



# THE CUCKQUEAN AND THE SIZE QUEEN

*By Rubirosa*

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Wanderlust: The Erotic Adventures of Samson (Book Three)  
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Adult Reading Material

## **Chapter One – Lorelei**

Samson made a discreet entrance, keeping to the edge of the room, averting his glance from the patrons.

"Samson," bellowed a voice from behind. "Take off that ridiculous beard! Do you think you are fooling anybody with that stupid disguise? Let me buy you a drink."

Reassuring himself that none of the patrons took notice of him, Samson pulled up a chair at Roland's table.

"Roland," he smiled timidly. "Right glad I am to meet again. It must have been five years."

"And some. How do you fare in the arts of love and war."

"Fighting hard... to find work."

"And love?"

Samson did not answer though an uneasy grin betrayed his thoughts.

"Using your magic wand to charm the ladies then? Eh?"

"If they do not charm me first."

"Tut! Tut! How much wealth and glory have you found in the arms of a serving wench? A warrior of your skill has far better prospects."

"Let us speak about my prospects then. Do you need a strong arm?"

"Monday night at 'The Ogre and Sword'. Ten o'clock. I need a few men," he replied quietly.

Roland was an honorable man and a pleasure to work with. Most likely, he would have an intriguing proposition for Samson. Before he could find out more, however, the wencher spotted a familiar figure from the corner of his eye. The buxom blonde had bent over to wash something but he could tell by the fine curve of her ass that it belonged to none other than Lorelei.

"I have to go. I see an old acquaintance." said Samson, excusing himself just slowly enough not to appear rude.

"Don't squander all your strength on a strumpet. Monday night!" called a voice from behind as he made his way towards the back of the tavern. Samson followed her undetected as she carried a tray of dirty dishes to the kitchen. After a familiar pinch on the bottom, she turned to him without surprise.

"Hello, Samson," she said coldly. "I didn't expect to see you again."

"Are you married now?"

"Would that stop you?"

Samson said nothing more but merely unfurled his nine-inch tongue to full length and curled the very tip in a "come hither" gesture other people could only do with their fingers. He eyed the staircase with a knowing wink.

"My room is the second door on the left upstairs. I will be there in twenty minutes."

Lorelei spoke bluntly even for a wench. She scared off most men in spite of her luscious body. The unmarried life probably suited her well anyway. Like other barmaids in Amstelland, the prosperous

tavern trade allowed her a comfortable unmarried existence. Not a celibate one, though, at least when Samson came to town. She knew what she wanted from a man and he gave it to her in spades.

Despite her sharp tongue, Lorelei's devotion to Samson could not be held in doubt. Her allegiance to him was spelled across the small of her back in a cryptic tattoo: S.W.

The initials meant she belonged to an elite order of strumpets who enjoyed the protection and patronage of the legendary cocksman – The Order of The Black Braguette.

Samson did not grant membership often and only inducted a small number of women who requested it. Few lovers had the credentials and even fewer wanted to be publicly associated with the infamous Lothario. Of course, many girls, especially of the upper nobility, tried to keep their allegiance a guarded secret and bore the obligatory tattoo only in the most intimate places of their bodies. Nonetheless, a talkative handmaiden or jealous lover always gave away her secret sooner or later.

On the other hand, the more common women of his Order displayed the mark of Samson without shame, if not with a perverse pride. Indeed, membership in the Order was a great honor for a woman devoted to license. An endorsement by Samson tripled the rate of courtesans in most cities. It allowed strippers to retire on their savings long before their beauty faded. Other females envied a girl who could claim him as a longtime paramour

Membership was extremely selective. Samson maintained an exhaustive list of requirements and qualifications and seldom made exceptions. A suitable candidate appeared more a figment of the juvenile male imagination than an actual person. Nonetheless, Samson discovered that about one in 100,000 girls actually did live up to his pornographic ideal of female sexuality. Naturally, he kept in touch with such ladies.

While it would be tedious to recite the full compendium of regulations, there were a few major points:

1. A successful candidate had to possess unparalleled beauty in both face and figure, including a narrow waist, long legs, soft skin, and a dazzling smile. The well-endowed rake also had a particular liking for well-endowed women. He was not so shallow as to enforce a D-cup minimum but his associates commonly wore brassieres sized farther up the alphabet than most.
2. A successful candidate had to be actively bisexual. At the very least, Samson expected his women to have intimate contact with their own sex in the group liaisons he arranged. However, he preferred that members have lesbian encounters independently, especially with other members of the Order. He had found that his most satisfying sexual experiences involved partners who already had been intimate with each other.
3. Not only did Samson expect inductees to participate in triads and orgies he initiated but they were strongly encouraged to share him with their girlfriends. The ideal candidate, then, was not merely actively bisexual but *aggressively* bisexual and would be eager to recruit attractive females to join her in bed with Samson. Simply put, she had to love women as much as he did. Their lust brought them together.
4. Accordingly, a successful candidate could not harbor any feelings of possessiveness or jealousy, especially towards any other member of the Order.
5. A successful candidate could take Samson's tool balls deep in her pussy.

In return, ladies inducted into The Order of The Black Bodice enjoyed the following benefits:

1. When Samson visited her province or city, he would seek her out before any other companions for a solo lovemaking session. The encounter would not end before his partner had a hundred orgasms or four hours had elapsed. Usually, the former occurred

2. In those rare instances when he had money, Samson generously shared his wealth with members of the Order. No gift was too lavish for his lovers. He especially liked adorning his playmates with jewelry. Of course, as long as the rake fucked them senseless, they did not curse him

3. A member of the Order enjoyed the protection of Samson. Any man who dared harass or assault one of his wenches would face the wrath of the mightiest warrior on the planet. Since visits to his worldwide sorority of strumpets could be infrequent, years often passed before our hero heard of an offense against one of his women. But when the barbarian stud finally returned, he never failed to avenge an insult. No man could outrun him. No man could outwit him. And, above all, no man could withstand the fury of his bonebreaking fists. Whenever a ruffian got fresh with one of his prized companions, she needed to do little more than lift her skirt and reveal the mark of Samson on her thigh. The mere sight of the legendary tattoo often caused grown men to fall to their knees and beg forgiveness. His women were untouchable.

4. Even in the most backwards and brutal of rural villages, the mark of Samson on a strumpet's shoulder or ankle gave her a license to dress, drink, and cavort in any way she pleased. Not only could she fuck Samson with impunity but membership allowed her to engage in sexual relations with other females. And since the Order did not impose any bond of fidelity, members also could sleep with other males during the rogue's long absences. Not surprisingly, quite a few men found the prospect of bedding one of his girls to be a rather intimidating enterprise. Given the fact that the woman had sworn erotic allegiance to a sexual superman, potential suitors naturally felt

incapable of measuring up to her elevated standards of pleasure. And, usually, they were not mistaken.

However, membership rarely prevented women from enjoying male companionship. The mark of Samson emboldened wenches to become the aggressor in a romantic encounter. They prowled taverns like tigresses, sizing up well-endowed males and pouncing upon them with relish. So, despite their notoriety as insatiable size queens, most guys rarely resisted the advances of a busty, brassy, bodacious bombshell from the stallion's sex stable. Not only did the Lord of Wenches not frown upon their promiscuity but he actually encouraged and praised it. Samson liked his women to emulate his dominant nature and take anyone they desired (though he secretly preferred girl-on-girl conquests since they invariably led to his future participation).

While such scandalous behavior might have led to a public whipping in normal circumstances, the barbarian warlord's fearsome reputation kept even the most jealous boyfriends and possessive siblings at bay. In that regard, the Order of the Black Braguette functioned less as a personal harem for Samson as a form of sexual liberation for its female membership. His women could do whatever they wanted in or out of bed and no one dared complain. In that way, Samson's incredible physique served a dual purpose. Besides the fact that the sight of his gigantic muscles drove the fair sex into a lust-crazed frenzy, they conferred a sense of safety and security. A woman knew no man would dare cross her lest he anger the alpha stud. For ladies of strict virtue, Samson's extraordinary ability to get laid was owed not just to his inherent desirability but the knowledge that the musclebound megastud could get away with it. No matter how strictly a society enforced sexual taboos, the primordial law of physical strength always prevailed.

4. Members were encouraged to attend a yearly retreat for the Order, usually held either at a large brothel or the château of an infatuated patroness. After reporting on his ongoing Crusade of



Love, proposing new bylaws, and disposing of the usual formalities, Samson embarked upon a one-man orgy with his legion of lovers that became the stuff of legend. Though the distance and expense of travel prevented many girls from attending, members tried to make a pilgrimage to the ladykiller's erotic mecca at least once every five years.

5. The Love Feast lasted one week each year and no matter how many girls attended, Samson enjoyed intercourse with every member every day. With as many as twenty or thirty females to pleasure in a single night during the opening weekend of the fuck festival, the Lord of Wenches performed his labor of love on a giant harem bed constructed specifically for the annual celebration. The congress took place in two concentric circles. The outer ring of girls drank wine, ate pussy, and cheered on the exploits of Samson's inner circle.

The proceedings at the center of the bed were staged like a seven-course banquet. Each round lasted an hour. After a bell was sounded, three to five girls entered the inner circle. The membership secretly decided among themselves the order and grouping of partners. Samson had no control over their selections but his lovers understood his desires better than he did. All of them had logged many hours in his bed and shared him with many other women. They knew just how to excite his jaded palette with novel and unexpected combinations of women each night. At the end of the seven-hour ritual, the marathon lover prowled the bed on his own until every woman fell asleep at dawn utterly sore and utterly satisfied.

Though she lacked the time and funds to attend his retreat, Lorelei was one of Samson's favorite girlfriends in Northern Europe. She was always one of the first girls he bedded when passing through Amstelland. However, to his chagrin, the wench liked to make him wait. Samson paced back and forth impatiently in the tiny room. It had been nearly forty minutes and she still had not arrived. In

normal circumstances, Samson already would have taken another woman to bed by that point. However, Lorelei was a member of the Order and he had to show her due respect.

Samson growled with impatience. Even the room itself annoyed him. The owner had partitioned a larger room into three smaller ones to accommodate new staff. He counted no more than six paces from the door to the window and when he stretched his arms, his impressive reach allowed him to touch both walls with his fingertips. The limited amount of space would make his usual sexual acrobatics nearly impossible. Tiring of perambulation, he finally sat down on the wooden berth that passed for her bed, contemplating a small party of bedbugs frolicking among the thin layers of straw.

Farallon turned up his nose. "This tavern is filthy."

"I thought you stayed back at the whorehouse. You know better than to intrude upon my liaisons."

"I shant let you from my sight, not on the eve of the joust. What do you think Roland has in mind?"

"Fuck him. I'll worry about that later. Now begone!"

Lorelei shut the door behind her as Samson stripped off the last of his clothing.

"Indeed, t'is a boudoir fit for a princess," he smirked. Samson reached for her bodice, smoothly releasing the line of hooks that marched down the front. However, she brushed away his hand before he dispatched with her blouse.

"I have my room, my chair, my bed. Do you have a bed? You know you cannot sleep here tonight."

"How can we make love in this wooden crate?"

"What?"

"Thy berth is too narrow for a night of passionate love, milady," he teased in the mocking tone of a courtier.

"And what gave you the idea that I came here to fuck? I'm still upset with you."

As to why she was mad at him *this time*, Samson could only guess. Regardless, he imagined the matter would be forgotten in the next two minutes or so.

"Be not cross, milady," he drawled, closing in on her. "I just came for an innocent romp in the hay." Even a foot away, Lorelei could feel the heat coming off his naked body and it drew her towards him like a magnet. Samson wrapped his arms around the small of her back and drew her close. He did not embrace her. He engulfed her. His thick upper arms cinched her waist, bulging biceps bunching into steel boulders that squeezed her ribcage, warming her body like a mink coat, smothering her like an eiderdown. His big hands grabbed her butt, enveloping her entire posterior in their dominant yet tender grip.

Samson's hulking torso dominated her entire field of vision. Everywhere she looked there was only hard, bulging muscle almost dripping with testosterone. Lorelei's face was buried in the shadowed trench between his jutting pecs, each of which peaked four inches past the flat of his sculpted abdomen. The Olympian had thicker and deeper cleavage than she did! Even so, she could hear his heart thundering beneath the countless layers of armored brawn, the blood beating audibly through his popped, pumped veins.

Lorelei felt her thighs involuntary squeezing and rubbing together with lust as a hot, dark dot bled through her silken panties. She quietly moaned as her nipples stiffened below her blouse into half-

inch spikes. Samson could smell the aroma of hot cunt in the air. Playtime had begun.

"Alley-oo!"

With casual familiarity, he had palmed the globes of her behind in his hands and lifted her in the air effortlessly, twirling her around as if she were a life-size rag doll.

"Let me down, you bastard!" she laughed. "You'll smash my head against the ceiling!"

Lorelei disliked everything about him, his complacent hedonism, his vulgarity, and, most of all, his knowing no woman could hate him. Even if he vanished for months without a simple farewell, even if he invited her friends to join them in bed, even if he made them come harder than she did, he could have her, anytime, anyplace.

Samson lightly hooked a chair with his foot, pulled it close, and sitting down, lowered her body until her legs draped over his back. His mouth hovered just a hairbreadth away from her crotch.

"Comfortable?" he grinned.

Lorelei sighed in assent.

Undoing the clasps with his teeth, he had her underskirt off in a trice. Her soaking knickers soon followed. She had a peachy little mound of golden fleece, just like a little girl. Her clit poked out of its hood, twitching seductively, as a steady stream of love juice oozed out of the tight, smooth slit. The bitch would taste delicious! Bringing her closer to his eager mouth, he ran the tip of his tongue up and over her slit, never delving deeper, but simply running circles round the juice-brimmed aperture until she impatiently humped her hips against his face. In response, he unrolled his obscenely long tongue along the entire length of her slit, past her mons, and dipped

the tip into her tension-creased navel. A moment passed before the tantalizing appendage slowly slid back inside his mouth and he winked at her with an evil grin. Lorelei shuddered. She knew that it wouldn't be long before she came; it never was with Samson. The anticipation almost drove her mad. Then he did it.

Without warning, Samson's tongue darted from his mouth and plunged deep inside her twat. She gasped as the serpentine appendage rapidly slithered toward the mouth of her womb. It was so damn long! When the tip reached her cervix, she lost all control. Lorelei was coming violently, grabbing his head and thrusting his jawbone into her crotch, forcing the thick ribbon of muscle ever deeper.

Fully extending his nine-inch ladyteaser, Samson began a series of sensuous undulations, caressing places inside her body she didn't even know existed. She felt her vaginal muscles groping and pulling at his probing tongue, stretching it inside of her. The oral virtuoso rotated the extraordinary appendage round and round, gently scraping her inner walls until she came again with a whimpering sigh. He then began to stab her cervix with the tip until it slipped through the neck of her womb. Lorelei felt a strange but not unpleasant sensation as his tongue pried open the tiny breach in preparation for a long hot night of uteral sex. Samson's wenches always took his manhood balls deep and that meant getting fucked in the womb.

As the crescendos grew in number and strength, her sighs turned into shrieks and the wench convulsed in a quivering, shuddering frenzy. Lorelei pounded her heels against his broad back with enough force to knock over a weaker man. Her thighs clamped shut like a steel trap, scissoring his neck and briefly closing off his windpipe. If the bitch carried on like that much longer, she was going to strangle him! Samson decided a new position might be in order. He stood up again, wrenched her off his shoulders, and lowered her body until her hips brushed against his crotch. Lorelei

gave an expectant moan but her lover had other plans.

Samson grasped her right thigh in his left hand and her left shoulder in his right hand. And, without warning, the sexual acrobat swiftly spun her torso upside down, rotating her entire body in a perfect arc until her blonde mane fanned across the floor. Then, in the same instant, he let go of Lorelei, reversed his grip, and caught her by the hips so that she hung headlong against his body with her face at his crotch. His heavy manhood hung low and limp but still enormous even at rest. Sticking out her tongue, the barmaid gave his organ a long, lazy lick and it responded with a strong jerk, slapping against her cheek with an audible thud. She did it again and when his mighty anaconda reared up once more, she caught the head in her mouth and began to suck it hard.

In the meantime, Samson had slid his hands from her hips to her thighs, and pried her legs apart. The champion cunnilinguist pulled her crotch up to his mouth and resumed licking, kissing, tonguing, and sucking her sweet, gushing orifice as her dangling body twisted from side to side in an erotic delirium. He wanted Lorelei as hot and wet as any wench he had ever boned and that would require a lot more sexual expertise and innovation than the ladykiller had brought to bear upon his lover so far that evening.

Not surprisingly, her clitoris proved the most inviting target for his tongue. From the first girl he seduced, Samson understood the fundamental law of the boudoir. If a man plays with a lady's love button long enough, she will come sooner or later. Of course, as he bedded hundreds and then thousands of women, he learned to make them come sooner than later as well as harder, more often, and even in perpetuity. By the age of twenty, the wenchmaster had acquired such an advanced understanding of female genital anatomy that he could bring a girl to climax with just a few well-placed flicks of the tongue. And with just slightly more effort, she would pass out from the endless series of intense orgasms his skillful mouth appeared to summon at will.

Though his female admirers considered it to be some form of sexual magic, Samson's gift for gash could be reduced to simple rules and methods. For example, Lorelei's lovebud may have been swollen and erect but her clitoral hood had not retracted completely. In comparison with many women, she had a sizable prepuce that covered nearly two-thirds of her love bulb. Unless Samson teased out the entire organ from its cocoon, he would not be able to pleasure the full length of her clitoral glans. Fortunately, he had encountered this barrier many times before and knew how to bypass it very quickly. His prehensile tongue coiled around her clitoral hood like a boa constrictor and rhythmically clenched and unclenched the nubbin of flesh, enticing it to disgorge its pulsating pearl of pleasure. Slowly but surely, her clit emerged from its shell, twitching like a rattler's tail. At this stage, a direct assault on her glans would be imprudent. Some girls had very sensitive clits that could not bear even the slightest contact. Others wanted him to lash their buds with his tongue like a bullwhip. Samson slept with far too many women to remember the exact sensitivity of Lorelei's clitoris so he proceeded with caution.

At first, he flickered the tip of his tongue with the speed and softness of a hummingbird's wing and let it hover a mere hairbreadth away from the throbbing bulb. Samson felt her thighs tense and open wider, a clear invitation to move in closer. He then ever so carefully grazed the head of her glans against his fluttering tongue and she let out a strangled moan. The wench began to squirm and he could hear her heart banging in her chest.

"Stop teasing me, you fucking manwhore!" she cried out.

Taking her less than subtle cue, the barbarian gigolo ratcheted up the erotic ante many notches with an artifice no girl could resist. Samson curled his tongue to make a small channel down its middle. He then enveloped her swollen clit with his hot tongue and gently yanked her little dickie. Lorelei's thighs immediately tensed and

quivered with toe-curling pleasure as he jerked her off. Despite her awkward upside-down position, the wench expertly stroked his growing organ in both hands while throating five or six inches of shaft. Samson bucked his hips back and forth so he could fuck her face while he tongued her cunt.

Samson thoroughly enjoyed Lorelei's cocksucking. The wench had no problem taking on Thundercock. Due to the astonishing rarity of sex organs larger than eight or nine inches, even highly-skilled harlots often lacked the necessary experience to pleasure his formidable tool properly. A lot of women approached it gingerly, licking the length or nibbling on his cockhead. Samson had known for a long time that his size could be intimidating. Though his manhood might have fueled the sexual fantasies of his lovers for years, nothing could prepare them for the reality of confronting something so big and hard and powerful. Fully erect, Samson's tool weighed several pounds and approximated the size of his lover's forearm. It had the density of granite and a surface temperature of nearly 120 degrees Fahrenheit. Some girls had trouble just lifting his erection, let alone pleasuring it.

But beyond mere measurements, Thundercock had a reputation to match its size. The notorious rod had lain in the mouths and pussies of thousands before, including some of the world's most desired princesses and courtesans. How could one please the man who had everything or, better put, the stallion-pricked harem stud who fucked everyone? Samson would say the answer was difficult but not impossible. When receiving oral gratification, he liked a woman to deep throat the first six or seven inches of his cock while pumping the bottom half with both fists. Such a feat required a great deal more exertion than ordinary fellatio and not every female could perform it, let alone sustain it long enough for Samson to come. All the same, the problem did not vex him greatly. If a girl could not provide sufficient oral gratification, it just meant he would cram his schlong inside her twat a bit sooner, a prospect neither party regretted. In any case, the orgiastic Casanova usually bedded down



for the night with multiple females which radically changed the fellationary dynamic since he then had two or more eager mouths to slobber over his massive meat. If Nature had ever designed a sex organ for threesomes, it belonged to Samson. The ladykiller simply had too much cock for one girl to pleasure. He possessed the prick of a polygamist, big enough to be shared by all of his women.

Another problem Samson often encountered in sixty-nining with his lovers was that they had trouble sucking his cock when they climaxed from his oral virtuosity. Yes, Samson did enjoy the feeling of a lady shrieking in ecstasy with his cock buried in her throat, especially the way her larynx vibrated against his shaft. However, most women pulled off quickly to keep from gagging on his prick when they came. And getting tongued by Samson meant they usually climaxed for minutes at a time, leaving his prick unmanned (or "unwenched" in the jargon of his regular group sex partners) unless he had an extra girl on hand to pick up the slack.

On the other hand, Lorelei did not just keep his length in her throat. The enthusiasm and determination of her cocksucking actually seemed to increase the longer she climaxed. By the third wave of multiple orgasms, her lips had cleared the ten-inch mark and she was going deeper still. Samson gripped her thighs with renewed intensity, keeping her pussy at his mouth and furiously flicking and jerking off her rockhard love nipple with his prehensile tongue so she came again and again and again.

After nearly ten minutes of frenzied coming, Lorelei was now so hot and open that Samson knew the moment of reckoning would soon be upon them. However, he wanted to make sure he could bury his stud club into her body with a minimum of pain and a maximum of pleasure. He gently spread her inner-labia with his fingers and his serpentine tongue slithered down, down, down into her gushing passion pit. Lorelei was so wet that it felt like he had stuck his tongue into a jar of warm honey. After sliding the entire length of his tongue deep into her snatch, he probed her cervix. The countless

orgasms that wracked her pussy had dilated the aperture wide open, leaving her quivering womb at his mercy. The time to fuck had arrived!

Samson carried Lorelei over to the bed but instead of laying her down, he mounted the bedstead with his precious burden still hanging upside down from his arms. He noted with relief that his head cleared the ceiling by a few inches. The extra height off the floor would be essential to execute his maneuver. The mighty wench then lowered her dangling body until her head dipped to a point well below the level of the bed. Lorelei pressed her hands against the floor for balance. With Samson supporting all of her weight, she did not have much trouble maintaining a steady handstand. However, Lorelei was no trapeze artist. The upturned stance disoriented her. She twisted her neck around to get her bearings. The strumpet's big titties brushed against her chin, swaying to and fro like upside-down water balloons. Her bust completely obscured the view from above. Fortunately, a full-length mirror against the wall let her watch Samson in action.

The novel position intrigued her. The sensual acrobat was a master of erotic innovation. However, his latest trick puzzled her. Penetrating her from this angle appeared impossible because his prong extended parallel to the ground. The shaft would have to point straight down to hit her target. Before she could finish that thought, Samson took a deep breath. His sculpted abs creased and corrugated into an invincible wall of jutting bricks. His visage froze in a state of deep concentration. Manipulating his uniquely flexible and disciplined pelvic muscles, his erection began to ratchet downward in ten degree increments like the cannon of some mechanized piece of heavy artillery. His knob became almost level with his knees. Lorelei was impressed. Samson had aimed his weapon without any manual guidance.

With his arms stretched downward almost to full extension, Samson pulled her legs apart and lifted her upturned trunk towards his groin.

Lorelei, felt his knob poke her squarely in the crotch. She moaned with impatient anticipation but her stallion-pricked paramour proceeded with caution. He gently swiveled his hips, spiraling the crown in tantalizing circles round and round her hungry hole. Without the slightest resistance, he soon corkscrewed the entire fist-sized helmet into her snatch. Lorelei shuddered just from the thought of what he planned to do to her next.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Lorelei began her upward journey along his turgid pipeline of pleasure. The master lover moved very deliberately. Instead of entering her in one long stroke, he raised her a half-inch up, a quarter-inch down with each lift. Though his muscles handled weights far greater than a buxom serving wench in heat, his meticulous movements demanded exceptional strength. Thick veins snaked up and down his mighty arms. Hot blood engorged every fiber of muscle. The strain was formidable but Lorelei was Samson's Wench. He would do anything to make her come.

After he had worked all thirteen and a half inches of cock to the hilt, Samson slightly flexed his knees and began moving Lorelei's body all the way back down and then all the way back up his gigantic stud muscle. Down, up, down, up, faster, faster, and then faster, he panted with simultaneous delight and exertion.

Before Samson, Lorelei had never experienced the joy of deep penetration. His club stretched her sheath twice its length and then a lot further, plumbing to the depths of her womb. His amazing length reached places she never knew existed and each thrust rattled her to the core, provoking violent shudders and convulsions. Like every time before, all of her deepest nerves exploded at the same time and Lorelei went crazy. She came and came and came, each climax longer and stronger than the last. Spittle dribbled out of her panting mouth as her body pumped and heaved harder than ever. Tears of joy streaked her upturned forehead. Had it not been for the giant cock that anchored her pussy to his loins, the wildly

writhing wench would have wriggled out of his grasp.

The wenchmaster picked up the pace, yanking her body up to the ceiling and down to the floor with ever greater speed and force. He plowed her cunt, smoothly, powerfully, relentlessly in footlong strokes, over and over and over, reducing the brassy wench into a helpless, multi-orgasmic, babbling love slave. Lorelei began to peak every few thrusts, not just with the little crackles of pleasure that tweaked her pussy on the way to the summit, but "The Big O" as her girlfriends called it dreamily, the coveted orgasm that even a skillful lover seldom provoked after hours of lovemaking. Not only was Samson delivering the big one but he was doing it on nearly every stroke!

The cervix-reaming, womb-pounding powerfuck drove her to the first gut-cramping, lung-emptying, eye-rolling orgasm in less than a dozen strokes. The second came only eight strokes later. The third, fourth, fifth...the twentieth followed like a string of gigantic firecrackers. After thirty or forty orgasms, Lorelei's heart pumped dangerously hard and fast. The room began to spin uncontrollably and stars exploded behind her eyes. The wench knew by experience that she might pass out from his phallic onslaught. The possibility both scared and excited her.

Samson knew how to please a wench like Lorelei. A strong woman needed a strong man to tame her in the boudoir and Lorelei was the strongest. She laughed in the faces of the countless men who courted her. Even knights and wealthy merchants of the highest distinction failed to capture her embrace. And the rare soul who made it upstairs with her fared even worse. Lorelei openly critiqued and compared her lovers with the female staff, usually in less than flattering terms. She kept a measuring stick by her bedside to weed out any aspiring suitors under seven inches. And for those who passed muster, Lorelei had her notorious hourglass. If all of the sand ran to the bottom before she came, the wench immediately shoved her lover out of bed with a kick and a curse. One man reportedly

fled from the tavern with torn pants and salty tears.

Then one day Samson came to the "Will o' the Wisp" for a drink. And shortly past midnight, for the first time in her life, the most desired wench in Amstelland meekly yielded herself to a man, a man who could reduce her to an eager, willing fuck toy, savage bliss overwhelming every part of her body, her world narrowed to a few inescapable realities: his tongue, his cock, his muscles, his cock, his hands, his cock, and ohhhhhhhhhh fuck, his huge, thick, long, throbbing, incredible, insatiable beast of a cock. He was her man. She would do absolutely anything for him and what he could do to her. Samson and only Samson could give her what she needed as a woman. And at this moment, she let him take absolute control of her body. Lorelei had given up her headstand long ago. Helpless and breathless, she could do little more than hang limply and get pounded by her conqueror.

Samson's arms were getting tired but it would be no problem to carry on to the finish. As his mighty gonads began to rumble, he let out his signature yell of male power and pleasure: "SAMSON IS COMING!" With a final slam of the hips, the floodgates broke. His cockhole tensed wide open and a mighty geyser of thick spunk splattered inside her womb, the impact sending a fierce jolt of bliss up Lorelei's spine that made her see stars. The powerful surge continued at full force for nearly ten seconds followed almost immediately by another and yet another. Unlike other men, Samson's ejaculations actually increased in their volume and intensity with each successive blast. His fifth outburst of pleasure lasted nearly a minute and there would be many more to come.

Lorelei struggled violently in his unyielding grip, her entire body thrashing and convulsing through one of the biggest orgasms of her life. Just as Samson got turned on by the sight and sound of making a woman come, his own epic climaxes drove his lovers around the bend. Lorelei usually associated the male orgasm with disappointment and the untimely end of a sexual encounter. But with

Samson, his crescendo presaged an even more exhilarating stage to their lovemaking. The manbeast needed nearly three minutes to drain his enormous gonads and he continued to bone her forcefully and skillfully until the last drop of sperm. Samson's orgasms often lasted longer than entire fuck sessions she had with other men. And if he hadn't shot his load inside too many pussies already that day, the love champion remained hard as a rock. Samson would not even bother to pause before starting to hoist her up and down his pole for another hour.

