

Erotic Tales Collection

Robin
Wild

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By Robin Wild

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The Promise

by Robin Wild

Abbie woke early with the sea breeze curling over her skin and ruffling her hair. She liked to sleep naked but now even that small pleasure seemed jaded. Nearby, the gulls feasted at the lagoon. Their frenzied din had interrupted her dream. Beside her, lying on his stomach with his face turned towards her, slept Briant. Abbie raised herself on one elbow to gaze at his strong square features and curly black hair. Tears blurred her vision as her eyes travelled over his shoulders and down his back to settle on his buttocks.

Abbie had always said that if she ever found herself stranded on a deserted

island she would want it to be with Briant. Right now, though, she could have killed him. If they ever got off this damned tropical hellhole the first thing she would do was file for divorce.

Five weeks ago, when they flew out of a bleak Adelaide winter, she would not have believed she could ever feel this way. When the little commuter plane touched down at North Queensland's Bluespray Resort she was bursting with love. As they cruised out of the marina for Honeymoon Cove on the other side of the bay her body hummed with expectation. It was to be a simple one hour trip followed by two days and nights of romance, relaxation and sex - lots and lots of lovely sex, a second honeymoon. Some honeymoon!

The storm hit without warning. It blew them out into the open sea, capsized their rented cabin cruiser, and left Abbie and Briant to the mercy of the sharks.

Miraculously, the sharks did not come. Still, if it were not for the life jackets and the warm water temperature they might not have survived the night. At dawn the current washed them ashore on to one of the hundreds of small islands in the Bluespray archipelago. The boat washed ashore, too. They found it wrecked on the rocks and managed to salvage some vital equipment and personal belongings.

The island supported plenty of food: tropical fruits, berries and native vegetables. Briant's army jungle training came in handy; he was able to identify the edible plants, and had no trouble starting a fire without matches.

At low tide dozens of fish became trapped in the shallow pools of the lagoon. These were easily caught with the landing nets. There was fresh water, too, from the stream, and when they found a way to trap the wild goats and pigs they would have milk, meat and skins.

They had built a shelter at the fringe of the jungle a safe distance from the high tide line. It was rain and mosquito proof, and furnished with foam rubber beds and sleeping bags from the boat, and a table and chairs made from sticks and plaited vines. They had toothbrushes, shaving gear and even a few toiletries. As yet, there had been little need for the few clothes they possessed. Dressing, for Abbie, entailed nothing more than folding her floral scarf and wearing it as a bandanna to keep her long hair out of her eyes.

The island need not have been a hellhole; it could have been a paradise. The warmth, the rhythm of the sea, the constantly blue sky, the natural beauty, the peace and quiet, the sensuality of being naked all day - Abbie loved it. She would have been happy to stay there forever except for one thing.

At first, Abbie was proud of Briant for devoting his mind and energy entirely to their survival; now though, with everything under control, why not enjoy themselves? If they could survive for five weeks they could survive forever. And it was not that he was impotent; it was up and down all day.

The gulls finished feeding and except for the pounding of the surf the island fell silent. Abbie sighed and sat up. She felt aroused and wet. The dream must have been erotic but she could not remember the plot. Bloody seagulls. She touched herself and sighed again. It was not a pleasant arousal.

Briant stirred in his sleep. As he rolled onto his back his magnificent morning erection caught on her thigh, sprang free, and came to rest arcing almost to his naval. Abbie stared at it. Oh, how she adored that thick column of masculinity; but adoration gave way to

obsession and desire gave way to craving, a desperate, bitter craving. With every rise and fall of his chest, with every twitch of his penis, the resentment ached in her gut. Between her legs the hunger crawled deeper and deeper. Why was he doing this!

Good sex, uninhibited sex, excellent sex had never been a problem. He had loved her body. He had adored her, all of her. Now, here they were, side by side, husband and wife, lovers, friends, alone, naked, aroused -

Abbie reached out, hesitated for a moment, then closed her fingers around the firm, warm shaft.

Briant's eyes snapped open. "Don't!"

She leapt off the bed. "You bastard! You selfish, stupid bastard!

"Abbie, I can't."

"You can! You can! But you won't!"

"I just can't."

"Briant, please!"

"No."

"Let me then. Just lie there. What's so hard about that?" She knelt astride him.

He pushed her off. "I'm sorry. I can't."

Abbie stormed out of the hut and down to the beach. She screamed at the sea and cried until she could cry no more. She fell onto her knees and strummed herself furiously, but release would not come.

It wasn't fair. Five weeks! How could he be so cruel? This wasn't the man she'd married. Even if he didn't want sex he could at least have the decency to please her. God! She'd opened her legs often enough for him when she wasn't in the mood. She would walk out! Damn it! It was the only thing to do. Living alone had to be better than living like this.

Silence and the absence of eye contact separated them as they went about their morning chores. They were eating their mid-day meal when she told him.

He laughed. "You can't leave me. There's nowhere to go."

"There's the whole island. And if you won't help me build another hut I'll do it myself."

"That's ridiculous. You're being foolish. Sex isn't everything. Forget about it. I still love you."

"How can I forget about it! It's torture! I can't stand being around you!"

Tears filled Briant's eyes. "I'm sorry, Abbie. I don't understand it either."

"What's to understand? Just do it!"

He shook his head, helplessly.

She started throwing her personal things into a basket. "I'm taking half of everything."

Abbie chose a site several hundred metres away and out of Briant's view. By nightfall she had fashioned a tepee of palm leaves and mosquito netting. It would do for a few nights while she built a proper shelter. Abbie was not helpless; it would simply be a matter of chopping the logs with the tomahawk and lashing them together with vines the way Briant had.

After a meal of grilled fish and mangoes she crawled into her temporary home. Six years! Since the day they'd met this was the first night they'd slept apart. Still, free of the torment of lying beside Briant's unavailable body Abbie managed to push her resentment aside for a while. She spent an hour or more fantasising and masturbating.

Her faceless fantasy men did not deny her. They stroked her smooth skin, worshiped her beautiful curves, her green eyes, her large mouth. They used the tips

of her silky brown hair to tickle her shoulders and breasts. They kissed her lips, her nose, her cheeks. They tongued her ears, her neck, her mouth, her nipples. They pleased and teased every erogenous zone, titillated every bit of erectile tissue, licking, sucking, filling every orifice. Abbie came and came and came until she could come no more, then she slept better than she had in weeks.

In the morning Briant came with wild bananas and berries, and after breakfast they started building Abbie's hut. Briant chopped the logs and helped with the lifting. While they worked he begged her to return, but she remained steadfast. By dusk her new home was completed

Abbie sat in the wet sand at the edge of the lagoon, cleaning fish. They had

been separated for two weeks, marooned for seven. After Briant finished helping Abbie make furniture for her hut they had kept to themselves. For the past week barely a word had passed between them. She watched Briant wandering aimlessly along the beach. Who would have believed this man headed one of Australia's top micro-electronics teams - a world authority? His posture and gait reminded her of a mistreated and defeated dog.

She felt pity for him and was grateful for his help but that did not soften her resentment. There should have been no need for another hut in the first place!

Abbie threw the fish heads and guts to her impatient audience. While the gulls squealed and fought, she glanced along the beach again. A few hundred metres away, Briant sat like a statue in the sand staring out to sea. He looked terribly lonely. He should have been netting his

lunch before the tide came in. She wondered if he was eating properly.

What if he really couldn't help it? Fixing the radio should have been no problem for someone like him, but he hadn't even tried. Perhaps he suffered brain damage while fighting for air under the capsized boat. Abbie wondered if it was really she who was being cruel. He was a good man, everything she had ever wanted in a man. He had remained considerate and loving in every other way. She felt the urge to move back to his hut. 'For better for worse. In sickness and in -'

No! He could at least try. He could at least discuss it and together they could work it out. How could he expect her to kiss and cuddle up night after night, to lie with his body touching hers and their perfectly responsive genitals just a few millimetres apart - with no prospect of sex. No!

They were gathering food along the bank of the stream. Another week had gone by and they had resumed fishing, eating and exploring the island together. Briant's spirits had improved and despite her nagging frustration Abbie managed to be pleasant and cheerful. She still loved Briant and clung to the hope of re-kindling his sexual appetite.

Whenever she bent to pluck berries, reached to pick fruit, or squatted to dig vegetables she presented her body in the most seductive way. Every movement accentuated the sensual arc of her back, the roundness of her buttocks and the curve of her breasts.

Quite innocently, but very frequently, her hand, thigh or bottom brushed his penis. Her breasts were remarkably accident prone, always getting in Briant's way, and her nipples could not seem to

avoid teasing over his skin. At every opportunity Abbie opened her legs to remind Briant of just how succulent and eager the sweet flesh between her thighs remained. He appeared not to notice, but his penis noticed.

Abbie put her basket of fruit down, making sure she gave Briant a tempting rear view. "Let's have lunch here. I'll be back in a jiffy, I'm just going for a pee." She went off a little way along the bank, then, after urinating, remained squatting and stroked herself to the brink of orgasm.

While they ate, Abbie leant back in the grass with her legs parted. Briant had an instant and massive erection. Abbie reached for it but he pushed her hand away. She did not plead; she was through pleading. Instead, she fell onto her back and finished what she had started. Her body shuddered with orgasm right there in front of him, but Briant was barely

distracted from his lunch. Only his penis showed any real interest.

That was it! As far as Abbie was concerned they were finished. She looked forward to the day they would be rescued and she and Briant could go their separate ways. Thank God there were no children. Thank God she had the craft shop. One day there'd be a string of them - 'Abbie's Arts and Crafts' - in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane and even Perth.

She wasn't helpless. Who needed men anyway! She resigned herself to a fantasy sex life with her faceless lovers, her fingers, and the wooden phallus she had lovingly carved and polished.

The next morning Abbie made her way inland to the rock pool. This daily pilgrimage had become the highlight of her day. Somehow, the water remained

both crystal clear and perfectly still. She spent several hours there every morning preening and pampering her body.

Abbie dived in, swam for a while then stood knee deep washing herself. After another swim to rinse off the soap, she sat at the edge shaving her underarms, legs and bikini line; not that she had any use for her bikini any more. Suddenly, she laughed, "Why not?" and began shaving her vulva.

Abbie was deep in concentration, making sure not to nick the sensitive skin, when she heard a movement behind her. Before she could turn around strong hands covered her eyes. It made her gasp, but she did not struggle. She was not frightened. She knew Briant had been spying. Every day while she bathed she had felt his eyes on her.

After completing her cosmetic routine it was Abbie's habit to take another dip then sun herself on a

particularly smooth and comfortable boulder. She would stretch out, soaking up the dappled sunlight, staring into the blue sky, her senses swaying with the jungle canopy, floating with the fluffy clouds. The ritual invariably ended with her thighs spread wide and her fingers or the wooden phallus slipping deep inside while her other fingers pleased her clitoris.

Climax always exploded before an audience of butterflies, birds, the occasional goat, and recently, Briant hiding out of sight. At first this angered her. It seemed utterly hypocritical and cowardly given his ostensible disinterest in sex, but even so it was better than nothing. At least it represented a tacit involvement and hopefully the first step back to normality. Thinking it through this way, knowing he was watching and probably masturbating too, actually increased Abbie's excitement.

If he wanted to waste his semen, let him! If he wanted a show, she'd give him one. She would turn so that her open legs faced the direction from which she heard the rustle in the bushes. She would change from one position to another, giving him a sensual view from every angle: on hands and knees, squatting, kneeling, standing, lying.

She would spread her thighs that much wider, push the phallus that much deeper, pull her nipples that much harder. She would imagine his hand pumping, his fingers clamped around the erect shaft, the head huge and purple; then, as his sperm shot into the air and rained down around him, she would moan and gasp and buck as she came, and came, and came again.

Surely, Briant couldn't stand it for much longer. One day he'd leap out of the undergrowth and plunge his penis into her.

Today, it seemed her wish would come true.

He slipped her floral bandanna down to her eyes and tightened it. Neither one spoke. Abbie's heart raced. He pulled her back so that she lay in the grass with her feet dangling in the water.

His hard penis brushed her cheek. Throwing back her head, Abbie snatched the silky tip into her mouth. He let her suck for a while then moved around between her legs. Abbie spread them wide.

He took all of her aching vulva into his mouth and sucked and licked her to a marvellous climax, but she wanted more and told him so, roughly, angrily. "Come on, give me your cock. Fuck me!"

Any second, Abbie expected to feel it sliding in, warm and hard. Instead, she felt the cold razor gliding over her engorged pubes.

"Briant, not now!"

Her giggles were ignored. In between shaving and rinsing he lapped and sucked. Then, for a few moments nothing but fresh air touched Abbie's bare skin. Was he finished? She felt more naked than naked. There was no sound. Had he gone?

No. She smiled, a very big smile. Her vagina was slowly spreading and his warm, smooth cock was sliding home.

Briant remained silent but Abbie laughed and panted, pushing up to meet his long thrusts. When their spasms had subsided Abbie clamped her ankles around his waist to savour the feeling of his semen melting inside, but only for a moment before he withdrew. Then she heard the bushes rustling behind her.

So, this was the game!

He needed to pretend it wasn't happening, but at least it was happening. From now on everything would be all right.

Abbie looked at her naked pubic skin. Not bad. He had left some hair: a disc of brown fur with her clitoral hood looking like the single spoke of a wheel, or better still, a pink wedge in a pie chart. Her cunt was a pie chart! That made her giggle.

She angled her little mirror for a better view - and to see Briant's semen trickling out. She dipped in a finger and licked it. Abbie did not wash again. She wanted to relish the slick, sticky feeling for as long as possible, especially while she walked.

Emerging from the jungle, she found Briant sitting beneath the verandah of her hut with a lunch of cold crab salad neatly laid out on the table. His eyes went straight to her crotch. "Very nice. That's a real work of art."

Abbie winked. "The work of a master."

Later, he surprised her again. The night was calm and black. Abbie masturbated as usual, then, because it felt comforting, left the wooden phallus inside. She woke to find him removing it and replacing it with his own. Abbie smiled in the dark. Everything was going to be all right. Briant had finally snapped out of it.

When she woke in the morning he was gone. Her floral bandanna was gone too. He probably took it, she thought, as a memento of his return from celibacy. For breakfast Abbie prepared a feast of tropical fruits and carried it along the beach to his hut.

While they ate, Briant smiled at her knowingly. "You seem particularly happy this morning. Sweet dreams?"

"Wonderful, thanks to the star performer."

He seemed pleased by that.

After breakfast Abbie gave him a suggestive grin, then, wearing nothing but a pink bandanna and a huge smile, hurried off along the trail. Already aroused, she could hardly wait to get to the rock pool.

She swam, washed, shaved and reclined on the rock. Her fingers stroked slowly, smoothing the slippery secretions over her sex lips and clitoris while she waited. And waited. And waited.

Finally, Abbie sat up and looked around. He was there; she could sense him. She climbed down from the rock and tied the bandanna over her eyes. Blindfolded, she fell onto her hands and knees in the grass, then called out in a teasing tone while spreading her legs and wiggling her buttocks invitingly. "I know you're there, Briant. Come and get it."

And again Abbie waited. There was the sound of the birds, the breeze and the rhythmic surf in the distance but no rustling of bushes, no movement of undergrowth.

Please Briant. Please come.

The anticipation made her tremble.

Briant, I want you. My cunt wants you.

Liquid excitement trickled down her thighs.

I want your big cock. Please. Please. Please -

YES!

Hard, smooth, hot, it plunged all the way in with one thrust. Her knees were lifted off the ground by the force of it. Abbie almost fainted and almost came.

The beautiful sex continued daily at the rock pool and every night in her hut.

Abbie always blindfolded herself and waited. The waiting was delicious.

Briant never spoke to her during sex, and at other times whenever she tried to touch him sexually he refused. A brotherly cuddle or kiss was all he allowed. He evaded any discussion of sex and brushed aside Abbie's suggestions that they should live together again. "It's better like this. You're happy. I'm happy. Why spoil it?"

It was not the first ship they had seen. There had been many but none had answered their signals. As the tanker drew nearer, Abbie felt very little excitement. In fact, the grey hulk seemed to be an intruder. Life was good now. She felt no urgent need to be rescued, but Briant still did. He used the mirror to flash an SOS in morse code.

Abbie saw white light glinting from the superstructure. Briant grabbed her shoulders. "They see us!" They're signalling: 'Will send help.'"

He danced around like a child. Soon his enthusiasm caught on and Abbie joined in until, suddenly, he stopped and stared at her as if he had never before seen her naked. He hoisted her over his shoulder, carried her into his hut and threw her onto the bed. Abbie could not believe it.

"Sorry Abbie! Sorry Abbie!" Gasping the words over and over, he thrust his way to a mighty orgasm. It was so fast and forceful that Abbie had no hope of climaxing, but she did not mind one bit.

She grinned. "Well, well, well, what brought that on?"

"I don't know! Something just snapped!"

He was still above her with his penis still inside. Abbie felt it shrinking. He

started to withdraw but she pulled him back and clamped her ankles behind his thighs.

"It's really weird -" He searched for the right words. "It's - It's as though I - deserve you again - And there's something I haven't told you. I've been having blackouts. I've been waking up in the jungle near the rock pool, or walking along the beach in the middle of the night. And I can't remember how I got there."

"It must be something to do with when we capsized, Briant. Try to think back. What were you feeling?"

"I remember feeling helpless - so helpless. Drowning. I gave up and -"

"Come on. You were trapped, helpless, frightened -"

"No. Before that. When the boat started listing and you were crying. I told you we'd be okay. I promised I wouldn't let anything happen to you."

Abbie remembered how terrified she had been, not just when the boat filled with water but during their first few days on the island. "Briant, you didn't let anything happen to me. I couldn't have survived without you. I would have poisoned myself on those purple berries the very first day."

"I mean in the water. I was so frightened, of dying and -" There was desperation in his eyes, shame in his voice. "I wasn't even thinking about you. I was just trying to save myself. Afterwards I just couldn't - couldn't, I mean, I didn't deserve to -"

"Poor Briant." Abbie kissed his shoulder. "Don't you remember? You were drowning because you *were* trying to save me. You dived under the boat to push me free. And you did, but you got stuck."

There was a flicker of recollection. "Are you sure about that?"

She murmured, "I should be. You saved my life."

Briant could recall nothing more. Clearly, he had been overwhelmed by deeply buried feelings of guilt. "God, Abbie, how did you put up with me?"

"I don't think I could have without my star performer and my blindfold."

He smiled. "Your fantasies. They must have been powerful stuff."

"They were."

What did it matter? He was the same old Briant again. In time he would remember everything and then they would laugh about it.

While she watched the rescue helicopter approach, Abbie wondered if the pilot was still a learner. His arrival looked more like a lucky crash than a landing.

Briant came out of the hut wearing shorts. He smacked Abbie's backside. "If you expect that bloke to fly us out of here alive you better put some clothes on." Abbie was so accustomed to her nudity that the thought had not entered her mind.

The take-off was a vast improvement, but by then she had slipped on a skirt and blouse.

As they swept low over the lush vegetation, Abbie gazed down at the place they had named Rocky Bay. Due to its treacherous cliffs and currents it was the only part of the island they had not explored. Briant did not see it; he was looking out of the other window, but Abbie noticed a third hut -

"How's the colonel these days?" The pilot peered down at the hut, too, as he shouted over the noise of the turbine.

"Who?" Abbie felt the heat rush to her cheeks.

"The colonel. Didn't you see him?"

"No. We had no idea."

"Likes the place so much, he won't leave." The pilot banked the helicopter so that Briant could see, too. "Got stranded like you, years ago. They say he never recovered from Vietnam. There he is now."

Abbie's heart thumped. A man of about Briant's age and build stood near the hut smiling and waving - and wearing nothing but her floral bandanna!

Abbie was so stunned that she did not see the smile on Briant's lips. And even if she had been watching his fingers, she would not have recognised the military sign he relayed to the colonel: *'Assistance acknowledged. Thanks.'*

END.

Blind Lust

By Robin Wild

Simone checked Andy's blindfold, then she held his hand and led him up to the bedroom. As they approached the top of the stairs he could hear the other women talking and giggling nervously. He could not see anything; the red scarf let in no light at all.

Simone's breath warmed his ear. "Remember, Andy, no peeking. And whenever you're close to coming, tell us. Okay?" She patted his backside. "Enjoy."

Suddenly, the air came alive with perfumed skin scents, hair scents, moist-warm-pink scents. Andy felt an ardent stirring and stiffening between his legs.

The women said hello but did not give their names. He guessed there were five or six.

Simone nudged him forward gently. "All right everyone, don't be shy. Who wants to go first?"

Andy sensed the women gathering closer but except for a nervous murmur or two they remained silent. His skin crawled very, very pleasantly.

A hand touched his shoulder. Another touched his buttock and stroked shyly. Yet another fumbled at the front of his trousers; the knuckles brushed over the fabric against which his penis strained expectantly. Slowly, a thumb and forefinger traced its length, squeezing tentatively in several places, causing it to flex with each squeeze and the head to slip against the syrupy spot in the crotch of his underpants. Other fingers prodded, then one of the women undid Andy's zip.

Glenda hung back from the group. Earlier, while the women blindfolded each other, they had cracked inane jokes and made silly small talk about men, much of it sexist. It seemed to be turning into one of those disgusting girls' nights where the women pawed at the male stripper in the same vulgar way men pawed at women. But now the mood had changed from frivolously crude to seriously erotic.

Glenda could not deny it: she too felt aroused and very curious, so curious that she was tempted to slip her blindfold up far enough to take a little peek. But that would defeat the whole idea. And so far Simone's ideas had worked. None of these women had experienced an orgasm until Simone taught them to love their own bodies, and that included loving their genitals. As for Glenda, she had taken to

masturbation with delicious abandon. And why not? It was her pussy for Godsake!

You couldn't call that cheating, could you? Did this count as cheating? She had almost told Daniel, but lost her nerve at the very last minute and said she was visiting her girlfriends. That was the truth; these women had become friends. And Glenda felt no pressure to take part. She planned to merely observe - or listen, anyway.

They were all so quiet. Were they undressing him yet? Had they actually - started? There was no harm in finding out, was there? Glenda moved forward. Her thigh bumped a naked buttock. Her body recoiled instinctively but her hand continued forward and down until it brushed a bare shoulder. That woman was kneeling in front of Andy. Could she already be - ? No, not that quickly, surely. Glenda felt folds of cloth. Her fingertips

stretched out cautiously. They touched hair, springy hair. She froze.

Her hand was inside-a-strange-man's-fly-for-Godsake! She didn't even know what he looked like! But that was the whole idea, wasn't it? Nobody knew it was her hand. Nobody knew how extremely aware she had suddenly become of her breasts and clitoris, and of the seeping wetness. She spread her fingers. Where was it? It couldn't be that small, could it? Hm, those hairs were spilling over the top of his underpants, so it had to be down h -

Oh, there!

It felt quite lengthy, and being fully erect it had sort of burrowed between the leg of his trousers and thigh. Now the silly thing was trapped. Getting it out might be a bit tricky.

Small fingers wrapped around, manoeuvred, and with some difficulty, liberated. Then while Andy's penis luxuriated blissfully on its belly in one hand, several others stroked and examined and squeezed.

"Nice cock."

"Mmm."

"Not bad."

The cradling palm fell away to leave Andy's penis suspended and pointing straight out. Something warm - a wet finger, no, a tongue - touched near his scrotum then travelled slowly out along the bottom. That created a breathtaking, tickling sensation and set off a reflexive rebounding: an abrupt jump followed by a gradual alighting onto the tongue, then another jump.

Andy shivered; the women giggled.

Soft, pursed lips captured the very tip, kissed delicately, then slipped slowly over the head. The lips flowed like honey, back

and forth, until the aching burn became almost unbearable. Andy's sphincter muscles, anal and penile, contracted erratically. At the back of his knees the skin felt clammy and cold.

The woman began sucking, too greedily, but perfectly under the circumstances, quenching the burn and dulling the ache from excruciatingly urgent to exquisitely soothing. Andy wondered if they knew how close he had come - still was. He forced himself to relax, to allow the sensations to permeate his whole body. While that mouth sucked, a tongue snaked along the bottom, fingertips stroked the top and other fingertips squeezed the sides. The women seemed to be captivated by the involuntary flexing.

"It wriggles a lot."

"It's nice'n hard."

"Mm, fat too."

"Easy girls." Simone pulled them away, or so Andy guessed because the stimulation ended abruptly. "Let's get him undressed."

In no time at all they had him stripped and spread-eagled on his back across the bed. Andy's hands wandered over at least four naked bodies. He stroked bottoms, deliciously round and smooth. He caressed breasts, warm and luscious and soft. A moist nipple dragged across his lips; he tried to catch it but it got away.

Carnal scent loomed above his nostrils. A vulva pressed down, slick and soft. It kissed wetly, churning, then hovered so close he could feel its sultry heat. His tongue reached up to find the lips open, the clitoris full and firm. His hands found two silky crotches; he nursed one in each palm, patting and massaging. His fingers delved gently. Was this heaven, or what!

A ring of warm fingers gripped his penis at the neck. Other fingertips tickled

up and down. Then the women began chatting, which Andy found both perplexing and amusing because sex was the only thing on his mind during sex.

"You realise we're missing Melrose Place?"

"Yeah. What about that new spunk?"

"Do you think he'll marry that bitch model?"

"Dunno. Jenny'll tell us what happened."

"Pity she couldn't come."

"Could've. She freaked out about this, that's all."

"Well, I think it's a great idea, Simone."

"Yeah, your mm - " A tongue teased up and down; a mouth slipped over the head again, and off. "Mm - best idea yet." And on. The teeth scraped accidentally but not unpleasantly. "Mm, solly, Andy -" The lips closed and suckled while a tongue washed exquisitely along the underside.

One of the women climbed astride him and knelt with her back to his face. Grabbing his penis away from the others she stroked the tip over her vulva, then began slashing it up and down between the lips, moaning, "Nn-oh-nnn-oh..." The last slash stopped at her vagina.

She pressed the head in. The entrance gripped tightly then relaxed, and with a blissful, "Mmm-aa-aah." her luscious heat came gliding down. Her moans became louder with each plunge. "Nn-Mmm-NNNN-Mmm ..."

Andy answered, "Mm-Mmm-MMMM-Mmm ..."

While she bounced, she strummed her clitoris until a final and throaty, "Nnn! Aaah! NNNNN!" accompanied her contractions. She got off just in time; Andy was on the very, very, very brink.

"He'll probably go for her."

"Who?"

"That blonde spunk. He's a real softy."

"Yeah. She's a conniving witch, and oooh so sweet."

"But he's no dickhead, neither."

The women left Andy's penis alone for a while. Wet and cold, it lay twitching and subsiding on his belly while they took turns kneeling over his mouth, squirming on his tongue. Then, after a few minutes, fingers slipped between his legs again to fondle his scrotum, and another mouth started sucking.

With the head of Andy's rubbery penis nestled between her lips and her tongue examining the smooth contours of the - well, the throat really, and the soft cheeks and the little seam between them - Glenda tried to justify her situation.

This wasn't actually cheating, was it? It wasn't like sneaking off to a motel with a secret lover, or something. No, it was -

well, it was all in a good cause. Daniel would benefit too, for God's sake! All the same, Glenda worried about how easily her resolve had weakened in the last fifteen minutes.

She tickled the back of Andy's scrotum with her fingertips; her tongue felt the response at the tip of his penis. It was the blindfolds, the anonymity; she could do whatever she liked and no-one would ever know.

There. It was lovely and big and stiff again, and beating on her tongue like a little heart. But Glenda did not stop; the others were such gluttons she might not get another chance. And she definitely wanted another go on Andy's mouth. That was one gorgeous orgasm! But how could she ever try it properly with Daniel, with him always telling her how much he loved her shy nature? Whenever he kissed her vulva, all she could do was pretend it was playful foreplay. With him, she was

too embarrassed to move and far too self-conscious to come. And, anyway, he seldom got it right. How could he, while modesty stopped them from telling each other what to do? Not any more, though. It was much too lovely to miss out on, and so was this; she had never sucked a penis before.

But that was it. She'd go no further than licking and sucking. And anyway, Andy couldn't possibly last much longer, could he?

The second woman positioned herself above Andy, kneeling backwards, in the same way as the first. Poised, lightly touching, her vagina felt very slippery. With an almost painful, "Uungh," she plunged all the way down in one go, then leant back on her hands so that her long hair tickled his face.

"Hi, stud." Her voice was hoarse.

"Pleased to meet you." It sounded stupid but Andy did not know what else to say.

Delicate palms caressed his thighs. Fingertips massaged his shoulders. The woman on top moved only slightly, then stopped moving altogether and lay back along his body. While she masturbated, Andy savoured the vibrations, the spasmodic quivering and clenching. He listened to her shallow breathing. He sucked her ear, stroked her stomach and pinched her nipples. One of the women began kissing his thighs. Another licked his testicles and the exposed belly of his penis.

The woman above him whined and grunted. Her pelvis jerked. Andy tried to press deeper but her position limited his movements. When she got up on her knees, he feared she was getting off. Instead, she started thrusting furiously.

"Hey! Don't make him come!" Simone's voice bordered on angry. "Andy, are you okay?"

He could only answer, "Ah-Ah-Ah," as that glorious hot juiciness came down, down, down. The ache boiled from the head of his penis, surged down to its roots, into his groin and rectum and out to his thighs. Orgasm was only seconds away when he found himself thrusting into cool air.

Apparently woman number two had been forcibly removed. An expectant silence followed until the sensitivity began to subside, then fingers examined cautiously, fondled lightly.

Simone spoke first: "Hm. No harm done. I think he can handle one more. Who's next?"

No-one answered, but another mouth started licking and lapping. Then the third woman climbed on top.

Glenda squatted facing Andy. What harm could it do to have just one little go, for Godsake? No-one would ever know, not even the other women. That was why she had said nothing but moved quickly. She had to; these people were downright greedy. One day Daniel would thank her for this. That is, if she ever told him. After all, it was not as if she wanted it just for her own pleasure, it was for his sake too.

Taking her prize, quite assertively, from the woman kissing it, Glenda massaged deftly. She wanted the full hardness, the full size. Satisfied, she positioned the tip. It was dripping. She was dripping. Sexual expectation trickled over her fingers. Andy moaned and so did she as her vagina slid down very, very slowly.

Mm. So! Here she was, for the very first time in her whole life, on top. Here

she was, filled to the hilt with the penis of a man she didn't even know. Should she turn around the way the others had? Should she kneel? No, it felt okay squatting. More than okay, but also very strange; Glenda felt rather like a thief in the night.

