
A WOMAN OF BERLIN

Chapter 1

If he had his way Erich Schneider, an eighteen-year old German soldier in the dying days of World War II Berlin would rather had died fighting in war than survive and live to witness the least chronicled of all the heartbreaking outcome of the German defeat. And that was the systematic rape of German women by the victorious Red Army in 1945. The defeat became even more distressing to the young man when his own mother, then in her late 30's and both his grandmothers who were in their mid 50's were not spared in the most atrocious sexual violence ever suffered by womankind.

While for German men the month of May 1945 was the end of the war, for eastern German women it was just the beginning of their torment. Remarkably though, it was to these women that the fatherless children living in the rubbles of Berlin owed their survival. Many of these children would later escape to the West and grow up to rebuild Germany, literally from rubbles to an economic giant that it is today.

Erich's father had been absent from home from the time Hitler made his first big blunder in the war by opening a second front. As the boy had neither a brother nor a sister, he and his mother, Frau Johanna Schneider, a tall, comely and well-heeled blonde lived together on their own at the time the Germans occupied most of Europe. When the Germans were driven out of Russian soil and the tide of the war clearly reversed, the boy's maternal grandmother moved to live with them.

It was at that time when the Waffen-SS started recruiting teen-aged boys to help fight Hitler's seemingly endless war. Frau Schneider's tearful pleas were of course in vain as Erich had already turned 18. He was even luckier as boys much younger than him were forced to take up arms.

He was deployed in the units out to defend Berlin thus he stayed behind and closer to home. If only he knew what would happen next, he would rather had fought in the front lines of the eastern borders, never mind if he ended up dead or left for dead in the battlefield or left starving in a POW camp.

As the Red Army crossed the eastern borders news of mass rapes, initially dismissed as Nazi propaganda, were confirmed by civilian refugees moving westward. Because two thirds of the remaining population of Berlin were women, the fear of sexual attacks raced through the city like a plague. To cheer up themselves, the frightened women of Berlin exchanged jokes and laughter.

"Better the Ruskies on top than the Yanks bombing us from atop," went the joke to the giggles of unknowing young girls. During their serious moments, however, the city's populace extremely hoped that Eisenhower's troops would reach Berlin ahead of the Soviets. But, alas, it was not to be.

The Battle of Berlin came. Together with what remained of the once mighty Wehrmacht and Waffen-SS, the very young and the very old of the German men, most of them without combat experience, fought valiantly. The young man Erich Schneider was one of them. Some units took the offensive but when the counter blows came they died where they stood.

They fought bitterly not so much to defend a fatherland, for that was already ridiculous to think of by that time, but rather to save their mothers and daughters from sexual assaults. They vainly tried to slow the Red Army's advance, trying hard to pave the way for Eisenhower's troops to take Berlin. But, as everyone already know, the last of the city's defenders surrendered to the Red Army on May 2. The Hammer and Sickle waved its redness atop the ruins of the Reichstag.

The first wave of battle-hardened Soviet troops who fought their way into Berlin were, in general, well-disciplined. They did not harm women and children. But these troops were speedily followed by second-echelon men from behind, support unit soldiers many of whom had been prisoners or were hardened criminals.

The Soviet REMF's or "rear echelon mother fuckers," as present day American soldiers fondly describe their own, chased German women and girls in the streets, in the rubbles, in the gardens, in cellars and in rooftops. It was as if the rampaging conquerors had never seen women all their lives.

The women did everything to look ugly and unattractive. They discolored their hairs, smeared their faces with dirt, dressed shabbily and at times refused to bath. But all to no effect. Soviet soldiers still raped them systematically and repeatedly at that. The older women could not believe what happened to them. They wondered aimlessly in the streets only to be raped again by other soldiers.

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It was early evening on May 6, 1945, 4 days after the fall of Berlin. Three Red Army soldiers armed with rifles pounded the door of Frau Johanna Schneider's home in the outskirts of the rubble city. Her mother, Gisela, 56, went over to open up as Johanna, the 38 year-old mother of the young soldier, Erich, was too scared to do so. The liquor-smelling soldiers pushed the older woman out of their way when she tried to block them, pitifully explaining that there was no German fighter staying with them. She lied of course as Erich was there, alert enough to have his uniform, firearm and ammunition safely hidden.

Gisela immediately recognized that the soldiers were not ethnic Russians. They looked more like asiatic in origin. They were dirty and unshaven. As it was not a big house the soldiers took just one attempt to find Erich, comforting his frightened mother in a hidden corner. The men ordered the mother and son to go to the spacious living room for interrogation.

Frau Schneider hurriedly walked away but not towards where she was ordered to go. One of the booze-smelling soldiers was quick to grab her by the waist. In the scuffle that followed both fell to the shiny wooden floor, her tight-fit skirt lifting up to her waist. Erich rushed to his mother's rescue, throwing himself at the drunk soldier in an attempt to free her.

Needless to say the young man's efforts were no match to the three soldiers. He was easily thrown off into a corner banging his head on the wall. When a rifle was pointed at him, Johanna screamed, pleading for her son's life.

The first soldier continued to sexually assault her, warning her to cooperate or else they'd shoot her son dead. The two others

dragged Erich's grandmother somewhere else in the house but not before leaving him rope-tied to a chair.

Dizzy as he was, the young man could clearly see his mother's determined struggle against her attacker. With her white panties forced down her thighs, she fought for her honor, kicking everything she could including pieces of furnitures while pinned down on the floor, struggling mightily to get away. But the soldier was much stronger. He was atop her in no time, staring into her fearful eyes as he forced her legs apart.

"Noooo...please let me go!" she cried out loud in German.

"You will have my baby, you sweet-scented white woman. I will pollute your race...uuhhhh...uuhhh," gasping out the words in Russian.

"Noooo...noooo...please have a pity...my son is here!" she whimpered in broken Russian.

"Haah, good! I want him to see how we cross-breed a white-asiatic baby...ahhh...ahhhh...haahhh!"

Violently ripping Johanna's blouse and brassiere off her torso, the soldier's mouth covered hers with rough kisses, then her face, her throat and the valley of her breasts, his hands moving over the rounded cheeks of her buttocks, cupping them, squeezing the flesh greedily then ripping the slid-down white panties off her thighs.

Frau Schneider continued to fight the assault, using her belly to dislodge the fiery barbarian from atop her who was then humping at every part of her like a wild dog. His unwashed bone-hard penis was hanging out of the unzipped dirty trousers slid down his waist.

"Please let's...let's do it inside the room...away from my son..."
Johanna pleaded.

