I slowed my horse as I caught the first glimpse of my building over the hill. It was a beautiful thing, my country home, and not something to be rushed into. It was a warm summer day, and being perfectly secluded, wildlife was abundant. Nuthatches and finches flitted about from branch to branch on either side of the road. The scent of fresh pine filled my lungs with each breath.

The building was a large Tudor style dormitory. It had all of the modern fittings, plumbing, a large coal circulator in the basement, and a healthy stock of oil for the lamps. Surrounding it, cleared diligently from the forest, were several fields. Each one was parceled uniquely to whatever crop would grow best, be it corn or melons or otherwise.

Adjacent to the building, and connected by a service corridor, was a lovely little barn. The animals were kept comfortably warm in the winter, and allowed to roam freely during summer days. Next to the barn sat a large Labrador, guarding the hens from foxes and stouts.

This place was my dream. Indeed it came from a dream, and many more dreams were made inside. I dismounted and led my horse into the entrance of the barn. Right away, he must have been waiting, one of the children rushed forward to take the reins from my hands. He was a small boy, no more than six, and completely nude. I demanded that there be no clothes worn here, and as secluded as it was, no one seemed to mind.

I admired his small body, from his messy hair down as he turned to lead the horse to the stables. I watched his smooth round bottom sway as he walked. Before he rounded the corner out of sight, I saw him jump playfully into a pile of manure on the ground, laughing and wiggling his toes in the mess.

I smiled inwardly and headed into the service corridor. There, a bench, lined with red felt waited. Above it were alcoves built from walnut. This is where visitors deposited their clothes, though not many ever visited. Closing the door behind me, I heard one open inside the corridor. There stood the sister of the boy I saw outside. In truth, many of the younger children here were related. They either belonged to me or Alan, whom I trusted to maintain and keep order in my absence. The older children, the oldest almost seventeen, were the original orphans. Destitute, impoverished, and ill, most were delighted to come to my estate. Here they were raised, nourished, and taught. The art of sex was simply one of many of their lessons, most also knowing arithmetic and completely literate. The rules were simple. No one was to wear clothes, and no one would hide their sexuality.

This girl had shoulder length auburn hair, large blue eyes, and skin as soft as cream. She smiled at me and squealed “Headmaster!” and rushed forward to hug me. I hugged her back, chuckling. Her little arms stretched to hug me around the middle, as high as she could reach. I patted her head and started unbuttoning my jacket.

“Will you take my clothes for me?”

“Okay!” she waited patient, hands outstretched to receive each article. I gradually filled up her arms, and as my underwear came off, she strained to look around the pile at my cock. It was half hard by now, after seeing the two children. She caught sight of it and got a good look before walking off with my clothes. Alan came in then to greet me. He was in his late forties, a little hairy with a stocky build. His face was angular and masculine and his cock was a healthy eight inches when it was hard. He was the favorite of many here, since most of the boys had not matured much.

“Hello Alan.” I reached out and grabbed his cock with my hand, slowly pulling and stroking it. “Will” He said, biting his lower lip. Still holding on to his cock, I stood on my toes to kiss him on the lips. It was a long kiss, and tasting his lips with my tongue always verified he had been eating out one of the girls just a minute ago. He led me down the hallway into the main building, each of us resting a hand on the other’s ass.

“How is your son?” I asked.

“Very well, growing fast. He had his first cum not long ago, and it tasted wonderful!” Alan mused

“We appreciate the funds you sent again. They went to a few new installations I think you’ll like. The vegetables are doing better than ever, and we haven’t had any illness at all since your last visit. Everyone is in very good health.” He informed me.

“What kinds of installations?” I asked curiously. Normally I had to approve any changes. I ran my fingertips through the soft hair between his cheeks, rubbing his hole gently, feeling each cheek slide across my hand as he walked. I could hear laughter, moans, and a squeal or two as we walked, assuring me that sex was always taking place.

