



Wanderlust

The erotic adventures of **Samson**

Book 1 by Rubirosa

WANDERLUST: THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF SAMSON (BOOK ONE)

By
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Adult Reading Material

Chapter One - Samson Agonistes

For a brief spell, let us hearken back to an epic time in an epic land, when knights spent their days in deeds of gallantry and gallants spent their nights in acts of coquetry.

A towering figure rode his trusty steed at a swift gallop across the empty heathland. His lustrous black mane hung in the wind, shining dimly in the moonlight. He wore it longer than many women but his muscular build left no mystery of his sex. It could be no one other than Samson, master of arms, juggler of hearts, and the hero of our chronicle.

Amstelland lay only a few versts ahead and he longed for a warm bed or, better put, a warm bed with a warm woman under the covers. Almost a fortnight had passed since his last amourette. So long ago and so lovely they were. The scene had arranged itself flawlessly: a chilly hayloft in the Burgundian countryside, a comely pair of Plowman's daughters, and a hastily scribbled invitation found in his saddlebag. Though he had lain in the noblest beds in Paris, he never turned down a brace of bucolic beauties. And they never refused his proposal for an exotic love triangle between the sheets.

Unfortunately, satiety never lasted far beyond the edge of the bed. Memories only stoked the fire in his loins when he traveled and a thousand unconsummated liaisons lay on the road ahead. Samson spurred on his horse with an impatient slap and growl. He was on a Crusade of Love! His women needed him in their beds tonight! Yet no matter how loud he cursed the nag, it moved slower and slower until they came to a full stop.

The mouth of the woods rose defiantly at the edge of the heath. A seasoned local probably could navigate those parts after dark but Jonah had never come that way before. He would sooner have jumped off a cliff than taken a single step into the dark forest ahead.

Had our Lancelot of Love a worthier destrier, he might have been wenching before midnight. Jonah was not that horse. Samson promised him a lifetime supply of oats, a stable of mares in heat, and a golden bridle once they reached Amstelland but he would not budge. A well-placed kick in his side inspired a reluctant canter for a few paces before he turned back for the heathland. Though Samson had hoped their disagreement would not degenerate into confrontation, Jonah begged for a hard yank on the ears.

After a few purposeful tugs, his equestrian companion gave an angry whinny and shot off into the darkness on winged feet. Samson handled the bridle with only his instinct for eyes. The invisible landscape rushed by leaving no trace besides the wind at his ears. The void did not know beginnings or destinations. It did not know time. One found only movement in darkness there.

Samson gave a victory cry, thumping his broad, bare chest in triumph. He lived for those moments when one surrendered control in the name of total freedom. Chaos lay at the heart of the Crusade of Love. When Samson undressed his lovers, they shed more than their clothes. The heroic hedonist liberated them from laws and possessions, from rules and inhibitions. He took them to a primal state of being in which only the delights of the flesh held sway.

"All hail the Crusade of Love!" he yelled.

"All hail the Triumph of Ecstasy!" he yelled even louder.

"Spread your legs, wenches! SAMSON IS COMMMMMMMMMMINGG!"

Samson growled in pain as he came to. A low-hanging branch had knocked the knight off of his saddle and out of his senses. He cursed the bones of St. Christopher, the twelve disciples, Mary, and Moses. He cursed his luck, his horse, and his reckless spirit. He cursed some more and painfully climbed to his feet. He was alone. Jonah had

continued his mad gallop without his passenger. The nag might have reached Amstelland by then for all he knew.

A short search led our hero to a glade along a riverbank. The moonlight trickled through the leafy canopy of branches. He gathered kindling in near dark. Samson yawned and cursed the bones of St. Christopher one last time and lay back on the damp grass.

The troubled warble of the nightingale played a counterpoint to the crackling of the bonfire. Samson felt her song ebb and flow in his ear, a little consoled that someone had the kindness to sing him a lullaby. But sleep would not visit him until much later that night. In those lonely places without the caress of a wench's lips, he had no other companion besides Mnemesonye. And though she flirted with him in a thousand memories, she never laid by his side.

"A strange life, methinks," he laughed to himself.

Indeed, who would have thought that the mighty Samson could have found himself in such a predicament? Freebooters spoke with terror of his fierce Corsican temperament. Troubadours celebrated his elegant brutality. The everyman shuddered at even the sound of his name. If there had been a dozen Samson's wandering the globe, they could not have performed all the feats ascribed to his personage. And here he lay, lost and penniless without even a horse to his name.

Samson often heard stories about himself when he traveled incognito. At those times, he often wound up in some obscure tavern, quietly listening to the drunks at the next table. The conversation always began the same way. Someone spoke about horses or wenches and mentioned his name in passing, prompting his companions to recount the latest sightings.

"A most honorable troubadour," rambled the first man. "Whose acquaintance I made the day before, swears to me that Samson vanquished a battalion of Persian soldiers to the last man. He has claimed the sultan's harem as his booty."

"Nonsense!" cried the second. "He has repented of his sinful ways and plans another crusade to Jerusalem."

"No, that cannot be" interrupted a third. "He visited this very tavern just a fortnight ago and beheaded a man with a single sweep of his sword. T'was no more than a quarrel over a serving wench."

The more they drank, the sillier the tales.

Samson could only shrug his broad shoulders in amusement when he overheard such babble. He could not recall the last occasion he fought over a woman. Women fought over him, at least, until the silver-tongued cavalier could soothe their tempers and woo the rival paramours to bed, either one at a time or preferably together. If he laid anyone on their back, he always preferred a wench in heat to an enemy in combat.

Though many a yarn entangled his true nature, Samson's extraordinary strength had lent some credulity to his bellicose reputation. For instance, he never denied the "Tale of the Anvil". As it happened, a smithy had become so incensed by Samson's flirtations with his daughters that he declared to all and sundry that he would emasculate the philanderer with his tongs. The fool had been carrying on with such bluster for so long that Samson had no other choice than to have a talk with him. One sunny afternoon, our hero strolled into his shop and casually greeted him by the forge.

"Dear Sir, may I have a word with you?" he spoke with his most cheerful smile.

Disinclined for a civilized dialogue, the smithy swung his tongs at the visitor's face. Samson's hand flew up and caught them with ease, twisting the handle away from its wielder, the unexpected force throwing the man to his knees. Having gained the attention of his foe, he grasped the ends in each hand and casually bent his tongs in half like a hairpin. He dropped the mangled piece of iron at the smithy's feet with a broad smile and pranced over to the anvil.

The smithy looked on with amazement. Four burly men could not have carried it out of his shop. With a determined growl, the Strongman hoisted it off the ground, lifted it above his head, and threw an ominous gaze to the shivering man at his feet. The smithy began to weep, unsure whether to spend his last moments in prayer or in a desperate plea for mercy. Before he could decide, however, Samson had rested the anvil back on the ground, wished him a good day, and hurried off for a liason in the woods with his youngest daughter.

Befitting his mythos, Samson possessed a truly awesome appearance, standing over six and a half feet tall with mighty arms and legs bulging with muscle. Our hero was not modest about his body and made no mystery of his physique. When the bathkeeper sounded his horn for opening-time, he strode across the square, stripped above the belt with his head held high, his torso flaring from the waist like the head of a cobra, his stomach rippling like the staunchest portcullis, his chest armored with a breastplate of muscle that glistened like bronze in the sunlight. Although such nudity scandalized the zealous and jealous, even maidens of the highest virtue peeked through the shutters each morning to behold his exuberant display of masculinity.

Among the fair sex, the handsome knight had earned the distinction as a mighty swordsman in a more intimate way. Samson's amorous exploits were legendary. He literally bedded thousands of women. Not content with possessing one woman at a time, he arranged trysts with multiple admirers who shared his love without complaint.

To the astonishment of friend and foe alike, he never found himself lacking for accommodating partners eager to participate in his saturnalian activities. Hardly a night passed without him landing in bed with a bevy of wanton wenches in his arms for a love marathon.

Though he claimed he owed his successes to gallantry, he could not deny the allure of the most prominent aspect of his amorous reputation. In an aroused state, it extended thirteen and a half inches, measuring eight inches around, thundering upwards in a dramatic, powerful arc, hard as steel, hot as flame. Even at rest, it hung nine inches down to the middle of his thigh. He often became the source of much curiosity at the tailor when he requested baggy breeches or a custom-made codpiece to accommodate his special equipment.

Because of his extraordinary way with women, our hero occupied himself a great deal more with love than war as the years went by. Quite simply, he was living every man's fantasy and enjoyed his life in the boudoir far too much to risk it on the battlefield. Had he not needed the money so badly, he would have retired a long time ago.