But it was too late. The flaming libido of the rapist would not allow it. Already, the head of his organ was penetrating the pained lips of

her unlubricated cunt. Tears filled her face under the savage assault as she felt defenseless.

As he pushed harder, the forceful jabbing of the Soviet's throbbing penis burned against her vulva. He pulled her thighs more widely apart, gripping the fleshy back portions as he shoved himself at her. She screamed, frantically pushing her hands up against her attacker's hard chest and twisting her hips around desperately in a vain effort to pull off from the brutal impalement of her violated womanhood. Humping and pumping, the asiatic soldier, intoxicated with both alcohol and sexual savagery sounded his own guttural moan as he felt the head of his hard shaft slam hard into the white woman's pussy, hitting her cervix.

Erich's eyes dropped to the just connected bodies, his mind exploding in a kaleidoscope of shock and horror. Helpless as he was rope-tied to a chair, he opened his mouth to cry out for his mother, throwing cuss words at her attacker. But that was all he could do. The young man saw the continued pounding of the stinking soldier's maleness into the beautiful body of his well-perfumed mother. It was long and hard as he drove it deeper into

her, pumping, giving her every inch of his great length and thickness.

The physical pains Johanna's abused body was enduring and the mental torture caused by the sexual assault in front of her son could not stop the troubled mother's own arousal. She moaned and banged her fists on the floor, threw her arms overhead, grabbing whatever her hands could get hold on. With eyes widely shut, her face turned contorted as she feared the approach of an inescapable sexual release. Her wetness was becoming increasingly evident from the Soviet's glistening shaft as it pumped in and out of her.

Erich's wide, expressive eyes bulged with disbelief as he stared unblinkingly. His sweet-smelling mother and the stinking soldier thrashed around on the floor like animals, the man's throbbing shaft now invisible to him. He was pumping and jerking; his mother, skirt hanging over her waist, was thrashing on and off the floor and aimlessly kicking everywhere. Her widely opened mouth hardly squelched throaty sounds of passion as wave after wave of unwanted ecstasy started to ripple through her sensuous body.

Erich's mind was crammed with disjointed, confused thoughts. The boy struggled blindly with himself. He did all he could to get away from the tight rope that bound him in his ardent desire to rescue his mother even if he'd die. Alas, he could only watch helplessly at the uninhibited display of his mother's sexual union with a barbarian.

As the soldier savagely humped and pumped his loins into Johanna's womb, the swirl of heat that was building-up in his wildly fucking scrotum became too much for him to bear. He gasped repeatedly as his balls felt an impending eruption.

"I...will impregnate you, fragrant white bitch. Uh! uh! uhhhh! hiiyaaaahhhh!"

"Oh Goddd! Oh my Godddddd!"

The mad rapist's balls erupted. His hot sticky load began its frenzied rush from his asiatic balls into the deep and inner depths of the German woman. He spewed streams of sperms into her cervix

in a seemingly never-ending torrent, jerking in pleasure while breathing and slobbering into her ear.

In a sudden mad frenzy of sexual surrender, Erich's mother made sweeping circles with her hips, her firm breasts bouncing as she gyrated underneath the ejaculating rapist. She knew her legs jerked about obscenely and that her son was watching but she just couldn't get away from her own sexual climax.

The rapist, in a state of paroxysm, was still emptying his balls into her womb when, suddenly, Erich's mother howled in pleasure as her loins spasmed convulsively against his spewing ejaculator.

"Oh my... Godddd! Noooohhhh!" squealing it in German.

The words burst out from her throat in a low phantom wail. She pulled her thighs back tighter until the whole of her widespread womanhood was presented to the conqueror's deeply fucking maleness. She raised herself from under him off the floor with both legs and squirmed her hips in a wild, uninhibited dance of ecstasy,

bucking up at him like a woman in heat, screaming out her helpless orgasm. She threw her head back as if in pain, the cords in her neck standing out. She pierced her fingers into the soldier's hair and back until he felt it hurt as she couldn't contain her lust.

Erich's rage towards his mother's attacker was momentarily replaced by a strange fear, a fear of his own body's sudden betrayal. There was no protest from the young man now. His cock was rock-hard as he watched his mother's contorted face, her thrown back head, her widely opened mouth and her hands tightly clinging, as if for dear life, at the foot of a table overhead.

Still rope-tied to the chair the young man ejaculated in his pants, helplessly watching his mother's ravished body roar into a convulsion of spasms and jerks, her flaming pussy making several powerful clutching contractions around the rapist's still ejaculating tool and milking it to the last drop.

"Keep fucking!" the dirty soldier shouted in Russian. "Oh, wild, wild! You're a wild, wild fragrant white bitch!"

When the rapist had fully emptied his balls into the German woman's white body, his still hard dick plopped out of her as he rolled over, howling in a kind of pleasure his asiatic body had never felt before in his life.

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They lay there, two limp bodies side by side, both panting heavily and noisily, feeling the aftershocks of an untamed interracial copulation.

It was over but Erich's mind was still awhirl. He couldn't take it. His mother, an icon of beauty and a symbol of purity and propriety, surrendered her lily-white body to a mad rapist in a way he never thought she could. He felt betrayed as his young psyche could still not fathom the depths of human passion.

He watched them lying on the wooden floor, side by side, both weak and spent, panting and catching their breaths. His mother's head was thrown back, her eyes widely shut.

In the roaring shell of his skull his young brain felt diminished yet swollen and, worse, on fire. He was everything but sane. He couldn't think straight. He just ejaculated watching his mother getting raped and fucked to submission and now his cock was again hard and throbbing.

The ravished look of his mother lying on the floor beside her rapist, panting and gasping for breath, would not bring Erich back to sanity. When his mother's right thigh, a badly torn skirt hanging over it, limped off the floor his eyeballs almost popped out to see sticky fluid dripping off her ass crack. When she sounded throaty moans, whether from pain, from shame or from passion, Erich couldn't help ejaculating once more in the confines of his trousers.

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The three soldiers were gone and Frau Schneider still lay slumped on the wooden floor, half-naked and piteously crying over her violated honor. The rape felt delightful to her, yes, but it was a violation nonetheless.

Erich, still tied to the chair, could not look at her. He was raging at himself for failing to help his mother at the moment he needed him. He felt guilty for getting off watching his mother's coitus with an enemy.

Out of nowhere Gisela came limping and weeping. Without saying a word the older woman, tears flowing down her face, untied her grandson after which she limply helped her half-conscious daughter waddle into the privacy of her room. The older woman tearfully recounted to her daughter the gang-rape she suffered from the other two soldiers.