More than mere duration, Lorelei relished the violent intensity of his orgasms. As Samson neared the brink, every muscle in his body clenched and vibrated, the lines and ridges of his chiseled abs and pecs becoming even more pronounced as jugular-sized veins surfaced, the branches pulsing and popping with excitement. Then that unmistakable baritone roar of pleasure thundered deep in his broad chest, shaking the room and sending a chill down her spine. Up to this point, Samson had not even begun to shoot his load even though this prelude often took longer than another man's entire orgasm. Suddenly, she would feel his organ contract with such a forceful jerk that it often yanked her crotch and hips right off the mattress when they fucked missionary. And then came the incomparable sensation of getting hosed down by that donkey dick, flooding her insides with more spunk than a normal man could produce in a year. These sights and sounds often came to mind when she played with herself.

Yet even those carnal delights did not compare to a more abstract satisfaction. In those fleeting moments, she possessed the unpossessable, she commanded the undivided affection and desire of perhaps the most prolific womanizer in history. That this icon of female desire chose her that night amongst a literal throng of potential bedmates made her the envy of every woman in Amstelland. And that she could make him come like that, incalculably harder and longer than any other man she had ever known, tickled the barmaid's vanity to no end. Even if she only

remained first among equals in his elite harem, she was proud to call herself "S.W.": Samson's wench.

Just as his three-minute crescendo subsided, her convulsing, trembling, wet womanhood clamped down on him even harder, provoking something neither had expected. Samson was one of those rare males who could have multiple orgasms. He didn't enjoy them as often as his girlfriends who experienced back-to-back climaxes as a matter of course with the wenchmaster. But occasionally a particularly impassioned encounter led to a miraculous second coming that often lasted up to a full minute. Samson let out a deep growl as he pelted her interiors with a fresh volley of seed. The virile cocksman pumped so much sperm into her body already that he had filled her fuck canal up to the brim. He soon felt his river of seed flowing back out of her love chamber and over his balls. Her cunt spasmed so hard, dollops of spunk flew out of her quim in all directions, forming little puddles all over the floor.

When Samson's heroic climax finally came to an end, Lorelei hung limp and silent from his body. Yes, she had fainted. That was the cost of intercourse with the sexual Olympian.

## **Chapter Two - Lola**

Samson withdrew and gently lowered his precious burden to the floor. It had not been the first time he overexcited her. After calm deliberation, he remembered the makeshift kitchen at the top of the stairs. One of the girls usually left a jug of water next to the basin. After poking his head out the door to make sure the coast was clear, Samson padded into the corridor, clad only in his breeches. As luck would have it, he promptly stumbled over a crate of empty bottles someone left in the dark hallway. They rolled out in every direction with a noisy clatter.

Before he could slip away, a door opened up a crack.

"Aiee, Samson ..." a voluptuous silhouette whispered in the darkness. He recognized a slight Castilian lisp in her voice. It probably belonged to Lola, the newest hire at the tavern and the only barmaid on staff that hadn't blessed his bed up to now.

"Sorry for the noise," he whispered, turning to retreat inside Lorelei's bedroom. I didn't see the crate."

"I think I heard a much louder noise just a few minutes ago," she answered in a mischievous and mocking tone. "Of course, I can see how Lorelei might lose control with a man like you." The door swung wide open and a hardbodied olive-skinned temptress approached him with a brazen air. Her face emerged from the darkness, devastatingly beautiful, framed by a disheveled mass of jet-black hair that tumbled in curls to the small of her back. She wore her blouse unbuttoned with the ends tied in a bow just above her navel, revealing a chesty canyon of cleavage that promised a firm, succulent double D rack.

"Umm ... sorry, I mean ..." he stammered uncharacteristically, unsure how to proceed with the insensate but wrathful Lorelei in the next room.

"Don't be embarrassed," murmured the sultry siren, her plump lips parting in a naughty smile as she reached out toward one of his square, bulging pecs. Her long, red fingernail tapped the nipple and started to trace light circles around it. "Perhaps I like listening to you and Lorelei," she remarked casually as her other hand wandered through the tangles of his waist-length hair. "It's so long and thick," she noted with amusement. "Just like they said." The top-heavy temptress drew closer to his chest, inhaling the musky scent of sex and sweat that coated his skin. Lola started to run both hands over his massive, ripped torso, tracing along the cuts of his chiseled abs, mesmerized by the deep creases they made as he drew in a sharp breath.



Samson exhaled with pleasure as her fingertips cast their sensual spell over his body. At six and a half feet tall, his height put her eyes level with his chest but she did not bother to gaze up at him. His musclebound torso -- of a kind and magnitude that rarely existed outside of a woman's sexual fantasies -- had captivated the vixen's lewd imagination. Her nipples instantly stiffened, spiking her blouse in explicit detail. The usual wet, dark dot had formed at the crotch of her panties and it was spreading fast. Samson even thought he heard her heart pounding until realizing that it was his own. The strumpet felt it too as she continued to trace her finger round and around his own hardening nipple.

"Lola," Samson began, not knowing yet whether he wanted her to stop or continue. However, before our hero could form any other words, the temptress lowered her head to his chest and took the other nipple into her mouth, biting firmly. Samson entwined his fingers in her long, black curls and let out a low moan, his pecs twitching and rippling with pleasure. He couldn't resist a girl who fondled his "rack" as some women jokingly called that jutting breastplate of muscle. Years ago, a Venetian courtesan even outfitted him with a special bra when he dressed as a woman for Carnival. Actually, the teasing by his lovers contained a grain of truth. Those mammoth slabs of muscle were hard as steel but just as erogenous as any female breast. Nothing beat having a pair of wenches on his lap sucking on his man-titties, assuming, of course, he already had a few girls working over his cock.

In that regard, that long tumescent tube of flesh, still big and distended from boning Lorelei just a few minutes before, soon returned to full-mast. Samson had not bothered to hang his organ through the inside belt loop and his erection tented the left leg of his breeches with all the subtlety of a lead pipe, the bulge pressing insistently against her inner thigh. The unexpected contact brought Lola's gaze downward.

"¡Ay, caramba!" she gasped. Even in the darkness, the girl made out

the salami-shaped outline of his stallion-sized tool and grasped it tightly through the straining material. The seductive spitfire pulled away from his bruised nipple, her tongue trailing off his pectoral underslope with a flirtatious flicker as her head tilted upwards to look him in the eye. "You are a big man, Samson, just like Lorelei told me," she breathed. "I thought she was bragging, but it's true, you are fucking huge, unbelievable." Her hand started to push up and down on his shaft, still trapped in his breeches, hard as a rock and stretching the seams to the breaking point. the slutty Senorita dropped to her knees, her face and mass of thick black hair hovering at his crotch. Her long fingers continued to stroke his club, pushing it from side to side. If she carried on like that much longer, the monster schlong would likely rip a hole right through his breeches. He had ruined many a pair of trousers in similar circumstances when he neglected to wear a sturdy codpiece that kept his erection in check.

At last, Lola tried to remove his breeches but she couldn't stretch the waistband out far enough to withdraw his manhood. One of the minor drawbacks of possessing a thirteen and a half inch cock was that lust-crazed women always had trouble extracting it from his drawers. No matter how much Senorita fumbled with his bulge, his iron python remained firmly wedged inside the leg of his breeches. Suddenly, the inseam burst with a loud ripping noise and the problem resolved itself. The mighty club sprang into the air, slapped his abs with a loud thwack, and fell back to its usual horizontal stance. Samson rued another unnecessary trip to the seamstress though he always enjoyed how women reacted to one of his breech-busting erections. The obscene display of phallic might made most girls instantly soak their panties.

Samson heard a sharp exhalation and felt her hot breath on his exposed shaft.

"You are fucking huge, I have never seen any man as big," Lola murmured again as she tried to wrap her lithe hand around his

pulsing shaft. "It must be more than a foot long and as thick as my arm," the vixen continued in awe.

"I bet you say that to all the boys," smirked Samson.

Ignoring his jibe, she worked her hand up and down his cock, pausing just below the head to squeeze the shaft, swelling the glans like a ripened plum. His prick pointed arrow-straight from his body, swaying gently over Lola's head as she kneeled before him for a prolonged session of cock-worship. Her tongue reached out, tickled his glans, and wetly traced along the underside of his throbbing fuck club. Samson kept silent, enjoying the pure sensation of tongue on shaft, the wench flicking, dragging, and gently pushing the moist tip along all the thick pulsing veins that webbed his gigantic love muscle.

"Big man!" she said simply after marinating his manmeat in her spittle. She moved her head back and pulled down on his cock, aiming the fist-sized head at her gaping mouth. Not hesitating, her head snapped forward and swallowed it whole. Samson kept his hand wrapped tightly in her silken tresses, and watched as inch after inch slid between her plush lips. "Deeper, wench," he urged as his shaft plumbed her throat. Samson remarked upon his good fortune that night. He had encountered not one but two girls who really knew how to throat his crank. What were the odds?

Actually, the occurrence had been more than coincidence. Last week at the market, Lorelei had pointed out a rather large cucumber to Lola and bragged that Samson sported a comparable tool. Both girls were shameless size queens and gossiped endlessly about big dicks and the lack thereof among members of the male species. Even though Lola considered Lorelei's boast to be unlikely, she returned to the market later that day and bought the cucumber. Just in case the rumors proved true that the legendary lover would visit Amstelland next week, the expert fellatrix wanted to practice on his likeness. Lorelei claimed the secret of her success with becoming one of the

harem-banging heartthrob's long-term paramours had been her ability to deep throat his gigantic tool. Samson once told her only a handful of women could take more than a few inches.

Though friends, the girls were also rivals and did not shy from a catfight over the right man. Further, Lorelei had been crowing about her upcoming liaison with Samson to Lola for the entire week, trying to make her jealous. Predictably, the Latin temptress hatched a scheme to steal her girlfriend's lover. If she could just get him alone long enough to demonstrate her exceptional cocksucking abilities, Samson would be slamming his schlong into a worthier pussy that night. Of course, Lorelei did not make such an opportunity easy. Knowing the troilistic Lothario would immediately scope the tavern for another wench to spend the night with them, she stowed him in her room almost the second he arrived.

Lola had to bide her time. She practiced on the cucumber and masturbated, listening attentively to the shrieks across the hall. Lorelei did not fake her orgasms and Lola quickly realized Samson was a stud to be reckoned with. And the racket just went on and on. Usually, no man stayed in Lorelei's bedroom for more than twenty minutes before she sent the humiliated lover out the door with a kick and a curse. But after two hours, Lola had heard nothing but the raw-throated blare of female ecstasy and satisfaction. Whatever Samson was doing to her girlfriend, Lola wanted him to be doing that to her and soon.

"Mmm ... you taste good ... you taste like pussy," breathed the temptress as she pulled off his cock with a loud pop. After fishing out his gonads from the breach in his breeches, her sharp tongue started to probe his nutsack, lapping at the musky orbs. Samson watched her from above, as the sultry seductress bathed his big balls in hot spit. Her hand tightened its grasp on his hard prick. With palpable determination, she shoved the column upward and against his gridiron abs. The square blocks of muscle rippled with lust. She stuck out her tongue and traced the entire length from sweaty sac to

trembling tip, licking off a dab of pre-ejaculate that oozed out of his blowhole.

"I need you to fuck me, Big Man," she declared, staring him straight in the eye. "I need this in my pussy."

Senorita stood up and took his prick in hand, her fingers struggling to encircle his girth. Turning around with her hand still wrapped around his erection, Lola walked to her bedroom door, leading her lover by the cock. The master of seduction chuckled to himself. Up to this point, he had let Senorita take the lead both literally and figuratively but she was way out of her league. Did the girl know she had been dealing with Samson? If not, the prickease would soon find out. Lola had just won a highly coveted playdate with the Lord of Wenches, a massively-muscled, mammoth-membered, multi-orgasmic megastud who would change her definition of pleasure forever.

Once inside her room, Samson kicked the door behind him with his foot and his demeanor abruptly changed from hunted to hunter. In the blink of an eye, our hero yanked off her blouse with one hand and ripped off her panties with the other. Before Lola could react, he grabbed the girl by the hips and flung her upon the bed. In the dim candlelight, Samson saw her naked for the first time. His eyes drank in those jutting breasts, mounted high on her heaving torso, her slight hips and long legs, all waiting for him.

Samson tore off his breaeches and let Senorita take in the view of his own naked body. Flickering his nine-inch tongue at her with lascivious anticipation, the stallion-pricked Adonis strut and posed at the foot of the bed, flexing and flaunting his magnificent physique like the shameless exhibitionist he was. Riveted by his display, the wench reached for her crotch and began to rub her clit.

"Big Man... Big Muscles... Big Cock," she moaned, spreading her legs in invitation.

Samson grabbed Lola by the calves and yanked her trunk to the edge of the bed. Her breath quickened as she realized the moment had arrived. Samson reached down, grabbed her arm, and urged her to turn over. He caught a naughty grin on her face, as she twisted around and stretched her well-toned body onto the bed, wiggling her butt at him. The eager strumpet buried her face in a pillow, and reached out toward the headboard, clutching it tight with both hands. Samson grasped her taut, rounded ass and straddled her legs. He pulled her ass cheeks apart to expose her perfect rosebud and glistening labia -- soft, pink and ready to be plundered by his prick.

"Oh ... please ... please fuck me, Samson," she breathed into the pillow enveloping her face. The wenchmaster planted his palms on her hips, bracing the weight of his massive torso, as he slowly rubbed his knob up and down her moist slit. Samson didn't bother to use his hands. The rogue probed her hot hole with his hard cock simply by swiveling his hips in little circles. Pushing her lips apart with his pole, he coated the cockhelm in steamy cunt juice that drizzled onto the sheets. Lola groaned in frustration as Samson beat around her bush. In response, the rakehell pressed forward but just a bit off center, bearing down on her throbbing clit instead of advancing within her hungry hole. He wanted to fuck almost as badly as she did but a little teasing never hurt anyone. In fact, he had just devised a new lovemaking technique and the willing wench would make an excellent test subject.

Unlike most men who would shudder at the thought of something penetrating their cockhole, Nature had blessed her prodigal son with an erogenous urethra. More than a half-inch in length, the penile slit easily accommodated a tongue or a fingertip and produced the same pleasurable sensations within Samson's spunk tube that women experienced inside their pussies. Who said the ladykiller didn't have a feminine side?

Tensing open his cockslit to the diameter of a pea, Samson carefully pressed his knob against her clit and let it slip inside his urethra. Once fully ensconced, his cockhole clamped down on her little dickie and gave it a firm squeeze. Lola's head snapped up from her pillow and she let loose an impassioned howl of delight. She didn't know what he was doing to her but it felt incredible. But the electrifying sensation ended as quickly as it began. Lola jerked her ass forward, severing their connection. Undeterred, Samson simply captured her clit inside his cock once more and held her hips in his iron grip so she could not get away so easily this time. The wench bucked and thrashed in vain as he kept her in place. The muscles in Lola's buttocks clenched, drawing tight and hard. Her thighs started quivering and violent spasms tore through her abdomen. "Oh...fuck...fuck..," panted the strumpet, her breath erupting in ragged gasps. Just as she neared the brink, however, her writhing body slipped out of his grasp once more.

Samson repositioned his prong at her hole for a third attempt but her overstimulated clit throbbed so hard by then that it frantically jumped about with each pulse of her pounding heart. Even the master lover saw little chance of seizing the moving target. Muffled by her pillow, Lola finally cried out in exapseration, "Fuck me, Big Man! Fuck me now!" Never one to ignore a lady in need, Samson thrust forward dead center, feeling her pussy lips stretch to accommodate the giant crown. He shoved it inside of her with a pop and a gasp of female satisfaction.

With hands planted on either side of her ass and legs straddling hips, Samson pushed down and forward, slowly penetrating Lola's body. Inch after inch sank into her cunt with surprising ease. Most first-time lovers needed a lot more time and encouragement to invaginate his massive tool. Little did Samson know that Lola had been cramming the giant cucumber up her twat while he fucked Lorelei across the hall. She originally bought it strictly for fellatio practice but her neighbor's epic fuck session got the vixen's quippy so hot and bothered that waiting was not an option. Lola was tired

of girly dick and nothing in her dildo collection came close to quenching the deep hunger that smoldered within.

As he plunged deeper into her hot, wet recesses, Samson started to feel slight vaginal tremors rippling along his mighty prow. Each wave would build, crest, and recede like waves crashing upon the beach. The wench lay still for a moment and then tensed up as another spasm shuddered through her pussy. The ladykiller knew by experience that Lola would have a one-stroke orgasm. That's all it took with some girls.

"AIEE! Samson!" she gasped. *"Tu tienes un martillo enorme!"* Samson did not speak Spanish but he understood. Over the years, he heard the fair sex utter that same comment in dozens of languages. Five, six, seven inches of cock filled her straining pussy. The Latin seductress cried out more foreign obscenities, thrashing her head from side to side as her wet pussy unfolded around his cock. Eight, nine, ten inches slid inside her hole, pushing forward into realms where no man had gone before. As his enormous length stretched out her cuntal sheath, it smoothed out all of her internal ridges, laying bare erotic nerves that normally never got touched during standard intercourse. But the superstud wasn't just "touching" them. The massive invader surged against her hot confines, the bulging veins digging deep into her cuntflesh, scraping deliciously against her G-spot and a constellation of deeply buried pleasure points few women even knew about before getting reamed by Samson.

The sexual Olympian was breathing heavily now, his chiseled physique glowing dimly in the candlelight under a fine sheen of perspiration. The windows of the tiny room began to fog up as their steamy interlude heated up. Big drops of sweat ran off his jutting pecs and hit her arching back while she moaned for more cock. Samson almost crammed in another inch before he felt his balls rest against the strumpet's upturned ass, his cockhead nestled in the hard and unyielding knot of muscles that made up her cervix. This



development came as a bit of a surprise as he usually encountered that blockade long before his donkey dick delved into double-digit depths. Employing a coital expertise tempered by years of intercourse with thousands of women, the superstud invariably bypassed the obstacle and ventured forth into his lover's womb. In fact, he made it a point of pride to claim a girlfriend's uterine cherry. While a girlfriend might take on other lovers, the cervix remained a terminus for all but the Lord of Wenches. Only Samson had the size and the skill to secure entry inside a woman's innermost sanctum. However, Lola possessed an exceptionally deep cunt and managed to take his entire length inside her love chamber. The vixen lay underneath him unconquered.

Samson's unsatisfied lust demanded that he take her second virginity. He arched his back and removed his hands off her butt. His torso leaned backwards, balancing his body with only his pole for leverage. Stretching out his arms in a "T" to his torso, his body flexed and tensed into a musclebound cross of limbs, chest, and prick. Slowly and steadily, Samson leaned farther and farther back until his head hovered only a few inches above the mattress. His pecs twitched visibly from the strain but the sexual gymnast did not waver. Finally, the shifting weight of his lower body forced his cock deeper into Lola's cunt. "AIEE... FUCK!" she cried out, burying her head into the pillow, as her hands clutched the headboard with renewed intensity. Although Samson did not make any further ingress into her womb, something far better and less common occurred. His nearly supine posture angled his tool to a near 45 degree position so that his knob missed her cervix entirely when he advanced. Instead, the upward thrust of his tool tilted her uterus backward and brought him in contact with an area high in the back of her vagina.

Centuries later, sexologists would refer to this place as the posterior fornix or cul-de-sac. According to some, evidence of this pleasure zone is inconclusive. Stimulating this area requires very deep penetration at a tricky angle. As a result, it has largely remained a

spot of contention in the arcana of female sexual anatomy. While Samson did not have a degree in sexology, he acquired certain empirical insights through a thirteen-and-a-half inch cock and a vast harem of willing bedmates that allowed him to put theory into practice. After years of carnal experimentation, he (and several hundred women) could testify to the fact that the cul-de-sac was not a myth. Rather, the spot made its presence known through tremendous repetitive uterine orgasms.

Samson had just struck the vaginal motherlode. A mighty tremor spasmed through her cunt followed by an ear-splitting howl of pleasure. The girl held on to the bedpost for dear life as the shockwaves thundered through her trembling trunk and flailing limbs. The wenchmaster maintained absolute stillness, his powerful grasp holding her hips in place, his cockhelm wedged firmly in her fornix. Suddenly, the headboard began to give way and Lola ripped it clean off the bedframe. Samson ducked as it soared over his head and splintered against the other wall. Freed of her only restraint, Lola thrashed madly about the mattress. Samson grabbed her by the hair and roughly yanked her upright. "Feel the thunder, wench," he growled triumphantly in her ear. "Feel Samson's thunder!" The vixen met his gaze and her former look of insolence had been replaced by an expression of complete and utter awe. Lola had just experienced her first Samsonian orgasm.

Without missing a beat, Samson hoisted up Lola to the tip of his fuck spear, spun her body 180 degrees to face him, and shoved the wench onto her back. Pinning her shoulders to the mattress, Samson rose up to a push-up position, his body ramrod straight, his pole poised above her hole. It was time to fuck. The first thing Lola noticed about her lover's rut was his distinctive conjugal rhythm. With most men, she got thump, thump, thump. But the noise inside Lorelei's room sounded more like THUMP..... THUMP..... THUMP. However, Samson did not make love to her slowly or gently. Rather, his cock was so damn big that he had more than twice as much shaft to slam inside her twat with each thrust. He had to raise his

hips nearly a foot into the air to give her his entire length. As a result, each stroke took a much longer time to complete than it did with the usual girly dick.

More importantly, however, Lola felt the impact of every thrust deep in her bones. She quivered each time the sexual Olympian nailed her to the bed with his phallic sledgehammer. And not only did his fuck club deliver a devastating blow of pleasure but the fist-sized crown hit her fornix dead center over and over again. Samson enjoyed a well-deserved reputation for playing rough in the boudoir but it belied the almost surgical precision that underlay his sexual prowess. He wielded his weapon not as a bludgeon but as a fine-tuned instrument of seduction. The erotic virtuoso could adjust the angle of his stroke to the degree and its depth to the millimeter. Samson executed every thrust, kiss, and caress with an uncanny grace, skillfully calculated to maximize female pleasure though with a spontaneity irreducible to mere technique.

One writer recently defined "genius" as devoting 10,000 hours to a chosen field. This maxim is true in some ways and false in others. For instance, a lot of aspiring cocksmen would have been happy to spend 10,000 hours screwing an endless parade of unbelievably hot women but the consenting party might not have been interested in engaging in random sex with a stranger. In consequence, the typical Lothario might not log more than a 100 hours on the mattress over an entire year. At that rate, these 10,000 hours would take a century to complete. In order to attain this impossible number, certain factors favored our hero at the outset. We need not mention his massive schlong and physical allure. Environment also played a role. With the onset of puberty, he enjoyed his first 1,000 hours of intercourse at the hands of a half-dozen bisexual maidservants who catered to his every whim. Despite Farallon's misgivings, the experience endowed Samson with a preternatural confidence and yen for sexual adventurism.

During his adolescence at Beaucourt, the precocious paramour embarked upon another 5,000 hours of practice in the boudoir. His astonishing success with the fair sex was due in great part to a positive feedback loop. The more he fucked, the more skillful he became at pleasing women. The more he pleased women, the more they gossiped about his prowess. The more they gossiped, the more their girlfriends wanted to fuck him too. This led to more girls, more fucking, more orgasms, and more hours logged in the boudoir. Further, the phenomenon grew exponentially. Samson became so desired among the local womenfolk that they soon presented the rogue with frequent opportunities for group sex encounters. This arrangement allowed him not just to bed a new girl every night but add two or three fresh conquests to his rapidly expanding harem. Soon, so many female tongues started wagging about the precocious paramour that the dilemma that faced the average rake became irrelevant. While most women had no interest in sex with a stranger, they had much different feelings towards sex with a stranger who happened to be a legendary lover with a thirteen and a half inch cock. The next 5,000 hours came and went in a flash.

Samson could only imagine how many thousands of hours of lovemaking he had performed by the time Lola landed in his bed. Nonetheless, the wenchmaster still found himself learning and innovating from each new seduction. Women were like snowflakes. No two were alike and every girl posed a challenge and puzzle in how best to please her. Sadly for Lola, their interlude would have to be a "quickie." He already ran too many risks in getting caught by Lorelei. Of course, that still meant a half-hour wallbanging, heartpounding, orgasm-packed sextravaganza. Anything less would besmirch his honor.

The bed slammed angrily against the wall like the bass-drum at a heavy metal concert as plaster chips began to drop from the ceiling, sprinkling his broad sweaty back like confetti. Because of his time limitations, Samson had pulled out all the stops with Lola. He doubled and trebled his conjugal tempo until his hips sped into a

blur. Even with the prodigious length of manmeat he had to plunge and withdraw from her body, the sexual athlete still managed to complete nearly three strokes a second, easily twice the rate of a normally endowed male at maximum velocity. And while most men would collapse from exhaustion after a minute or two of speed fucking, Samson sustained his assault almost indefinitely. He pumped his hips with almost bionic strength and momentum, his rod sliding in and out of her convulsing pussy like the piston of a runaway locomotive. But despite his top speed of 200 SPM (strokes per minute), the accuracy of his thrusts did not falter in the slightest. His fuck spear continued to hit her fornix on the bullseye again and again and again.

Samson was trying to compress his standard three-hour love session with a new girl into a forty-minute powerfuck. The ladykiller half-hoped for the strumpet to pass out so he could make a hasty yet discreet departure back to Lorelei's room. Though she didn't faint, Senorita teetered on the edge of consciousness as one monster cum after another wracked her pussy. She had graduated from an orgasm a minute to what now seemed like a perpetual climax. As long as the cocksman kept plunging his rod inside of Lola's cunt, she would keep on coming and his astonishing stamina ensured that could go on for as long as he wished. Lorelei had not lied. Samson was truly a wet dream come true. He embodied her deepest and most outrageous sexual fantasies.

Despite the thick haze of orgasmic bliss, Lola's mind had not shut off and she continued her scheming as Samson continued his pounding. The vixen knew their coupling would have to end all too soon. She was surprised that her rival hadn't stormed into the bedroom already to reclaim her boyfriend. Suddenly, a brilliant idea flashed in her mind, the sheer wickedness of it making her clit tingle with delight. Almost at the same moment, Samson finally began to slow his frantic pace. Much as the ladykiller enjoyed Senorita, he had to go. That meant he had to come. Unfortunately, his crescendo arrived as a bit of a disappointment, at least by Samsonian standards, lasting

barely two minutes. Lola also felt let down as Lorelei boasted she could make him come for up to seven minutes.

"Where are you going, Big Man?" she murmured from the bed as he hurriedly dressed, his limp schlong still hanging out from the ripped inseam of his breeches.

"Uhhh. I need to check on Lorelei," he explained feebly. "She might wonder why it took so long for me to fetch a jug of water."

Lola leapt out of bed and blocked his path the doorway.

"Why don't you take me back with you?" she purred, her index finger tracing the length of his dangling member.

"Lorelei might not like that," he grinned uncomfortably.

"Lorelei may not like it but what about Samson?" continued the temptress as she grabbed the base of his cock and twirled the limp shaft in circles like a loose piece of string. "Isn't he the one that decides how many girls stay in his bed? I guess the stories weren't true. Too bad."

"Samson makes the decisions, wench," he answered curtly.

"Then, what's the problem, stud?" challenged Lola with a defiant stare. "Can't handle two girls at the same time?"

"I'm still making my decision," he concluded, slamming the door behind him.

### **Chapter Three - Lola & Lorelei**

To his relief, Samson returned to find Lorelei still floating in an orgasmic stupor. She lay on her back, an arm flung out above her head, cheeks flushed red as roses, and her tousled hair fanning out

in a riot of waves. Despite her fainting spell, the rakehell knew she would want more. They all did. Samson knelt down between her legs and dragged his tongue up the fleshy curves of her voluptuous torso, navigating the blonde thicket of her pubic grove, sliding along her indented navel, and onward and upward into the shadowy canyon of quadruple D cleavage. Even in comparison with her busty brethren in The Order, Lorelei had an impressive pair of jugs. Samson gently massaged her mammoth rack, still heaving slightly from the aftershock of his embrace. His tongue strayed up the steep underside of her bust toward the stiffening nipple that capped its peak. The ladykiller gently nipped the quivering nub and Lorelei's eyes fluttered open and she beamed the broad distinct smile of a woman loved by Samson.

Without a word, the dashing rogue raised his favorite bedmate to her feet. Lorelei gazed up into his eyes gliding her hands over his impossibly broad chest in lustful contemplation, savoring every ridge and bump of his chiseled musculature. His powerful body intrigued her to no end. He felt hard as a rock yet warm and yielding at the same time. Though she did not dare tell him, Lorelei thought Samson strangely feminine. Besides the tufts of hair under his arms and between his legs, his body was smooth and hairless from the neck down, all of his bulging muscles tightly wrapped in the smoothest skin, not the skin of a hardened warrior but soft and unblemished like a virgin princess. His emblematic mane of dark, silky curls felt too luxurious, too rich for a man. Women ran their fingers through his hair for hours in envied admiration. Perhaps, his feminine aspect explained his uncanny ability to bed bisexual bombshells. For only a lover of both man and woman could appreciate his beauty in its totality.

Of course, these delicacies were easily forgotten when she grasped his best-known attribute. The bastard was more than well-endowed. He had a thirteen-and-a-half-inch ladykiller that dignified him as the manliest of all men. And like every other wench in Amstelland, her pussy moistened at just the thought of it.

"I brought you some water, love" he whispered, pointing to the jug he had left on the table.