Just to get the feel of it, she started with long slow strokes. Then she changed to tiny jabs, barely taking in the head, then deep strokes, taking it all. Wow! This was total control. She could have as much or as little as she liked. She could make it press against the back or the front or the sides. And it felt good - very, very, very good, all the better because Andy remained still and did not interfere with her rhythm.

His hand began following her clitoris up and down, but he stroked too softly. Glenda wet her fingers and did it herself while she kept her balance with her other hand. She began moving more vigorously

- in fast, out slow - twisting and pulling back at the bottom to wipe her vulva across his pubic hair. Her clitoris felt huge, electric. His penis felt very, very big. She spun on it, halfway around, just to see if she could, then completed the circle to face him again. This was screwing! Literally. It was easy! And it felt so good. Fantastic, for Godsake!

Andy gasped and panted. Glenda hoped he would not come until she did, but before that fear had fully formed he asked her to stop. Damn! She was almost there, too.

Reluctantly, she got off and sat down on the floor. Leaning against the wall with her legs wide apart, she thrust three fingers in and out. A few fast sweeps with the other hand made her come within seconds. Tears filled her eyes, but she was far from unhappy. She had actually done it! She had got up there and used that beautiful cock to please herself. Instead of

being fucked, she had fucked! She wondered if that was why some people were so much more excited about sex than others. Or perhaps erotic pleasure had little to do with using or being used, of taking or being taken. Did it really matter who was on top so long as you had total freedom to give your body what it wanted? Accepting responsibility for your own pleasure was one thing; having the freedom to do it was another.

Simone's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Keep your blindfold on, Andy. But, girls, we can take ours off now."

Glenda stood up quickly and slipped the silk scarf down to her neck. Wow! The women all looked so horny, their breasts were full and tight, their pussies bulging, the clits and lips protruding and red and wet. She could see her own clit sparkling through the wisps of soaked amber hair. Her inner thighs glistened.

Andy lay propped up comfortably on a pile of pillows. He had black wavy hair and a friendly rounded jaw. A red scarf concealed his eyes. He was a big man, solidly built, with wiry hair covering his chest and stomach and a mass of shiny curls at his groin. His penis grew out of it like a - well, like a snake, really, a thick, pink snake basking lazily over one thigh.

Glenda could not help staring at it. Unlike Daniel's, Andy's had been circumcised, but plenty of foreskin remained. In fact, in its present state, engorged but not rigid, the skin clung halfway up the head. It reminded her of a large pink acorn of all things. The exposed half, mottled from the receding erection, had a lovely pink sheen becoming more glossy near the foreskin. The tip lay in its own sticky little puddle.

Simone bent over and gave it a kiss. Her body seemed fragile and petite against his. Sexual freedom aside, Glenda

could easily understand why Simone so zealously advocated 'women on top'. As she lifted her head, she teased her long black hair back and forth. That made Andy's penis stir and lengthen.

Anita picked it up and held it while Carol flicked her tongue around the tip. Those two were sitting on one side of the bed, Glenda sat with Simone near the other side, Philippe and Jeanie stood near the bottom. No-one seemed the least bit self-conscious; they were all accustomed to group nudity from Simone's previous sessions.

Thanks to Simone, Glenda no longer criticised her body. So what if her breasts were tiny and the left nipple was noticeably bigger than the right? So what if her hair always looked wispy and wouldn't sit right? People always commented on its amber colour and silky fineness. It suited her elfin features - her baby nose, wide mouth, big brown eyes.

So what if her behind seemed too big for her small body? That didn't stop Daniel from burying his face in it, did it? Would she rather have a man's bum, for Godsake!

As promised, Simone made the announcement everyone had been waiting for: "Now girls, Andy will masturbate for us." She gave the women an impish smile. "And I'll give him some food for thought."

Andy smelt cunt.

Instantly, his penis grew to full size, rolled over and lifted itself through one hundred and eighty degrees to point at his navel. Pulsing and pumping, trying to make itself stiffer still, it felt heavy and huge, and begged to be touched.

Simone's pubic hair tickled his nose. Andy opened his mouth and she filled it.

Hot, slinky, slightly salty, mmm ... food for thought all right!

Andy nibbled and sucked and stared into the red void of the blindfold. Very conscious of all those eyes, those faces, he imagined the women's expressions and thoughts while they watched Simone straddling his face. She would be grinning at them over her shoulder.

He caressed her buttocks with one hand and masturbated himself with the other, brushing lightly with the flat of his palm.

"Gee. Look at it moving by itself."

"It's really loving that."

Andy licked his fingertips and smoothed saliva over the head.

"It's bouncing!"

"Yeah!"

He wrapped his fingers around, squeezing firmly and sliding the skin.

"I've always wanted to see a man do this."

"Clinton won't let me watch."

"Harry, says he doesn't do it."

"They all do it."

"Is he coming?"

"Nuh, it's just lubricating - "

Andy flinched when a single fingertip stroked the tip.

"- See?"

Simone's juices flowed too. While she squirmed over Andy's mouth he examined her clitoris with his tongue. The little erection felt as stiff as his own.

"I love watching the skin peeling down real, real slow."

"Mm. It looks like it's bursting."

"This beats X-rated movies."

"Oh fuck, yeah."

"I've never seen one."

"You're kidding?"

"I like to watch them ejaculate."

"I've never actually seen - Well, Clinton always - you know, comes inside."

"But if he comes now, what about the ones who -?"

Simone interjected. "If you missed out before, he'll be ready again after supper. What do you say Andy, about an hour?"

Andy thought that was a little ambitious, but he could not speak. Still glued to his mouth, Simone turned around to watch. "Go for it, Andy."

"Yeah, do it!"

"Watch you don't get an eyeful, Simone."

They all giggled, then fell silent again while Andy's hand continued steadily up and down. It seemed a terrible waste with all of those eager vaginas around him. But if some of the women had never seen it, and if that was what they wanted ...

On the very brink, with Simone's vulva still filling his mouth, Andy quickened the motion and tightened his fist. He was aware of the women's nervous murmuring, distant and muffled beneath

the aching, burning, unbearably beautiful-beautiful, piercing -

"Will you look at that cock!"

"Sooo sexy!"

"Oh fuck, yeah!"

"Here it comes!"

The piercing pleasure erupted in an excruciating cycle of peak and release. The women gasped along with Andy. Some laughed.

"Ooooh, yes!"

"Wowee!"

"I didn't know it shot so far."

"Oh, fuck! It got me on the tits."

"Look. There's more!"

"You should've put some towels down, Simone."

Lips closed tightly and sucked.

"Oh, no!"

"Uugh!"

"How can she do that!"

"It's okay. Men love it."

"They say the protein's good for you."

"I could never!"

Andy felt fingertips scooping up a wet pool on his thigh. "Mm, yum. Here, have some."

"No! Get away!"

Simone knelt upright. Her lips smacked - at both ends of her body - as she swivelled in a final grinding flourish over his mouth. "Mmm-mmm-mmm! Supper time, everyone. Let's eat."

Andy went downstairs too, but he had to stay blindfolded. He leant against the servery counter while the women chatted happily and busied themselves preparing snacks and coffee. Every so often a hand patted his backside, tweaked his penis or slipped between his thighs to coddle his scrotum.

After supper the women led Andy into the lounge room. While Simone and the

others put on their blindfolds she got Andy to kneel near the couch and whispered to him to stay perfectly still. "It's very important that they do it all by themselves." Then she asked who in the group had missed out earlier.

Before anyone had time to answer, Andy felt warm buttocks pushing against his thighs. The woman was on her knees, too, and reaching back between her legs. Slippery bunched fingertips gripped his penis, pulled firmly then raked lightly several times from base to tip, teasing. She wiped the head back and forth across her clitoris then nestled it ready.

Glenda trembled with need, but she did not want to rush it. Andy's penis waited patiently while, with the mouth of her vagina nuzzling it lightly, she made herself comfortable. What harm could it

do to have another little go? And it was only fair that she go first. The whole idea was to have an orgasm fucking. And she had not. Not just tonight but ever, for Godsake!

Her chosen position, kneeling on the carpet with her legs spread wide, her bottom high, and her breasts resting on the couch, allowed excellent freedom of movement. It also felt deliciously lewd. She pressed her elbows into the cushion and pushed back a little. The head popped inside. Mmm! Her muscles grabbed spontaneously. Hmm!

The urge to ram back, to fill that aching emptiness almost overwhelmed her, but Glenda forced herself to wait. She reached under to feel Andy's scrotum. Its wrinkled texture was tight with anticipation. Her fingertips followed the smooth thick column all the way along, sampling. Oh, how she would savour every millimetre sliding in. Her fingers

examined the way her vagina stretched and gripped, the way the lips bulged and clung, the way her clitoris protruded.

Gradually, she pushed - gradually, gradually, gradually - until her buttocks crushed Andy's pubic hair. Arching her back, she pushed even farther until her vulva teased his testicles, and farther still.

It felt good! So, so good. She rocked her hips in a steady tilting movement - halfway out, all the way in. Clamped between two fingers, her clitoris matched the motion, sliding under the skin.

Wet but not too wet, tight but not too tight, what could be more perfect? The delicious stickiness enhanced the friction. Orgasmic currents danced and sparkled; the intense ache surged and ebbed. She could come right now if she chose, but she wanted to make it last. Each time orgasm tried to engulf her she eased the pressure, slowed the pace, kept herself

teetering on an excruciating precipice, balancing on an exquisite pinprick ...

Suddenly, release would wait no longer. She buried her face in the cushion. Her teeth bit into the fabric. Her fingers moved faster and harder, digging in, massaging in savage circles. Her vagina clenched hard, grasping the full length, craving more, more, more, pressing back, gripping, sliding out, squeezing. The aching burn blazed from her clitoris deep into her vagina, her womb, her bowels, her thighs: searing white stabs, scalding golden bursts, rolling red waves. She groaned aloud and screamed silently, again and again and again.

Glenda stayed on her knees with her upper body collapsed on the couch, a liquid rag doll, all mellow and melting.

Andy's penis remained inside, perfectly still and perfectly hard.

So!

She'd done it. And she'd done it all by herself in just a few minutes. No pretending. No nagging, cramping frustration. No resentment afterwards. Definitely no faking ever again! But what about Daniel, would he stay still the way Andy had? Would he let her fuck him? He'd better. Not always, just pretty damn often. It was for his sake, too, for Godsake!

All of the women had come and gone, so to speak. There had been many orgasms during the night, but Andy had only had one. He removed his blindfold and sat down on the couch. Simone immediately knelt between his legs.

While the waves of pleasure washed through his body, Andy spread his knees

wide and watched his wife's lips. "Well, it seemed to go off okay, don't you think?"

"You did well, Andy."

"I enjoyed every minute of it, too. So, what's next?"

"This." Simone sat astride his lap, teased herself down slowly until they were deeply coupled, then hooked her hands behind his neck. "It's my turn."

"I meant, what's next on the agenda for Simone's Sex Clinic?"

"I've got another session, Thursday night."

"Great! I'll be in that."

Simone grinned and shook her head slowly.

"Why not? You said I did well."

She leant down and kissed his nose. "I had better be the surrogate on Thursday, sweetheart - unless you think you can handle six premature ejaculators."

END.

Lollipop

By Robin Wild

Liana watches through the window. The fingers squeezing the little penis belong to a fair girl with quick blue eyes and small breasts. Around her left nipple curves the tattoo of a rose and the words 'kiss me'. She wears nothing but a faded blue baseball cap. Her auburn hair, styled in the closely cropped waif fashion, accentuates an elegant neck and slender body. Her posture presents an excellent rear view of her young buttocks, perfect anus and moist pubes. She looks no older than eighteen.

The woman over whom she crouches might have stepped straight out of a Gaughin. Every curve of her bronze skin exudes sensuality. Her Polynesian eyes are as black as her hair. Its rich tresses swirl about on the sofa while she squirms voluptuously with her knees drawn up and apart.

Between those knees kneels a wiry, red-headed man with a hairy chest and bushy pubis. His is the penis the fair girl squeezes and caresses. Very soon it is neither little nor soft. The body strains and the head quivers in response to the girl's expert touch and also, no doubt, due to its proximity to the bronze woman's vulva.

Liana presses her nose against the glass. Her hand slides under the elastic of

her panties; her fingers delve into the damp hair -

"Australia's turnin' into a fuckin' ghetto."

Liana swings around, but already a big male hand has covered her eyes. His other arm crushes her throat.

"Fred's the name, burglin's the game."

Roughly, he drags her across the room. Within seconds she is restrained in a chair, *the* chair, with her arms and legs securely fastened. Her assailant remains behind her, out of sight.

"Not hurt, please. I just maid. Jewellery upstairs."

"And you're just downstairs wankin'?"

"I not do anything. I just -"

"Any wonder the place looked empty. Every cunt's down here havin' it off."

"I show you. If you not hurt me."

"Seen one snatch, seen 'em all."

"Jewellery. In safe in main bedroom."

"It'll keep. What is this? Toorak Toff's Social Club?"

"Big party. Everyone feel very sexy."

"You're not wrong, feel this." His hand covers her eyes and his crotch presses against her arm. "But look at 'em. Spottin' an Aussie these days is like winnin' Tattsлото."

"I really not know what -"

"They're breedin' like fuckin' rabbits. Every place I hit these days is owned by foreigners."

Liana tries to calm herself. She thinks it best to keep him talking. "You worry about Aussie identity?"

"Fuckin' oath! Footy, not soccer. Beer, not fuckin' cat's piss chard'nay."

"Ethnic pride bad thing. Big cause for war. I happy when everyone mix of all race and -" She cuts herself short; this is hardly the way to humour him.

"Bullshit! What're you, anyway? I never seen no chink with yellow hair before."

"Honey blonde. Father French, mother Vietnamese. They always say few difference, few argument."

"Do they work here, too."

"They dead."

"The war?"

"The kitchen. Mother hate crepes. Father hate noodles. Big fight. Spill oil. Start fire."

The burglar chuckles, then falls silent. Liana thinks he might have left the room. Escape is impossible, but still she strains at the leather cuffs. Each ankle and lower thigh is secured individually but her legs are pressed tightly together. The cuffs restrain her wrists, too, pinning them firmly to the armrests. She can move her head but the headrest blocks the view behind her. At least the chair is comfortable with its padded footrest and

thick cushions upholstered in black kidskin. It is tilted at just the right angle and positioned to let her see everything beyond the observation window.

She hears a movement behind her.
"Better go quick. Boss see. Police come. You get caught."

"Everyone's too busy screwin' to give a fuck about me. How do you get in there?"

"Invitation only."

"Well, I'm invitin' meself. I want some of that crumpet."

"Door only open with voice code."

"Like Open-Seza-Me?"

"I not unders-"

"Oh, you understand all right. Give."

"I not know code."

"Course you do. And we're just gonna watch the action 'til you tell me."

The bronze woman, still lying on her back, palms her breasts lovingly. Liana has a vivid view between hers and the wiry man's legs. Except for the woman's black pubic hair Liana might be observing her own body. The fair girl still crouches to the bronze woman's left with her bottom raised invitingly. And now, a second man joins the group.

"Who invited Marlon Brando?"

"That our fruit man. Very nice bloke. Let me go. Pleeease!"

"Not 'til you tell me the code."

"I say alreeeady, I not know!"

Each time the fair girl strokes the belly of the wiry man's penis across the bronze woman's vulva the lips protrude a little farther, clinging and following in a lingering kiss. His eyes dart back and forth from them to her other lips above which hovers the fruit man's penis dipping and swaying and jumping with each flick of her tongue. This fretful dance continues

until her mouth captures the head and draws it slowly in and out.

The bronze woman is older than the fair girl, mid-twenties perhaps, and the penis between her lips is considerably thicker and shorter than the one between her legs. Its owner has similar proportions. Almost bald, with sultry eyes and disdainful lips, the fruit man does indeed resemble the famous actor. Squatting near the bronze woman's right shoulder, he steadies himself with one hand while rolling her nipples with the other.

Those four occupy the backless sofa closest to the observation window. It and the five other floral sofas form a circular 'nest'. Near the other walls, groups of lounge chairs in matching pastels form smaller nests. Expensive prints and sculptures adorn the walls and side tables; erotic works by Lindsay and Fini, and a few pre-cubism Picassos. Adorning the

chairs and sofas and rose pink carpet are about twenty more women and men.

The fornication is in full swing. No-one seems the least bit concerned about Liana or her captor. In fact, her predicament seems to enhance their pleasure.

The observation window is a full wall of glass with the voice code activated door at one end. Louvre panels along the top and bottom allow not only the murmurs and moans of the people inside to be heard but the body sounds, too.

Liana Labeque can smell the naked skin, the perspiration, the cocktail of deodorants and perfumes, the damp hair, the musky scent of exposed genitals, the pasty scent of semen. Despite her helpless situation, that last scent alone is enough to excite her. The more she tries to ignore it the more her senses focus on it. She sniffs the air slowly and deeply.

While Liana sniffs, she watches and listens. She can hear the smack of the bronze woman's lips, passionately fellating, then the slap of thigh on bottom and the catch of the fair girl's breath as she is taken from behind by a boy of about her own age. Liana has noticed him roving from group to group, sampling a vagina here, a mouth there. He has a lean build, glossy black hair, and for him the term 'well endowed' is grossly inadequate.

The fair girl does not look back; she simply raises her head and closes her eyes relishing, first the abrupt ingress, and then the pleasing size, both the length and the girth. For a time she moves forcefully, meeting his thrusts, but when they have settled into a soothing rhythm she returns her attention to the wiry man's penis now lolling soft in her hand.

She tongues it, licking back and forth, all the way up and down until it straightens and firms. When it is fully

roused she stirs its tip around the edge of the bronze woman's vagina.

The wiry man winces and presses forward, but the girl deflects the motion upwards and into her mouth. She closes her lips behind the head and rests her cheek on the bronze woman's pubic hair; then reaching back between her own legs, strokes herself while suckling languidly. The movement of her cheeks matches that of her bottom, undulating in concert with her fingers and the rhythm of the lean boy's pelvis.

It seems he has no further desire to roam. His breathing becomes louder and faster. His expression changes from blissful, to pained, to agonised. Then he cries out as his hips explode in a volley of lust that pummels the girl's buttocks and lifts her knees from the sofa.

Liana sobs. "What you do to me?"

"You'll see."

"Let me go. Pleeease!"

"Look, lady, how long it takes is up to you."

When the boy collapses, sweating and gasping, the fair girl, still gripping the wiry man's penis, straddles the bronze woman's face. The fruit man crouches behind her and peers under to watch the semen dripping into the bronze woman's mouth. The woman swallows, licks her lips, then probes with her tongue, darting it in and out, and to and fro.

Red blotches spread over the fair girl's rump. She groans, then as her body hunches and shudders, she grunts heartily. Trembling, and crouching still, she adopts her former position with her buttocks almost facing Liana. Smiling over her shoulder, she raises her bottom, offering a shining inducement to any available man.

The fruiterer is quick to oblige. He kisses the pubes, sucks at the lips, then kneels upright and plunges his penis in to the hilt just once before withdrawing to

tease himself at the entrance. Meanwhile, the girl resumes pleasuring the bronze woman and the wiry man as before. Whenever the erection wanes she revives it by snaking her tongue around and along while sliding the skin. She sucks the head and presses it under the clitoris then sucks and licks both together. She wipes it across the clitoris and strokes it along the ruffled lips. She seems to enjoy watching the clitoris spring up pertly after each pass of penis or tongue.

The bronze woman reaches down with both hands and pulls her vulva open. The fair girl rolls the entire penis from side to side within the luscious gorge. When the woman throws back her arms and lifts her pelvis, the girl pushes the tip down until it slips inside. She puts her mouth to the connection, and while the wiry man makes shallow strokes, she tongues the meeting of spreading pubes and glistening shaft.

After a short time, the wiry man pulls out completely. He lifts the bronze woman's ankles and pushes them towards her shoulders until his body is suspended over her with only his feet touching the sofa. The fair girl massages his penis firmly then inserts the head so that it is lightly nestled.

Liana stares at it pulsing and lubricating.

The man hesitates, savouring the moment, then again he drives in to the hilt and stays deep this time, grinding.

Liana watches his toes pushing into the sofa, his thigh muscles straining, his scrotum swinging, his buttocks flexing, and then she studies his face. She loves the facial contortions of a person teetering on the brink.

Behind the fair girl the fruit man rocks steadily, eyes closed, enraptured, while the girl swivels her buttocks in a screwing motion.

"Wouldn't you like some of that dick? Or do you just like watching?"

"What you think!"

"I think it's time you stopped playin' games."

"Why you not get it over with! Take me! Then go away!"

"I might. I like bitches like you with a bit of meat on 'em. More fuckable. Then again I might save it for some of that white snatch in there."

The wiry man allows the bronze woman's body to unbend until her lower back settles onto the sofa. Still gripping her ankles, he takes his weight on his knees. With her legs held straight and apart, she resembles a gymnast doing the splits. He makes three hard thrusts. The fair girl reacts quickly, snatching out his penis and aiming it at the open vagina while her slender fingers milk expertly with long, fast strokes. The last spurt

splashes across her nose as she plunges her mouth onto the head.

The wiry man kneels motionless, his fingers clamped to the bronze woman's ankles. Only his pelvis moves, squirming and jerking in reflexive submission to the fair girl's fingers and lips.

Finally, still grasping the spent penis, she turns her attention to the vulva - ripe, red and slick with semen. Liana tries not to stare at the pearlescent folds curling and yielding before each sweep of the girl's tongue.

"Ever tried jism?"

"Pleeease! I not stand it!"

"My missus isn't too keen about it, neither."

"This! I not stand this!"

"You can close your eyes."

Liana does shut her eyes, but not for long. When she opens them the wiry man is licking the bronze woman's clitoris. After a while his lips close over it, and

there they stay, stretching and releasing until the woman stops writhing. She jolts hard against his mouth, then rolls away from him onto her side. Her knees remain spread but bunched up to her breasts while her fingers strum feverously.

A blonde man with the build of a gladiator saunters towards the group. He has a square jaw, an all-over tan and a perfectly sculptured penis. It stands straight out as if pointing the way. The fair girl, on all fours and thrusting hard against the fruit man, flicks out her tongue and licks it as it goes past. The blonde man kneels behind the bronze woman who is still on her side masturbating. She appears to be unaware of his presence until he lifts her top leg.

Liana's eyes follow the protracted penetration. She almost feels every broad centimetre easing in.

The burglar chuckles. "Can't stand it, but can't keep your eyes off it, neither.

Give me the code and we can both join the party."

"Pleeease, I have to -"

"Wank? Too bad."

"I have to - go toilet."

"Go then."

"What! I not just - like this - You look! People in there look!"

"Well, you'll just have to wait."

"Please! Pleeease!"

"The code?"

"Prick! You know, you very big prick!"

"Eight inches on a good day."

Liana presses her thighs even more tightly together and glares straight ahead.

Hugging the bronze woman's leg and kissing her ankle and toes, the blonde gladiator swings his buttocks gracefully, unhurriedly. The light catches the pubes bulging and the smooth column gliding. With each stroke it disappears and re-emerges almost completely. The fruit

man, however, hunched over the fair girl's back and biting her shoulder, thrusts wildly, voraciously. After he comes he rolls onto his back and lies with his head beneath her crotch. He pulls her hips down and licks out his semen.

Liana licks her own lips and swallows.

A young man with pallid skin and brown curly hair comes over to the fair girl. When the fruit man slides out of the way, the curly haired man sits down behind her. He puts his fingers to his mouth, then making a ring of his thumb and forefinger, spreads the saliva over his erection. With a tantalisingly gradual rotation of her derrière the fair girl settles onto it.

Three! Curly boy is her third!

Liana is burning up. The fire raging between her thighs is intensified by the overwhelming need to urinate. Sticky secretions tickle her perineum and anus. Her nipples ache and her clitoris pulsates madly. But she is not about to admit that to Ted or whatever his name is.

She yawns. "This getting pretty boring."

"Yeah. That's why your tits are drilling holes in your dress. What's this?" He fiddles with some toggle switches at the side of the chair.

"Ned! Not touch!"

"Fred's the name, burglin's the -"

Suddenly, the bottom half of the chair opens like scissors, spreading Liana's legs.

"Hey! Wicked."

Under the dress Liana is wearing black bikini briefs. The sheer nylon clings to her wet skin. The shock of the cooler

air on her hot flesh is overwhelming. "Oh, no! Now, look what you do!"

He comes around from behind her. "How about a bit of this to keep you going? I mean 'til we really get amongst it."

'This' is floating close to her face. The tip brushes along her cheek, leaving a wet trail.

He does not look much like a burglar. His face reminds Liana of British aristocracy: handsome with lazy eyes, and dark hair greying at the temples. He wears a smart black suit, white shirt and rose pink tie. The pink matches the colour beneath his foreskin, which he holds back tightly with his fist.

He stands between Liana's legs and pushes her dress up. The nylon has ridden inside, splitting her vulva. As he moves closer Liana braces, but in the same instant realises, with as much disappointment as amusement, that his

erection is subsiding. Unconcerned, he discards it and leaves it dangling heavily from his fly. Strangely, the thought strikes her that perhaps a tie is a phallic symbol. A limp one perhaps but -

He slips his fingers under the crotch of her panties and with no more effort than were they made of rice paper, rips them off. Exposed totally to his leering gaze, Liana squirms and shivers, but her vulnerability is no longer her main concern.

"Really. I need pee!"

The burglar presses the tiny nylon bundle to his nose and breathes deeply, then turns away. The spreading of her legs has released the last fragile control Liana possesses over her bladder.

"I mean it! I - "

"Stop whinging."

"- I not wait!"

Suddenly, he swings around. There is a small white basin in his hands and a pink hand towel draped over one arm.

The amber fountain arcs half a metre into the air and cascades noisily into the basin. At a certain point Liana could regain control, but the relief is so wonderful that she finds herself relaxing and sighing blissfully.

He dabs her dry. "You are bad!"

"And you not burglar."

"Master jewel thief as a matter of fact. Gotta look the part when you're workin' posh suburbs like Toorak." He takes his soft penis in one hand and uses it to prod the skin above and to each side of her clitoris. "Are you on heat or what? Your twat's all red and puffy."

Liana releases a helpless whimper. He can do whatever he likes. Anything. He moves to the side of the chair, and as he does so he allows his penis, which has firmed slightly, to swing within a

centimetre of her face. Instinctively, her mouth pursues it, but he steps back, holds it near the root between one finger and thumb, and begins sliding all of the skin back and forth, very slowly.

Liana watches the foreskin clinging and peeling away, spreading the sticky secretion over the head. Pulse by pulse, the pink satin sheen becomes a glistening purple, and the body expands, stiffens and raises itself.

He leans forward, pulls aside the dress and begins teasing one breast with the tip. He deliberately ignores the aching nipple. "Feel like talkin' yet?"

Liana shakes her head.

He finds another switch at the side of the chair and discovers with delight that it lifts Liana's legs and bends them at the knees. She is now positioned as if awaiting a gynaecological examination, with one breast exposed and the skirt of

her dress bunched at her waist. He fumbles for the zip.

"Dress wrap-around." Liana does not want it ruined, too! He slides the expensive garment out from under her, intact.

"Ed, please I -"

"Yeah?" He is smiling at her.

Liana almost blurts out the word he wants to hear, but instead she tenses and stares straight ahead. He comes around and stands between her legs again. Her body trembles when she feels the extent of his arousal as he presses the full length between her buttocks. It is smooth and hot and rubbery, but it could be hard enough in a heartbeat. He could ram it into her at any moment. She clenches her fists. Her vaginal muscles clench of their own accord.

"Bad! I love it when chicks do that. Do it again."

Deliberately this time, Liana opens and closes her vagina, kissing the skin of his penis.

"Oh, yeah! The missus thinks I'm stupid, but see what it does to me?"

Liana can see, and she can feel. She closes her eyes and holds her breath.

Nothing happens. When she looks again, he has moved out of sight, perhaps out of the room. Her vagina is scalding from the imagined invasion. The skin around her anus itches and tickles from the moisture dribbling down and gathering amidst the fine hairs. The irritation causes the muscles of her groin to twitch and flex, and her pelvis to rock and squirm with a will of its own. Due to the restraints the movement is slight, the relief almost imperceptible.

"Uh-uh. Naughty, naughty."

"What!"

"No wankin'"

"I not! How can I?"

"Come on. I know all the tricks you chink chicks get up to. A mate of mine told me about a show in Bangkok. Picking up razor blades, they were."

"Ed -?"

"Fred."

"I know you not hurt me. So -"

"So?"

"So I want cock now."

"You've wanted it all along."

"I come. You come. You go. Okay?"

"I go after I screw a few of them chicks in there. The code?"

"Cock first."

"Code first, cock second."

"Okay. It ... Fuck! It on tip of tongue."

The burglar eyes her suspiciously.
"You really are getting off on this, aren't you?"

Liana's heart pounds. Her breasts and vulva feel tense and heavy. Her vagina feels huge, gaping and drooling like a hungry mouth. Her clitoris aches and burns. In her spread position she can see the ridge standing up amidst the glistening golden hair. It looks like a little nose. Nose? She laughs.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing."

"Well let's see if you think this's funny? Amazing what you can find around here."

The peacock feather hovers above Liana's navel, then barely touches the skin. She shivers and tugs at the restraints.

"Oh, ah! No! Pleeease - Oh!"

The itch becomes unbearable. The feather traces the curves of her body. It skims over her shoulders and breasts but detours around each nipple. Liana tries to shut out the torment by concentrating on the scene in the pink room.

At the far end a black man sits slouched in a chair. A blonde woman sits astride him backwards with her legs spread over the chair's arms. His big hands knead her breasts. His gleaming penis jabs into her ...

The feather tickles Liana's hips and stomach and the sides of her vulva. Avoiding her clitoris, it teases over her anus and buttocks and the back of her thighs.

Near the left wall, beneath a Leonor Fini drawing, a man lies on the floor under two women. Both are brunettes. One squats over his mouth, squirming; one squats on his penis, riding ...

The feather reaches Liana's calves and skims towards her ankles.

Near the observation window, the bronze woman is draped across the sofa, her pelvis propped high on cushions, her legs spread, her head and shoulders overhanging the edge. Her hair is pooled

on the floor. Pools of semen sparkle on her neck and breasts and at the corners of her mouth. In each hand she grips a penis, one spent, one hard. Between her teeth she grips another, while a fourth, belonging to a man standing behind the sofa, slides back and forth in her vagina ...

