girl forward.

The kids had suddenly disappeared. Maria suggested:

— Shall we go for a walk?

— The little girl's got a lot of nerve. No? I wasn't dreaming...

— You liked it, didn't you? You were super excited, admit it!

Séraphin put his clothes back on, the fresh little hand still giving him a hard-on.

— Take my clothes, I'm staying naked.

When they reached a big oak tree, Maria asked:

— Can I climb on your shoulders? I'd like to grab the branch above.

Once she was on the boy's shoulders, she grabbed the branch and swung her legs wide.

— Séraphin, come here.

She placed the boy's head between her thighs.

— Lick me, Séraphin. This is going to be fun.

Nothing surprised Séraphin anymore. Her vulva tasted of his sperm. He held the girl by the buttocks, slipped a finger into her anus and the girl began to sway, sighing. The kids had returned, he couldn't see them, but he could hear them whispering. The girl's juices dripped down her chin, her tongue licking furiously at her clit. The girl moaned encouragement as she swayed dangerously on the branch.

Séraphin felt a small hand unzip his trousers and pull them down to his ankles. He couldn't see anything, a rough tongue licked his glans, another groped his balls, then he was sucked and wanked. He was sure there was more than

one pair of hands. His nose in the girl's fleece, his tongue active, his finger active, the girl rocking. His cock was sucked, wanked, his balls massaged, a little finger inserted itself into his anus, it rocked back and forth in the small mouth wide open without knowing if it was the girl's or the boy's. The girl's swing accelerated, her thighs tightening on the boy's head. She was coming. He ejaculated into her wide-open mouth. The girl or the boy strangled. He ejaculated again and again into the little mouth, still being wanked, massaged and sodomised.

Maria's voice rang out from above:

— You're bringing me down, Séraphin.

She landed on the ground. The kids had disappeared.

— You didn't bother, Séraphin.

— Those kids are vicious little brats.

— And you complain.

— I don't even know if it was the girl who sucked me off.

— It's the thought that counts.

Maria put on her jacket.

— I'm a bit cold. Now follow me quietly.

They came to a small clearing and Maria continued on all fours, as she had done when she was a kid, Séraphin's eyes fixed on her arse. She turned round and stopped Séraphin with a squeeze of her arm. A tall, dark-skinned man was standing and sodomising another man, leaning forward with his hands against a tree, both of them with their trousers down to their ankles. Séraphin spotted the kids, they weren't far away, and they snuck between the

tree and the man leaning forward, then, kneeling down, took turns sucking him. Maria murmured:

— Let's come closer and have a better look...

— You're mad.

— No, I'm not. They like to have spectators, that's why they come here. You just don't want to make too much noise, that's all. That way, they know we're just checking them out.

They moved closer and closer in silence. Séraphin could see the shiny black plunger moving in and out of the second man's anus. He could also see a small white hand massaging the black man's large balls. Her white eyes focused on him and he motioned for them to come closer. Maria took him by the hand and pulled him close.

The two kids, their heads tilted back, took turns sucking the second man. Séraphin was holding Maria close, one hand on her breast, the other between her legs, she had pulled out his cock and was wanking him gently. The kid coughed as the second man ejaculated into her mouth. Séraphin recognised her voice, he now knew which insatiable mouth had made him come and he preferred it, a girl's mouth.

The black man was fucking the second man like a machine, his hands on his hips as he stared at Séraphin. The girl was licking the black man's big balls. Then everything accelerated, the black piston was driving a hellish train. The second man grunted, jerked off by the boy. Séraphin wrapped his arms around Maria's hand, distracted by the spectacle, guiding her movements as she

rested her head on his shoulder. Séraphin was disturbed and shaken by the black man's gaze, which never left his sight, as if he wanted to fuck him.

Just as the black man was ejaculating into the second man's rectum, he in turn ejaculated into Maria's hand. The second man, still fucked, was cumming in the kid's mouth again, and when he coughed, Séraphin noticed that he sounded exactly like his sister.

Suddenly, they found themselves alone, as if they had dreamt it all, the two men had disappeared into the shadows of the park without a sound, as had the kids, probably in search of other victims.

On the motorcycle, on the way back, Séraphin could feel Maria's naked breasts pressed against his back, she only had her jacket on, his hand massaging her fly, he concentrated on his handlebars and took the side streets to avoid any bad encounters.



In bed, they caressed each other, Séraphin still wanting her. Maria whispered:

— Séraphin, come on top of me and jerk off between my breasts. You'll see, it's great.

The girl squeezed her breasts against his sex while he jerked off. It was delicious.

— Do you like it, Séraphin?

— I love it. But what about you?

— Don't mind me. I'm happy to please you. Take all the time you need.

— I love you, Maria.

— I know you do.

He took his time. He could feel the orgasm building in his balls.

— Séraphin, you know what we call this.

— No, I don't.

— A notary's tie, or a Spanish hand-job.

— Wow! You know a lot. And you're not fed up. You know, I'm not in a hurry, I like to take my time.

— Take your time. I like to see you at work.

He pressed his hands on her breasts and picked up the tempo. He ejaculated, his sperm flooding the girl's face and ending up in a small puddle in the hollow of her collarbones. He was surprised, the more he ejaculated, the greater the quantity of sperm. He bent down and licked the girl's soiled face.

— Now it's your turn. I've got to practise.

Séraphin caressed the girl. She spread her legs wide. As he licked and kissed her, his fingers twirled around her clitoris. The girl went limp. He pushed a finger into her vagina. Maria said in a sleepy voice:

— Don't cheat, Séraphin. Naughty boy.

His fingers returned to their task. The girl encouraged him:

— Yes, that's good. A little faster.

Time went by and he couldn't see her orgasm coming. His fingers weren't cramping and he could hold out. The training was paying off. When the girl's hand jerked him off, he picked up the tempo and knew he was on the right track. The girl's hips entered the dance.

— Keep it up, that's good. You're going to make me come.

The girl's hand pressed against hers. Finally, she came, closing her legs and rubbing herself vigorously.

— That's good, Séraphin, you're making progress.

Séraphin kissed her:

— I love you, I love you, I love you.

— Fuck me now, silly. Climb on top of me.

Séraphin fucked her for a long time, the girl letting him, without reacting, without putting up any obstacles. He worked on her at his own pace. The bed creaked slightly. She moaned a little, low, scratching his back. He kept her going. She had a small orgasm, her vaginal muscles contracted, he kissed her tenderly and continued to fuck her. Tirelessly, he fucked the languid girl. She ended up having a second little orgasm, which barely shook her. Séraphin could feel his pleasure welling up in his balls. He was afraid of tiring the girl out, but then told himself that it wasn't his problem and continued to fuck her, it was too good. The girl had closed her eyes and he wondered if she was falling asleep. He said:

— Are you all right, Maria?

— Go on, you're rocking me. That's nice.

So he continued. He even slowed the tempo a little to keep going. He could do this all night long, he didn't feel tired or worn out. The girl came again. Her body was a powerful aphrodisiac, her smell, her heat, her shape. He didn't think it was fair that she should have unlimited orgasms, even if they were only small ones and didn't lead

to fainting. Eventually, he lost control. He flooded her pussy, cumming long and hard, and she held out her hips to receive him.

Maria turned her back on him and fell asleep.



S raphin woke up in the middle of the night. He had a hard-on, rubbing his sex between her buttocks. He threw back the sheet and lifted her leg high enough to feel her crotch, her pussy was dry, dried sperm flaking under his fingers. His fingers circled the clitoris. She quickly became wet. He penetrated her. He fucked her, and when her rhythm was set, he let her leg fall gently, her vagina tightening on his cock. The girl was still asleep, but she sighed in her sleep. He fucked her slowly without her reacting. He went harder, and she sighed louder without waking up. He had been fucking her for some time when the round, appetising buttocks he was stumbling across gave him another idea. He moistened the tempting anus and slipped a finger in. The girl moaned. He slid the finger back and forth, the anus lubricating like a pussy. He continued to fuck her as he fucked her anus with his finger. The girl was wetting her anus. He pulled out and forced his way into her anus, he didn't care if he woke her up. He took hold of her breasts and fucked her vigorously. She moaned, this time awake. Her hips moved in rhythm. She slipped a hand between her legs to grab his balls. She moaned:

— Harder, my darling.

It was now a wild fuck. The bed creaked and banged against the wall. S raphin's fingers crushed the clitoris.

The girl came, taking Séraphin in her wake.



In the morning, Maria woke up and went for a pee. She heard a noise in the kitchen as her father got ready for work. She kissed him as he held her close. She was naked and her father was looking at her strangely.

—I heard you and Séraphin. Especially you, he made you shout.

He added:

—I like Séraphin. He's nice, he's not like his thug cousins. I'm going to work, be wise, both of you.

Preparation

Maria brought a cup of coffee to bed for Séraphin, who was still asleep. She turned him over on his back and sucked him, straddling his legs, rubbing her vulva against his. The boy awoke gently. He placed his hands on her head. The girl gave him a mischievous look. Séraphin was getting used to her enchanting awakenings. His cock moved in and out of the girl's mouth, his saliva flowed over her balls, which she massaged with skill, the swaying of her breasts hypnotized him, he reached out with one hand to caress them, with the other he pressed down on her head to set the tempo. The girl's eyes stared intently at him. When a finger violated his anus, he ejaculated, the girl swallowed and swallowed to the last drop.

— I heard you scream earlier.

— You were dreaming, Seraphim.

— Maybe I was. But it sounded like you. It was your voice.

— Your coffee's going to be cold.

— That's okay, I like my coffee cold.

— I'll make some more. I've got to get ready for the jailbird cousin.

S raphin had completely forgotten. Sadness overwhelmed him. Why hadn't he been able to refuse the cousin's proposal? He knew he couldn't have, anyway. And then Maria had accepted, too eagerly. She liked that kind of man, rough, virile. But it was with him that she spent the night.

In the kitchen, Maria, still naked, washed, her hair wet, was doing her nails, sticking out her tongue with vermilion nail polish.

— Pour yourself a cup of coffee, my nails aren't dry. And put on some toast.

S raphin asked:

— Do you do your nails?

— I make myself beautiful for the cousins. You don't want them to think I'm a slob. Besides, we're invited to eat. So...

— This nail polish is really hot.

— Don't you like it?

— It looks... it looks...

— It's a bit of a whore, don't you think, S raphin?

— No, but I prefer pink polish.

— It's my mother's nail polish. Isn't it classy?

Maria put one foot on the table. S raphin ogled her crotch. She spread her legs.

— What are you looking at, you rascal? Can you see better like this?

She added:

— I've got to find some clothes, I can't go naked. You're going to help me choose.

After breakfast, Maria led Seraphim into her mother's bedroom. She tried on some naughty underwear:

— How do I look? I like the black lace ones.

— Won't your mother say something?