"I think I am need of a creamier libation" she smiled, stroking the growing bulge in his breeches. Samson had wisely tucked his organ in the untorn right leg. He feared the wrathful wench might notice the rip but she remained focused on his cock. Lorelei yanked his breeches to the floor and like a compressed steel spring, it shot out rigid and straight, swaying slightly from the recoil. She had a lot more experience than Lola when it came to unsheathing his erotic weaponry. The secret was to whip down his breeches in one swift motion instead of trying to pull out his erection first.

Indeed, Lorelei had intimate knowledge of his endowment for a very long time but she still felt a sense of awe every time she undressed him. Samson's wench traced her index finger over the familiar contours, along the thick blue undervein that sprouted from the base and branched all the way to the tip, already pulsing visibly with lust. She grasped the shaft in her hands and felt the throb of blood course through his monumental column. Her paramour flashed a smug grin. He never had to ask. Lorelei fell to her knees and smacked her lips with lewd anticipation. With infinite care and delicacy, she took him inside her mouth, sucking, licking, and nibbling the pulsing python until his knees began to tremble.

Lorelei rubbed her clit shamelessly as rivulets of cuntjuice trickled down her thighs. Suddenly, her entire body tensed and Samson felt muffled gasps of ecstasy on his shaft as she wanked herself to fruition. He knew she was ripe for cock. Sliding his hands under her arms, Samson lifted her back to her feet and then off of the floor entirely. "Put your arms around my neck, wrap your legs around my waist and hang on tight, wench, " he instructed her. "We're going for a ride!" Lorelei opened her legs and cinched his waist, sandwiching his slab of meat between their clinched bodies. Palming the globes of her ass, our hero pulled her trunk to arms' length. Samson's rod



fell to a horizontal angle, positioning the tip of his spear against the brimming gash. Her heels dug into the small of his back.

"Fuck me," she whispered huskily.

"Fuck you?" he replied with pretended confusion.

"Do you mind?" she looked at him crossly. She did not have the patience for games.

"Do I mind ... fucking you?" mocked Samson as if he did not understand her burning need.

"Samson, I know you will fuck anyone, anywhere but I happen to be here right now and I need what you do to me," she confessed.

With an elegant twist of the hips, he entered a few inches inside of her... and stopped. Lorelei cursed him but he was not playing another game. Samson knew a secret about women, a secret place inside of them that many did not even know themselves. He knew about it from pillow books in the East and from the painstaking exploration of hundreds of women. One or two inches within her love chamber, buried in tissue, the G-spot eluded the touch of most men. The bump was the size and texture of a small pebble but when properly excited it swelled into a throbbing nugget of love. And that nugget was worth more than gold in Samson's world. It let him turn a chaste virgin into a wanton harlot, forever addicting her to his tongue and cock, no more than yielding flesh to his carnal expertise.

Most erotic manuals advised massaging the G-spot with the fingers. Samson could also use his tongue. But he liked to use his cock most of all. Undoubtedly, less accomplished lovers occasionally stumbled upon the place inadvertently in their rutting but Samson could hit the target again and again as long as he wanted. Not too much, though. A lady could pass out very easily from ecstatic overload.

The wenchmaster carefully angled and probed Lorelei with his cockhelm in search of her sweet spot. Samson quickly found the pleasure point but did not launch a direct assault. That happened as a matter of course when he began to fuck her in earnest. Rather, his next maneuver would employ a particularly large vein that ringed his shaft between the ninth and tenth inch. Thick as a major artery, the bulbous vessel pulsed visibly when Samson got excited and caused many a female orgasm as it rasped against a lover's clit and scraped deliciously against her vaginal walls. With characteristic precision, Samson lined up the vein with Lorelei's G-spot. Instead of rubbing it, however, he just let it pulse against her pleasure point.

Though his lover certainly felt its presence, the pulsing vein itself did not have the strength to bring her to climax. But Samson knew how it could under the right circumstances. During his adventures in the Far East, Samson spent his days training in various martial arts and his nights engaged in tantric sex practices. Generally, he did not have the patience or discipline to study under a yogi but he did learn a couple interesting tricks. For example, he had learned how to slow his pulse to only five beats a minute. After all, his heart was just a muscle that could be controlled like any other. Further, not only could Samson manipulate the rate of his heartbeat but he also could determine the strength of each individual pulse by contracting the muscular organ with greater or lesser force. By this means, Samson pumped his bloodstream slower and harder with each beat until the penile vein nearly burst open. The decadent Taoist took less than a minute to push his lover over the edge.

"ARRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH!!!! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! THAT'S IT! THAT'S THE SPOT, YOU BASTARD!" she shrieked. Lorelei had never been known for her modesty in bed.

To an onlooker, the pair made a striking contrast. As Lorelei writhed and twisted through a battery of gut-wrenching orgasms, Samson remained still and steady in a self-induced trance, holding her

squirming body in midair without the slightest flinch or waver. No matter how hard she struggled, his rigid, immobile grip kept the pulsating vein in constant contact with her G-spot, sending a shocking current of pleasure through her cunt with each beat. In that way, Samson made Lorelei the literal captive of his heart. Each pulse sent a shudder down her spine and another massive climax. A minute passed. Then two minutes. By this point, her body slumped against his chest, limbs dangling limply from her torso. Her head lolled erratically from one side to the other, eyes rolled back to reveal white fields of inner-looking rapture.

Finally, Samson lowered her to the bed. Instead of giving her time to recover, however, he immediately began to pound her savagely. "I'm going to fuck you to death," declared the wenchmaster in a calm, commanding voice as he longcocked her with powerful twelve-inch strokes. "I'm going to split you in two with my fuck club. And you're going to love it. You know why? Because I'm the biggest and the best." Samson spoke as though he simply announced an established fact, and her death was a foregone conclusion. And he backed up his words with action. He picked up the pace another notch and drilled deep into her womb. The bedframe groaned rebelliously and began to crack under the force of his violent thrusts.

Lorelei craved Samson's overpowering, dominant style of lovemaking. Though he had spoken metaphorically about fucking her to death, passing out a second time had become a likely outcome as one monster climax after another tore through her loins. Finally, she cried out, "Stop! Stop! I can't take it! Too much! Samson! Please!" Her small, soft hands helplessly beat upon his broad back in protest but the big-dicked bastard kept on pounding.

Once again, Lorelei was about to reach a state of perpetual orgasm. The ephemeral fuck spasms she experienced at the peak of each climax did not fade quietly into the afterglow. Instead, they surged and multiplied, cresting into a irresistible wave of unbearable ecstasy. For the first few minutes, she went completely out of her

mind. Her limbs erratically jerked and tensed in a mindless seizure of passion. Her eyes rolled back into her head again and her tongue lolled out like an idiot. But, finally, a few simple thoughts began to emerge out of her orgasmic haze: "Can't take it! Too much! So good. But too much! Can't breathe! Stop!"

In the back of her mind, she realized that the only way she could bring the tortuously blissful experience to an end would be to make Samson come. Accordingly, her hips bucked upwards, lifting her butt completely off the bed. As she kept on coming and gushing like a broken dam, the wench frantically gyrated her hips and squeezed her vaginal muscles with all her strength. Samson had been sitting up on her but she reached up and pulled him down. Taken by surprise, he let her roll over on top of him and began spearing her from below.

Samson's mighty pelvis delivered a forceful upward thrust but Lorelei fucked back with even greater determination. The wench bucked her ass and contested his dominance. Her timing was excellent and their hips slammed together in a violent thunderclap of flesh, doubling the exquisite pleasure for both of them. She cried out through gritted teeth, managing one word with each thrust, "COME ...FOR ...ME... SAMSON!". Then she just started chanting "COME!" with each thrust, trying to squeeze the spunk out of his pipe any which way she could.

Normally, Samson would have quickly exploded in the face of her sexual onslaught, but he took it as a personal challenge to come in his own time, not Lorelei's. The tantric stud clamped down his pubic muscles with all his might. He stopped thrusting and focused all his willpower on preventing a climax as Lorelei continued to impale herself on his stiff pole. Samson kept his load in check, and Lorelei slowly lost her energy and resolve. Despite her best efforts, the orgasms still came fast and furious, one after another, and she finally collapsed upon his chest in surrender. "Please stop," she whimpered. "Please stop. Too much. Samson. OH GOD! UHHHN!"

Another intense climax rattled through her body, interrupting her brief, relative repose.

Both of them had stopped thrusting now, and Lorelei would have disengaged but she no longer had the energy to do even that. Samson's tool had welded itself to the insides of her pussy. She resigned herself to being fucked into unconsciousness once more. Yanking her head down to his face, the alpha stud whispered in her ear, "Samson's wench doesn't know her place. I tell YOU when to come. Understand?"

"YES, SAMSON!" she yelled back. She loved to scream that name. Just the sound of it sent a shudder of desire through her body. It meant gut-wrenching orgasms. It meant massive cocks. It meant the satisfaction of her most intimate desires. A fresh wave of lust surged through her veins. Her whole body started tingling and burning. It seemed like all her nerve endings were firing off signals to her brain at once. She was ready for more.

And Samson kept on fucking, though at a slower pace than before. That apparently allowed Lorelei to keep her sanity, but only just. He might have relented but he wanted to teach her a lesson about sharing cock. As the reader probably has gathered by now, Samson preferred to bed two or more women at the same time. Besides the fact that he needed multiple partners to quench his voracious sexual appetite, threeway encounters proved immensely satisfying to his male ego. In that regard, Lola's parting words had greatly perturbed him. On one level, he knew that it was unreasonable for him to expect a *ménage à trois* every night. *Every other night* perhaps but even three times a week was acceptable. However, Lola's bold offer to join them had stuck in his mind.

Unlike most men, Samson did not fantasize about group sex *per se*. The double-wencher enjoyed threesomes so often that he never had the chance to miss them. On the other hand, he did entertain sexual fantasies that involved various combinations of favored strumpets in

his bed. Certain women had looks and temperaments that complimented each other perfectly when Samson paired them in a threeway. On the rare occasions he jacked off, the orgiastic Lothario constantly invented scenarios that assembled lovers enjoyed singly but never as a set. Unfortunately, most of this masturbatory matchmaking proved impossible to arrange in reality. No matter how eager and willing the girls might be to indulge his saturnalian schemes, they might live a thousand miles apart. On the other hand, Lola was waiting for him across the hall...

Having a strongly envious disposition, Lorelei had declined to participate in group encounters with Samson on many occasions. Although her refusal gave him sufficient grounds to banish the wench from The Order, she was a worthy lay and he could not bear the thought of spurning her luscious cunt. Still, the thought of cavorting with both of those wanton goddesses in the same bed made his blood boil.

Hell and damnation! If only Lorelei could learn to be more generous in sharing his lovemaking talents with her girlfriends. Yes, the *ménage à trois* was rooted in male fantasy but, at least in our hero's case, it also proved an ideal arrangement for the female participants. This was not just due to the fact that Samson could handle two women but because *only two women could handle Samson*. He was simply too much man for one woman. Unless the rakehell switched pussies every forty minutes or so, his lovers risked passing out from orgasmic excess. Of course, this argument too could be dismissed as narcissism and superstudly entitlement. But was it his fault Lola wanted a threesome? He owed it to her at least to try. By this tortured logic, Samson vowed the night would not end before they all came together.

For one more hour, the love marathon continued, Samson hardly pausing for breath and Lorelei unsure if her heart could stand the strain of so many crescendos in so little time. After another thirty earthshattering orgasms, her cunt began to run out of love juice.

The wench came as hard as ever but her gushes tapered to a mere trickle. Without ample lubrication, Samson soon would have to stop for fear of chafing her passage raw. Nonetheless, the wenchmaster would not give up so easily. Lifting her up and off his erection, he hoisted her crotch to his mouth and stuck his tongue deep in her gash. Hawking up an ample supply of spittle from the back of his throat, his tongue swabbed her vaginal walls until she was lubed for action again. Then, for fifteen more minutes, he continued to bone Lorelei to several more climaxes.

At the outset, Samson's ears literally rang from her shrieks of pleasure. Lorelei became very vocal sometimes, too vocal for her own good, perhaps. Even the crowd in the noisy tavern heard the bedroom bedlam and no one could be in doubt who the barmaid had taken upstairs. Even if she hadn't been yelling his name for the past couple hours, her hysterical cries would have betrayed him anyway. Women only screamed like that with Samson.

Catcalls and cheers sounded from the street below as the drunken patrons stumbled out of the bar. Lorelei was probably the hottest wench in all of Amstelland and news of the ice queen getting boned upstairs had become the talk of the tavern. Few were the men who did not admit to desiring Samson's place at that moment. Nor a wench for Lorelei's. As the bar closed down, the other girls had retired to their chambers and Samson distinctly heard at least two or three distinct female moans through the paper-thin walls. Most likely, Lola was not the only girl listening to the sounds of their lovemaking. The thought of Senorita pushed Samson over the edge. "Uhh! Uhh! Arrghh!" he bellowed as his body quivered with delicious and overpowering shudders and spasms. Lorelei held on tight to his neck. She knew her lover was about to lose control. "Do it lover," she whispered, looking deep into his eyes. "Hose me down. I'm dying for it."

Only seconds later, the first tremendous, thick, hot blast of steaming cockseed roared out of his thundering fuck club. "SAMSON IS

COMING!" yelled the love champion in triumph. The sudden deluge of sperm quickly filled up Lorelei's vagina and the backwash gushed out of her gash, forming a creamy puddle at their feet. The wench helplessly screamed and moaned while her cunt muscles forcefully squeezed his shaft as the rod pistoned in and out of her spasm-twisted twat. Jet after jet of pearly spew surged into Lorelei's overflowing love chamber. Samson fucked harder and harder, trying to ream out the very depths of her cunt. He rammed his entire thirteen and a half inch weapon into the depths of her womb and let loose a final charge. The last blast of sperm triggered another powerful orgasm from Lorelei and her pussy clamped down on his tool until it had milked him to the last drop.

When deeply aroused, Samson could perform amazing feats of strength. Not even the most exotic position or maneuver daunted the musclebound Lothario. A lover seemed to weigh but a feather in his massive arms. Yet gravity always enforced its law sooner or later. In physical terms, Samson had been hoisting a hundred-thirty pound woman up and down his giant pole for over an hour without a pause. Even for the seasoned wenchlifter, the burden had become difficult to bear. He fell backwards onto the bed in exhaustion with Lorelei still impaled upon his spike. She wrapped her arms around his broad back, and kissed him.

"I love... I love...," she gasped, still out of breath. Samson cringed.

"I love...your big cock, you fucking bastard," she laughed. The ladykiller breathed a sigh of relief. He feared for an instant she might have fallen in love with him. Dozens of mindbending orgasms had a way of making women sentimental.

"Don't worry. I don't want a man in my life. But if I did, I know where to find the biggest and the best. Otherwise, what's the point? I don't want kids and I'm not marrying for money. Besides, I shouldn't say this, least of all to you, but I can't quit that cock. Every time you slam that club inside of me, I see lightning strike. I feel



that flaming thunderbolt of flesh crashing into the heart of my womb and splitting my twat in half."

"Lightning never strikes twice, Thundercock strikes every night," he declared without a hint of irony.

Lorelei dismounted and bade him to lie down. The tiny straw berth that passed for her bed barely accommodated a slim-hipped wench, let alone a behemoth barbarian. Hopping off the mattress, he grabbed the flimsy headboard in one hand and casually yanked the bed to the center of the room. The swell of his torso outspanned the bed nearly twofold but the supine superstud tried to make himself comfortable.

Kneeling at the foot of the bed, the wench began to lap at his legs, chest, arms, and crotch to clean up the splotches of excess seed that gushed out of her pussy and splattered him from head to toe. The room grew silent for the first time in hours. Samson loved Lorelei's tongue baths. She knew every part of his body as if it were her own. Many girls had fetishes for just a few pieces of him. Some women slobbered over his pecs. Others fondled his flexing biceps. All of them worshipped Thundercock. But Lorelei loved all of him. She paid just as much attention to his ankle as another would lavish upon his naughtier bits.

He did not taste like other men. His cockseed tasted like heavy cream with a hint of musk, a fitting dessert to their carnal feast. Indeed, Samson tasted so delicious that few women hesitated to swallow his load when he came in their mouths. And, in group encounters, his lovers meticulously explored each other's orifices until they had sucked out every last drop of seed. Oftentimes, the search led to a playful struggle as they fought over the remains of his joy.

Greedy tongues lunged for the tiniest clots of sperm that spattered his body. Mouths loomed possessively over his cockhelm to suck out

the slow and steady ooze of male magma from his blowhole. And if his tool was not buried in a lucky girl's cunt or mouth when he blew his wad, his corrugated abdomen usually became the prime spot of contention. The deep rifting between the blocks of muscle held a virtual reservoir of semen and required many mouths to drain it dry.

"Oh, Samson, I love your huge cock. You are such a man, such a fucking stud," she continued as her tongue dipped inside his cockslit in search of more spunk. "I'd do anything for you."

"Lorelei, would you really do anything for me?" he asked quietly. Samson knew this might be his only chance.

"Yes, Samson, anything. I only say what I mean," she replied seriously. Her mouth glided downward, lapping up a few stray beads of come that dotted his left thigh.

"Lorelei, go down the hall, and ask Lola to join us," Samson said calmly and steadily. Her eyes flashed surprise followed by an immediate and palpable fury. "You know how much I hate that bitch!" she finally spat. Thinking back on that moment, he could still hear the noise of both their hearts pumping, and nothing else. The intensity of her anger startled even Samson but our hero knew this request could not be taken back. In truth, he did not risk too much. At worse, she would kick him out of her bedroom again and the rake would fuck Lola for the rest of the night. When he returned in a year, all would be forgotten if not forgiven.

"Give me one goddamn good reason why I'd do that?" she hissed, breaking the silence. Samson placed her hand on his throbbing erection. "I can give you thirteen and a half reasons," the ladykiller retorted with a smile. He braced himself for a hard slap across the cheek but she just stood there, her breath growing louder and deeper, her bare bosom heaving almost violently with rage. Even at that moment, Samson found his gaze wandering to her tits. How could he help himself? They were so big and beautiful. More

intriguingly, he saw her rosy pale aureoles pucker and crinkle around her rapidly stiffening nipples. That's when Samson knew her labored breathing signified more than anger. She was mad, no doubt, but also madly aroused. "Let us not deceive ourselves," he continued. "I want it, she wants it, but most importantly, you want it." Samson ventured a hand between her thighs. As expected, she was sopping wet. If he knew one thing about women, the dew of lust snuffed the flame of anger.

Lorelei's feelings toward Samson were... complex. She had not really fainted earlier that evening. Perhaps, the wench blacked out for a minute or two but not for a full hour. During most of that time, she had masturbated frantically to the sounds of Lola's screams across the hall. And this had not been the first time either. Whenever they parted ways after a big fight, he invariably found a willing wench or two down the hall to spend the night with. And Lorelei invariably rubbed out one orgasm after another as she eavesdropped upon their lovemaking. One time, he even bedded the entire female staff (besides herself) in one big orgy. As soon as Lorelei threw out a drunk and naked Samson into the hallway after another failed bid for a threeway, the manwhore loudly announced he would take on all comers. Not a single girl declined his invitation. Samson pushed together three mattresses in a vacant bedroom next door and everyone piled in to gangbang him for the rest of the evening. Just the thought of that night made her wet. Of course, she had heard tales of his saturnalian exploits before but dismissed them as exaggeration. But it was all true. The memory of her superstud boyfriend fucking the daylights out of all five serving wenches attracted her to Samson like never before. Even though she hated him for that night, it turned her on more than anything in the world.

Actually, one thought got her even hotter. She wanted Samson to fuck Lola.

When the Latin spitfire first found work at the Will o' The Wisp, Lorelei took the girl under her wing. Lola was a few years younger

and rather naive about men. The worldly wench soon taught her underling the ways of the world. She explained how to handle the rowdier patrons and cultivate the wealthier ones for gifts and money. Lola proved a quick study. Too quick for Lorelei's liking, in fact. Within a few months, her protégé had grown into her rival. The upstart began to poach some of her regular customers and threatened her status as "Queen Wench" of the tavern. In spite of Lola's minor victories, however, her girlfriend always took pleasure in dangling the tantalizing figure of Samson in their conversation. Lola had far too much pride to ask her rival for an introduction but Lorelei sensed her hunger and relished her envy.

As to why she would intentionally throw Samson into the arms of her adversary, Lorelei's motives remained somewhat murky even to herself. First of all, she would never openly permit Samson to enjoy Lola. That would be a sign of weakness. But the wench liked the idea of giving her girlfriend a taste of him in some clandestine way. To frustrate Lorelei's constant boasting, Lola claimed her rival embellished the tales of her absent lover simply to make her jealous. The fact she was half-correct infuriated her girlfriend to no end. So to put her doubts to rest once and for all, Samson would have to fuck the bitch. Not for too long, of course -- Lorelei obviously preferred him for herself -- but long enough so that Lola could experience getting fucked by a true sexual Olympian. And when her man returned to her side, Lola would know exactly what her rival possessed and she did not.

The fainting feint worked like a charm. She had no doubt Lola would intercept him in the hallway as soon as he left her room. And, despite their rivalry, Lorelei still did have some affection for her girlfriend. Why not let the poor girl try him out? Further, the whole crazy scheme inexplicably made her clit throb and tingle. It seemed like the more girls he fucked, the more she wanted him. That was the strange paradox of her desire. To his face, she demanded at least a semblance of faithfulness and punished him mercilessly when he strayed. But inwardly, the wench desired a bad boy with a big

cock. She knew no man other than Samson who would dare to engage in such a risky seduction. And that's just the sort of lover Lorelei wanted. If he fell in love with her someday and proposed marriage, she would bore of him in a week.

Samson stroked her cheek lightly with a knowing smile. She finally dropped her hands from his torso and turned towards the door. He only had to wait a few minutes before both women reappeared. The polygamous playboy stood in the doorway stark naked, grasping his erection in one hand and slapping it into the palm of the other like a threatening thug brandishing a billy club. The present situation aroused him deeply. He was not just about to embark upon an ordinary threesome. It was "Double or Nothing," an exceptionally thrilling and audacious form of conquest à trois that challenged even the most dedicated Casanova.

As a connoisseur of group sex, Samson could break down threeway encounters into several categories that we list below in an ascending order of rarity and difficulty.

1. "The Best Friend": Although a master of dual seduction, Samson often played a very passive role in arranging a ménage à trois. A lover simply invited her gorgeous girlfriend into their bedroom for the evening. Of course, the female would have to meet Samson's exacting standards for a potential playmate: slim, stacked, bisexual, and uninhibited. Fortunately, the harem stud had a large number of devoted and adventurous lovers who could produce a seemingly endless supply of sultry bi-babes to indulge his saturnalian desires. These polyamorous procuresses tended to be the women who enjoyed long-term affairs with the notoriously fickle Lothario. To win Samson's affection, a lover had to do more than participate in threesomes, she had to actively recruit her girlfriends to join them in bed. Being a gentleman, he rarely made a direct request for a lady to facilitate group encounters but few were unaware of his orgiastic pursuits.

The truth was fairly simple. If a woman wanted to become one of Samson's "official" mistresses -- and many did given his spectacular lovemaking abilities, she would need to bring other females into his bed early and often. "Early" meant the second time they fucked and "often" meant every liaison henceforward. Samson particularly favored girlfriends who brought him a "surprise" in the form of a naked attractive stranger or two awaiting him in the boudoir when he arrived for a playdate. Finding women to engage in this daring stunt proved shockingly easy. Even if the new girl (or girls) hadn't met Samson previously, his reputation preceded him and would be confirmed in explicit detail by his lover. The outcome of this scenario was almost always a foregone conclusion. As long as he had a confident, bi-curious partner who did not mind sharing him, the rest of the carnal equation solved itself.

2. "The Package": Arranging a liaison with the sexiest man alive was not easy. If Samson walked inside a crowded tavern, he could leave with a wench in under ten minutes. As in "The Best Friend" scenario, he did not need to do all that much. His companion for the evening usually approached him and she did so boldly, swiftly, and aggressively. Whoever had invented the myth of the fair sex as demure had never met the sort of sex-crazed harlots that Samson encountered. While a man risked getting slapped for becoming too forward, women had no scruples about making an indecent proposition. Perfect strangers stroked the bulge in his breeches while inquiring in a husky whisper about whether he would like to shove his big cock inside their tight twats. While most other males would answer in the affirmative, this offer did not guarantee a fuck session with the master of seduction. He already knew about the easy availability of serving wenches and had the luxury of choosing a partner from a vast pool of eager, willing, and attractive women. Getting laid by Samson involved a highly competitive process that not only depended upon the desirability of the female but being in the right place at the right time. Plenty of women stalked the ladykiller but few could reach him before he departed. Samson had

no reason to tarry in a tavern instead of going directly upstairs to bone any number of buxom wenches who staffed the establishment.

Although luck played a major role in securing a place in his bed, one method could reduce the odds dramatically. If two gorgeous women teamed up and approached him together, he rarely declined a proposition à trois. Fucking a girl made him feel like a man. Fucking two girls made him feel like a stud. But having a dazzling duo of bisexual nymphomaniacs drag him off to their boudoir made him feel like a superstud. Samson still remembered the first time it happened. He could not have been more than nineteen and had only bedded several hundred women by then. The pair of Venetian courtesans cornered the rake at a masquerade, sat him down on the nearest couch, and each girl straddled a thigh. They leaned down and two sets of moist lips brushed either ear. "Fuck us, Samson," the girls whispered in unison. "Fuck us." To this day, he could still hear those voices echoing their lewd incantation in stereo. Though Samson long ago accustomed himself to being told "fuck me," the second person plural never failed to get him hard.

3. "Tandem Hunting": Over the years, Samson enjoyed the company of several aggressively bisexual girlfriends who enjoyed pursuing the fair sex as much as he did. After arriving at a tavern, ballroom, striptease parlor or some other gathering with abundant female flesh, they immediately compared notes on the desirability of potential bedmates in the room. Samson usually selected their prey though his lover often made the nominations. Having chosen a mark, the pair approached her subtly. Samson, in particular, kept a slight distance. The double-wencher wanted his lover to develop an intimate bond with the other woman first before he entered the picture. Of course, she would mention her boyfriend planned on sticking his thirteen-and-a-half inch cock in both of their pussies but only after she had established their love target enjoyed both sexes. Samson would join them to close the deal but he did not want to be the *raison d'être* of the *ménage à trois*. He desired genuine attraction and affection to exist between the female partners,

including full-body contact, open-mouthed kissing, and spirited cunnilingus. In order to attain the ideal threeway, any tension or jealousy had to be reduced to a minimum and that only could be accomplished by the mutual attraction of the female participants.

This was not to say Samson did not have play a significant role in facilitating a threesome. Though the new girl might be open to sexual experimentation, the stigma of lesbianism would have prevented her from hooking up with a lone woman. However, when Samson left a party with a girl on his arm, she became the envy of her peers. And even when he had a second girl on his other arm, it hardly diminished the prestige and status of landing the legendary lover. In the demimonde of wenches, strippers, harlots and other libertines, most women regarded a triad with the barbarian stud to be exotic and adventurous. A tryst à trois may have been transgressive but only in the most glamorous and thrilling of ways. Samson represented the lure of the forbidden and his illicit aura excited many women. Not only did they accept his invitation to a threeway, some of them almost demanded it. The ladies expected the orgiastic Lothario to live up to his notorious reputation and he did so with relish.

4. "Double Conquest": Few men had the courage to proposition a stranger for sex. And even fewer had the skill and charm to make it happen. Samson did so regularly and successfully. In fact, bedding barmaids became so routine that the rakehell usually attempted more challenging feats such as bedding a barmaid along with her best friend. That he received a great number of knees to the groin came as no great surprise. Requesting a ménage à trois from two hardened strippers required balls of steel. Fortunately, the love champion sported such a pair and they powered a massive cock capable of satisfying multiple females in a single fuck session. Samson knew that and so did his women. That's why his bold gambit worked so often.



This was not to say he randomly chose two girls in a room and brought them home. Generally, he cruised taverns for strumpets in pairs, uninhibited girlfriends who already had a certain degree of comfort and familiarity with each other. The closer their friendship, the easier to lure both of them back to the boudoir. Usually, he flirted with several of these comely twosomes before targeting his prey for the night. The selection process could be murky though he tried his best to reduce it to a mathematical formula. His minimum rating for the two partners had to add up to at least eighteen. That could be two nines, an eight and a ten, or preferably two tens.

But the number itself only put them in contention for his affections that night. Samson had to confirm in advance that his companions would be open to a little girl-girl action. Having chosen his potential bedmates, the classic method for initiating dual seduction involved the threeway kiss. More than words, the gesture revealed Samson's troilistic intentions. The very idea that he planned to fuck both women might not even have occurred to them until that moment. Most girls had not even heard the phrase *ménage à trois* let alone participated in one before encountering the double-wencher. However, once all three sets of lips had locked and his hands had crept up their skirts to finger their pussies, the concept became self-evident. Assuming the women complied with his advances -- and they almost always did, Samson conducted one last test to affirm their eligibility to ride his stallionhood for the evening. Using his serpentine tongue, Samson would rope the prehensile organ around the tongue of the first girl and drag it into the mouth of the second girl. He then pulled away. If the galpals held their full-mouthed kiss for more than ten seconds, the rogue knew they probably would be eating pussy in a few hours.