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That night was just the start of Erich's mental tortures or, to be exact, mental catastrophe. Other Red Army soldiers came in the next nights to rape his mother and grandmothers. Yes, his other grandmother came over to help, only to get raped like the other women. Each time, Johanna pleaded for her son's life who in all occasions bravely but vainly defended her from sexual attacks.

Erich never lacked the will to die in defense of his mother's honor. But she always would stop him each time he confronted death to defend her. His mother loved him to the point of trading her honor just to keep him alive.

The young man had had enough of the scenes. Each night soldiers came to their house, he would run away not out of cowardice but out of revulsion in witnessing the helpless violations of his mother and grandmothers. But each time he ran away, his mind would betray him.

Out in the rubbles, visions of the disheveled looks of his mother would make him jerk off, triggering ripples of unwelcome pleasures throughout his young body. In a way, running away made him feel less guilty than watching and failing to help his beloved mother from getting dishonoured.

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The sexual experiences of the wartime women of Berlin ranged from compliant sex to altruistic sex to consensual sex. The last was used mostly as a tool for survival.

Some German women, made informal agreements with occupation officers, who would protect them from other rapists and feed them and their families in return for consensual sex. A few of these relationships developed into things deeper much to the shock of the returning husbands.

In one of the booted house visits that Erich chose not to see, a young Russian soldier in his late teen years, speaking in English, ordered Johanna to come nearer as his comrades stood by watching.

Fear had disappeared from the tall German woman's psyche since rapes became almost daily agonies to her. She refused to dress her usual way and, instead, made herself look unkempt all the time. Oddly enough, the Russians viewed her disheveled appearances as bedroom looks and powerfully sex evoking. Thus, she was raped almost daily the entire week.

As the tall blonde approached nearer, the young soldier, an inch shorter than her, grabbed her slim waist and showered her face and upper body with kisses. Johanna just stood and took everything mechanically thus angering the Russian. More attempts and she would neither resist nor respond. The Russian, his youthful ego offended, dragged the German woman into her bedroom.

Once inside the Russian continued to sexually assault Johanna, pinning her down her marital bed, humping all over her. She initially resisted but decided to talk it out with her attacker when she noticed that he was inexperienced. It was the first time in many rapes that her panties were not torn off her waist.

"I'm...ahhh...too old to be your...ahhhh...mother," Johanna gasped, trying to stop the young soldier.

"That's exactly the reason why I want you. I want to think of you as my mother."

"But...ahhhh, why?"

"Because my real mother is fat and ugly. I want to fantasize a sexy and beautiful mother."

Frau Schneider couldn't control her laughs in between gasps as she used her right leg to raise them both off the bed, holding them there, trying to dislodge the insistent young man from atop her.

"Be my mother! Pretend that I am your son, please?"

She tried to put humor to the gaspy "rape" seriously hoping that he'd let her go.

"If...ahhh...you want me to be your...ahhh...mother, then let me go. I'll prepare your dinner."

"I don't want dinner. I want sex with you in this bed, you as my mother!"

Before Johanna could protest or get away, she was imprisoned in the young soldier's powerfully strong arms, his hungry mouth following her twisting face till he caught her lips while pinning her down the mattress.

After more pleads to let her go, coupled with her intermittent upward humps trying to dislodge him off her, Frau Schneider's heart slowly melted. She couldn't immediately grasp the reason why. She felt some sort of sympathy to the young soldier's feeling, suddenly remembering the agony and sweet needs of being twenty. She felt sad for him, that this young man was so deprived of sexual fulfillment. She thought of playing it along with him for the sake of playing and get it over with.

As the Russian continued to hump from atop her, she looked around trying to see who was nearby. No one was there. She could only hear noises from other parts of the house as her mother and mother-in-law were being raped. The Russian occupation of Berlin had made such happenings routine. Her son Erich, as she

expected, went out of the house in his desire not to see anything more that would further devastate his already devastated mind.

"What's...ahhhh...your name?" Frau Schneider asked, still gasping for breath due to the scuffle in her bed. She had quietly decided to play it along with the Russian.

"Nicolai. You can call me Nick...and you?"

"Johanna. Just call me...mother! I'm your...ahhhh...mother," staring deep into his green eyes.

The young Russian suddenly turned gentle. He stopped humping and rolled over to his side. He brought his face closer to the German woman's tilted neck, kissed it tenderly, licking it up to her chin.

Johanna was pleasantly shocked by the soldier's sudden tenderness at the same time by the strange thrill of excitement that abruptly

shot through her gradually awakening body. She contemplated stopping the play, thinking that she could easily do it. But when she started to count numbers, she got only to three then stopped.

Her arms went out on their own and held the Russian's head tenderly as he continued to slide his hot mouth towards hers. She listened to his whimpering and felt sorry for him as she felt sure he had never held in his arms the woman of his dreams - a highly sexual mother.

"Well then, let him feel the mother he desires. Let him feel me." She was murmuring to herself.

The feel of the ardent young mouth sliding up her throat sent scintillating sensations raging through the German woman's senses and, strangely enough, she no longer cared whether playing with the Russian soldier was right or wrong. She was made into a whore in a matter of days so what would make her pure this time? Nothing, she thought, trying to console herself.

Before long their wet mouths were very close and almost touching. His free hand gently rubbed the entire length of her leg, further lifting the hem of her tattered dress.

"You're such a sexy mother...I long wanted to be with you this way,"

"Do you think...you can really do it with Mother, my baby?"

"Yes I can, Mother...but please help me do it!"

"Ohhhh ...yesss, Nick" she hissed, exhaling into his mouth.

The young soldier gently slid his make-believe mother's dress straps down her shoulders and chest causing the cloth to hang around her waist. He cradled Johanna in his strong arms facing him, cupped her pantied ass and pushed her closer to him, mashing her breasts against his shirted chest. For a long moment, his mouth was on her ear, nibbling it and whispering love sounds into it.

"I want to possess your sexy body, Mother...would you allow it?"

"Oooooohhhh...yesss."

The Russian slowly released his hard grip on Johanna allowing her to roll on her back. He tore his shirt and trousers off him with shaking fingers. Breathing heavily and still not sure of herself, the German woman raised her ass, thumbed the waistband and peeled the soft flimsy whiteness of her soaked panties over the curved roundness of her quivering hips, pulling them off her feet.

"I'll make love with you, Mother."

"Oooohhhh...this is not right...your father will...will...shoot us."