The feather tickles the soles of Liana's feet. She is close to hyperventilating. Every muscle writhes and strains. Every nerve itches and crawls. Her vagina aches and clenches. Every bit of erectile tissue is taut and aflame. She cannot speak. She cannot laugh. She cannot cry. She cannot come. She can only pant and groan. Just when she thinks she will go insane the torture stops.

"Talk!"

Liana cannot.

"Now!"

"Wai -" She slows her breathing and forces herself to relax. It is a minute or

two before her mouth can produce coherent sounds.

"Wait - No more - Ted - I lie. I not know code."

"Fred! The fuckin' name's Fred. And I know you do."

In his hand he holds a small bottle of aromatic oil. In the other hand he holds his penis which he brings close to Liana's face and kneads between his fingers until it is fully erect. He pours oil along the top, smooths it over the entire surface, then rolls the shaft over Liana's neck and shoulders. It feels warm and soothing. The firm flesh rolls over her breasts but avoids her nipples. It massages the oil into her stomach and groin and the sides of her vulva, but avoids the itching inner surfaces and clitoris. The tip torments her anus, around and around. It teases over her buttocks and thighs, then down her calves to her ankles and the soles of her

feet. This time the itch feels sweet, the burn white hot, the ache exquisite.

Liana moans and squirms and writhes, trying to create friction between the lips of her vulva. She flexes her vagina, rocks her pelvis, but little movement is possible within the confines of the leather cuffs. Orgasm is near, so very near.

The burglar leaves the room and returns a few minutes later. He stands between her legs. His erection has softened slightly. The head bobs against her inner buttocks. The intensity of Liana's arousal has mellowed, too, but her insides feel cavernous and ravenous. Her vulva feels fluid and flared. Her clitoris hums.

He is holding two glass jars, one in each hand. "Look what else I found."

"What?"

"Honey."

"And other one?"

"Ants."

Liana shrieks.

"The code?"

"I soon remember! I try reeeal hard!
Just give me minute."

He unscrews the lid of the honey jar and dips his penis into the thick fluid. With the tip he smears the honey over her breasts, making a circle around each nipple. He dabs some in the hair just above her clitoris and along each side in the valley of her groin.

"Pleeease! One minute! Just one minute!"

He unscrews the lid of the ant jar.

"No! You would not! No! Oh - NO!"

He shakes the ants onto her stomach. There are about a dozen, and each is at least a centimetre long. They look quite angry as they march off in search of the honey. Most go for her breasts but a few head for her crotch. Liana can feel every one of them. She can even feel their

individual footsteps. Her body itches and crawls and shakes all over. She cannot speak. She can barely breathe.

One ant shuns the honey and goes straight for her vagina. Eventually, all but that one have stopped moving. Liana can see most of them lined up and feeding like tiny cattle. The errant ant, however, is driving her crazy. It walks twice around the rim of her vagina then changes its mind about Liana's own honey and makes excruciatingly slow progress towards the sweeter smear above her clitoris - by the most direct route.

"Lollipop! LOLLIPOP! LOLLIPOP!"

Frederick Jarvis glances at his watch. "Bravo, madam! Didn't you say forty-five minutes was your best time yet?"

"Forty! Get them off! Get them off!"

"Excellent! Then this is definitely a record, forty-nine minutes and twenty-two seconds."

"JENKINS!"

"Jarvis, madam. They don't bite. They're a unique type that are found only in -"

"But what if they -"

"I have been monitoring them very closely, madam."

He coaxes the ants back into the jar.
"There - all present and accounted for."

The code word has released all of the restraints and opened the glass door, but Liana Labeque remains seated, her hands busy between her spread legs. Bliss comes instantly.

"Mm - Jenkins."

"Jarvis, madam."

"Ants?"

"It's my hobby, madam. Purely by chance, on my way here I came across a quaint little pet shop in Carlton and -"

"Never mind. Well done. You should have been an actor."

"I am, madam. In the local repertory group."

"You've got the job. When can you start?"

"It would appear I already have, madam. And thank you. I'm sure you will not be disappointed." He zips himself up and straightens his tie.

"Jenson."

"Jarvis, madam."

"Please announce to my guests that dinner will be served in twenty minutes. There's no need to dress. And afterwards you may join us all in the pink room."

"Thank you, but I must decline."

"Are you worried about your ethnic identity?"

"That was just part of the game, madam. Lust, like love, speaks all languages."

He goes off to make the announcement and returns after a few minutes.

"And, Jenkins."

"Jarvis, madam."

"You may fuck me now."

"Regrettably, madam, once more I must decline."

"Oh?"

"Mrs Jarvis would not approve."

END.

Pleasure Peak

by Robin Wild

Who created the erotic monolith, it seems nobody really knows. Some archaeologists believe it pre-dates the ice age, others say its as young as a few thousand years. How the work was accomplished with the primitive tools of either era, none have explained. But its alleged powers pose an even greater mystery. To experience these powers, people travel from all over the world then trek to the summit of Mount Curious in the rainforest region of Central Australia, near Alice Springs.

The thirty metre high wall of rock towers above a kidney shaped clearing about the size of a football field. This grassy plateau is dotted with stands of melaleuca and acacia trees, and copses of bushes twined with colourful flowering creepers. Too, are groups of enormous boulders, some balancing precarious, some as big as a bus ...

From Encyclopaedia Erotica by J. R. Hannagan.

Effy Laurens thought she knew what to expect. But as Byron had said all along: "No mindtour can simulate that fourth dimension; the living essence or atmosphere of a place."

Of Mount Curious, that was certain true. As Effy and Byron walked across the plateau towards the giant vulva they gazed up in awe. Effy felt overwhelmed not only by the enormous size and lifelike detail but more by the magnetic presence

of the thing. Byron felt it too; a feeling of being drawn into it.

From vagina to clitoris the monolith spanned fifteen metres; almost twice higher than the tallest of the nearby trees. It was rendered in the aroused state with the lips open and the clitoris erect. Seepage of moisture caused the red granite to glisten, and as if to add the finishing touch, nature had created tiny fissures filled with silt which nourished a triangle of wispy golden ferns.

Effy read the plaque aloud: "*This monolith was discovered on our property in the year 2089. My family and I hereby name the site 'Pleasure Peak' and dedicate it to all people of the world in celebration of the sexual revival ... Jackie D. Lowel.*"

Byron flicked back his long hair and took a swig of wine. "Pretty generous that Lowel bloke, wasn't he?"

"He was a she."

"Oh?"

"I read about her."

"What else did you read?"

"She organised the first tours and took part in the orgies well into her eighties." Effy stroked the smooth surface. "So new it looks. Its hard to believe it was built before the greening, when this was all desert."

"It is. And maybe even earlier, before it was all desert. For all we know this could have been an island in an inland sea."

Byron gave Effy the bottle. As she swallowed the wine laced with herbal antisperm she gazed at his face. His long, ruffled hair framed an almost permanent grin that gave some people the feeling he was laughing about some private joke. Her eyes studied his bronzed body and fell to the springy brown curls at the base of his belly. There was nothing strange in that, except that she had no choice. It was

the erotic monolith. Its influence was irresistible.

She could not help watching the way his penis swung as he moved. She could not help loving the sensual curve along the top where it swept around to blend into his groin. As if mesmerised, her gaze followed the trail of fine hairs leading to his navel. Her tongue tingled, wanting to probe that small depression. Her belly stirred, wanting to press itself against Byrons. Her nipples stiffened, needing to rub themselves over his hairy chest.

"Nature! Look to this." Byron had discovered a second plaque part hidden by the ferns. "*Warning: If you find fucking in public offensive you should leave this place immediately ...*" He laughed. "This must have been written quite a time ago. Offended by swiving in public? Pretty prudish in the old days werent they? And look down here; they were still using apostrophes. "

Effy liked the old word. "Fucking lost its power from flippant use, much like swiving today. Its swiving this and swiving that. I hope fucking makes a comeback."

Byron read aloud another section: *"Emanations from the great vulva can dissolve sexual restraint and induce a powerful aphrodisiacal effect."*

He had quite a sizeable engorgement now and so did Effy. She felt her vulva moistening and opening as she imagined the lusty orgies that had taken place here. Her fingers surrounded his penis and squeezed. "Hurry up and get your pictures. I need a good fucking."

Byron smiled. "You're going to be saying that all day now, aren't you?"

"It has got a nice raw ring to it."

Byron took the camera out of his backpack and moved right back to get all of the sculpture in view. Effy stood in the vaginal entrance with the lips flaring out

around her and sweeping up to the clitoral canopy above. She untied her pony tail and shook her head to let her hair bounce free. Then she raised one knee slight and pressed her blonde pubic curls apart with two spread fingers.

"Hows this?"

"Pretty good. Now cunt me with those big blue eyes."

As she slipped from one sexy pose to another the invisible radiance from the monolith warmed Effys skin. When it was Byrons turn, she told him to sit down inside the vaginal tunnel itself.

"Tease your cock."

He did, and the monolith responded by showering their bodies with even stronger radiation. Just when the scene through the viewer was becoming more and more erotic and the seeping wetness between Effys legs was becoming a flood, they heard muffled voices closeto.

Nigel Sorenson tried to heft himself forward on the paisley lounge chair, but could not. The others noticed his dilemma but seemed afraid to embarrass him by assisting. It was a stupid chair. Once you sank into it, it swallowed you up. His cheeks burned and the china rattled while he balanced his saucer on his stomach with one hand and steadied his teacup with the other.

Anita filled it but verywell knew he could not reach the milk and sugar. Deliberate, she had placed it outreach, just as she deliberate had sent his recliner away for repair only one day before this important meeting. Why else would she do that but to humiliate him?

Who could have guessed from her sweet face and delicate voice what a wilful woman she was? For the past ten years, since that glorious day when

Sorenson himself had been reborn, he had tried to show her the way to salvation, but she refused to open her heart. It was a great burden being wed to a woman who closed her ears obstinate to His word, who turned her face defiant from His glorious light, who dared question His divine wisdom.

Come the great judgement her small slender body would certain be among those hurled into the fires of hell, not to speak of what would become of her soul. It seemed Gods plan did not include her salvation.

Steadfast, she refused to wear clothes in the house, and brazen she pleased her genitals whenever she pleased. She refused to copulate in the dark, fullwell knowing he could not do it in the light. Consequent their marriage was barren and loveless. Was she created mere to taunt and aggravate him, to try his faith and resolve?

Even now, while Sorenson and eight of the other righteousmost citizens of Wattle Springs were gathered at his home to consider what could be done about the abomination overlooking the town, she brazen flaunted her halfnaked body.

The group fidgeted embarrassed as she sat down opposite, spread her legs lewd and toyed with her vulva. As if that wasn't enough, she sided with the heathen.

"The tourists do no wrong. What harm comes of a good communal swiving?"

The group glared at her. Sorensen felt the blood rush into his brain. "Wife! To enjoy sex for its own sake is to make sex your God. They are fornicators, adulterers, idol worshippers! Every weekend they prance up the mountain to indulge in their pagan orgies. This community, by its inaction, has condoned their depravity for too long. Today, as in

days old, Gods Knights will make an end to it."

"Knights." Anita released a tiny but scornful laugh. "I once believed in noble knights. No-one told me they were bloodthirsty rapists and murderers." She glanced at the religious icons on every wall, then at the brass replicas the group members wore on gold chains around their necks. "And idol worshippers, too."

Sorensens cup rattled again. Such idiotic comments incensed him but he refused to dignify them with a response. It would take more than a troublesome wife to distract Nigel, Supreme Master of the Order of the Knights of Divine Justice, from Gods work.

The voices came from behind a clump of bushes leftside. Effy and Byron approached and crouched oversight. Byron

touched Effys arm. "They must have passed us when we stopped for lunch."

"Must have. Stay quiet. Lets watch."

Trish was on her knees with her forearms and breasts in the grass. Her black hair flowed to the ground, catching the sunlight and reflecting a blue tinge. Dons sandy hair was pasted to the sweat on his brow. He was kneeling behind her, holding her hips, pulling her backwards and forwards, giving her a very good cocking.

Effy and Byron spied for a few minutes then crept up behind them. Effy reached between Dons legs to feel his scrotum swinging over her palm and his penis slipping past her fingertips. He glanced over his shoulder. "How was that banana split?"

Byron winked to Effy. "A bit mushy."

Effy slipped a finger deep into her banana scented vagina and then into Dons

mouth. "You could have had some too, if youd stopped."

Trish had not even opened her eyes. She was entranced total by the feelings between her legs. Her cheek was close to the ground and her fingers clutched at the grass. She grunted, "Nn-Ung-Nn ..." and tilted her rearside slight this way, slight that, fine tuning the pleasure.

Her facial and anal muscles simultaneous reflected each tremor and twinge. Effy watched the spincter muscle tightening and relaxing. She stared at the slippery skin below it and the fine hairs immersed in the syrup and at the vaginal rim, reddened and slick, rolling out with Dons penis and folding back in.

Then Trish took her weight on her hands, threw back her head and took over the rhythm. Don stayed still and joined in the 'Nn-ung' sounds as she screwed back on his penis, rotating her rump so vigorous as to jar his whole body. She

took him to the very edge, then slowed her motion to hold him lingering near orgasm. His fingers dug into the skin of her waist. His teeth and eyes and buttocks clenched each time she pushed back.

Trish summoned Byron to kneel in front of her. Without interrupting her rhythm she wrapped her tongue around his penis and drew the head into her mouth. As her breasts swung back and forth, Byron stroked her ribs and teased her nipples. Both ends of her body made juicy sounds.

Effy was as absorbed in their pleasure as they were. She stood near to massaging her breast in one hand, her vulva in the other. Then she fell on her knees behind Don, moulded her crotch to his thigh, and reached between Trish's legs to feel their wet nexus.

Sudden, Byron pulled out from Trish's mouth. He moved behind Effy, pushed her legs apart wider, and stabbed

his tongue in. Just as she pleaded, "Cock me! Cock me!" he did, driving in all the way.

So swift and sharp came the invasion that Effys nerve endings took a split second to respond. Then she let go a shrill squeal as her vagina burned and gripped spontaneous. Byron groaned and pushed even deeper, crushing his pubic hair against her.

He began swiving slow, driving in each time Trish thrust back on Don. Effys muscles loosened and the burn became a melting glow. Deliberate, she flexed her vagina, tightening to resist each smooth penetration, relaxing, then tightening again to resist each withdrawal. Her body and Dons remained still, sandwiched between the other two. Soon Effys total awareness was embodied in the sliding fullness and the rhythmical squashing of her clitoris against Dons thigh.

Trish came first, setting off Don, then Effy, setting off Byron - an orgasmic chain reaction.

One of the factors that fuelled the sexual revival was the widespread acknowledgement that the germ theory of disease was wrong. Of course, we now know that harmful strains of bacteria, parasitic organisms, fungi and viruses are a result of disease, not the cause. The real causes include a corrupted genetic blueprint, a polluted environment, an unhealthy diet and lifestyle, and a destructive emotional disposition. All affect the bodys chemical balance and lead to a buildup of poisons. The body copes to a point, remaining apparent healthy, but eventual something must give.

We now know it is the function of germs to cleanse the body. They consume dead cells and tissues, decomposing these wastes for reuse or elimination. They mutate into the most efficient form according to the scavenging job at hand and multiply or die off according to the food source available.

However, if that food source is too toxic for them to process effectively their excreta also becomes toxic. It is only then that germs become poisonous agents themselves, increasing the toxic buildup in already unhealthy individuals.

Even in this poisonous form they are not contagious as was believed timespast. But when ingested by unhealthy bodies they tip the balance, causing existing illness to express itself. When ingested by healthy bodies this form that survive on toxic waste find insufficient food to sustain them and so they die off or mutate

to their benign forms and resume their normal scavenger duties.

Thus, the mystery of susceptibility. But before the germ theory was seen to be invalid few thought to ask: How can I be more susceptible than you unless I am 'less well' than you? And isn't 'less well' the same thing as 'more ill'? And how can I be 'more ill' without first being ill?

It was easy to blame germs. Far easier than going without processed foods, pesticide laced produce, antibiotic injected meat, toxic toiletries and medicines. In the early twentyfirst century few people were true healthy. It was almost impossible to avoid eating, drinking, breathing or being injected with poisonous chemicals.

Germes were considered invaders so it seemed logical that to poison the invaders was to affect a cure. But healthy cells were poisoned in the process creating what the medical profession

termed complications and side effects. This was particular true in the battle against viruses.

Viruses were then thought of as submicroscopic germs. This, despite the fact that they obvious have no life of their own: they have no metabolism, no means of locomotion or reproduction and have never been observed alive. They are simply another waste product. The bodies of already unhealthy individuals are unable to break them down for recycling or elimination and so they, too, add to the buildup of harmful toxins.

Early this century it was realised, too, that psychological factors were far more vital than previous believed. Emotional stress had longbeen known to affect the bodys chemical and electrical processes which govern the functioning of vital organs and the immune system. However, in the same way that it was difficult for nineteenth century physicians

to accept the germ theory, it was no smaller step for twentyfirst century physicians to accept the importance of emotional wellbeing.

Toxic chemicals can induce emotional stress, as can negative emotions such as resentment, bitterness, fear, selfhatred and guilt, all of which manifest in the body as various physical illnesses. Even foetuses in the womb and the newborn are 'infected' by their emotional environment, as are animals and plants. And, further, almost every type of emotional stress can be induced by the suppression and distortion of sexual expression.

All nongenetic disease, including sexual disease, is preventable and curable by providing the body with proper nutrition, rest, exercise, affection and sexual fulfilment. It is essential to keep the body free of poisonous substances and the mind free of destructive emotions ...

From Encyclopaedia Erotica by J. R. Hannagan.

Effy and the others were lazing in the sun discussing the many legends about Pleasure Peak when Trish mused, "I wonder what that plaque means: 'sexual revival'?"

Don smiled to her. "Where were you when you were supposed to be learning biology and history?"

"In the gym, probable, cunting Jeffny Atkins."

Byron chuckled. "Jeffny mightnt have been so keen if that was a hundred or so years ago. People thought germs caused disease."

"I know. But whats that to do with cunting Jeffny?"

"Everyone feared theyd catch something from swiving. Might even die.

Divine punishment, some reckoned. And it worked: like Aborigines pointing the bone, like African death chants, like warnings on mindtrip packs."

"Nature! Subliminal disease inducers. That must have been awful!"

"Exactly. We are what we think. So, Trish, my girl, you must rid yourself of guilt."

"I do feel guilty if I go one day uncocked. It is not fair to my body."

Don sighed. "Ah, what a sheltered life we've led."

Trish was playing absent with her vulva, stretching and releasing one side between her thumb and forefinger. "So, free of fear we can swive to our hearts content. Is that the revival?"

"It is. And much more. It helped us see the nonsense of modesty and the commonsense of nudity, the perverseness of exclusivity and the wholesomeness of promiscuity. This monolith is a fitting

tribute but I see no need to mysticise it with magical powers."

Byron got up and walked into the shade of the towering lips. "It feels stronger here."

The others joined him. They all agreed except Don who said he could not feel the radiation. He laughed. "It is all in the mind. It is just an old myth."

But Effy definite felt something. "The air is charged sort of, like before a storm."

Trish grasped her own nipples with all of her fingertips, stretching and releasing the erect brown flesh. "Oh, yes, I feel it! I feel it!" She dropped to her hands and knees, aimed her glistening vulva at the two men and rotated her rump urgent.

Don looked to Byron.

Byron looked to Don.

Effy looked to their soft penises which had been idle no more than twenty minutes.

Trish became impatient. "Come on! Come on! I need another good cocking!"

Effy slid her head under Trish from the front and used their hiking pack for a pillow. She watched as Don tried to oblige.

From before, Trish's vulva was yet spermy and wet. Don managed to stuff the tip in but the rest squashed and folded on itself defiant. Effy tickled its belly with the tip of her tongue. Then she sucked awhile at the head. That did the trick. She nipped the side playful then slid it all in.

Trish sighed and rocked content. "See? The legends are true."

Byron crouched between Effy's legs. He kissed her thighs and tongued her vagina. While moaning to Don's steady swiving Trish leant down to join Byron in pleasuring Effy. She massaged Effy's

vulva, slipping the clitoral skin to and fro with her fingertips and kneading the stiff little stem between her lips. Effy licked the fluent nexus above her face until her own orgasmic ache surged to its peak.

At that moment - after the exquisite searing burn had flashed-and-flashed-and-flashed and spread, when the world began to exist again, when normal her mind would turn to other things, she wanted more. The release was intense yet left her need unquenched. The vaginal thirst and clitoral itch remained, and her whole body yearned the way it did with the firstmost touch.

Her hips continued their spastic pitching while an orgiastic vision swam before her eyes: mouths slipping over penis heads, clitorises straining resilient to wet tonguings, gleaming columns gliding in glistening openings, nipples firming, vulvas flowering, vaginas dripping, legs clinging, bodies writhing, breasts

bouncing. Effy could almost hear the squeals of delight, the groans of ecstasy, the sighs of release - She could hear them!

She opened her eyes and above her, between the steady joining and parting of Dons thighs and Trishs buttocks, she saw faces. She lifted her head. There were people all around her, about twenty of them. Against the blue sky they seemed larger than life. Some were scantclad but most were nude. Some embraced and fondled, others indulged in all manner of fornication.

There was a young blonde man naked from the waist down, and far by a big woman naked from the waist up. The woman smiled over her shoulder, hitched up her skirt, then bent forward with her hands against a tree trunk. The young man was upon her in a flash, rubbing his face over her luscious derrière and vulva, flicking his tongue between and under,

and all the while masturbating himself vigorous.

A blue eyed woman, seeing this, came and sat with her back to the young man and her head between his legs. She craned her neck and replaced his stroking fingers with her mouth. A greyhaired man, tempted by the young womans spread legs and engorged lubricity, knelt down and cocked her deep. Filled complete she hooked her ankles around his neck. And so it was, all about.

Effy lowered her head again to watch Dons penis gliding above. It slipped smooth between the lips, its full length vanishing now and then to stir and probe. Trishs other lips plucked exquisite at Effys clitoris while Byrons tongue burrowed in her vagina.

Effy imagined how her group must have appeared to the other orgiasts: Trish on her elbows and knees being swived from behind by Don. Effy underneath, on her back, tonguing Trish and Don, Byron crouching between Effys legs tonguing her. Trish leaning down to tongue her, too.

Fingertips teased Effys stomach. Other fingers twisted her nipples. Someone lifted her leg to suck her toes. A big hand raised her other leg, then both tongues licked light from her ankles along her calves to the backs of her knees. The pleasure was almost unbearable. The tongues continued slow along the backs of her thighs and when they arrived at her buttocks she orgasmed again.

Sudden, Trishs lips were gone. Effy slid her head out to see what was happening. Trishs mouth had found within reach another treat: an onlookers penis hanging heavy with need. She lapped and suckled and savoured, as a child with a

sweet, until it stood straightout. Then she smooched her face around it, catlike, while Dons continued in and out behind.

Several people strolling about enjoying the sights stopped to watch. A darkskinned girl of about eighteen was first. Next came a middleaged Asian woman, then a well muscled white man in his fifties. All three stood closeto fingering themselves.

After a few minutes the dark girl fell upon Byrons rearside, biting his buttocks and kissing his scrotum. Her face disappeared between his legs and Effy could hear her sucking. Without removing her mouth the girl rolled onto her back, bunched her knees to her shoulders, and held her legs open.

The muscular man needed no more invitation. Effy heard his penis plunge in. The girl released a sharp cry but by the way she tugged at her breasts, Effy could see she liked it rough.

The Asian woman then straddled Trishs back, grasped Dons head and pressed her vulva to his mouth.

Now there were eight: Trish on hands and knees fellating the man on her left, Don swiving Trish from behind, the Asian woman standing astride Trishs back with her vulva clamped to Dons mouth, Effy underneath, licking Trish and Don, Byron crouching between Effys legs tonguing her, the dark girl, on her back, with her head between Byrons legs, sucking, and the muscular man swiving her. Just the thought of it almost made Effy come again.

She heard a groan as something warm splashed onto her belly. She looked up to see Trish licking her lips and semen dripping from her chin. Without uncoupling, the dark girl and her brawny partner changed position. He knelt upright, pulling her with him to squirm on

his lap. Then he stood, and with her yet cuntinng vigorous, carried her away.

Eventual, the other strangers wandered off too. Effy remained underneath while Don and Byron took turns cocking Trish from behind. Whenever orgasm came close for one, the other took over. Trishs body shuddered with release again and again, and when she could come no more they all went for a stroll.

Nine robed and hooded figures madeway uptrail towards the plateau. There were six men and three women. Nigel Sorenson led the way. Progress was painful slow. He puffed and sweated profuse, and stopped frequent to rest and pray for the strength to go on. It was hot beneath the ritualistic white robes of the Knights of Divine Justice.

But Sorensons ordeal was lightened by remembering the day God had spoken to him through an angel who had appeared at the foot of his bed. The angel showed him a vision in which Sorenson led an army of knights at the time of the medieval crusades. He saw himself slashing and hacking his way to the Holy city. In his wake lay the corpses of millions. None were spared. None were too old or too young. Some bodies smouldered impaled on stakes where they had been roasted alive.

'And so it must be again,' said the angel. 'For the words of the prophets have been defiled and mans mind is ruled by lust. Yea! But a new prophet will rise up. A crusader. One of pure heart and great stature. His name is Divine Justice. He shall come forth from the spring at the very feet of the stone monster and slay it.'

Nigel had awoken from the dream certain of his mission. News of todays

work would reach the farthestmost corners of the world. Righteous citizens in every nation would be inspired to band together. The bands would group into Holy armies and a new crusade would be born.

The day drew near when thousands, perhaps millions, of Gods Knights of Divine Justice would sweep across the land like a cleansing fire restoring morality and decency to the face of the Earth.

More people had arrived. Effy counted thirty. Byron said, "It is like one of Dons paintings come to life."

Effy agreed. Everyplace were happy faces and sensual sights: people picnicking, languishing, chatting, dozing; bodies rocking and entwining; vulvas and penises glistening and engorged, some sliding tender, some locked in fierce

embrace, some pumping and slapping in abandoned bliss.

The atmosphere was serene yet electric. The warm breeze carried the scent of wildflowers and crushed grass. The plateau was alive with voices - excited, earthy, nurturing, melodious - the utterings of pleasure upon pleasure.

Effy and her friends ambled around, watching and chatting with the others. Byron had already filled one camera crystal. He was well on the way to filling another when Don took the camera and whispered something in Trish's ear.

She winked to Don then jumped on Byron, clamping her legs around his waist and making him fall down into a patch of buttercups. While Don filmed and Effy looked on, Trish turned and squatted over Byron's hips with her back to his face. She rocked on her haunches, sliding her vulva along his soft penis, fast teasing it erect. She continued skimming along the

underside, exciting it, making it rear up. Then deft, without using her fingers, captured the head and filled her vagina with a throaty, "Ungh!"

Byron echoed the sound. His pelvis arched and rocked as Trish started cunting earnest.

Don put aside the camera. Effy felt his hand stroking her buttock, then slipping under from behind to finger her light. He lay back in the grass, pulling her with him to squat over his face. While she squirmed on his tongue, her hand pumped his penis. Trish leant over, sucked it, then got off Byron and lowered herself onto it. She swived Don for a minute or two then went back to Byron. When he came, she went back to Don.

Mild annoyed by Trishs greed, Effy pushed her off and took her place, but just as she sank down he ejaculated.

Nigel Sorenson was nauseated by the scene all around him. Everyplace he looked his eyes fell on heathen copulating like mad dogs. There were twenty thereabouts. So engrossed were they in their debauchery that they took little notice of he and the other Knights moving among them. So unspeakable were the things they did with their genitals and mouths that Sorenson could bare bring himself to look upon them.

He stopped near a young man and two women. One of the women was whitehaired and sixty or more. She knelt over the mans mouth. The other, about twenty, sat astride him, filled full, swivelling her hips and grunting like a wild beast.

The older woman reached for the crotch of Sorensons robe. He shrieked and jumped back, his cheeks aflame, his fists shaking at his sides. While the other

Knights looked on he pointed a finger at the whitehaired woman. "In the name of almighty God, the Knights of Divine Justice hereby sentence you to death!"

Her bemused smile changed to surprise and then fear as she fell backwards into the grass. Her body convulsed for a moment as though electrified and then she was still. The laughter of the other two ceased abrupt when Sorenson raised his finger and pointed. "Oh dear Lord, strike these pitiful creatures down, too!" And they met the same fate as the first.

Thinking an erotic pantomime was being played out, a crowd gathered. Sorenson tried to avert his eyes from their shameless nudity. The pubic hair of some women was matted with semen. It glistened on the breasts and lips of others and dribbled down their legs. Even menstruation was no deterrent to their

lust; several women had bloodstreaked thighs.

Now, so great was Sorensons fury that he wished he had a sword. He wanted to hack them to bits as he had in the vision. He reeled around, thrusting his finger at each in turn. "Sinner! Fornicator! Idol worshipper!"

Those who realised it was no pantomime did so too late. Within seconds none but the nine Knights of Divine Justice remained standing. Gods plan was unfolding silent and swift, but His work was yet incomplete.

Sorenson gave the fateful command: "Carry them to the cave and seal them in."

Effy and her friends had wandered quite far from the main group. For the past hour or so they had languished chatting and sipping wine beneath a stand

of wattle trees. Scattered about the grassy hollow ten or so other people also relaxed in the shade. Several huge boulders and a patch of tall undergrowth hid the monolith from view, but even this far by the radiation from the great vulva made Effy restless. She fixed her eyes on Byrons then leant back on one elbow, parted her legs and tilted the glass over her pubic hair. The flow of chilled wine made her gasp and then giggle uncontrollable.

Byron pounced. He grabbed a buttock in each hand and lifted her vulva to his mouth so that only her shoulders remained in the grass. While he slurped up the wine he exchanged glances with Trish and Don.

Sudden, Byrons grip tightened. Don grabbed Effys shoulders and pinned her down. Trish grabbed the bottle. Effy knew what they were about to do. Her vagina crawled and clenched. She watched her

clitoris standing up. It felt bigger by ten than it looked.

Drop by icy drop the wine splashed onto the tip. Her body jolted with each drip. She tried to orgasm but orgasm would not come. Her hips strained and squirmed but she could not evade the sweet torture.