Nonetheless, his scandalous reputation obscured his prowess. He had once crossed swords with the finest warriors of his age. For all of the lives he saved and kingdoms recovered, he should have earned a title with a vast fiefdom and an elaborate entourage. But if Samson the Warrior had the strength of a dozen men, Samson the Lover had the lust of a hundred. He had taken the crooked path again and again, and in the end, he had no choice but to work as a freelancer, without liege or squire, no more worthy of knighthood than sainthood.

"How could a soldier of such promise have descended to these lowly depths?"

Many had asked him that question. Samson always replied with a gleeful retort but somewhere in the back of his mind, he heard the

angry voice of an earnest young man. The boy cursed his coarseness, his restless sensuality, and regretted his very being.

Chapter 2 - Genealogy of a Rake

Farallon spent his earliest years in Callisto, a patch of lemon orchards and vineyards swaddled in Mediterranean warmth. The islet dangled off the Southern tip of Corsica, familiar to few, other than the scholar and cartographer.

Over the years, Samson had pieced together the scant details of the boy's lineage into a coherent account, shorter than a chronicle but longer than an obituary. His stepfather was a High Prosecutor in the royal court of England. Though never brilliant, he had the stamina to argue, dispute, and pontificate for hours until he wore the opposition down. His record stood as a testament to his skill. Nearly every man who faced his court, innocent and guilty alike, ascended to the gallows or descended to the dungeon.

Rotund though seldom jolly, Clement led a life of piety, sobriety, and righteousness. He was a man of confirmed habit, keeping regular hours, indulging in drink only on special occasions, and reading the Bible every night before he went to bed at 8 o'clock sharp. He never married or pursued the fair sex. One heard a few whispers about homosexuality but, in truth, he simply had no interest in women. Affairs of the heart could not be regulated by the exacting standards of the law books he studied.

Only two changes occurred year by year. His paunch grew a little greater and his speeches lasted a little longer. So, in the course of thirty years, the magistrates suffered an extremely corpulent man who babbled incessantly. When the new king, Henry III, ascended the throne, he did not wait long to reshape the royal court more to his liking. Within days of his coronation, Henry issued an edict to retire the "fat bastard" as he called him. As a consolation (after all,

he was a model sycophant), Clement was granted what he had dreamt of all of his life: a title. People now addressed him as Lord Clement and he never failed to remind anyone who forgot the appellation.

Along with his title, Henry III granted him a fiefdom. He found the man an irritating blowhard and thought it best that he be relocated to the farthest reaches of his empire. England had recently acquired the island of Corsica in a treaty with the Spaniards and much of the land remained undistributed. For his nearly fifty years of service to the state, Clement received a fiefdom comprised of four prosperous villages on a thousand acres, as well as the scenic island of Callisto where he would establish his residence.

Though his title had been cause for celebration, his relocation was a mixed blessing. He had known little else than London most of his life and was quite content with his career in the law courts. All the same, he understood the compulsory nature of his retirement and did not protest. Barely a month after the King's pronouncement, Clement found himself disembarking from a cargo ship onto the sandy shores of his new home. The air struck him as decadently warm for March. The trees and flowers looked a bit too lush and colorful for his taste, like a forbidden garden filled with sin and temptation.

A boisterous crowd of curious peasants greeted him at the dock. The men looked dark and intimidating, their torsos bare and sweaty in the afternoon heat. The younger women were also scantily clad with large bosoms and lusty grins on their lips. Clement only gave the most cursory of greetings to his peasants before retiring to the château.

At least, his home did prove a comforting sanctuary. Clement enjoyed wealth and his château stank of it. A marble stairway led up to the massive double doors that opened into the main entryway. Inside, an imperial staircase with landings larger than most foyers

dominated the reception hall. Smaller staircases branched off to the higher floors from the second story. Hallways to the right and left lead to the East and West wings, respectively, and directly ahead, beyond the stairs, lay the Dining Hall. Clement wandered the corridors for hours, relishing his ownership of such architectural grandeur.

Over the next few weeks, Clement eagerly assumed the manner and bearing of a Lord. As a magistrate, he liked to give orders and mete out punishment and his temperament seemed well-suited to his new position of authority. Unfortunately, the peasants had other plans. Though his subjects acted friendly and deferential in his presence, he sensed the disobedience in their hearts. Historically, the Corsicans had been ruled by the Romans, the Spaniards, the Genoans, the French, and now the English. They always had lived under foreign rule and had become experts in outsmarting the outsiders. Oftentimes they perverted his orders, deliberately misinterpreting his words or following them too literally. Other times they simply ignored him.

Clement did not make matters easier by his reclusiveness. He scorned the traditional household and refused to retain a single familiar for council. On the rare occasions he dined with the local nobility, he arrived just before the first course and left shortly after dessert with a feeble farewell. Although the wealthiest families virtually flung their daughters at him in hope of a successful match, he remained aloof. For these reasons, most of the expatriates soon wrote him off as a crank and had little contact with him. Whatever advice they might have given him on managing his estate would likely have fallen on deaf ears anyway.

Though Clement tolerated his subjects' sloth and disobedience, their lax morals provoked absolute outrage. The women wore little clothing during the steamy summers, even shedding their tops when laboring in the fields. And when they returned home, their husbands took them to bed for long nights of passionate lovemaking. To

Clement's shock, the peasantry did not reserve this activity for the purpose of procreation. They performed that ugly, savage rut for the sheer pleasure of it!

Of course, the nobleman could appreciate why these uncultured Latins could succumb to temptations of the flesh. As much as they repulsed him, Corsican women did have a vulgar charm. The jezebels generally had very large breasts paired with svelte, swarthy bodies. They spoke in low, sultry voices that flamed up high when they made love. The Lord often heard their squeals of delight when he policed the estate at night in search of rulebreakers.

Clement was very proud that he had never indulged the sins of the flesh. The local womenfolk had lusty temperaments and occasionally made bold advances to their Lord, especially because of the dearth of men in the region. Indeed, women outnumbered men nearly two to one. The extreme imbalance led to an unusual amount of sexual experimentation among Corsican women. Female bisexuality was almost universal and young men often found themselves in bed with a pair of enterprising girlfriends. Jealousy was unknown to the fair sex and they considered physical love a gift to be shared, not saved. Fortunately, the men made up for their limited numbers with a healthy dose of Latin virility. Lovemaking among the locals was a nightly activity as common as eating and breathing.

Though nominally Christian, the Corsican peasants were pagans at heart. They still observed the ancient holidays and made offerings to the gods of the earth and moon. The villages held countless fertility celebrations each year, rife with drunken revelry and carnivalesque exhibitions of flesh. The major festivals lasted for days, always threatening to degenerate into outright orgies and occasionally succeeding.

Against imposing odds, Clement vowed to civilize his subjects. First, he announced a ban on all non-Christian festivals and holidays. Second, he prohibited wine and spirits. Clement also tried to

introduce a monthly limit on fornication but his edict met with such intense ridicule, he eventually gave it up as too difficult to enforce. Next, the Lord built a chapel on the island and instituted a church service with mandatory attendance. Unable to find a priest to deliver sermons on a regular basis, he often took the pulpit himself, giving some of the most boring sermons since the dawn of Christendom. Lectures against concupiscence were a popular theme, of course, as well as a few jabs against sloth and vanity thrown in for good measure. The inhabitants spoke just enough English to fathom his pomposity.

Despite his best intentions, Clement's efforts failed miserably. The pews sat empty during the daily service, aside from a few old people who came inside to get out of the sun. He would have punished the lot of his disobedient parishioners but the Lord had little control over his estate and his peasants carried on much like before, if only a little more quietly.

As only the lone beacon of decency in a vast sea of darkness, Clement resigned himself to their resistance. However, the Lord did have the time and energy to single out one man as the bane of all evil. Magnus cut an imposing figure. He stood a head above the next tallest man on the island with a hulking frame bulging with muscle. The mighty peasant did the work of three men in the field but his true labors only began after sundown. Ever since he lost his virginity at fourteen, the promiscuous paizan made love all night, every night, with an endless parade of gorgeous women. Magnus long possessed the distinction as a lover among lovers. Nearly every young lady from Callisto had spent an unforgettable evening in his bed at some point in her life.

One did not have to ponder the secret of his success for long. It bulged beneath his breeches in obscene detail. Even among a throng of Latin lovers, Magnus was fantastically endowed. He measured a full twelve inches, a number whispered in awe by the eager women who sought his companionship.