"The hell with my father! How stupid of him to fight a dirty war...leaving you unfulfilled."

"You think...you can do better?"

"Yes mother. I can fulfill your needs. And I will. We will have a baby, our baby. You want it as much as I do...don't you, Mother?"

"Oh my God, yesss..."

With faces so close together, Nicolai now on top of her, the make-believing mother and son continued to breath out enticing love words and sounds into each other's mouths. Both could feel in their loins the simmering sexual heat about to boil.

Nicolai captured Johanna's mouth in a vise-like kiss. She tasted clean and sweet and womanly. Her soft wet mouth accepted his, feeling the strong maleness of his hard tool stabbing into her belly and thighs. She could feel the strength in his arms that held her chest flattened to his, as if fusing her very soul into him. Her hands crept up to his broad shoulders, feeling the great muscles of youth.

"God, do I want to fuck you," Nicolai exhaled as he broke the kiss.

Johanna moaned with passion, grabbed the Russian's big prick and guided it to her wet opening. At the entrance, she paused for a second, murmuring to herself. She called herself every dirty name - a whore, a harlot. But such cuss no longer mattered to her, what with her body in such fiery rapture!

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she murmured to herself.

"Mother?..."

"Yesss, my baby...put it into your mother...pushhhh it. Now!"

He did and hit rock bottom. Immediately, she sounded out a high pitched yelp.

"Ohhhh...aahhhh...my God...aahhhh!"

Johanna's thighs slipped and slid around his hips as she clutched and arched and bucked around him. The Russian felt her legs clamp tight and more possessively around his waist for a time before she opened her legs as wide as she could opening her entire womanhood to his potent hardness. They kissed deeply as he began to slide in and out of her.

The sweet taste of the German woman's kiss set the young Russian's blood racing. He fucked her mouth with his tongue, nibbling and sucking on her lips. She moaned and tried to talk while twisting under her make-believe son's non-stop hammering.

"Aaahhhh, yesss, Nick," she gasped into his warm open mouth.

"Make love to your mother, my baby."

"Mother, you're so hot!"

"You...like me that way, don't you? You like Mother to be hot for you?"

"Yeah!" he grunted.

"Real hot?"

"Hot as you can be!"

"Your mother is fuming hottt."

"You'll have my baby, Mother...our baby. Uhhhh!"

"Oh Nick! Oh God! Yesss...yesss...impregnate me! Fill my body with Russian seed!"

"What about Hitler?"

"Christ Jesus! To hell with Hitler!" She cried out with a voice distorted with lust.

Nicolai's long, hard prick filled Johanna's pussy completely, his young hips thrusting powerfully like a jack-hammer, causing his make-believe mother to buck and writhe sensuously beneath him. She jerked her hips high up off the bed, throwing her pussy up at her young lover's pounding cock like a bitch in heat. The more the German woman squirmed and bucked under him, the harder the Russian fucked her, returning her wild thrusts with equal if not more powerful vigor.

Locked into a savage, rhythmic coupling, Nicolai and Johanna were soon fucking like wild animals, oblivious to everything except to the intense pleasure of their "interracial" union. If Adolf Hitler had his way he would have violently protested. He would have sent the lovers to the gas chamber for polluting the master race.

The Russian pumped his rock-hard shaft into Frau Schneider like a steam engine. Pubic bone met pubic bone. Her entire body shook, as did the bed and probably the whole house. He was driving his

manhood so fast into her that she feared she would bite her tongue with her clattering teeth.

The German woman rolled her bottom in a way the inexperienced Russian never dreamed possible. His penis felt enormous in the hot insides of her body. She began moving wildly at a tempo that blinded them both and had them gasping for breath.

She repeated the movement several times, twisting and squirming in a way he could feel real muscle under the soft covering of her belly. She licked the inside of his ear, raised herself with both legs off the bed before throwing her head back, signalling an impending release.

"Ahhhh, I'm ... I'm...almost there! Almost! Oohhhh... Goddddd!"

"Mother, haaaah! You're the hottest mother on earth!"

Sounds of passion spilled out from Frau Schneider's throat in agonized breathy screams as she felt the waves washing her entire being higher and higher until her body exploded into bits of mind-blowing pleasure. Her buttocks clenched and unclenched, her pelvis wantonly gyrating and rotating above the bed, in wild abandon.

When her quivering ass fell back to bed, Nicolai covered the lust-contorted face of his make-believe mother with blazing kisses and mercilessly thrust into her sucking womanhood. Her hands feverishly squeezed his buttocks, pulling him deeper and deeper into her as her nails frantically dug into his naked flesh, urging him not to stop.

Nicolai's breath came faster, faster, and his mouth caressed the side of Frau Schneider's face. He was breathing hotly against her face, whispering love words to a mother he wished he had.

His overheated balls erupted. Nicolai shuddered violently atop "his mother," shooting his raging potent sperms into her womb with

burning impact. His young body jerked repeatedly while surge after surge of pleasure shot through his loins.

"Oh Jesus! O Christ! Yessss! Give me your baby... Ohhhh! Aaaahhhhhh!" She was breathing out the words and sighs as her body continued its irrepressible spasms.

"Take it, mother! Take my baby...our baby!"

Frau Schneider twisted her hips sporadically as the young Russian's raging sperms raced into the deepest depths of her uterus, saturating her very womanhood to overflowing.

The make-believing mother and son were both trembling, their legs quivering as their mingled orgasmic juices burst out of their tightly locked genitals, drenching his balls and her asshole. Nicolai's hard shaft kept shooting potent, Russian seed into Erich's mother now claiming her as his. She arched her spine in open-mouthed ecstasy before "her son" collapsed with exhaustion on top of her, both bodies still shaking, his hard maleness still buried in

her womb to the hilt. It took minutes of heavy breathing before the lovers disengaged and rolled over to their backs, to continue feeling the aftershocks of an ecstatic wartime sex

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The Russian soldier emerged out of the German woman's bedroom ahead of her. At the living room was her mother-in-law, sitting beside grandson Erich. The older woman told him coolly that his comrades were waiting for him outside.

Frau Schneider who followed him from behind wished she had not. Her heart almost leaped out of her chest and she nearly fainted with shame as she emerged behind the Russian. Her looks could not deny it. She had a consensual sex with an enemy. She looked disheveled but sexually radiant.

Frau Schneider stood in shock. With tousled hair and a messy dress that she tightly held with both hands, obviously to keep it from falling off her thoroughly fucked body, she feared that the

throaty love sounds that filled her bedroom moments ago did not escape the ears of her son and mother-in-law.