5. "Double or Nothing": Of course, Samson did not always find an eighteen every night. In the event the he settled for a one-on-one encounter, the playboy almost slept exclusively with tens. And even though he reserved the evenings for group sex, he also enjoyed one or two quick solo seductions before nightfall. As a result, the

promiscuous paramour sometimes bedded up to a dozen women within a couple days. So after he stayed in the same town for more than a week, Samson inevitably became embroiled in a rather awkward situation. When entering a tavern, party, or striptease parlor in search of new conquests, the Lothario found himself in the presence of two girlfriends. If both lovers had shared his bed with other women previously, the introductions proved easy and usually led to yet another threesome. If only one of them enjoyed him à trois, the situation could be a little bit tense. And if neither taken part in his saturnalian activities previously, a few ill-chosen words would lead to a catfight.

Strangely, the rival paramours rarely directed their ire towards Samson. Angry or not, they still wanted to fuck him as badly as ever. So they took out their annoyance upon each other. Of course, Samson's answer to such a love triangle was painfully obvious. However, asking them to engage in a bisexual threesome appeared on its face to be about the most audacious request imaginable. At that point, Samson often did bear the brunt of their displeasure. However, he had learned over the years how to finesse the impossible.

At the outset, Samson had to take complete control of the situation. There were times he let his women take the lead in a sexual encounter. "Double or Nothing" was not one of them. Instead, he had to assume the role of the ultimate alpha stud who took what he wanted with no apologies. The first step was to remove his companions from whatever public space they found themselves in so they could converse in private. That location was usually his bedroom. Rather than meekly asking them to leave with him, the bodice-ripping barbarian seized each woman around the waist in either arm, hoisted their bodies into the air, and slung them over his shoulders. Without another word, he then walked outside with his double-burden as his lovers often continued to yell and scream at each other. For good or ill, his dominant role took the focus of the

women away from each other and back to himself. And it usually turned them on.

Once they reached his bedroom, Samson flung them both down on the mattress. And before they could begin to question him, the rogue ripped off his codpiece and whipped out his huge, long, thick, hard, throbbing fuck club. He then stared directly into their eyes and gave them the most wicked smile they had ever seen. Within seconds, the girls' willpower simply evaporated. As soon as their gaze landed upon his thirteen and a half inch monster tool, they became hopelessly and desperately aroused. Samson had more than just a big cock. Between his thighs hung a talisman of masculinity that fueled a woman's deepest sexual fantasies.

By this point, any feelings of anger, possessiveness, rivalry, or envy fell to the wayside and only a few inescapable facts remained apparent. Inside a room, stood a man who planned to fuck two women. This was no ordinary man. He had the face of a romance cover model, the physique of a championship bodybuilder, and an endowment that put even the largest male porn stars to shame. Perhaps, one in ten thousand males enjoyed one of these traits. But the odds of winning this genetic trifecta were nearly inconceivable.

They knew he was going to yank off their panties and thrust that...beast inside of them. They knew it would fill their every inner-inch. They knew his cock would make them moan and, yes, scream. The look in Samson's crystal blue eyes told each girl he would fuck her hard, until he shot every last drop of his spew inside her, deeper than any man had ever spurted before. Then he would pull out his still rockhard erection and do exactly the same thing to the naked maiden that lay spreadeagle alongside of her. As he tore off his shirt, his huge shoulders, bulging biceps, and rippling abs told them they were about to get pounded. And they wanted it. All of it. Every inch. They knew Samson, and Samson's mammoth love muscle, would satisfy them like they'd never been satisfied before. Outside of what happened in that room, nothing else mattered.

Samson had to act very quickly when he leapt into bed with them. The rakehell could not allow the girls even a second to reflect upon his preposterous level of presumption. He needed them to surrender to the moment and the tidal wave of euphoria that would wrack their bodies. That involved keeping both girls coming at the same time and all of the time. When Samson leapt into bed, he immediately put his ambidextrous talents into play. First he disrobed both ladies with alarming speed and skill. While most men fumbled with the mysterious hooks and laces that made up a woman's couture, the ladykiller could strip a lover naked in less than fifteen seconds. Some girls found themselves in the raw before they could even register a protest. And when confronted with two women, the double-wencher operated in tandem, simultaneously unbuttoning each girl's blouses and dresses in either hand. Even the most complex buckles and knots came undone with remarkable ease.

Having denuded the duo, Samson continued to pleasure both of them at once. If he frenched one girl, he fondled the other's breasts. If he fingered one girl, he rimmed the other's asshole. And when he fucked one girl, he sucked the other's twat. Nothing soothed the wrath of an envious lover faster than a soul-shattering orgasm. And once he subdued both women with his skillful hands, tongue, and massive cock, all of his infidelities would be forgiven. No amount of talk would ever convince rival paramours to share a man in bed. Only bold, swift, and decisive action could make the impossible possible.

Samson was playing "Double or Nothing" with Lola and Lorelei and the stakes could not be higher. One of them was an official member of The Order and the other would be a prime candidate for induction into the elite harem. The dark girl had a double D rack and the fair girl sported a jaw-dropping quadruple D set of lungs -- Samson particularly enjoyed big titty threesomes. At a minimum, the pair added up to a twenty. But the lust-charged scenario could not be reduced to mere numbers. Anything could have happened in that

room at that moment. Anything. Samson did not know if he would be kissed or killed. He had just brought together two smoking hot alpha babes who wanted to slit each other's throat. The fine line between sex and violence produced an unbearably delightful tension in the bedroom. He might fuck Lola. He might fuck Lorelei. He might fuck neither if they got angry enough at him. Or he might hit the jackpot and fuck both of them at once.

Because of the thrilling danger, because of the scandalous audacity, because of the adrenalin pouring into his bloodstream, Samson's cock turned to granite, the bulging veins pulsing visibly. The girls froze where they stood, unable to avert their gazes from his thirteen and a half-inch ladykiller. A large dollop of pre-cum oozed out of the cockslit, gleaming in the candlelight of the bedroom as it hit the floor with an audible plop.

Lola finally broke the silence. "Aiee, Samson, you are such a big man, you take two pussies," declared the temptress with a lascivious smile as she moved forward and laid a hand upon his broad chest. Lorelei, shocked somewhat at Lola's coarse language, moved to the other side. He turned and kissed his senior paramour long and hard, and put his mouth to her ear: "Don't be frightened," whispered her lover, caressing the tattoo on her butt. "You're still Samson's wench. Few women deserve that honor." To Lorelei's delight, Lola beheld their embrace with a greenish gaze. The bitch clearly sensed their intimacy.

The brassy blonde finally gave a nod of assent and understanding. Fear did not exactly describe Lorelei's emotions at that moment but the situation did not amuse her. Tacitly, neither expected monogamy of the other. They were both erotic paragons of their gender who possessed voracious appetites and rarely saw each other. Of course, the bastard at least could have had the decency to refrain from fucking other women in her own bed. This was not to say she did want to please her man. Lorelei felt enormous affection and gratitude towards this miraculous megastud who had blessed her

bed and body with countless hours of sexual bliss. However, sharing him with another woman wounded her pride. She wanted to be more than one of his desperate groupies who waited in line for his cock behind six other panting females. Tales of his girl-gorging gangbangs aroused her deeply but the haughty harlot would never demean herself that way.

Then again, her eavesdropping upon his sexual escapades had ignited a burning curiosity that no amount of masturbation could extinguish. If she enjoyed listening to him fuck other women, then what would it feel like to watch? While he made love to Lola earlier that night, a thousand explicit images passed through her wicked imagination. She saw those mighty hamstrings bulging from his thighs like steel cables as he raised his hips into the air with each outstroke. She saw rivulets of sweat flowing through the cuts and ridges of his muscular back, each knot and valley delineated, exploding out like a pair of wings from his narrow waist. And when he thrust his enormous length back inside, she saw his pecs clench and ripple with palpable exertion. She also could see that smug grin that always played upon his lips when he fucked; a self-assured smirk that said he knew exactly how much pleasure he gave his lover and how no other man on earth came close to possessing his size, skill, and stamina.

Even the banging of the bed against the wall fired up her imagination. She saw the headboard crack after one particularly hard thrust, the legs of the bedframe wobbling unsteadily under the weight of their violent lovemaking. At some point, the creaking of the bed stopped abruptly but she knew their lovemaking was far from over. Lola gave a surprised squeal of delight and began to moan and shriek even louder than before. Lorelei saw exactly what had occurred. Samson had stood up from the bed with his lover still joined at the groin and began hoisting her body up and down his prong. That image almost always brought Lorelei to climax when she played with herself.

Lorelei vividly remembered the first time he did that. On their maiden voyage of love, he let her get on top of him. Before she had even sheathed herself halfway, however, he gripped her hips and his torso bolted upright. The surge of strength startled her. Other men used their hands for leverage when sitting up but the strongman's torso flipped up like the arm of a catapult. With casual ease, he leapt to his feet and bore her aloft. Samson lifted her well over a foot in the air and positioned her pussy directly over the flaring tip of his cockhelm. Though she feared the pain of a sudden intrusion, he gently lowered her bottom a slow inch at a time onto his thick shaft. His manner was gentle but absolutely dominant.

Samson took a couple steps towards her dresser and turned around. There was a huge, wall-mounted mirror above the bureau. "Look at yourself getting fucked, little girl," he declared triumphantly "I bet you've never seen a sight like that before!" And, truly, she hadn't. Not a single man had ever even attempted the challenging position.

He raised her body high enough in the air to pull twelve inches of thick cock out of the strumpet's pussy and then slid his slathered, glistening shaft all the way back into her steaming, gushing depths. And Samson did that again and again and again with steady, methodical strokes. At first, Lorelei held on tight, her fingers clasping the nape of his neck, in case he might lose his balance and drop her. But Samson's arms did not waver when she loosened her grip and forced him to bear her entire weight. By then, his Herculean physique glistened under a sheen of sweat, biceps bulging to within a fingerbreadth of his wrist at the peak of each lift. Yet he maintained perfect composure, his movements executed with a practiced familiarity and grace more akin to a ballet dancer than a rutting animal. Samson looked beautiful when he fucked. Nature had built that magnificent body for one thing and he did it better than anyone.

The image in that mirror at that moment on that night never left her. Quite simply, it defined Samson. It symbolized the perfect

convergence of masculine strength, power, and sexuality. Gazing into their reflection, she experienced the longest and most powerful climax of her entire life. Samson had provided thousands of incredibly intense orgasms since their first encounter but she only had broken down in tears of joy that one time. She learned sex was more than a bargaining chip for garnering favors from men. It was a mysterious, wondrous thing that transcended everyday concerns. Lorelei wondered if Lola had felt the same way when Samson. In any case, she would find out soon enough.

"On your knees, wench," the rakehell murmured to Lola who promptly complied. Samson turned to Lorelei: "Fetch one of your hourglasses. The smallest you can find." The ice queen had several of them that she chose according to the status of her current partner. The largest one lasted an entire hour and she used it for her most generous patrons. Untested lovers were timed by a half-hour measure. And for those who fell out of favor, she had a tiny one that ran out in five minutes. Lorelei never used these hourglasses for Samson but he found out about her collection when she left one of them sitting on her nightstand.

Always eager for a gamble, the superstud bet Lorelei that he could make her come ten times in five minutes. If he won, they would have a threesome with the girl of his choice. If she won, the subject would never be discussed again. Unfortunately, neither of them had determined beforehand how multiple orgasms would be counted. Within thirty seconds, Lorelei found herself in the throes of an unending chain of climaxes that outlasted the tiny hourglass. Unable to agree upon the winner, an argument predictably ensued and Samson left her for more welcoming female companionship.

But now Samson saw a new use for the little hourglass. "Let's play a game," he announced, stroking the ostentatious length of his prick. "The first girl to conquer Thundercock gets fucked first." The Size King pointed his scepter at Lola's cheek: "You have five minutes." Lorelei turned the hourglass upside-down and slammed it down on



her nightstand. Lola immediately flipped and circled her tongue all around the tip of the rigid tool. The wench stopped once in a while to lick a dab of pre-cum off his giant cockhead and press the tip of her tongue as hard as she could against his extremely sensitive cockslit. The fellatrix really knew how to work his blowhole and Samson wondered if Lorelei would even get a turn before he blew his wad.

Suddenly, her mouth opened wide, slowly swallowing four inches of thick shaft. The fellatrix also stuck her tongue far out of her mouth and rubbed it up and down the underside of his silken shaft as her head bobbed up and down. Though the wench had only taken about half of his prick, she had room below for both hands to jack off the base of his prick while her mouth pleased its upper inches. Lorelei mostly had watched the hourglass since the game began but the loud sucking and slurping noises turned her attention to her competitor. Admittedly, Lola could suck a pretty good cock though the bitch still appeared to be an amateur in spite of all the advice and training she generously provided her pupil. Notwithstanding these clinical observations, Lorelei found herself becoming increasingly aroused by the spectacle.

The situation violated almost every law of romantic decorum. Not only did the bastard cheat on her but he insisted on inviting the other woman into their bedroom. And if that did not prove sufficiently offensive, he immediately announced a competition between the two women to win his sexual favors. His audacity was staggering. And her reaction unmistakable. Lorelei's clit began to twitch with excitement. This was her kind of man. Samson had no fear. He took whatever he wanted and never looked back. She could not stop herself from admiring his bravado. If any other jerk had asked... Well, that would never happen anyway. But even if... Samson actually had the cock, the muscles, the prowess, the virility to back up his words in deeds. Here was the rarest of males who actually could live out the tiresome fantasy of satisfying two lust-crazed wenches.

Lola's lovely head bobbed up and down faster and faster as her hands kept stroking his shaft harder and harder. By now, Senorita had taken an amazing nine inches of cock down her throat. But just as Samson felt ready to blow his load into her succulent mouth, a voice cried "time." The hourglass had emptied to the bottom. In fact, Lorelei could have announced her turn minutes earlier had she not been watching the pair so attentively while playing with herself. The buxom blonde approached him with a smug grin on her lips, not unlike his own. She fell to her knees and took his tool in hand. Lola flipped over the hourglass.

Lorelei reached up and, using both hands, pulled the massive shaft towards her eager lips. As it neared her mouth, the strumpet's long, hot tongue flicked out and polished his spit-glossed cockhead. The giant rod jerked up in response. She actually felt his pulse speeding up as blood pumped through the thick veins that webbed his shaft. During intercourse, Samson at minimum became hard as granite. His erection never softened in the slightest unless he willed it or needed a brief rest between his ninth and tenth orgasm. However, Lorelei could gauge his arousal through the state of his blood vessels. If Samson got excited, they thickened and hardened measurably and the larger ones began to throb. Her lover had not quite reached that level of arousal yet but she knew he would not outlast the hourglass.

At length, the wench pulled his erection down further and began to wrap her lips around the flaring helmet. He gave a low growl of pleasure and his nipples stiffened -- another sign that she pleased him. The pair locked eyes. They had done this so many times before that the lovers could work together as a team. Each of them could detect the subtlest signs of their partner's body language and would respond accordingly. Samson gently pumped his hips just a bit and his bloated dickhead disappeared inside her mouth. Very slowly, very smoothly, she advanced. Samson felt himself bumping up against the back of her mouth. A moment later, however, her head angled upwards and he felt his cock plunging directly down her throat. Even

more slowly but still steadily, the tip of his prong navigated her gag reflex point. For most girls, this meant the end of the line but Samson's wench never disappointed him. He would hear a loud, wet click in her throat as the remainder of his cock slid inside her steamy depths. The very base of his shaft found itself flush against Lorelei's mouth, his pubic bone flattening her plush red lips.

From long experience, Lorelei knew few ways she could force Samson to blow his wad. With his guru-level mastery of tantric sex techniques, the superstud exercised remarkable control over his ejaculatory reflexes and could maintain composure in highly-charged erotic situations that other men could not withstand. Lorelei knew plenty of tricks to bring her lovers to a quick climax but almost none of them worked on Samson.

However, not even the champion cocksman could resist her oral pompoir. Rather than pulling off his cock, the wench stayed her ground. Not only could Lorelei throat Samson's organ to the hilt but she somehow was able to breathe even though his shaft should have blocked her windpipe. Samson's cock had been sucked by thousands of women and no one besides Lorelei possessed this amazing talent. The expert fellatrix could keep his entire schlong crammed down her gullet as long as she wanted. Instead of gliding up and down his length like other girls, she kept him fully engulfed and massaged his tool with her throat muscles, rippling and undulating them along the length of his shaft in a wickedly sensual rhythm.

Samson's abs creased and tightened with pleasure. No matter which girl proved victorious in these cocksucking competitions, he always ended up as the true winner. Nothing beat having two gorgeous women on their knees, trying to outdo each other in delivering the raunchiest spit-slobbering, spine-tingling, throat-fucking blowjob of his very exotic and promiscuous sex life. But while he had planned on going for several rounds between the girls, Lorelei's virtuoso fellatio felt just too damn good. Samson wanted to come and

wanted it now.

Lorelei knew she had won when his pecs began to twitch. She could hear his gonads begin to rumble and inflate with fresh spunk. The extra weight caused the sack to drop almost to mid-thigh until his titanium-strength cremaster muscle suddenly tensed and his testicles shot upward once more. Now his entire shaft had begun to vibrate and his scrotum grew taut. Lorelei estimated the entire process took a full minute but once it began, the outcome was inevitable. Her lover's breath grew deep and harsh, blowing in mighty gusts overhead. His heart thundered, pulse pounding through the thick veins of his shaft. His balls, each the size of a large egg in a detumescent state, had grown to the size of tangerine. And then.... And then... And then Samson did something no one expected.

Upon the brink of climax, Samson grasped her skull in both hands and abruptly wrenched her head off his groin. At first, the strumpet thought she had run out of time but the hourglass had not yet emptied to the bottom. Samson had run out of control. His shaft throbbed with the urgency of imminent release. Lola consoled herself with the degrading image of his spunk cannon blowing its sticky wad upon her rival's face. However, the ladykiller had other plans.

Pulling Lorelei to her feet, he seized the wench by the waist, lifted her up and off the ground, and flung the buxom blonde bombshell toward the bed. As she flew across the room, Samson leapt after Lorelei, grabbed his girl by the haunches, and penetrated her in mid-air, harpooning her succulent pussy with his rigid fuck spear. With the wench now joined to his body at the crotch, the sexual gymnast then performed a 180-degree aerial twist right before they hit the bed. As a result, instead of Samson landing on top of Lorelei, Lorelei landed on top of Samson. The entire maneuver took under a second to execute. It was swift, erotic, acrobatic, and just delightfully Samsonian. The wenchmaster knew how much the strumpet liked for him to blast his load inside of her twat and sprang into action the

moment she won the contest.

Lorelei needed a few seconds to register what had happened. One moment she had been on her knees with his cock buried deep in her throat. The next found her mounted astride his crotch with his club buried deep in her womb. Of course, as soon as she reoriented, the wench entered into immediate and continual orgasm. Her limbs flew about erratically like a puppet whose strings had come undone. Her fair complexion turned mottled and scarlet. Her pale blue eyes rolled into their sockets. Drool streamed out the corners of her gaping mouth. Vague choking sounds gurgled inside her throat. The thought that Lorelei might be enjoying more sexual pleasure than any other woman on earth suddenly crossed Lola's mind. Rather than feeling any pangs of jealousy, however, the spectacle left the teenage temptress in awe.

Not in her wildest sexual fantasies had Lola dreamed such a man could walk the earth. Samson was a lover of mythological proportions: the look of Adonis, the physique of Hercules, and the almighty prick of Priapus. And along with that magnificent body came the soul of the ultimate rakehell, a swashbuckling ladykiller who thrived on female conquest and erotic adventure. But, beneath the bravado, he proved himself not a cad but a man of honor. The rogue did not seduce women with false flattery or declarations of love. Samson simply offered amorous pleasure and loads of it. More than any one woman could possibly endure! Never had there been a male more devoted to the art of physical love. His very existence appeared to be predicated upon the desire to give and enjoy massive orgasms.

Suddenly, a deafening baritone roar muted Lorelei's shrieks. Though the sex-crazed female's convulsions and shudders still mounted in intensity, Lola was now riveted by the brute force of Samson's gargantuan climax. The vixen gawked in astonishment as his gigantic muscles locked up all at once, bringing out every anatomical detail of his perfectly sculpted physique. Thick, bulging veins

webbed his corded musculature, pulsing and pumping with palpable power. His back popped into an arch, chiseled ass rising off the bed along with Lorelei herself who clung to his bulging pecs for support.

Just as her head neared the ceiling, Samson's hips bucked with a mighty jerk. The buxom blonde gasped as she felt his massive schlong begin to bloat even bigger. During intercourse with Samson, clearances became so tight inside Lorelei that she could feel everything, including the heavy load of spunk surging up his industrial-strength urethra en route to the very center of her body. Her nails dug deep into his flesh as the wench braced herself for the deluge. In contrast to her previous flailing, Lorelei grew stiff as a board. She was still coming but the latest series of orgasms had stunned the girl into almost complete paralysis. Then a massive shudder roiled her body as the first load of sperm detonated deep within her womb.

Lola knew from her previous interlude with Samson how good Lorelei probably felt at that moment. The hypersexed he-man blasted spunk like a geyser. His love cannon blasted such strong and concentrated ejaculations that they could knock over a chair from several feet away. Many priceless vases and lamps had been shattered in the course of the superstud's epic crescendos. And if he came while on his back, even the highest-vaulted ceiling inside a princess' boudoir was not safe from the cresting torrent of his spurting fuck hose. Lorelei had shown Lola the mysterious stains on the ceiling of her bedroom but she laughed at her explanation. Samson knew better than to unsheathe his sword during orgasm but he could not resist showing off his astonishing virility once in awhile. Of course, the wenchmaster also enjoyed the reaction of his lover getting rocked and shocked at the force with which the first long, hot cable of spunk splattered inside the depths of her womb, followed by her expression of disbelief as he douched her fuck canal with his endless supply of male magma. Just the sound of those mighty gonads slapping against Lorelei's butt made Lola's clit tingle.

More than two minutes had gone by -- Lorelei's rival had the foresight to turn over the tiny hourglass when Samson began to come -- and the barbarian hunk just went on and on and on and on. Lola should have been jealous but the breathtaking display of passionate lovemaking just got her hotter and hotter. A stray finger furtively stroked her clit followed by more fingers and poorly concealed moans and groans. Lorelei happened to glance over her shoulder at Lola just then and saw the bitch in heat. The sight made her victory all the sweeter. That she won the cocksucking contest came as no surprise. Now Lorelei would show her girlfriend how she could make Samson come harder and longer than any other wench in Amstelland. That's why the ladykiller kept returning to her bed time and again. Even the time when the rest of the resentful wenches at the tavern had ganged up on Samson and offered him a five-girl pussy party, he still chose to spend the night with Lorelei. And as for that Spanish upstart... Like her competitor, Lorelei had monitored the duration of Samson's orgasm when he fucked Lola across the hall and Senorita barely rated a two-minute climax.

By this point, Samson had almost filled Lorelei's womb to the brim with his sperm. The endless supply of love paste began to overwhelm the limited space inside her love chamber available for its retention. And with his gigantic fuck club crammed inside her twat, the amount of room decreased even further. Soon, a huge backwash began to overflow her cunt, streaming rapidly out of her gaping pussy lips and coating his pole in thick white goo. Several gelatinous puddles of his sticky seed formed around the lovers' madly humping crotches, merging into a spreading pool beneath his ass which had not touched the mattress since he began to come.

Lorelei's climax had reached fever pitch. Heartstopping jolts of pleasure pummeled the girl's flailing body to and fro. Her astonishing expression of bliss deeply aroused Samson. He had melted the ice queen into a panting love slave and nothing turned him on more than shafting an orgasming female. The harder Lorelei came, the harder Samson came. And the harder Samson came, the harder

Lorelei came. The luscious circle of mutual pleasure and desire extended his climax to an impressive five minutes. The added attraction of Lola feverishly masturbating just a few feet away did not dampen his enthusiasm either. The double-wencher sensed he would be enjoying one of his more memorable ménages that night.

When the cuntquake finally stilled, Lorelei was too stunned to speak. Her paramour, on the other hand, barely missed a beat. With his girlfriend still anchored to his groin, Samson rose from the bed onto his knees. He held Lorelei by the waist so that her body was perpendicular to his and parallel to the mattress several feet below. He then slowly pulled her off his prick as another half-pint of spunk drained out of her pussy in a steady drizzle across the bedsheets. Lola gasped audibly when she realized her miracle man was still hard as a rock. Now just quarter-sheathed inside Lorelei, Samson deftly spun her entire body 180 degrees in a single fluid motion as if he were turning a captain's wheel. The blonde bombshell hit the bed, perfectly positioned on all fours for a rear reentry.

Without batting an eye, he slammed his fuck spear from behind all the way to the hilt. Lorelei clutched the bedsheets tight. Getting fucked by Samson in this position could be especially brutal. The big-dicked bastard used the full force of his Herculean hip and thigh muscles in his thrust. Of course, not only could the wench take it but she wanted it, she needed it, and she loved it. Some men called the position "doggy-style" but the term offended her. Lorelei was no bitch and Samson was no dog. In her village, however, the peasants referred to it as the "stallion's rut" and that phrase suited Samson perfectly.

As a child, the wench lived on a farm and first learned about lovemaking in the barnyard. She saw the amorous stallions in heat and envied the mares they mounted. The girl felt a strange excitement between her legs as she watched them at play. Though Lorelei had no interest in actually consorting with those smelly animals, she never forgot the size of those big hard horse cocks. The



wench always dreamed of finding a man with one of those equine organs swinging between his legs. Whether or not those early childhood experiences explained her obsession with huge pricks, the memory immediately resurfaced the first time she laid eyes on Samson's monster manhood. The rogue was literally hung like a human stallion. And ever since then, the wench fondly remembered their nights together whenever a horse trotted past the tavern.

After less than a minute of savage pounding, the buxom blonde barmaid was already on the brink of another monster cum. Every stroke sent a fierce shock of pleasure through her quivering frame. The cocksman always hit Lorelei's G-spot when they fucked but the stallion's rut drove the wench around the bend. As the size-stunned strumpet began to cry out in ecstasy for the umpteenth time, Samson quietly motioned for Lola. Having distracted Lorelei with another multiple orgasm, Samson wanted to use the opportunity to involve Senorita in the act. The vixen climbed into bed wearing nothing but a smile. Without a word, he seized Lola by her luscious hips and lifted the Latin beauty up and off the mattress. "Climb on board, sugarplum," whispered Samson as he mounted her splayed thighs upon his broad shoulders. "I want to have my cunt and eat it too!"

A shiver of delight ran up Lola's spine as she perched atop Samson boulder-sized deltoids, his nose nestled in her thick black thatch of pubic hair, tongue poised to strike her hard, swollen clit. The cunnilingual virtuoso flickered the tip of his practiced ladyteaser with the speed of a propeller and advanced just short of the throbbing orb. Lola groaned in frustration, feeling its presence but not its touch. Then with tantalizing slowness and deliberation, he closed the gap. At the moment of contact, Lola gave out a huge moan and a long orgasmic shudder. She began to fall backwards but a firm palm on the small of her back kept her in place. Senorita was not going anywhere. Samson had a taste for Latin pussy and reckoned Lola had a spicy one. Across the hall, the wenchmaster only had the pleasure of banging her box but now he planned to sample and

savor her delectable muff at length.

Lola's clit made for a tempting target but Samson was on the hunt for deeper treasures buried within. The busty *bonita* started moaning with anticipation and desire. Samson had flashed that incredible lizard tongue of his at the vixen earlier that night and she immediately grasped the degree of pleasure that the sinfully elongated organ would impart in the depths of her twat. The expert cunnilinguist started slow, gently and lovingly licking Lola's inner thighs, tasting the tart, tangy glaze of cuntjuice that coated her soft, tender flesh. He then delved deeper into her pubic forest, inhaling the musky odor of her lush bush that sparkled with tiny drops of love nectar. As with many *mamacitas*, Lola had a lot of hair stuffed between her legs so Samson needed a moment to push through the underbrush and reach the mouth of her cunt. Fuck syrup oozed out of her swollen, purplish vaginal lips which still hung slack and open from the penile pounding he gave her earlier that night.

Samson stiffened his tongue and plunged the unnaturally long ribbon of muscle deep, deep down into the reaches of Lola's steamy, dripping cunt. He could feel the girl begin to quiver and dig her nails into his back. Her thighs inched up the steep slope of his trapezius, clenching the brass-corded muscles anchoring his neck, as she braced herself for the intense orgasms that would be sure to follow. Using his prehensile appendage, Samson tapped various points along the anterior wall of Lola's love chamber and carefully gauged her reaction. This vaginal spelunking allowed the master muffdiver to map out her erogenous zones so he could maximize her pleasure. Suddenly, her thighs clamped shut with a loud cry and Samson knew he had found her G-spot.

Without delay, he began stabbing the pleasure point with the tip of his tongue repeatedly, insistently, and directly on target. *Senorita* came immediately and then came again. She flailed about but the firm palm on her back kept the vixen's cunt welded to his mouth. A tidal wave of love juice flooded her quiny, streaming along

Samson's tongue and into his mouth. Lola came like a faucet and the ladykiller had to gulp down her flow every few seconds to keep it from filling up his mouth. All the while, the oversexed female was stiffening, shaking, and screaming, with a vocabulary reduced to three words: "Harder!"; "Deeper!"; and "Coming!" Her luscious body was racked from head to foot with relentless, sex-drenched, overpowering feelings that she had never known before tonight.