As we passed the kitchens, usually a large empty room lined with cookery and counter space, Alan pointed out one of the new additions. “A passion, I hope you don’t mind. I thought it would be fun to distill the grapes we grow.” There was a large wooden rimmed trough, easily big enough to fit a carriage in. The bottom was covered in grapes, at least ankle deep. Stomping on the grapes, or rather, wrestling in the grapes, were girls. Two teens were vigorously grinding their pussies against one another, moaning while they watched four younger girls wrestle. The wrestling girls appeared to be trying to force grapes between one another’s legs. The grapes were definitely being crushed under the little bodies horsing around, each girl covered from head to toe in sticky purple juice.

“It’s really good wine.” Alan whispered, pulling me away. I protested a little, cock in hand, groaning when I heard the two teens cumming in unison. Next he showed me the bathroom, or what had been the bathroom. Instead of toilettes, a large stone basin was in the middle of the floor, easily the same size as the container for grapes.

“We removed the toilettes and the kids use the latrine outdoors. This is for cum now. You’ll see tomorrow.” Again he pulled me forward, leaving my mind reeling. That whole thing was for cum? The whole thing?

He led me upstairs to my quarters. He and I and the headmistress all slept on the same floor. First, we stopped by the room for the headmistress. We nearly knocked, then heard moaning on the inside. We opened the door and saw her laying on her back on her bed, squeezing her large breasts, her black hair spread around her. At her feet was a girl of fifteen, pale skinned and a little chubby. She held one of the headmistresses feet aloft, like a piece of artwork, and was gently running her tongue along the sole of it. I gave Alan’s ass a final squeeze and joined the girl at the end of the bed.

She smiled and offered the foot to me, which I accepted, taking her big toe in my mouth and sucking it like a boy’s cock. The girl, mouth now free, moved to lick up the cum oozing from the headmistresses pussy, raising her teen butt in the air in front of me.

Her pussy was soft and curved, like a loaf of warm bread. Hair had already started growing in over those soft lips and up the crack of her ass. Her cheeks were round and full. Still holding on to the headmistresses’ foot, I angled my cock for the girl’s young pussy. No doubt, like all the girls here, she had fucked every cock available and could easily handle mine. With her hole already wet from her lesbian fun, I easily slid inside her.

In front of me, I saw Alan on his knees next to the headmistresses’ face, his cock dipping in and out of her mouth, her hand cupping his balls eagerly. I grabbed my girl’s hips and thrust deep into her, hard as I dared. She whimpered a little, being muffled by the moist hole in front of her. I let one hand slide back, my thumb pressing against her pink asshole. I would slam my cock into her, and as I slowly pulled out for another push, my thumb would delve a little deeper into her ass. Slowly, her butthole gave way….parting to allow my finger into her most intimate area. She moaned between slurps of cum.

I could feel my orgasm coming, building inside me. I roughly shoved my thumb, knuckle deep into her ass and curved it, effectively hooking her to me. Each thrust buried her face deeper into the headmistresses’ pussy. I gave one final shove and she was pinned, my cum blasting into her body. My cock gave a few final twitches and I pulled out, a cocktail of our cum dripping from her teen snatch.

I hoped that I just got her pregnant. She was rather cute and would make very lovely babies. She turned her head and smiled at me, a strand of girl cum connecting her lips to the headmistress. She wiggled her butt happily before returning to her other task. I stood next to the bed and watched Alan’s cock be serviced. She was very gifted at it and always had every man and boy cumming quickly.

Now she had his cock pulled into her mouth, doing one of her favorites. She was running her tongue underneath his foreskin leaving a warm wet trail of saliva. The result was very slippery and nice and made it impossible to resist. She motioned me to stand closer and I did. She took my flaccid cock in her mouth, next to Alan’s. I gave him a wink as they touched. She used his to wipe the creamy girl cum from mine and into her mouth. She moaned and sucked each cock.

When Alan began grunting and moaning, she held our cocks together, hole to hole. She watched hungrily as his cum splashed across the heads of our dicks. I could feel a little of his cum shoot ooze back into me. Before I could even thank her, she had us both in her mouth again, sucking every last drop and swallowing happily.