Nothing could be more heartbreaking to the young Erich than the sight of his disheveled mother emerging out of her bedroom with his wartime enemy. It was not his imagination. It was really his mother appearing from behind, reeking with sex. From an indistinct point in his young mind he could depict an overflow of sex in her looks.

Before she could run to cover more of her body, Frau Schneider suddenly locked eyes with her son. As they unblinkingly looked at one another, a transmission of a visible frisson of sexual energy took place.

The lingering glance caused the son to ejaculate unstimulated in his trousers. It was an extra-natural outcome of a powerful sensation that the mother had unwittingly evoked in the son's badly battered mind.

If only Erich had seen how his mother and his wartime enemy set foot to sexual heights never before reached by either lover, his already devastated mind would have exploded together with his ejaculating dick.

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The next nights were quiet nights for the Schneider family. No booted visits came to rape or molest. Johanna would come to know later that Nicolai had the power and influence in the Red Army. He could shoot on sight any Soviet soldier who would attempt to rape or hurt his make-believe mother or her family.

Frau Johanna Schneider and her Russian lover carried on a torrid love affair unmatched by any other relationship in conquered Berlin. The intensity of their passion ran unabated.

Many a night, the Russian would sneak into Johanna's place when everyone was asleep. She'd meet him at the cellar careful enough not to be noticed. They'd make love through a long and winding

build-up of heated passion, kissing, licking and biting each other before fucking to breathless, mind-blowing and toe-curling orgasms.

The wartime lovers walked in the clouds of romance and passion unaware that their midnight trysts would not remain secret.

Chapter 2

Frau Johanna Schneider knew so well that her 18-year old vanquished soldier son, Erich, did not lack the will to die in defense of her honour. Were it not for her intercession the young man would have been shot dead defending his mother from sexual assaults by the occupying Red Army soldiers. In an ideal setting the least the comely German woman would do in return to her son's valor was to put value to it. And that was, to carry on, albeit in vain, her determined resistance against continued sexual assaults on her womanhood. But, alas, it was not an ideal setting in that part of defeated Germany.

Frau Schneider gave in willingly and surrendered her body to, of all people, a frustrated Russian rapist, an enemy that her loving son fought in the battlefields of Berlin. Not that she really wanted it or had longed for it. It was just an undesirable consequence of the destruction of moral values caused by a brutal war.

In normal times it would be inconceivable for a German woman in the status of Frau Johanna Schneider to carry on an adulterous life let alone a deceitful one. The horrors of defeat from the wrong enemy had wiped out her moral upbringing and destroyed whatever remained of her probity and uprightness. Worse, she involuntarily became an instrument to the devastation of her soldier-son's sexuality and gentle upbringing.

From the time Erich was forced to witness the rape of his mother by a drunken, dirty and unwashed Red Army soldier his sexual fantasies went exclusively of her. The fantasies were against the rational part of him and he really felt bad about them. He tried mightily to totally get rid of the lewd thoughts but the forced visions of the rape, his mother's fierce struggle and the inevitable sexual conquest of her body would make his head spin.

Many a quiet night he would find himself lying in his bed with his hard cock wrapped in the silk of his mother's rape-torn panties with the images of her ravished body in his mind. Whenever he felt he could get away from it he would steal the over-the-knee, tight-fitting skirt that obscenely hanged around her waist as she was being raped, to jerk off in it and heighten his climax through the erotic touch of it and from his mother's scent on it.

The many booted visits to the Schneider home had turned Frau Schneider from a rape victim to a sexually active woman. The supposed Russian rapist, Nicolai, surprisingly turned out to be a wonderful young lover to her. His sexual intensity, appetite and staying power had opened her up in ways that no other man hitherto ever had.

The feeling of helpless climaxes rippling through her body as the Russian son-tied her to him and grasped her tight had absolutely turned out to be one of the super highlights of her existence. These and the other high points in her sexual relations with Nicolai would completely turn around Frau Schneider's relation with Erich as a mother.

The rapes at the Schneider home had stopped, thanks to Nicolai, a young but powerful figure in the Red Army. The lull in sexual violence at the home provided a huge relief not only to Frau Schneider and to the older women living with her but also to her soldier-son Erich. It was, however, short lived at least for Erich as the young man was crushed to know that there was another man in his mother's life. Obviously, he knew that she was much too good a woman to indulge in consensual sex outside marriage and, worse, with an enemy.

One quiet night, while lying awake, Erich heard the front door of their house open then close. He got up, went out of his room to see who went in. It couldn't be any of his grandmothers as both were supposed to be fast asleep. Neither could it be his mother, or so he thought. What he saw burned an image into his young psyche that would last a lifetime. His mother had let Nicolai, his Russian enemy, come into their house at an ungodly hour. He had his arms around his mother and they were whispering quietly to each other in English.

"I can't wait any minute longer to have you," the Russian whispered as he tried to kiss the German woman.

"No Nick...we have to be careful, Erich might be awake," Frau Schneider quietly protested.

The Russian would not take no for an answer. His hand came up and cupped a breast in one hand as he devoured the German woman's neck.

"Nick, NO!," she scolded.

As they walked down the cellar, slowly and quietly, with arms around each others waist the lovers' mouths invariably locked together, tightly in a steaming kiss. With a pain in his chest Erich desperately watched his mother's mad kissing in the dark with an enemy. As they slowly disappeared from his view he quietly followed, moving into the shadows careful not to be seen. His heart was pounding hard in a combination of anger and fear. And that

was, the fear of his body's reaction. Already, his cock was rock-hard and tenting his shorts.

As Erich peeked downstairs his mother and her Russian lover were kissing passionately. The exchange of kisses was torrid and searing hot. The Russian had opened Frau Schneider's blouse and covered her breast with a hand. He watched in the dark as the Russian played with her nipples making them hard like pencil erasers.

The seemingly non-stop kissing lasted until the German woman pulled her mouth away gasping for breath. The dark night would not conceal from Erich's view the Russian's head as it bent and sucked a nipple into his mouth. He heard his mother's breathy moan as she grasped the back of Nicolai's head pulling him closer into her heaving chest. Her eyes were closed and her face had turned contorted in lust.

"Oh my God!" she groaned, her excitement beyond control, causing her to ignore for a short moment the fear of getting caught. She didn't try to stop her lover when his hand reached down and pulled her skirt up, reaching for her pantied ass.

"I'll eat your body, the whole of you," his kisses going up to her neck and face

"Ohhhh Nick, I want it! But I feel afraid," she said breathlessly.