— She's got loads, she'll lend them to me, she's not here anyway. Right, on to the little dress. It's better than a skirt, it's dressier. No?

She rummaged in her mother's cupboard and pulled out a yellow dress.

— She doesn't wear that one anymore.

She pressed it against her body:

— It's a bit long, isn't it? It needs to be shortened. We'll go up to the attic where there's a sewing machine and I'll do the hem.

She put on the dress and asked Séraphin to put in the pins. She looked at herself in the mirror:

— Any shorter and it's going to look whorish, isn't it? What's more, it's slit up the side. Erotic, isn't it? As for the neckline, I'll leave the top buttons undone, but that'll do.

Séraphin wondered:

— Why are you doing all this?

— Just for fun. I'm a girl, I like to look good, to be dressed in nice clothes. That's what girls are like.

— I prefer you naked.

— Don't worry, Seraphim, I won't stay dressed for long, my little finger tells me that. Now let's go upstairs and do some sewing.

Maria cut out the bottom of the dress, then sewed the hem on the sewing machine. Séraphin noticed her skill:

— You're good, you've done this before.

— Skirts and dresses are always too long, Séraphin. So I shorten them, and so does my mother. It's a question of fashion. When fashion lengthens, that's going to be a problem, that's for sure.

She made a few alterations and put it on. She tightened the belt of the dress around her waist and spun around.

— How do I look? How's my arse?

— Great, you're beautiful. It gives a nice shape to your bottom, but all I want to do is take it off.

Maria laughed:

— That's the point, Seraphim. Now for the charms.

She took a box from her room and took it into the bathroom.

— Help me, Seraphim, I need some red earrings to go with my nail varnish. Look in the box.

She took the thin metal bracelets she had left on the shelf above the washbasin and slipped them onto her wrists. She waved her arms to make them jingle.

— Nice sound, isn't it?

Seraphim nodded.

— I like to hear them jingle when I'm being shaken. Hi, hi!

Séraphin handed her a pair of red strawberry earrings.

— No, Séraphin, those are for little girls. Wait, I'll find some.

She turned the box upside down and sorted the charms.

— Anklets are chic. Some people say lesbians wear them. Isn't that crazy? These sound good.

She put several on each ankle and shook her legs alternately to make them jingle.

— Funny, isn't it?

Finally, she found some red earrings. A pendant with three little vermilion metal balls that the druggist had given her for her service. She stared at them and shook her head.

— Wow, I like that. And what do you think of the make-up, Seraphim? Some rimmel for the eyes? Lipstick?

— You don't need any. You're great just the way you are.

— I've got a method of bringing out the colour in any girl, I'll show you later. In the meantime, I need some pumps.

She chose red leather sandals with black heels from the shoe cabinet in the corridor. She wiggled her way down the corridor.

— How do I look, Seraphim?

— It's complicated being a girl. But you're super sexy, really.

— I'm missing a little jacket. I've got that in my wardrobe, in my bedroom.

She put on a little fitted jacket, white with green and yellow piping.

— Élodie gave it to me, I've never worn it before. It's smart, isn't it? I can't zip it up, I've got too much chest, just the middle button. Élodie looked like a scarecrow in it.

— You're really great.

Maria had made him forget about the lunch and the cousins.

— Maria, we've got to go, it's time. They don't like to wait.

Maria pressed herself against him and kissed him, her hand on his sex. He had a hard-on.

— Don't sulk, you'll see, it's going to be fine. After all, you're not the one who's going to be fucked, although... With a convict, it's force of habit...

As she hugged him, Maria pulled him towards the living room and, bumping into the table, she lay down on it with her dress up and her legs spread.

— Séraphin, it's your turn, take off my panties and fuck me. Don't crease my dress, be careful. Come on, hurry up, we'll be late.

Séraphin was afraid. Afraid of his cousins and what was waiting for them. He slid the panties down the girl's legs and threw them on the floor. He threw himself on top of Maria, desperate. He fucked her like he'd never fucked her before, brutally, like a soldier, bending her legs and pressing her knees against his shoulders. He made her come and scream before he ejaculated as if it were his last hour, and he was still amazed at the endless streams of semen flooding her vagina. Maria, her cheeks burning, out of breath, hiccupped and smiled:

— You've got a knack for enhancing a girl's complexion. Perhaps a little too much, my darling

Maria stood up and unzipped her dress:

— Your cum is dripping down my thighs. I'm going to the bathroom and then we'll go.

On the way, on the uncomfortable luggage rack of the motorcycle, Maria, pressed against Séraphin's back, shouted in his ear to drown out the noise of the engine:

— I forgot my panties, you gave me such a jolt. You rascal! Where did you put them?

— Do you want us to go back and get them?

— No, it's silly, that's all, but I can do without them. I always lose them.

The lunch

The imposing wrought-iron gates of the house intimidated Séraphin, so he plucked up courage and pressed the intercom button. A female voice asked him who he was:

— Séraphin. My cousin...

— We've been waiting for you. You're with the girl. These gentlemen are impatient.

— Yes. She's with me.

— I'll open the gate.

They entered, Séraphin pushing the motorcycle. It was a large house with two turrets and a monumental staircase leading up to the portico at the front door. Séraphin left the motorcycle in the cobbled courtyard. There were two cars parked, a gleaming Jaguar and the cousin's dusty car, and in the garage, whose door was open, he saw other cars. Maria took Seraphim by the hand and pulled him towards the staircase.

— Great place. Not very tasteful, a bit pretentious, but...

Maria rang the doorbell. A girl dressed as a maid opened the heavy door.

— Antoinette, what are you doing here?

Maria kissed her.

— I do some extra work in the summer. The bar's not doing too well. Are you the girl they're waiting for?

— I guess so.

— Ah! I'll take you out on the terrace. They're all there.

Antoinette watched Maria, frowning, and said in her ear:

— They're thugs. What have you got yourself into?

— They're Séraphin's cousins, Antoinette. They're gypsies, a bit of hoodlums perhaps...

— Ah, if you need the toilet, there's a bathroom at the end of the corridor, on the left.

They arrived in a large glassed-in lounge overlooking the park, with French windows opening onto a large terrace where the men stood, drinks in hand. The master of the house greeted them, wearing a navy blue blazer, an immaculate white shirt and navy blue trousers with impeccable pleats. He smelt of aftershave, while the other men were in jeans and shirts. They all turned to look at the newcomers. Antoinette said:

— Sir, this is Maria, the girl you've been waiting for.

The master of the house extended his hand to Maria:

— You're Maria, welcome to our home, we're delighted to meet you, we've been waiting for you. You're very pretty, mademoiselle. Really pretty. You've got everything you need right where you want it. Our Zanko will be delighted.

Maria shook the hand he held out to her:

— Thank you, sir.

The master of the house extended his hand to Seraphim:

— And you are Seraphim. Your cousin has told me a lot about you. Come, Antoinette will serve you a drink.

They headed for the little bar on wheels. Antoinette asked:

— What can I get you?

Maria examined the bottles and replied:

— A gin martini.

— And for you, Seraphim?

— An orange juice.

Antoinette served them. The men only looked at Maria. She was resplendent under the shade of the terrace, standing in her little yellow dress, swaying slightly on her long bare legs, smiling, sipping her martini. Ruben walked towards her, smiling, pleased, she was clearly pleasing the men. He kissed her twice, ostentatiously resting one hand on her breast and the other on her bottom, showing the men that he had possessed her.

— Maria, you look wonderful. Thank you for coming. Séraphin, that bird of ill fortune, thought you weren't coming. Let me introduce you to cousin Zanko.

Cousin Zanko was the same model, only older, heavier, bigger, smaller, more tattooed, and probably fiercer. He got up from his chair and gave her a kiss.

— Hello, little one. Thank you so much for coming. Like the mare to the stallion.

His voice was hoarse, muffled and powerful. Maria shivered as the man's voice echoed through her body, down to her lower abdomen, making her wet:

— Ruben's told me all about you, but he's way off base. You're gorgeous and sexy as hell. I haven't touched a woman in three years, my balls are full of love. And you've already got my cock hard as an ass.

He pulled her towards him, grabbing her by the neck and putting a hand under her dress, right on her pussy:

— Aren't you wearing any panties? Naughty girl.

Maria opened her legs a little and involuntarily rubbed against the inquisitive hand:

— Yes, sir.

— Are you wet, little one?

— Yes, sir, I am.

He ran his finger up and down the slit several times. The clitoris protruded under the pressure of the finger. The girl's juices were getting his fingers wet.

— Do you like it when we touch you there, little one?

— Yes, sir.

He took the glass balanced in the girl's hand, put it down and pushed his index finger into her vagina, forcing the girl to spread her legs a little more, she was panting. His index finger came and went. He held her back, pressing her down with one powerful arm, and as she faltered, he lifted her dress to her waist and lifted her off the floor. He pressed her against him, making his finger go faster, and she moaned. The girl's feet had no hold, her legs were flailing in the air, she clutched her arms around the man's neck, her face hidden in his thick neck, inhaling his man smell.

— You smell good. You smell the girl. Feels good, doesn't it! Little?

— Oh, yes, sir.

The girl impaled herself on his index finger, squirming, jerking, flailing, seeking a grip with her feet, driven mad by the finger wiggling in her pussy. She moaned, sobbed, trembled. Her feet banged against Zanko's legs, looking for support.

— Are you going to come, little one? I can feel you coming.

— Oh yes, sir, I'm going to come...

She screamed, a muffled cry, her nose in his neck. She came with her legs spread, stiff, tense, her feet pointed at the ground, her body convulsing. Zanko withdrew his index finger from her vagina and licked it clean:

— It tastes the girl.

He smelled her hair and set her down on the floor.

— Excuse me! Little one. Three years is a long time. I needed to feel your pussy.

The men had stopped for the whole scene, dumbfounded. Séraphin expected the worst. He wasn't disappointed, Maria was acting like a real whore. Ruben was the first to pull himself together, taking Maria by the arm as she readjusted her dress, dazed and still trembling:

— Let me introduce you to Diego, the guitarist and his friend.

Diego and Gérard were playing muted gypsy jazz on their guitars, both seated on stools on a small platform. Ruben gestured to Diego. He put down his guitar and

approached. Diego was an older copy of Séraphin. He kissed Maria.

— You're very beautiful, mademoiselle.

— Thank you, Diego.

— The guitarist is Gérard, a gadjo, but he plays like a gypsy. One of the best.

Gerard waved at him. He had long blond hair, a little goatee, very blue eyes and the slightly silly grin of a pot smoker. He undressed her with his eyes.

— Diego is modest. He's the master of us all. You look good.

— Thank you, Gérard.

The host called out to them:

— To the table, ladies and gentlemen.

The table was round, made of precious wood, and the centre of the table could be turned to present the dishes. The jailbird cousin made her sit next to him. Antoinette served the starters, langoustines and chilled white wine.