Clement never forgot the first time he encountered his nemesis. He had just arrived in Corsica and was reviewing the registry of souls that tended his estate. Clement noted a curious footnote for Magnus. The book listed two wives under his name, Joy and Felicity. He reckoned the fellow had become a widower and remarried. In order to find out which wife to cross off the list, Clement paid a visit to his home to investigate. The peasant's home stood alone on a hill about a quarter-mile from the main village. It was larger than the other huts on the island, perhaps five or six rooms with a well-tended garden. Clement gave a few loud knocks and two young ladies came to the door without a stitch of clothing between them. The shameless hussies did not even attempt to cover themselves!

The blonde possessed the face of an angel, wide blue eyes, high cheekbones, and pouty bee-stung lips, framed by golden blonde hair that almost reached her knees. Though she bore an innocent expression, her body betrayed the soul of a harlot. Her big jugs cast a shadow just short of her wisp of a waist that widened to full round hips and butt, followed by legs that seemed to go on forever. Saint Clement felt a rare stirring in his loins.

Yet her beauty, if not eclipsed, was matched by her comely companion. The redhead gave a sultry smile, her piercing green eyes fluttering mischievously, fully aware of the impure thoughts that raced through his mind. The scarlet vixen stuck out her tongue mockingly but Clement hardly noticed. Like all men, his eyes had locked upon her magnificent chest. She was blessed with a mammoth rack, perfectly formed, heavy yet firm, and capped with hard throbbing nipples.

"Which of you is the wife of Magnus?" he stammered at last.

"I am!" they both tittered.

"You did not understand my question. Which one of you is married to Magnus?"

"You did not understand the answer," said the blonde.

"We both marry Magnus," replied the redhead in broken English

The ladies reverted to their native tongue to speak amongst themselves. Clement figured he had better talk to the man of the house personally to clarify the issue.

"May I speak to your husband?" he asked.

"He very busy right now," they giggled. But Clement insisted he had to see him forthwith so they reluctantly let him inside.

"In bedroom," said the redhaired one, pointing down the hall to a door slightly ajar. Clement opened the door a bit wider for a peek and slammed it shut in utter mortification. Their husband was indeed occupied, occupied by a dark buxom lass astride his hips and an even bustier blonde beauty grinding her crotch against his face. The pair leaned into each other with lips locked in a passionate kiss.

The Lord gasped in shock, alerting the trio of his unexpected entrance. The blonde let out a scream and dismounted, covering her naked body in the bedsheets. The darker woman, on the other hand, did not cease her rut, not as much from a lack of reserve but because she hadn't noticed his intrusion in the midst of her very intense climax. When she quieted down at last, the man turned to Clement with a nasty glare.

"Magnus?" stammered Clement uncomfortably.

"To what do I owe this intrusion?" declared Magnus in perfect English. Rather than decoupling from his blonde, he lifted his trunk upward, grasped her hips with his large calloused hands, and lifted

her off the bed with him. He stood up straight and, holding her by her cute ass, strode over to the door with a mischievous grin on his lips, playfully bouncing the giggly girl up and down on his cock with each step.

He casually took one of his sweaty hands off her rump and thrust it forward to shake hands with the unwelcome stranger. Clement was too shocked to refuse the familiar gesture. Magnus seized his palm and squeezed it in his bone-crushing grasp for several seconds. Just before Clement cried out in pain, Magnus finally let go of his limp, aching hand.

All of this time, the brute casually held the girl in one arm without the slightest sign of exertion, as if she weighed no more than one of the tiny velvet pillows that sprinkled the oversized bed. He then removed his remaining hand off the wench's bottom to reach for his pipe. Indeed, she did not strain him at all for his massive erection supported her entire weight. Almost as an afterthought, her hands gripped his boulder shoulders to keep her balance.

"Do you have a light?" asked Magnus.

Clement did not.

His female attachment took a candle off the windowsill and lit it for him. Magnus took a long drag from the pipe. The tobacco smelled queer to Clement, overly sweet and pungent. The peasant then handed the pipe to his buxom companion for a smoke. She offered it to Clement but he declined.

"You must try our local tobacco," he frowned. "It would be very rude to refuse."

Clement mechanically took a feeble drag from the pipe and began a coughing fit. The girl in his arms laughed so hard she practically

slipped out of his grasp. Even the second girl under the sheets ventured a smile.

Though Magnus found the situation amusing, he was becoming tired of his unwanted guest. "Excuse me, love," he said to the girl, lifting her up and off his erection. "I need to speak to my friend alone for a moment." She scampered back to bed but not before he aimed a couple parting slaps upon her cute bare ass.

"So what do you want?" queried Magnus with unconcealed annoyance.

Clement did not reply. His attention was focused entirely on the paizan's most scandalous attribute. The footlong obscenity throbbed with fearsome intensity, pointing at him in lewd insubordination. Clement took a step back for fear of bumping into it accidentally. The stranger's curiosity did not bother Magnus. In fact, he appeared to enjoy his attention. The barbarian stud casually flexed his crotch muscles and the organ began to sway up and down, transfixing Clement's gaze like a metronome.

After a minute of silence, Magnus looked down at his crotch as if he just had discovered the source of Clement's fascination. "If you'll excuse me," began Magnus with a wicked smile. "I have two stunning ladies in my bed who are dying to get fucked by my twelve-inch cock...again. Come back tomorrow if you wish to speak."

He then slammed the door in his master's face. The bewildered buffoon turned back to the smirking faces of the blonde and redhaired vixens.

"Did Magnus answer question?" asked Joy, the blonde wife.

"But... But... You said you were married to him," Clement stammered.

"We are his wives. He's with his mistresses right now," said Felicity, the redhaired wife.

Clement did not stay to elaborate. However, he learned more about him in the coming days. Magnus was the descendent of a long line of cocksman who had raised hell in Corsica for centuries. The Conquistadoré clan was famed for its extreme muscularity, massive equipment, and insatiable appetite for feminine flesh. Each succeeding generation outdid the last in its overamped eroticism and Magnus was its latest and greatest incarnation.

His reputation was not only based upon the great frequency of his encounters but the extravagance of his conquests. Although a man and two maids was an occasional occurrence on the island, the Latin ladykiller regularly took on three or more hot-blooded strumpets at the same time. His orgies created such a racket at night, no one dared to live within a quarter-mile of his home.

After sowing his wild oats with most of the female population of Corsica, he settled down in a ménage à trois with two bisexual wildcats who not only tolerated but facilitated his strenuous love life. Though they forbade him to pursue women independently, they provided a steady stream of girlfriends to share their connubial bed. The trio's shared attraction for other women bonded them together in a happy if not very conventional marriage.

Clement lacked the vocabulary to express his disgust. It was far worse than mere polygamy. The scandalous household embodied everything he ever feared, condemned, and punished. He flirted with thoughts of the whip, the stocks, and even exile for the libertine. Unfortunately, Magnus was very popular among the womenfolk of Callisto. Any measures against their beloved would raise a hue and cry. The men, on the other hand, did not particularly like the musclebound Lothario. However, they did fear and respect him. For every woman he loved, there had been a jealous rival who received a severe beating at his hands.

Furthermore, even if Clement had become the titular head of the estate, the mighty peasant still wielded the real authority. Before the Lord's arrival, Callisto had been under the nominal control of the state. Although a representative of Henry III visited once a year to dispense a few vague orders from the court, Magnus assumed leadership from day to day. He assigned the work duties, settled disputes, and punished the disobedient with his fist. Over the years, Magnus had acquired enormous experience and knowledge with the affairs of the estate. Unaccustomed to the new order, the peasants continued to take orders from him after Clement's arrival. If the Lord did not issue a direct command, they carried out the will of his adversary. Besides the daunting language barrier, Clement's strict moral code made him very unpopular among the peasantry and they had little desire to obey him anyway. Though Magnus might have been a little too free with his fists, he never told others how to live and love.

Lacking sufficient authority to punish his nemesis directly, the Lord chose a more insidious line of attack. Though Clement had little control over the subordinates of Magnus, his antagonist could not countermand a direct order from his Lord. In theory, the law punished insubordination severely and Clement had the right to horsewhip the perpetrator. Accordingly, he assigned the peasant to the most unpleasant tasks on the estate. First, Clement ordered him to clean the manure from the stables every day for a week. Next, he told him to clean every privy and outhouse on the estate with a tiny silk rag and a leaky bucket. Clement then ordered him to dig a trench to irrigate the vineyards. The trench stretched nearly half a mile, all the way from the pond to the vineyard. And as soon as he finished the job, Clement said he changed his mind and asked him to fill it up again.

Strangely enough, Magnus did not appear particularly fazed by Clement's machinations. Other than fucking his wives longer and more ferociously at night, he carried out his duties with a smile. In

truth, he had the assistance of many subordinates to do the lion's share of work. As soon as Clement turned his back, Magnus would abandon his post for an afternoon tryst with one of his numerous girlfriends. Another peasant would perform his duties until he returned home at the end of the day, sweaty and exhausted from his labors in the boudoir.