"Of what?" He was breathing on her ear.

"He could be watching us."

"Who cares?"

"I'm his mother...it will devastate him to see me with...ohhhhhhh!"

"Let's make him see his enemy fuck his mother to death."

"God NO! I can't... let it...aaahhhh!"

"Let him witness the passion of our mating. Let him see how his lily-white mother would jolt and shudder to an intense Jewish fuck."

"Nick...let's just talk and wait for him to sleep."

"Can't wait!"

"Ohhhh! I can't allow him to see it!"

"I will!"

The twisting and grimacing of the two bodies inched into the darkness. Erich found it hard to admit to himself the frustration of losing view of the steaming love play....

The erotic sounds in the dark strengthened. The female voice was breathy but sounded discreet. Her moans soon increased in intensity, becoming more like heavy gasps as she was rasping out breathing assumed to be caused by the plunges of a lover's hard cock in and out of her. They continued to quicken until there was almost no pause between long, breathy sighs of what seemed a feeling of intense ecstasy.

"Oh, oh! Oh, my God, it's in me!"

"Can feel it?"

"Oh yesss, so deep, so deep," she moaned, almost delirious with pleasure as the Russian's hardened maleness pressed inside her German womb. Then she broke it off. Erich heard unintelligible words in quick succession, gaspy words that could only be stuttered by a woman being filled and fulfilled sexually. Within moments, the excited, audible breathing resumed. In ever voluminous urgency, her moans intensified until she began literally gasping in a soft, high-pitched breathing that only a woman lost in a rapturous sexual climax could do.

"Oh my God!" with pauses then "no don't...stop...!" She whispered so lowly that her listening son could scarcely hear her words. Erich had turned madly excited by his mother's hot utterances. He felt so sure she had never said those words to anyone, not even to her husband, his father, in the heat of passion.

"Ohhhh Nick, Nick," she chanted. She churned, increasing her tempo...

He couldn't see it but Erich was sure that his mother and his Russian enemy had mated, and very ecstatically so. The sounds made him think of them tied together at the genitals as the passion of their mating hurled them into a sexual frenzy. Erich's hardness jutted out from the confines of his shorts.

He did not deliberately do it. It was his body's natural reaction to make him jerk off until his bone-hard cock erupted in thick streaming ropes of semen that splashed into the lovers' direction. The young German soldier, vanquished in war and heart-broken at home was now subdued by an unwanted sensation from a scene he

did not want to happen. How many more downfalls awaited him he had no way to know and would not want to know.

Erich could have easily made his presence known as his mother and her lover fucked like rabbits in the dark but for some reasons he did not. Not that he was afraid of a fight. Angry as he was albeit sexually gratified he found it hard to humiliate his mother, the woman who gave him life and saved it from his enemies. He was torn between not wanting his mother to have a lover and his body's spectacular reaction to exactly that.

The wartime lovers seemed insatiable. Soon after a few moments of break for the much needed oxygen, breathy love sounds once more filled the quiet cellar.

"God!" she gasped. "Fuck me!"

"You okay?" he whispered, also breathing hard.

"Fuck me!" she cried again. "Come inside me!"

"I'll breed you!"

"Yes!" she panted. "Give it to me! Give me your Russian baby!"

A sudden whirlwind of mixed feelings once more swept over the war-battered and heart-broken German soldier. As he moved closer he could view his mother's love-battered body even in the dark. Her hands clenched tightly at the afghan while she laid on the sette with her front. Her face was buried on the couch while her Russian lover pounded her from behind.

He growled and pulled hard on her hips. Frau Schneider could feel the tip of the Russian's cock pulsing inside her. And then, just as quickly, the pounding stopped. She unburied her face and whipped her head from around as she felt a tremor along the length of the shaft inside her. He clenched his teeth and ejaculated, filling the German woman's womb with raging Russian sperms.

A hot spurt of fuck seed shot far into her cervix, followed up quickly by another and another. She gasped, as she felt filled and fulfilled with forbidden sex. But as much as a part of her mind harbored the fear of getting caught her body seemed to have a will of its own. She pushed back onto him, desperately trying to impale herself onto his throbbing cock. Several more strong spurts entered her as they both tried with all their might to squelch their cries of ecstasy into quiet breathy moans of sex. Both lovers were sweating and breathing hard, as she dropped her head to the coach, shaking it from side to side.

Erich's mental devastation was too painful for him to bear. This was his mother, an icon of modesty and demureness during the glorious days of Germany. That she was now enjoying in defeat a sexual partnership with the enemy, enjoying it deeply and to the utmost, had tortured his mind almost to insanity.

As he drifted back to the saner part of him Erich thought of confronting his mother. Whether his reason was due to a genuine

love for her or just plain jealousy, he himself was not sure. What he was sure of was the bothersome mental torment pestering him, a heartbreaking defeat he never felt in the horrible battlefields of war.

It took him days taking the pains as he contemplated on how to confront his mother. "It's now or never," he was telling himself when at last he decided to do it. Within minutes of the decision, Frau Johanna Schneider found herself alone with Erich Schneider in the privacy of her bedroom, scantily dressed in a sheer body-fitted light blue cotton nightgown that reached to her lower knees.

"Yes, Erich, what is it? You should have knocked, shouldn't you?"

Closing the door behind him Erich slowly and quietly walked towards his mother. As he did their eyes met.

"You are having an affair with Nicolai, aren't you, Mother?"

She was shocked by his manner of asking although the question itself was not a surprising one. She did not expect her trysts with a Russian soldier to remain secret. She feigned calmness.

"How do you know it is an affair and not a compliance to coercive force?"

"I'm a soldier, Mother. I sure know when force is applied and when it is not. You willingly allow an enemy to enter this house during ungodly hours and secretly at that, don't you?"

"My God, Erich, I'm your mother. Don't ever talk to me like that."

"That's exactly why I have to talk to you this way. You are my mother and I have to stop you from further debasing our already debased lives."

"Stop me from what? Do you really believe that the Russian wouldn't use force if I refused to let him in?"

"I'd rather see that he'd use force to conquer your sexual being than for you to submit willingly."

"And then enjoy the sight of it by getting off in your pants, is that it?"

"Mother, you don't understand the ..."

"Yes, I do!" Her interruption was so stern and her words so accurate that he was astounded.

"I'm so disappointed that you failed to realize I didn't refuse to face death in my desire to fight for your honor?"

"I knew it. But I also knew how you enjoyed watching as your mother was ravished on the floor, her womanhood taken right before your very eyes."