Below deck, nothing too eventful had happened with Lorelei. Samson kept pounding and the wench kept coming. Despite her orgasmic haze, the girl did have the presence of mind to detect a light warm drizzle upon her bare, writhing back. A few stray beads of sweat flying off Samson's clenching pecs might hit her shoulderblades when they fucked stallion-style but never in such quantity and duration. And she also noticed Lola's cries and gasps sounded closer than before. Out of curiosity, the wench glanced over her shoulder and immediately found her girlfriend squirming overhead as torrents of cuntjuice rained down from the heavens.

Although the envious lover might have registered this discovery as unpleasant, she also happened to be in the midst of an extremely intense orgasm. The timing was impeccable and intentional. Samson knew the easiest way to induct a reluctant lover into a threesome was to let her first behold him pleasuring the other woman while she herself came. By the power of association, the female would then remember the sight as something delightful, sensual, and gratifying. Further, she would associate her pleasure with the other woman's pleasure, creating a degree of empathy between the potential rivals.

Unfortunately, synchronizing climaxes between two females is nearly impossible for most men. The feminine peak usually lasts only a few seconds and cannot be invoked at will. Thus, the probability of making two girls come at the same time is infinitesimal. However, the stallion-hung Adonis enjoyed the advantage of being able to provide his lovers with extended full-body multi-orgasmic mayhem that lasted for minutes at a time. Not only could their crescendoes

overlap but they usually did as a matter of course. In fact, the master lover now had both women in a state of perpetual orgasm through the skillful stimulation of their G-spots with his huge cock and long tongue.

It was in this fugue state of pleasure that Samson established the foundation for his relationship with the fair sex. They were not rivals competing for the love of one man. Rather, they were sisters of a harmonious harem in which their passionate pasha quenched their deepest desires. While Samson's polygamous utopia had its basis in carnal activity, its members also recognized its spiritual dimension. During his sexual congresses with multiple females, Samson strived to sever his lover's attachment to her individual ego as well as merge her physical and mental consciousness into that of the larger group. Thus, in its purest expression, a climax enjoyed by one member of a triad was enjoyed by all.

Though the decadent playboy completely lacked the spirituality and wisdom of Christ or Buddha, getting fucked by Samson proved to be an almost religious experience for many women. The ecstatic joy of climax allowed a lover to transcend her ego faster than a thousand years of meditation. And when he pleased additional partners at the same time, the females bonded over the mutual climaxes they shared.

Lorelei had far too strong an ego to feel any warmth towards Lola at the moment. But, surprisingly, she did not feel jealousy or disgust either. The first thought that crossed her mind was that the barbarian stud was so strong and apparently practiced at threeway sex that he did not even bother to use both hands to keep Lola in place. His other hand hovered between Lorelei's thighs, the index finger skillfully stroking her clit which had begun to throb like crazy ever since she started watching him eat her girlfriend's pussy. Initially, the wench had envisioned a *ménage á trois* as a scenario where she lay unattended besides Samson and waited impatiently for him to finish fucking the second girl.

A philosopher once said no man was big enough to serve two masters. However, Samson appeared more than capable of serving two mistresses. What a fucking stud! Gradually, the ice queen's extended orgasm transformed into an almost apoplectic series of shudders and spasms. All the noisy racket that normally accompanied a Samsonian fuck session -- the unceasing shrieks of joyful bliss, the smacking of flesh upon flesh, the rebellious creaking of the bedframe -- had been muffled by the blood pounding through her ears. An ethereal and strangely peaceful feeling of weightlessness pervaded her senses. It usually happened moments before she passed out. But now, the sensation just went on and the sexual superman raised her higher and higher into the heavens. Samson had his face buried in Lola's crotch but he knew she knew about the other woman astride his shoulders. Lorelei rarely orgasmed with such intensity.

Senorita heard the commotion below and began to long for Samson's fuck club again. Even if she was coming from his tongue, her competitor was coming harder with his cock. Something would have to be done... The temptress tapped him lightly on the shoulder. "I want that huge prick inside of my pussy, Big Man," the nymph murmured seductively as she pointed her finger down at Lorelei's butt. "I came here tonight for you to fuck me too." Samson did not respond since his tongue was shoved up her twat but he stared up and shook his head. Even though the rogue would have been happy to oblige in normal circumstances, Lorelei had won the contest and deserved to get fucked first. But Lola did not give up. "Fuck me, Big Man," she begged with pleading eyes. Samson had resumed eating her pussy but she humped his face in protest. "I'll do anything for that big schlong of yours," the wench moaned desperately. "Anything!"

Lola had opened a door into Samson's psyche that he usually left closed. The superstud briefly apprehended the startling degree of power his prick exercised over this woman and the revelation

intoxicated him. If he could simply take a beautiful stranger like Lola in the middle of the night, then what had stopped him from bringing her into Lorelei's bed? For that matter, what kept him from fucking any girl he pleased or asking them to indulge his every sexual whim? After all, did the wench not say "Anything!"? Obviously, Samson already displayed a rather uninhibited disposition towards the fair sex but he rarely tested the limits of his phallocentric sovereignty. Anything? For example, even though he pledged his prick to Lorelei, who could stop him from fucking Lola if he fancied her as well?

Without further deliberation, Samson grasped Lola by her hips and lifted her up and off his shoulders. At first, Senorita worried that she had offended him with her immature behavior and was about to be banished from their threesome like a naughty child. Happily, Samson flashed a knowing wink in her direction and began to lower her body toward the bed. Perfect. She always got what she wanted sooner or later. All the while, the wenchmaster continued to pound Lorelei without missing a stroke. Strangely, he kept Lola suspended in mid-air and did not appear to be in a great rush to switch over. Fuck! When would he finally pull his prick out of that bitch and slide it into her far more deserving pussy? Finally, Samson resumed Lola's descent but, to her astonishment, he was not laying her down upon the mattress. Instead, he was placing her supine form directly on top of Lorelei!

Samson now had both wenches back to back. Downstairs, he could fuck Lorelei from behind. Upstairs, he could fuck Lola missionary. From his perspective, the two sets of outspread thighs formed an "X" with two dripping pussies at its nexus. The ladykiller chuckled under his breath. "X" had always been his favorite letter of the alphabet for some obscure reason... Even by his standards, Samson had executed a bold move. The pair obviously disliked each other. And, while the position was impersonal in the sense that neither girl had to look at the other, he had put them both in very close bodily contact. The polygamous playboy knew from experience each of them would hear and feel everything he did to her bedmate. Unless

the girls already possessed a degree of intimacy with each other or displayed openly bisexual tendencies, "back-to-back" lovemaking often proved a risky move. However, that voice still echoed in his mind: "Anything!"

Samson withdrew from Lorelei and she blinked, not knowing what might happen. His love muscle swayed in the air, as he positioned it at Lola's hole. "Samson," pleaded the gorgeous blonde, as he rubbed the giant crown against her rival's glistening opening. Lola's breath started to quicken. "Fuck me, Big Man, I want all of that beautiful prick!" cried his chiquita. "I need this pussy, too, babe," said Samson without hesitation, and started to push his long, thick cock into his second girlfriend's pussy. Lorelei closed her eyes, accepting the new configuration. By this point, she did not know what to feel. That last orgasm had rocked her body harder than anything that night and it had nothing to do with her G-spot and everything to do with Lola. The dreaded threesome was turning out to be something far more erotic than she possibly could have imagined.

Though the wench had refused to indulge him with extra partners, Samson had proposed other techniques that intimidated her. As demonstrated by his mid-air penetration just a few minutes before, the superstud loved to perform daring bedroom acrobatics that only the most athletic or foolish of men would ever attempt. And, despite her misgivings, she always went along with his demands and experienced astonishing climaxes. Over the years, Lorelei had learned to let him take control and surrender to the pleasure that inevitably followed. After fucking so many wenches and giving them so many orgasms, how could there be a man who knew better how to please a woman? So, in the present situation, she decided to submit herself to his desires as unconventional as they might seem. In her heart, Lorelei trusted Samson. She trusted what he said and what he did to her. Though Lorelei did not always like his answers, the rogue never lied. And he also could make her come until she passed out.

Lorelei felt Lola's pelvis tense and quiver as Samson entered. She could feel the warmth of her skin. She could feel the beating of her heart. She could feel every breath she took. The barmaid heard Samson fucking her girlfriend earlier that night but the present arrangement left much less to the imagination than even the paper-thin walls of her bedroom. When Lola screamed out in ecstasy, Lorelei did not just hear her cries. She could feel them vibrating through her own body. The strumpet almost felt as if Samson was fucking her. the ice queen felt her clit begin to twitch and pulse. Like it or not, it got her hot.

Using the strength of his megamuscl'd forearms, Samson cradled Lola's asscheeks in his large palms and absorbed most of her weight. However, Lorelei's position still required the wench to stay on all fours in order to support her second story neighbor. She literally had become his beast of burden! However, to her astonishment, the adulterous Adonis was driving her mad not with rage but with lust. Each time Lola bucked and clenched, a frisson of desire shimmied up her girlfriend's spine. Lorelei craved that feeling of fullness when Samson hit bottom, his giant love spike nailing her ass to the bed, those delightful shudders reverberating through her body from the violent impact of that fuck club slamming into her womb. And what she needed more than anything in the world, the centerpiece of her every sexual fantasy, slid in and out of another hole just mere inches from her own. Every few strokes, she even could feel his ballsack smack against her pubic mound as he thrust inside the other woman.

In ordinary circumstances, Lorelei might have relieved the burning need between her thighs by her own hand. Not that a mere finger could have sated her gaping fuck hole after a pounding from The Hammer of The Gods of course. It would have proven a proverbial drop in the ocean since her pussy needed at least a week to retighten after getting reamed by his massive tool. But, at least, she could have scratched that clitoral itch if Samson hadn't used her



body as a platform to fuck her girlfriend. Bastard!

At this point, the buxom bonita had reached a state of near-hysteria as multiple orgasm mounted on top of multiple orgasm. Thick, oozing rivulets of Lola's love nectar streamed across her bedmate's own dripping gash and their combined fluids collected in a spreading puddle at the foot of the bed. The pool of fuck juice quickly soaked through the bedsheets and Samson soon felt the mattress squish each time he hammered the wench from behind. The cocksman noted its waterlogged condition with no small satisfaction. He really had both these babes wrapped around his prick.

Having suspended Lola in an orgasmic nirvana for nearly ten minutes, Samson redirected his attention to Lorelei's hungry twat. However, the rogue did not plan just another switchover. He wanted to cocktease his lovers with a little game of "Upstairs, Downstairs." That is, Samson abruptly pulled out of Lola, entered Lorelei, thrust deep, pulled out, reentered the other girl, fucked her for a couple moments, pulled out again, and repeated the process. To keep his lovers off balance, the troilistic virtuoso chose a random number of strokes when he boned each girl. In one round, Samson might thrust into Lola twice and Lorelei thrice. On the next, he might do Lorelei twice and Lola thrice. Or the superstud could allow but a single stroke or bequeathe an entire dozen.

No matter what the combination, the object was not to make the girls come. By this point, Samson could do that at will and his lovers knew it. The double-wencher had a more diabolical experiment in mind. He wanted his lovers to hover right at the edge of a climax indefinitely, take them to an excruciatingly blissful zone where all the signals of their nervous systems lit up and fired as in the first instant of orgasm but without granting them release. Samson pumped each girl with his cock, fast, faster, even faster, until she began to scream in rapture and then switched over. Their voices caught halfway in vocalizing orgasm suddenly warped and twisted into almost agonized moans. He rarely heard these sounds from a woman before, animal

noises of incredible delight mixed with maddening frustration.

The master lover soon put his ambidextrous hands into play, his skillful fingers toying with each girl while he fucked the other. In this way, he pleased both nodes of their vaginal nexus, feeling their bodies tremble and shake as he boned each beauty at breakneck speed. Then he made a fatal error. While switching over to Lola's pussy, he thrust forward a few inches off center. Instead of entering her, his massive erection pushed the vixen backward. She immediately began to skid off Lorelei's back, slick with sweat and vaginal secretions, both of which had fallen in a steady drizzle while Samson performed aerial cunnilingus upon Lola's sopping snatch.

The spell had been broken. Each girl stared daggers into the eyes of the other. Samson knew he had to act quickly. He brushed aside a few strands of Lorelei's blonde mane and whispered into her ear "If you girls bury the hatchet, I'll bury my schlong deep in your pussy as long as you want." Lorelei gave him an even angrier look than she offered to Lola before turning away. Samson sensed this transgression would not be forgiven like the others. Suddenly, a crazy idea popped into his mind. "You told me you would do anything for my cock," he told Lola quietly. "I want you to kiss Lorelei upon the lips." Senorita did not respond at first. Adding a little levity to this highly uncomfortable moment, Samson finally remarked "Isn't it about time you girls kissed and made up?"

With those words, Lola closed in on Lorelei's face. Their lips touched. A moment passed. They did not break. Another moment passed. They did not break. Ten seconds passed. Lola's tongue had slid inside Lorelei's mouth and, to Samson's astonishment, the ice queen melted. This was not the awkward kiss of enemies, or of rivals, or even of estranged girlfriends making up. It was a kiss of estranged bi-babes making out. Samson knew that girls did not kiss that way unless they intended to eat pussy. Nor had this display of affection been staged for his benefit either. For the first time since the three of them converged, Samson's presence had receded into the

background. This moment was shared entirely between Lola and Lorelei.

What Samson did not know was that his bedmates used to play games. With the lack of desirable men, they liked to talk about sex at night. Then they began to masturbate together. One drunken evening, Lorelei asked Lola to go down on her. She loved the vixen's long, thick curls of midnight black hair. With her dark mane hovering between Lorelei's legs, the buxom blonde could imagine Samson in her place. And, truth be told, she ate pussy almost as well as he did. Their affair had been intense but brief. Neither mentioned it again.

Lorelei, of course, never told Samson about her lesbian lover. He already nagged her enough about threesomes without providing further motivation. Lola had thought of telling him about Lorelei's bisexuality but decided to hold her tongue. The bitch threatened to get her fired from the tavern if she said anything. Further, the diabolical diva preferred that Samson not know about their previous -- and possibly current -- attraction to each other. She wanted to find out whether the troilistic Lothario had the guts to stage a dual seduction between two apparently heterosexual females.

The girls had locked lips for over a minute, their lush bodies squirming and twisting back and forth across the sheets. With a wicked smile, Lola seized Lorelei by the shoulders and slammed her down against the mattress. Having pinned the blonde to the bed, the vixen mounted her missionary, face-to-face and tit-to-tit with her former nemesis. As the top-heavy temptresses continued to grope and writhe, Samson pulled up a chair to the side of the bed. The lucky bastard had a ringside seat to the hottest lezzie show in Amstelland. However, what might have begun as theatre had quickly transformed into a much more natural and urgent expression of Sapphic passion.

Much as he wanted to fuck them, Samson decided to play the voyeur. Their display appeared so beautiful and delicate that the

reckless barbarian feared his presence might interrupt their harmonious union. Better his women should strengthen their own bonds of desire before he return. Further, the latest developments required a few moments of reflection. He could not figure out if these wenches were acting out these bisexual kinks for his entertainment, their own pleasure, or both. Whatever the cause, the outcome proved delightful and Samson did something he normally never needed to do. He jacked off.

As she finally broke her kiss with Lola, Lorelei cast a sidelong glance at her boyfriend. His lewd activity intrigued her. Long ago, the buxom blonde had seen a peeping tom jerking off outside her window and she found the display revolting and pathetic. With so many women at his beck and call, the strumpet never even imagined the ladykiller engaging in such an unmanly activity. However, the actual sight struck her as astonishingly erotic. After all, was there anything Samson could do that did not look sexy?

That he used both fists to jerk off was the first thought that crossed her mind. Not that it should have surprised her given the size of his gigantic love muscle. Samson pleased himself slow and easy with sensual footlong strokes. Up and down. Up and down. It took a long time to stroke thirteen and a half inches of cock. And much as Lorelei had obsessed over its size, she rarely beheld his awesome immensity at length. She certainly had felt it whenever Samson jammed his monster meat up her twat or down her throat. However, seeing was believing. He dwarfed even the largest of her dildos, including the beloved ten-incher that Lola borrowed and never returned. She wondered how he even managed to walk with that beast in his braguette. Not that the bastard had much reason to complain. Any male hung that huge qualified as the luckiest man on earth. After all, if the stallion-hung Casanova could fuck the most desired wench in Amstelland on twenty minutes notice, what babe couldn't he bone?

She particularly loved the gaze of delirious lust that clouded his

piercing blue eyes, an urgent desire that Lorelei and her comely partner had stoked with their luscious bodies and wanton bisexuality. The ice queen delighted in the thought of driving a man to jerk off, especially a hunk like Samson. Though she mostly considered them little better than prostitutes, Lorelei began to appreciate the power a stripper held over an audience with nothing more than her naked body. A more sophisticated libertine like Samson liked to watch two ultra-buxom bi-babes get it on but he was like any other man. They all became drooling idiots in the blinding glare of the feminine mystique.

And then there was Lola. Lorelei's head swam with contradictory feelings and emotions. It would be a lie to dismiss their Sapphic frolic as mere theatre. Lola had dredged up a dark hunger that frightened the proud blonde. A year ago, Lorelei pushed her lover away, accusing the girl of usurping her authority and other petty offenses. Had it not been for the troilistic playboy's encouragement, she never would have allowed the sultry strumpet back into her bedroom. But as soon as the rogue picked open her hidden lockbox of illicit urges, he unwittingly ignited a firestorm of lesbian lust that smoldered in her pussy for months. Lorelei had no clue where their erotic adventure might lead except its outcome would leave her blissful and breathless.

Whatever resentment she harbored against her harem-craving hedonist of a boyfriend had fallen to the wayside. If anything, Lorelei should have thanked him for reuniting her with Lola. After all, how could she blame him for wanting the same girl that sent her own heart aflutter? Her mouth watered at the thought of devouring that spicy pussy, nibbling upon those moist pouting labia nestled in a coal black mound of sable-sleek curls. Her clit tingled at the sensation of the vixen's big titties squashed against her own mammoth rack. Perhaps, she was a cup size or two smaller than Lorelei but the bountiful cleavage crammed within her bodice still turned every head in the tavern. And the ice queen herself had eyed them covetously ever since the day the top-heavy temptress strut inside the barroom

in search of a job. Lorelei liked her women just as well-endowed as her men and Lola proved an excellent handmaiden to the size queen.

Samson had begun to sweat and pant as he pumped his massive erection with both fists. Unlike most men, he rarely had the chance to enjoy a good old-fashioned jack-off session. Instead, an endless line of buxom wenches insisted he slam his giant rod in and out of their dripping twats all night. And with anywhere from two to five girls to satisfy any given evening, Samson had little time for wanking. So getting to pleasure himself proved a novelty and watching the two sexiest barmaids in Amstelland swap spit while grinding their crotches together provided an excellent visual aid. All the same, the time had come to rejoin them. The secret to a successful strumpet sandwich was to let their pussies marinate for about fifteen minutes before sticking the meat in the oven. Samson had borrowed one of Lorelei's hourglasses to keep time and the last grains of sand had just trickled to the bottom.

Suddenly, the women felt the mattress dip. "Who wants to get fucked first?" was all he said. Briefly meeting his lustful gaze, Lorelei whispered something to her girlfriend and the pair both spread their legs in blatant invitation, revealing two hard clits and two wet slits. The lewd gesture stoked an already intense fire that Lola had ignited in his loins with her impassioned plea for sex. Anything! His pulse pounded with exhilarating feelings of masculine privilege and power. He had fucked two beautiful women, asked for and taken their willing bodies. They acceded to his request for a ménage à trois and violated bisexual taboos in the process, all for his megamuscular body and supersized schlong. From this point, Samson knew he could ask for any pleasure and expect to get it from these wenches.

Narcissism proved an intoxicating aphrodisiac for the sexual Olympian. The adoration and worship of his body by the fair sex did not just tickle his vanity but fortified his libido. Psychologists have spoken of a "Casanova complex" by which men compulsively seduce

women because of childhood trauma or hidden insecurities but none of those factors applied to Samson. The mighty warrior knew no fear. He lived by his sword and by his cock. However, besides enjoying intercourse purely on physical terms, the ladykiller could not deny the power to fuck any girl he desired deeply aroused him.

Generally, he managed to suppress this dangerous impulse. His erotic tutors in Callisto and Beaufort always instructed the budding cocksman to use his extraordinary gifts only for the benefit of womankind. After all, the fair sex would reward him for his feats of erotic heroism in ways other men could only dream of. They also warned him against using his extraordinary lovemaking abilities for selfish motives such as financial gain or political power. And, most of all, they instructed him to avoid the corrupting influence of pride. He was to be a superstud but never an egotist. Years of tantric sex practices had helped Samson divorce his sexuality from his ego but the temptation never completely left him. For instance, the startling intensity of Lola's desire for his huge cock could not help but instill a sense of masculine supremacy. And, not surprisingly, encounters with multiple partners almost overwhelmed him with feelings of sexual omnipotence.

Long ago, Mary had him take a special vow of promiscuity before her sisterhood. The perverse abbess even had him lay his erection along the gutter of a Bible (opened to the tale of Samson and Delilah) in order to take the solemn oath. She explained God had not just endowed him with a thirteen-and-a-half-inch cock but with a responsibility to use it for the sexual fulfillment of the female species. In that regard, he pledged to sleep with as many women as his physical abilities would permit. Since the sexual Olympian possessed boundless energy, an insatiable libido, and an endless supply of willing wenches ready to lay and spread at his command, Samson's chief limitation was temporal. The superstud could only bang a very select number of women every night. As a result, Mary encouraged him to engage in relations with multiple partners whenever possible. The amount of time required to bed six women

individually far exceeded that of taking them upstairs together for a reverse gangbang. In that sense, his saturnalian activities were not selfish but selfless. However, countless nights of threesomes and Samson-centered orgies with drop-dead gorgeous bisexual nymphomaniacs obviously had an effect on his self-image.

To further complicate matters, the ladies not only tolerated his rakish ways but they actually wanted him to act like the orgiastic Casanova he surely was. To the fair sex, Samson represented the lure of the forbidden and his legendary promiscuity only increased their desire to be his next conquest. Additionally, much as his female companions enjoyed being a part of his sexual exploits, society demanded at least the pretense of virtue if not its practice. Those who openly transgressed the hypocritical codes of puritanical propriety risked condemnation as loose and licentious. Though consorting with Samson did not absolve his lovers of responsibility, the fact that the notorious ladykiller had somehow managed to violate their morals mitigated the offense. For most people familiar with his name and reputation, he enjoyed the status not of an everyday womanizer as much as an unstoppable force of nature that no girl could withstand. In that regard, both the highest queens and lowest wenches expected him to play the role of a sexually aggressive alpha stud who led them into temptation, kicking open the gates to an orgasmic wonderland of huge cocks, bisexual experimentation, and saturnalian adventure that all women secretly desired but could never express in polite company.

And, night after night, Samson not only played this role to the hilt but he loved it, lived it, and largely had metamorphosed into the archetype that inhabited the darker recesses of the female sexual unconscious. In a moment of reflection, Farallon once asked the rogue what mysterious force had driven him along this endlessly winding path of orgiastic conquest. "It gives me a boner," Samson shrugged in reply. And there was his answer. Watching two buxom bi-babes on the bed swapping spit aroused him no doubt but such enjoyments were commonplace in his love life. What truly gave the



ladykiller the hardest erection in recent memory had far murkier origins.

Samson observed the way both girls casually and simultaneously spread their legs for his cock. He could fuck Lorelei. He could fuck Lola. Or he could fuck them both and he would as sure as they were born. Neither wench asked Samson to fuck her. They had left the choice up to him. The tacit acknowledgment of desire and submission by that gorgeous pair of trophy wenches, either of whom would have constituted a wet dream for most men and embodied an impossible fantasy when bedded á trois, made his fuck club throb and quiver with an almost frightening intensity. They had told Samson the two things he most liked to hear. First of all, the harem stud had the right to fuck any girl he wanted. Secondly, the exceptional size of his muscles and his cock placed him above the laws of monogamy. And that thrilling sensation of erotic supremacy made his erection tingle with delight. Anything!

The superstud grasped both sets of ankles in either hand and dragged the ladies across the sheets to the edge of the bed. The erotic dynamic in the boudoir had begun to shift. No matter how much his women enjoyed each other, Samson's participation immediately transformed the most passionate lesbian lovemaking into a phallocentric encounter. Accordingly, their raucous girlfun ground to a halt, replaced by a murmur of anticipation as they awaited his decision.

The polygamous playboy knelt between their welcoming thighs and contemplated the evening thus far. Lola and Lorelei were no longer competitors. After a healthy round of girl-girl bonding, they had become a team and elected Samson as their captain. In effect, the girls relinquished their bodies to his sensual expertise and now he would reward their trust with carnal delights no other man could provide. The wenchmaster grasped his fuck club in one hand and slapped it into the palm of the other with a meaty thwack. Both girls shuddered at the sound. Samson did it again and they began to pant

quietly.

He could feel the warmth of their succulent snatches, just inches away from his cock and even fewer from each other. For one final moment, Samson took in the obscene yet beautiful display of wet and wanton womanhood, their pussies conveniently stacked atop one another for a deep double-decker dicking. A smug grin played upon his lips as the ladykiller once again found himself mounting the very pinnacle of masculine prestige and achievement.

On a whim, he thrust himself deep inside Lorelei. She felt the breath explode from her lungs as his gigantic tool tore through her tender cuntflesh, violently shoving apart her vaginal walls until the fist-sized glans slammed into the back of her womb. At first, his fuck club seemed to hit new places inside of her cunt each time he shoved it inside of her. Then, after a few more cockstrokes, she felt him everywhere. That he commandeered her clitoris and G-spot came as no surprise but that was not all. By stretching out her sheath to its limit, Samson's pole smoothed out all of Lorelei's internal nooks and crannies, laying bare hidden erogenous zones that even larger organs left undisturbed. And his shaft ran roughshod over all those erotic nerves, the bulging, jugular-sized veins scouring the interiors of her distended fuck canal and digging into her swollen, sensitive tissue like a giant French tickler. Massive jolts of pleasure ricocheted through her nervous system, scattered in all directions, and then regrouped in a tempestuous orgasm that swept over her body like a hurricane. Lorelei shrieked in delight as inch after inch of her pussy got reamed out by Samson's love muscle. She quickly lost count of her climaxes because they were coming so fast.

Samson noted her reaction and grunted with satisfaction. He pummeled Lorelei with bawdy glee, bellowing obscenities and asking if she enjoyed her first threesome. The wench could barely breathe, let alone spit curses at him in response. Moment by moment, Samson's crazed thrusting increased in intensity. Harder and faster, he ravaged her most intimate opening, his relentless, unstoppable

hips gaining speed and momentum with each animalistic thrust. Instead of tiring, his strength grew, his desire multiplied. He fucked her like a wild beast that knew nothing else, cared about nothing else, LIVED to plunder any available pussy it could ram itself into. Despite his richly earned distinction as a suave master of seduction, Samson had little interest in the niceties of courtship no matter how abbreviated. The rakehell felt truly in his element only when he could give full expression to the primal urges that seethed in his loins. Everything else was but an impediment to quenching his lust.

Lola felt no jealousy. Samson occupied Lorelei for the time being, occupied her completely, but the vixen knew he would come back to her again and again and again. Lola still could not grasp how he had managed to tame not one but two of the most imperious bar divas in Amstelland. And then there were all the minor details the wench began to notice now that she had become an intimate spectator to her bedmate's coupling.

As soon as Samson joined them on the bed, Lorelei's breathing shallowed and her body temperature rose so quickly that beads of sweat formed on her clear pale forehead. Her nipples went KER-SPLINK! KER-SPLINK! Hard enough to cut glass. Though Lola had been bust-to-bust with her girlfriend on numerous occasions, they never stiffened like that when the girls made love. Her ears thrilled to the duration of the elongated wet sucking noise made by Lorelei's twat as he entered her body. With most men, the sound was a quick squish, even when they advanced slowly. On the other hand, Samson's massive member produced not a squish but a loud drawn-out SQUELCH that lasted a seeming eternity as inch after inch of forearm-thick love muscle reamed out her cunt. And when he reached the point of maximum penetration, the wench felt her girlfriend's pelvic bones crack as she spread her legs to accommodate him.

Then came the onslaught. With each cockthrust, Samson violently slammed Lorelei's rack against Lola's rib cage, the blonde's rockhard

nipples stabbing her girlfriend's chest like twin daggers. When he previously double-dicked the ladies back-to-back, Senorita could not watch him fuck her girlfriend. Now Lola's field of vision was dominated by Lorelei's rapture-twisted visage. The barmaid's eyes had rolled up into their sockets in an expression of mindless euphoria. Her mouth hung open and tongue lolled out, flapping loosely like a panting dog each time he pounded her pudendum. The ice queen began to drool in a state of unimaginably intense arousal, oblivious to anything besides the drilling sensation between her legs.

Lola craned her neck around Lorelei to admire Samson. The lusty barbarian longcocked the buxom wench at breakneck speed, his mighty pecs bouncing and rippling from the impact of each womb-thumping fuckstroke. Despite his relentless conjugal tempo, Samson's breathing stayed deep and controlled. The alpha stud clearly had assumed total charge of their coupling.

Noticing her gaze, his lips parted in a wicked grin that spoke a thousand words. The ladykiller had turned their world upside down and he knew it. Even charming and generous suitors rarely made it upstairs. And anything below eight inches received little more than a handjob and a good night kiss. So the very idea a handsome stranger would come along one night and appoint himself the ringleader of a threeway sex circus appeared the height of absurdity. That they both would not only enjoy his chauvinistic debauchery but enter an orgasmic paradise beyond their wildest dreams verged on the impossible. Yet he did and that explained his smile.