— The langoustines are excellent. You can't get them in prison.

Zanko shelled one, dipped it in the mayonnaise and slipped it into Maria's mouth.

— It's good, isn't it, little one?

He had his left hand between her legs and whispered in her ear:

— We're going to have lots of fun, little one. Drink a glass, the wine is excellent.

The men said little, just watching Maria. Zanko slipped another langoustine with mayonnaise between the girl's

lips, she sucked on it and licked the mayonnaise off:

— Soon, I'll be putting something other than a langoustine in your mouth, and you'll get the mayonnaise as a bonus.

Zanko made her eat langoustine after langoustine. When the dish was empty, he ordered:

— Get on the table, little one.

He helped Maria onto the table by lifting her by the waist.

— Take off your clothes.

Maria took off her jacket and threw it onto the terrace. Zanko advised:

— Stand in the middle of the table, little one. On the turntable. Antoinette, please clear the way.

Maria took off one sandal and threw it onto the terrace, then the next. She lifted up her dress, pulled it over her head and handed it to Séraphin. She was wearing nothing but her lacy black bra. She wiggled her buttocks as she danced lasciviously. The tray was spinning and she was enjoying herself. The host was preparing the grilled meats on the barbecue, wearing a big, dark blue apron that looked a little ridiculous.

— Antoinette, you can have the brochettes, the ones that are ready. I'll bring the others.

Antoinette served them, but the real main course was Maria, in the centre of the table. Ruben stood up and ripped off her bra. The men applauded; they could see her from below, her little blonde pubic hair, her moist cleft, her rounded buttocks, her swaying breasts. Zanko said:

— Spread your legs, little girl, so we can see your pussy, and keep dancing.

Maria danced and tinkled. They kept the stage spinning so that everyone could have a good look. Maria's head was spinning, she was dizzy. She ended up sitting on the turntable, offered, leaning back, leaning on her hands, her legs wide open. The men rotated the tray, touching her thighs, her breasts, her pussy, sticking a finger in, testing her anus, all the while eating and drinking. Seraphin made her eat, holding out pieces of brochette on the end of his fork and stuffing them into her mouth, the cousins made her drink from their glass, the wine dripping down her breasts and stomach, getting lost in the blonde fleece of her pubic hair.

Zanko was boiling. The men were boiling. Antoinette was clearing the table, one eye on the girl who had been groped, touched and penetrated, she was wetting herself, disgusted and excited. Zanko stood up, slipped a hand under the girl's buttocks, a finger in her pussy and lifted her up:

— To us, little one. It's about time.

He threw the girl onto the beach mattress Antoinette had placed on the terrace. Standing over the girl, he undressed, a sneer on his lips. The girl spread her legs in anticipation, the jailbird cousin's big balls swaying above her, the thick, tumescent sex with a big blue vein running through it pointing perpendicularly, the big purplish glans glistening and throbbing, she could already feel it deep in her vagina. His fingers had found the clitoris and were

working it mechanically. Zanko was looking down on the girl, at her mercy:

— Do you want me, little one? But you'll have to wait. You're going to suck me first.

The girl obediently knelt down and looked up at the man. She put one hand around the penis and measured it, stroked it, wanked it, and with the other hand she weighed the balls, massaging them. She licked the glans, the outstretched penis jerked; a few drops of sperm beaded at the tip, she licked them off; she lifted the penis vertically, she gobbled the balls. Zanko stroked her hair, encouraging her:

— Good girl. Take your time, I've been waiting three years for this. A pretty girl's mouth.

The men had moved their chairs closer for a better view and were eating a slice of cake, sipping their wine. Antoinette was standing next to Séraphin, touching him. She had discreetly slipped a hand up her skirt and was discreetly caressing herself with a finger between her closed legs.

The girl was taking her time, and Zanko felt the explosion coming. He forced his way into the girl's mouth, holding her head with both hands. He went in and out of the wide-open mouth, deeper and deeper. The girl hiccupped, pressing her hands flat against the man's powerful thighs, as if she wanted to push him away. She had an oral orgasm as the man held her head firmly and moved her back and forth at a steady pace, she was shaking and panting. Shortly afterwards, the man

ejaculated, his sperm flowing freely into the girl's mouth, three years without a woman, only the mouth and arse of young convicts, the reserves in his balls were inexhaustible, the sperm filled the girl's mouth and ran down her chin, then dripped onto her breasts and stomach. The flow continued unabated. The girl swallowed what she could, the droplets becoming streams, then a river. The last few mouthfuls were injected deep into her throat, provoking a series of violent oral orgasms that shook her whole body, clutching at the man's thighs. His hands released the pressure on her head. He went back and forth in his mouth a few more times, then let her take hold of his sex.

The girl licked his penis and glans and massaged his balls. The convict cousin got a hard-on, regained his strength and let her do as she pleased. Then, fed up:

— Lie on your back, little one.

He penetrated her, and the girl breathed a sigh of relief. Leaning on his hands, bent over her, he fucked her quietly:

— Do you like that, little girl?

— Yes, yes, I like it. Go ahead, Mr Zanko.

The girl moved her hips in rhythm, her arms wrapped around the man's back, she scratched him.

— Do you like it, you little whore? You are a little whore, aren't you?

— Yes, I am! Sir.

The man kicked her violently with his kidneys. The girl moaned.

— That too, you little bitch! How do you like it?

The man fucked her vigorously.

— You want more, don't you?

— Oh yes, oh yes, yes, yes. I like that. Thank you, Mr Zanko. Thank you for making me come.

Zanko withdrew, leaving her bloodless and throbbing. The men were excited. They watched in silence. Antoinette had cleaned up and gone into the kitchen, taken off her panties and masturbated, standing up. There she was in the background, waiting for orders from the master of the house, watching Maria. She was still lying on her back, legs wide open, her pussy beaming and glistening, stroking herself, disappointed that the man had left. Zanko stood and watched the girl squirming and stroking herself at his feet. The men, one after the other, except for the master of the house who was indifferent to the spectacle, had taken their sex out of their fly, even the modest Seraphim. The convict cousin let the girl moan as he wanked gently.

— Caress yourself, little one, you're turning us on. Make yourself come.

The girl redoubled her ardour. The men jerked off as they watched her, she wanted to give them a show. She arched her back, spreading her legs as wide as she could, turning towards them. Her fingers ran around her clitoris, she moved her hips up and down, moaning. Séraphin ejaculated, followed by Diego and his colleague, the guitarist. The girl came with a groan. She fell back like a lump on the mattress, jerking. Zanko ordered:

— Enough playing, little one. Get down on all fours.

The girl complied, turning her head to look behind her. Zanko penetrated her with a great thrust. She let out a long cry of relief and rocked her pelvis back and forth, impaling herself hard. But Zanko wanted to take charge. He blocked the girl's pelvis and imposed his rhythm. He fucked her without tenderness, slamming into her buttocks. The girl moaned plaintively, shaking her head, eyes closed, mouth wide open. Gradually, the extent of the girl's moans accelerated, becoming hoarse cries, deep breaths. She orgasmed loudly without Zanko changing his pace or his hold, despite the girl's will to get off.

Maria's screams woke Antoinette up, and imagining herself in her place, she asked her boss for permission to serve the coffee.

— Excellent idea, Antoinette, I'm afraid the cousin will be a while. Three years without knowing a woman is a long time, he makes up for it. It'll keep our friends waiting. Bring us the digestif too.

— I'm sorry to ask, sir, but does this mean your friends will be using Maria?

— Antoinette, you're so naive. That's what this girl is for. As a courtesy, our convict friend comes first, in view of his years in prison. The girl will be compensated generously, don't worry.

— Yes, sir. But she's so young.

— It's all the better for the fresh meat, Antoinette. Besides, you'd have to admit, it's all she wants. Now go.

The men drank their coffee without losing sight of the couple's lovemaking. Zanko was close to finishing. The girl

came again, her cries different, interspersed, rapid, muffled, her face hidden in her folded arms.

Zanko finally ejaculated, shaking the girl who had straightened up and was leaning on her hands, arms outstretched, head back. Séraphin noticed the tinkling of bracelets amidst hoarse moans and gasps, and the shuddering of earrings.

He was impatient, like the men, to get his share, but Zanko wasn't done yet. He'd turned the girl around and she was sucking him again on all fours, legs spread, buttocks pointing temptingly at them, pussy half-open, little lips red and oozing with semen. Antoinette presented Zanko with a cup of coffee. He sipped it while stroking the girl's hair. She sucked and jerked. Antoinette waited patiently for Zanko to finish his coffee. Zanko handed her the empty cup.

— Monsieur will want a digestif.

— A cognac, Antoinette. Thank you.

He drank his cognac, pinching the girl's wide-open mouth. Antoinette took the glass, continuing to observe, standing up.

— Watch and learn, Antoinette, she's really good, this little one.

Zanko ordered:

— Turn around, little one. I'm going to shove it up your ass.

Zanko pushed a finger into the girl's anus. She impaled herself on it.

— It's good, isn't it, little one?

The girl went back and forth on the finger.

— Yes, Mr. Zanko. All right, then.

— But perhaps you'd like something bigger?

— Oh yes, sir.

He pulled out his finger and pushed his sex into the narrow anus, forcing it in without mercy. The girl screamed and the sex entered up to her balls. Immediately, she began to move back and forth.

— It's good, isn't it, little one?

— Oh, yes, sir.

Zanko could sense the men's impatience. He turned his head towards them:

— Am I monopolizing her a little too much for your taste, guys? While I'm up her ass, she can suck one of you, eh, cousin?

Ruben didn't hesitate, undressing in the blink of an eye and stuffing his cock into the welcoming mouth with relief.

— Guys, come closer.

Seraphim undressed in turn, his modesty gone. He grabbed the girl's breasts and kneaded them. Diego and his colleague did the same. There were five of them around the girl, sharing her bait. Seraphin slipped a hand under the girl's belly, between her thighs, his fingers finding the path to her clitoris. Greedy hands roamed the girl's body, her moans muffled by the cock in her mouth as it moved in and out of her throat. A powerful cock smashed into her anus, her clitoris was titillated by deft fingers, her nipples were pinched, triturated, she was spanked in cadence by a strong hand. All this was too much for her. An oral orgasm

added to her enjoyment, provoking a super orgasm that devastated her, she struggled wildly in the men's hands.

Maria split into two. She was the men, she was the girl. She was Séraphin. She put two fingers in the girl's vagina and moved them back and forth, not seeing the cousin's ejaculation in the girl's mouth coming, which floored her and made her lose consciousness briefly. The girl calmed down a little. Diego took the vacant spot in her mouth. The jailbird cousin came and went, unperturbed. Séraphin's fingers continued their task without respite while his thumb crushed the clitoris.