Though he never caught Magnus in dereliction of duty, Clement had his suspicions. In order to watch the peasant more closely, Clement assigned him to the household staff. As a special humiliation, The Lord ordered him to perform "women's work" such as cleaning the laundry and washing the silverware. Though he could not leave the château for his liaisons, Magnus did not fret for long. He found his master's bed a most pleasant trysting spot with the many maids of the household. And, of course, he never forgot to launder the sheets afterward. He took his job most seriously.

Magnus did not restrict his amorous encounters to the bedroom. He enjoyed the maids in the privy and pantry, cellar and attic, closet and balcony, and nearly any place out of earshot and eyesight of Clement. He even ravished the kitchen wenches before the Lord's supper. After taking a girl spreadeagle on the counter, he never forgot to add a secret ingredient to the pot of soup that bubbled on the stove.

"Well done, boy," declared Clement in a condescending voice as his butler served him dinner. "The soup is creamy just as I like it."

Chapter 3 - Fiona

A few months after Magnus became a house servant, Clement abruptly announced his intention to marry. Though his record of abstinence could not be held in doubt, a couple vagrants knocked on his gates every year to claim his paternity and an expected chunk of his inheritance. No one took their fraud seriously but without a legitimate heir, his estate would be plunged into chaos upon his

demise. Every landowner in Corsica would try to get a piece of his land. And he didn't want to give them a square inch!

Since he scorned the local nobility, Clement resolved to find a bride on the continent. He organized a junket to Italy in search of a acceptable bride. Though the Englishman had never traveled to Italy, he reckoned the women would be chaste and pious because of their proximity to Rome. The Lord left two weeks to the day of his announcement. The peasants gave him a enthusiastic, noisy farewell, overjoyed that they had rid themselves of the fool for the summer.

The festivals and revelry returned to the estate with even greater fanfare and debauchery than before. Every carnal instinct that had been restrained under Clement's watch returned with a vengeance. Summer had just arrived and the climate was hot and damp, the sort of weather that discouraged excess clothing. In the evening, the youth of Callisto took to the beaches, enjoying long nights of passionate love under the stars. And inside the château that overlooked the coast, Magnus, King of the Saturnalians, presided over the greatest orgies of his epic love life. His reputation had grown so large that numerous girls came to the island festivals just for a glimpse of the legendary cocksman. His wives received propositions from dozens of gorgeous young women and, each night, they chose a few lucky ladies to join them in Magnus' bed. No less than five ravaged maidens left the château each morning with tattered clothing and dreamy smiles.

Unfortunately, all great moments must come to an end and, within a month, Clement sent word that he had found a bride. His subjects stood in mourning on the pier as the balinger approached. Clement did not bother with the expense of a honeymoon and took his bride straight home. Not a few jokes were bandied about how the pair had spent their wedding night. Most reckoned he probably read his wallflower of a wife passages from the Bible.

At last, the gangplank hit the pier. The crew moved about the craft, rolling up the sails and adjusting the rigging. However, no one emerged from below deck. The crowd murmured with anticipation. Finally, an auburn goddess swung open the cabin doors, stretched her arms to the sky, and spun around to face her audience. She stood as big and tall as any man, yet her figure exuded an exquisite grace and elegance, a radiance only known in art and dreams.

Her voluptuous body was every bit as firm and taut as a lady could desire. A slender girlish waist expanded enticingly to round luscious hips, then legs that ran for yards, tapering down from thighs to calves to small well-formed ankles. Her svelte figure accentuated her disproportionately large bust. Though the lady put on the airs of a princess, those mammoth jugs belied her station. Calling them "breasts" seemed no more appropriate than calling Magnus' schlong a "penis." No amount of lace and velvet could conceal her innate sluttiness.

Notably, she made no effort to disguise her endowment. The dress clung to her body, hugging every curve in sleek silky fabric. The pattern had been modified to accommodate her succulent rack with a plunging neckline, squared across the breast, followed by a deeper V cut into the center that dropped indecently low. Even the most indifferent gaze could not help but focus upon her cleavage. For additional emphasis, a mole dotted the inner fullness of her left breast, positioned tantalizing inches away from a thick, swollen nipple that spiked the fabric.

Fiona had been born the youngest daughter of a notorious family of aristocrats from Naples. Reputedly the best endowed men in the province, her three older brothers had been stud to half of the female populace between them. Their palace had been home to countless scandals, known and secret, and her father thought it best she get married before her virtue became compromised. She married a wealthy Sicilian merchant in the spice trade on her fifteenth birthday, 40 years her senior. A month later, Fiona left his

funeral, having become one of the wealthiest widows in the province. According to rumor, he expired underneath her during a tempestuous bout of lovemaking the spry vixen had initiated.

With her fortune and newly gained independence, Fiona restlessly toured up and down the boot of her homeland. She graced the court of every city and initiated countless love intrigues. Though a woman, she had inherited her brothers' passionate nature and tempted countless men. Despite her promiscuity, no one dared call her a slut. Fiona was a strong woman who knew what she wanted and never hesitated to take it. She insinuated herself into the company of powerful men and was treated as an equal. When she entered a salon, her poise, her wit, and her Amazonian figure mesmerized her company. Fiona's presence demanded submission and respect and she invariably received it.

The widow was highly educated and spoke several languages, including English, French, and Corsican. She could charm most anyone when she chose to do so. At the same time, however, the lady had a gutter mouth and spoke openly about her love life. Her talk of men evoked both laughter and unease from her masculine company. In particular, she liked to discuss the size (or the lack thereof) of her male partners. Fiona had very high standards that seemingly no man had ever been able to fulfill. Because of her sharp tongue, she intimidated many potential suitors and oftentimes had to play the aggressor in a love affair.

By the ripe age of 25, Fiona had grown weary. The heiress had squandered the bulk of her husband's fortunes and her family had fallen deeper into debt from her brothers' gambling. No matter how charming she had once been, her lack of a dowry and advancing age proved a terrible disadvantage in finding a suitable match. Even without her scandalous reputation, she had become virtually unmarriageable.

Then came Clement. He knew little of Neapolitan society and needed to find a bride quickly. Fiona did not particularly like him but her father desperately needed to raise funds to protect his palace from usurers. His debts had become too large to conceal from his daughter. She hoped Clement and his gold might rescue her family. Likewise, Clement's motives were not completely pure. He did not want a wife as much as an heir. As long as she was a respectable woman and capable of manufacturing children, he had little other interest in his bride.

After a brief courtship, Clement took his offer of matrimony to Fiona's father. Given her stubborn independence, the gesture was merely a formality. She had already made her own decision. Fiona's father immediately consented and they wed a few days later in a hastily arranged ceremony. Fearful that Clement might find out about his daughter's true character, her father shipped them back to Callisto as soon as he could.

Fortunately, Clement remained ignorant of Fiona's decadent past and his wife had sufficient cunning to feign a modicum of piety in his presence. She hid her fluency of English in order to discourage conversation. To her husband, the woman seemed pretty much like any other and he was satisfied if not overjoyed by his choice. As soon as she disembarked from the boat, Fiona greeted the staff warmly in their native Corsican tongue and had learned their names by heart after a single round of introductions. Charmed by their new mistress, the servants hardly acknowledged Clement when he meekly followed in the wake of his beautiful young wife.

As she walked down the line of servants, her eyes met with a man in the front row. He stood there barechested, arms akimbo, his bronzed muscles bulging with barbaric strength. A hot-blooded vixen flanked him on either side, running their hands over his leather-clad thighs with brazen familiarity. Fiona fixed her gaze upon his crotch and immediately understood his popularity with the pair.

She gave him a look, a smoldering look. Her dazzling green eyes gazed at him, slanted slightly, thick lashed, blinking at him with a growing amusement. A smile flit across her lips, raising up her delicate cheekbones for a brief moment. With that, she turned and headed for the château. Joy drug her fingernail over the length of his prominent erection.

"Methinks, ye likes the mistress," she giggled.

"I'm going to fuck that wench before I die," he declared in Corsican with forceful determination. The Lord did not understand his servant's impudent remark. His wife also stood within earshot but did not react.

"Shame on you," scolded Felicity. "That's Clement's bride. They just got married."

"Don't play the prude with me. I know you both want her as much as I do." Magnus slipped his hands up their skirts to prove his contention. As he suspected, the mistress had made their pussies hot and damp.

"That lady didn't marry for love. She married for gold. Just wait a couple weeks. She's going to take a lover. And when she does, I'll be happy to oblige her."