Then, all at once, her complete vulva was inside Byrons mouth. As his tongue swirled around and around, the exquisite release whipped the air from her lungs and the ache from her womb. Effy grunted and yelped with each fiery spasm.

Byron sucked hard, sucking it seemed every orgasmic spark out of her before he freed her at last. "Nice tarty palate. Earthy bouquet. Barossa twentytwo. North slope of the hill. A wet year, I think." Yet holding her close to his mouth he grinned along her body. "More wine, madam?"

"No!" Effy wriggled free. She pushed Trish down and straddled her face. "Both fuck me the way you did Trish."

Don looked confused. Byron explained. "She means swive."

Effy raised her rearside impatient. Don obliged first and Effy came again the instant his penis touched her. She rammed back onto it, her muscles grabbing and holding it deep until the contractions subsided.

Catching her breath, and trembling with the last ripples of pleasure, she became aware of Trishs tongue busy from below and of Byrons penis replacing Dons.

Effys face was resting on Trishs pubic curls. She opened her eyes to see a sleek ebony column gliding to and fro under her cheek and into Trish. Effy smiled up to its young owner while she pulled it out to kiss and suck it; then she

held it aligned while the boy slid it back in.

Several other men, in passing, also helped themselves to Trish, and Effy's mouth helped itself to them. At one point a freckled redheaded man knelt between Trish's legs. Effy stared at her vulva splaying and bulging. Never before had she seen a penis so broad. Effy withdrew it and slipped her lips over the head. She could barely get her mouth around it.

Trish strained and tilted her pelvis impatient, so Effy pressed it back in. It stretched her so wide that her clitoris was pulled down and riding along the top. It excited her so much that her entire pubic area was flushed as bright as her clinging red lips. She thrust and chanted, "Nnnh, oooh-nature! NNNN!"

A tiny blonde woman came over and stroked herself while she watched. Her shaven vulva was very much reddened and hungry. The lip edges were fringed with

foamed semen. Semen oozed from her vagina, too, and shone on her thighs. Clear, she had sampled many men.

After Trish orgasmed, the blonde grabbed the huge prize and fell back into the grass pulling it with her. She tried to guide it in but in so doing pulled the man off balance. When he had settled between her legs again, her tiny fingers tugged too rough and he came.

Effy stared at the huge shaft rearing, at the womans vagina opening and closing, at the thick scarlet lips curling and quivering as each ejaculation splashed onto them. The blonde rubbed the male cream into her vulva while someone else took the freckled mans place between her legs.

Trish slipped out from under Effy and went off to urinate. Byron and Don continued swiving Effy from behind. There was much contentment in knowing that by taking turns they could keep going

for as long as she liked. Effy closed her eyes and moaned, relishing the steady stimulation. Three other men tried her too. It was their little secret, Byrons and Dons, or so they thought. But Effy knew a strange penis when she felt one.

Even today millions of people are inhibited by repressive moral codes for which we can thank one religion or another. Nothing illustrates this more clear than the use of apologetic euphemisms to describe genitals and sexual practices.

Arising from the same conditioning but at the other end of the scale are the harsh, frivolous and destructive terms which degrade sexuality.

Fortunate, both extremes are losing popularity as the Revival Generation become parents themselves and pass on

their appreciation of erotic pleasure and language to their offspring.

In many parts of the world, public nudity is no longer considered objectionable. Not shame or modesty but climatic conditions and fashion trends dictate what clothes, if any, are worn.

Yet, in some countries young people are yet subjected to sexual mutilation. Clitorises and foreskins are yet being hacked off. Vulvas are yet being stitched up. Other barbaric sexual customs persist, too. And all over the world, hundreds of millions of people are yet indoctrinated from birth by one religious or ethnic dogma or another to fear and loath their sexuality.

Dogma is opinion not fact. Yet it is instilled in young minds as fact. Such minds remain shackled to a greater or lesser degree within its framework for life and so are denied the freedom to express their sexuality uncoloured by that dogma.

But on the whole, efforts to perpetuate sexual repression are failing. Crimes motivated by sexual jealousy, and other crimes arising from the suppression of natural sexual expression are decreasing.

I thank God that the majority of people born during the next thirty years will be free of sexual fears and guilt ...

From the paper, Sex and Religion, submitted to the 2120 Congress of World Church Leaders in Jerusalem by J. R. Hannagan author of Encyclopaedia Erotica. The paper was considered unsuitable for presentation at the congress.

When, after about thirty minutes, Trish had not yet returned, Effy and the others guessed she had found a pleasant distraction. Effy stretched out on her side,

enjoying the warm breeze. Closeby the freckled man was aroused again. The petite blonde knelt astride him, adoring his majestic phallus. She stroked it with both hands while teasing her vagina on its sleek tip. Then she took it in little by little until she was swivelling all the way up and down, panting loud and throwing back her head.

Effy got up and went for a walk beneath the wattles. So many beautiful men surrounded her that she could not resist sampling some of them. The small blonde was reluctant to give up her prize but she did let Effy try it brief.

Of course, most of the women insisted on reciprocal rights and Byron and Don were happy to oblige. Effy helped herself to one penis after another. At one point she used her hands, her mouth and her vagina to ravish four men together.

It was a smorgasbord of sexual delights. A sea of erotica. And the scintillating aura from the vulval monolith enhanced every sensation. Its invisible glow showered down on Effy, bathing her in an insatiable cycle of need and release. Even after hours of stimulation and almost constant orgasmic spasms which left her exhausted, her vagina yet craved to be filled. But she forced herself to curl up in the grass for a rest.

The German nuclear physicist, Helmut G. Steinberg, has suggested that sexual arousal might set up a certain atomic vibration in the human body.

Steinberg theorises that the inner lips of the erotic monolith on Mount Curious, being tuned to a compatible frequency - due to their mineral composition or geometry - resonate in

sympathy, like the opera singer and the crystal glass.

According to Steinbergs hypothesis the process works in reverse, too. Once the great lips begin vibrating, the atoms of the human genitals resonate in harmony. Hence, only one aroused person is needed to activate the monolith which in turn affects all those near to. When a group gathers the result is a sexual chain reaction ...

(It should be noted that Mr Steinberg is famous for making statements tongue in cheek.)

From Encyclopaedia Erotica by J. R. Hannagan.

Sorenson found the second group of heathen copulating inside a circle of wattles. They, too, thought the hooded figures were playing out some strange

fantasy or fetish until a mere wave of Sorensens finger struck them down. He felt the power of God surging through his veins. The Holy crusade had true begun!

After the last of the bodies had been sealed in the cave Sorenson and his Knights fell to their knees. They prayed passionate for several minutes, then Sorensen raised his head. "Are there any among you who doubt the glory of the most High and the power He has vested in me?"

None doubted.

"True, when the proof of Gods miracle performed here this day is released to the media the whole world will know that I, Nigel of Wattle Springs, am the second coming!"

It was then that Sorensen noticed signs of arousal amongst his own followers. The Knight with the camera was still filming, but one hand had slipped inside her robe. The male and female

Knights stood closeto and brushed against each other at every opportunity. Sorenson was verywell aware of his own engorgement and the obscene thoughts filling his mind. The evil forces emanating from the monolith permeated the air

He struggled onto a low rock to admonish his followers. "Be not tempted by Satan! Soon I will slay the stone monster. God will turn this idol of lust into a pile of dust."

Effy became slow aware of dampness, total darkness, and frightened voices. Her body lay on a cold smooth surface, but her head was resting on a warm thigh.

"Byron?"

"I'm here. Are you all right?"

"Freezing. I must have dozed off. Whats going on?"

"This cave is near the monolith, is my guess."

"Cave? What? How did -?"

"Don't know. Some characters dressed like monks started raving at us. Next thing we all woke up in here. Weve been trying to find a way out."

Effy sat up. "Nature! But cant we get out the way they brought us in?"

"Yes. But theyve sealed the entrance. All the rocks feel the same in the dark. We have to try one section at a time. Stay here. I better go and help."

"What about Trish and Don?"

"Here, Effy." Trish was near to. She touched Effys hand. "Dons moving rocks."

The Knights of Divine Justice gathered a safe distance from the rockface. Sorenson raised his arms to the sky. "Show us your glorious might, almighty God! Destroy this abomination now!" He whirled around and stabbed a trembling finger at the monolith.

Nothing happened.

He stabbed again but yet nothing happened.

"Oh, Knights of Justice, how feeble is your faith. We must pray more fervent."

While the Knights prayed, Sorenson slipped away.

Effy saw a flicker of light and heard much excitement at one end of the cave. She hugged Trish. "Oh, thank Nature! Theyve found the entrance."

It seemed they had been entombed for hours but according to Effys watch it

was only thirty minutes since she had awoken.

A woman with a calm, delicate voice led them all out of the cave and down a sloping tunnel towards a pool of daylight. In the dimness Effy could see that the woman was naked and as small as her voice. She had short black hair and a dainty face with high cheekbones.

Trish laughed with relief. "Trust a womans intuition to find the way out."

Don corrected her gently. "No, she found the way in. Shes not one of us."

Effy realised sudden that the tunnel was the vagina of the monolith. "Swive! We were in the womb."

"Ah, so thats why I feel reborn." Byrons quip went over everyones head because at that moment they noticed, silhouetted in the entrance, the figure of a robed man crouched over a black box. He looked up, startled. "Anita?"

"Yes, Nigel. I disconnected the wires."

"Then you, woman, are no wife of mine." He jabbed a finger at her chest. "You, too, must die!"

Anita twisted sideways. "Quick! Someone hold his hands."

Two men tackled Nigel to the ground and pinned his arms.

Anita removed a signet ring from his right index finger and slipped it onto her own, then she slapped his face so hard to leave a red welt. "You swiving maniac, Nigel! Thank Nature I followed you. You would have buried them all alive!"

As everyone stepped out into the daylight the Knights of Divine Justice gathered around and stared in disbelief. One of them stuttered, "But they are - were all dead!"

Anita stepped forward and slapped the womans face. "Not dead, Olga, thank your lucky stars, just catatonic. It wears

off after about thirty minutes." She glared at another of the Knights: a tall thin man with a white moustache. "Doesnt it, General?"

"Anita. I didnt know he would -"

She slapped his face, too, then thrust her finger towards his chest. "Oh Lord, strike him down."

Trish jumped out of the way as the general toppled into the grass. "Nature!"

Anita held up her hand. "Its the ring. A miniature pulse gun. They were outlawed fifty years ago, but retired generals cant resist mementoes any more than wouldbe prophets can resist performing miracles. It sends out a coherent electromagnetic pulse. Something like the old lasers. Enough to induce a deep trance or to trigger a detonating device on a bomb. Just point and press. See?" She pointed at her husband.

"No! Anita, please!"

"I've had it with you!"

Nigel fell over. At that point the remainder of his followers deserted him. It was one thing to watch God strike sinners down but it was another to be tricked into complicity in mass murder.

The Knights did not leave, but instead succumbed to the arousing emanations from the monolith. They shed their hoods and robes and joined in the orgy which was beginning again all around them.

When Nigel Sorenson opened his eyes the first thing he saw was Anita on her back in the grass with her legs spread lewd and a strange man between them.

"Whore! Slut! Adulterer!" With the assistance of the old general he hefted his huge bulk to his feet.

Anita kept on rocking her hips smooth. "This is so good, Nigel. Its the first decent cocking Ive had in ten years."

Nigels heart pounded. Every cell in his body shook jealous. He tried to pull the man off her but mere succeeded in rolling them over so that Anita was on top.

"Mmm, his cock feels so good, Nigel. I wish you could stay to watch, but you and the general better start praying for a real miracle. Some of these people have pressed charges - assault, kidnapping, false imprisonment, attempted murder. Any second now the police catcher will whisk you away."

Sorensen wished he had a sword; he would have cut her to bits. But the old general was stumbling across the plateau and Sorensens one chance was to follow. He had taken just a few steps when the blue catcher beam enveloped his body.

Effy, Bryon and Trish were cuddled up in the shadow of the great vulva. The vigorous sounds of sex had been replaced by late afternoon birdsong. It was time they started heading back to town as were most of the others.

Anita Sorenson and Don were far by with Anita kneeling on top and leaning back on her hands. Her flowing figure was silhouetted against the crimson sky as she cunted Don slow.

Effy and the others went over and sat closeto. Effy thanked Anita again for saving everyone.

"I feel like the one whos been saved." Anitas voice was little more than a whisper and her eyes moist with tears. "Nigel was once a good man."

"Living with a mad prophet has its moments, I suppose?"

Byrons insensitivity was met by cold stares from Effy and Trish. But Anita smiled and wiped her eyes as she continued swivelling her hips smooth. "Yes, we had our moments. It was fun at first. Nigel got hold of a few gadgets like that pulse ring and started performing tricks at parties. But some people did believe they were miracles. Then he had a dream, or as he put it, God spoke to him. From then on sex became the root of all evil. He started sending his followers up here. Usual they would just walk around preaching at everyone. Today is the first time he came with them, so I knew he was up to something."

Too distracted by the discussion to continue, Anita stood up. "I suppose it was cruel of me, swiving right in front of him, knowing how he feels. But its been so long."

Trish looked down to Dons glistening engorgement, then looked to Anita. "Are you -?"

"Yes. Ive had enough for the moment."

Trish squatted over Don, sank down, and quick brought them both to orgasm.

They all gathered their things and started across the plateau. Anita accepted Effys invitation to accompany them back to their cabin for dinner. Byron asked Anita how she and Nigel knew about the womb. "Its not mentioned in any of the literature?"

"No. Its been closed yearspast since a tourist got trapped by a rockfall. But it was open When I was a child. I spent much time here, exploring and watching." Anita smiled at the memory. "What a wonderful sex education. Nigel says he

played here too, but I dont remember him then. When I grew up I started joining in the orgies. Thats when we met. In those days he loved me. Now his idea of love is nothing like mine."

Byron nodded thoughtful. "Thats the trouble with prophets; they talk much about love, but they have a knack for stirring up hate."

Effy turned and gazed back at the huge vulva. "We need more places like this one. Its hard to feel hate while you are having a good fucking."

Anita looked to Effy, "Fucking?"

Effy grinned, "Swiving."

END.

Magic Touch

by Robin Wild

While nurse Sally Wright washed the patient in room 207, her fingers skimmed lower and lower. She kept an eye on his penis. So far, it remained small and sleepy. Because it seemed the polite thing to do, she chatted cheerfully while she worked. "You've got nice pubic hair. Lovely and soft. I'll just slide back this skin here. Mm, there we go. Clean as a rose."

She dried the patient then sat beside him on the bed and lowered her voice to a whisper. "Now, let's make it big and hard."

Sally massaged gently. The skin felt cool and damp, the erectile tissue softer than marshmallow. Her intentions were not the least bit lustful but the potential for transformation was highly arousing. The familiar tension ached deep inside. She became very conscious of the places where her skin touched her underwear. Her genitals warmed and moistened but his remained limp and indifferent.

Eventually, she gave up; there was always tomorrow. She held his penis for a while longer, folded over on itself within her hand. While her fingers squeezed affectionately, she wondered about the consequences. Her actions were unethical, probably illegal, but any day now the patient's relatives would make the decision to let him die. A man's life was on the line and no-one seemed to care.

Sally did not make a habit of molesting helpless men. It had only begun the previous night. She was washing the

patient, quite innocently, when something had moved against her fingers. It startled her so much that she jumped away from the bed. Keeping her distance, she had watched, intrigued, while his penis stirred and grew in small pulsing jerks. It became almost erect before shrinking again. After that, it seemed only natural to try coaxing it back up, but her efforts proved fruitless.

Anyway, it was not as though she kept it a secret. She had gone immediately to Sister Elliot to report what had happened - leaving out the coaxing part, of course. The Sister had smiled wryly and told Sally to 'get a life'; her imagination was playing tricks. What an insult! Sally knew an interested penis when she saw one. It was also a challenge. And if the patient really was 'brain dead', as the doctors claimed, what would he care?

Sally re-connected the catheter. She checked the the intravenous drip, the

respiratory monitoring equipment, and the cardiovascular electrodes, then she tucked in the sheets and stood watching the patient for a few moments more. At least his vital organs functioned normally. At least no ugly tubes and attachments marred his face. It was so easy to imagine his rugged but pallid features blossoming into a smile, his wide mouth laughing, his dark hair ruffled by the wind, his lean body full of vitality. When Sally turned and left the room, her eyes glistened on the verge of tears.

Rohan Henderson knew he was comatose. The initial terror of that realisation had been supplanted by something even more horrifying: a state of perpetual hallucination. Somewhere, though, detached from that bizarre kaleidoscope of forms and colours and

sounds, those swirling galaxies of excruciating horrors and indescribable beauties, a faint glimmer of his true self endured, and waited. Gradually the glimmer grew and eventually, as though guided by some great cosmic gyroscope, re-established a measure of equilibrium.

Rohan thankfully re-claimed his mind, however he wished it would shut-up, at least for a while. With nothing better to do, the various layers of his consciousness chattered and bickered constantly.

One layer argued that being comatose was fun. 'People spend a lifetime trying to escape awareness of the physical world in search of enlightenment ... Pure consciousness is cool. It's the only reality ...' Cool? That must have come from some adolescent layer. 'The physical world is full of trouble and pain ... I can create anything I want right here within my own mind.'

Another layer challenged: 'Okay then, smart arse, create me a roast lamb dinner with mint sauce and plenty of gravy!'

And another: 'Hey, Einstein, conjure me up a beautiful blonde - No, make that a brunette. What the hell, give me two brunettes and a blonde. And make sure they think I'm the sexiest man on Earth.'

Rohan soon tired of this cerebral banter and settled into a deep sleep.

It was the brilliant light that woke him. He felt no fear; the sensation was comforting and soothing, as if he were floating in pure warmth and calmness. A soft breeze caressed his skin. Its gentle touch made him aware of his nakedness.

He stretched and twisted; his body had never felt better. The light brought to mind stories of near death experiences:

the serenity, the safety, the acceptance. Then he realised the light was simply natural daylight, so dazzling only due to its absence for the past few weeks.

At last! There would be doctors, nurses, perhaps his mother and sister. He strained to see their faces, tried to think of something witty to say. But when his eyes had adapted he saw flowers - yellow daisies. Not merely a few in a vases, but thousands in a field! And he was floating - hovering like Peter Pan! Fluffy clouds drifted across a blue sky. Birds warbled nearby, and from below, a melodious voice sang his name. He floated towards the voice - and then he saw her.

She lay in the grass, her eyes the deepest blue, almost indigo; her amber hair flowing amongst the flowers; her body golden and voluptuous; her skin smooth and bare. Her arms beckoned. Her mouth beckoned. The pinkness between her thighs beckoned.

In one graceful motion, Rohan swooped down and glided his penis in. Her fluid heat welcomed him easily. Almost immediately, her eyes shut tight, her fingers clutched at his buttocks and her body braced. Her breath caught and escaped repeatedly. She moaned and grunted. Her vagina clung in a sucking motion, clinging, relaxing, clinging.

With a silent scream, Rohan's pleasure burst free. Pure ecstasy surged from his thighs, from his buttocks, from deep in his groin, from behind and within his testicles; it burned along his penis, scalded into its head, the sliding head - sliding, sliding, sliding - to explode exquisitely in electric arcs of release.

Breathless, he unclenched his eyes. She had raised herself on her elbows to gaze at where they were joined. Rohan gazed there, too. "Do I know you?"

She smiled. "You do now."

As the fading spasms resonated through Sally Wright's body, the erotic images dissolved. The yellow daisies dissolved, too. They became the primrose quilt. The fluffy clouds became the shadows cast by the garden foliage on the bedroom ceiling.

Her fingers began moving again, massaging the sensitive front wall of her vagina. Her thumb squeezed down on her clitoris. Another orgasm came quickly and left the sheet beneath her quite damp.

Sally licked her fingers. She would not have been the least bit surprised had they tasted of semen. Never before had her favourite fantasy been that realistic. Until now the men's faces had been only vaguely defined. After all, she did not create them for their faces.

The next night, Sally quickly washed and dried the patient then sat on the edge of the bed. Her fingernails raked lightly through the brown curls on his chest. They teased lower and lower, making small circles over the softer hairs of his stomach. Her heart raced. Her body glowed. This was not due to lust, she told herself, but fear of being discovered. She brought her mouth close to his ear. "Tonight's the night, Mr Henderson. I'm gonna drive you wild!"

Tonight she would tantalise every bit of his body, every bit except one, unless - no, until it was at least half erect. Far from that state now, it lay tiny and inert, curled belly up across a bed of pubic hair.

While her fingers teased over his skin, she watched. She willed the awakening. She pictured the filling out. She imagined the stiffening.

Her fingers brushed slowly over his hips, down the outsides of his thighs and

up the insides. They tickled the sensitive place behind his scrotum. She lifted the loose skin and fondled gently, slipping the testicles within the skin, stroking the wrinkled surface, barely disturbing the hairs. Suddenly, her heart thumped. "Orright!"

There! The smallest twitch! "Come on! Come on!" Sally held her breath. She stroked the valleys between thighs and scrotum. "Get big for me. Your horniest ever erection."

Another twitch. And another. She leaned closer. "You can do it. You can."

But the twitching stopped. In desperation, an idea came to her: What if he could hear? Keeping an eye on the closed door through the small crack in the privacy curtain, and feeling as though she were about to commit a crime worse than murder, Sally again brought her mouth close to his ear. "Let's have a fuck."

She never used that kind of language, but hearing it now, issuing awkwardly from her own mouth, excited her immensely. "Come on, fuck me. I want your gorgeous, hard cock in my hot, wet cunt."

Sally watched his face. Nothing.

Her panties were sticking to her skin. That gave her another idea. She pulled the band tight to make the crotch ride up while she slipped it back and forth. Then she took them off and held the wet silk close to his nose.

Yes! Another twitch. It was almost imperceptible, but blood was definitely pulsing in. She got up and locked the door. If anyone came she would say it had jammed. How could she explain what she was about to do next?

Sally climbed onto the bed and knelt astride Mr Henderson's face. She lowered her crotch until her clitoris lightly touched his nose. Looking over her shoulder,

watching for the slightest response, she rubbed her vulva on his mouth.

Another twitch. It seemed to be working, but again the affect on her was far greater than on him. Sally checked her watch. Only ten minutes remained of the night shift. Soon, she would have to hand over to the day staff.

She climbed down, leant over his hips and brought her mouth close. She intended to suck but before her lips touched, his penis flexed feebly. "You want it? You want it?"

It was responding to her breath! With her mouth almost touching, she breathed out hotly. "Come on. Come to Sally."

Another stir. Another twitch. Another centimetre. Sally felt so jubilant that she forgot to keep her voice down. "Good cock! Very good cock! Very, very good cock!"

She teased back and forth with her breath. Yes! There was a continual

straightening and broadening. Soon, the tip had reached past his pubic hair and was well on the way to his navel.

Excellent! Even better than the first time. And so gorgeous! Almost stiff enough to - No. That would be going too far. Anyway, she needed to watch, needed to taste. She licked his inner thighs, lapped his scrotum, worked her way up. "Mm, you're a very good boy. Mm, you're a lovely cock. Mm, so hard. Mm, so long. Mm, so thick. Mmmm -"

The tip of her tongue made a slow trail all the way along to the head. Her lips planted a little wet kiss there. Yes! Another few centimetres. It lifted itself to nudge at her mouth.

Sally realised, with a twinge of alarm, that her hand had wandered between her legs. Her body trembled all over. Her nipples were two fiery stiff points, her clitoris an even more fiery third. Her entire vulva seethed with

expectation. But it was only natural, she told herself, to be aroused.

She pressed two fingers into her vagina then lubricated Mr Henderson's penis with her own secretions.

Concentrating intensely, and feeling every firm curve and contour travelling under her fingers, she slid the skin up and down the way she knew men did it themselves. The warm shaft strained against her grasp. A few minutes ago, folded on itself, she had enclosed it in one hand. Now, even were it soft enough to fold, two would not contain it.

Elated, she held the skin down tightly to study the shape. Then she began licking thoroughly and slowly, working her tongue around and around as if savouring a luscious ice cream. Sally stopped now and then to admire her creation. She had tried fellatio before but the men were always too impatient to let her indulge at her own pace.

Her lips encircled the head. She slipped her mouth up and down, sucking delicately at first, then hungrily, while flipping her tongue across the tip.

Certain he was about to ejaculate, Sally checked Mr Henderson's face, but his eyes remained closed and his features expressionless.

Aware of little else but the erotic form filling her mouth and her own approaching orgasm, Sally closed her eyes. A moment later, however, they sprang open abruptly when someone knocked at the door.

She sparkled like a golden star. Was she a dream, a creation of the mind? If she was his own creation he could create her again. The incessant chatter of Rohan's myriad layers of consciousness receded to nothing while he devoted his entire will to

that task. But he created only memories, pale and lifeless imitations. She sparkled like a distant star, an elusive golden jewel. And yet, this time -

How could Sally stop now? She ignored the knock on the door. Sister Elliot called out several times but eventually went away. At precisely the right instant, for no reason other than the need to watch, Sally withdrew her mouth. Ignoring the discomfort of her own interrupted orgasm, her hand took over the rapid motion while powerful spurts of semen shot a metre into the air. Laughing, she turned her face skyward to feel it raining down on her cheeks. She opened her mouth to taste it tingling in her throat. And she washed the patient's lower body again, this time with her tongue.

When Sally signed off for the night, Sister Elliot regarded her coldly but seemed to accept the jammed lock story. Sally denied hearing anyone at the door.

Later, much too excited to sleep, Sally lay in bed re-living the moment. She closed her eyes and sniffed her fingers. The semen scent made her eager to visit her fantasy place again. She rolled onto her stomach and propped herself on her elbows. Soon, the sheets became warm grass tickling her breasts. The primrose quilt became a sea of yellow daisies bending with the breeze. The petals brushed the backs of her thighs. Soft eddies of air curled over her bottom. She rubbed her clitoris against the grass stems and parted her legs wider to let the breeze lick her vulva. Her vaginal opening felt

cool and vulnerable. Each lick made it quiver and contract.

Then the licks became warm!

Strong hands lifted her to her knees. Sally looked over her shoulder to see Rohan Henderson's rugged face grinning above her buttocks. Resting on her elbows again, holding her bottom high, she moaned as his tongue and lips brought her closer and closer. Her vulva floated on his mouth, sailed with it, moulded around it. He murmured how beautiful it was, how beautiful she was. Then, cool tendrils of air replaced his tongue.

Had he paused to admire her? Was he about to sink his penis in? Not knowing was torture, very sweet torture.

Suddenly, wet heat enclosed her clitoris totally. He was lying on his back now, still behind her, and pulling her down to his mouth. His tongue swirled faster and faster. The pleasure glowed and glowed and glowed - Bursts of orgasmic

flame lashed though Sally's groin and burned to the depths of her womb. The contractions churned raw and savage, wrenching the life from her limbs. Her body rolled quivering into the grass.

After she had caught her breath, Sally rose to her knees, held her buttocks high and once again parted her legs. For a second or two the cool air licked deeply, then was replaced abruptly by his penis - hot, smooth, hard, gorgeous - sliding in, in, in.

On the fourth night, Sally locked the door to room 207 and slipped out of her panties. She had made an important decision: there was no point trying to be professional and detached any more. After all, she was only human. What harm would be done by allowing herself some pleasure while helping the patient?

Skipping the usual sponging, she went directly to teasing. Her efforts brought immediate results. She twirled her tongue one last time around and around then climbed onto the bed astride Mr Henderson's hips. Poised, kneeling, she stroked his penis back and forth along the inside of her vulva. The one was as rigid as the other was wet. Trembling, she pulled her pubic hair up with one hand and guided the smooth tip in with the other. Face skyward, eyes closed, rising right off, letting just the head enter, she bounced very slowly, whimpering with the sensations. Then, gradually, watching her pubes parting, the plump halves bulging, the slick lips rippling, she slid down.

Sally remained still, clenching her vagina, relishing the fullness. After a few moments she closed her eyes again, threw back her head, began a slow rhythm, and imagined they were at her special place.

Rohan was immersed in brilliant light. He floated down, rolled onto his back and watched the fluffy clouds sailing above. He could smell the flowers. Their nodding yellow heads formed his horizon.

Was this a dream, a memory? He did not know. Would she come again? His skin crawled at the thought. His scrotum tingled. His penis glowed and strained and stiffened. He wet his fingers with saliva and massaged lightly while willing her to appear. In his imagination his hand became her silken moistness sliding back and forth.

At first, he felt only a vague sense of her presence, smelled a trace of her raspberry scent. Next, he heard her breath, soft and steady, becoming stronger, faster. Suddenly, as though a switch were thrown, his pleasure grew one-thousandfold. Her vagina gripped - a

thirsty, juicy grip - and glided, glided, glided. Her real vagina on his real penis!

Sally moaned. She rode swiftly while staring at Mr Henderson's impassive face. When his eyes snapped open, she got such a fright that her body jerked up when it should have come down and his penis sprang out. She pressed it back in.

At the very instant orgasm boiled through her, she heard the jangle of keys. Again her body jerked and again his penis slipped out. Sally was replacing it frantically when Sister Elliot flung the privacy curtain aside.

The Sister and Doctor McKenzie gaped in silence, but the silence lasted only a moment. "Nurse Wright! What on earth are you doing!"

Sally had glanced over her shoulder long enough to see the sister's venomous

eyes and the doctor's ruddy jowls. Despite her embarrassment, she could not stop pressing all the way down and grinding out the last morsels of pleasure.

"She appears to be raping the patient, sister."

"I can see that! Get off that man at once!"

Sally collapsed trembling onto Mr Henderson's chest. His eyes had snapped shut again and his body lay motionless but his penis remained erect inside her.

"Nurse!"

"Wait! I can feel something!" Coaxing him on, she squeezed her vaginal muscles and tilted her vulva rhythmically. Mr Henderson's movements became more and more forceful. Before long, his penis was gliding in and out majestically.

"Look!" Sally's triumph eclipsed her embarrassment. "Is he really fucking, or what!"

She heard Sister Elliot waving the master keys fiercely. "You get off that poor man this minute, or I'll -"

"No!" Sally was defiant. "No way! I'm gonna make him come."

She heard more hushed voices, soft murmurings and nervous giggles. Soon, a crowd of nurses and interns had gathered in the room.

Acutely aware of their view of her buttocks and anus and splayed vulva, and of the patient's glistening penis sliding in and out, Sally dared not glance over her shoulder again. Instead, she tried to ignore the onlookers while she let her nipples brush Mr Henderson's lips. If only he would suck them, that might snap him out of it. But his mouth and eyes remained closed and his face expressionless while his body undulated silently beneath her.