*"¡Qué cojones grandes!"* murmured Lola, looking him straight in the eye in awe and amazement. Samson winked back at her. Indeed, he did have big ones, not just figuratively but literally. During puberty, his balls dropped all the way to the middle of his thigh. Women did not always notice this physical detail because they instinctively focused on his massive schlong, which hung even lower. Part of this anatomical anomaly was owed to Samson's supersized scrotum. Measuring nearly a square foot when stretched out at the corners,

he could drape it like a handkerchief over the upturned face of a kneeling strumpet and not a few of them loved to bury their lips in its voluminous, musky folds. Though all of this excess skin might have seemed superfluous, Samson needed every last square inch of scrotum when his balls inflated with spunk prior to ejaculation. His sack grew taut as a drum as his gonads expanded to the size of billiard balls. In other circumstances, however, his low-hanging testicles proved an occasional nuisance and required a custom-made codpiece to keep them from swinging about.

Nonetheless, like many other parts of Samson's astonishing anatomy, his pendulous scrotum enhanced his ability to pleasure multiple females during group sex. So whenever he happened to be fucking two women stacked on top of each other, his low-slung balls would smack against the pussy of the bottom girl as he thrust his tool inside her upstairs neighbor.

Lola added an additional challenge, however, because she frantically bucked and ground her crotch against Lorelei's pubic bone. In effect, her swollen gash became a moving target. Fortunately, with his finely-tuned cremaster muscle, Samson could adjust his testicular drop to any length between two and six inches from the base of his shaft. He possessed such remarkable genital control that he could uncoil and retract his testes like a yo-yo to the amusement and amazement of many a giggling serving wench in his bed. Using his special talent, Samson leaden orbs hit their mark with uncanny accuracy on every fuckstroke.

Though he could not see Lola, the superstud sensed her every movement. No matter which way she jerked her hips, his perfectly calibrated cremaster rose and fell so that his balls lewdly slapped against her pulsing vulva dead center. After thousands of two-girl seductions, Samson developed an erotic intuition beyond any logic or reason that allowed him to perform this seemingly impossible operation. Though Lola did not quite apprehend the complex mechanics of his testicular prowess, she certainly appreciated the

result. The vixen felt as though Samson was striking her muff with a leather sack that held a pair of paperweights. The sensation did not quite get her off but it definitely kept Lola's cunt moist and ready for his return.

In that regard, Samson prepared himself for another switchover. By Lorelei's twentieth epic climax, the buxom but otherwise lanky blonde appeared to be on the verge of another blackout. Her shrieks had calmed to blissful sobs as one orgasm rolled into the next.

That did not mean he had satisfied her of course. The paradox of Samson's legendary cocksmanhood was that he could never fully satisfy a woman. No matter how many hours he slammed his club inside their pussies, the ladies always wanted MORE. They craved those heartpounding deep cervical orgasms like a narcotic and no amount of soreness or exhaustion would blunt their desire. All the same, even if Lola was the new kid on the bed, her turn had arrived. She needed him. She wanted him. She would get him. Senorita had become so hot and bothered that the vixen's love nectar audibly gushed out of her sodden snatch each time his pair of giant wrecking balls smashed into her quivering labia.

Though Samson often came spontaneously during a particularly erotic moment in a triad, his next orgasm would be a controlled detonation. His mastery of tantric lovemaking not only enabled him to prevent an undesired ejaculation but allowed him to trigger one at will. The sexual Olympian began to count back from twenty. His thrusting slowed. His breathing deepened. At ten, his rutting ground to a halt as he fully sheathed himself inside Lorelei.

From long experience, his lover recognized the significance of his inactivity and her vaginal muscles instinctively clamped down on his organ, undulating up and down its length to quicken his release. At five, he deftly pushed one of his egg-sized testicles into Lola's brimming slot. She felt the insertion but did not register its significance. The ladykiller had a surprise for Senorita.

The expert troilist expected both women to come just as hard as he did. That Lorelei would climax with him hardly merited a second thought. The slutty size queen enjoyed nothing more than having his thirteen and a half inch sex cannon blast its huge load into the depths of her twat. At the same time, Lola would get balled in a more literal way. Within moments, the object inside her body would grow so large that the temptress would not be able to push it out even if she wanted to. And that would be the last thing she would want. At three, Samson slackened his mighty cremaster. That obscure muscle was the only thing that held back the deluge that brewed in his balls. At two, his gonads began to inflate rapidly. At one, Lola's breath quickened as the massive orb stretched her walls to the brink of rupture. It filled her completely in a different but no less pleasing way than his cock. At zero, it began to vibrate.

"*Put a madre!*" gasped the buxom *bonita*. She had never felt anything like it before. As for Samson, the delicious sensation of having his giant nut encased inside the vixen's throbbing twat intensified his already powerful climax. The only drawback was that the position immobilized him. During orgasm, Samson needed to keep his tool in motion in order to sustain the length and strength of his crescendo. Unfortunately, tethering his ball sack to Lola's crotch prevented him from slamming his rod in and out of Lorelei's love box.

Nonetheless, Samson's mammoth musculature once again saved the day. The barbarian stud seized Lorelei by the hips and raised her pelvis off the bed. They had performed the wheelbarrow position plenty of times so, even in her bliss-clouded state, Lorelei vaguely understood his intention. She dug her heels into his back and only her forearms still touched the bed.

Since Samson could no longer thrust his hips back and forth, he had to rely completely upon the incredible strength of his upper body to continue their rut. Grasping her thighs like handles, his powerful

arms forcefully jerked her entire body forward and then, with only his inflated cocktip still wedged between her pouting labia, yanked her all the way back. In this way, the musclebound megastud propelled the writhing strumpet back and forth, savagely impaling her on his iron-hard love spike. While most young men who drank at the tavern that night were currently wanking themselves to sleep with their hands, sheets, or pillows, Samson used a shrieking, shaking, orgasmic blonde fuckdoll with a 34FF rack like a living wheelbarrow. Life was good.

And it only got better. As the muscular giant continued to jerk himself off with Lorelei, the girl went positively apoplectic. Samson's signature display of physical strength and masculine aggression stoked her passions to a fever pitch. And when the first bolt of spunk struck the back of her womb, something different and incredible happened. Lorelei did not just have another orgasm. Suffice to say, she experienced plenty of them that night or any other night when the master lover blessed her bed.

They usually came in three varieties when they fucked:

1. The impressive girth of his tool and its thick cordage of veins ensured frequent clitoral orgasms. Lorelei could achieve C-spot orgasms with other men on occasion and whenever she played with herself.
2. The massive size of his tool exerted enough pressure against her frontal vaginal wall to produce powerful and extended G-spot orgasms. Her fingers could barely reach the erogenous zone let alone bring herself to fruition. A handful of skillful lovers had found the elusive hot spot by a fluke but never got her off. The only satisfying G-spot climax Lorelei really experienced without Samson involved the fourth or fifth time that Lola fisted her cunt.
3. Most importantly, Lorelei enjoyed deep cervical orgasms when Samson's tool fathomed her innermost depths. She had never



experienced this carnal delight before losing her uterine cherry to the stallion-pricked superstud nor had any girlfriend ever mentioned its existence when they spoke of earthy matters. Of course, after the rakehell cheated on Lorelei with several of her fellow barmaids, the astounding sensation became the talk of the tavern. The budding sexologists even coined a term for the newly discovered pleasure zone: the X-spot. For "X" marked the spot of buried treasure and Samson had clearly found it!

Not only did all of her girlfriends quietly confirm that deep cervical orgasms outclassed other climaxes by a wide margin but they could last almost indefinitely. As long as Samson kept pounding her pussy with his mighty manhammer, she would keep coming like like crazy. And with a few C-spot and G-spot orgasms thrown in for good measure, Lorelei entered a sensual nirvana that her girlfriends could only dream of.

With his unmatched expertise in the boudoir, Samson exercised very precise control over female sexual response and often had to restrain himself from taking lovers ever higher into the erotic stratosphere. The intense level of pleasure caused an climactic vertigo that frightened some women. And if he triggered all three types of orgasm at once, most of them would black out from sensory overload.

At that heated moment, however, Samson had done even more than hit the ice queen's orgasmic trifecta. As the strumpet's big boobs wildly swung to and fro overhead, Lola caught one of Lorelei's rockhard nipples between her lips and clamped down on it with her teeth. In the next instant, the Spanish fox plunged her index finger into her girlfriend's puckered rosebud of an anus.

Undoubtedly, Lorelei's nipples and asshole were not uncharted territories for Samson. At an early age, the wenchmaster discovered a lady's nipple could be stimulated just like her clit. Using his prehensile tongue, he wound the appendage around the stiff

protuberance and jerked it off until she came. In this way, he brought many women to climax before he even touched their pussies. With Lorelei, however, Samson often feasted on the blonde's mammoth rack while banging her box in order to enhance her vaginal orgasms. He also was no stranger to sticking a finger up her bum during intercourse.

However, not even the ambidextrous virtuoso could pleasure all these far flung locations of the female anatomy at the very same time. But, once again, group sex kicked open the gates to an entirely new world of sensual possibilities. With the assistance of a naughty bisexual temptress such as Lola, Samson triggered a simultaneous anal, clitoral, nipple, G-spot, and deep cervical orgasm. Samson only bestowed this grand slam of climactic climaxes upon favorites in the upper echelons of the Order. They only discussed the experience in private and referred to it in hushed, reverent tones by a single word: the megagasm!

The megagasm usually occurred in sexual encounters that involved intense physical force and genital manipulation. Samson's gigantic muscles and huge cock ensured both of those elements came into play but he employed them with restraint. Other than the select few, the megagasm was simply too powerful a phenomenon for most women to handle. At best, they would faint within seconds or, more often, the dizzying level of ecstasy overwhelmed and terrified them.

Samson had not intended to give Lorelei a megagasm. He feared the ice queen still bore too much psychic armor to undergo the experience. Until a member of the Order fully discovered and developed her bisexual and polyamorous nature, the feminine ego might prevent her from letting go at such a deep, primal level.

The megagasm was not just a sexual event but an emotional one. It possessed spiritual and mystical qualities that took a woman on a journey into the darker realms of her psyche. Generally, Samson only initiated a lover in the presence of another member who previously

had a megagasm. Besides helping to stimulate all five of her far-flung erogenous zones, the acolyte could help guide the subject through the experience. Lola would not be able to fill such a role but, ready or not, Lorelei had passed the point of no return. The threesome that she both dreaded and desired for so many years must have triggered the incredible release.

The first sign the girl was not simply enjoying a typical Samson-strength climax was when her teeth began to chatter. Lorelei's entire body shivered as though the room had dropped to arctic temperatures. Then her clit ballooned to the size of a ripened champagne grape. The blood-charged organ began to vibrate, its tight pink skin shiny, swollen, and stretched to the brink of rupture. The quivering orb engorged to such a remarkable degree that Samson feared it might burst open at any moment. An instant later, her cuntlips yawned wide open and a thick forceful jet of steaming love nectar geysered against his chiseled abs with an audible thrum.

Lorelei had never ejaculated before but the combination of Samson's column pushing against the anterior wall of her cunt combined with Lola's finger up her ass put her Gräfenberg Spot between a veritable cock and a hard place. Together, they exerted enough pressure against the thin membrane that separated her anal and vaginal cavities to squeeze out a literal deluge of fuck juice from her sex gland. Even more shockingly, the bedsoaking blonde spontaneously began to lactate. Though she never bore children, Lorelei squirted a big mouthful of sweet, warm milk right into Lola's mouth. And besides the customary hyperventilation, otherworldly babblings of bliss passed from her lips as if she were undergoing an exorcism.

The Ice Queen had no memory of what happened over the next few minutes...at least on the corporeal plane. She had entered a visionary state that bore little connection to the extreme physiological response that accompanied her megagasm. From Lorelei's vantage point, everything had become quiet and gentle. A sublime sensation of weightlessness pervaded her consciousness.

She floated toward the ceiling and gazed downward at the three of them on the bed. She saw Samson violently yank her quivering form back and forth across the soaking sheets like a limp rag doll. She saw his giant pecs clench and ripple from the impact of each brutal, womb-pounding cockthrust. She saw Lola writhing beneath her sweaty torso in lewd rapture. And she saw Samson's ecstatic visage. He appeared to be yelling a battle-cry of lust but she did not hear a word.

When she looked away, they were no longer in her room. Instead, she found herself in Lucrecia's bedroom down the hall where Samson boned her fellow barmaid with characteristic bravado. She blinked and found him with Martinka who had quit her job at the tavern the year before. In quick succession, she teleported from bed to bed and watched him fuck every pretty thing who ever served a mug of ale at the Will o' the Wisp.

Then she saw him fucking other women all around Amstelland. Most of the girls likely proved easy prey for the wenchmaster: buxom barmaids from rival taverns, high-class harlots giving it up for free, and top headliners at striptease parlors. More surprisingly, the brutish rake enjoyed the company of several widows in the upper nobility, snooty priggish cunts who turned up their noses at Lorelei when they passed her on the street. Unclothed and invaginated by Samson, these virtuous ladies comported themselves with not a whit more modesty than the lowest guttermouthed whore that ever sold her wares along the docks.

A rapid series of erotic tableaux flashed before her eyes. Samson fucked them all. Blondes. Redheads. Brunettes. Some girls less attractive than her. Some girls far more attractive. He made love to them in pairs, trios, quartets, and groups too large to count before she found herself in the midst of even more populous orgies. In her delirium, she watched him at play with tantric priestesses, barbarian queens, elegant geishas, harem dancers, and other exotic temptresses she only read about in fairy tales.

She saw him at eighteen, pleasuring a trio of busty maidservants with an already formidable ten-inch cock. The women lay faceup side-by-side upon the edge of a long mahogany table in the elegantly appointed dining hall of his childhood château, lace aprons thrown aside and bodices torn asunder to reveal their heaving bare bosoms. The precocious playboy slammed his rod into the center female while fingerbanging the women that flanked her writhing torso. The spectacle was almost surreal. The boy wench probably had reached puberty just a few months earlier yet he already commanded the concubines like a consummate Casanova. And as all three of the girls approached their inevitable climaxes, Lorelei felt a strange yet delightful sensation. When they came, she came. Lorelei experienced their wanton bliss and basked in their afterglow.

Gradually, Lorelei's perspective began to shift from spectator to participant. She found herself on her back spreadeagle, her labia stretched taut around the tip of Samson's legendary fuck spear, the chiseled muscles of his broad, diamondback torso poised and tensed for carnal combat. The wenchmaster had not yet crammed his entire knob inside her pussy let alone the impossible length of wrist-thick shaft that throbbed and pulsed like a python in search of its prey.

The agonizingly ecstatic moment of full and deep penetration drew nigh. She braced herself for the onslaught. But Samson was not about to fuck Lorelei. The classically buxom blonde had entered the body of a strange woman with a slighter frame and tighter pussy. Lorelei glanced to her right and left and beheld a slender and scantily clad female on either side.

She could not place the locale of their liaison but her companions' slanted eyes hinted at a palatial boudoir in the Far East. The mirrored ceiling above the bed revealed her to be of the same race as the other women though possibly of higher station given their subservient bearing. An ornate hairpin bound her black silken tresses in a high chignon. Without a word, the handmaidens gently

massaged her neck and shoulders, their oiled palms the scent of rose and jasmine, the smell and sensation soothing her body in preparation for the savage pounding that would soon occur between her thighs.

A wicked smile upon his lips, Samson uttered a command to her attendants in a foreign tongue. Lorelei did not understand a word but she could tell he spoke the unknown language fluently. No sooner had their lover spoken than the girls snapped to attention and began to touch her body with somewhat more erotic intent. They peppered her skin with light kisses and hands began to wander into the more intimate regions of her body. Impatient with the pace of their liaison, Samson grabbed both girls by the chignon and guided their faces towards her chest. With that, the handmaidens began to devour her breasts with startling voracity. Though Lorelei inhabited a female with a modest bust, the play of tongues across her spiked nipples and goose-pimpled aureoles felt divine.

And when he thrust forward, it hurt so damn good. The impalement felt more brutal than anything she ever experienced before. Truth be told, Lorelei possessed a rather large cunt. Samson encountered two kinds of women: girls who wanted big cocks and girls who needed big cocks. Lorelei belonged to the second group. Given her voluminous and elastic twat, only a small percentage of well-endowed males had any hope of satisfying her. Though the wench did not require an organ in Samson's league, Nature had built her box for huge men.

At this moment, however, she inhabited the body of a diminutive geisha who barely stood at eye-level with the top row of the alpha stud's abdominals. Accordingly, her love canal had trouble accommodating even a normally endowed male. In his experience, Samson always regarded a tiny princess a far greater challenge to satisfy than even the most demanding size queen. However, no matter how much they begged for him to be gentle, the only way was the hard way. He took her slowly but emphatically, carefully

balancing the female's pleasure and pain. In the end, pleasure always triumphed.

Thrust after violent thrust shoved more and more love muscle into her ultra-taut sex sheath. The millimeters and centimeters added up until she reached ten inches and ten orgasms. Each new, miniscule bit of her pussy that Samson claimed would unearth an orgasm waiting to happen. And when it did, a string of toe-curling pleasure-jolts reverberated along the pathway of vaginal conquest already forged by his formidable phallus that fathomed ever farther into virgin territory.

At the same time, her handmaidens assiduously and skillfully sucked her steel-tipped nipples, intensifying those deep cervical orgasms that held all of womankind in his thrall. Lorelei gasped for breath, for words, for one spare thought. None of these things would happen. She only managed a feeble caterwauling cry before the room turned black.

When she awoke, Lorelei cringed back against the rough-timbered wall of a ship's claustrophobic cabin. The grinning, bronze-skinned barbarian advanced upon her in quick, sure strides, his immense, thick-muscled bulk blocking any possible escape routes. Crouching like a stalking predator, Samson almost salivated as his eyes took in each of the lady's supple charms, cataloging them for future plundering.

Lorelei took account of them as well. In her present form, she had a scarlet mane of shoulder-length tresses, plastered to a sweat-soaked blouse of the finest silk, the golden buckles that ran along her spine still done up to the nape of her neck. She had never owned one of these fancy garments that buttoned from the back and it felt smooth and ladylike against her skin.

Her jet black velveteen pantaloons complimented her top nicely though her heels practically forced her to stand on her toes, the stilt-

like shoes causing her to bob and weave as the boat rocked to and fro in the rough waters. Besides the new clothes, Lorelei also liked the fact that her new body sported a spectacular bust, just a cup size short of the massive rack the wench boasted in regular circumstances. A quick glance over her shoulder at the mirror set atop the bureau confirmed she had become a lady of aristocratic station. She wondered if Samson might treat her differently than a common strumpet.

In fact, he did. Samson behaved even more crudely than normal. The barbarian lunged forward, quickly covering the remaining distance between them. His palms and fingers dug into the aged wood on either side of her, giving her little room for movement of any kind. His massive torso pressed against her, pinning her to the wall. His chest heaved with lust, eyes glistening with ardor. His hot breath washed down over her like volcanic mist as he spoke.

"Samson wants you," he growled, grabbing her by the hair and tugging her head to one side so his lips could reach her mouth in a ferocious but irresistibly sensual kiss. Pressing his body tightly against hers, he invaded her mouth with his probing, lizard-length tongue. With their lips locked, Samson took a deep breath, inhaling her essence, his pulmonary capacity so great that he actually sucked the air out of her lungs. Lorelei head spun from the intoxicating combination of lust and asphyxiation.

"Get off her, you wretched mongrel! That wench is MINE!" came a booming voice from the far off doorway.

The barbarian whirled upon the heel of his boot, growling his displeasure at having his dalliance interrupted. "You know our agreement," barked Samson. "You get the gold and I get the girls. Begone, little man, before I slice off that inchworm cock of yours and shove it up your arse!" He turned back to the cowering female, his every pore still oozing testosterone and desire.



Meanwhile, her other suitor did not go gently into the night. He crept up from behind with his dagger drawn. Lorelei noted his attire almost matched Samson's: ankle-high boots, a frilly lace blouse open to the waist, and calfskin breeches. Additionally, the stranger wore a tricorn hat embroidered with a skull and crossbones. Lorelei quickly realized her ship had been captured by pirates. In their private conversations, Samson only alluded to his exploits at sea in vague terms though she suspected he might have engaged in some form of naval skullduggery.

The suitor drew closer and Lorelei knew it would not turn out well for him. "Unhand her, I said! Remove your fuck..." His sentence ended abruptly in mid-expletive. In the space of three short seconds, Samson quietly reached down into his boot, removed a dagger of his own, and snapped his knife-wielding arm back so quickly that Lorelei only saw a blur of movement. And, not for a moment, did his leer turn away from the female's heaving bosom. Even without looking, his aim had been true. The blade just missed the pirate's jugular vein by a quarter-inch but the minor flesh wound that scratched his neck had been intentional. Samson wanted the man to leave, not to die. He left.

"If you have not figured it out already," Samson grinned. "Your ship has been seized by pirates in league with the Spanish armada. We split the gold with King Carlos but spare the lives of your crew. That is the bad news. The good news is that this is a financial venture and not an act of war. Further, I am in charge of protecting the female passengers from the vulgar inclinations of my comrades. The fellow who so rudely interrupted our conversation has joined our band very recently. The others know better than to cross me. You have nothing to fear."

"What will you do to me?" asked Lorelei in a whisper. The wench knew exactly what she wanted him to do but decided to play the shy girl. Lorelei wanted to observe the Master of Seduction at work. "Nothing that you will not consent to," he smiled as his eager hands

each roughly fondled a cloth-covered breast, squeezing and mauling the yielding pair as casually as one might size up a cantaloupe at a produce stand. "I may be a pirate but let us say that I am interested in booty of another kind."

His hand wandered between her thighs. The fabric had grown hot and damp at the crotch. Playing the role of the innocent noblewoman to the hilt, Lorelei feigned offense. "Why you arrogant son-of-a..." Again, words were cut off, this time by Samson's lips rather than his blade. His tongue again invaded her mouth, tickling her tonsils. Lorelei glanced down at his breeches. Though Samson usually wore a codpiece, this particular pair of calfskin breeches had been custom-tailored for his anatomy. A long tube-like pouch ran along the inseam of his left thigh most of the way to his knee. A zipper also ran along the length of the mysterious bulge, strategically placed to easily withdraw whatever lay within.

Noticing her gaze, Samson whispered with a naughty grin "Let me ask you something. Have you ever been with a man who had a thirteen and a half inch cock?" She shook her head. "Have you ever fantasized about such a fellow?" She nodded in assent reluctantly and reached for his zipper. Samson stayed her hand. "Tut! Tut! You need not do that for I am a gentleman. Yes, a gentleman who is an outlaw with a huge prick but yet...a gentleman."

He drew back and looked her straight in the eye. "Before you proceed, I must warn you of several things. First of all, no other man will be able to satisfy you again as I will tonight. No matter who you choose as your husband, your thoughts during lovemaking will always return to this evening. Secondly, I am, shall we say, promiscuous. According to the ship's registry, there are two duchesses, three maidservants, and a princess aboard this voyage. I don't know which one you are and I do not care. I only know that if they all prove as gorgeous and willing as you, I will seduce each and every one of them before the stroke of midnight. At that point, I will invite the more adventurous ladies to join me in the captain's

quarters for an orgy. At dawn, I shall disembark with my crew and you probably will never see me again except in your most cherished wet dreams."

Lorelei gave him the nastiest glare she could muster. His audacity was staggering. His attraction undeniable. "If you do not want me, tell me now. There are many women aboard this ship who will accept my terms," he murmured, putting her hand back upon the footlong zipper that ran down his thigh. "Do not doubt me. I will take them all. Once a girl has sampled my sausage, she will not mind sharing it with others. Would you like a taste?"

Not waiting for an answer, Samson leaned back and leered at the girl brazenly, eyes ablaze, nostrils flaring. Holding her by the neck against the wall, his other huge hand clutched her low-cut décolleté and ripped her blouse clean off her torso. His strong fingers tore through the fabric like wet tissue, the gold buckles scattering across the wooden floor of the rocking ship, leaving her bare, bouncing breasts as but playthings for him to fondle and feast upon as he pleased. Lorelei swooned.

Fortunately, the pirate scenario was still in progress when she came to. Lorelei did not want it to end before he fucked the princess within an inch of her life. Samson lifted her off the floor, his slurping tongue buried in her cleavage as he carried her in his megamuscular arms. He took but a few steps and then flung her body in the general direction of the bed. She sailed through briny air and landed on a grimy mattress, flailing and trying to recover her senses.

Snorting his lust, Samson was back on her in a flash. The barbarian playboy tore at her pantaloons with manic fingers, grabbed them by the waist and heaved upward, flipping Lorelei upside-down in the process, her legs kicking at empty air. The fabric tore and split as he ripped the garment to shreds in his haste to remove it from his squealing but most willing captive.

Having disposed of her pantaloons, a much more formidable obstacle presented itself. Her father had insured his daughter's virtue by locking away her intimate parts within a chastity belt and the key lay in a drawer a thousand miles away. Samson cursed at his discovery for a few moments. Then he began to study the contraption in greater detail. The belt consisted of thick chains wrapped in velvet with a steel mesh at the crotch so she could relieve herself. A heavy iron padlock dangled from the platinum buckle below her navel.

"Hold still," Samson told her quietly. Grasping the buckle in one hand and the padlock in the other, the barbarian yanked them apart with all of his might. His muscles strained and throbbed as he struggled with the belt. Lorelei watched his biceps bulge into boulders of pulsating sinew. Deeply buried veins popped to the surface of his sun-bronzed flesh, pulsing with exertion. To her dismay, the device remained fully intact.

After nearly a minute, Samson needed a break. He panted quietly from the effort. Even at rest, Lorelei noted the incredible size and definition of his massive arms. Surely, he would prevail. Samson shut his eyes and took a few deep breaths. The mighty manbeast would need to call upon deeper reserves of strength than he planned. With a fierce growl, the strongman pulled against her restraints once more. The chains began to creak. Lorelei almost could hear the sound of his muscles stretching and tightening as her lover redoubled his efforts. His entire body tensed as the thick metal bonds began to give way. The barbarian inhaled again and flexed his arms as hard as he could.

"GGRRRAAWWWLL!!!!!!!!!"

With a loud crack, the buckle twisted and snapped in his iron grip. The useless padlock fell to his feet. Samson swiftly yanked off her chastity belt and tossed the mangled device over his shoulder. Her soft bottom and moist cunt were now his for the taking. However,

the barbarian did not advance.

"I believe every woman has the right to use her own body as she pleases," declared Samson. "That is not a decision to be left to her father or husband. Her vagina is her temple and only she may choose those who are worthy of entry. Now you may judge me." His hand reached for the zipper along his inner thigh. Her eyes grew wide at the sight of the long, thick muscle that had been given its freedom. Easily as long as a blacksmith's hammer and as thick as a Bavarian sausage, his erection caused her heart to race. Lorelei's head spun with excitement and she had to close her eyes to steady her nerves.

She felt the mattress dip under his weight. Other than his boots, Samson had completely disrobed. His every muscle appeared even more ripped and pumped since he liberated her from the chastity belt, the bands of sinew clearly delineated even in the dim candlelight. The barbarian immediately noticed her gaze. "When I flex them, they get stone hard," he boasted. The mesomorphic marvel hit a classic pose, extending his arms out to his sides and turning his hands to display the absolute perfection of his physique. The muscles jumped into distinct peaks and valleys of stunning definition. Lorelei actually sat up to take in the full scope of his display. "I doubt you've ever seen a man with a body like this," he crowed. Actually, she had seen him in the raw a thousand times before but Lorelei had lost herself in her new identity as the captive princess.

"Can I feel them?" she asked in an awed whisper.

"No one is stopping you," he said and rolled on to his back with a bored expression. She gently caressed his guns, forearms, lats, traps, and neck. Lorelei knew nothing drove her lover wilder than indulging his narcissism. As her tongue lightly licked his right delt, he flexed his biceps again. With all of his posing and pumping, they bulged big as boulders. She bent to taste his abs and get a closer

look at his erotic weaponry.

As always, all thirteen and a half inches of cock pointed straight toward the ceiling, fully erect, hard as granite, and casting a long shadow over the countless rows of creases and ridges that corrugated his abdomen into a perfect eight pack. Her fingers traced his external obliques and intercostals while her lower hand hefted his giant pair of gonads. They had the size and shape of oversized eggs in their black pubic nest. Samson lazily began to roll his pecs back and forth. Lorelei loved when he did that. Those insignificant and casual displays of muscular power turned her on as much as his legendary feats of strength in the barroom and battlefield. When her hand finally ventured toward his prick, he was on top of her in a heartbeat.

Samson seized her by the ankles and yanked her legs apart. He then bent them backwards, over her head, his eager loins bearing down upon her tremulous thighs in preparation for imminent entry. Even if she wanted to resist, the heavyweight heartthrob had her pinned beneath his hulking frame. Though the question of his worthiness to "enter her temple" had not been asked, its answer was implicit. He knew no woman could refuse him.

When his face came close to hers, the playboy pirate told her calmly "I am going to fuck you until your tender twat splits like seasoned timber beneath the woodsman's axe." He slammed himself forward mercilessly and instantly shoved several inches of cock inside of her. Lorelei felt his huge member tearing into her, the bloated head and shaft stretching her sheath like it had never been stretched, roaring deeper and deeper into her depths. Fortunately, the princess must have given up her maidenhead to someone else as Samson did not encounter any barricade during penetration. Perhaps, the chastity belt had been the result of an earlier transgression.