The master of the house, seated in an armchair, merely watched, sipping his cognac. Antoinette filled the glass of her cousin, now a spectator. The master of the house called out to her:

— She's good, and very pretty. She's a friend of Séraphin's, I believe?

— A school friend. She's pretty spry for her age.

— I can see that. I think her father is Portuguese, but she doesn't have the type.

— Her mother is blonde. She's a Polish Jewess.

— I see. Half Jewish.

Zanko amplified the cadence, provoking a new orgasm in the girl. She freed herself from Diego's ejaculating sex to scream and thrash about, Diego showered her face, her hair, making the cousin giggle.

— You have to hold her tight when she comes, otherwise she'll just do as she pleases. You have to tame her.

— She's not faking it.

— For that, no. Sometimes you'd like to.

Diego's colleague Gérard had taken his place. Zanko was always coming and going, more and more abruptly. The girl rewarded Séraphin for his services by jerking him off. The master of the house commented:

— She'll dry them all, I promise.

Antoinette fills Diego's glass, a little disappointed.

— It slipped out of my hand.

— You're out of luck with women. You've got to check them out, Diego. And then, Diego, a facial ejaculation isn't bad either, look at her...

— Eventually, yes. She took quite a beating, that little girl.

— Your friend's doing pretty well. Look, she's swallowing, the little bitch.

The girl swallowed. Séraphin didn't hold back either. He ejaculated, his cock jerked awkwardly by the girl, his sperm staining her belly, breasts and back. All that was left was the jailbird cousin. He was always coming and going, giving the girl more freedom. He came. The girl came, moving her hips anarchically. Maria fucked him, feeling his balls swell, ready to spill. She finally ejaculated into the girl's rectum, which was spasmodically tightening on his cock. The cumulative pleasure of the girl and the man made her lose consciousness for a few long seconds. She came to in the girl's body, slumped over, deserted and still shaking with spasms.

Ruben, seeing an empty seat, asked:

— Boss, do you want her?

— I like to watch. You'll have softened her up by then. Go ahead. Don't let it get cold. I'll taste it, but I'll end up in the boy, Séraphin... he's to my taste.

— All right, I'll go. Thanks boss.

The cousin lifted the girl's ass and made her sit up straight, on all fours as he spanked her.

— Come on, little whore. Straighten your ass.

The girl, dazed, presented him with her pussy. He penetrated the soggy, hot vagina. He moved in and out of a lively little pussy, contracting haphazardly, shaken by spasms. Before long, the girl resumed her throbbing, unhinged back-and-forth. The cousin had to restrain her. He locked her hips and imposed his rhythm, not without difficulty. He fucked her thoroughly and took his time. The little rebel struggled and moaned, demanding more freedom, so he tightened his grip. The men watched him struggle with the girl. Zanko worried:

— She didn't get any dessert. Antoinette, bring her a piece of cake.

— Why, Monsieur! You can see for yourself... she is busy...

— Come on, Antoinette, you can spoon her the cake.

Antoinette put a slice on a plate and squatted down in front of Maria, doubting her mission.

— Would you like some cake, Maria?

She handed her the spoon. The cousin's thrusts jerked the girl's head back and forth. But she opened her mouth wide. Antoinette shoved a spoonful in and Maria swallowed. She handed her another spoonful. Antoinette

had to wait for the right moment before putting it in the oven. The girl swallowed. The game amused Ruben. Above all, it allowed him to control her better, and he took the opportunity to slide his thumb into her anus. When the girl had finished her piece of cake, Zanko was amused and asked Antoinette:

— Give her some cognac to wash down the cake.

Antoinette filled a glass and presented it to the girl. She had great difficulty getting her to drink properly from the balloon glass, as the drink dripped down her chin and spurted out of her mouth with every blow from the cousin, causing her to choke. She wiped her chin with the back of her hand, then her neck and breasts. Zanko said:

— Okay, that's enough Antoinette, I think Seraphim would like a blow job. Right, Séraphin? It's not fair, she's your girlfriend.

— Yes, cousin.

— Then go before someone takes your place.

Séraphin didn't know if Maria recognized him, but she sucked him off resolutely. There was no longer a Maria, but a female in heat being fucked by the cousin, her eyes blank, acting mechanically. He wiped the semen from her face, watching for an intelligent expression in her eyes.

Maria deplored Seraphim's passivity, insinuated herself into his thoughts and took the lead. Seraphim blocked the girl's head and plunged his cock deep into her throat, it wasn't he who was acting, but a force pushing him. Little by little, he and the cousin harmonized their rhythm. The girl came. The cousin ignored her vaginal spasms and

continued his to-and-fro. He and Seraphim were no more than animals fucking a female, snapping their breasts and buttocks in cadence. Their balls swelled, preparing to release their seed as deep as possible into the female flesh. Maria felt the ejaculation coming, her semen spurting out. Cousin and Séraphin ejaculated interminably, perfectly synchronized in her pussy and mouth. The girl was on the verge of fainting. Maria kept her conscious by slapping her breasts and buttocks.

Zanko says:

— Boss, it's your turn. Afterwards, the little one will need a well-deserved break.

The master of the house undid the laces of his shoes and took them off. He removed his pants and folded them neatly over the back of a chair. He also removed his shorts. The girl was lying on her side in a rifle stance. He stroked her side. She got up on all fours, presenting her bottom to him. He ran a hand up the sticky crotch and penetrated her. Immediately, the girl moved her hips. He let her, she was doing very well and settled into his rhythm. He caressed her back, her buttocks, her breasts, her belly, sticky with cum. She moaned. He spread the globes of her buttocks to reveal the small protuberance of her anus. He pushed his index finger in easily. The girl squeaked without slowing her movements, on the contrary. He slid his finger back and forth. The contact was very intimate, and he knew all her secrets as he felt the many and varied contractions of her sphincters around his finger. He activated his finger against the rhythm, using his other hand to seek out the clitoris. By

titillating it, he had an immediate response from the anus, its contractions guiding him in his search for efficiency. In response, the girl amplified the movements of her pelvis. The contractions of the anus heralded the arrival of an orgasm. The girl came quietly, serenely, without superfluous screams.

But the boss wanted to finish himself off in Seraphim's rectum, so he beckoned to Ruben and spoke in a low voice. Ruben nodded and spoke into Séraphin's ear. The boss grew impatient:

— Don't make a fuss, Seraphim, I'll compensate you.

Ruben had to use force, he was stronger than he was. Seraphim, with tears in his eyes, surrendered. He got down on all fours beside Maria. The boss spat several times, lubricated his anus and sodomized him:

— There was no point in resisting, Séraphin. I always get what I want.

Séraphin wept, humiliated, his head in his arms.

— The musicians can fuck the little girl, we promised them, the little girl is at their disposal.

Diego had been waiting for this, and took over the vacated seat. The boss was at ease in Seraphim's rectum:

— She's a good little female, cousin Séraphin... Zanko... you should try her.

— It's tempting... after the girl, the boy. I like it.

Maria was Séraphin, twice possessed. Séraphin had stopped crying, he was taking pleasure, he was ashamed to be taken like a bitch in front of everyone. He was even

more ashamed when he came, they were going to think he liked it.

— Zanko, he's all yours.

When Zanko penetrated him, Séraphin screamed. If the boss's cum had lubricated his rectum, Zanko had a really big one.

— I got a taste for boys in prison. Some are worth a female... and then... we have no choice.

— It takes all kinds to make a world.

The boss was a lover of clichés and boys' asses. Gérard, the musician, had taken over from Diego. To begin with, he had taken advantage of Maria's pussy, where many had been, curious, he changed orifice, he was astonished to enter it so easily, it was new to him, never would his girlfriend have allowed him to sodomize her, he was even more astonished when the girl began to moan, she liked it, whereas he considered it a punishment, or, at best, a humiliation, like an act of possession. He wouldn't have liked to be in Séraphin's place, the latter seemed to be suffering martyrdom under Zanko's thrusts, and yet, in his cries, there was pleasure.

Séraphin was ejaculating. He was ashamed to enjoy it. When cousin Zanko withdrew after flooding his intestine with his cum, he fell back on his side, prostrate and ashamed.



It was break time. Maria went naked to the bathroom, peed, then refreshed her face. In the mirror, she saw a young girl with flushed cheeks, bright eyes, messy hair and

swollen, marked breasts. She pulled back her ponytail, Antoinette watching from the doorway.

— Do you need anything?

— No, thank you, Antoinette.

— I don't know how you put up with it. Besides, you seem to like it. I heard them talking, the convict and the others, they want to take you two at a time.

— Great, Antoinette.

— You're a real nutcase.

She added:

— Poor Séraphin... they've humiliated him.

— Don't worry about him, Antoinette, he's had enough.



She sat on Séraphin's lap at the table. Séraphin had recovered, and Maria had consoled him, persuading him to come to the table with the others and put on a brave face. They were, after all, just sex games. She whispered in his ear: "There's no shame in enjoying it, my love, there's no shame in cumming when you're being fucked in the ass". She handed him her shirt.

At the table, she was given a slice of cake which she devoured. Jailbird cousin asked her:

— How are you feeling, little one?

— Fine, Mr Zanko, I feel fine.

— Perfect. I like girls like you, who don't make a fuss. Even my money-makers spend their time complaining.

Séraphin had a hard-on, he couldn't help it, he'd been fucked in front of everyone like a little whore, the shame

had gone, nobody cared about him, he didn't count, all eyes were on Maria.

— This cake is good, I'd love another slice.

She lifted her buttocks and reached out to take a slice of cake, falling back onto Séraphin's lap, she discreetly inserted his cock into her pussy. Séraphin wrapped his arms around her, under her breasts, while she ate, he lifted and lowered the girl gently, impaling her on his sex, he had to show them that he was a man. Cousin Zanko served Maria a glass of wine:

— Have a drink, this cake's a bit dry.

The cousin passed around several joints. The men were half-dressed, only Maria was naked. The modest Séraphin had only put on his shirt. The convict cousin shouted at him:

— You think we don't know what you're up to, Séraphin? If you want to fuck the girl, do it straight. Lay her on the table, on her stomach.

The men's eyes were on Séraphin. He was finally fucking Maria. All the others had gone over her, except him. He fucked her furiously, grabbing her buttocks. The girl cried out in surprise. He wanted to punish her, but he made her come. It all stopped too quickly, and he was a little ashamed of having got carried away, and of having fucked her under the mocking looks of the others, and of having ejaculated in his haste half on the girl's back. But the convict cousin had already grabbed Maria and thrown her onto the mattress. The cousin lay down on the mattress and pulled the girl to him. She understood at once and clamped

down on the stiff sex, leaning on her hands, her arms stiff, bent over the man, rocking her hips back and forth with conviction, energetically. The convict cousin thrust his index finger into her anus without even slowing her down, the girl sighed loudly. The anus quickly became wet, he slid the finger in faster and faster, the anus was soon as wet as a pussy, he grumbled:

— No need for Vaseline, this chick's got two pussies.