At least the Sister had stopped threatening her and the crowd, perhaps half the staff of Valley Private, was

egging her on. Sally found herself relaxing a little, and even performing. She rocked her pelvis more vigorously than she might otherwise have while the sister and doctor spoke in hushed tones.

"What can we do, doctor?"

"You'd better get Security, while I keep an eye on them."

"Why don't you get Security? I'll keep an eye on them."

"All right, we'll both keep an eye on them."

"I suppose no harm's really been done. I mean, he doesn't seem to mind, does he?"

"Perhaps we should let them finish."

"Mm. Perhaps we should."

When the orgasm shuddered through Rohan Henderson, the daisy field dissolved and with it all memory of

everything that had happened since the accident. He opened his eyes to see a pretty young woman's eyes staring back; eyes a deeper blue than the bluest sky, almost indigo. Her breath was on his lips, her face close to his, her amber hair tucked under a nurses cap, her tunic hitched to her waist and open down the front, her pubic hair crushed against - his!

But he could see no farther; everything more distant was out of focus. He felt his penis, wet and softening, and warmly clutched. Strangely, he thought he heard clapping and laughter.

"Hullo, Rohan." A faint smile flickered over the nurse's lips, then she buried her face in his chest, sobbing.

Rohan tried to take stock. He remembered the truck looming out of the storm; a black monster like the one in Spielberg's first movie. Then the sickening, tumbling feeling when his car

went over the embankment. Next, those indigo eyes.

The nurse raised her head again, smiling through her tears. He kissed her wet cheek. "I don't know what's going on, kid, but whatever it is, it beats dying.

Sally was driving. Rohan had been dismissed from hospital earlier in the day, and so had she. When he had suggested they spend the remainder of the day together, it seemed like a perfect idea. He was sorry she had lost her job, but Sally knew it could have been worse.

"They could've hit me with sexual abuse or something."

"Well, I reckon you deserve a medal."

"But what if you didn't recover? What if I was a male nurse and you were a woman?"

"I did. You're not. I'm not."

They drove on in silence, then Rohan pointed to a field on their left. "There's a nice spot for a picnic."

It was a grassy clearing ablaze with yellow daisies. Sally smiled and pulled over.

As they walked into the field, Rohan looked very confused. "This is weird. These flowers really make me horny."

Sally laughed. "Strange, isn't it? Daisies always make me horny, too." She took his hand and pulled him down into the grass.

END.

Sex Scam

by Robin Wild

Sparkling swirls of colour filled the window. The commander yawned. "What have we got here, Sam, anything interesting?"

"It is a spiral galaxy similar to our own, Commander. Several million of the suns have planetary systems. 263956 of the planets are inhabited by intelligent organisms. 93678 of those pose no threat to our safety should you wish to make a closer study."

"What about life forms, any that resemble us?"

"Yes, several hundred."

"Good. After studying the Wygups it would be refreshing to investigate creatures that wear their intestines on the inside, don't you think?"

Sam released a melodious chuckle. "Perhaps the ones that call themselves Human would be worthy of observation. Humans consider themselves the dominant species on the planet they call Earth."

"How long for a full analysis of the human time spectrum?"

"0.01923 cycles."

"And our best time to Earth orbit?"

"In their timescape, 3 days, 1 hour, 13 minutes and 2.57 seconds."

"Plain language please."

"Precisely 2.81606 cycles."

"Earth it is then. Full speed ahead and don't spare the horses. When the analysis is done project the relevant report to each of the department chiefs."

"As you wish, Commander."

Commander Eviaba-Vang went to her private suite. She ate a light supper with her three male playmates, then, after brief but intense sex, curled up between them on the bed.

"Rise and shine." The musical female whisper was directed at Zfen's left ear. He did not open his eyes.

"Wakie, wakie, sexy one." A warm teasing breath accompanied the second whisper.

"Shhh! Go away."

"Hands off cocks and onto socks."

"Sam, who tampered with my wake-up call?"

"Your female students, Professor."

"Rascals! Those frisky nymphs have earned themselves a one thousand word essay on Wygupsian sexual politics. And

why are you not watering your tomatoes or something."

"They are watered. Wakie, wakie, sexy one. Hands off cocks and -"

"Erase!"

"Message erased. The report is ready, Professor."

"So?" Zfen opened one eye. "Have you forgotten how to tell the time? It is still much too early."

"Negative. It is now 0.31775 and Commander Vang wants everyone thoroughly briefed before the field study. We enter Earth orbit in 2 days, 16 hours, 31 minutes and 54.48 seconds."

"Convert."

"Two sleeps; we arrive within your third."

"What! Oh, very well. Always, with Eviaba it is hurry, hurry, hurry! I will view the report in the library. And please do not wake my lovelies."

Zfen removed his ancient but lithe body from the bed carefully so as not to disturb the women. One was his own age, the other her young protégé. He gazed at their bodies: a pleasing arrangement of curvaceous limbs and long black hair. Their heads lay at opposite ends of the bed, their thighs entwined, their vulvas lightly touching and linked by the twin-fucker which purred smoothly, expanding rhythmically to twice its relaxed breadth and length with each pulse.

Although they had left him blissfully sated, Zfen remembered feeling envious as he dropped off to sleep with the women still grunting and sighing. These two often attained a level of ecstasy approaching delirium. What was it like, this perpetual pleasure? To experience it cerebrally with the telepathic empathiser was one thing, but, alas, physically a man could never know.

Zfen picked up the remote control and set the double phallus thrusting at the lowest speed. The women stirred but did not wake. He turned on the probes. The ticklers extended, tucked themselves beneath the women's prepuces, and buzzed. Zfen watched the soft folds coming to life, colouring and firming. The women's bodies began undulating pleasantly on the rubbery shaft. He brought his eyes closer to watch the hoods rising, the sparkling buds expanding. His fingertips slid along the probe and touched each clitoris tenderly.

"So sweet. This will be a welcome treat for them, Sam, when they awake."

"Indeed, Professor."

He sighed ruefully. "And they were planning a morning delight for Zfen. But never mind. Whip me up some of your finest muesli. And do not be miserly with the sultanas. Yes, and some toast and tea, please. But first you will permit me five

tickity-tocks to freshen up. Tell me, my silicon sweetheart, how many heads does this Earth species have?"

"Just one, like us."

"Ah, that is good, that is good. And where do they like to keep their lungs and livers?"

"On the inside, Professor."

"Thank goodness." He stepped into the shower. Sam already had the water running and adjusted to the perfect temperature.

Zfen took a moment to ponder the wonder of Sam, the Systems Assimilated Mind. Unseen and yet everywhere, Sam was integrated into every atom of the research station. Sam was the station. Every piece of equipment from the light bulbs to the time-skimmer power unit was Sam. She controlled everything from food production to climate control to telemetry. At the same time as she communicated with Zfen and others throughout the

station, Sam recycled, reconstituted and manufactured wastes into everyday commodities. She mined the asteroid they had in tow, extracted oxygen and other elements needed for survival, and utilised the remainder as reaction mass for sub-light speed manoeuvring. She analysed the actions and motivations of billions of species on billions of worlds; and she attended to a billion and one other chores essential to the welfare of the three hundred specialists and their families on board. There was no crew. Sam was the station and Sam was the crew.

Zfen pulled on his white cloak and ran a comb through his long grey hair. He gathered it together at the back and slipped on the band. The face looking back at him from the mirror was strong but not harsh, the cheekbones and chin prominent, the forehead broad and unwrinkled, the dark eyes warm but intense. He gave himself a wink; for a

man of 21241 cycles, time had not treated him badly. True, sex was his chosen field of expertise. Perhaps the nymphs found some fascination in that, but when young females, not yet 3000, eagerly rode on your penis, what did a man have to complain of?

When he was ready to view the report, he went to the library and nursing his second cup of tea in both hands, made himself comfortable in his favourite red lounge chair. "Okey-dokey, Sam, let us get on with it."

A three dimensional image of Earth appeared in the centre of the room. Sam used clips from the human time spectrum to illustrate the various continental structures and the cultural, religious and ideological groupings. She explained the history behind them and the current state of affairs.

"Hold it there, Sam."

Two humans stood frozen before Zfen. The one named Madonna had her pelvis thrust forward and clawed fingers clutching her crotch. The one named Michael Jackson was doing the same.

"Hm, so this is an example of contemporary entertainment. They appear to be masturbating for their audience and yet they are sexually repressed, you say? I take it their genitals are kept between their legs?"

"Yes, Professor, physiologically the humans are almost identical to us. Psychologically, however, they are a remarkably contradictory species. Their media is full of eroticism and yet deep down in their psyches they are controlled by the repressive seeds planted centuries ago by their patriarchal ancestors."

"And, my eloquent electronic whiz kiddie, is this true from culture to culture all over the planet?"

"It is the common thread. Shall I proceed?"

"If you must." Zfen sighed and glanced wistfully towards the bedroom where the women could be heard stirring and purring.

Madonna and Jackson dissolved. In their place appeared a huddle of robed men with long beards. Sam explained that human patriarchy had taken centuries to evolve. What she was about to show was a simulated and condensed reconstruction.

Waving their hands about excitedly, the four robed men all spoke at once. The tall one tried to calm them. "Friends, shouting at each other serves no purpose. We all know his Majesty is not happy, not happy at all. But how can our soldiers keep their minds on the fighting while

they wonder who is bedding their women?"

The bald one nodded gravely. "And for the same reason, what man can devote his full attention to tending the crops and shepherding the flocks so that he might pay the king's taxes?"

The fat one patted his stomach. "Nor is it reasonable to expect the women to remain faithful while their men are away plundering and raping. But something must be done. The sweet things have such an appetite for sex, they can find little time to cook our meals and sew our robes and raise our children."

"And what an appetite it is!" The tall one spread his hands then clasped them in front. "Now that they understand their cycles and have discovered which herbs suppress fertility."

The wise men scratched their heads and tugged at their beards. After a suitable period of contemplation they began to

discuss the problem at length. What concerned men most of all was how to keep tabs on their offspring. How could a man be sure a child really belonged to him and was therefore worthy of carrying on the family name, consolidating and increasing the family holdings, and most importantly, bearing the title 'Chosen one'? What honour and power came from being one of the Gods' chosen people if every infant to pop out of a womb could also lay claim to that title?

The old men agreed unanimously that female sexuality must be controlled. A woman had to remain a virgin until marriage and receive no penis other than her husband's, ever after - and that was that!

But by what means could such control be implemented? Harems were not uncommon, however one never knew for certain that a rotten scoundrel had not broken in. There were plenty willing to

risk their life for one night of fornication with twenty women. Chastity belts were not the answer. There would always be locksmiths keen to prove their skills for nothing more in way of payment than the prize beneath the lock. Cutting off clitorises and stitching up labias had been tried. It ruined a woman's pleasure but not always her desire.

Suddenly, the one they called Prophet gazed at the heavens with clenched eyes. "Be silent! The Gods speak. They send me a vision."

The men dared not move.

The prophet's body became as limp as camel's liver and collapsed in the sand. After a short time he raised a feeble fist. "I have seen the solution! Praise the Gods!"

With much whooping and wailing the wise men did praise the Gods, then, beseeching him to share his revelation, they helped the prophet to his feet.

He smiled slyly. "First, my friends, there is the small matter of compensation. The Gods must be honoured. I shall need to purchase many lambs for sacrifice. I shall need to employ many scribes to pen the scrolls. I shall need fine robes, many camels, lavish temples and much power in the land to impress the king so that he will commission me to enforce God's laws."

The bald one cocked an eyebrow in quite a menacing manner. "God's? Which God might that be, and what of all the other Gods? This better not be another of your scams."

"Of course it's a fucking scam! I am the master of scams. Have you forgotten that it was I who convinced the last king he could, indeed, take his gold with him to the next life?"

"Ah, and what a pretty piece of work it was." The fat one grinned with a sarcastic curl of the lip. "And such sad

misfortune that his successor robbed the tomb before you."

With a wave of his hand the prophet dismissed that trifling fact. "A regrettable oversight. This idea will work, and the new king will pay most handsomely."

The old men agreed to the prophet's demands. They reached into their robes and gave him handfuls of gold coins as a down payment, then they fell silent and watched him expectantly. The prophet waited a few moments for dramatic effect.

"The solution, as always, my good friends is - sin."

Three wise faces loomed closer. Three wise faces glared furiously.

"Sin?"

"Sin?"

"SIN!"

"Yes, sin."

The tall one's ruddy face turned pallid. "You would make a sin of sex?"

The fat one looked as though he had swallowed a bad olive. "You've got to be jesting! What kind of Gods would give man the means to such glorious pleasure only to snatch it away?"

His eyes flashing fiercely, the prophet rose to the balls of his feet to tower over the fat one. "God! Henceforth there will be but one God. It is simpler, neater. And what God giveth, God can taketh away! So it shall be written. So it has always been. So it shall ever be! And besides, sin sells."

No-one challenged that.

"One God, eh?" The bald one tapped his jowl. "You might just be onto something, Prophet, but what of us?"

The fat one sneered. "He would have us all become eunuchs!"

"Please, my friends." Raising his hands in a soothing gesture, the prophet continued calmly: "We get them while they're young. We teach them their

genitals are dirty, smelly, yucky, naughty, awful, sinful things -"

"Have you lost your fucking marbles!" The tall one spat the words. "Everyone knows genitals are instruments of great beauty and exquisite pleasure."

"Let me finish! It'll work like a charm. We convince everyone that sex is for making babies, full stop, period, nothing else. God made it pleasurable for that purpose alone - that we might multiply and not die out. Any other type of sex is sinful. To waste a man's semen is to threaten our very existence. Therefore, to enjoy sex for its own sake is a one-way ticket to the fires of hell. But we need something more - Hm, a sweetener -"

He touched his temple then spoke swiftly, as though thinking aloud. "Love! Love never fails. It's almost as good as sin. Yea! Sex without love is sin. That has a ring to it, don't you think? Love is forever! And so marriage is forever! Sex

is love! Therefore, to have sex with someone is to make a lifelong commitment - I think that just about covers it gentlemen."

His eyes skipped from face to face. But the faces wore the expressions of men waiting for more. "Trust me, my friends. When I'm through, everyone will be terrified to touch themselves even while they pee. They will despise their own hands, especially the women. Anything that inflames desire outside the confines of love and marriage, yea, even within it except for the purpose of making babies, will be a big no-no: masturbation, sexy thoughts, sexy talk. And the biggest sin of all will be getting up to hanky panky with any other than one's spouse."

Again, the old men tugged at their beards. They shuffled their feet and studied the ground. They kicked at the sand then they glanced at each other.

The bald one grinned. "You know, it might just work."

The fat one sneered. "Work, my fat arse! What about us?"

"And what of our women?" The tall one's face remained whiter than his robe. "They are now so lusty and eager. You would make them sexless and boring."

"Pree-cisely!" The prophet's eyes flashed madly. "And the king's men can kill and ravage and sow and reap with easy minds. Think of the booty! Think of the taxes! The king will thank God and make sure that we, the chosen sons of God, will prosper. Now, here's the brilliant part: some women won't fall for this religious stuff. They will remain lusty and eager. They will be despised by the others and it is they who will satisfy our needs."

Frowning, the fat one nodded slowly. Suddenly, his eyes gleamed. "I see it! Yea, now I see it! We men will have whores

and mistresses on the side while the little woman minds house and keeps her legs closed. Yea. I think I like it."

"There is one thing more." The prophet's voice adopted a portentous tone. "We must justify this obvious inequity or the women will surely revolt. Therefore a man's transgressions must be seen to be less sinful than a woman's. He will be forgiven for spilling a little semen here and there, lauded for ravaging the enemy's maidens, but a woman will be hated for sucking any but her husband dry. In other words, we must make everyone believe that men have a greater need."

The tall one regained some colour. "Poor things cannot help themselves."

The fat one caressed his stomach. "An overpowering urge; a primeval hunger."

"The bald one grinned. "Blame it on testosterone."

"That's the spirit." Beaming broadly, the prophet slapped the others' backs.

"Hm." The bald one tapped his jowl. "What we need is another catchy slogan." He stroked his chin. "Yea! What about something like: 'Boys will be boys'?"

"Excellent!" The prophet clasped his hands victoriously. "And the best part of all is that the women themselves will sell the scam. It is the women who have the most power over children during their formative years. It will be the mother who pulls the infant's fondling fingers away from its genitals and so plants the seed."

The tall one regarded the others with a cold smile. "Yea, but not wanting her to grow up despised as a harlot, she will smite more vigorously the hand of the girl child. And when that girl child is a mother she will smite the hand of her daughter, and so on for perpetuity."

Throwing back his head, the prophet thrust his arms at the heavens. His eyes

blazed. His voice rose to a thunderous crescendo. "And so it shall be written. And so it shall be done, forever and ever. For this is the will of the Gods! - er God."
"Amen!"

The huddle of old men disappeared. Zfen leant back in his chair and released a deep sigh. "I am reminded of that pretty little green world in the Spider Nebula, Sam."

"Very similar, Professor, but you will recall there it was the women who pulled the scam."

"Ah, yes. So it was."

Zfen glanced again towards the bedroom from whence there came sounds of orgiastic groaning and gasping. He exhaled heavily as a tent shape formed in the lap of his cloak.

Sam next showed historical time clips illustrating the development of the human split sexual personality which allowed them to idolise sex on one level while despising it on another. The whore and the Madonna; the striptease and the chastity belt; erotic works of art and genital mutilation; media sex symbols and sex-in-the-dark marriages; clothing and cosmetics designed to arouse sexual interest, and disdain for those who became too interested.

Zfen's two playmates emerged from the bedroom. Both wore nothing but broad smiles. Shilga-Tsur, the older one, clasped the twin-fucker affectionately. Her young protégé, Kwim-Niqu, came over to Zfen.

"That was a lovely wake-up call, Prof." She kissed him while fingering the bulge bobbing in his cloak, then uncovered it reverently.

While Niqu bent to suck Zfen's penis, Tsur held one of the vibrating ticklers against the shaft. He came quickly, ejaculating into Niqu's mouth.

As the women left Zfen's quarters for their assignments aboard the station, Sam coughed politely. "If you are quite ready now, Professor, I have selected two human specimens for closer study. Shall I proceed?"

"Go ahead."

A young male and female appeared in the room. Both remained unaware of each other and of Zfen. The female was lying in a bath; the male on a bed. Both were blonde, both were naked and both were masturbating.

Sam began: "This specimen is called Cheryl; the other is Ryan. By a tender age in Earth years, when the basic lifelong

moral values and character traits are entrenched in the psyches of this species, Cheryl's and Ryan's fingers had been removed from their genitals more than 500 times. On at least 400 occasions this was accompanied by a smack and the words 'bad girl' or 'bad boy'. Their unconscious memory records more than 4000 grimaces, frowns, scowls and sighs which they have interpreted as disapproval of their sexuality. Both have heard the slogan 'Boys will be boys' approximately 350 times. Just as the prophet predicted, the disapproval of Cheryl's sexuality has been more harshly and more often expressed than Ryan's - by a factor of 20.035%"

While Cheryl's fingers stroked the delicate folds of her vulva, Sam described the human's thoughts and feelings. "She experiences intense arousal and pleasure, but she has not yet discovered that her clitoris is the source of this pleasure and

that localised stimulation will lead to the ultimate physical ecstasy."

The boy, Ryan, appeared to be very close to orgasm. His fingers, wrapped firmly about his penis, moved rapidly back and forth.

"As we can see, Professor, the male is restrained by far fewer inhibitions than the female. The source of Ryan's pleasure is quite obvious. He experiences intense excitement and anticipation because he knows the ecstasy of orgasm.

"Cheryl feels guilt for doing what nice girls do not do, and an unconscious infantile fear of her mother's withdrawal of love. Her body is the same as her mother's. There is nothing to show that she is different and separate; nothing to show that her mother is not still in charge of her genitals. Cheryl is an extension of her mother. Her sexuality is not her own.

"Ryan also feels guilt for doing what good boys do not do, and the same

unconscious infantile fear of his mother's withdrawal of love. But his penis is visible and undeniable evidence that he is different from and separate from his mother. It is his penis, and masturbation is a defiant assertion of this fact. He has declared his sexual independence and found that his mother has not withdrawn her love.

"Cheryl feels shame because her vagina has become known to her as naughty. It is just another orifice within the continuation of the crease that encloses both her anus and urethra. Unconsciously, she regards everything between her legs as the sewer of her body. And now there is menstruation too, and cramps, and the dark fear of unwanted pregnancy. Yet more evidence that her vulva is indeed a bad place.

"Ryan, too, feels shame, for his genitals have also become known to him as naughty, but the shame is balanced by

pride. His visibly responsive penis is proof of his developing masculinity. Although it contains his urethra, his penis is quite separate and different from his anus, therefore, unlike Cheryl, he does not regard it as a part of the sewer of his body. Nor does he share her concerns about menstruation and pregnancy.

"Cheryl feels dependent. She imagines the fingers are not her own. She fantasises of romance or coercion. In this way she shifts the responsibility and some of the guilt so that she can remain a good girl. The pleasure she feels is not her 'fault'."

"In contrast, Ryan feels independent. The fingers are his own and if he fantasises, it is not to lessen the guilt and shift the responsibility, but to enhance the pleasure. His ability to direct his urine or semen wherever he pleases is more evidence that he is in control of his sexuality."

Zfen interrupted. "You have made little mention of the fathers. What of them?"

"Cheryl's father, has reinforced her feelings of dependence. Cheryl feels insecure and incomplete without the unrestrained hugs and kisses he showered on her when she was younger. She does not fully understand that some humans might now interpret his physical displays of affection as abuse.

"In Ryan's case, however, his father's masculine empathy has enhanced the boy's sexual independence. The reduction of physical affection from his father is not as confusing and painful as it is for Cheryl. In fact it has served to reinforce Ryan's feelings of manliness."

Cheryl gave a whimpering sigh. She stepped out of the bath and dried herself, paying special attention to the small mounds of her breasts.

"Sewer associations, hm, I see." Zfen exhaled heavily. "These are particularly insidious things."

"Indeed. And so easily implanted when the child is young."

"And the father's distancing, very, very sad. Do the human mothers also distance themselves in this way?"

"No. The mothers have little fear of their affections being misinterpreted. Here is an example: Most humans would think nothing of a mother lovingly touching or kissing her baby anywhere on its body. However, a father could be despised, even imprisoned for the same thing. The mother's motivations would be considered affectionate, innocent and harmless; the father's perverted, lustful and dangerous.

"Of course, kissing a baby is harmless. What is confusing to the baby, and therefore harmful, is the adoration of its body in the one instance and

disapproval in the other, as when the child is scolded for fondling its genitals.

"Another example with older children of either sex is a parent sharing a bed or bath. Human society would judge the father's motivations far more harshly than the mother's. This is due to the human perception of women as nurturing and loving, and of men as aggressive and sexual."

Ryan came. His semen shot more than a metre across the room. Zfen ducked instinctively, forgetting for a moment that the pearly jets were nothing but a hologram.

Sam chuckled melodiously.

"Sam! You did that on purpose. Stop fooling around. So, what we have here are the females reaching puberty before they have cut the symbiotic umbilical with their mothers?"

"True, Professor, and most of them never do. Consequently a woman's

sexuality is possessed forever by her mother and the 'Mother' image represented by society. The infantile fear that sexual self pleasuring will cause disapproval and abandonment is ever present. It is safer to depend on a male partner to unlock her passion and to orchestrate her pleasure.

"And this dependence is not only sexual, female humans are frequently heard saying: 'He may not be handsome but he is dependable.' Most human women feel emotionally incomplete and insecure without a man to trust and depend upon; someone to love, protect and provide for them as their mother did. This remains true even when, in material terms, they can and do take care of themselves.

"However, as we observed with Ryan, he has already severed the symbiotic umbilical with his mother. Each time he masturbates, the infantile belief

that his sexual self pleasuring will cause abandonment is disproved and his sexual independence is reinforced. Long before the young males have sex with a female they know from experience that they do not need to depend on a woman to awaken them sexually."

"Interesting, Sam, so what you are saying is that for the females it is with sex that this dependence begins, and even after reaching adulthood most of the females do not assume responsibility for their own sexual pleasure. To light their fire and quench it, so to speak, they depend on the human male. Sex is something that 'happens to' them?"

"Exactly. But as we shall soon see, usually it only happens on their terms. Shall I continue with the projection, Professor?"

"Please do."

The blue hue of moonlight filled the room. Cheryl and Ryan embraced and kissed under the stars.

"They are both a few Earth years older now, Professor. Here are their thoughts and feelings: Cheryl feels a wonderful warmth and closeness reminiscent of the feeling of oneness she experienced as an infant with her mother. It is the same cosy feeling she enjoyed as a young girl with her friends sleeping over, brushing each others hair, dressing up, dancing together. There is sexual arousal too, as there was then, but it is indefinable from the overall sensation. It is this mixture of affection, oneness and arousal which she identifies as love. She wants it to go on forever.

"Ryan is experiencing the same feelings as Cheryl, and they too are reminiscent of the feelings he experienced as an infant with his mother and with his

young friends, camping out, wrestling and playing. He, too, is sexually aroused, as he was then, but due to his sexual independence and his more extensive masturbatory experience, his genital arousal is clearly separate from the overall sensation. It is only the mixture of affection and oneness which he identifies as love.

"Cheryl has discovered her clitoris. She now knows the ecstasy of orgasm and knows, too, at a conscious level, that sexual pleasure, including masturbation, is natural and healthy. But she is still inhibited by the feelings of guilt and shame implanted during her childhood and continues to shift responsibility for the pleasure by creating fantasies of love or coercion. She has been led to believe that enjoying sex without love is wrong. Her unconscious mind still believes that nice girls do not masturbate and she is too embarrassed to admit that she does.

"For the same reasons as Cheryl, Ryan also is embarrassed to admit that he masturbates, but he knows that everybody knows, because 'Boys will be boys.' Watch what happens next, Professor. This is extremely interesting. Keep in mind that the subjects are not consciously aware of most of the thought processes involved."

Ryan's hand fell to Cheryl's thigh and slipped under her skirt. She pulled away angrily. Ryan looked bewildered.

Zfen noticed that the boy's fingertips were wet. "Freeze it there. What is that all about?"

"Ryan assumes that Cheryl wants to have sex as badly as he does."

"And she does not?"

"She does. But she also fears he will abandon her if he thinks she is not a nice girl. And she cannot live without him - or so she thinks."

"Ah! So, she has transferred the infantile 'abandonment by Mother' fear to him. What a confusing ritual. Do they ever get on with it?"

"Eventually, but first Cheryl must be convinced that Ryan will not leave her after she gives herself to him."

"Gives herself?"

"Yes, or more accurately, allows herself to be taken."

"Taken?"

"Gently coerced, Professor, to the stage where she is swept away by love. When she is swept away, sex can happen 'to' her. It will be within her concept of love but beyond her control, and so Cheryl will remain innocent."

Zfen nodded.

"But, Professor, it is not so simple. If she gave herself now it might mean she has chosen sexual release regardless of what Ryan and 'Mother' think, or it might mean she is feeling charitable, or it might

mean she is using sex to win the boy's love, or it might mean the mothering instinct has taken hold and unconsciously she wants to become impregnated."

Zfen felt confused, but only for a moment. "Are you saying that all but the last would be conscious decisions, indicating she has reached a higher level of sexual freedom?"

"Correct, but in this case the original analysis is accurate and is by far the most common. Cheryl does not feel secure enough to give herself.

"Cheryl and Ryan are also negotiating the power structure of the relationship. Cheryl knows her power lies in withholding sex. This, she has learned unconsciously from the role model of her mother. It gives back to human females some of the power they lost to patriarchy."

"And who can blame them for that, hm? So, Sam, the deal from Cheryl's perspective is - no loving, no fucking?"

"Yes. It is an unspoken rule. However, we must remember that regardless of everything we have observed so far, the female humans want to have sex as much as the males do, therefore they can find themselves swept away quite by surprise. Humans call this 'love at first sight'. More often than not it is actually lust at first sight.

"On the other hand, Ryan knows his power lies in withholding love or emotional intimacy. He too has learned this unconsciously from the role model of his father."

Zfen understood. "She depends on Ryan for the secure, warm feelings of closeness and oneness she received as an infant from her mother. So from Ryan's perspective the deal is - no fucking, no loving."

"Correct, Professor, and again it is unspoken. Now, when Ryan severed the controlling mother-infant link, he did it

with his penis. It was through masturbation that he declared his sexual independence. So naturally, it is through sexual closeness with his female partner that he seeks to recapture the emotional intimacy, the security, closeness and oneness which he identifies as love. To be nurtured sexually makes him feel wanted and loved, therefore, although Ryan is capable of enjoying sex quite independently of love, he finds it impossible to remain 'in love' independently of sex. This is the cause of much confusion among humans and the origin of another often repeated slogan: 'All men want is sex.'

"Hm. So, the male also depends on his partner for the emotional intimacy and security which, as an infant, he received from his mother?"

"Yes. The human male wants love as much as the female does. He can find

himself 'falling in love' quite by surprise when all he thought he wanted was sex."

"Very interesting, Sam. Let us summarise to make sure I have got it right. The males and females both want the same thing: to be loved and wanted emotionally and sexually. For females the road to sexual attraction and gratification begins with love, whereas for males the road to love begins with sexual attraction and gratification."

"Exactly. However, we must not forget that this is a generalisation. We must remember, too, that it is all psychological and directly traceable to the patriarchal sex scam. Physically speaking, a human female can have an orgasm within minutes of meeting a total stranger, as can a human male."

"Hm. Yes I see. These humans insist on confusing sex with love. Please proceed."

"Often the roles are reversed. It depends largely on parental and societal attitudes to genitals and masturbation. A girl who is encouraged to love her genitals will discover and enjoy her clitoris at an early age. Then just as Ryan declared his separation from mother and his sexual independence by masturbation, so will she. Such women have no problem enjoying sex independently of love. Conversely, the boy who is encouraged to hate his genitals will always be owned sexually by his mother and the 'Mother' image represented by society."

"You make Mother seem like an ogre, Sam. What about Father?"

"Everything begins with the mother-infant relationship, Professor, but 'Mother' is also a metaphor which includes Father, family, friends, teachers, literature, film, the media, religion, the legislators. These are the forces in human society which can either reinforce sexual repression or

overcome it. The inhibiting side of the coin is best illustrated by the mother pulling the child's fingers away from its genitals. Individual mothers and fathers mean well and are all victims of the patriarchal sex scam."

