



Robin Wild

*Pleasure
Peak*

Pleasure Peak

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www.erotictales.com.au

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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 brazenly 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 out of sight. 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.

Germs 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 long been known to affect the body's 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 weve 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 goodsense 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 cuntng 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. Trish's 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 made way 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 Sorenson's 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 Trish's tongue busy from below and of Byron's penis replacing Dons.

Effy's face was resting on Trish's 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 slowly 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. What's 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. We've been trying to find a way out."

Effy sat up. "Nature! But can't 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.