Arrogant laughter erupted from his heaving lungs as he drove his long, thick tool into her molten core. His powerful thrusting actually

lifted Lorelei's hips off the bed with each withdrawal and slammed them back against the mattress as he drove himself inward once more. His cock hit places so deep that she felt as though the bloated helmet were pounding her cervix into her diaphragm. Time after time, stroke after stroke, her chest cavity rattled from the thunderous impact of his mighty manhammer.

The tiny cot started rising off the floor in tempo with Samson's ramming hips. It slammed against the wall repeatedly to the ever-quickenening rhythm of his barbaric love beat. Splinters rained down upon his broad sweaty back from splitting beams hammered by the cot's iron frame. The floor creaked and split apart in several places. The walls cracked and the cold, briny sea dribbled and sprayed through the breach, cooling off their overheated bodies. Objects began to fall from tilting wooden shelves, paintings nailed to the walls dropped to the floor with a shattering of their bamboo frames. Compasses, spyglasses and wine bottles rolled and clattered about the floor as Samson increased the speed and force of his phallic onslaught.

In reality, the boat had drifted into a gale amidst the pandemonium above deck. However, to Lorelei, the entire world seemed to mirror the chaos of Samson's wanton desires. Everything became movement now, the entire ship rocking and jerking about on the roiling sea. Samson's heaving loins seemed to be not just the reflection but the very cause for all of the anarchy aboard the captured ship.

Wooden walls creaked and moaned, unfastened objects rolled and flew about the room, the more fragile ones shattering and raining their pulverized remains down upon their writhing bodies. Lorelei's eyes rolled up in her head. With her legs pinned above her head under Samson's bulk, all she could do was endure his savage pounding. All she could feel was his massive schlong drilling into her womb. All she could think was how she never wanted this moment to end. Despite the sordid circumstances, it simply felt too damn

good. In the heat of that moment, Lorelei broke character. The pristine princess reverted back to the slutty size queen whose butt bore the mark of Samson with unblemished pride: "Pound my pussy, you big-cocked bastard! Fuck me like the whore that I am!"

Her sudden outburst of plebian enthusiasm spurred Samson on to greater heights of sexual fervor, more blatantly crazed and maniacal fucking. "As you like," Samson growled, teeth clenched and jaw locked tight, "Feel the thunder, wench!" His hips proved self-energizing, feeding off their own power... slamming, slamming, slamming, harder and faster, making the whole world quake and tremble. Lorelei began to quiver from head to toe. She felt a chill along the entire length of her spine. Her muscles all seemed to lose control at once. And then a wave of pleasure as rough as the seas that rocked the captured boat commandeered her senses. Just as she felt herself plunge headlong into the depths of orgasm, the room went black once more.

Other scenarios followed and Lorelei inhabited the bodies of hundreds of women who spread their legs for the legendary lover. Time slowed to a crawl in the realm of the megagasm. She experienced countless orgasms in an infinite variety of exotic locales and scenarios. Through this endless string of erotic vignettes, the wench followed Samson's amazing sexual odyssey. Everything she heard was true and everything he did was permitted.

In reliving all of these other lives, Lorelei briefly apprehended the method behind his madness. For Samson was not meant to love women. He was meant to love womankind. As the ultimate incarnation of masculine power and sexuality, his mission was to pleasure as many females as his physical capacities permitted. And with his superhuman level of virility and unmatched prowess, all his lovers left his embrace satisfied as no man had satisfied them before. He brought out the best in all of them and they parted feeling delicious, tender, and sexy.



After bidding him adieu, most women felt a terrific confidence about themselves and harmony with the world after having been found worthy of being ravaged by the greatest lover who ever walked the face of the earth. But there was one drawback. While there were millions of buxom wenches, Nature had blessed them with only one male capable of taking them to the outer reaches of physical ecstasy. As a single man in every sense, no woman could possess him for Samson belonged to all of them.

In the aftermath of her megagasm, Lorelei only remembered bits and fragments. Nonetheless, the final vignette burned itself indelibly into her memory. She found herself in Lola's bedroom, the torrid temptress lay before her on the mattress spreadeagle with a look of awe and adoration burning in her eyes. When Lorelei looked down, she almost fainted from the shock.

Between her legs throbbed a very large and very familiar thirteen and a half inch cock. In place of breasts, she now had two massive pectoral domes of smooth hard muscle. They rose and swelled as Lorelei took a deep breath, trying to adjust to her masculine form. Her entire body hummed with an intoxicating sensation of strength and invincibility. She felt incredibly powerful and that power gave her pleasure.

"Do me, Samson," Lola moaned in a husky whisper. "Fuck me now."

The utterance of his name confirmed the obvious. On a whim, she grabbed Lola by the ankles and yanked her to the edge of the bed. The ease of the act shocked Lorelei. She had dragged her girlfriend across nearly six feet of sheets and pillows without the slightest effort. Lola weighed at least 120 pounds but the vixen felt light as a feather in her grip. Testing her strength, Lorelei grasped her girlfriend by the hips and lifted her completely off the mattress. Again, she did not feel any strain. For a fascinating moment, she simply held Lola's squirming body in the air like a mother with her newborn. Indeed, with her newfound might, a full-grown woman

had about the equivalent weight and strength of an infant. Of course, in every other sense, Lola's desires and temperament were most adult. "Make me come, Samson," she begged. "I want you!"

Those feelings of power and pleasure intensified and they centered on a spot between her legs, spreading in forceful waves to her very fingertips. Lorelei felt as though her clit had grown a hundred times larger and throbbed a hundred times harder. There could be but one outcome. The urge was irresistible. Lorelei slowly lowered her girlfriend onto Samson's prong. Shivers of delight shot up her spine. Lorelei reveled in the sensation of having her cock enveloped in Lola's tender cuntflesh. Although she once fucked her girlfriend with a strap-on dildo, the act of thrusting a part of one's body into someone else's body felt incomparably more intimate and delightful. She began to hoist Lola up and down effortlessly and the girl cried out in orgasm an instant later.

The degree of pleasure Lorelei experienced at that moment equaled that of intercourse with Samson but with one key difference. With the legendary ladykiller, the act of love was an act of surrender. At every moment, Samson determined the degree of pleasure she would enjoy. And, at times, the superstud almost made her come too hard. The perpetual orgasms he caused often left her giddy if not unconscious. But, now, the wench now controlled the erogenous intensities. When she felt Samson's gonads tighten, Lorelei slowed the pace of her conjugal tempo. And after the waves of ecstasy began to calm, she slamfucked Lola deep and hard. While most men would not have lasted ten minutes with the swarthy seductress, Lorelei also inherited Samson's incredible control over his genitalia. In the course of his epic sexual exploits, the tantric Lothario learned how to experience orgasm for extended periods without ejaculating.

The other aspect of this control involved what Lorelei could do to Lola. In effect, the bitch had become little more than her personal fuck toy. The game was not terribly complex. If Samson stuck his cock inside a woman, she would come immediately, repeatedly, and,

over time, in perpetuity. While the superstud possessed an encyclopedic knowledge of erotic techniques to enhance, extend, and intensify those climaxes, Lorelei did not need to make conscious decisions about performing these actions. They simply happened. Lorelei discovered that, as the most practiced of sexual athletes, Samson's body simply moved by reflex. He didn't think. He fucked.

That left her time for reflection. For the first time, the wench realized that she had just cheated on herself. Given the chance to become Samson, she had begun to fuck her girlfriend without hesitation. And with that revelation, she understood his enviable but difficult position. What man -- or woman, in her case -- could resist the temptation of absolute sexual dominion over any female he chose?

Though Lorelei had become an expert in the psychological domination of both the male and female species, she had never enjoyed the power and pleasure of physical domination over another being until now. In general, Samson's superhuman strength allowed him to do whatever he wanted. As a warrior, the alpha stud ruled on the basis of fear. For that, he unsheathed his sword. As a lover, however, the rogue lover ruled on the basis of pleasure. For that, he unsheathed his cock. That, too, was a weapon but of a far more seductive kind. He made women come so hard that they obediently indulged his every sexual whim. And so it went... After a long day of conquering armies with his sword, he spent his nights conquering their women with his cock. Though such a reckless existence seemed rather strange to a brassy yet privately mousy blonde barmaid, Lorelei understood its allure. Samson took great risks and enjoyed even greater rewards.

Lorelei was familiar with the concept of "penis envy" but she had never entertained it personally. No matter how much she loved huge schlongs, owning one had never crossed her mind. However, from this time forward, she knew of at least one organ worthy of envy. Samson's erotic weaponry allowed him not only to have his way with any woman he desired; not only enabled him to arrange threesomes

with bisexual strippers he barely knew at the drop of a hat; not only empowered him to assemble harems that worshipped him a sexual icon; but it endowed him with the stamina and virility to gorge himself upon that endless erotic buffet of female flesh. Though many men fantasized about orgies with gorgeous wenches, only Samson had the actual ability to live out these dreams.

Lola's cunt had begun to contract violently as she soared to ever loftier plateaux of pleasure. In her reverie, Lorelei had not noticed that her gonads had begun to churn and quiver. She could have eased off but the fire in her loins drove her further and further to the brink. With her supersized arms, the wench began to whip Lola up and down her pole faster and faster. The agonizingly sweet pressure between her legs increased accordingly. Lola began to squirt uncontrollably and her vaginal outburst only added fuel to the flames that crawled up her partner's spine. Lorelei cried out in rapture but instead of a feminine peal of delight, a deafening roar sounded deep from within her massive chest.

In proportion with the rest of his body, Samson possessed the larynx of a lion, nearly triple the size of a normal man's voice box. At the peak of climax, his yell exceeded a hundred decibels and could be heard from miles away when he made love in the outdoors. Inside Lola's bedroom, the window panes rattled in their frames. Further, while his female companions shrieked themselves hoarse in the course of an evening, his enormous set of lungs allowed him to sustain this ear-splitting volume for nearly a minute at a time. Entire villages woke to the *basso profundo* of his tempestuous climaxes, sounding a clarion call to ladies of license that the wenchmaster was on the prowl.

Liquid fire seethed in Lorelei's loins, building up to an eruption of volcanic proportions. Yet the pleasure felt utterly male. As Samson's lover, a climax seemed like a divine force that flung her headlong into a bottomless abyss. As Samson himself, she had become that force. Lorelei soared into the heavens by her own pair of beating

wings. With his mastery of extended tantric orgasms, she could fly as high as she wanted into uncharted realms of bliss. The sky truly had become her limit.

In contrast, Lola had become a mindless, helpless plaything in her hands. Truth be told, her rapture-twisted expression looked more foolish than sexy. The barmaid's tongue lolled out like a village idiot and her eyes had rolled into the back of her head. After thanking the heavens she never looked so foolish, she mused upon the incredible power Samson wielded between his thighs. For the first time in her life, she had the ability to reduce another female to a panting fuck slave. Skilled as she might be in Sapphistry, Lorelei would never be able to do to Lola what Samson did at that moment.

That epiphany drove her over the edge. The unbearable pressure between her thighs exploded into a thundering deluge of hot spunk. Yet the control remained. With each passing second, she felt bigger, better, stronger, harder. Her entire body crackled with electricity. Lorelei sped up her frenzied conjugal hoisting of Lola's body until the girl had become a squirming blur. The wench felt an incredible surge of power rocket up her pulsating shaft as Samson discharged his first massive load into her girlfriend's pussy. Until then, his weapon seemed like a club with which she could bludgeon Lola into ecstatic submission. But now it had transformed into an enormous cannon with two mighty cannonballs at the breech that loaded the erotic armament with an endless supply of ammunition.

Suddenly, a jolt of blinding pleasure knocked Lorelei flat onto her back. Samson's climax intensified with such speed and force that she lost her bearings as well as her grip upon Lola. The temptress teetered to and fro but did not fall over because the foot of schlong crammed up her twat kept her body riveted upright upon his crotch. Lola's climax had left her completely paralyzed but her body twitched and heaved with each fresh blast of come. Lorelei felt as if she had rammed a musket up her girlfriend's twat and fired the weapon over and over and over again. But, instead of pain, every

shot caused her lover to jerk about with pleasure

Trying to steady herself, Lorelei grabbed a bedpost in either fist but they snapped off the frame like toothpicks. Seasoned oak was no match for Samson's brick-breaking biceps. Slowly but surely, the dizzying heights of her crescendo began to leave her breathless and giddy. Like Icarus, her flight was destined for a swift end. The room began to spin. Lola's screams faded into the distance as Lorelei tumbled down a deep dark chasm of noises and flashes. Then it all went black for the last time.

When she opened her eyes again, Lorelei remained face-to-face with Lola but the wench had returned to her own body. Samson still had the girls stacked atop each other as he blew his umpteenth wad into the blonde's spastic twat. Lorelei could not gauge the length of her astral orgasm though she reckoned not much time had passed. Even Samson's most robust ejaculations rarely lasted more than seven minutes. The conniving size queen had timed them on many occasions with her collection of hourglasses.

The raging manbeast continued to rake her entire body back and forth across Lola's writhing curves yet she no longer came. Rather, Lorelei basked in a sublime afterglow. The blonde had never felt so relaxed in all of her life. She felt at ease with Samson, with Lola, and with the erotic love pyramid the diabolical double-wencher had constructed for them. Her fellow barmaids often declared there could always be one more woman in Samson's bed yet she never had believed them until now.

Between her eighteenth and nineteenth climax, Lola's eyes rolled forward in their sockets and immediately locked upon Lorelei's gaze. Instead of a look of contempt, her blonde's demeanor had softened mysteriously. A slight grin briefly played upon her lips. Lola responded in kind. The wordless communication that passed between them sealed their bond. As the troilistic Casanova had hoped and planned, the rivals had become sister sluts of passion,

united by their mutual lust for the Size King and the erotic paradise over which he reigned.

Samson let loose with a triumphant yell that even made his own ears ring. The ladykiller had great cause for celebration. He was reaping the hard-earned fruits of his labor in the form of an epic nine-minute nut-busting spunk-blasting crescendo. It had taken years to lure the tavern diva into a threeway but Samson had finally broken her. Not that the seductive brute had broken her heart or her spirit. Rather, he smashed her primitive notions of monogamy and flung open her consciousness to a new world of sensual possibility.

Besides Lola, not a few bisexual barmaids around Amstelland had implored Samson to invite the buxom blonde into their bedrooms. Lorelei's reputation preceded her. His local following of swinging strumpets had pined for that voluptuous body ever since the wench served her first goblet of mead in her scandalously low-cut dirndl. Unfortunately, time and again, he had to decline their carnal hospitality on her behalf. That flummoxed the polygamous playboy to no end as nothing thrilled him more than arranging a playdate between two gorgeous bi-babes. But now that the superstud had thawed the ice queen, he could introduce her to the rest of The Order at his annual Love Feast. Samson's harem would be enchanted to finally meet the mysterious maiden that so delighted their studly sultan. And, of course, they also would be honored by the presence of their newest inductee, Lola, who had bounded to the front of the line as a candidate for membership in the sisterhood.

"SAMSON IS COMING!!!" bellowed the barbarian in his behemoth baritone. And, indeed he was. Six minutes had passed with no end in sight. Even in his orgasm-clouded mind, Samson could tell that his climax would be the strongest of the week, if not the entire month. Though his abnormally hyperactive sex glands accounted for the volume and duration of his colossal ejaculations, factors other than biology played a role in prolonging and increasing the endless flow

of spunk. For instance, the delicious sensation of having his left nut encased in the juicy confines of Lola's convulsing love chamber caused the gigantic gonad to generate fresh loads of semen long after the initial supply had been exhausted.

For Senorita, the pleasure was mutual. She felt as if Samson had stuffed a grapefruit inside her twat. It stretched her quanny in ways that it had never been stretched before, even by his massive tool. Samson lent an entirely new meaning to the phrase "getting balled." To further sweeten her sexual delirium, Lola could feel the mighty orb slowly inflate and, with a palpable jerk, suddenly contract as he fired another giant wad into her girlfriend's cunt. She palmed his right nut in wonderment, hefting its enormous weight and gently massaging the organ to keep it pumping along.

Samson found the present configuration of genitalia much to his liking. In a *ménage à trois*, the position enabled a remarkable degree of intimacy between the participants. As Lorelei got her interiors hosed down by the superstud's spunk cannon, automatically triggering her own orgasm, Samson also could "ball" her downstairs neighbor so that she remained an integral part of his joyful and bountiful release. In effect, both of his lovers "came" along for the ride when he achieved climax.

Though the libertine had developed many innovative techniques for double-dame dalliances not found in the Kama Sutra or other erotic manuals, Samson could not take credit for this ingenious position. The inability to thrust back and forth seemed counter-intuitive and he only attempted the testicular insertion at the insistence of the bottom girl in one of his strumpet sandwiches. When Samson predictably found himself immobilized during climax, the musclebound Master of Multiples instinctually did the obvious. Using his incredible strength, he repeatedly impaled the upper female upon his staff, grasping her firmly by the hips and propelling her bodily up and down the length of his shaft. To call the results explosive would have been an understatement. The only drawback was that both



women passed out before his own climax peaked. Nonetheless, the "ball and chain" technique became a standard position whenever he took on temptresses à trois.

At that moment, however, the astonishing strength of his orgasm had far less to do with physiology than psychology. Anything! While Lorelei was transcending her ego, Samson basked and luxuriated in his own. Lola had opened a door that would not shut so easily. Samson rode an ego high that never seemed to end. Causing a woman to pass out from his penile prowess tickled his vanity. Causing her to experience a megagasm made his blood boil. The champion cocksman considered it the ultimate symbol of masculine conquest.

There had been other great warriors before Samson: Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, King Arthur... True, he had won his share of battles but combat had always been a profession of convenience for a man who could bend a crowbar in half with his bare hands. Samson lacked the motivation to conquer a nation or build an empire. On the other hand, love was an art and the venereal virtuoso had mastered it like no other. Though he would never earn any titles or medals for his Crusade of Love, he received a far more private, precious award: the ability to live in a continual sexual fantasy world of his own choosing. In effect, he enjoyed the harem of the sultan without the burdens of administration.

That Samson found himself in a steamy *ménage à trois* did not account for his impassioned crescendo. The promiscuous playboy enjoyed sex with multiple partners on such a regular basis that two girls at once seemed more a standard than a luxury.

Of course, the number of females did play a role in exceptional circumstances such as a convocation of The Order. When Samson faced down a hungry pack of busty bisexual nymphomaniacs, unable to count how many gorgeous strumpets occupied his harem-sized bed because their bodies were jumbled together in a lesbian

clusterfuck... And, with a casual snap of his fingers to announce his arrival in the boudoir, when the pantheon of love goddesses disentangled themselves in a murmur of anticipation.... When that bevy of buxom bombshells obediently rolled on to their backs and spread their legs in blatant invitation, all of their gazes riveted upon the biggest cock they ever had laid eyes upon, eagerly awaiting the pounding and stretching each and every one of their moist pussies would endure before he left... When the stallion-hung superstud plunged his fuck spear into his first playmate of the night and the others closed in, crowding him from all sides, licking, rubbing, sucking, kissing and caressing every single last chiseled crevice and sinewed bulge of his mammoth-muscled physique.... During those long sweaty nights where he found himself the lone guest of honor at a banquet of nubile flesh, so ridiculously outnumbered that not even a dozen sailors on shore leave stood a chance of satisfying the throng of lust-crazed vixens, Samson and his thirteen-and-a-half inch tool rose to the occasion.

Without hesitation, the Size King mounted his throne. And that throne he mounted was not one of velvet and gold but the trembling loins of a bitch in heat. The Prince of Polygamy wielded his scepter with singular skill and determination throughout his carnal coronation, ensuring every concubine of his court anointed his magnificent manstaff with the unction of their gushing twats. Yes, it was good to be king but utterly divine to be Samson.

Of course, these extraordinary gatherings did not occur every day. More often, Samson had to content himself with two or three barmaids and, even then, their participation was not bestowed but earned. In order to arrange his orgiastic liaisons, the master of seduction had to affect the demeanor of a ladykiller so suave that Casanova himself would have appeared a rank amateur in comparison. The ability to bed multiple women required an almost supernatural level of charm as well as the tactical brilliance normally reserved for a grandmaster of chess.

A gifted player had to think three steps ahead in this game of the flesh in order to capture both the queen and her pawns. And, even then, though the double-wencher might have taken liberties with his lovers, he always played the gentlemen. After all, his bedmates accorded him a privilege seldom granted to other men. The very idea that a lady would not only be taken by a stranger but he would invite her sister or girlfriend to join them in the boudoir bordered on an almost delusional level of audacity.

A rapier wit and silver tongue aided his intrigues almost as much as the common knowledge amongst the fair sex that he could make a grown woman cry tears of pleasure with his thirteen-and-a-half inch cock. However, beneath the façade of decadent sophistication lay a darker, more primal instinct. At the core of his psyche, there dwelt a predatory manbeast who thrived on brute force and female conquest. The alpha stud took whatever he wanted and his deed became the law.

So, when confronted by the collective lust of an eager, willing harem, he shed the last of his inhibitions faster than his breeches. Though the concepts of "Samson" and "restraint" might seem antithetical on a superficial level, the megastud did observe certain practices in the boudoir. At an early age, he discovered his ability to make women experience numerous, gut-wrenching orgasms outstripped their ability to endure them. Without pacing himself, a wench could pass out in less than ten minutes from his sensory onslaught upon her nervous system. As a result, the precocious paramour found himself the last man standing in quite a few threesomes.

Fortunately, his rigorous training in tantric sex techniques allowed him to slow down while basking in the pleasure of his own seedless climax. The enormous pulmonary capacity of his lungs, each the volume of a gallon jug, enabled him to take incredibly deep, prolonged breaths that took over a minute to complete. Gurus marveled at his breathing control, a skill that took most acolytes in their temple decades to master. And, using his commensurate ability

not to just direct but actually generate sexual energy that rocketed up through his spine with the speed and force of a lightning bolt all the way to his seventh chakra and beyond, the Kundalini cocksman drifted into states of ecstatic bliss known only to bodhisattvas. Though he fired his spunk cannon at least a dozen times during an overnight lovemaking session, the tantric Lothario experienced countless more orgasms in the calm between each storm.

However, in the heat of more populous sexual congresses, the bodhisattva generally reverted to a barbarian. With a dozen or more sex-starved females to pleasure, the only way to satisfy his entire seraglio meant either fucking them unconscious or to a degree of exhaustion where they begged for respite after one too many Samson-strength orgasms. The orgymaster dispensed with the niceties of intimate loveplay, transforming into an unstoppable juggernaut of masculine aggression. The harem-boning hunk seized the nearest girl by the haunches, slammed his fuck club into her sopping cunt, pounded her mercilessly, and then tossed her aside into the discarded pile of limp, cross-eyed fuckdolls he already ravished.

And when the ladykiller unsheathed his weapon, still dripping with the sticky spendings of his previous partner, the remaining women groveled at his feet, hoping to be chosen next. The extraordinary physical demands placed upon a single man among a throng of lust-crazed size queens tapped hidden reserves of testosterone and adrenaline seldom used beyond the battlefield. Samson's senses sharpened to a razor's edge. His reflexes functioned puma-quick. Hours would pass without notice. The barbarian hunk lived completely in the moment.

And just about at the point the sexual Olympian had conquered every concubine in his stadium-sized bed, usually consisting of no less than four large mattresses assembled in a quadrangle, the first seductees of the night began to revive. The sleeping beauties awakened to the deafening sound of their companions' shrieks. Their

gazes immediately fixed upon the megastud's mighty musculature in motion, glistening in the moonlight, every bulge and sinew slick with sweat and cunt juice as he relentlessly drove his steel-shafted fuck spear into every pussy in sight.

And whereas his ego dissolved in the slow, torrid pace of a tantric coupling, it grew bigger with each successive strumpet the wenchmaster reduced to a heap of quivering flesh. His entire body crackled with power, emanating from his loins in spine-tingling waves that left his flesh covered with goose bumps in their wake. He craved that feeling like a narcotic, the intoxicating sensation of absolute dominion and glory more potent than the strongest aphrodisiac. And, at its culmination, Samson achieved the rarest and most intense of pleasures. Just as the ladykiller could bring a woman to a megagasm, the combined efforts of his harem let him glory in an egogasm, a sensual phantasmagoria seldom encountered and eternally cherished.

This is not to say the two forms of ecstasy should be considered as homologous forms of experience. First of all, the egogasm did not occur with the same sudden overwhelming onrush of sensation associated with the megagasm. It happened slowly and imperceptibly during climax. Tonight, Samson had not realized its onset until the seventh minute of orgasm as his torrents of spunk began to wax instead of wane. Nor did he assume the form of legendary lovers from the past. Samson was already the biggest and the best. Instead, he communed with the divine. The wine of Dionysus flowed through his veins. The hammer of Thor rose up between his thighs. Each thrust felt like Zeus hurling a thunderbolt from the heavens. Though Samson would never be so presumptuous to fancy himself a god, he did receive their patronage.

Venus, in particular, had taken an interest in the young man. Their encounters were brief and surprisingly platonic. She was the only woman who ever truly struck terror in the heart of Samson. Years of flirtation passed before she even let him hold her hand. Actual

copulation was out of the question. Although she confessed her attraction to him, he would suffer the wrath of the gods to break the interracial taboo of goddess and hero. Instead, she cultivated him as her gift to womankind.

Venus had chosen the youth long before making her presence known to him. She had followed the rise of the Conquistadoré clan throughout the ages and delighted in their saturnalian escapades. So when Fiona prayed for her son to become the ultimate lover, the goddess granted her wish. While the boy already inherited an incredible pedigree, she enhanced his physical attributes even further as he matured, just up to the point his extraordinary abilities would not provoke envy amongst the gods. For instance, she had elected upon endowing him with thirteen-and-a-half inches as the size just fell within the limits of genetic plausibility. The decision to extend his tongue to nine inches also displayed a similar sense of erotic fantasy balanced with mortal proportion.

Venus even consulted Zeus on Samson's physique and the Father of Gods displayed more generosity than expected. He reasoned Samson's erotic nature should be tempered with a warrior's spirit. If men did not respect and fear him, women would consider him to be a sissy. Unless he proved a great fighter, Samson would be a flawed hero no matter how charming his looks. Zeus proclaimed he must possess the might of no less than ten grown men. Along with granting him superhuman endurance and agility, Venus enhanced his anatomy to reflect his miraculous strength. The goddess began with his skeleton, lengthening and thickening the bones to support his immense brawn, fortifying them with titanium and other rare minerals until not even a speeding cannonball would cause a fracture. She toughened his tendons but doubled his joints, and increased their elasticity to enable nearly impossible contortions in either the battlefield or the boudoir.

Warriors generally were cast in one of two molds. The traditional Greek hero looked graceful and handsome but fell short the

masculine ideal. Truth be told, his slight build made him look more like a dancer than a fighter. On the other hand, the raw power of the Nordic barbarian excited the female libido. Women secretly desired his crude bravado even as he carried them off screaming in disgust. However, their disdain had legitimate causes such as his unwieldy frame, prodigious gut, and lice-ridden beard.

The goddess had to break the mold for her creation. He would be lewd, crude, and imbued with the spirit of an Asiatic warlord but also with the cunning of a stunning ladykiller. Accordingly, his body synthesized the best of both worlds. Above the neck, Samson possessed none of the primitive features associated with a brutal beast of battle. He had a robust yet patrician countenance, delicately defined with high-cheekbones and smoldering blue eyes that would send a woman's heart aflutter. And just the appearance of his naughty smile allowed him to take liberties that usually resulted in a swift slap and a curse.

To further distinguish him, Venus extended his hair almost to the small of his back, cascading in thick, silken waves a princess would envy. Once again, Samson's mane embodied his paradoxical nature. Because most warriors neglected haircuts during a long campaign, their tangled mops of split ends and twisted dreadlocks only reflected poor hygiene. In contrast, Samson's signature hairstyle displayed intent and calculation. He chose to wear his hair like a lady in mockery of the close-cropped clips required in military organizations.

His coiffure had no purpose other than fashion and flamboyance, endowing him with the romantic grace of a swashbuckling superstud. The rebellious gesture announced his disdain for societal norms. Just as no law would prevent him from engaging in illicit sex with multiple partners, neither would he observe any rules about his appearance. It also dared others to mock him. Samson enjoyed confrontations. Whenever a tavern brawler had the temerity to call him a girl, a swift box in the ears knocked his opponent to the floor.

And if he fancied the brute's girlfriend, the boulder-biceped barbarian gladly would demonstrate his masculine prowess extended beyond fisticuffs.

Below the neck, Venus let her imagination run wild. By the age of 18, Samson would look like no other man who ever walked the earth. The goddess supersized his muscles just short of caricature. Centuries before the art of bodybuilding, the six-and-a-half foot tall miraculous mesomorph boasted a physique that would have dwarfed even the greatest champions of the sport. And in a period when the height of a man rarely climbed above six feet, Samson appeared even more a giant among men. However, unlike the typical brute whose build consisted of bulk, Samson had no flab on his frame aside from the limp nine-inch schlong that swung between his corded thighs. And in the right company, that organ grew just as huge and hard as every other muscle in his body. Yet again, Venus carefully interwove the contradictions of his beauty.