"Okey-dokey, Sam. Now permit me to digress a little further. You have said that, generally speaking, a human male must assume responsibility for the female's pleasure so that she can remain innocent. No?"

"Yes."

"But how does the male know how to please the female?"

"He does not; he has learned only how to please himself."

"Does she inform him of what pleases her?"

"Seldom verbally. That would be an admission that she has pleased herself and is a bad girl. In many cases her sexual

urges have been so suppressed that she, herself, does not know how."

Zfen shook his head.

"It is a very sad and clumsy affair, Professor."

"So I see. Let us continue. Unfreeze."

Cheryl and Ryan embraced and kissed again.

"What is young Ryan feeling now, Sam?"

"Confusion, because he knows Cheryl is as aroused as he is. He also feels resentful and bitter because he needs to have sex with her now."

"And what is young Cheryl feeling?"

"Anger and disappointment that Ryan would think she was 'easy'. She is not yet ready to be swept away, hence she thinks all he wants is sex. She has heard the slogan 'All men want is sex' and variations of it thousands of times."

"But now, they whisper to each other of their love."

"That is part of the ritual, Professor. Words of love legitimise the sex these two will eventually have. She forgives him because she believes in testosterone and the supposed stronger male sex urge. He forgives her because he believes females are supposed to be mysterious and unfathomable. Tonight they will go home and masturbate alone. Only after each is confident the other understands the rules will they have sex together. Humans call this phase of the ritual courting, dating, going out. It can take several Earth years."

"My goodness me, years! But then they will enjoy each other sexually ever after?"

"Some will, Professor, but many go through life forgetting the rules and repeating this ritual. And then of course there is the work ethic."

"The what?"

"Most humans spend all of their energy just staying alive. There is much poverty. But those most dominant on the planet suffer from the opposite malady: materialism. We have observed it on other worlds; the urge to go on acquiring things long after the basic needs are met."

Zfen shuddered. He remembered the purple planet where the distractions of sex were seen as a threat to economic development and political stability. Masturbation was punishable by amputation of the penis or clitoris, and except when engaged in by those designated as 'breeders', coitus brought the death penalty.

Sam knew what he was thinking. "Earth is not so bad, Professor. But once the male and female humans start living together a remarkable amount of time and energy is devoted to survival in the case of the poor, and acquiring in the case of the rich. There is also child rearing, house

keeping, entertainment, socialising and so on. Sex rates low on the list of priorities."

"Can they not spare even a few minutes?"

"It is not the sex that takes the time, Professor, but the preparatory rituals which are lengthy and tiring. Many cannot be bothered; others forget the rules. The next time clip will demonstrate. Shall I proceed?"

"Shoot."

Cheryl and Ryan disappeared. Sam continued: "Those two did not stay together. Each found a new partner and married. That is their word for pairing. Cheryl is now twenty-nine Earth years and married to Ted who is thirty-two. This is their fifth year together."

Cheryl and Ted appeared in the room. They were cuddled up on their sides in bed. Ted looked remarkably like a grown-up version of Ryan. Cheryl looked

so ripe and inviting that Zfen found his hand slipping inside his cloak.

Ted kissed Cheryl's throat and squeezed her breast. Cheryl pushed his hand away. "What a day! I'm pooped. Goodnight, darling."

Ted flopped onto his back, and glared at the ceiling.

Zfen interjected. "Pooped?"

"Superficially it simply means 'tired' Professor, but she also means that she does not want to have sex."

Ted exhaled angrily. "You're always pooped!"

Cheryl rolled as far away from Ted as she could and pulled most of the bedclothes with her. "And all you ever think about is sex!"

"Freeze." Zfen sighed. "Oh dear, explain please."

"You will note the similarity to the earlier ritual. Extrapolating from the thirty million human pairs I have examined to

date, I conclude that this and similar rituals are repeated on the planet more than one billion times per day."

"My goodness me! And all this just because he wants to put his penis in her? That is an enormous amount of pent-up resentment and frustration. It is little wonder they are a warring species. So, let us see - Cheryl is being a good girl and Ted has forgotten to sweep her up. No?"

"Sweep her away, Professor, however a closer study indicates that this is actually a quadruple ritual. There is the 'nice girl' ritual, the 'no love - no sex' ritual, the 'no sex - no love' ritual and also the 'too damn hard' ritual. They are all being played out concurrently and quite unconsciously."

"His penis is too damn hard for her?"

Sam released a melodious laugh. "Too damn soft now; the misunderstanding has quashed his desire. Apart from the fact that Ted has forgotten

to prepare her with emotional intimacy, Cheryl is genuinely tired. She does not feel like sex."

"But is that not cruel? Would she let him go hungry or thirsty? Why not a little quickie?"

"She hungers too, Professor; she hungers for love and thinks he denies her. But yes, she could have a quickie. My data from Cheryl's time clip indicates that on numerous occasions she has masturbated from an unaroused state to orgasm in less than one Earth minute. This is not uncommon among the female population. Ted can reach orgasm in about the same time. But like us, the more sexually advanced humans prefer to savour sexual excitement for as long as possible.

"However, even if they were to opt for a quickie, Professor, there is a problem, and it is the reason I have called this the 'too damn hard' ritual. Although

Ted can stimulate himself to orgasm quite quickly in Cheryl's vagina, human women, like our own, do not achieve orgasm from vaginal stimulation unless the movements are such that the clitoris is also stimulated. Given adequate time, in some positions, Cheryl can achieve orgasm in this way, or from direct clitoral stimulation by his penis or pubic area. Alternatively, Ted could use his fingers or mouth. Cheryl cannot bring herself to use her own fingers in Ted's presence because the nice-girl ritual does not permit it. And even if she did use her fingers she might not achieve orgasm due to shame and guilt, the distraction of Ted's penis inside her, and her reluctance to fantasise in his presence. To do so would seem disloyal."

"I see, Sam. Too damn hard. Mm, it is indeed a complex affair. But if she is too tired to spend the time necessary to reach an orgasm, could she not simply

please Ted, being careful not to become too aroused herself?"

"Yes. Even if Cheryl does not want to become aroused she is quite capable of accommodating him without any physical discomfort; there is a tube of lubricating gel in the dresser drawer."

"So, Sam, if Cheryl had allowed Ted to have a quickie, they would now be ready for sleep. Instead, they are both so angry they cannot sleep anyway." He sighed deeply. "Unfreeze. Proceed."

Ted continued to glare at the ceiling. Cheryl hugged the covers around her and pretended to sleep.

Sam explained the humans' feelings. "Ted feels rejected, hurt and resentful. He cannot understand how Cheryl can be so cruel. Recently, she has rejected him in this way many times. He is now doubting her love for him and he is losing his love for her."

"And Cheryl?"

"Cheryl feels angry, hurt and resentful. She cannot understand how he can be so cruel. Many times recently he has expected her to give her body to him when she was not in the mood. She is doubting his love for her and losing her love for him."

"Oh. My goodness me! This is sad, so very, very sad. Both think the other is being cruel. No? And yet as we have seen, these conflicting perceptions of the problem are actually a legacy of their patriarchal history. It has resulted in the females thinking they need emotional intimacy to feel sexy while the males think they need sex to feel emotionally intimate."

"Correct. Apart from the anatomical difficulty of clitoral stimulation during coitus, none of this has anything to do with their physical differences, which in all but a reproductive sense are mostly superficial."

"Hm, their genitals do look remarkably like ours."

"Indeed, Professor. And like us, both sexes have the same desire for sexual satisfaction, both sexes have very similar phases and sensations of sexual arousal, both sets of genitals have the same volume of erectile tissue, both sexes describe the same exquisite sensations of pleasure and release during orgasm. The only difference physiologically is the female's sustained arousal after orgasm and her capacity, almost immediately, for innumerable, subsequent and stronger orgasms."

"Are you saying that the human females, too, are virtually insatiable?"

"I am. But 'virtually' is the key word. Few humans realise this. Many females are disillusioned with sex because, whilst most achieve a level of satisfaction, many are not aware that they can go on - and quite quickly - to achieve higher and

higher levels of pleasure and therefore deeper and deeper states of fulfilment."

"So, what is your prediction for these two?"

"Each will seek a partner who is more understanding. Ted will seek a more sexy woman; Cheryl will seek a more romantic man. But both will repeat the same rituals with their new partner. Neither one realises the solution to their problem lies not with new partners."

Sam went on to analyse other aspects of human sexuality and by mid cycle the report was finished.

Sitting naked on the floor with his ankles crossed, Professor Yunious Zfen was masturbating when Commander Eviaba-Vang walked in. His penis pointed straight up and as their eyes met, his fingers continued stroking.

"Ah, Yunious, as I have always said, yours is a most attractive cock. May I watch?"

"Of course."

After a few minutes the commander let her blue cloak drop to the floor. She stepped forward and pressed her crotch to Zfen's mouth. With long sweeps of his tongue, he divided her vulva. Moaning quietly, she splayed her knees and brought her fingertips low enough to toy with his penis.

"May I?"

"Help yourself."

Squatting over him, the commander eased herself down slowly. "So - mmmm - are you finished with the humans?"

"I am-mmm."

"Then we shall take lunch - mm - while you give me your - mm - recommendations."

"Always with you it is - mm - hurry, hurry, hurry. Might I suggest - mm -

fucking first, then lunch, then - mmmmy - recommendations?"

"There is time only for a - mm-mm-mm - working lunch today. In half a decicycle I have to - mm-mm-mm - brief the department chiefs on our next assignment. Mm-mm-mm and don't forget, you must be there too."

"If I - mm-mm-must - And then I have a lecture to deliver. But I was - mm-mm-mm - so looking forward to stretching my legs on the planet Earth."

Commander Eviaba-Vang had decided that there was no purpose in landing on Earth. All that could be learned had been learned. Sam had set course for a fertile pink world whose most dominant inhabitants were duo-sexual; their bodies contained both male and female sex organs.

"Zfen sighed. "And this species that - mm-mm-mm - call themselves Duos,

Sam, on such a lush planet why are they - mm-mm-mm - starving?"

"They spend all of their time fucking themselves."

"My goodness - mm-mm-mmme! But first things first. Now Eviaba, about the - mm-mm-mm - humans, there is much sexual misery. I therefore recommend intervention."

"I thought you would." Eviaba scooped a handful of blissberries from the bowl on the table and ate a few. She squashed the remaining berries against her breasts and clitoris, shuddering from the tingling heat. "Your - Ahh!-Mmm!-Ooh! - proposal?"

"I propose that two telepathic messages be implanted in the minds of the entire population. Mm-mm-mm - It is very similar to the green world project, and - mm-mm-mm - just within Sam's capacity. The first implant would be an - aah-aah-aah - awareness of the patriarchal

sex scam; this will take several generations to take effect."

Eviaba took her weight on her knees and began moving her hips in a circular fashion. "Ann-nn - nnn-nn - nnn-nn - and?"

"A second telepathic implant. It will be - ahh-ah - ahh-ah - ahh-ah - automatically triggered when needed, giving the recipients a few seconds of - emm - mm - mm - pathy for the opposite sex. That is all that is required. It will provide - imm - mm-mm - mmediate relief, and will have a beneficial effect on all aspects of human life."

"Implants. Mm-mm-mm - mm-mm-mm. Yes. A good idea." Eviaba leaned back, gripping the edge of the table and taking her weight on her hands. She rotated her pelvis slowly while Zfen crushed more blissberries against her clitoris.

"Ooh! - ahhh! - ahh! - Mm - I have already authorised similar intervention - ah-mmm-mm-mm - regarding cultural friction, self-destructive - nnn-nnn-nnn - nationalism, poverty and so on. It is within our charter, so Sam, let it be done."

"As you wish, Commander."

"And Sam, advise the department chiefs that the - mm - mm - mmmmeeting is delayed by half a deci-cycle. And whip us up another batch of - Mmm - blissberries - triple - strength."

Cheryl opened her eyes and stared at the wall. She remembered how Ted used to be romantic as well as sexually exciting. In those days, they were so close that sex just happened naturally; he did not rush her or push her.

In most other ways he was still loving and caring, but when it came to sex

he was so insensitive; as though any warm vagina would do. There was nothing romantic or arousing about being used! The more he persisted, the less attractive he became. How could he expect her to feel sexy when they seldom even talked intimately any more? Sex without closeness made her feel degraded and slutty, like a bad little girl.

Ted longed for the old days. He remembered how passionate and eager Cheryl used to be. In those days she could not get enough of him. Good sex made them closer emotionally, and the closer they became emotionally, the more she wanted him sexually. Somehow, that loving cycle had been broken.

How could he feel close when she was so insensitive? Just because she had lost interest in sex did not mean that he

had. The more often she rejected him the less attractive she became. Did she want him to beg for it? He felt humiliated and degraded like a bad little boy.

Then, suddenly, a vivid feeling flashed into Ted's mind. For a few seconds he was Cheryl! Instantly, he realised her feelings were almost identical to his own.

He could tell that the same thing had happened to Cheryl.

They reached out together. Cheryl's fingers clasped Ted's penis. "It really means a lot to you, doesn't it, to be inside me, even for just a few minutes?"

Ted's lips brushed hers. "The way it used to be. Just knowing we were always ready to share ourselves, always wanted each other. That made me love you so much."

Cheryl's fingers stroked lovingly. "You know, I don't always have to feel

sexy to enjoy your penis inside. But I do need to feel close."

"I see that now. It would be nice to be close like that again."

Cheryl smiled. "We haven't talked like this for a long time. Remember how we used to talk for hours?"

"What on Earth did we talk about?"

"Whatever came into our minds. That's what made us close. We didn't just share our bodies, you know."

"Okay. Let's go out tomorrow night and we'll talk our heads off. How about that nice little Chinese place?"

"Mm, lemon chicken, satay kebabs, riesling, candlelight, then home for lots of lovely sex."

"It's a date."

"Freeze, Sam."

Professor Yunious-Zfen was using clips of the holographic record of his research on humans to illustrate the lecture. He spun away from the image of Cheryl and Ted to glare at a dark-haired male student nodding off at the back of the auditorium. "Squan-Heogna!"

The youth snapped to attention.

"Is Zfen's lecture disturbing your sleep?"

Squan shook his head.

"Then do not let your sleep disturb my lecture. Please snore more quietly. This is the interesting bit. We are observing the remarkable power of empathy, which some of you may recall, is the topic of this lesson. Sam, proceed."

Cheryl felt closer to Ted than ever before. She reached into the bedside drawer, then turned onto her side and snuggled her buttocks into his lap. She pulled his erect penis between her thighs and smoothed lubricating gel all over it. She pressed the tip in and pushed back. Her vagina resisted, then suddenly yielded.

Soothed by Ted's gentle thrusting, Cheryl dozed off to sleep, but heard herself murmuring, "Don't stop, darling. This one's just for you."

END.

Training Charlie

by Robin Wild

Jill's legs drifted apart. She let them drift farther to feel the water seeping in. Intrigued by the thought of a million sperm streaming out and swarming to oblivion in the depths of the river, she smiled. Except for the breeze in the trees, the water whispering through the reeds, and a solitary magpie warbling, there was no sound.

She rolled onto her back to float with the current. Now the only noise came from within: magnified respiration, stomach murmurings and blood pulsing in her ears. Her body felt weightless, less

than weightless, it seemed to be falling up to the sky, into its blueness.

Jill urinated. The burbling warmth felt soothing. To her submerged ears the golden crest breaking the surface sounded like tinkling bells.

"Hey. That's fucking unreal!" Charlie duck-dived nearby, upsetting her buoyancy. Jill glimpsed his sleek buttocks, worshipped the beauty of them curving out of the water then under again. He disappeared for a moment before coming up beneath her and lifting her in his arms.

"Charlie, please don't trivialise a beautiful thing like that."

"What, pissing?"

"No, fucking."

He laughed. "It's just I've never seen a chick pissing before, that's all. Can I watch again?"

"Of course, why not?"

"I mean close up."

"As close as you like."

They dried each other then sat on the grassy river bank. Charlie pulled on his socks. Jill fell back in the grass and rolled onto her stomach. "Let's go around in the nuddy all day."

"What for?"

"Because it feels good."

"Okay - cool."

Charlie removed his socks. Jill could not help smiling. He was doing his best to be nonchalant, but while they were swimming he had kept his shorts within reach on the bank. His eyes scanned the countryside. "Any prick comes snooping, I'll tell 'em to fuck off."

"Charlie!"

"What?"

"Please expand your vocabulary."

"Anyhow, this place is so far from everything, no cunt's likely to be coming around here."

"Except one."

"Who?" Charlie laughed. "Oh, yeah, cool."

Jill inhaled deeply, savouring the aroma of the warm grass. Her body seemed fused to the solid earth below and at one with the universe itself. When Charlie lay down on his back beside her, she reached out and held his soft penis. Her fingers fondled. Her thoughts drifted ...

They were in Jill's office on Albert Road. Charlie sat slouched in the chair as though he owned the place. It was easy to see that he knew something was wrong. The more threatened he felt, the more 'macho' he tried to be.

"Want to talk about it, Charlie?"

"About what?"

"About whatever's causing you to mess up your work. This press release

should have been embargoed until Thursday."

"Should I be sorry?"

"Now the merger will be splashed all over the morning papers. By lunch time everyone in Melbourne will know about it. I've just phoned Silverstone. He'll have to re-schedule everything. This is your third major foul-up in as many weeks."

"Shit happens."

"Silverstone says Pearce and Partners is a public relations firm he can do without - unless we can do without you."

Charlie sat upright. "Shit!"

"Whenever I hear that word, Charlie, I picture the said substance, sometimes even smell it. That's why I refuse to watch TV any more. Don't people know any nicer expletives?"

He fell back in the chair again. "But can't you - ?"

"It's not my decision. And as your supervisor, I'm in a very touchy situation, too."

"Fucking cunts!"

"That's the real problem, isn't it?"

He stared at her blankly.

"Isn't that what you need?"

During the next few hours Jill learned a lot about Charlie, not the least of which was what his muscular build, bronze eyes and gravelly voice could do to a woman no longer bound by workplace ethics.

After he had emptied his desk they went for a drink. His 'macho' shield remained firmly in place, but the beer made it more transparent. Jill soon learned that his total sexual experience consisted of guilt-ridden masturbation and a few quick encounters with guilt-ridden girls. Charlie believed those girls had made a big sacrifice and had done him a favour. He and his current girlfriend,

Regina, planned to marry, but until then she was 'saving' herself.

Jill found some amusement in that, but it explained his sloppy work. With the wedding date more than six months away, Charlie did not think he could wait. To make matters worse, Regina was holidaying in Bali and trying to decide if parting really did make the heart grow fonder.

"Your fiancé has every right to do what she likes with her body, Charlie. It may be she just doesn't need you in the same way you need her."

"But isn't there some way to make her hot for me?"

"Believe me, she probably already is. But some people can't admit to their true sexual urges, even to themselves. Why don't you find a girl who's comfortable about her sexuality and likes sex for it's own sake?"

"Because I love Regina. And I'm not saying she's not sexy. Sometimes we nearly go all the way. She just doesn't want me to screw her until we're married, that's all. When we tie the knot it'll be cool.

"Screwing's something you do with a screwdriver, Charlie, not with a woman. And tying the knot doesn't change people's character. Talk to a few middle-aged men; half of them have mistresses or go to prostitutes because their wives don't give them what they want. And it's not much that a man wants is it?"

Charlie did not answer. Jill fixed her eyes on his. "He wants to fuck with the lights on. He wants his wife to adore his cock. He wants to see her fingers folded around it. He wants her to caress it and suck it and crave to have it inside her at every opportunity. He wants to come in her mouth. He wants to see his semen dribbling down her chin; to see her

licking it off, swallowing, and loving it. He wants to adore his wife's cunt. He wants to look at it, sniff it, suck it, taste it, drink its juices. He wants to fuck in the shower, in the garden, on the kitchen table. He wants his wife to do the seducing now and then. He wants her to get on top and fuck him until she's crazy with pleasure."

Obviously, Charlie had never heard a woman talking like that. He did not seem to know how to respond, but Jill knew the response in his pants would be substantial. She reached under the table. Her fingers stroked, then squeezed firmly. "That is what a man wants, isn't it?"

He nodded.

"Then why settle for anything less? You know the saddest part? Many women want exactly the same things. But most people only admit to what society says is acceptable. They're worried about being seen as perverted. They don't ask for what

they want because they think they'd lose respect. They think their partner would reject them, so they ask someone else. They have secret affairs, or the men buy sex and the women live their lives through TV soaps.

"If Regina appreciated her own sexuality and yours, you'd be having all the sex you need. If she thinks she has to save herself now, she'll always be saving herself. She's afraid to let go. When she does let you fuck her it'll be just that - she'll be letting you. Just like with those other girls, you'll feel like Regina's doing you a favour. And she'll think she's doing you a favour, too. Favours aren't gifts, Charlie. Favours have to be repaid.

"People who fuck as a favour are whores because that's using sex as a currency. 'I give you sex; you give me love, loyalty, security.' It's prostitution. Not that I've got anything against

professional prostitutes. For them I have a lot of respect."

Charlie did not seem to hear most of that. He still claimed the girl loved him, and insisted there must be some secret key that would unlock her passion.

"There is, Charlie. Don't you get it? She thinks it's all about love, but it's really about security. Her cunt is her greatest asset, a valuable commodity. You have to earn your way into it by committing your life to her. But that's just the start, afterwards she'll keep inventing other ways for you to earn it."

"Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Other men could, yes. Anyone but you."

"Why! What's wrong with me!"

"Nothing. Other men can come and go, but Regina's chosen you for life. She's made a big investment. If she weakens, all of that training goes to waste."

"Training?"

Poor boy. He insisted Regina's attitude would change if only he were more experienced. And so Jill offered to share with him everything she knew about pleasing a woman sexually. There was only one condition:

"I can't just tell you, Charlie. I'll have to show you."

His face turned red. "You mean - cheat on her?"

"Cheat?" Jill laughed. "Give me an Americanism; I'll give you a misnomer." The boy, had no idea what she was talking about.

"Clichés like that are charged with prejudice, Charlie. How can you cheat someone out of something they say they don't want? Regina's torturing you and she calls it love. I'm thirty, happily married. You're nineteen. I'd love to fuck you, that's all."

Charlie did not speak for a moment. He began perspiring very heavily. "If I do it, can I have my job back?"

"Your job's gone, Charlie. I'd be crazy to suggest this if you still worked with Pearce and Partners."

It was just a few days until the Australia Day long weekend. Jill's husband had to work through, but if she went away for a few days he would not go sexless; he would have a good time with Evie.

Hearing this, Charlie first looked confused then astonished.

"It's okay. Evie's in the same boat as you. She adores sex, but the man she's about to marry rates it somewhere below horse racing, soccer and alcohol - all sex substitutes. Evie's smart enough to know her shyness isn't helping. After a weekend with Allan, she'll know how to take what she wants. That should widen the young man's horizons. If not, Evie'll be looking

for someone more suited. Allan and I like to help young people get off to a good start."

After a few more drinks and a few more under-the-table squeezes, Charlie had convinced himself that if he were to spend the weekend with Jill it would be as much for Regina's good as his. He also decided that what she did not know would not hurt her.

Early on Saturday morning they loaded Charlie's old Monaro with camping gear and set off along the Hume Highway. Just east of Echuca they stopped for lunch. Afterwards, when they were filling up with petrol, a leathery faced farmer overheard them asking the attendant about good camping sites in the area. The farmer offered to let them drive

through his property and set up camp on the bank of the river.

Several kilometres from the farm house they found a secluded spot: a grassy gully surrounded by shoulder high blackberries and bracken ferns, and shaded by knurled old River gums.

Before they even got around to pitching the tent, Jill peeled off Charlie's clothes and her own. She spread out in the grass and summoned him to her.

"Can I just look first? I've never seen a cunt close up."

Touching and probing, sniffing and tasting, he examined every fold and furrow, then while he watched, she masturbated to orgasm. Following her directions, he gave her another orgasm with his fingers and mouth. He did very nicely until penetration, then he rammed away as though he would never get another chance. He seemed terrified that Jill might change her mind and leave him

on the brink. Girls had done that to him before, more than once.

It was all over in a minute or two. Charlie came with a grunt, stood up and reached for his shorts.

"Hey. Where are your manners?"

"What?"

"Do you leave the table while everyone else is still eating?"

Jill spent the next few hours teaching Charlie to be sensual as well as sexual, then at about three in the afternoon they went for a swim.

More magpies had joined the first but their warbling was not intrusive. Jill sat up and stretched luxuriously. The sky was still the deepest blue. Her breasts and stomach bore the imprint of criss-crossed grass stems. She leant over Charlie, deliberately letting one nipple hang close

to his lips. He flicked his tongue around it. Jill let him suckle for a while, then she stood up and walked a few steps along the river bank.

"Come over here. I've got something to show you."

When he joined her, Jill splayed her knees, then with both hands, she held her pubic lips open and urinated.

"Fucking unreal! Hey, it's getting all over your legs. Aren't you supposed to squat down or something?"

"This is more fun."

In her hotel room at the Bali Hilton, Regina lay on her back on the bed. She glanced at the clock on the wall. It was 8.45am. Her breasts and stomach glistened with sweat. A pillow elevated her hips. The dark-haired American, whom she had first met beside the pool

less than an hour before, knelt gasping between her legs. Carefully, he slipped the condom off, tied a neat knot and threw it into the waste bin beneath the writing desk.

He came from Colorado and his name was Calvin. She knew nothing more about him except that he had a lovely penis and knew how to use it. He sat down beside her. "So, what part of England did you say you're from?"

"Not England, Australia. Melbourne."

"How's your boyfriend feel about you coming up here alone?"

"I didn't say I had one."

"Is he a good lay?"

"I wouldn't know."

The American laughed. "You're gonna marry the guy, and you don't know!"

"Who said anything about marrying anyone?"

"I've been here three weeks, babe. I can pick 'em."

Regina's cheeks burned. "We're waiting, all right! Charles and I want our wedding night to be special."

Calvin chuckled, then he kept staring at her with an annoying grin. Regina's eyes avoided his; she pushed the pillow aside and closed her legs. "This is different."

"But it's what you came here for, isn't it?"

"It's really none of your business."

"I've watched you score a different stud every day, sometimes two. And Friday you had two together. Oh, man, that must be something! How's it feel to have one up your ass and one up your cunt?"

"Male fantasies are disgusting."

"Artie and Jay are my buddies, babe. You picked them up. And you begged for it, remember?"

"In their dreams."

"How about it, tonight, want to try three?"

"No thanks."

"Poor old Chuck."

"I've got needs."

"Course you have."

"But I can't let him think he can have my favours whenever he likes."

"Favours, hm. 'Course not. So, join me for breakfast?"

"No. Please leave."

"Lunch?"

"No!"

Calvin slipped on his shorts. He leant down and kissed her thighs. "This is for you and Charlie, a wedding present."

Regina's legs fell apart.

The American left her on the edge of orgasm. As the door clicked shut she looked down and, there, sticking out of her vagina, was a fifty dollar banknote.

On Sunday morning Jill and Charlie massaged each other with baby oil. They spent a long time rubbing each others shoulders and buttocks and chests and thighs, then more time pampering each others genitals. Whenever the pleasure became too intense, they eased off or stopped altogether.

Jill suggested a walk along the river bank. Every time she bent over to admire a native flower, Charlie helped himself from behind. Whenever Jill felt like it, she knelt and sucked. Their explorations did not take them far from camp. They would walk for only a few minutes before Jill would take him standing, her arms hooked around his neck, or he would sit and she would squat astride his hips or stand moving on his mouth, or he would take her crouched with bottom raised and breasts swinging in the grass, or draped

on her back over a mossy log or grassy knoll.

They brought themselves to the brink again and again but stopped each time without coming. By midday, after being constantly aroused for more than four hours, Charlie had learned that the prospect of orgasm became all the sweeter from waiting.

While they sat on the rug preparing lunch, Charlie picked up a banana. He did not peel it. Jill noticed him smoothing off the end with a knife. She stared at the banana then glanced at his penis. It began stirring again; expanding in little jerks. She watched it creeping up his thigh until it was big and hard and pointing skyward. Her clitoris twitched and tingled. Her vagina opened and closed and salivated. It was a beautifully big banana, smooth and long and thick. Charlie watched her eyes.

"Charlie, are you thinking what I think you're thinking?"

"Have you ever - ?"

"Any woman who says she hasn't is probably lying."

"Well, you said I should be more imaginative."

Jill had been slicing a tomato. She put it aside, lay back in the grass and opened her legs.

"You really are one horny bitch."

"Charlie! You really must watch your tongue."

"Oh, cool! Your cunt's all open and juicy - Is cunt okay?"

"Cunt's nice."

Charlie tickled her anus and licked her vulva. He began sliding the banana between her pubic lips, then, while sucking her clitoris, he worked it in slowly, a little at a time.

Jill closed her eyes, savouring the stretching sensations. It felt even bigger than it looked. Much bigger.

"Charlie - ?"

"Don't look yet."

Much, much bigger!

"Charlie, no! That's for the salad!"

It was not painful. It was not even uncomfortable. She had tried a cucumber before, but never one as fat as this. It had twice the girth of Charlie's penis and the amount of it inside her felt half as long again. Her groin made a mountain around it. She watched the lips stretching like rubber bands, making her clitoris press down against the top surface. Charlie started to slip it out, but Jill's pelvis rose with it. He hesitated. "Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

He withdrew it completely.

"No - " Her vagina felt desolate. "No, just for a minute, leave it in."

Jill spread her legs wider and planted her feet in the grass. Charlie pushed the cucumber back in. Her hips rocked up and down while he slid it in and out. The surface felt smooth, with tiny bumps and

undulations. Her clitoris responded as each one slid under it. Jill heard herself crying out for more.

Charlie laughed. "How about the big end?"

She had to laugh, too. Even in the midst of her rapture, she knew he was joking. She hoped he was joking. She hoped he meant it.

Her clitoris pulsed hotter and hotter. Her body began convulsing and pitching. The ebbing of one surge of pleasure rose immediately to the peak of another. Somewhere in the middle of it all Charlie changed the cucumber for the banana. Jill protested but by then she did not really mind. While the banana slipped in and out he suckled at her clitoris, exactly the way she had taught him.