Erich was taken aback. It took a couple of seconds before he could resume his argument.

"I was tied to a chair when forced to watch how your sexuality was taken. Only a psychopath would want that let alone enjoy it. If only you knew how I tried to get away and kill that barbarian of a man. I just couldn't break the ropes that bound me."

"You got off in your pants as you watched your mother getting raped, didn't you?"

"It happened without me wanting it! I don't know how to explain it."

"No need to explain. It's so simple. It could only mean that you have some sort of sexual attraction to your mother, covertly or discreetly or however you may want to call it."

"No, it isn't that."

"Ohh, really? Come on, don't ever think I do not know of what you have been doing to my torn panties and skirt!"

Erich was dumbfounded and tried to look away. He was speechless. He suddenly found himself on the defensive in a confrontation he carefully planned.

"Is that why you entered your mother's bedroom uninvited in guise of confronting her?"

"No."

In spite of taking the offensive Frau Schneider felt her heart melting for her son. With his head bowed, Erich unhappily reminded his mother of the times when he left home in his wish not to see any more of her sexual humiliation in the hands of conquering soldiers. He could have fought them in defense of his mother but she herself would stop him anyway to save his life.

"I stayed out of the house each time there was a booted visit. I'm not sure if you had taken that as cowardice but truth to tell to you, it was not. I just did not want to see any more of your sexual humiliation."

It was the mother's turn to get bewildered and instantly examine her conscience.

"I knew that, Erich."

A long deafening silence followed. Neither had a word to say. Neither could look at the other. Before the quiet moments could turn endless, the teary eyed mother and her son found themselves into each other's arms.

She felt as if a thorn had been plucked out of her chest. She was guilty of adultery yet she was in the safety of her loving son's arms, protected and cared for. He too was guilty. He was harboring forbidden fantasies yet he was in his mother's arms, vindicated or forgiven, whichever was right.

The embrace was, without doubt, motherly and protective. At least it was for sometime. But not for long.

"Forgive me for being so rude in approaching you, Mother."

"Forget it. You are right anyway. I'm guilty of having an affair with Nicolai. I promise you I will immediately put a stop to it."

"I can't be happier than to hear that."

"This war has destroyed our morals. But it is not the end of the world. I still love and will continue to love our family more than the frantic sensuality implanted in me by this horrific defeat."

Erich's German masculine pride was slighted by his mother's last words. The slight was unintentional though and it was quickly drowned by the sexual tension building up in the embrace. The build-up was another proof of the absence of a clear borderline between the sexual and nonsexual effect of human touching.

Not only that the embrace lasted more than necessary, it unwittingly tightened. The erstwhile sexless embrace caused an "unexplained" stir in Erich's manhood trapped beneath the confines of his pants. There was no way for it to escape the mother's notice but that did not stop her in crying on his shoulder.

Who'd say that a prolonged hugging of a mother and her son would have no erotic aspect? As legs and bellies continued to press and rub, an aura of eroticism was in the air. Knowingly or unknowingly, whichever was right, mother and son virtually slow danced in a hug and sway fashion. But it was in a strange way as it was without music. Soon his mouth was breathing on her right ear.

"I'm so sorry for my body's reaction as I watched your sexuality taken by force. I swear it just happened in spite of my mind's resistance to it."

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Do you still trust me?"

"Ahhhhhh," she sighed in a respite from emotions. "What makes you think I don't?"

"My guilt makes me think so."

"No, please don't. It wasn't your fault."

"How did you know what I was doing to your torn panties and skirt?"

She immediately tapped his mouth with her right fingers as she disengaged her head from his shoulder, locking eyes with him.

"Please, I don't want to talk about it,"

He used his left to squeeze the fingers tapping his mouth then kissed the palm of her hand.

"Mother, you're such a femme!"

She didn't reply. They locked eyes once more and when it broke she buried her face on his shoulder. Because their legs would not detach from one another the "slow dancing" picked up where it left off. It was as if a music played. But not really! Mother and son did not dance their way around the floor. They stood still in a tight embrace, lightly swaying and wordless, just breathing into each other's ear.

Mesmerized with a feminine charm and a feminine scent blitzing his face and nostrils Erich couldn't help doing it. He planted a kiss on his mother's face. Involuntarily, her face tilted up in slow steps. No words were spoken.

Her silence was golden and with that came the coup de grace for Erich's emotional repression. Sooner than she could turn him down

Erich Schneider was kissing Frau Johanna Schneider as a woman not as a mother. He gently bit her ear as he got carried away.

"My God!"

"Nnnnnnnnnng!"

"Erich, no! It hurts..."

"Nnnnnnnnnng!"

"Oh, Godddd!" she wailed breathily, twisting her hips in reaction to the 'intolerable' sensation. Her panties were wet. "Christ, Erich! Please stopppp!"

He released the bite but continued to lick her earlobe, her neck and shoulders. Shivers traversed all over Frau Schneider's body as her son fed himself with oral slurps from her torso. His aggressive

assaults caused both straps of her nightgown to slide down her shoulders.

Carrying on his magical prowess he worked his way down to her chest and lapped up her pointed nipples. She resisted but only with breathy words. Her body was in total abandon. He carried on with his oral assaults, licking his mother on the neck, chin, face and shoulders.

"Aahhhhh! This is going too far, Erich."

"I know. I just can't resist kissing your face."

Their asses squirmed as their bellies rubbed against one another. He used his right hand to feel his mother's ass through her uneven body-fit nightgown. She responded by hunching her hips forward as if she couldn't feel enough of her son's rock-hard maleness. As they did they were murmuring so softly to each other.

"Ooohhhh, Erich how could you do this to your mother?"

"We won't go beyond this embrace."

"Are...you sure? Aaahhhh!"

"Yess."

Electric shocks ran through their bodies as their wet mouths collided. They kissed intensely, long and wet, nibbling and sucking and biting each other. It felt captivatingly delightful for both to feel their tongues entwining and entangling in erotic fashion.

"Hmmmppphhhh! Aaahhhh!"

"I...love you, Mother."

"Oh My...! Aaahhhh! Please, let's stop this." She was whispering.

"I can't. I just can't," he whispered back as he continued devouring her face

The mouth kissing resumed like an autopilot. It was hot and full of passion. What started as a comforting embrace had turned into a torrid, tongue-lashing make-out session. Mother and son kissed with such awesome power that it seemed they were sucking life out of each other. Blood was rapidly rushing to their loins.