Undoubtedly, Samson was agonizingly handsome. He exemplified all the physical traits of the ideal romantic hero. At the same time, his endowment embodied the obscene. Michelangelo and his students would never sculpt a figure like Samson except as a bawdy joke. However, this object of vulgarity was not as much a flaw as a forbidden gift. Samson possessed everything a woman desired as well as something else she did not admit to desiring. Ladies swooned at the thought of a knight in shining armor but their pussies moistened at the sight of Samson. Venus knew the most intimate secret of a woman and made sure her creation would take full advantage of it.

Samson could sense her presence as his egogasm intensified. During the last few episodes, the goddess did not speak to him. Venus already had divulged all of the secrets she cared to tell him. In fact, the divine being did not manifest herself at all aside from a distant cry from the heavens. He could hear it faintly above the din of his lovers' orgasmic cacophony. Aphrodite, the goddess of love, liked to



wank off while eavesdropping upon his dalliances. Samson had not the slightest doubt. After all, she had created the erotic superman for her private amusement.

The gods enjoyed watching the trials and tribulations of mortal men just as others might visit a coliseum to see the gladiators fight. The comedy and tragedy of those characters upon the stage that was their world provided a great source of entertainment. And the outcome was never predetermined. The element of suspense made the human drama all the more compelling. However, Samson acted in a different genre than that of most legendary figures. Venus had cast him as the hero of a neverending pornographic picaresque. She gave life to a lover who could fulfill the deepest desires of a woman as well as live out the wildest sexual fantasies of the male species. Blessed with the benediction of Venus, Samson did not lie in calling himself "God's gift to women." He served at their pleasure and the whim of his patroness. She was in his prayers every night, which always began with the same declaration: "Bless Venus for thy penis."

Samson beat his fists against his pulsating pecs in triumph. He let loose a mighty roar that shook not just the bedroom but the entire building to its very foundations. The egogasm was not as much a diversion from the real as its intensification. He never felt more empowered...more actualised...more Samsonian. Logic, reason, and morals dissolved as the raging manbeast came in touch with his primordial self. Only brute strength and carnal desire remained. The egogasmic experience lasted under 30 seconds.. Not even Samson could blast spunk for more than a few minutes. But instead of the usual afterglow from a monumental climax, his loins burned with a lust like never before.

Still sheathed inside Lorelei, Samson deftly spun her entire body 180 degrees upon his axled rod, withdrew the entire length, and tossed her to the mattress so that she lay faceup alongside an equally exhausted Lola. The sultry siren gazed in astonishment at his erection. His cock had not deflated even an eighth of an inch. Before

she could spread her legs in invitation, Samson grabbed Lola by her hair and pulled her down to the blonde's dripping gash. "If you'll do anything for me," he hissed into her ear. "Then eat my spunk out of your girlfriend's pussy." In the aftermath of his egogasm, Samson did not even consider that his lovers might object to this heretofore uncrossed boundary of bisexual intimacy. Drunk on lust and power, he simply issued an order and Lola eagerly complied. Anything! Everything!

Before the ice queen could register the import of their lovelord's command, the tawny temptress dove between her companion's splayed thighs. She lowered her mouth to her bedmate's dripping gash, burying her nose in the triangle of damp golden fleece that marked the plundered portal. Lorelei flinched at the unexpected contact. However, she did not resist in the slightest. The bisexualista began to softly suck the warm cream from her cunt with feline agility, her long pink tongue slipping into ice queen's hot hole to draw more into her greedy lips. She gathered more and more of his sperm, digging into her sister slut with her fluttering tongue. Lorelei's twat clenched with pleasure, her body still convulsing from Samson's powerfuck, pushing more cream into Lola's waiting lips. "Deeper, wench" he exhorted, lost in the pleasure of watching his fuck slave service her bedmate. "Yeah, suck my pussy, you fucking bitch!" Lorelei suddenly yelled, relishing Lola's degrading position.

When the Spanish strumpet had sucked out all the cream, she held it in her mouth and then turned and knelt before Samson, gazing into the eyes of the wenchmaster. She extended her tongue slowly and showed him a mouthful of his gooey white seed. "There's still more," he noted unimpressed. Turning back to the still quivering blonde, she lapped up the sperm that streaked Lorelei's thighs, her eyes never leaving Samson's. The ice queen stifled a smug giggle to Samson's annoyance. He vowed to put the ice queen right back in her place. "Now, share it with her," he demanded, grabbing a bunch of Lorelei's golden tresses and yanking her upright. Lola slinked up to her former mentor. Samson handed over the reins of her hair to

the vixen and took a seat by the bed to watch the ceremony.

With all of his sperm in her mouth, the Latin siren tugged the fistful of tresses like a bell pull, arching the ice queen's head backwards and bringing the wench to rest on her knees like a congregant taking communion. Lola grasped the back of Lorelei's neck, her eyes never leaving Samson's, awaiting his approval. He nodded. She slightly parted her lips and allowed just a trickle of sperm to dribble into the gaping and gasping mouth of her sister strumpet. Lola then leaned down further and let it pour into Lorelei's open jaw. Their mouths joined with his thick spunk sealing their lips together in a sticky kiss.

The buxom bi-babes swapped his seed back and forth, slurping it noisily, moaning like the whores they were. The girls embraced, their bodies coiling together, squirming and writhing against each other until the pair fell to the mattress. They wrestled and rolled about the mattress, his seed streaming down their chins and necks in the carnal chaos. Lola humped Lorelei's leg shamelessly, raising her rear as she did, displaying her unused and wanting sex to Samson.

The girls felt the bed sag as their lovelord reentered the fray. Samson swiftly pried their bodies apart. He laid Lola on her back and squatted Lorelei upon her girlfriend's face. He did not say a word. Having tamed the twin tigresses with his penile prowess, the wenchmaster regarded them as little more than fuckdolls for him to pose and arrange at his whim. He grasped Lola's thighs, spread them wide, and plunged deep inside. A muffled shriek of pleasure sounded beneath Lorelei's bottom. Lola's legs flopped wildly about the mattress with no grace or rhythm, flailing in all directions like a marionette tangled in its strings. As with many women Samson fucked, the wench lost control of her limbs during climax.

Samson had not chosen this new conjugal configuration without a degree of calculation. Generally, in a love triangle, he let the girls mount his face and cock. The classic position enabled the double-

wencher to suck and fuck each playmate into an orgasmic frenzy. However, using Lola or any other female as the base of the triangle entailed possible complications. Besides the fact the cunnilingual virtuoso could eat pussy better than even the most seductive sapphist, the girl who assumed the foundation of the pyramid often had difficulty pleasuring the partner atop her face. Getting fucked by Samson drove a dame to distraction. Senorita was coming so hard that she could do little more than shriek and yell into Lorelei's muff. The debilitating shockwaves of pleasure left her unable to think let alone perform cunnilingus.

In Samson's ethic of the boudoir, initiating a threesome carried a price. No man had a right to bed more women than he could satisfy. By demanding his lovers to sleep with him en masse, Samson had to reward them with intense, continual, and simultaneous physical pleasure. Anything less would be a stain upon his honor. In that regard, Samson was both master and servant of womankind. The privilege of polygamy carried the duty of sexual fulfillment. Even so, the lovelord consciously decided to abdicate that responsibility, if only temporarily.

The triangle he assembled allowed him his first prolonged eye contact with Lorelei since Lola joined them. Further, the ice queen had her first unobstructed view of Samson fucking her girlfriend. Predictably, a smug, infuriating grin played upon his lips. He knew she knew the exact intention of this coital arrangement. Yet her position was compromised. To compensate for Lola's neglect of her needy pussy, she violently ground her crotch against Senorita's face, desperately hoping to eke out an orgasm. In this devious triangle of lust, both Samson and Lorelei cheated on each other through Lola.

Of course, that unpleasant detail would not prevent the jealous blonde from letting this provocation go unpunished. Samson caught her fist in his palm just before it struck his left cheek. He had thought of allowing her to exact a minor penalty for his gloating but realized the commotion would interfere with ravishing Lola. As

always, Samson balanced the interests of both women in the threeway and found Lorelei wanting. He caught her other fist in his other palm. Thus disabled, the lovelord yanked her forward, their faces just a hairsbreadth apart.

"Don't curse me for my nature," he murmured in that husky whisper reserved for Lorelei at her angriest. Samson never apologized but his present tone implied confession if not penance. At minimum, he reluctantly lowered his usual mask of the swashbuckling ladykiller. This new character may have concealed another hidden personality and, in turn, yet another like the skins of an onion with no core. All the same, the attempt at pathos did soothe her. "Undoubtedly, many suitors would be delighted to spend the night alone with you. But one woman is not enough. Nor are two women. Nor even seven. Just as seven inches may not be enough for you, seven wenches may not be enough for me. I love buxom blondes with dirty minds and I also love swarthier temptresses of similar temperament. And I have every intention of doing them both at the same time in the same bed whenever I can. I cannot justify my desires but I will pursue them as long as no one gets hurt. And just like you, I am in the fortunate position of getting what I want."

The most remarkable aspect of Samson's soliloquy was that he continued to pound Lorelei's girlfriend in perfect measured strokes throughout his speech. Just as one might smoke a cigarette or sip a glass of wine over a flirtatious conversation with a lady, Samson rammed a solid ten inches of cock in and out of Lola's smoking hole as the girl dug her nails into the bedsheets and howled at the ceiling. The ambidextrous amoroso saw no harm in trying to seduce one female while he already had another impaled on his schlong and writhing in orgasm upon the mattress.

Lola gasped in astonishment as the superstud plucked his prey off her pubic perch. She marveled at how his massively muscled arms lifted Lorelei's ass up, up, and away as her willowy legs dangled helplessly in the air. They parted wide as he mounted her thighs

upon his broad shoulders to finish the job Senorita could not perform. Though he already executed this masterful maneuver on Lola herself at the beginning of their threesome, witnessing the act proved just as exciting.

The vixen now had an unobstructed view of her lover's hunky musclebound torso as he drove his giant prick into her snatch. The crunch and ripple of ab and pec stoked the flames in her pussy to a fever pitch. Samson's extreme muscularity verged upon the grotesque but that very quality also defined his irresistible sexuality. In a world ruled by men, the classic hero appeared lithe and lean. No one sculpted or painted a figure like Samson. Such a man aroused fear and suspicion in smaller and weaker males. He invoked the specter of the alpha stud who spent his time beating the shit out of men and fucking the shit out of their wives and daughters while his chastened inferiors spent their time never getting laid and grumbling about their victorious rival.

As a result, male-dominated societies suppressed the mythos of the alpha stud and conditioned women to adopt the knight in shining armor as their masculine ideal. Only the most modest display of muscular development could be tolerated. Nice girls were not supposed to pine for thirteen-and-a-half inch cocks and sleeve-bursting biceps. But just as men secretly preferred the wench to the princess, ladies invariably chose the barbarian over the gentleman. Samson was a male strumpet. In place of big tits, he had big pecs. The manwhore had no place in polite society but, behind closed doors, every lady wanted him in her bed and in her body.

The memory of the alpha male also haunted the female collective subconscious but evoked an entirely different reaction than with men. When the raging manbeast chose to stud with a woman, his decision conveyed a sense of status and prestige amongst her peers. Since he could ravish any and all females with impunity, only the most desired specimens of the fair sex received his attention. Along with providing sexual pleasure above and beyond that of ordinary

men, members of his tribe enjoyed his protection in a savage and dangerous world. Those who threatened his lovers would suffer his wrath. The reputed ferocity of the alpha stud was not borne of cruelty. Rather, he employed violence in defense of the harem and against anything that interfered with gorging his gargantuan libido upon his lusty but loyal following.

As the forest primeval fell in the wake of civilization, so to did the alpha male. The beta men ganged up on him, restricting his natural urges with laws and taboos. Polygamy and bisexuality, the two practices that bound his love clan together, fell into disfavor and then outright anathema. The "civilized" leaders of the realm cursed his name and stoned the women who stayed at his side. Despite his physical superiority, he slowly vanished from the earth just as the dinosaurs. And, with him, perished his memory.

However, echoes of their feral past still resonated among the womenfolk. Venus remembered the golden age of those rakish brutes with great affection. In the modern era, her temples had fallen into neglect and ruin. DaVinci's painting amused her but these Christian fools no longer gave the goddess her due. Further, she regarded their utter lack of erotic solicitude towards the fair sex as a blasphemy against the feminine mystique. They considered intercourse as a means for conceiving children rather than an end in itself. The female orgasm had become as rare and precious as a white truffle!

More than a little vexed, the goddess vowed to sow a little mischief amongst these zealous hypocrites. Unleashing Samson amongst these girly men would cause a most entertaining and scandalous uproar. Moreover, he would reawaken and indulge the primordial desires of womankind. Whereas a guy could visit a brothel after going to mass, a girl did not have an outlet to quench her carnal appetite. The hedonistic he-man would redress this imbalance one, two, or three wenches at a time. To ensure his success, she endowed him with a degree of strength and virility that made even

the prehistoric alpha male look anemic by comparison. So with no other sexual competitors in his league, the ladies would beat a path to his bed.

Lola knew none of this but she sensed a divine presence in the bedchamber that night. With Lorelei splayed open upon his shoulders, shiny rivulets of girlcum trickled down his neck, converged in a stream that ran through his deep pectoral cleft, and branched out once again within the sculpted grooves of his corrugated abdominal grid. Lola often recalled that sight when playing with herself. The act of aerial cunnilingus epitomized Samson. The challenging position embodied both his physical dominance in the boudoir as well as his dedication to female-centered pleasure. The megastud clearly enjoyed eating pussy as much as pounding it with his massive manhammer.

Although the barbarian enjoyed a well-deserved reputation for bodice-ripping, pussy-wrecking, headboard-splitting, rough sex, he also understood the time for delicacy in the boudoir. A lot of men ridiculed cunnilingus as distasteful, if not an outright sign of homosexuality, but the wenchmaster knew better. If a guy wanted to get laid every night like Samson, he could start by eating pussy. While not everyone had the luck of being a musclebound Lothario with a thirteen-and-a-half inch cock, there was no reason a man could not please a woman with his mouth.

Celebrating the yuletide spirit every night of the year, Samson found it better to give than receive. Girls loved getting head and proved far more likely to return to the bed of a lover who ate pussy than one who did not. Of course, in Samson's case, they would be returning to his bed with a girlfriend in tow so he could fuck one playmate while he devoured the other's cunt. Such was the paradox of the threeway. While most guys revered it as the pinnacle of masculine achievement, virtually every position demanded mouth-to-muff contact. Had these men ever participated in a *ménage à trois* (or even tried to visualize what it entailed), they would have thought



twice before they dismissed cunnilingus as "gay."

"Eat her pussy, Big Man!" cried out Senorita. "Yeah, ram your tongue up my cunt, you donkey-dicked manwhore," concurred the ice queen. "And show that bitch what it's like to get fucked by a real man!" The girls were coming too hard to issue further instructions but Samson grasped the psychological import of that glorious moment. His lovers openly and actively urged him to pleasure the other woman. They had regained their sense of polymorphous perversity. However, this mode of alleged deviance shared both similarities and differences with the classic psychoanalytic definition.

Had Freud been witness to this spectacle of depravity, he would agree that the female subjects attained physical gratification outside of socially normative behaviors. Further, the psychoanalyst would confirm that their bisexual tendencies manifested suppressed desires from the oral, anal, and phallic stages of development. But while polymorphous perversity emphasized the derivation of pleasure from any part of one's own body, Samson's triad allowed its participants to achieve satisfaction from another's body. In his theory of troilism, women regressed to an even earlier stage in which pleasure cannot be differentiated from the self and its other. They returned all the way back to the moment of conception when the boundaries of subject and object had not yet been defined. In this state of natal grace, his lovers enjoyed a deep sexual empathy with each other in which orgasm expanded from a personal to a collective experience.

To some extent, this phenomenon was illusory. The strumpeteer played his strumpets like any virtuoso, synchronizing their climaxes with orchestral precision. Their perception of shared sensations became reality and Samson had no interest in proving it otherwise. Additionally, the sight and sound of another woman in heat invariably aroused her bedmate. The voyeuristic thrill of watching the sexual Olympian in action overwhelmed any sense of envy or shame caused by the inherent adultery of the triad. Further, Samson's own excitement of hearing the impassioned cries of his

lovers in stereo only thickened the sexual tension of their tryst.

At the same time, the mechanics of female desire also had latent prehistoric origins outside of the conventional stages of sexual development. Samson would have agreed with some passages of Freud's seminal work *Civilization and Its Discontents* though he would have drawn a far different conclusion. While the psychoanalyst evoked a pre-Oedipal world of brutality in which the alpha male gets all the girls while making life miserable for other men, the book ignored the female perspective. For them, the so-called evolution of mankind had been a disruption of an Edenic tribal structure in which one extraordinary man satisfied the needs and desires of many women.

The alpha male had to be a mighty warrior. He always returned from the hunt with an impressive quarry, thwarted incursions upon his territory, and protected his harem from attack. However, his most important work only began after sundown. In an era before female pleasure became taboo, the tribe placed great expectations upon its chieftain. The manslut had to satisfy every female every night without fail. If he did not cater to the sexual demands of his women, they would abandon him for another male who could. The Stone Age allowed women greater freedom and equality than most historians believed. Membership in the tribe was voluntary and a female could leave without fear of reprisal. Unlike the clichéd image of the caveman dragging his mate by the hair, the alpha treated his female companions with kindness and respect. His aggression was reserved only for that which endangered his clan.

Obviously, the size of the harem and the desirability of its members reflected the status of the alpha male. However, other factors also played a role. For instance, the greatest exemplars of that race could be very selective as to who entered their tribe. Even the largest clans rarely exceeded twenty or thirty women given the practical difficulties of satisfying more than that number in a single night. Accordingly, membership in a particular tribe conferred status upon a

female just as much as its composition displayed that of its chieftain. Girls vied to capture the favor of a particularly notable warrior in the realm, especially if he had a reputation as a skillful lover. And as his fortunes rose and fell, the women came and went. In his final years, an elder alpha customarily kept only a handful of longtime companions. However, one factor remained constant.

Before civilization suppressed female sexuality, penis size played a public and essential role in determining the status of men. Even an alpha minor could possess no less than ten inches. Though the concept of measurement units did not yet exist, a simple but dramatic qualification ritual ensured compliance. When a girl agreed to join a clan, the chieftain had to disrobe not just before the inductee but his entire tribe. He then had to grow a full-mast erection without any form of assistance or stimulation by himself or another. That feat alone weeded out many aspiring alpha men, given the potential humiliation of exposing inadequate virility or endowment. As a bar against cheating, custom dictated for the prospective concubine to tie the chieftain's hands behind his back before the ceremony. And once he reached his peak size, the female measured his organ along her forearm. If it did not reach the crook of her elbow, she had the right to decline his invitation.

Only the most sexually confident males could achieve complete engorgement in these taxing circumstances. For the biggest and boldest, the glory of proving their masculinity actually ensured a powerful erection. A well-endowed hunk of the Stone Age relished the anticipation and desire of the initiate as his organ swell and grew. Most of these women had never seen a truly big cock in the flesh. Before her very eyes, she would watch it steadily enlarge and thicken into the ultimate object of female desire. For the phallus was not just a symbol of masculinity in ancient times. It defined the very worth of a man. The status of the alpha male depended on his sexual prowess. A chieftain who could pleasure multiple women with multiple orgasms would be held in high regard by other tribes. Just as the size of his muscles enabled a mighty warrior to do battle, the

size of his cock empowered him to do women. Raw sexuality played as much a role as brute strength in the primitive social order.

Samson did not conform to the classic definition of the alpha male. He did not present animal carcasses to women on a nightly basis. Neither did he defend a territory nor claim leadership of a tribe. And he made a point of not fathering children. The very idea of leaving a crowd of orphans in his wake disgusted him. While The Order hinted at a polygamous community, it remained ceremonial in nature. The ladykiller only formed superficial attachments with the opposite sex. He was a nomad at heart without home, hearth, or harem. A stable polygamous marriage would have bored him no matter how many willing wives he betrothed. Further, without any other alpha males to compete for the ladies, Samson enjoyed an embarrassment of wenches. He could go anywhere and do anyone. The barbarian stud looked upon the world as his personal seraglio.

Though he possessed a sophisticated mind that understood if not respected civilization, Samson's physical attributes approximated those of the primitive alpha male. Actually, Venus endowed her creation with such incredible strength and virility that he could have trounced even the most dominant members of that species. His exuberant masculinity aroused deep primal urges in women that no legal or religious authority could suppress or control.

Despite a thousand years of puritanical indoctrination, the wenchmaster shattered the myth of monogamy through the brute orgasmic force of his giant fuck club. In his sexual utopia, Samson redefined the identity of the female from bearer of children to seeker of pleasure. With their hedonistic impulses reawakened, they longed for the superstud to fill the deep aching void formerly occupied by the alpha race. As one might expect, the erotic hero eagerly volunteered for the dirty job of banging buxom bi-babes by the bedful. Though the task would never be completed, its execution made for a delightful vocation.

The triad continued its explorations of the flesh deep into the night. Having carried both women well past the 100-“O” mark, Samson retired to a bedside chair and watched his lovers experiment with their newfound bisexuality. Since future visits to the tavern now would entail double-dates with the size-obsessed strumpets, Samson knew the pair would have to strengthen their Sapphic bonds. No matter how deftly the orgiastic Lothario arranged a *ménage à trois*, the love triangle was no stronger than its weakest link. Only mutual desire and devotion between the female participants could ensure the center would hold.

Surprisingly, many of the girls he paired for his playdates carried on passionate love affairs long after his departure. Nothing pleased him more than a nocturnal reunion with an intimate pair of bisexual girlfriends. With their bisensuality in full blossom, these women enjoyed a physical familiarity between themselves acquired only after countless nights of lesbian lovemaking. Female couples allowed for a much more casual and cohesive triad in which full-body girl-girl contact was the norm. Moreover, they could work in perfect tandem when pleasuring Samson, communicating their thoughts through subtle gestures, nods and winks only longtime lovers would understand.

The double-wencher usually had to play the host in a threeway, leading his lovers down the perilous path of polyamorous pleasure. He had to guide his partners carefully past each sensual boundary: mouth to mouth, tit to tit, mouth to tit, finger to cunt, and finally cunt to mouth. Coaxing two bi-curious girls into a 69 demanded immense patience and diplomacy. However, when Samson got reacquainted with a bonded pair of bisexual bedmates, he became the guest in the boudoir. His former pupils demonstrated all they learned in his absence and regaled him extravagantly with their carnal hospitality. For once, he could let the girls set the mood and rhythm of their tryst, an eagerly anticipated event they usually rehearsed amongst themselves many months before his reappearance.

Samson hoped Lola and Lorelei would hook up over the long term. He already imagined the magic moment of his triumphant return to The Will O' The Wisp. The buxom wenches would run to him through the crowded tavern, melons a-bob in their salaciously cut dirndls, and their paramour would wrap both of them in his great arms for a group hug. Predictably, their lips and tongues would soon meet in a juicy three-way kiss, their big titties grinding against his equally huge biceps. And just before their embrace crossed the line between heated attraction and public indecency, Lola and Lorelei would take him in either hand and lead their lover up the stairway.

Few males other than Samson ever crossed that threshold. The barkeep strictly prohibited men from fraternizing with the female staff upstairs. The lovebirds would have to take their business elsewhere. However, by tacit agreement, the tavern wenches did not snitch on Samson. Though the imperious Lorelei had laid claim on their dream lover, he made a habit of fucking other barmaids into ecstatic delirium during his nocturnal visits. Lola hardly had been the first upstairs resident who momentarily wooed Samson away from the ice queen. The superstud had fucked them all at one time or another. So, despite the din of his bedroom bedlam, no girl ever complained for she easily might become Samson's next conquest.

The ladykiller knew every step of that well-worn staircase. Lorelei and her rivals had led him up those stairs countless times. On other occasions, the sensual strongman carried the women upstairs himself. He always remembered to tread lightly on the fourth step, which creaked ominously underfoot, especially with the added weight of two squealing barmaids slung over either shoulder. In a fit of passion, Samson even climbed the stairs once with a wench already impaled on his prong. Lucrecia occupied his lap that evening at the corner table after Lorelei had passed out beside them after too much drink. As soon as the temptress began to grind her crotch against his growing bulge, the superstud's rampant erection instantly ruptured the new, untested codpiece he wore that evening. The fist-

sized head hit the bottom of the table with such force, that he knocked it upside down along with two half-full mugs of ale.

Though the crowd had dwindled near closing time, the commotion drew the curious gaze of everyone in the barroom. Rather than conceal his indecency, the rogue stood up from his chair with Lucrecia straddling his fuck spear. His hands went beneath the barmaid's bottom to steady her, not to support her slight weight, for that rest wholly upon his rigid, pulsing manhood. The shameless exhibitionist walked with slow and almost ceremonial deliberation past the crowd of amazed onlookers.

Each step slid his shaft forward then backward along her cleft, which basted his shaft in a hot, sticky coating of glistening girlcum. When they reached the foot of the stairs, Samson lifted her overhead, ducked his head under her skirts, and tore off her soaking knickers with gritted teeth. The tattered garment hit the floor with a wet thud. With casual ease, he lowered her down to his groin and, in a gentle but emphatic upward thrust, plunged more than a foot of cock inside of her body. A newly hired serving wench gasped in astonishment. No one had told her about Lorelei's boyfriend and his special way with the ladies of the establishment. Even those who heard of his sizable reputation stared in disbelief.

Lucrecia instinctively wrapped her legs around Samson's back as they ascended the stairs. With each step, he bounced her butt upon his love spike so forcefully that she knew nothing more than the driving invasion, every sense dominated, enthralled, focused on his incredible size. The wench climaxed twice by the time they reached the next floor. A third longer and more distant cry sounded from upstairs before a bedframe began to creak. The few remaining customers silently paid and departed, leaving the female staff alone in the barroom. A pregnant silence pervaded the room as its occupants began to absorb the spectacle that just unfolded. His outrageous conduct staggered the imagination. Had any other man exposed himself like that, he would have skulked away from the

tavern in humiliation. Instead, Samson actually seemed to enjoy the attention. And rather than beat a discrete retreat to Lucrecia's bedchamber, he escalated their passion right on the spot without a second thought.

Perhaps, the act might not have appeared so impressive had it not been for the flamboyant manner in which it had been accomplished. Every facet of his mufwatering masculinity displayed itself in that dazzling feat of seduction. Most obviously, the gathering beheld Samson's signature strength. The barbarian stud carried his luscious load up the staircase as if she had been made of straw. Then there was the sheer, unbelievable enormity of his endowment. How could a lady resist the sinfully sized pussy-wrecker he brandished so skillfully?

But, more than his astounding physical attributes, one could not help but marvel at the ladykiller's utter self-assurance or, paradoxically, his complete lack of self-awareness. Society dictated fornication remain behind closed doors. Though the vocalizations of Samson's female companions left little to the imagination, he generally kept his debauchery out of eyesight if not earshot. However, when confronted by temptation, the superb male animal did not hesitate to quench his urgent desires in public. Employing his exceptional brawn and virility, Samson had not merely claimed another strumpet while still on his feet. The wenchlifter routinely hoisted girls up and down his maypole while standing in vestibules, closets, alleyways, and other locations where a bed was not available. But making love to a woman as he walked her up a flight of stairs put even the boldest Lotharios to shame.

Whether the brazen deed had been an attempt to flaunt his sexual prowess or a simple matter of convenience mattered little. Even though Samson barely remembered the episode until Lorelei confronted him months later, the irresistible combination of raunch and romance had captured the hearts and loins of the female staff. The moaning upstairs steadily increased in volume and intensity. "I'd



pay for a guy to fuck me like that," blurted out one of the new hires at last. She looked embarrassed for a moment but the others only exchanged conspiratorial glances. Then they all broke out in laughter.

"Do you think he left the door open?" asked the barkeep's wife with a knowing grin. The unspoken code of the doorway would determine the outcome of the evening. With Lorelei, it was always locked from the inside and she hid the key from Samson. She even kept a chamberpot in the bedroom to make sure he did not go astray. While this did not stop the other wenches from peeping through the keyhole, only the bitchy blonde would get her pussy stretched that night. With other girls, the door also might be closed. That meant Samson did not want visitors, usually because he already had too many strumpets to service. As Samson used to yell whenever they knocked, "Five's company but eight's a crowd!" When the door had been opened just a crack, others could watch but not join his orgy. The girls hooked the inside latch to ensure no one else would come in uninvited. If the door stood wide open, he was able to receive guests. However, crossing the threshold entailed other rules. A woman could only enter after disrobing and she had to participate in whatever saturnalian activities the wenchmaster devised for the evening.

The new hire tiptoed up the stairs. Another soon followed. The voices from Lucrecia's bedroom quickly trebled into a chorus of pleasure. Not everyone joined Samson that night but even the most timid took a peek. The door remained open until dawn. Samson never had to deal with more than three partners at a time as different girls left and joined him throughout the night.

Being a gentleman, the ladykiller treated Lorelei to a leisurely five-hour solo fuck to soothe her hangover the next morning. After all, he was her boyfriend. And, hopefully, Lola now would be her girlfriend. Much as he loved banging the other barmaids, he would trade them all for another chance with the twin tigresses. Even if they went

back to war with each other, Samson would gladly rebuild their love pyramid brick by brick. "I'll keep her pussy moist for you, Big Man," Senorita promised as he got dressed. Lorelei waved farewell. The wench could not speak at the moment as Lola was sitting on her face.