After twenty minutes, her thighs ached from being spread for so long. She needed to rest but was not fully sated. While she lay flat on her back catching

her breath, Charlie peeled the banana and took a small bite. Jill watched wistfully.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up. "Oh, yeah." He pushed her legs apart and shoved the banana back in, but he soon found that a banana can take only so much bucking and squirming and squeezing. When it broke into mushy pieces he slurped them out of her.

While Charlie poured them both a drink, Jill lay in a daze, fondling her clitoris with one hand, examining her vagina with the other. It felt very, very open, and very empty.

"Is it okay?"

"Pretty hot."

Charlie's eyes lit up again; she knew what he was thinking.

"Charlie?"

"Imagination, remember?"

The bottle hovered above her vagina, then tilted. The iced water seemed to seep

all the way into Jill's stomach. She almost came again.

Later, while they ate their salad, Charlie was too busy enjoying the cucumber to notice where Jill's gaze was aimed. Giggling, she grabbed his penis, stretched it towards her until he had to follow, then stuffed it into a wide-necked fruit juice bottle. The shaft promptly stiffened until the rim of the bottle hugged tightly.

"Fuck! How are you going to get that off?"

"Easy."

She worked the bottle back and forth. The partial vacuum created with each backstroke made the captured portion of Charlie's penis grow even bigger and the fit of the bottle even tighter.

"It's not working." There was a shade of panic in his voice. Obviously the stimulation was not enough to give him an orgasm.

"You'll just have to keep it on until it goes down by itself ... or we'll just have to - "

"No way! We're not smashing it."

Jill reached for the drink cooler and scooped up a handful of ice. That did the trick, then she rolled the cold shaft between her palms.

"Poor little thing. We better warm it up a bit."

She tore the top off a container of strawberry yoghurt. Serving as a spoon, his penis proved quite inefficient. However, once erect again, it performed far more effectively.

Jill ate painstakingly slowly, licking and sucking every bit of yoghurt from the trembling tip. She made sure that Charlie did not have a full ejaculation, but the last of the yoghurt was garnished with swirls of pearly white.

He seemed a little embarrassed when she dipped her finger in and gave him a

taste, too. Then she crouched between his legs and flicked her tongue around and around until he could stand it no longer. Charlie pushed her onto her back and shoved into her roughly. Jill rolled him over and knelt upright. He had been such a good student she thought he deserved a very special serving of 'woman on top'.

When Regina arrived home from Bali, her heart had grown fonder but Charlie's had not. She soon found herself a new fiancé and set about saving herself for him.

Charlie found a new job and set about practising his new-found skills with Evie, the girl who Jill's husband had helped while they were away. Evie had overcome her sexual shyness, but her ex-boyfriend still preferred soccer and beer.

One day, Jill phoned Charlie to invite him and Evie to dinner. When she asked Charlie which vegetables Evie liked most, he thought for a moment, then laughed. "Cucumber. She goes fucking crazy about cucumber."

END.

Sweet Deception

by Robin Wild

Dear James,

The weather's warm and dry and the cottage is flash all right with a verandah all around. You'll hear about the sightseeing by and by, so I'll get straight to the personal bits because I know you'll be breaking your neck to hear how it is with Silvia and me.

You made me promise, remember, down to the last moan, so strange as it comes to me writing at all let alone writing so matter of fact, write it I must. And, James, I'm trusting you'll be as frank about Elsie and you.

I don't think Silvia's onto our game. Come to think of it, though, she has been looking at me queer now and then.

We got here too late last night for anything to happen. We were so tired out from the coach journey and the ride up from town, we just settled the horses and turned in.

This morning we trekked on foot up Mount Disappointment to Misery Bluff. For much of the way we had to go line astern following a crooked track. I took the lead mostly, but sometimes Silvy did so she'd see the bush creatures before they scampered off. Very glad I was too when she was in front. Her bum was a sight and no mistake, her white breeches showed it off handsome. Yes, she was wearing breeches and short ones at that, and a flimsy lemon vest, and boots. And so was I! But my breeches was blue and my shirt white.

Blest if I know where they came from. The last holiday makers, I suppose, likely as not swells that made good on the gold fields by the looks of the clever tailoring. They were just hanging in the cupboard so we put them on for a lark. You've read yarns about Swiss mountain folk in the story books? Well, that's what they're like, but not leather, they're made from fine cotton. They must have been small enough, the coves that left them, because they fit pretty tight.

Anyway, just being near nature's enough to fire up my desire. And being desirous makes my whole body alert; the bush sounds sound clearer, the musty smells smell more musty, and even the flowers look prettier. Pretty soon, every breath of breeze and frond of fern's like fingers fondling.

"Oh, James, you can see to the end of the world," says Silvy, looking out over

the valley, but still trudging on. "'Tis such a lovely sight."

"That it is," says I, appreciating her smooth, round rear and soft flanks.

By then of course my penis is stirring. It wants touching, so I touch it, rubbing it under my palm. It's not hard, just big and heavy and flexing about. It's folded over and straining to make room for itself.

Yes, my breeches was as tight and short as hers; barely worth wearing at all. But there was no other soul about and no risk of a constable springing out of the bushes. It felt queer, though, I tell you, going up the track half naked like that.

Well, on we trek and I know Silvy's feeling desirous, too, because when she turns to say something her nipples are standing out and every so often I see moist skin up the leg of her breeches. I'm picturing the skin between her cheeks and wondering if her entire crotch feels

slippery while she walks. I'm really warming to that edgy, expectant feeling. It makes me want to jump about like a billygoat, and sing, and screw of course - Whoah! I should stop saying that. It sounds too rough and gritty; fucking's better.

Anyway, I'm seeing Silvia's knickers in my mind. I'm wondering if they're working up and clinging. I glance down at my own crotch. Blimey! It looks like I've pissed myself. It's pleasant and annoying too. I reach in, meaning only to organise things more comfortable, but my hand decides to stay a while. It's a bit awkward when you're tripping over rocks and roots so I arrange everything to one side. It's better then, and the slippery patch's like a finger stroking.

After an hour or thereabouts we stop for a spell and Silvy asks, "Are you getting hungry yet?"

Was I hungry! We'd come upon a ferny little gully with a shallow creek and a good deal of shade. I swing the rucksack off my shoulders and flop down on the bank.

Silvy starts re-arranging things, clearing twigs and stones away from the softest patch of grass. You know how they are. But then she stops and looks at me while she fiddles with those blonde curls of hers. I've noticed she does that mostly when she's getting ready to say something important, so for a minute there I'm wondering if she's worked it out. Is the game up already?

It seems a good time to distract her by worrying over some burrs she's picked up. The wool stockings come near up to her knees. She looks queer, right enough, but lovely as a buttercup. I start plucking

them out, the burrs, and then I pretend I've only now noticed the damp groove along the middle of her breeches. "What have we here?" says me, touching her sticky thigh.

She smiles and gazes round about, parting her legs just a bit, very casual like. "Oh!" she says. "It is a perfect spot?"

"Truly is," says me, concentrating on sampling each plump pube between my fingers and thumb, real careful.

"Oh! Look up there!" says Silvy. "There's even a little waterfall."

She leans sideways for a better view. Naturally she needs to part her legs farther still to hold her balance. Next thing, my hand's up her breeches and inside her knickers. And right I was too; they're sticking like flypaper. I start massaging while she stands there hanging onto my hair and sighing at the feeling of her snatch slipping and sliding against itself - I should stop saying that too; it

sounds like something that'll bite your head off (or worse) but pussy's downright apologetic, and vagina sounds like some place in the Americas. So cunt it be. There's a juicy, spirited word if ever there was one. But don't be surprised if I fall back on bad habits. And don't turn sanctimonious; you need to hear this in the event it comes up later. And I don't know how to say it without saying it straight.

Right there and then Silvy could've had her pleasure over and done, but she pulls back with a gasp then kneels down, resting a hand on my flank and letting her hair tickle my knee.

By now the urchin in my pants is past the bounds of pleasant aching; it's well and truly on the scent. It's stiff enough all right and pining to get at her. If it has its way it'll be spent and mellow in a heartbeat. That's when she notices I've a wet spot too.

"Hm," she says, poking at it and squeezing firm. Her eyes have taken up that hungry, thick molasses look, but then she starts fussing about, unpacking our lunch. I pull her onto my lap, a bit too rough, and lie back in the grass. She squeals, but in no time's got her vest unlaced and her bosom swinging in the breeze. And fine breasts they are, my word!

"Bon aper-tit," she grins, leaning over me on hands and knees, letting them drag across my face. I start gobbling and sucking like judgement's nigh. Mind you, they were behaving quite enthusiastic too.

Next thing, she stays rock-still and kids straight-faced there's something wet nuzzling her thigh. "It feels like the nose of a puppy," says she.

"No hounds around here," jokes I, "just the odd wallaby."

She looks back at the culprit that's grown too big for its breeches and

escaped down the leg - Now what of penis? A bit posh perhaps, but prick's too angry, and willies and dicks sound as virile as soggy sausages. But cock I like, 'specially when women say it.

Well, it's poking out pleased as punch, with the skin pulled back and the head all sticky and proud, nudging at her insistent like.

"Oh!" says she. "Look what I've found," in a voice surprised and sweet, as if it really was a cuddly pet or such like.

She reaches back between her legs and pats it, but then of a sudden stops play-acting and sort of growls deep in her throat. Her fingers fold around and begin tantalising and kneading and working the skin.

You should've heard me moaning and hissing and sighing! Who says men have all the clout? I was bread dough in her hands. Our hearts was galloping. We were sucking air through clenched teeth.

It was like lightning, my excitement, crackling into her hand and down through her body. I could feel it crackling the other way, too, as if our genitals was vibrating in concert, saying, 'Don't wait for them. Let's get on with it.'

We're blazing like bushfires, both of us, and no mistake. I'm lapping and kissing at her breasts, and stroking her spine, her ribs, her hips. My fingernails start scraping the backs of her thighs and sneaking up her knickers to tickle her bum - There's another one. Only taking pen to paper shows how some words puts our bodies in a bad light. A bum deserves better - bottom or derrière, perhaps.

I spend a long time playing with her bottom and sucking her nipples; sucking hard and biting, giving each a good turn indeed. I have the pressure perfect,

holding the line between pleasure and pain. I can see it in the way she's staring at my mouth with her lips drawn back and flickering over her teeth. And I can feel it in her fingers; milking smooth one second, clutching tight the next.

I start saying, "Come on, Silvy! Come on!"

All she's got to do is pull her breeches aside and lower herself an inch or two, but she's saying, "Not yet, not yet."

My cheeks and ears and chest are flushed. Hers too. And I can tell every squeeze or suck or pull on her nipples is sending lightning sparks straight to her cunt.

She changes from kneeling to squatting, still massaging my cock while using the tip to please herself up the leg of her knickers. By and by she tries persuading it back into the leg of my breeches and out through my flies, but it

keeps getting caught. Soon we're both laughing. Truth is, Silvy's half giggling half grumbling, saying, "Stop wriggling. 'Tis not bless'd easy. I don't want to hurt it."

Well, she succeeds and she's squatting ready. She loosens her breeches, peels the wet cloth from her skin, and holds the crotch to one side. I love the feeling of expectation near as much as penetration. And for me, there's no grander feeling of expectation than watching a woman's nether lips all rubescent and slick and her entrance hungry and twitching.

Are you astonished? I know it's rough talk, but we pledged to tell each other all the ins and outs. (And James, I have to say I'm warming to this writing business.)

The thought of her plunging down makes me light-headed, but she's taking her time, panning it out. She's biting her

lip, panting, shaking. Her pearl's protruding and sparkling, and so tight it looks pained. I know her insides are palpitating. Her cunt's open wide and flowing like a spring. I can near feel the way her nectar's tickling the folds. It's dripping onto the tip of my cock and wetting it all the way down to my balls - Balls? Balls is good enough.

My cock feels enormous. It wants her sliding right down on it, sucking it in, ravishing it, squeezing, milking. But sometimes it's too greedy for its own good. So I force myself to lay quiet while she uses the tip to tease around her anus, around and around, and the dewy skin just in front, then she starts slipping it along between the lips.

Up-down, up-down, up-down.

She's moaning, "Oh-mm, oh-mm, oh-mm."

I'm groaning, "Ah-nn, ah-nn, ah-nn."

She feels soft and hot and velvet smooth. The head of my cock's burning. Her honey lips are melting around it, clinging to it, begging it inside. She stirs it around the rim until I'm nothing but one desiring, scalding point. Around-and-around-and-around, then across her slippery mantle; the little shaft's as stiff as mine.

Across-across, across-across, across-across-

"Oh! You love this, don't you?" says she, without letting up, and talking as much to herself as to me.

"Uhn-un, uhn-un, uhn-un." moans I.

When we're both on the very precipice, she stops and waits for us to cool a bit, then she presses the head up under the hood and begins again - tiny circles, exquisite tiny. Burning tip polishing burning tip, fusing together, melting together.

Around-around-around -

She's shivering and gasping. I'm panting. Her mouth twists and trembles like she's in awful pain. She stops again in the nick of time.

When her face is calm she starts anew. Around around-aroundarou -

I have to fuck! Silvy has the same notion an instant sooner.

There's a sharp "Ooh!" which I think comes from her, surprised by the reluctance; then, of a sudden her entrance yields, slips, and grabs tight behind the head. It squeezes of its own accord, once, twice, then relaxes, wanting it all. But Silvy wants to play 'til she can't bear playing, so she treats me to some deliberate squeezing, rhythmical and strong. I make throaty "Aah-ah-ah," noises but manage to stay still.

Her breeches are in the way, so she stands and slips them off, and her knickers and her vest. That's all there is save her boots and wool stockings. She

sheds them, too, making a show of it by cocking each leg.

My eyes burn up inside her like nothing else exists. Hers burn down every bit as greedy.

Silvy helps me shed my clothes, too, keeping her eyes on my cock, watching it dying down in tiny jerks. She waits 'til it's soft, then her mouth snatches it all in. She growls like before and grins, and gives one long, strong and thirsty suck; then facing me, she squats atop again and begins rolling it betwixt her pubes and palm. In pretty good time it's hard and eager.

Aiming with one hand and balancing with the other, down she presses. There's no reluctance this time, yet still she keeps the torment going by staying shallow. She bounces on her haunches, fast, lifting right off and watching my face screw up each time she comes down. This forces wild, "Ungh, Ungh, Ungh," sounds from

me. It drives her half insane, too. Together, we could be doing a native chant. I can see the lips pulling such that they're tugging their apex to and fro. I can't bear it for long. Her neither. I can tell she's near surrendering to the nagging hunger, to the ravenous craving for deep fucking.

We watch each others eyes.

Slow - excruciating slow - relishing every yielding and moulding and sliding of luscious cunt onto smooth cock, she fills herself complete.

There's a deep and throaty moan. A guttural sigh of relief. It comes from me, I know, but seems far off, I suppose because at that moment all my senses are centred in one place. It comes from Silvy too, a long and wincing whimper, as her

golden curls slide down to join my brown ones.

Silvy's eyes are closed. She's staying still, getting her bearings, letting our heartbeats settle. And she's whispering how grand it feels, how she adores the stretching fullness.

By and by she moves a bit, stirs around, whispering sweet things all the while, and I'm whispering back while she explores the deeper pleasures, clenching her muscles, feeling the beat of my pulse inside her, enjoying the shades of bliss on my face. She can't take that for long, neither. She has to ride, to slide, to glide.

She wants to watch, so she gets up on her knees and parts the hair with her fingers. Still lying on my back with the rucksack for a pillow I hold my cock steady while she rides up and down real slow - exquisite slow, rising right off then on again and again, like before, but this time prizing every inch - all the way in,

all the way out, all the way in, all the way out. We're hanging on the edge of ecstasy. I'm bewitched by her fleecy pubes spreading and bulging, the golden hairs moist and sparkling, her slinky lips rippling along, full and red. Clinging-folding, clinging-folding -

She's describing a glorious shimmying inside, like the root of her pearl's being massaged. And she's using a wet finger for good measure, flipping from side to side. But I have to tell her I can't stand it no more.

She stops and leans back on her hands, bending my cock against its natural inclination. I feel it slacken until it's half hard and half inside. That quells the fire. It's a pretty view all right. I'm watching her thigh muscles straining and her lips stretching around with their apex arched up high. My finger fondles one side, hers the other.

After a time, she leans right back until she's lying in the grass, and stretches out her legs. That's how we stay for quite a spell, watching the clouds and the trees, and listening to the bush, with no movement save both our fingers stroking and Silvy's muscles quivering and clenching. It's pleasant enough for me but keeps her hovering on the edge of paradise.

When she can't hover no longer she sits up. It takes every ounce of good manners not to ram up into her, but she's having it her way and I don't want to spoil it. After she climbs off I prop myself on one elbow and kid, "Ready to get going then, after a bite of lunch?"

She kneels down beside me, nips my ear and says, "When I'm ready, love, even this big old mountain will know it."

I get the fire lit but the billy's hardly even off the chill before I'm on my back

again and she's working down my body with her fingertips and mouth.

She's holding her bottom high and her knees wide for the thrill of feeling the breeze teasing into her. We've been at it near an hour, and my word, it's exciting to see how open and wet that's made her.

Her nipples are brushing my skin, dragging down to tantalise my cock. It's soft, but stands up quick enough. She pushes her breasts together, stroking it between them. They feel good, too, my word! smooth and warm. Her mouth starts again, nipping my belly, swirling around my groin and into the hair. She buries her nose, sniffing her own juice, tasting, too.

Again she squats, this time facing my feet, and slides on all the way, quick, just once. She gets off and crawls in between my legs, pushing my knees up and apart

to wash my buttocks and balls with long licks. I feel the skin tighten like leather.

"Now, now, now," begs me. But she keeps teasing, teasing, teasing, closer and closer, letting me feel her moist breath, crave her hot mouth. She licks and bites around the root of my cock, but no more. It's glistening in the sunlight, slick all over from being inside her, flexing and twitching, putting on a grand show indeed. A clear droplet's sparkling at its tip. Her tongue flicks out and licks it off, and that starts a steady stream. Light as a feather, her fingertip smoothes it over the cheeks, over the top, around and around the ridge. I hold my breath and wince. The friction's excruciating. Her finger keeps circling, circling, circling until the tip's so excited it's attracted and repulsed - following her finger like a compass needle but jumping away when it touches. Her other hand strokes the underbelly up

and down, tracing the full length, caressing real gentle.

"Mm...marvellous!" I gasp, and the word comes out a husky moan.

She's lapping from behind my balls, all the way along to the tip, lingering, licking around and around, studying the shape with her tongue. She stops and just looks, tilting her face here and there, and then looks at me in that same queer way I mentioned before. Does she know? Is the game up?

No. She wets her lips and slips them over the head, once, twice, again and again and again, then giggles, turns her mouth sideways and closes her teeth on the shaft. "Mmm!"

I tense and gasp from the sudden burning ache, the blissful surge, the small release trickling out. It's clear, then pearly white. A bubbling spring. Ever so carefully, she purses her lips and sips.

Shocked again, James? Silvy enjoys it, 'though she does study my eyes kind of strange while she does it, as if she expects me to stop her.

As soon as my breathing settles she turns to straddle my face, and fills her mouth, too. It all fits now. She suckles soft and slow until it doesn't.

"There," she says, testing between her fingers and thumb. Quite pleased with herself she is, too.

Well, my heart's beating steady again and I'm kissing the backs of her thighs and biting her bottom. It's a lovely sight to behold; the lips are parted and ruffled, their apex pert and full. I massage it between my fingers real gentle, then peel back the mantle.

My lips enclose the jewel direct. Her body springs from my mouth. I pull her

down and dart my tongue in and out. She rolls onto her back to get her legs wider. I follow and turn my mouth sideways, munching, sucking and slashing my tongue from hole to hood.

Silvy's groaning, "Mm, mm, mmm. Mmmm!"

I fit my mouth between her pubes, sucking everything in, stretching, sucking, sucking, stretching - releasing with a hearty smack! She's smacking her other lips, sucking my cock, lifting her hips, squeezing her breasts, pulling and pinching her nipples, groaning, hissing. My fingers take over. Three slide inside and another starts strumming.

Her body's trembling like fever's set in. Her pelvis's shaking and bucking. She's yelping and squealing. She rolls over taking me with her, turning and kneeling upright with her back to my feet and my head still between her legs. Her knees are spread wide, breasts heaving,

face to the sky. She can't wait no longer. She can't stop squashing down on my face - wiping, stirring, sliding, grinding. She can't help fucking my mouth 'til her cunt's one burning, churning, squirming mass of pleasure, every vein straining, every nerve howling. (She told me later.) The mountain does know it, too, and no mistake. Her screams fill the air. (Yes James, screammms) They echo along the valley making the birds squawk and take flight.

Her body falls. It curls foetal and rigid yet jolted by spasms. Later, she told me it was like a flock of birds flapping inside, fanning the fire into a frenzy, flinging the white-hot embers to every corner of her pelvis and down into her thighs, beating with the searing contractions, then beating the fire out. (Makes you wonder about them coves that swear women feel nothing, and them

women that say they'd rather a nice cuppa, doesn't it?)

She's on her side in the grass all sweaty and limp and still moaning. I've rolled with her and turned around. My head's still between her thighs and her cunt's making wet circles on my face. The head of my cock's between her lips. Somehow it's made its own way there, and she's suckling like a nursing babe.

I keep up the sucking and licking and chewing, soothing and soaking up the last little sparks and quivers, then I come up grinning and kiss her mouth. She sighs and hugs me and smiles all mellow. "Now you, love," she says. "Take me as you please."

Well - I don't need no persuading! I roll her onto her other side and she props one leg over mine to let me fuck her from behind. After a bit I stop and put her on her back. Kneeling between her thighs, with a hand under each buttock, I lift her

pelvis so only her shoulders are in the grass. Silvy guides my cock with her fingertips while I ease it in slow, then of a sudden, plough home.

She locks her legs about my waist while I crush my groin against hers, stirring around, losing myself in her burning depths; then with a couple of hard shoves, I'm shuddering and growling. My final pleasure's like she described hers. I make near as much noise too, I tell you.

We eat lunch and start making ready to leave. We're still naked but feeling comfortable enough and even more daring now. And the trail from here on's wide and grassy, so we put our clothes in the rucksack.

I stand up and pat my belly. "Nice lunch, Silvy," says I. "That surely filled a hole."

She leans back in the grass, then pats her sticky pubes and grins. "Surely did, James."

And so we set off for Misery Bluff.

Well, James, as you can see, Silvia and me are making a grand time of it. How is it with you and Elsie? I'm dying to hear. It's not as if we're being completely underhanded; we did kid them we'd swap places one day, us being identical twins and all. How they scoffed and laughed and vowed we'd never pull it off! May God help us if ever they find out.

Affectionately,
Michael.

*My Dear Elsie,
Just a few lines while I've a minute alone to
let you know all is well.*

*Yesterday we visited Misery Bluff and today
we're riding into town then out to the lake for
a swim. We're having a wonderful time and I
trust that you and my dear James are too.*

*Once or twice I've nearly slipped up and
called him Michael, but I'm sure he doesn't
suspect anything. What a grand and bold idea
of ours for a bit of variety and spice! Men!
How easily they succumb to a dare.*

*All my love,
Silvia.*

End.

Sensual Journey

by Robin Wild

Lindy woke to find her nightie pushed up to her waist and Trevor kneeling between her legs. Irritated, she rolled away from him.

He smacked her bare backside. "Come on, there's an eight o'clock sales meeting. I have to get going."

"So, go!"

"Just a quickie?"

"No."

"Why won't you tell me what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong!"

"Nothing was wrong last night, either, or the night before, or last week."

"I don't know what it is. It's just ... I don't get excited any more. Then you always get angry, and that makes it worse."

"There isn't an always! There hasn't been an always for months!"

"See? You're doing it again."

"Doing what!"

"Look, maybe I just need some variety."

Lindy got up, went into the en-suite and sat on the toilet. Trevor remained kneeling on the bed with his penis hanging out of his pyjamas. It seemed to be watching her accusingly.

She yawned and relaxed her bladder. "I mean, it's all so - boring."

"Thanks a lot!" He strode into the shower and slammed the screen shut.

A moment later Lindy joined him. She put her arms around his waist from behind and gave him a hug. "I'm not blaming you. We'll work it out."

While they dressed, Lindy tried to remember how it felt to be electrified with desire. There was a time when a rough quickie left her so excited that she spent the whole day craving for more. And after work they would fondle and caress from the minute they arrived home until bedtime. Now, that just annoyed him; he might miss something on the bloody TV! But when he came to bed it was a different story; she was supposed to be ready and waiting. There was a time when at weekends they stayed in bed for hours, not even stopping for meals. That was the best sex ever. Now, he spent every weekend playing golf.

These thoughts depressed her. Today, even her favourite maroon suit depressed her. It was expensive, fashionable,

shapeless - sexless. How could anyone feel sexy wearing that?

Trevor revved the car engine. His impatience didn't help, either. Lindy grabbed her handbag and locked the house. She got in beside him, but just as the car started to reverse down the driveway she had an idea.

"Trev, stop."

He hit the brakes. "What the hell -?"

"I'll take the train."

"That's silly."

"Maybe."

"All right, suit yourself."

She leant over and gave him a kiss.
"I hope the meeting goes well."

Within a few minutes Lindy had shed all of her clothes. In the back of the underwear drawer she found what she wanted - the pair of black, open tights.

She pulled them on, then studied herself in the mirror. What a disgusting thought; this sheer, nylon garment had no function other than sexual! Who designed such things? Men? Her exposed crotch and buttocks made her feel ridiculous ... and yet -

She unpinned her hair and let the honey-blond tresses flow over her shoulders. Then she removed her make-up and re-applied it to make her eyes look bluer and larger, and her lips fuller. Finally, she wriggled into her briefest, flimsiest, red mini-dress.

While walking to Ringwood station the breeze teased up her legs and licked at her bare skin. Every movement seemed magnified. Every glance vaporised the brief dress. Waiting for the train were quite a few girls wearing outfits easily as revealing, yet Lindy felt that all eyes were on her. The men's hungry looks frightened her, so did the danger of a sudden gust of

wind, and of exposing herself whenever she sat down or stood up. But by the time she strolled through Melbourne Central and took the lift to the ninth floor Lindy felt very, very sexy.

Throughout the morning, while checking invoices and answering telephone queries, the urge to touch herself was overwhelming. One hand remained almost constantly beneath the desk. With the hum of voices just metres away in adjoining offices, or while placating a customer on the telephone about his missing shipment of transducers, masturbation took on a particularly exhilarating intensity. Twice, people entered Lindy's office without knocking and almost caught her in the act.

At noon she walked to Chinatown in Little Bourke Street. By then, after being

constantly aroused for so many hours, strolling in the sunshine through the lunchtime crowds felt incredibly stimulating.

At the Flaming Lantern she and Trevor sat opposite each other in a small U-shaped booth. His mood remained comically petulant; he pretended not to notice the way she was dressed. Lindy took a quick glance around, arranged the white tablecloth to cover her thighs, then leant forward. "Feel me."

He stared at her questioningly, then touched her forehead. "You have got a bit of a temperature."

"Under the table."

"What?"

"Go on."

His hand brushed along her leg and slipped under the dress. Enjoying the

surprise in his eyes when his fingers found naked skin, Lindy parted her knees. His hand touched the hair then abruptly withdrew. "Are you crazy!"

"Minis are back in fashion."

"Minis might be."

"You've always wanted me to wear these."

"Not to work!"

"I've been careful"

"You'll have to take them off. I mean on the way back to work you'll have to buy some proper pantyhose."

Lindy opened her legs wider and slid closer. The dress rode up to the top of her thighs. Her skin felt slippery on the smooth leather seat. "Feel me again."

"Behave!"

"I thought you wanted me to be more sexy?"

"Save it for tonight."

"I'm getting ready."

Trevor laughed nervously. He glanced around the restaurant and seemed to satisfy himself that no-one was watching. Suddenly, Lindy felt his fingertips again, squeezing this time, very gently, then immersing themselves. He withdrew his hand slowly and brought it to his nose. "I've been thinking."

"Oh?"

"Yes. I've been taking you for granted."

"True. So, what are you going to do about it?"

"You'll find out, tonight."

Lindy slipped her hand under the tablecloth and stroked Trevor's thigh. Ignoring his protests, she undid his zip. But just as her fingers gripped firmly there was a polite voice beside her: "Al'ays happy see you, madam, sir. Today special, giant sp'ing 'oll. Ve'y big, ve'y tasty."

Lindy squeezed. "Big?"

"Ve'y big. Fill you up good."

"That's just what I want."

The afternoon went much like the morning for Lindy. What work got done, got done one handed, but an incident late in the day made her think carefully about the dangers of dressing so brazenly, as did the trip home on the train.

There were no vacant seats. Lindy had to hold onto an overhead strap. That stance pulled her mini-dress higher and made the men sitting nearby even less inclined than usual to forfeit their seats. Lindy was not sure how much they could see. She dared not look down herself, but gauging by the men's extremely slow rate of blinking and the venomous stares of some women passengers, she guessed they could see plenty - and whenever the train jerked, plenty more.

Trevor met her at the front door. That was a first; he never arrived home before seven. She could not resist teasing him. "What's wrong? Not feeling well?"

Before she could say more, his lips were on hers. As they clutched at each others buttocks, Lindy's dress rode up to her waist. Straining on tip toes she hooked her leg around his and rubbed her crotch against his thigh. He pulled the dress over her head.

She started to unbuckle his trousers but before she could finish he hoisted her over his shoulder and carried her to the sofa. He dumped her onto the cushions then knelt down beside her. Lindy unbuttoned his shirt. She tugged at the black curls on his chest and at the furry trail that led to his navel. She undid his zip, took out his penis and clamped her

fingers around it. Holding back the skin she rubbed it over her nose, sniffing its scent, then opened her mouth, but before her lips closed he pulled away. "Turn over."

Lindy rolled onto her stomach. She propped herself on her elbows with her feet playing in the air. Trevor produced a hair brush from somewhere and began brushing her hair. If he was trying to be more sensual, he was doing pretty good so far, but suddenly the bristles prickled her bottom. "Hey!"

"That's for wearing no nickers."

"Ow!"

"That's for wearing these tarty tights."

"Ow!"

"That's for playing with yourself when you should have been working."

"Ow! I didn't!"

"That's for lying."

"Ow!"

While Lindy squirmed against the cushion the firm bristles paddled each cheek in turn, then his lips touched the nape of her neck. "And this is for being naughty at lunchtime."