— Did you notice, cousin?

He withdrew his finger and sodomised her. The girl yelped and stopped her movements. The cousins synchronised, one thrusting in, the other withdrawing and so on, slowly at first and then, once they were in sync, faster. Their sex met pleasantly through the girl's soaked mucous membranes. The convict cousin set the pace. After a while, the girl, feeling her orgasm coming on, wanted more movement and rebelled. The men blocked her and imposed their law on her, punishing her for this rebellion by slapping her tits and buttocks. Despite this, or because of it, the girl came. Maria split herself in two. She wanted a cock in the girl's mouth, an oral orgasm was not to be sneezed at, she suggested to the men. They're very malleable when they fuck. The convict cousin only had Séraphin to hand, Diego and his colleague were playing guitar in the background, the boss was watching.

— Séraphin, come and get your dick sucked, there's room for you.

The girl didn't recognise him. She was somewhere else. She sucked him obediently. But here again, a strange force

made him block the girl's head to peck her mouth down to the back of her throat. He quickly synchronised with the two men. The three cousins came and went slowly and surely, their balls swelling and snoring.

A short, shaggy, bearded man in overalls emerged onto the terrace. The host called out to him:

— Hello Dédé, were you supposed to arrive earlier?

— I had the apple trees to prune, boss, and there's a whole load of them. Good heavens! Is that the girl?

— You'll get it, Dédé, I promise. Wait until these gentlemen have finished with her.

— Good heavens! There are three of them on the beast.

— Antoinette, serve Dédé a cognac. And you, Dédé, come and sit down. Don't just stand there. I'll have a drink with you.

Dédé was hypnotised. Antoinette approached the master of the house to serve him and whispered:

— You're not going to leave Maria in the hands of that filthy idiot, are you, boss?

— Antoinette, you're tiring me out. I promised him a girl. Maria will do. Unless you want to take her place?

— I'd rather die. No! Did you see the zig's face?

— He's got important work to do for me, and that's how I decided it. The girl will be compensated, don't forget.

— Do you realise what you're doing, boss? Maria isn't a whore. And not even a whore would want that filthy man. She'll be raped.

— But yes, Antoinette. I think it should be pretty crisp. Beauty and the beast. Now leave me alone with this.

The three men were hard at work on the girl. You could hear the regular slapping and panting, not covered by the guitars, and from time to time Séraphin let the girl breathe and scream. Then the girl screamed louder. Séraphin plunged back into her mouth, he ejaculated, she swallowed. The convict cousin was coming:

— Are you ready, cousin, shall we?

— We're off.

Always in sync, they built up their power. The girl was screaming at the top of her lungs. Maria could hardly contain her, only the men's slaps kept her conscious. The cousin ejaculated first, followed by the convict cousin. Maria came and came. It was too much for her. The girl snapped, she felt herself going.

The men had left the girl lying on her back, legs spread, unconscious, twitching involuntarily, shaken by orgasmic aftershocks. Semen was dripping from her mouth, pussy and anus. Her breasts were reddened and swollen from the beating. The master of the house called out to Dédé:

— It's now or never, Dédé. Do you want this girl?

— Hell yes I want her, boss. Can I go now?

— I'm telling you. Go on, then. It won't fly away.

Séraphin was appalled. Dédé stood over the girl.

— She's beautiful, boss, she's so beautiful! I've never seen one so beautiful.

He kicked off his clogs, took off his overalls and his infamous underwear. Séraphin told himself that the girl wouldn't see any of this, fortunately for her. Dédé, naked, looked like a mythological satyr. He was hairy all over, not

very tall, but powerful and strong, his legs strongly bowed. His sex was out of all proportion, huge and twisted, the glans like a mushroom cap, slimy and purple. The girl opened one eye. She thought she was dreaming. The man had knelt between her legs. His calloused hands roamed her body, smelling of fresh grass, mushrooms and goat. His little black eyes were devouring her. His big hands and feet were out of proportion to his body. He looked like an imp. She smiled at him, wide awake. His calloused, manual-worker hands cupped her breasts. She shivered. She took his sex in her hand, her fingers barely circling it. It throbbed in her hand. She jerked him off, he thickened again, the glans blossomed, took on a darker colour, a translucent white pre-sperm covered it, oozing from the tip. He put a finger as big as a cock into her vagina. She screamed. He slipped it inside her and she raised her hips. A few thrusts were enough to make her come.

— You're a good bitch. Turn around. I'll take you like a goat.

The girl got down on all fours and waited. The huge, gnarled penis penetrated her vagina with a single thrust, sending her hurtling forward. The calloused hands closed around her waist to hold her back. It was gone. She didn't try to defend herself, she just let it happen, leaning back, taking the onslaught. It must have been years since he'd last fucked a woman, and he fucked her like a goat, gently, slowly, so as not to spoil the merchandise.

— God, that's good. God... God... little bitch... little bitch...

His big, raspy hands roamed over the girl's body, lingering on her breasts and ass. The girl shivered. Then the enormous phallus began to move.

— Jesus Christ!

The man didn't take long to come and he ejaculated. She came. He was still ejaculating, after years of abstinence. The warm semen trickled down Maria's thighs.

It was all over. The man got dressed and left. The men had left to escort the convict cousin back to his prison. Séraphin rushed off.

— How are things?

Maria says nothing.

— Shall we go home?

— Where are my clothes?

Antoinette brought her a large glass of cognac.

— Drink up!

— It's strong!

— After what you've just been through... You must need it! He got a fucking schlong, the Dédé!

— Makes you want to... Huh?

— You're mad!

— I'm going to take a shower. I can smell the goat. Help me up, Séraphin, I'm getting dizzy.

They took Maria to the bathroom and sat her down in the bath, under the shower. Séraphin soaped and scrubbed Maria energetically, as if he wanted to erase everything and make her a virgin again. Antoinette giggled:

— Séraphin, get undressed, you're soaking wet. I've seen others, you know!

Antoinette tugged at his shirt.

— Go on, take it all off.

He undressed, but kept his briefs on, embarrassed because he had a hard-on. Underneath, she was wearing black stockings, a black garter belt and a black lace bra. She knelt down and leaned against the edge of the bath:

— Take me, Seraphin, I need a man. You've turned me on with your bullshit.

S raphin didn't want to fuck Antoinette in front of Maria, it wasn't done, even if he wanted to. Maria laughed:

— Go ahead, you idiot! I won't look. Antoinette asked you politely.

S raphin was still hesitating, wondering whether it was bacon or pork.

— Go on, S raphin... you're the only man available... do her this favour, she likes you...

Antoinette sighed:

— What are you waiting for, S raphin? Don't I give you a hard-on? Put it in me...

S raphin had a hard-on, that wasn't the problem. He finally pulled down his pants and took her from behind, on his knees. Antoinette made little squeaks, and he thought he had satisfied her. Throughout the act, he looked at Maria and she smiled at him. When they had finished, Antoinette urged them on:

— They'll be back, you'd better get going. I've got my housework to do.

Epilogue

Maria had gone away for two months with her parents to their country house in the Ardèche, where she was bored. The village square, five kilometres from the house, took on a festive air in the evenings with its multicoloured lanterns, and the summer people crowded onto the terrace of the only café, playing bowls, arguing, drinking and laughing. She cycled to the village. She soon got to know the boys her age on holiday who, like her, were bored.

It didn't take her long to get to know their big brothers and little brothers. The boys formed a gang, wandering aimlessly around the village, messing about, shouting and pushing each other. She flirted with them without preference. She let herself be kissed and felt up in the worst-lit part of the square, behind the church. Every boy tried his luck with her, but Maria didn't seem to have any preference. No sooner had one boy finished kissing her, making out with her, getting a hand-job and having them squirt into their trousers, than another took his place. They didn't understand her, usually a girl would choose a boy and leave it at that, otherwise she was considered a whore.

The girls, the sisters, were home after ten, except for one or two who had a boyfriend.

One evening, it was almost midnight, and three of the most daring boys in the gang wanted to go further afield. Maria had got them all fired up and they thought they could get her without any trouble. They just had to find somewhere out of sight, so one boy said:

— Let's go to the old cemetery, where it'll be quieter.

— Good idea, let's do it discreetly, otherwise the others will follow us.

— They've gone to bed, it's late.

They didn't ask Maria for her opinion, but she followed them. They crept like shadows into the little cemetery. There they had to decide who would be first. Maria had understood what they wanted, so she stretched out on the little lawn at the entrance to the cemetery and waited. She took off her panties, put them in her jacket pocket and pulled her skirt up to her waist, then unbuttoned her blouse, leaving the boys to remove her bra if they wished. They were in semi-darkness, barely lit by a dingy street lamp in the square. The boys were now intimidated, paralysed. Maria called in a low voice to the boy who had come up with the idea for the cemetery:

— Come, Pascal, come...

He made up his mind. He lay down heavily on top of Maria.

— Pull your shorts down, it'll be more practical.

The boy thought he was being silly, so he complied and slid them onto his lap. Maria took the boy's taut, quivering

cock in her hand and guided it. The boy knew what to do, like all boys, he came very quickly, surprised, without really understanding what was happening to him. Bewildered, it took him a little while to withdraw and make way. The other two boys were sitting next to them, waiting their turn. One of them, Jean-Marie, had pulled his cock out of his fly and was jerking himself off. He was just as surprised to come, the scene had excited him, he had been jerking himself off out of habit of the porn films he watched on his parents' VCR, without thinking any further. The third boy, Antoine, pulled down his trousers and briefs before climbing on top of Maria, he was too excited, he didn't last very long, but he took full advantage of the girl, he had fucked her and cum in her pussy, not like his idiot friend.



Naturally, the boys bragged. The next afternoon, they were whispering in the village square, far from adult ears:

— You really fucked her, that's not bullshit.

— Me and Pascal, we fucked her, Jean-Marie was jerking off, he came before... he couldn't take it anymore.

— Fucking... stupid... he's stupid. Look at his face.

— Us... us, can we fuck her?

— Did you really come in her pussy?

— I'm telling you... ask Pascal.

— It's true, I did fuck her...

— Was she naked?

— No, we were in the cemetery, we could have been surprised. Sometimes, the priest... she didn't have any panties on... she pulled up her skirt...