The brute's resolve to bed Fiona grew stronger with each passing day. His wives agreed she would make a charming addition to their bed. But Magnus had more than lust upon his mind. Ambition and justice informed his thinking. To his mind, if he could not run the estate himself, his son deserved the honor. And Fiona would assure that outcome by bearing his child. Joy and Felicity found his idea most intriguing and the triad spent much time conspiring on how to seduce their mistress.

Though Clement did not know of Magnus' plot, he transferred him back to the fields almost immediately after her arrival. Since the peasant could only approach her indirectly, he used his authority to install Felicity as Fiona's handmaiden. Because of their intimate and frequent contact, she had ample opportunity to gain the confidence of her mistress. Clement did not like the saucy wench but he thought nothing unseemly of her presence in the château.

Felicity gave a daily report on her progress with Fiona. Though the lady proved aloof at first, slowly but surely, Magnus' wife won over her confidence. Despite given the wide gap in their social standing, there were a great many interests the two women shared in common and soon her mistress' bathtime became a time for conversation. As Magnus predicted, Fiona found her marriage to be quite a bore. She had agreed to the match out of economic necessity and soon began to regret her decision. The mistress also hinted at her Lord's utter incompetence in the boudoir, a topic most amusing to Magnus.

Interestingly, she also made subtle advances to her handmaiden. Every longing look and flirtatious caress carried a hint of lesbian desire. Magnus was delighted. Originally, he planned to seduce Fiona himself and introduce her to group encounters with his bisexual wives later on. But he quickly realized his sensual spouses could assist with her initial seduction. He would be able to procure Fiona by proxy through Felicity. The horny handmaiden decided upon the bath as the venue for seduction. The next bathtime found them in deep discussion about the qualities an ideal lover. Magnus had urged Felicity to draw her out on the subject and she proved more than willing to speak her mind.

"Fiona, please tell me. Describe what you really want."

She laughed a long time at her handmaiden's question. Nonetheless, Felicity insisted she tell her. Fiona demurred.

"I just want what any woman wants. Kindness. Strength. Beauty. And...". Fiona hesitated for a moment and thought about the handsome stranger she saw on the day she arrived.

"What else? What were you going to say?" queried Felicity.

"Well... he needs to have a really big cock."

Both women laughed. Felicity brought the sponge between the thighs of her mistress, spending an inordinate amount of time at her crotch. Magnus told her what to do next but did she dare? She lacked his boldness. Fiona suspected Felicity's intentions. A staunch bisexual, she had been on intimate terms with several of her handmaidens. Sensing her hesitation, Fiona pressed Felicity's hand against her quim. The maid continued the charade of washing her bottom but she did so with her hands instead of the sponge.

"So you like your men well-endowed, milady?" she said at last.

"Yessss," hissed her mistress. Suddenly, Felicity scissored her swollen clit between her index and forefinger. Fiona had little doubt that her handmaiden had been with a woman before.

"Tell me, milady. How big do you like your man?" she said quietly, frigging her clit faster.

"The bigger the better! I love big cocks!" she panted.

"Seven inches?" she queried disingenuously, sliding her forefinger into her pussy.

"Seven inches is not enough. I want more!"

"Nine inches?" she asked, pushing her index finger inside as well.

“Nine inches is for sissies! I want a real man!” she panted. Fiona had given up any pretense of propriety. Her flesh had turned a deep red and her nipples had sharpened into spikes. Felicity stuck in her other fingers and began to stir her pot.

“What do you think about twelve inches?”

“Yes! Yes! That’s it! Twelve inches! That’s what I want! A twelve inch cock!”

Felicity felt the telltale twitch deep in Fiona's pussy. She had struck gold. For an electrifying instant, her mistress’ whole body stiffened. Then she erupted in long, violent, undulating spasms, moaning in a shrill, hysterical wail that died away and then revived even more loudly with each wrenching jolt of her orgasm.

Finally, Fiona lay damp and whimpering, so overcome with rapture that she could have cared less what Felicity thought of her. Nonetheless, her handmaiden must have been shocked! Even a girl of her humble station did not talk that way. But now she knew. Her mistress was a size queen. She had the desires of the lowest tavern wench!

Felicity helped her mistress out of the tub and dried her off with a downy fresh towel. She peeled the wet hair away from Fiona’s ear and whispered “Don’t feel ashamed, milady. A girl wants what she wants. And if she’s not careful, she’ll probably get it!”

Chapter 4 - Fiona’s Lover

The next day, Fiona took a walk in the vineyards after lunch. She thought she heard footsteps behind her when a mysterious giant swept her off her feet and into his big, strong arms. The Lord’s wife gazed up at him in amazement. He was a peasant, strong and handsome, with a broad grin on his lips. The stranger did not wear a

shirt and his torso was as broad and muscular as she had ever seen. He had a hard body that had seen more than its share of fighting and labor in the fields. The man carried her effortlessly, his arms familiar with heavy loads.

[SEP] The peasant's familiarity shocked her. Clement would have him horsewhipped for his impudence!

"Where are we going?" she finally asked with as much indignation as she could muster against her fear and intense arousal. She could feel her knickers squishing with liquid excitement.

[SEP] "All of the way," he replied firmly in Corsican.

[SEP] Soon, they entered the forest and took a long, winding path past a cluster of straw huts in the clearing. The stranger walked up to the largest one, kicked open the door, and headed to the back. Fiona rightly assumed they were heading towards his bedroom.

To her surprise, two women already lay on the bed, naked as could be. Felicity gave a knowing wink to Fiona, her smoldering gaze dripping with Sapphic intent. Joy pulled away the pillows and sheets to give Fiona a place on the bed. The peasant laid her between the two women.

[SEP] "Welcome to my playground," he declared at last. "I think you will enjoy it here."[SEP] The gall! Not even the boldest Casanova had ever dared to carry her off to bed like that. And instead of romancing her, he just flung her between two of his other conquests for an orgy. Who did he think he was?

[SEP] Fiona opened her mouth to curse him but only a heavy sigh came out. Damn him! All that muscle. All that power. All that...utter and absolute man! And it could be hers with a crook of her trembling finger. She crossed her arms over her front to hide her hardening nipples from his view.

[SEP]

"Felicity said you needed an heir," he declared climbing into his bed of women.

"If you'd like a real man for a son, I think I can be of assistance."

[SEP]

Joy and Felicity each took a leg and yanked down his breeches. Magnus smiled as the garment pooled at his feet. There it stood. Big and proud. Twelve inches long. Thick as a wrist. Ramrod straight. The hulking shaft throbbed ominously, hot blood coursing through its bulbous veins.

Fiona was serious about cock. She had seen more than a few since she lost her virginity a decade ago. And Magnus had no equal. Even her notorious brothers would look like mere toddlers next to him in the shower. He was everything she had hoped and dreamed of since she first saw him that day on the pier. She remembered his lewd declaration about fucking her. Fiona pretended not to hear him but she knew their day of reckoning would come. Every night, when she wanked herself to sleep, she thought of that massive bulge beneath his breeches. And now it lay within her grasp. [SEP] Yet she hesitated. Had it only been a fuck, she would have stripped without a second thought. But he asked for more than that. Magnus wanted her to carry his progeny. Even if Clement could be fooled, would this crude peasant produce a worthy heir to the estate?

Magnus appeared to read her thoughts. "I will not force you," he whispered into her ear in a surprisingly tender voice. "You are free to go. I will not bother you again. Why don't you just watch for now. I want to show you what I can do to a woman."

[SEP]

With that, he motioned for Joy. She rolled on to her back, spreading her legs in urgent longing for the monumental orgasm soon to wrack her body. With confirmed habit, Magnus mounted her and slowly sank his lust muscle inch after inch in a single fluid stroke into the depths of Joy's hot honeypot. The lovers' bodies instantly

and passionately fused together, as they embraced, groped, and frenched each other with their eager hands, gaping mouths, sucking lips, and lapping tongues. Within seconds, Joy began to moan and shudder in a spectacular climax. Fiona had never seen a woman become so excited so quickly. The girl just came and came and came. Cuntjuice gushed out her pussy and ran down Magnus's pistoning shaft in long, thick, rivulets. The wench screamed herself hoarse as her body shook, stiffened, squirmed, and convulsed in perpetual ecstasy.

[SEP]

"Wouldn't you like to be in her place?" queried Felicity in a seductive whisper, slipping her finger beneath the sopping fabric of Fiona's knickers. "You only have to ask."

[SEP]

Felicity crawled behind the copulating couple and motioned her mistress to approach. Neither Magnus nor Joy noticed the pair of heads which hovered mere inches above their humping crotches.