Their faces broke apart to catch their breath, both gasping hard as they stared at one another. It was as if both were telling the other that the flaming kisses were not enough. True to the breathless but wordless messages the kissing resumed, an intense kissing as powerful as the last if not more. They traded tongues in a torrid open-mouthed kiss, long and frenzied.

Their lips melted into each other and, with their bodies still entangled, he pulled her tightly to him, twirling around the floor, making sure they both fell on her bed. As they did her gown

rumpled up to her waist, freely exposing her thighs and pantied ass to his touches.

Erich then started to caress his mother. He devoured her breasts and worked his mouth down to her clothed belly, pantied mound and bare thighs. His tongue was lapping at every inch of her lower body. With head thrown back and eyes widely shut the mother restlessly twisted her body parts and arched her back, as she responded to the merciless oral assaults. Her hands clasped tightly at his hair.

As Erich's mad kisses on his mother raged through, Frau Schneider was horrified. Her flirt with incest was going too far. Before she realized what was happening Erich had his hands beneath her rumpled up nightgown. They were tugging down her wet panties.

"Oh, oh, no!" she cried. Her hand gripped his wrist firmly, trying to pull his hand away. Her other hand tugged at her slid-down panties. He was so strong as he groped for her panties, yanking them down to her thighs, knees and ankles.

Waves of shock continued to engulf her, but she couldn't deny that the scuffle in her bed was reawakening the lust she had felt when she role-played as a mother to her Russian lover. This one seemed less gentle and as she struggled against it she was caught between the obscenity of real-life incest and the explosive passion of it. The love scuffle was not a role-play this time, she as the mother. It was the real thing.

"Oh, no! No you mustn't," she pleaded. But as she watched him undress, his rock-hard young cock popping out of its confines, she gasped. It was bigger than anything she had seen. As quickly as he could Erich was naked and had had his mother's tangled nightgown hanging on her waist. Her womanhood was open, showing her flawless breasts and wet pussy.

Soon his hand was guiding his cock into his mother's body and was teasing her cunt and clitoris. She squirmed as she groaned with the sensation. They kissed more intensely than ever, mouths licked mouths with savage tongue duels. But as the revulsion of what she was doing dawned on her she broke the kiss, crying,

"Oh, we must not do this...stop! Please, stop!"

"We'll come together!"

"Nooooooo!" she moaned, shaking her hips as the pressure increased. "Please, don't make me...aaahhh!"

But only her mind was resisting. Her whole body was pulsing in excruciating arousal. She was sobbing from a muddle of guilt and ecstasy. But not for long as guilt gave way.

At this moment in time nothing was forbidden to her. Maybe later the full repugnance of the situation would come back to haunt her. But not now that she was too dazed with passion. She no longer cared of the cultural taboos that still existed in Berlin, notwithstanding war and defeat. She only cared for her body's needs at the moment - the explosive bliss of real incest.

Frau Schneider was so delirious that it took her several seconds to realize that her son had penetrated her.

A dream lover was now inside her, fucking her like the pervert that she was. Where before she satiated herself with role-plays in bed as a mother to a Russian lover, now it was the real thing. The lover now hammering into her was her real-life son.

"Ohhh, yesss, Erich! Fuck your mother really hard!"

"You want me to stop, Mother?"

"No! Don't...stop!" was all she could utter as she rolled her head from side to side.

He jammed it in all the way, burying himself into his mother's well-lubricated passage, his balls slamming against her ass. She screamed out again and again, her wails broken by gasps and sobs. Her eyes were widely shut.

Frau Schneider was panting like a dog as her son pressed his belly harshly into her and rocked furiously with her, the bed groaning beneath them. She ground her hips against him while her climax was welling. When she exploded lubricants oozed from the spasming walls of her cunt, surrounding her son's erection with her juicy female come.

Erich fucked his spasming mother with powerful thrusts, making her cry out breathily with the savagery of it. The bed shook beneath them. She worked her ass in a frantic effort to match his thrusts with counter thrusts, raising her hips, wiggling and vibrating against him.

Then she felt the sudden change in tempo as her son shortened his strokes and jabbed the head of his cock against her womb, the same womb where he was conceived 18 years back.

Erich's body trembled as he approached his own orgasm. As the first searing jet of sperm splashed out from his youthful cock, he grunted, fucking his mother with increased intensity.

Ecstasy blotted out all other sensations gripping her as her whole body exploded once more in response to the squirting incestuous life material shooting in hot torrents against her womb.

She reached past her son's shoulders, groping for his ass. She touched the tensing buttocks, feeling his belly slam against hers. Forcing her tits up against his hairy chest, she captured the hips that pounded her insides, pulling them closer into a fierce jabbing that made her gasp sharply with the violence of it.

Grunting, Erich reached down beneath her ass and rubbed his finger through the puddle of mixed incestuous juices that had spilled onto his mother's crack. She suppressed a loud gasp when he carried his finger to the splayed cleft of her ass and rubbed the slippery juice over her anus.

When his finger slipped inside her tight hole, her elevated hips jerked, squirming in a grinding spiral causing the invading finger to massage the delicate membranes beyond the sphincter lips.

Erich gave a forceful lunge of his finger, making his mother's body shot upward from the bed to meet his bone-hard thrusts.

"Mother...you're all right?"

"UUUNNNGGGHHHH! You're killing me!"

Deliriously, she felt his finger tight under her bottom, and the storm of orgasms reached yet another height with the simultaneous penetration of her holes. Her legs locked around him, pulling him tight so her spasming cunt could milk his rock-hard tool, and feel every charge as he emptied himself into his mother.

Frau Schneider wailed, her eyes rolling and her speech slurred by the exquisite shudders that roared through her grinding pelvis and spreading throughout her body. She came for the third time, howling dementedly as she did before. Faster and faster she rocked beneath her son. Spasms rocked her body in rapid succession, each seemingly more powerful than the last.

When the last drops of incestuous love juices dripped out of their connected genitals, mother and son disengaged and rolled on their backs, side by side, both breathing heavily while relishing the ecstatic aftermath of an incestuous union.

The intense ecstasy of the incestuous mating was the most powerful Frau Johanna Schneider ever had. No husband, rapist or lover had ever brought such violent but delightful quivers to her body during all those years of marriage, war and peace as her soldier-son had brought her in the midst of the Russian occupation of Berlin.

The frenzied bliss in the simultaneous spasms of Frau Schneider's cunt and rectum was a special kind of gift from a son to his mother, a wonderful transference of his seed, his very life material, to the same womb that brought him into being, giving indescribable pleasure to them both.