— It's better when they're naked. We make love naked...
— You couldn't see much anyway.
— Yeah, but it's still better. When we fuck, it's naked.
— Would you get naked too?
— I don't know, if it was just the two of us... yes... that's normal, but... in front of everyone.
— I'd do it, because... when we fuck, it's naked, that's how it is.
— She's a real slut, that girl. Can you believe it, guys, she gets laid like that? In front of everyone...
— You don't want to fuck her, do you?
— You're joking... but that doesn't mean I won't.
— Is she coming tonight? Maria, is her name Maria?
— We'll see about that. She usually comes in the evening.
— Fuck, I've got a hard-on... I can't wait for her to get here.
That evening, five of them waited for her. They slipped into the cemetery like conspirators, keeping an eye on Maria as she walked behind them. She looked devilishly exciting in a pink miniskirt, white blouse and slim-fitting blue jacket.
— We don't stand there, everyone can see us.
— Where, then. We can go further... outside the village... in a field.
— We won't see anything... then... we don't have time...
— There, between the two old family vaults, that wouldn't be bad.
— Yeah, it's not bad, but we need a blanket.

— The priest always leaves the door open in the vicarage, and there are blankets in the chest in the entrance hall.

— You seem to know a lot about the priest.

— Oh, shut up, you idiot.

— Go ahead, since you know.

— It's always me...

The boy, a little redhead of fifteen, finally went. The boys remained standing, Maria was leaning against one of the vaults, saying nothing.

The little redhead quickly returned with a tartan plaid.

— There you go...

An idea was running through his head, the boy wasn't shy, he turned his head towards Maria:

— Can you get naked?

Maria smiled, she thought he was cute:

— Of course, kitten.

Maria sat down on the blanket and took off her jacket; it wasn't cold, just heavy and stormy. She unbuttoned her blouse. The boys couldn't see much, it was dark between the two vaults. She got rid of her bra. Just then, the window overlooking the cemetery in the vicarage lit up, casting a yellowish glow over the cemetery and giving it a mysterious, baroque appearance. The little redhead murmured:

— It's nothing, it's the priest's room, he's going to bed.

— Do you know where the priest's room is?

— Yes, I do...

— What are you doing in his room?

— Shut up, asshole!

Maria stood up, unzipped her little skirt and took it off. The boys were reassured, their eyes fixed on her, and now they could see her better. All she had left were her panties, which she gracefully removed:

— Does that suit you, kitten?

The little redhead didn't answer, he just watched. As Maria lay down on the blanket, Pascal, who had been the first to possess her on the first evening, said softly:

— It's my turn... it's normal. I was first yesterday. I'm the one who started.

He thought that if he went behind them, the girl's pussy would be full of their sperm, and that disgusted him. Maria replied:

— Yes, Pascal, but you take your clothes off and I'm naked, so... you do the same.

He was speechless:

— Do I have to take everything off?

— You can keep your sandals.

— Ah!

The boys looked at him.

— If you don't want to, I'll do it.

The little redhead was already taking off his dirty T-shirt.

The priest had found the right angle to see what was happening under his window, which was wide open because of the heat. He noticed that the girl had seen him, lying as she was, but hadn't said anything; he could hear what the boys were saying. He laughed:

— He's not going to do it, the little bugger.

The priest didn't particularly like Pascal, a repressed fag. In fact, the boy, a big lump, hesitated, he had his modesty, he didn't like to show himself naked.

— So, are you going?

— Ah, shut up.

Finally, he had to go, the others were waiting and he didn't want to look like a wimp. First he took off his shorts, he didn't know why, he hadn't thought about it, but everyone could see he had a hard-on. He took off his shirt and lay down on top of the girl. He was embarrassed to be the focus of the boys' attention, he had no experience, it must have been obvious, he was awkward. He'd jerked off twice in the morning thinking about the girl, seeing Antoine fucking her and Jean-Marie jerking off, it was hard to think about the girl. Still, he didn't come immediately on her belly before penetrating her. The girl guided him; it didn't take long, but he thought he had put on a good show.

The little red-haired boy had stripped naked, he had given the signal and the others followed him or started to follow him. The priest stared at the boys, amazed that they were doing this under his window. He wondered who would be second as Pascal left the room and got dressed, satisfied.

— Go ahead, Jean-Marie, fuck her pussy instead of jerking off.

He was jerking off, incorrigible, he couldn't help it. The little redhead said even louder:

— If you don't go, I will.

The boy rushed over, rubbing himself on the girl's body and, before even penetrating her, sheepishly ejaculated on her stomach. This time, the little redhead took his place without asking.



The priest liked Jules, a boy with red hair, charming, small for his age, very curious about sex (he heard him in confession where the boy hid nothing from him, curiously, the boy made a clear difference between the confessor and the man). He remembered the first time he had given him oral sex when the boy had come to help him tidy up the vicarage. They'd done a good job, his predecessor had left an incredible mess.

The priest was young, and Jules thought he was handsome. He was tall and athletic, and his short hair gave him a martial air, but he had an eternal benevolent smile at the corner of his lips, laughing eyes and a soft, persuasive voice. The priest loved boys; he knew how to bewitch and charm them.

Jules' parents lived in the village all year round, working in the town where Jules' school was. The priest had been there for six months, looking after several parishes, and at first Jules didn't see much of him. His parents would take him to Mass, and the priest would intrude on Jules' dreams, strange wet dreams in which the priest would appear naked, with a gigantic cock. Jules wasn't in love, he was confused.

The priest had tried his luck with Jules, thinking that he wouldn't be able to resist him for long. When he caressed

the boy's back and bottom, he felt him quiver under his hand without trying to escape.

After the big clean-up, the priest offered him a glass of wine with water in the kitchen, and the boy was a little drunk, the priest asked him innocently about his sex life, whether he had a girlfriend, whether he masturbated, insisting that it was no great sin, all boys did it, even him. The boy confessed that he masturbated every day, several times a day, thinking about naked girls (he ogled his older sister when she came out of the bathroom and looked at his father's magazines), and he even sometimes thought about the boys in his class while jerking off (the priest knew this, he had listened to him in confession). He confessed his greatest sin (the priest didn't know him), he had masturbated with his cousin, or rather, he had masturbated him and his cousin had masturbated him back, he didn't go into details, it was last year, during the Easter holidays, they had done it several times. He hadn't done it again (he hadn't seen him since).

— It's not a great sin, Jules, all boys do it.

— Really, Father?

— Did you enjoy it?

Jules blushed and lowered his eyes:

— Yes, Father.

— That's good, Jules, a little sin can be pleasant and without consequences. It's part of learning for boys, it's just a game.

Jules was reassured:

— But they say that... they say...

— ... they say a lot of silly things, Jules, would you like me to show you a new game?

Jules looked up, the priest was watching him benevolently:

— What is it, Father?

The priest was sitting at the kitchen table and turned round in his chair:

— Come here, Jules, stand up in front of me.

Jules, intrigued, complied. The priest pulled up his T-shirt and stroked his stomach and nipples, then, as he caressed him, pulled down Jules' shorts and briefs to his knees. This conversation, the memory of his cousin and the priest's hands on his belly, the pinching on his nipples, had aroused him without him being able to hide it, Jules was ashamed. At first he thought the priest had pulled down his shorts to catch him thinking dirty thoughts, because despite the priest's reassuring words, Jules knew it wasn't right. It was quite the opposite. The priest's eyes shone.

— Are you hard, Jules? That's lovely...

The priest's gentle hand on his sex sent a small electric shock through Jules' body. This hand crept between his legs, grabbed his testicles, and Jules reflexively spread his legs, it was very sensitive there, and the priest's hand knew it. Jules was ashamed to be standing practically naked in front of the priest and enjoying his caresses.

— You've got lovely little balls, Jules.

The priest's voice was gentle and kind, reassuring, his eyes laughing. Jules had already had his balls groped by the doctor, a stern woman in a white coat, but this was very

different; the priest's fingers knew exactly where the most sensitive parts of his body were. Jules understood nothing of adults, so he involuntarily arched his back under the caresses, offering his body as a sacrifice.

The priest took him in his mouth, he closed his eyes, it was delicious. Jules knew what fellatio was, he had hidden from the priest that his cousin had put his sex in his mouth, he had come in his mouth, it was disgusting, Jules had spat it out, his cousin was laughing.

Jules had found it disgusting to have cum in the priest's mouth, but he changed his mind when he saw that the priest was not spitting it out, he was swallowing his cum without complaining, the priest smiled at him, he said, his mouth still full of his cum:

— Did you like this new game? Jules. We can start again if you like. Did you like it?

Jules liked it. He wondered what he would say to the priest when he went to confession on Sunday. He also knew not to say anything to his parents or friends.



Jules struggled on top of the girl, she had been nice to him and asked him to calm down, but it was impossible. He'd cum in her pussy, as the grown-ups used to say. She whispered in his ear:

— Did you like it, kitten?

He would have done it again, but the others were getting impatient. In spite of him, she whispered to him again:

— You can do it again later, kitten.

The last two fucked Maria with varying degrees of success. Antoine, the most experienced, had wanted to go last, so he could take his time and wasn't disgusted by the others' sperm. He waited for the boy, Marc, a shy, skinny, speccy man, to finish, and he came, disappointed, like Jean-Marie, on the girl's stomach before he had even penetrated her. Antoine liked the girl, she was pretty, friendly, cheerful, he liked her big tits, he kissed her, caressed her, penetrated her, the girl spurred him on. He could feel the boys' eyes on him, but he didn't mind. His belly rubbed against the girl's soiled belly, his hands grabbed her tits, the cool night breeze caressed his balls, the girl's pussy overflowed with sperm, he liked it. The little redhead had been right to ask her to undress, strangely enough, he wouldn't have dared ask her, it felt good to feel her naked body against his. He worked her slowly, conscientiously, the girl moaned muffledly and encouraged him. He waited for that moment to give it his all, she gave a little cry, he made her come just before he let go.

The girl's scream stunned Jules, she had come, he thought that was how girls came, it had been a little scream, he had been told that girls could scream when they came, it must have depended on the girl. No one stopped him when he climbed back on top of the girl, she said:

— There you are again, kitten.

He didn't answer. He was groping her, kneading her breasts, he hadn't had time the first time. He didn't know how he'd penetrated her, it had just happened.



The priest was a little jealous and proud of Jules at the same time. He remembered their second game. It was a beautiful autumn day, and the priest had wanted to teach the boy to recognise edible mushrooms, at Jules' request. On the forest path, the priest had caressed and kissed him, without the boy rebelling. He then drew him into the undergrowth, out of sight of the walkers:

— You want to please me, Jules, I'd like to see you naked, all naked, in the woods... like a little faun.

Once again, the boy did not rebel. It was a bit chilly, so he took off his jumper and T-shirt and handed his clothes to the priest:

— I'll take the rest off, Father?

Jules was wearing red velvet ribbed trousers, he still remembered them, he had big walking shoes on his feet, he pulled his trousers down over his ankles:

— Shall I take off my pants too, Father?

The boy was mischievous, playing with him, provoking him. Before the priest could reply, he had slid his pants down his thighs, wiggling his hips like a stripper. The boy had a hard-on, his sex making wiper, he knew what he was doing and thought the priest was going to suck him off.

— Aren't you cold?

— No, Father, I'm fine.