[SEP]

"Feel the size of our man," ordered Felicity, guiding Fiona's hand toward his pistoning pole. Fiona took hold of the slick shaft on the upstroke and let it slide through her palm. He was incredibly thick and long. Her fingers could barely encompass his girth. As much as she had longed for such a tool all these years, the reality still frightened her a bit. Fiona had never taken anything nearly as large inside of her before. Familiar with recruiting additional lovers into their triad, Felicity immediately sensed her reluctance.

[SEP]

"Don't worry," she reassured her. "Magnus has experience with hundreds of women and he knows how to handle his size. After a moment of discomfort, you will come so hard that pain will be your last concern."

[SEP]

Fiona contemplated her prospective lover as he continued to powerfuck the buxom blonde to yet another orgasm... Tall, dark, and so very well-hung. What a fucking man! The peasant may have been of humble birth but his sceptre endowed him with a nobility no title

would ever confer. Though the thought embarrassed her, she could not help but think of the massive cock her child would inherit someday. What greater gift could she give to her future son? With their combined pedigrees, Fiona and Magnus would breed a born ladykiller, a harem stud worthy to rule Callisto and its populace of insatiable women. So, for the greater good of womankind, she vowed to bear his child.

[SEP] Fiona took Felicity by the hands, looked straight into her eyes, and said one word -- "yes". Felicity immediately drew to Magnus's side and whispered the word in his ear. After expressing his regrets to Joy, he slowly pulled his foot of cock out of her quivering, wet pussy and dismounted his woman.

[SEP] Like hundreds before, Felicity and Joy prepared Fiona for Magnus' phallic onslaught. They propped up her rump on a large pillow at the edge of the bed to give him comfortable access to her womanhood. Reaching between their own legs, they steeped their hands in pussy nectar, and greased Fiona's hot crotch with their palms. Magnus stood at bedside in wait, arms akimbo, manhood throbbing. Finally, his wives finished preparing his prey and he approached with a confident grin.

[SEP] Instead of mounting her, he grabbed an ankle in either hand and pulled her trembling body towards the edge of the bed. As he looked deep into Fiona's shining, expectant eyes, Magnus saw the absolute and complete surrender of a woman who wanted not just to be fucked but to be fertilized with the seed of his child. This living Venus could have chosen any man she wanted but she chose Him for the honor. And now the finest specimens of Man and Woman who ever walked the earth would make love and generate the ultimate Conquistadoré, an erotic marvel who would inhabit the wet dreams of womankind for centuries to come.

[SEP] Magnus gently spread Fiona's legs. Her vagina literally foamed and bubbled with arousal. A huge, spreading wet spot soaked the

pillowcase even though she had been lying in that place for less than a minute. Though his mistress was too overcome with passion and anticipation to speak words of assent, her wanton body betrayed her need.

SEP Slowly and steadily, Magnus continued to drag her towards his monumental erection. Soon his crown brushed against her labia, and a frisson of pleasure rolled visibly over her naked form. He slid his hands underneath her waist and lifted her clear off the bed. He planned to fuck her body in midair to control the speed and depth of his penetration. Fiona gave a sweet, prolonged sigh, mingled of indescribable excitement and inexplicable calm. For the first time in her life, she felt no need to dominate the encounter, to instruct her lover when and where and how. She knew he knew what she wanted. The mistress had become a maiden in the strong arms of her bold servant.

SEP Drawing her body toward his crotch, Magnus wedged his massive helmet between the jaws of her snatch. Gently but emphatically, he pulled her towards him until the cockhead completely entered her vaginal canal. An instant later, Fiona began shaking and shuddering with a startling, violent climax, the strongest of her life but only a hint of what was to come in the next few hours. With each thrust, more and more of the immense shaft disappeared beneath the soaking thatch of curls that marked the portal to Fiona's love chamber. He would pull out almost to the limit, and then slowly plunge back in, descending yet another inch in the process. Eight inches! Nine inches! Ten! At last, Fiona felt his heavy ballsack slap against her rump. As he predicted earlier, they were going "all of the way".

SEP At this point, Magnus leaned in, lowered her lushly curved little bottom onto the edge of the bed, and began to take over the task of fucking Clement's wife instead of her body fucking him. He began to longcock his lover, wrenching his colossal tool out of her clenching twat and slamming it in to the hilt. Though his strokes were violent,

they were carefully aimed. Magnus made sure his organ passed above her cervix into her posterior fornix, the deepest part of a woman's vagina. Not only did that hidden pocket allow him to penetrate a woman balls deep but it contained her most precious erogenous zone, the epicenter. The sweet spot was incredibly remote and Magnus did not discover it until his endowment surpassed the ten-inch mark. On that fateful day, the budding rake made a girl faint for the first time...but hardly the last.

[SEP] Fiona stood over six feet tall and needed a true stud club to fill the enormous void between her thighs. Anything smaller left with the lustful Amazon with an empty ache. Not surprisingly, the great majority of men caused her an itch that they could not scratch. And after they went to sleep, she needed her trusty dildo to finish the job. The instrument had been custom-built and was larger than any other dildo, let alone any man, she had ever known. Magnus outsized that dildo by several inches. He filled her to her excess, stretching her vaginal walls like they had never stretched before. She felt like, like.....

"Fuck!" she wailed, her whole pelvis quaking as a thunderclap of bliss struck her innermost core. "Onnggg! Ungghhnngghiieeeee! Oh God!" Just when it seemed that the most violent shockwaves had abated, her body suddenly jerked up again off the bed and a loud, wrenching moan ripped its way up out of her chest as a completely new orgasm ravaged her senses. Fiona looked into his dark eyes with utter amazement. What was he doing to her?

[SEP] The barbarian stud grunted and groaned with savage pleasure, fucking Clement's wife with breathtaking intensity. His massive shaft tore through her trembling sheathe in sweeping footlong strokes, stretching her interiors to the breaking point, delving into uncharted realms of ecstasy no woman had known before. Fiona lay spreadeagle in total submission, her body so willing and open for him that her cervix gaped open as if she were giving birth. Joy and Felicity had watched their husband fuck hundreds of women in their

bed over the years but not even the most wanton of them had become so utterly enthralled, so passionately excited as Fiona at that moment. Without a doubt, Magnus was about to perform his magnum opus that day.

[[[SEP]]] Endless torrents of fuck syrup spewed out of her pussy during their lovemaking. The mattress squished audibly underneath her squirming body. And the massive girth of his tool that reamed her gushing cunt forced a cataract of love muck to squirt out of Fiona's pussy! It geysered out from between her pussy lips like a fountain when Magnus hit bottom and sprayed more than a foot into the air. Had any woman ever been so hot? Had any woman ever been so wet?

The astonishing flood of sex juice made Fiona's vaginal walls so smooth and slick that Magnus could fuck her at breakneck speed. He slammed his tool in and out of her cunt so quickly that a shimmering mist of love nectar floated like a ghostly vapor between the lovers' wildly thrusting bodies, covering them head to toe in girlsap.

[[[SEP]]] For Fiona, this coupling represented a release of feelings that she had pent up for all of her life. Each successive disappointment in the boudoir fed her ever-growing need for a truly satisfying cock. And even her beloved dildo was only a diversion without a real man behind it. But with Magnus, her longing finally had come to an end. Each plunge of his massive tool deep into her body quenched years' worth of unfulfilled size fantasies.

[[[SEP]]] The two lovers held each other closely, lips locked and tongues entwined in a deeply passionate French kiss. Rivers of saliva were flowing between their gasping, moaning, twisting mouths and sliding lips as they wildly kissed and surged against each other with utter abandon.

[[[SEP]]] Fiona writhed helplessly on her back as bone-shattering shocks of pleasure rattled her tremulous body. As the onslaught of Magnus's

rhythmically pumping stud muscle continued, her orgasms grew so intense and came so close together that they began to overlap into an endless crescendo.

Fiona lost all control over herself. She thought she would pass out or at least pee all over the bed. Joy and Felicity watched her agitation with amusement. Evidently, the poor girl never enjoyed a multiple G-spot orgasm before.

SEP! Fiona and Magnus locked gazes. Their eyes were riveted on each other with such intensity, they did not even blink. Drool was dribbling down her roseblushed cheeks as she begged her lover to fire his load and knock her up. "Do me, Magnus! Do my eggs!" she moaned. "Shoot ... Shoot ... SHOOT!"

SEP! Her heartfelt plea found an immediate response. The hulking brute began shaking and shuddering with unimaginable sexual delight. Fiona knew very well what was to come. In mere seconds, his spunk cannon would blast her eggs with a stunning flood of rich seed, ensuring the conception of their child.