Lindy shivered. Barely touching the skin, his tongue teased down her backbone, over one buttock, one thigh, the back of one knee, one ankle, one toe. She wriggled and giggled and pressed her face into the sofa. Suddenly, his tongue filled her ear, then skimmed slowly over the skin of her throat, over one shoulder and ever so slowly down one arm to her fingertip.

Tentacles of need crept through Lindy's body, lapped at her vulva, teased at her clitoris, making it pulsate and strain against the velvet cushion. "I'm ready now."

"You'll have to wait."

"I can't."

"You don't like quickies."

"I do!"

"You didn't this morning."

"That was different."

Lindy tried to relax, tried to flow with the itching tension his tongue created as it washed the hollow of her armpit, slithered down her side to her waist - up again, down again, up again - working towards the middle of her back, first on one side then the other.

"Trev, please!"

"I'm re-discovering your body."

"Re-discover me later. I'm really, really horny."

He puffed hot air at the small of her back. "You know, it's really sensual, the curve from your shoulders down your back to your waist, the way it rises up over your bottom then down your thighs."

"What?"

"And the way the valley of your backbone curves down, dips between the cheeks, then swings all the way under."

Following that route repeatedly, very slowly, very lightly, his fingers traced the length of her spine. Next, his tongue followed the same trail, all the way from the nape of her neck, to the small of her back, then between the cheeks to her perineum - up again, down again. Each time his tongue skimmed over it, her anus flinched. Lindy felt a strong urge to shower, but a far stronger urge kept her right where she was.

He lapped the skin from waist to thigh. Each lick moved closer to the meeting of her buttocks until both cheeks were thoroughly wet. He left them cool and quivering and alert to the most subtle curls and currents of air.

"Trev! This is torture!"

"I love the way this groove between the cheeks goes under to your anus, then starts again at your vagina to make the cleavage of your vulva. And this same groove, the one between your buttocks,

swerves off here where your bottom meets your thighs, then curves under here, where your thighs meet your pubes."

Lindy squirmed as the thumbs of both hands slipped from the small of her back down the damp valley, ever so lightly over her anus, and around the bottom of each buttock. Then his mouth teased along the same route, kissing softly, first following the left cheek, then the right. Lindy let one foot drop to the floor and raised herself to receive his tongue.

But his tongue slid away, wetting the insides of her thighs, teasing slowly to the back of one knee and then the other. He kissed her calves and feet and toes, then licked in one slow sweep up the back of one leg, over one thigh, one buttock and her waist to her shoulder. Hot breath washed the nape of her neck. He sucked each earlobe, tongued each ear and the sensitive skin behind them.

Lindy's heart pounded, her skin crawled, every breath emerged as a whimpering moan. She lowered her pelvis again to writhe against the velvet cushion, to wipe her clitoris from side to side in the slippery puddle beneath her. The ache was almost unbearable. She spread her legs as far apart as they would go.

"Trev, now!"

Moist breath wafted over the insides of her buttocks and thighs. His tongue swept past her anus and vagina - so hot, so close, barely brushing the skin, barely touching the fine hairs. Even they seemed to contain erectile nerves. Lindy's uterus moved. The full length of her vagina tried to snatch something into it; the entrance opened and closed. She pressed one foot into the carpet, her knee into the cushion, and lifted her bottom again, pushing back, trying to fill herself with - anything.

The tip of his tongue touched her perineum and flicked from side to side.

Her clitoris burned. Her vagina contracted in thirsty spasms. The entrance flowed copiously, and tickled and itched.

Rolling onto her back, she managed to pull his pants and underpants off, then with her legs spread in the air, she grabbed his penis and tried to shove it in. He let her pull it close enough to feel its heat, but no closer.

"Now! Damn it!"

He showered her eyes, her lips, her ears, her throat with kisses, then his mouth roamed over her breasts. "They're so beautiful. So full and firm."

The flat of his tongue spiralled inwards, wetting them all over, but avoided the nipples, which stood up desperately. Lindy wriggled, trying to stuff them into his mouth. But his mouth slipped away, leaving a glistening trail to her navel, then down, down, down, maddeningly slowly.

"I love the way your pubes bulge up then curve down to merge with your thighs."

He licked each valley between pubis and thigh. Lindy pressed against his mouth and suddenly shifted sideways, but not suddenly enough.

"Suck me!"

Hot breath washed into her vagina. She squirmed and thrust up, trying to touch his lips, but he kept them just out of reach.

"Mm. You smell so sexy."

His tongue swirled into her pubic hair, washed over the engorged outer lips, one at a time. But only his breath touched the inner lips. Itching, pleading, they reached out.

"I really can't stand it!"

His fingers meandered in slow circles, down, down, down. The hairs above her clitoris stood up, electrified. So did it, pulsing, burning, straining,

begging. He pulled at the hairs, one by one.

"The hair's so soft. I love the way it spreads away on each side, sort of framing your clit. Oh, and your clit's so big - "

Suddenly, his mouth made one sweeping anus to breast lick, detouring to avoid her vulva. The shock nearly made Lindy come.

"TREVORRRRR!"

She rolled to the floor, pulling him with her, trying to mount him, but he squirmed around until his head was beneath her crotch. Her mouth clamped on his penis. He could not get away. It was time for journey's end! She thrust her vulva down towards his lips, but he moved his head sideways.

His tongue swept over her buttocks, making them tickle and itch. Groaning, she pressed back hard against his teeth as he nipped at each cheek.

Her mouth sucked feverishly. Her tongue twirled around and around, licked up and down. His mouth travelled on, nipping and lapping at her thighs and pubes, but after a few moments his warm mouth was replaced by cool air.

Clawed fingers raked through her pubic hair. Other fingers started at the base of her spine and slithered down between her buttocks. Then the tip of his tongue slithered down too, over her anus, to the skin behind her vagina.

He planted little kisses on the opening. Lindy pressed down, churned on his mouth. She needed pressure, PRESSURE, PRESSURE. He made sure she did not get enough.

"And there's another groove along here. It sweeps up from your vagina on each side between your big lips and your little lips, then over your clit. Mm."

The tip of his tongue slipped up and down the cleft on each side, around the top, over the hood.

Lindy slipped her mouth over his penis again. Trevor's breath accelerated. His tongue flipped her clitoris from side to side. Then he massaged it between his lips, sucking, stretching and releasing. Lindy was in heaven. At last, at last, at last -

"NO!"

"Mm. Now, here's where your clit - mm, the skin over it, merges in and around to blend with the top of your outer lips -"

"Shut-up-damn-you. Suck! Suck!"
She bore down, muffling his voice.

"Mm. Feels nice. Arches over your clit. Sweeps down. Forms lips. They flow down. Merge with your vagina."

Sucking both lips into his mouth, he massaged them against each other, then

his tongue slipped between them and skimmed up and down.

"Now, your vagina - I can see right inside, see the little ripples and ridges moving." His tongue circled the opening, darted in and out. "Your vagina merges with this juicy hollow." He swirled his tongue around and around. "And here's your urethra. Then the juicy hollow merges with the inside of the lips. Mm, slippery, smooth. Their insides flow up to merge with the bottom of your clit."

Lindy groaned. Her body jerked spastically as the tip of his tongue explored the bottom surface.

"Mm. The front edges of the lips join at the bottom of your clit. Oh, I see, the edges separate. They blend with your clit but go over it, too, forming the front edge of the hood."

With a fingertip he slid back the skin then enclosed the fiery tip between his lips. He examined it gently with his

tongue. Lindy remained motionless, barely breathing. The sensations were too intense, too exquisite.

"Mm, and I can feel the little shaft, too, and it all blends in with the inside surface of the hood. You should feel how hard it is now."

When he sucked it again, Lindy squealed and her pelvis jolted. His tongue teased on.

"On the other hand, your outer lips also merge with your vagina, here at the bottom. But as I follow around these little folds - sweep up to become the grooves between your inner and outer lips -" His tongue teased up one side then the other. "And if I keep following them up, up, up I come back again to the top of your -"

Suddenly, he groaned and growled and squirmed. Lindy sucked harder, slid her lips up and down faster and faster while she bore down on his mouth. Then

she turned quickly, squatted over his penis and strummed her vulva with it.

Hot semen shooting against her clitoris pushed her over the edge. She mounted him mid-orgasm. Their slippery genitals slurped and smacked together as the contractions, excruciatingly fierce and deep, doubled her up. Lindy collapsed, exhausted and limp, her face pressed against his chest.

The next morning Lindy woke first. She rolled over and teased Trevor's ear with gentle puffs of hot breath. "Better get up, golfer."

"I've got better things to do - haven't I?"

"Well, the grass needs cutting, then there's the pruning and plenty of dripping taps to fix."

"Will you wear those sexy tights all day?"

"Hm, I don't know. They got me into a bit of trouble yesterday."

"You call last night trouble?"

"Not that. At work."

He sat bolt upright.

"Calm down. It's just that when I went down to the storeroom, Fisher, the foreman, said I was sexually harassing his men."

"What!"

"Wetherby called me into his office. He asked me if Fisher's men were to come to work with equivalent amounts of their anatomy exposed, what would I think? Well, I got his point, then he said: 'In the storeroom please wear a dustcoat, my dear, but around the front office where I'm the only male, feel free to dress as you please.' The old fox!"

As Trevor pulled Lindy's nightie over her head he mocked Wetherby's voice.

"Around here, my dear, feel free to undress as you please." His lips brushed over her throat and down to one breast.

She slipped away, crouched between his legs, pulled his pyjama pants off and pushed his legs wide apart. "Mm, I just love the way this tiny seam starts behind your testicles, then goes along the middle and keeps going all the way along the bottom of your ..."

"Suck it."

An impish smile spread over Lindy's face. She got out of bed, went over to the dresser, and returned with a hairbrush; the stiffest, prickliest one she could find.

END.

Strawberry Sunday

by Robin Wild

Emmy stood in front of the mirror brushing her pubic hair. Because tonight was very special, she had shaved and trimmed the bronze curls into the shape of a heart. The effect pleased her. The bottom of the heart blended into her labial cleft, drawing the eye directly to her clitoris.

While leaning this way and that, studying her body from various angles, Emmy became aroused. With fingers outstretched, her palms skimmed slowly up the insides of her thighs and over her vulva. It blossomed and blushed; the rosy

inner folds protruded and glistened and tingled insistently.

Pretending to pose for a centrefold, she flicked her hair so that a few strands covered her face and the tips tickled her chest. Then, staring seductively into her big brown eyes while tilting and twisting her body, her fingers traced the curves of her bottom, her hips and her breasts. She had gained some weight; not enough to make her fat, she thought, just cuddly. Still, she wished her tummy was flatter, her face and thighs and buttocks not quite so - round.

But they were nice breasts, Emmy decided, big, but not too big. She cupped them affectionately, lifting them high, licking each nipple to hardness. Not everyone could do that. Not everyone had such large, plump genitals, either.

Her gaze fell again to the pubic heart. The naked skin below it felt warm and wanting. Her clitoris thickened and

lengthened visibly. She watched it stirring, the tip engorging and sparkling, the hood rising, making the lips reach out eagerly, even desperately. They were sticking together, so she slipped a finger along to separate them. Ripe and tempting, like an exotic fruit splitting open, her vulva looked ready for eating. If she could have, Emmy would have eaten it herself.

She sat down at the dresser, opened her legs, and focussed on the tenseness in her clitoris: the fuzzy tingle and throb. Her splayed fingers pulled the skin up to completely expose the tip. She patted it. The pang of pleasure made her whimper and suck in her breath.

One fingertip stroked the moist valley, up and down, over the entrance, and all the way around the filmy groove between inner and outer lips. She sniffed her fingers then rubbed them over the pulse of her throat. Wanting to be touched

inside, her vagina released a small trickle. Two fingers slid in, then three. She sniffed her scent again and dabbed some behind each ear.

After applying a little eye shadow, lip gloss and blusher, Emmy brushed her hair quickly then hurried into the dining room. She dimmed the lights and lit the red candles.

Soft, classical music greeted Jonathon when he opened the front door. Except for the candlelight flickering from the dining room, the house was in darkness. He smiled; Emmy could be so romantic. He had arranged to take her out the following night, but for the eve of their tenth anniversary she had promised him a special dinner at home. Not wanting to spoil her surprise, he closed the door

more noisily than usual. That brought an instant response.

"Stay there! Don't come in yet."

While Jonathon waited outside the dining room, he imagined Emmy's deft fingers putting the finishing touches to a cake with thick creamy icing and strawberries on top; or perhaps she was wrapping his present.

"Okay, you can look now."

Jonathon gaped. On her back on the table lay Emmy. Except for the food adorning her body, she was naked. The candlelight dancing over her curves and contours created sensual highlights and shadows. As she pointed to each course, her eyes sparkled mischievously. "Entree le breast, main course le belly, sweets le vulva. And no sweets until you eat the rest."

This was not at all what Jonathon had expected. Deeply disappointed, he turned and left the room.

Emmy felt moisture dribbling down to her anus and a tear trickling from the corner of her eye. Her body, electric with anticipation a moment earlier, now seethed with frustration.

"Get here, right now!"

He came back and stood in the dining room doorway.

"Look, Jonathon, it's all your favourite foods."

Beads of sweat formed on his forehead; his tongue wet his lips. "Em, you look nice, but I'm not kissing you - there."

"It's not 'there,' it's my cunt."

Jonathon refused to look at his erotic dessert. Instead, he gazed blankly at the candles on the sideboard behind Emmy, apparently wondering what he should do.

Finally, he took a step closer. "All right. I'll eat the rest, but that's all."

Dutifully, he lowered his mouth to one breast. When his lips touched the nipple, Emmy's honey began flowing again.

"Get undressed."

"Emmy."

"Come on. Don't be such a prude."

Jonathon obliged, slowly, somewhat petulantly. Here was a man, Emmy reminded herself, who referred to his penis as his 'diddly'; a man who, until he met her, undressed in the dark - even when he was alone!

But she loved him dearly. His husky voice and deep blue eyes still made her melt like a teenager. More than a head higher than Emmy and three years younger, he was her gentle giant. His big round face wore an almost perpetual smile; his curly blonde hair remained perpetually unruly. He had to be mothered

constantly. Emmy was always tucking in his shirt, straightening his tie, making him change his socks. He resembled an overgrown schoolboy. When naked, however, he reminded her of a Greek statue, except in the phallic department, there the resemblance ended. Emmy adored his big penis. It frustrated her greatly not being permitted to suck it.

His initial disappointment already forgotten, Jonathon bent down and kissed Emmy's mouth. "Here's to ten more years, Em. You want me to eat real slow?"

"Real, real slow."

"And then we'll do it?"

"It?"

"You know."

"Fuck, Jonathon. We'll have a lovely fuck. Say it."

"I can't."

"Come on."

He mumbled something unintelligible.

"Again."

" - lovely - f-fuck."

"Good boy. Now eat your dinner."

Jonathon nibbled Emmy's ears and kissed her shoulders. She shivered, but felt very hot. She placed a black olive between her teeth. They kissed again while the pieces swam from mouth to mouth.

At the house next door, Felicity knelt on the couch and peeked through the window. Her long back hair swished in a wide arc as she turned to face the others. "Okay, we'll give them time to have dinner, then we'll sneak over."

There were four couples in all, drinking cocktails while they waited in Felicity's living room.

Jonathon had seen pictures of women with bananas or dildos sticking out of their vaginas. Such lewdness did not disgust him, neither did it excite him, it simply embarrassed him. His workmates at the bank enjoyed waving pictures like that in front of his face just to watch him blush, but he had never seen anything like this. At first he had been too shocked to take it all in. Now he stood back for a moment to study his banquet properly.

Emmy watched him with a questioning expression. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I was just thinking, it looks so pretty, it seems such a pity to eat it."

"Well, you'd better!"

"How did you do it?"

"Mirrors. Quick, hurry up, everything's melting."

"I've always said you should be an artist."

"Eat!"

Jonathon covered Emmy's face with kisses then tongued her mouth deeply. He kissed his way down her throat, lingering there for a moment to bury his nose in the skin. "What perfume is this?"

"Cunt dew."

"Carndue? Sounds French?"

"Eat."

Emmy purred and squirmed while Jonathon's tongue teased over her shoulders on its way to her breasts. "Mm, eat me slow, love. Eat, eat, eat ..."

Each breast held a circle of smoked salmon and sliced cucumber. Creamy dollops of béchamel sauce coated the areolae, but Emmy's nipples peeped through.

While he nibbled the salmon, she clung to his penis. Her fingers kneaded and squeezed, making it grow bigger and stiffer. The sweet ache spread through the shaft and deep into his groin. He straightened to let Emmy stroke her

nipples with the head. She stirred it around, smearing the sauce over her breasts, then she drew it slowly towards her mouth.

The tip of her tongue reached out. But, instinctively, Jonathon shied away. Gripping his penis firmly with both hands, Emmy pulled him back until he felt the flick of her tongue. If he resisted any harder she might fall right off the table. And as her tongue fluttered around and around, it did feel very, very good.

So good, that before long Jonathon could not pull away. Emmy's fingers had relaxed their grip but the pleasure held him like a magnet. Moaning, he watched her tongue circling, skimming lightly over the glistening surface. Then his breath caught as an even greater pleasure eclipsed the sweet ache: an exquisite searing burn, surging and ebbing, growing ever more intense until he could bear it no

longer. But neither could he bear to let it end.

A small ejaculation splashed onto Emmy's top lip. Just in time to stifle the orgasm, she squeezed his penis behind the head. Jonathon watched, embarrassed, while she licked her lips and swallowed.

When the strength returned to his legs, Emmy resumed massaging. The pleasure, now less intense, felt deliciously mellow and soothing.

Jonathon lapped up the last of the sauce. He lingered at each nipple, biting and sucking, drawing a series of sharp "Ahs" and soft "Nns" from Emmy. Then he followed a trail of lettuce and mayonnaise down her abdomen to the next course.

He ate the wedges of ham that radiated like the spokes of a wheel from her navel, then the snow peas that were arranged in neat rows between the spokes,

and finally the mound of potato salad that formed the hub.

On the sideboard, within reach, sat an ice bucket containing an open bottle of sauvignon blanc. When Jonathon's tongue probed her belly button, Emmy giggled and grabbed the bottle.

"Wine, sir?" She poured some into the depression and over her breasts, gasping and shuddering as the cold liquid flowed over her skin.

Jonathon slurped it up slowly, then his mouth travelled lower again to her belly and hips. He could feel the skin goosing under his tongue. Pulling and pinching her nipples with one hand, Emmy clung to his penis with the other. Her legs had been pressed together to keep the dessert in place, now they fell apart.

A heart shaped ribbon of whipped cream outlined her pubic hair. Ten small crosses, which Jonathon took to mean

kisses, one for each year, decorated her shaven labia. More cream filled the space between her inner lips. They were held open by a row of strawberries nestled there.

Emmy had pressed the top strawberry up under her clitoris. Rising out of the cream, and shimmering in the candlelight, the engorged hood might have been a luscious fruit itself. The biggest strawberry of all, quite juicy and squashed, was just visible inside her vagina. A thin string curled out beside it. Jonathon shuddered at what that meant. Emmy's legs fell wider apart. She whimpered softly; her pelvis arched, but Jonathon stood back from the table and patted his stomach.

"That was yummy, Em. Thanks."

"Jonathon! I spent ages finding the very best strawberries for you."

Just the thought of strawberries had always made his mouth water. The sight

of them now was torture. He stared ruefully at the neat row. "Couldn't I just have them in a bowl, like normal?"

"No."

"Please."

"Eat!"

Eyeing the string dubiously, he licked up the creamy heart, then he kissed each of the ten crosses. Finally, with closed eyes and screwed up face, he sucked out the biggest strawberry. It was actually - he pushed his tongue inside to make sure he had not missed any - quite interesting in there, all smooth and hot and moving. The string worried him though; he was careful not to probe too deeply.

The strawberries were delicious, better than any he had tasted in a very long time. He ate them all, beginning at the bottom and finishing at the top.

Emmy raised her knees and lifted her feet from the table. She seemed to be

trying to get her thighs wider apart than they could physically go. Jonathon held an ankle in each hand and licked out every bit of cream. He told himself he was making sure there were no more strawberries hiding in there, but deep in his heart he knew they were all gone. Emmy seemed to have entered some sort of trance; she bit her lip and moaned constantly.

Suddenly, Jonathon wondered why he had been so afraid to do this before? 'It' tasted wonderful! So silky soft, too, and - But that string? He tried not to think about it.

Until not the slightest trace of his dessert remained, and long after, Jonathon's tongue swirled around and around. Finally, he raised his head to study the gorged lips and dilated orifice. He had never really looked at her 'there' before and certainly not at such close quarters.

Emmy's hips arched and squirmed.
 "Don't stop!"

The hair, her bottom, and the tablecloth were sopping wet. 'There' bulged and shone in the candlelight. Along the middle, the soft folds had firmed. Ruffled and flared like a dewy scarlet flower, they seemed sort of - alive. He could see them moving very slowly. No strawberries were needed now to hold them open, or to make their top meeting stand up. And under that top meeting, the little bead-shaped thing peeped out, tight and glistening. Jonathon touched it once with the tip of his tongue. Emmy gasped and her body jerked.

It really looked quite pretty; a gleaming jewel. He reached for the wine.

"Not now. Suck!"

Jonathon poured the wine into Emmy's pubic hair. She inhaled sharply and tensed as though about to climax, then she giggled and squirmed.

Jonathon watched the icy fluid flowing over the hood of skin that held the little bead, and to each side, forming two sparkling streams. The streams met again in the delicate pink ripples where the string curled out, then trickled over the skin above her anus, making both openings flinch.

Wanting to taste her again, he sat in the chair at the end of the table and slid her along so that her bottom overhung the edge. He clutched her buttocks, supported her thighs with his shoulders, and raised her to his mouth.

The sudden shock from cold to hot made Emmy cry out. Her pelvis thrust involuntarily. His mouth ravished her, tossing from side to side, sucking in all of the hot flesh, chewing and stretching, slurping her juices. It was good, very, very good.

Emmy moaned, groaned, growled. The sounds came from deep in her chest

and made Jonathon drunk with desire. His penis dripped semen; it ached and strained so hard it felt ready to burst. He had to do it - had to, right now. He stood up and pressed the tip against the opening.

"The string!" Emmy's voice sounded hoarse, guttural.

Bracing himself and sweating with trepidation, Jonathon pulled on the string, cautiously. He hated the sight of blood.

His jaw dropped when it came out: an after-dinner mint, molten within its foil wrapper, followed by a small tubular package wrapped in gold cellophane.

He laughed. "Can I open it now?"

"No!"

Jonathon put it aside and plunged his penis in to the hilt. Emmy came quickly. While she lay trembling and catching her breath, he sucked her again, then he plunged his penis in again. She groaned and shuddered. Her muscles squeezed repeatedly, like a tight fist. By then,

Jonathon's impending orgasm felt unstoppable, but Emmy locked her legs around him. "Wait!"

"Why!"

"You have to open your present."

Jonathon forced himself to withdraw very, very carefully.

Emmy grinned triumphantly and started to get up but Jonathon buried his mouth between her thighs again. Now, he could not keep his tongue out of her! His touch became assertive, his manner cavalier, like a boy who had discovered his medicine tasted good after all. He liked the gold cuff-links, too.

When Emmy climbed off the table, Jonathon crouched down to kiss her vulva yet again. She opened her legs, clutched his hair, and rode on his mouth.

Then it was her turn to eat.

Emmy changed the tablecloth while Jonathon dived into the bathroom. It was his quickest shower ever.

She told him to lie on his stomach on the table then began by licking lightly from shoulder to thigh. Next, she made a trail of mayonnaise along his spine to his buttocks that finished with a flourish curling over each cheek. Then she arranged pieces of salmon and cucumber along the trail.

Emmy spent a long time sucking Jonathon's earlobes and kissing his neck. As she licked and ate her way down his back, she felt his hand slipping between her thighs, playing gently, massaging the lips between his fingers and thumb.

Her tongue reached his bottom and began licking up the mayonnaise. Jonathon squirmed against his penis,

which lay pointing at his navel and sandwiched between the table and his stomach. Emmy pushed his legs apart. Jonathon's body tensed and shivered, his anus twitched and contracted while her tongue teased mercilessly, slithering slowly back and forth, all the way from the small of his back to the back of his scrotum.

Hungry for the main course, Emmy told Jonathon to roll over. After placing a wedge of ham on each nipple, a trail of snow peas along his abdomen and a mound of salad over his navel, she ate her way down to his stomach, all the while keeping one eye on his penis.

It bounced excitedly against his belly; a clear thread glistened between its tip and the little pool that had formed on his skin. Emmy lapped it up. The term 'cock au naturel' formed in her mind; she felt tempted to have it then, for sweets,

but decided to tantalise Jonathon a little longer.

She poured wine onto his thighs and into his pubic hair and watched it seeping through the blonde curls. Emmy savoured the taste; her tongue lapped ever so slowly within millimetres of his penis which was beside itself with expectation, rearing and flexing and lubricating profusely.

She poured an arc of cream on his lower belly and arranged strawberries in the cream, then made a creamy trail over the middle of his scrotum and along the underside of his penis to the tip.

"Keep it still!"

"Kiss it, Em!"

Pleading! This was more than a breakthrough, it was a miracle. Giggling, Emmy ate the strawberries while Jonathon's penis bobbed and prodded at her cheeks and chin. Finally, with the flat of her tongue, she licked slowly from

behind his scrotum all the way along the ribbon of cream. When she reached the head she sucked it into her mouth. Jonathon moaned. Emmy relished the moment, suckling contentedly, feeling the pulse racing eagerly against her tongue.

On the verge of orgasm, Jonathon writhed and groaned, trying to thrust deeper. Emmy reached for the wine, and holding his penis vertical, pulled the skin down firmly and poured.

In the candlelight, the towering wet shape gleamed like polished marble, a lovingly sculptured masterpiece. Emmy's eyes moistened with both adoration and lust until it softened, then her mouth fell upon it hungrily, sucking back the hardness. Her lips savoured the sleek head; her tongue stroked the velvety skin, making long spiralling licks from testicles to tip.

Jonathon's fingers worked faster. Two slid in and out while his thumb rolled

the skin from side to side over Emmy's clitoris.

With a ragged moan, his breath caught then released. His whole body shuddered and jerked. Emmy felt each surge of semen race past her fingers. She pumped faster and sucked harder as gush after hot creamy gush shot into her mouth.

Adrian and Felicity began shepherding everyone towards their front door. The group, laden with gifts and drinks, crept silently across the garden.

Emmy kept sucking and pumping until Jonathon's penis collapsed in her hand. Drawing all of it into her mouth, she gave one last, root-to-tip suck, stretching it until it plopped out and

curled drowsily on his thigh; then she grinned wickedly and pressed her lips over his.

Jonathon's eyes widened and his head tossed from side to side, but Emmy kept her mouth glued to his. It was the shock at what happened next that made them both swallow.

The doorbell rang.

Jonathon, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, jumped down from the table and ran into the bedroom. He returned with their bathrobes and gave one to Emmy, then opened the front door.

"Surprise! Happy anniversary."

Felicity, Adrian and the others filed in. Felicity hugged Emmy and kissed her cheek. "Have we interrupted someth -?"

Emmy enjoyed her friend's tiny gasp and the instinctive twitch of her nostrils.

Jonathon stared at their guests awkwardly. "We ... We weren't ... We were only... We were just ... "

Emmy came to the rescue. "We were about to jump in the spa."

Felicity hugged Jonathon and kissed his cheek." Poor thing, having to work Sunday. And on your anniv-" Her nostrils twitched again. She gave Emmy a knowing glance and kissed him once more, this time full on the lips. Mid-kiss her eyes were drawn to the candlelight flickering from the dining room. On the pretext of finding an ice bucket and glasses for the champagne, she went off to investigate. Adrian followed.

"Oh, how romantic - Wow! You two really know how to - eat."

While Felicity organised the drinks, Emmy went upstairs to get dressed, but when she came back, Felicity and Adrian had still not returned. She opened the dining room door, intending to organise the drinks herself, only to find Felicity leaning against the table with her legs apart. Adrian was on his knees with his

head beneath her dress. Felicity smiled faintly at Emmy then closed her eyes.

While her friend's hips rocked smoothly, Emmy's cheeks burned. She was about to leave them alone and get the glasses from the kitchen when Felicity fell back on the table. Adrian pushed up her dress and Emmy could see the wet panties clinging to her engorged contours.

Felicity pulled the crotch aside. Unaware of Emmy's presence, Adrian stood up and unzipped his pants. His penis sprang out and into Felicity in one swift motion. Emmy noted with satisfying smugness that it was nowhere near as beautiful as Jonathon's. She backed out of the room quietly.

"Em, everyone's waiting." Jonathon had dressed, too, and was also looking for glasses. Emmy sent him off to the kitchen and began to follow, but found herself cracking the door again for another peek.

Adrian began stuffing strawberries into Felicity's vagina and eating them out. Suddenly, she buried both hands in his bushy black hair, yanked his head down hard and rammed up against his mouth - five, six, seven times.

Apparently sated for the moment, Felicity lay still, then they changed places. Adrian leant back on the table with his penis poking out of his fly. Felicity lathered it with whipped cream and took her time sucking it off.

"What's going on?"

Emmy jumped. She closed the door. "Did you find them?"

"Yeah. And snacks, too. Everyone's happy."

"Look at this." Emmy cracked the door again.

Jonathon gulped. Adrian's pants and underpants were down to his knees. Emmy gripped the soft bulge in Jonathon's trousers. She felt it harden

while they watched Felicity squashing a handful of strawberries over Adrian's penis then slurping them off.

Jonathon's body stiffened. "Hey, she's wasting our strawberries!"

"Shhh."

Felicity climbed on top, hitched up her dress, pulled her panties to one side, and sank down.

Emmy and Jonathon spied for a while longer, then returned to their guests.

The minute everyone had gone home, Emmy found herself leaning over the couch with her bottom raised high and Jonathon licking and sucking her from behind. Later, in bed, he cuddled up, top to tail, with his mouth covering her vulva and his soft penis nuzzling her lips.

"This is our best anniversary ever, Em."

"But you can't still be horny?"

"I just like it here."

"Where?"

"In your beautiful -"

"Say it."

"- beautiful - c- unt."

"Good boy."

His tongue slipped inside. Emmy drew his penis completely into her mouth and smiled in the darkness. The next ten years looked like being even better than the first.

"Em?"

"Mm."

"Did they leave us any strawberries?"

END.