The priest knelt down. He untied his big walking shoes and took off his trousers and pants, leaving his woollen socks on, because the priest liked a job well done:

— You're a real little faun, Jules, a pretty little faun...

Jules didn't understand. The priest turned him round and round several times. He'd thought of sodomising him, but then thought it was a bit early, he hadn't brought any lubricant with him, and for a first time, spitting wouldn't have been enough, he didn't want to hurt him. The priest got up with another idea in mind:

— We're going to play another game, Jules. Kneel down, you'll like it...

The priest untucked himself and pulled down his trousers, the boy wasn't stupid, he understood. He was a bit confused by the size of the priest's sex, by his enormous glans, by his big hairless balls, his pubis was shaved. The priest thrust his glans into his open mouth:

— Be careful with your teeth, my little Jules.

Jules soon knew how to do it, it was inborn in boys, he jerked him off while sucking him. The priest's penis grew bigger and tenser. With his hands on his head, the priest gave it a faster rhythm and pushed deeper into his throat.

— Look at me, my boy, I'm going to come.

The boy saw nothing coming. A flood of semen invaded his throat, flowed over his lips, he was disgusted, tried to spit it out, but more came, he choked and was forced to swallow, the priest had no pity, he pushed himself down his throat holding his head, leaving him no choice. Finally, the flow stopped and Jules was stunned. He remembered his cousin ejaculating in his mouth in surprise, but he had been able to spit it out while his cousin laughed, as if he had played a good joke.

— At first you find it disgusting, my little Jules, but you'll like it later, you'll see...

The priest smiled as he watched him spit out his semen, it ran down his cheeks, dripped down his chin, it was even on the tip of his nose, under his nostrils, he had smeared it all over his face. The priest had been chaste for too long, his balls were overflowing with love.

— You're really too cute like that, my little Jules.

He pulled him up under his armpits and held him close. The boy didn't react when the priest's tongue licked his face. It was the priest's turn to kneel down, the boy was now cold and shivering, but the priest took no notice. He worked on his sex with his tongue and his hands. The boy forgot all about the cold. When the priest slipped a wet finger into his anus, he came as he had never come before, tense as a bow, once again ashamed to ejaculate in the priest's mouth. The priest swallowed as he looked at him.

— Your cum is delicious, my little Jules.

The boy was relieved.

— You're cold, you've got goose bumps, get dressed, we're going to go.

They didn't see any mushrooms.



Jules didn't know if he had made the girl come. She was nice to him, like the priest. She called him “kitten”, stroked him and kissed him. It was late, the boys had gone home one after the other, only Antoine had stayed until the end, he was only seventeen, but he was the boy who had the most experience with girls.

He liked this girl and offered to take her home on his bike.

— You're afraid I'll meet the wrong person.

— No, I just want to take you home. You don't have any lights on your bike, it's dangerous.

They covered the five kilometres without hurrying. Outside the driveway, Antoine had put his foot down to kiss her goodbye, and was preparing to turn back when he heard:

— Shall I give you a blow job, Antoine? Nice of you to walk me home.

He thought he had misunderstood. The girl was getting impatient:

— Well?

He put his bike against the fence and Maria knelt down. They stood at the side of the road and were briefly dazzled by the headlights of a car.

— Shall we stay here?

— There's not much traffic, and we're comfortable here.

Antoine realised that she was a bit of an exhibitionist, if not a lot, and that she sucked deliciously.



In the days that followed, the boys passed the word around: “You can all fuck her, Maria, the girl, she'll let you, come in the evening, behind the church, to the cemetery. We can all have her”. Unfortunately, Maria didn't come to the village every evening, so that night the boys left with their tails down.

On the evenings when she came, even the youngest were there, boys aged twelve to thirteen who were interested in sex, they came last, under the watchful eye and advice of the older boys, up to nine of them came. After possessing her or trying to do so, the boys would get together and buy Maria an ice-cream and a soda at Mère Josèphe's, who would close her stall when there was no-one left in the square. Maria loved the clumsiness of the younger boys, guiding them and mothering them. They often ejaculated prematurely on her belly, so she had to calm them down. They were serious, disciplined, attentive, waiting their turn in silence.

One stormy evening, they had all taken refuge in the church. Inside, the lights were out and it was very dark, with lightning briefly illuminating the interior of the old church through its old broken stained glass windows. The boys were disappointed, so she offered to suck them off, a novelty that pleased them, and they were proud to see Maria swallow their semen. That evening, just as the lightning briefly illuminated the church, Maria saw the young village priest, like a ghost, kneeling on a prie-dieu at the back of the transept, watching the scene with interest - she could swear he was masturbating. The priest knew very well what the boys were doing in the cemetery; from the vicarage there was a window overlooking the old cemetery, with a view down between the two vaults, and Maria had seen it from her window.



When he saw Jules being sucked and recognised the look on his face when he came, the priest was moved to remember the third game. He knew he would possess the boy one day, willingly or by force, he couldn't help it, it had become an obsession. He had always put it off. The boy came regularly and voluntarily to see him, after school or on Wednesday afternoons, sometimes on Saturdays, and his parents encouraged him to go to the priest's house, thinking that he had a good influence on him. The boy ended up enjoying sucking him and swallowing his semen without repugnance, he knew that the priest would return the favour, and that was like a drug for him, he couldn't get enough of it, he kept asking for more, once, twice, three times. The priest made him undress in the kitchen, he liked to see him naked, the boy knew that. Later, he took him to his bedroom on the first floor where the priest also undressed, the boy liked sixty-nines.

It had been two months since the first fellatio he'd performed on the boy in the kitchen and he still hadn't possessed him. In the seminary, between a blow job and a sodomy, a week passed at the most, everything went faster, the seminary was a den of homosexuals. But he loved this boy, he was hooked, he loved him, and he didn't want to hurt him.

That day, a Friday, he hadn't seen her all day, or the day before, or all week. Christmas was approaching, the mayor had hung lanterns from the lampposts in the square, the village was celebrating, and he felt very sad. He had eaten quickly and was preparing his sermon in the kitchen, a

sermon about isolated, unfortunate people. It was ten o'clock when there was a knock at the door. It was Jules, his parents were in the village, visiting friends, and he was bored at home. The priest's heart leapt, it would be tonight or never.

The boy had locked the door after entering as he usually did, knowing that what he was doing would be frowned upon by the villagers. The priest did not reproach him for his absence.

— It's good to see you, Jules. You're looking very well?

— Good evening, Father.

They didn't talk much, Jules knew what he had to do, he'd only come for the sex. He undressed in the kitchen and improvised a little dance for the priest. The priest served him a little alcohol to get him in the mood, he knew it was the big night. The boy was euphoric, so he sat him on his lap and they ate the pastries that the priest hadn't eaten.

They went up to the priest's room. The priest had hung photos of boys on the whitewashed wall next to his bed, some in swimming trunks, others naked.

— This is new, that?

— Yes, Jules, I wanted to see some friendly pictures before I went to sleep. I was... I was a bit sad.

Jules saw several photos of himself and pointed at them:

— That's me, that, there and there.

Some of the photos the priest had taken at home, in his kitchen and bedroom, with a Polaroid camera, were indecent. Jules knew he'd taken them, but he'd forgotten.

— You can't show them to anyone, Father, I'm naked.

— Of course, Jules.

— I don't like it.

These photos were proof of his debauchery, Jules wasn't just naked, he was suddenly frightened of how they could be used. The priest felt he had made a mistake:

— I'll take them off.

— No, leave them on. If it makes you happy...

— I'll take them off, Jules, I promise.

Jules would have liked it better if he'd destroyed them, those photos were loot.

The priest undressed, the boy smiled, he had already forgotten, he had a hard-on. He threw himself onto the bed.

— Do you masturbate when you look at the photos, Father?

The boy was impertinent. The priest no longer had any scruples, Jules was behaving like a little whore. The priest lay down on the bed, his hand on the boy's sex, it tensed under the caresses.

— We're going to play a new game, my little Jules.

The boy didn't understand, or didn't want to understand, all he could think about was how the priest was caressing his sex.

— Turn onto your stomach, my darling.

Jules turned obediently onto his stomach, it was the first time the priest had called him “my darling”, it was a change in their relationship, the priest loved him, couldn't do without him anymore, he hadn't come to see him for a long week, he wanted to think, and the priest had put naked photos of himself on his bedroom wall, and, he was

sure, had masturbated while looking at them, he loved the power he had over him. The priest put a finger in his anus, it wasn't the first time, Jules had learned to like it, the finger slipped easily, coming and going, the priest had lubricated it well. The priest stopped his finger coming and going just as he was about to cum, and Jules groaned, annoyed and frustrated.

— You like it, my little darling, it's good...

The priest bent over his back, pressing, the boy felt the priest's sex between his buttocks, he wanted to cum.

— The third game is the most interesting, my darling, you're going to love it.

The boy didn't understand, he could feel the weight of the priest on him, and something was forcing him, penetrating his anus, much bigger than a finger. He wasn't naive, he'd always thought it would happen one day, he'd even dreamt about it, but there was a gap between dream and reality. He was surprised, he struggled, he screamed.

— I'm hurting you, I'll be careful, I'll go slowly, my little Jules... but... you have to go through with it... do you understand?

The priest didn't let go of him anymore, he was sinking into him, slowly but surely. Jules screamed again. The priest didn't give a damn, the window was closed, it was winter, no one would hear him, the priest couldn't back down, and besides, it wasn't the end of the world, the boy was getting on his nerves a bit, he was cosy, impertinent.

— Do you like it, my darling, do you like it... it's good... it's good... can you feel how good it is?

The priest began to come and go, he had him at last, it was so good, the boy was agitated, revolted, it was even better to feel him squirm like an eel under him, he didn't understand that the boy was staining his sheets, he was ejaculating. The priest climbed in cadence, unconcerned with the harm or good he was doing, he possessed him. The boy moaned. The priest didn't feel him cum a second time, just before he emptied himself at length into his bowels.

As soon as he released his embrace, satisfied, and lay down on his back, the boy fled the room. The priest heard him snooping in the kitchen, the boy dressed hastily, having left his clothes on the back of a chair that toppled to the floor. The front door slammed, and Jules ran home crying.

The priest saw the stained sheets, two large, distinct stains. When the front door slammed, he tumbled down the stairs, the boy had disappeared. He half-opened the front door and saw the boy's back, running away as if the devil was after him.



The boy didn't come back. The priest blamed himself, he'd done it all wrong. But he had no regrets. The month of January passed without any news, and at the end of the month, he heard the boy's confession. The boy confessed in a mechanical voice to multiple masturbations and bad thoughts, and left without waiting for absolution. The priest could have confessed the same thing. His search for a new victim was unsuccessful, the parishes he looked after were deserted by young boys, and he despaired.