SEP! "Brace yourself, wench!" he groaned in an ominous whisper. "I come harder than other men." Fiona held tight, digging her fingernails into his back.

SEP! Magnus drove his weapon as deep inside Fiona as he could. And when he reached her cervix, he did not retreat like before but forged ahead with slow and steady determination. As expected, he felt another pair of lips caress his glans, almost like penetrating a second vagina. The passage dilated further and soon his corona slid past her gaping cervix. Magnus gave a savage yell of victory. He had conquered her innermost sanctum and would deliver his load directly into her fecund uterus.

SEP! An instant later, Magnus's mighty back clenched and rippled in sheet-ripping ecstasy and a huge bulge of spunk surged up his massive shaft. As the powerful eruption of seed flooded her

convulsing interiors, Magnus beat his fists against the bed until the legs gave way and frame and all crashed to the floor.

SEP Joy and Felicity had never seen him come so ferociously. He had waited so long for that moment. In preparation for Fiona, the virile wencher had refrained from intercourse for nearly a week, the longest he had abstained in decades. The first streamer of come was usually the longest, about fifteen seconds on most occasions. But even after thirty seconds had passed, the surging bolt of molten virility continued at full force.

SEP So too did Fiona's perpetual climax. The woman cried bloody murder, arching and quivering, then writhing on her back as fierce seizures of pleasure gripped her delicious body. Magnus had spent many hours in bed gazing into his lovers' tear-stained faces, contorted by numerous unspeakable pleasures, but watching Fiona's orgasm stirred him deeply. She was fucking for more than pleasure or for desire; she was fucking in the name of creation!

SEP After nearly two minutes, Magnus's climax had not waned in the slightest. Of the countless loads he had shot into the pussies of his countless lovers, never had he come so hard and long. A mingled river of female ejaculate and male seed began pouring out of Fiona's cunt. The deluge of fuckjuice caused remarkably loud sucking noises to resound throughout the bedroom as Magnus's lunging cock pistoned in and out of Fiona's convulsing body. Familiar with the sound, Joy and Felicity immediately dove between their crotches to lap away at the excess flow. Each time his shaft emerged from between his lover's bright purple cuntlips, eager tongues cleansed the sex muck until his tool actually glistened with their spittle.

SEP Finally, Magnus's crisis began to subside. Even though his cock was running out of seed, Magnus continued to assault Clement's wife with rapid but steady strokes. Her climax still had a couple minutes to go. As Fiona continued to tremble, shudder, and shake from the impact of this overwhelming ecstasy, she felt something

inside her womb. Was it her child? Had he made her pregnant? Then a sudden realization hit her. No, it couldn't be possible.

SEP "Y-y-y-you're in my womb!" she gasped, looking into his eyes with utter amazement.

SEP

"Yes, Fiona." he whispered with a voice much calmer than before. "I am born from a long line of proven cocksmen and a Conquistadoré always fucks his women deep in the womb. And someday our son will carry on that tradition. The heir to the name of Conquistadoré shall be a born ladykiller, ready, willing, and able to assume all of my conjugal duties. As the future Lord of Callisto, he shall inherit an island of sex-starved sirens who will demand his attention every waking moment. In order to satisfy them, he will be extraordinarily handsome, avidly promiscuous, intensely virile, and heroically endowed. From an early age, beautiful women shall train our son in the erotic arts to prepare him for the duties of a legendary lover. And when he is a man, our son will live a life of perpetual pleasure on his island harem.

SEP

Fiona didn't answer. She just lay there half-dazed, bathed in the aftershock of her epic climax. Magnus remained quiet as well as he leaked his final drips and drops of sperm into Fiona's uterus.

SEP

"How does it feel to sire the next Lord of Callisto?" asked Joy, breaking the silence at last.

SEP

"Let me tell you a family secret." Magnus answered. "You know the real men skip a generation in my family. I will be only half the man of my son. That boy will prove quite a handful. Of course, I suppose Fiona's aristocratic lineage could mellow our child."

SEP

Fiona laughed quietly. Her "aristocratic lineage" consisted of the most accomplished set of bodice-rippers in Southern Europe. Had they created a monster?

SEP

"I wasn't joking," said Magnus, pulling his erection out of her body. "He will be quite a man."

[SEP]

"You're still hard!" declared Fiona with amazement.

[SEP]

"How else could I be with a bedful of naughty strumpets?"

[SEP]

"Let's do it one more time," she winked seductively. "Just to make sure."

[SEP]

"Patience, my dear. I have to fuck my wives first. A gentleman makes sure all the women in his bed are equally satisfied."

[SEP]

"Magnus, have mercy on the poor girl!" exclaimed Felicity. "She hasn't had a real man in ages."

[SEP]

"You can fuck us anytime you want," added Joy.

[SEP]

"Very well, then," he laughed, wedging his erection back into Fiona's vagina.

"But you two had better not have a headache tonight. I haven't fucked you all day!"

[SEP] In retrospect, Fiona never knew exactly which coupling had made her pregnant. After their first encounter, Magnus usually fucked her three times a day. However, he decided that they would officially mark that afternoon as the day she conceived. The lovemaking had been so wonderful and thrilling that even if the deed had not actually been consummated upon the first attempt, they still considered it The Day.

Chapter 5 - Ménage

Over the next few months, Fiona began to spend most of her days with Joy, Felicity, and their virile husband. And, of course, the greater part of that time was spent in the bedroom. Soon, their

ménage à trois expanded into a ménage à quatre. After nearly wrecking the bed during their first afternoon together, Magnus built a larger one that could accommodate all four of them comfortably.

Despite the difference in their backgrounds, Joy and Felicity became Fiona's closest confidantes. In order that no one suspected why the three of them always appeared together, Fiona appointed the sister wives as her chief handmaidens. They assisted their mistress with dressing, bathing, and, of course, her more intimate needs.

Passionately bisexual, Fiona quickly developed an intimate physical relationship with them outside of their encounters with Magnus. In their newly refurbished bed, the female triad spent countless afternoons in a torrid tempest of twat-teasing, snatch-lapping pussy play. Though the girls thoroughly explored the variations of Sappho, they all had one greater love: Magnus and his footlong schlong.

Every day happened much like the last. Magnus came home in the evening from a long day in the fields to find the trio in flagrante delicto. When they saw him, his women moved aside to give him his rightful place at the center of the bed. Between deep tongue-kisses, he would tell them about his day and they would tell him about their own.

Very little of note ever happened so the girls soon tore off his clothes and he proceeded to fuck the living daylights out of them for the next couple hours. When they got hungry, the women drew lots to determine who would make dinner that night. Fiona relied all her life on servants but the sister wives quickly taught her how to cook. Despite his chauvinistic demeanor, Magnus offered to help but his lovers strictly forbade him from entering the kitchen. During his last attempt at dinner, he rejoined the girls in bed and completely forgot about the roast in the oven until plumes of smoke began to waft into the bedroom.

Dinner was served in bed. The girls spread a large tablecloth over the sheets and laid out the bowls and dishes. Magnus rarely needed to use silverware. His companions spoon fed him each course and they swapped sips of wine from mouth to mouth. Dessert consisted of a meat dish. Fiona coated his massive dong in orange custard and the ladies lapped at his pole like a giant popsicle until they washed down their meal with a musky mouthful of his heavy cream. As a digestif, the concubines served their lover peaches *à la chatte*. With fingers animated by expertise yet borne of tenderness, the sister wives deftly inserted the ripe fruit into each other's moist cavities. They chose peaches of just the right shape and size to keep them firmly lodged between their taut labia, a portion of the fuzzy morsel still visible and protruding slightly out of their stretched clefts.

Thus prepared, the trio reclined across the bed, thighs spread wide, offering themselves for his delectation. Magnus devoured their peaches in situ, bringing each of them to the first of many shrieking orgasms that night. Magnus could have disposed of this ceremonial meal and simply began their group sex marathon session but he had his ideals. Real men ate pussy. It aided in the digestive process.

As the evening wore on, Fiona eventually bade her lovers farewell. Clement turned out to be rather uninterested in her whereabouts but she still had to come home for the sake of appearances. Of course, in the middle of the night, Magnus and his wives often woke to the noise of an extra body slipping into the bed for a quick liason.

Fiona's pregnancy proceeded very smoothly. Her handmaidens pampered her to no end and she felt the happiness of every expectant mother. Clement also was happy to gain an heir at last. His only reservation involved the circumstances of her impregnation. The old man had learned about procreation some time ago and heard that he would have to emit something in order to fertilize his partner. Clement used to do that when he had dirty dreams at night but not for many years. Of course, it might have happened the last

time they tried a few months ago. But it happened so quickly! Anyway, the Lord worked in mysterious ways.