The first week of February was particularly cold and snowy, and the priest's spirits were low. He was absent-mindedly watching his little black-and-white TV in the kitchen when there was a knock on the door. He looked at the time, half past ten, and wondered who could be coming at this late hour.

Jules had entered without waiting for the priest to open the door, and had locked it. They looked at each other blankly, the boy's eyes red and wet, he had been crying, and the priest hugged him. The boy had changed in more than a month, a fine fuzz lining his upper lip, and the priest had the impression he'd grown taller.

The priest sat him down at the kitchen table and made him a chocolate, but the boy was speechless.

— How are you, Jules?

It was warm in the kitchen, the only room in the vicarage heated by a large wood-burning stove.

The priest took off the boy's big scarlet down jacket and hung it on the coat rack in the entrance hall.

— I've missed you, Jules.

Then Jules spoke:

— I was afraid, Father. I was so scared. I didn't understand what was happening to me. You hadn't hurt me, just a little, but I was terrified, it wasn't a game anymore... I'd missed you too.

He paused, having spoken quickly, and spoke more slowly, emphasizing the important words.

— I thought I was homosexual for liking it, a dirty faggot, a sissy, a queer. I wanted to take the time to think

before coming back to see you, I read a lot, Gide... Proust is boring, others... a lot of thinking. All I wanted to do was come back and see you again. All I had to do was close my eyes to feel you inside me.

The priest stood behind him and stroked his head, smoothed his hair, had an infernal hard-on and without being aware of it, rubbed his sex against the boy's back.

— You understand, Father, girls attract me... I'm still young. I didn't want to be pigeonholed. The first game, the second game, had no consequences, they were just sex games between boys. The third game had nothing to do with it: I became your wife, I gave myself to you, like a woman, you possessed me, it was different.

The boy had matured a great deal during that sad month, and the priest wondered whether he wanted to break it off for good? Or pick up their relationship where it left off.

— Do your parents know you're here?

— No, they took a little vacation, so I'm home alone. My sister took the opportunity to join her boyfriend. I was thinking about you... I put a porn movie on the VCR, took off my clothes and masturbated. Afterwards, I was even sadder, the movie sucked, I cried.

The boy had tears in his eyes.

— I've come to see you, it's late, I know... I hope I'm not boring you.

— No, Jules, I'm glad to see you. I've missed you terribly.

The priest leaned over to kiss him, taking the opportunity to place a hand on the boy's fly, feeling his

bandaged sex harden at the touch of his hand. The boy continued:

— I masturbated to the film, but I didn't like it. Maybe... I'm a homosexual, so... I thought I'd come and see you, Father. You know what I mean?

— You're young, Jules, and one day you'll meet a girl you like.

— Maybe... I've got a girlfriend in the town.

— Do the girls like you with your pretty face?

The boy turned his head to the priest, smiling:

— They're after me, Father.

— You can see for yourself.

The priest had slipped his fingers into the boy's fly.

— Would you like me to undress... or would you prefer us to go up to your room?

The priest was relieved, he would possess the boy.

— It's very cold in the bedroom; the only heated room in the vicarage is the kitchen, where we are.

The boy was suddenly in a hurry, so he took off his thick wool sweater and stood up to finish undressing. The priest knelt down to unlace the boy's shoes and remove his pants. The boy sighed as he took them into his mouth. He had masturbated before coming to see the priest, yet he came almost immediately in the priest's mouth, who was surprised and swallowed the sperm offered to him hastily, the boy's hands clenched in the priest's brush-cut hair, he tensed on tiptoe.

— That's good, my little Jules, it's been a long time...

The boy didn't know if it was his sperm that the priest found good, or if the priest was asking him about his orgasm. The priest kept licking, sucking, wanking, caressing and sticking a finger up his rectum. The boy moaned, he couldn't remember how good it felt. He was about to cum a second time, his hands massaging the priest's skull, perching on the balls of his feet, thrusting into the priest's throat. When he came, he toppled backwards, held by the priest's hands and the table he hit.

— You like it, my little Jules, you've been deprived of it for too long.

The priest spoke with his mouth full, chewing the words. He straightened up:

— I'll be right back.

He went up to his room and came back down with two pillows and a bottle of lubricant. He cleared the table and put the pillows on it:

— You'll be more comfortable this way.

The priest lifted the boy and laid him on the table on his back, the boy shivered.

— Aren't you cold?

— No, Father, it's warm in the kitchen.

The priest opened the stove's pull cord as far as it would go, checked that the window curtain was properly closed and undressed. The boy was still surprised by the disproportionate size of the priest's sex. He didn't defend himself when the priest penetrated him, but closed his eyes.



Jules didn't visit the priest as often. He had a girlfriend, but it was complicated. He wanted to finally fuck her, but she refused him, always had a good excuse, it was complicated. She gave him clumsy handjobs that left him wanting more, and when he couldn't take it anymore, he went to see the priest. Days went by. Spring arrived. He got angry with his girlfriend. She hadn't wanted to give him an unfortunate blowjob in the deserted public garden near the high school, she didn't love him, he concluded, and that same evening he took refuge in the parish priest's house to weep in his bosom. He explained that girls were complicated, and the priest was able to console him.

Summer arrived, and with it the summer boys and girls. The closed-door relationship with the priest was over. The priest took the boys swimming in a hole in the river, checking them out as they put on their trunks, taking photos, flirting. The boys would sneak a peek at the bulge in the priest's trunks, thinking that when they got older, they'd have one just as big.

The girls weren't interested in Jules; they were too old or too young, and treated him with disdain. Jules could see the priest having fun, laughing, surrounded by boys in admiration of him, and he would have wept, he was jealous, imagining the worst things. Then Maria arrived.



Maria often thought of Séraphin. He wrote to her from Barcelona, Spain, where he had taken refuge. The police were interested in him and looking for him, and the fault lay with his cousin Ruben. Séraphin had been on the

lookout for a car theft, unaware that Ruben was being watched by the police, and had found himself unwittingly mixed up in his cousin's dealings. Her first letter was full of spelling mistakes and words of love. Seraphim wanted her and was ready to go to prison to see her again at least once. Maria advised him to wait a while for things to calm down and asked him to talk about his new life in Barcelona.

Little by little, as the letters arrived, he wrote every day, and could post two letters in a single day. Maria was able to reconstruct his journey to Barcelona and his life there.

S raphin had left in a hurry, hitchhiking with little or no money. It took him three days to get to Barcelona, sleeping in ditches on the side of the road to avoid the police, he was nevertheless stopped by the gendarmerie near Bordeaux, without any consequences for him. On the last day, a man driving a beautiful sky-blue Mercedes, a Spaniard, took him all the way to Barcelona.

Seraphin had fallen sound asleep in the comfortable car, thinking of Maria, and was hardening furiously, his hand on his sex. He was awakened as the man, Antonio (Maria knew his name from a later letter), was caressing him (he had unzipped his pants, pulled out S raphin's sex, and was jerking him off with his right hand while driving). S raphin was bewildered; the man in his forties, a little overweight, with a fine little moustache and regular features, was an affable man, an opera singer who lived in Barcelona. When S raphin woke up, his mind foggy, Antonio apologized for having taken advantage of his sleep. He had been devilishly tempted by this splendid erection and hadn't been able to

restrain himself, thinking he was doing him a favor. Later, on the road, after a nice lunch in a restaurant that the man had paid for (S raphin hadn't eaten much since he left), he offered to perform oral sex on her (Maria understood that the man had offered her money). S raphin didn't answer yes or no, and the man took this as acquiescence. He pulled over at a freeway service area and sucked him off, the first time S raphin had ever been sucked off by a man, and it wasn't unpleasant. He wrote that during the whole act, he was thinking about her, and eventually convinced himself that he was ejaculating into her mouth. When he opened his eyes, the man was swallowing his semen.



In Barcelona, it was late by the time they arrived, and the man put Seraphim up for the evening. S raphin, exhausted, slept chastely in the guest room after a good shower to wash off the three-day journey. The next morning, as S raphin came out of the bathroom, he said he'd been very embarrassed to show himself naked because he'd been thinking about Maria in the shower (he had a hard-on), adding that Antonio had examined him shamelessly, insistently and congratulated him (he didn't say why). Antonio gave him clean clothes, clothes he'd worn as a young man, and threw S raphin's poor rags in the garbage can. The clothes were old-fashioned, but clean, Antonio gave him some money and wished him luck, a little sad to see him go and insisting that he telephone him, he wrote down his telephone number on a piece of newspaper and handed it to him. He wished to see him again.



The Spanish cousins were not happy to see Séraphin arrive. They were suspicious of Ruben and Zanko, and rightly so, and thought that Séraphin was going to get them into trouble, they made him feel very strongly about it, and advised him to go to the police. Basically, he hadn't done anything serious, and his sentence would be light. They also told him they couldn't do anything for him; they had their own problems. It had taken Séraphin hours to find their camp on the outskirts of Barcelona, he didn't speak Spanish and had trouble finding the bus. One of Séraphin's distant cousins offered to drive him back to town, where he had some business to attend to. Too happy to be rid of him, Séraphin, discouraged, accepted.



Antonio had left his telephone number, and he tried in vain to reach him in the afternoon. Séraphin was preparing to spend a night out in this unknown city, on one of Barcelona's beaches or in a public garden, without knowing what he'd do the next day. He even thought of trying to join Maria in the Ardèche. He made a last attempt at a late-closing bar on the Ramblas, where he had a coffee with the money Antonio had given him. The phone rang several times before he answered, and Antonio offered to pick him up, as Seraphim would have been unable to find his way back. They walked home, Antonio didn't live far, Seraphim was crying, relieved, Antonio had put a friendly hand on his shoulder, he explained that he had been lucky to find him at

home at that hour, but that he was delighted to be of service. Séraphin did notice the slight smell of cum superimposed on the perfume of cologne and the whiff of Spanish Armagnac emanating from the opera singer (it seems, according to Séraphin, that he had spent the evening in a “gay” club and that an unexpected raid on the club by the “Mossos d’Esquadra” had caused him to flee in a hurry).

Seraphim was a handsome boy, with fine features and matte skin, an amiable boy, pleasing to men. Antonio, still frustrated from his interrupted evening, had succumbed to this fresh flesh, this innocence that changed him from the professionals. He prepared food for him, gave him wine to drink, and finally, a large balloon of Cognac to relax him, get him drunk, cajole him, spoil him, dry his tears. From what Maria understood, Séraphin didn't give any details. That night, they slept in the same bed, Antonio caressed him, rocked him, reassured him, and Séraphin let him do it, a little drunk. The opera singer, sensing the boy's readiness to welcome him, achieved his goal, he fucked him and wasn't surprised that he wasn't the first, such a pretty boy.

Later, Antonio, enchanted by his lover, found him a job as a waiter in Montjuic. Séraphin's letters grew fewer and farther between. He seemed happy to have become the dancer of an opera singer, a tenor.



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