Despite her sturdy frame and perfect health, the childbirth proved difficult for Fiona. The infant was restless, kicking and struggling inside her womb day and night. The fetus also grew abnormally large, nearly fifteen pounds at the time of his birth. Because of its size, the midwife expected the delivery to be a difficult one. However, instead of having to extract him with tongs, the baby pulled himself out of her womb without any assistance. He emerged from her vagina in under five minutes and the midwife sliced off his cord in a trice.

It was obvious from the very beginning that the boy was different. He did not cry but just looked around the room curiously, a mysterious grin playing about his face. Even more remarkable, instead of the usual baby fat, the child emerged perfectly formed, like a titan in miniature. Sloping muscles joined his neck to wide shoulders and flowed into the swelling curvature of his pectorals, each of which were sharply defined and well rounded. His flat stomach fell in smoothly from his chest with a prominent washboard of rippling abs. She took notice of the well muscled, swelling thighs, the bulging calves and large feet firmly planted on the carpet. "He's like a little Samson," declared Fiona with admiration as she cradled the brawny infant in her arms. The newborn weighed a great deal and she had to put him down a few seconds later.

"Don't call him that. His name is Farallon," replied Clement coldly, surprisingly uninterested in the whole affair.

The midwife also noticed the infant had a remarkably large sexual organ for a newborn. It almost reached to his knees! More shockingly, it seemed to grow erect as the infant milked the teat of the wet nurse.

The next few days held more surprises. The marvel of nature learned to walk within days and with a precocious grace instead of the usual baby steps. He hated his crib, preferring the freedom of the floor. Instead of crying in protest when the nanny brought him there for his nap, he learned to scale the bars and jump over the side. More than once, the servants had to search the château for the young fugitive and bring him back to his pampered prison.

One day, the wet nurse came to feed the infant but she did not find him in the crib. To her shock, two of the bars from the crib had been ripped out and lay splintered on the floor. The little titan had broken them with his bare hands. She soon found him and gave him quite a scolding. The boy ignored her words. Without hesitation, he climbed onto her lap, ripped open her blouse, and began to milk one of her breasts. As soon as he emptied one, he immediately latched his mouth to the other. Little Samson was hungry. When he had emptied both her breasts, the infant began to lick and suck underneath her breasts to her navel. Before she could react, he had reached her thighs and was pulling at her skirts.

Since even a work of erotica must not transgress certain boundaries, we must fade to black at this moment. Let us just say the rumors of his precocity were shocking but true. In retrospect, Josephine realized the situation had been orchestrated by Magnus. Before the girl married and bore a child, he loved to bone her box. She had the biggest jugs of any wench on the island and her pregnancy inflated them with milk. As with other job assignments on the estate, Magnus personally chose her to be the child's wet nurse. Though Josephine's marriage ended their torrid trysts, he reached her by proxy through his son. Though not yet a man, he already possessed the naughty spirit of a true ladykiller.

As the infant grew up, he became stronger and harder to deal with. He constantly hounded the females, grabbing at their breasts and crotches until they drove him away with bad words and broomhandles. Clement had taken notice of the unruly child and

slowly began to suspect he had been played for a fool. The child's dark skin and unusual sex organ left no mystery of his paternity. Though he never acknowledged what had happened, Clement did take action.

The Lord sent the boy away to a local monastery at the age of two supposedly for religious training. He never bothered to see the child again. Nor did Fiona. Clement annulled their marriage and she left with Magnus and his wives to parts unknown. As to why they did not take Farallon with them, one can only guess. Most likely, Clement kept the whereabouts of the boy secret in case they harbored any hopes of taking him away with them. If only out of spite, he decided to keep the child as his own. Perhaps, Magnus and Fiona planned to return upon Clement's passing and their child's majority. Sadly, they vanished into oblivion, never to be heard from again.

Scene 6 - Childhood

Samson's recollection of the next few years was vague at best. A fresh outbreak of bubonic plague occurred a few months after Farallon's departure. Clement scoffed at the horrific accounts from the continent until the horsecarts of bodies passed through his villages on their way to the cemetery. Overcome with panic, he freed his peasants, raised a black flag over the harbour to deter visitors, and sealed the doors and windows of the château with wax.

The disastrous disease laid waste to Clement's estates. Few of his peasants returned to his lands. Many of them died or fled to distant places, never to return. Without the oversight of Magnus, Clement's estate quickly fell into disrepair and the plague hastened its decline. His staff tapered off to a skeleton crew who remained to care for the ailing Lord. Over the next few years, the peasants eked out an existence at Callisto. The harvests slowly recovered and life became tolerable though seldom comfortable.

In his declining years, Clement spent his time in quiet contemplation at the seashore, watching the sun rise and set. He never forgave his estranged wife or spoke of his son again. He passed away quietly just before Farallon turned four. Since the boy had barely known his father, he showed little emotion or understanding at the announcement of his death.

Shockingly, the fastidious Clement never bothered to draw up a will. Most likely, the lack of a will had been less oversight than indecision on how to dispose of his estate. The Lord never came to terms with the murky origins of his son. The truth pained him. By his silence, he neither claimed the bastard nor did he deny the boy his inheritance.

Not surprisingly, a heated dispute ensued between the Corsican nobility and the royal court after his father's death. Clement's lands had long been coveted by the local landowners. Nature had blessed the island with the richest orchards and vineyards of the Mediterranean. Lord Farallon's guardian would reap the fruits of fifteen harvests before his majority. A flood of offers for guardianship arrived to the royal court within weeks of Clement's death. Intrigue and rumor abounded in Corsica. A great many vendettas began in those days over the disputed land.

The royal escheator meticulously interviewed all the local landowners and made a decision that pleased none of them. Lord Clement's estate would revert to the authority of the state until Farallon's majority. The local peasants would continue to maintain the estate as before, pending an annual visit by a representative from Henry III to inspect its upkeep. The local landowners vowed to avenge the escheator but the competing parties were too bitterly divided to unite against him. As for Lord Farallon, he would remain in Corsica at the local monastery until his eighteenth birthday. The youth would then return to Callisto to await further instructions from the court.

If Clement had intended for the monastery to provide his son with a strict upbringing, he could not have made a worse choice. As to why

the escheator had not found a more suitable domicile for the child, one can only speculate. The brotherhood consisted of less than ten members, none of whom had the slightest interest or desire in raising a child. As long as the boy attended mass and took communion regularly, the monks left him to his own devices. He had his own room in an unused pantry around the corner from the refectory. The location gave him ample opportunity for filching sweets and communion wine. At some point, a miraculously patient monk taught him to read but the boy preferred to wander the woods on imaginary adventures, climbing trees and fording rivers with ease.

Despite his virtual orphanage, Lord Farallon proved an indomitable spirit that needed neither mother nor father. By his sixth birthday, the boy had become a moderately skilled hunter, using a bow and arrow he had fashioned by himself. He often stayed away from the monastery for days, camping in the forest and surviving on his wits.

From the very beginning, the priesthood knew he was different from other boys. At eight years old, Lord Farallon stood nearly five feet tall with broad shoulders, bulging biceps, and rippling abdominals. All of his rugged adventures in the outdoors had developed muscles uncommon for his age and he displayed them proudly in the skimpy, torn clothing he wore most of the year. Besides his boyish face and short stature, he bore a striking resemblance to a barbarian warlord.

Aside from hunting, Farallon loved to fight. Though the monastery prohibited him from leaving its environs, those borders were not well-defined. The boy often wandered the countryside and villages in search of trouble. Invariably, he found it.

Despite his penchant for pugilism, Lord Farallon only fought on behalf of the victim. He looked for larger, older opponents who bullied the younger, weaker kids. In his most celebrated encounter, he sparred with a boy almost twice his size and five years his senior.

Benito had terrorized the village for years with impunity. And no one before Farallon had ever challenged him.

The bully could not wait to take a swing at him. Ever since his first appearance, the mysterious stranger proved very popular among the other kids, especially the girls who fawned over the young beau. Lacking a traditional upbringing, he recognized no authority, including that of Benito. And because he did not show proper deference, the bully had every intention of making an example of him.

The next time the young Lord crossed paths with his malefactor, Benito landed his fist in the square of his back. Farallon turned and the bully landed a crushing blow to his gut that would have winded a grown man. Surprisingly, the lad showed less pain than anger. With a mighty growl, the young Lord tore off his shirt to fight. Benito had thought him a sissy but Lord Farallon possessed the physique of a young titan. He was still a boy but as strong as a full-grown man.

Benito turned to flee but Farallon grabbed his arms and spun his opponent around to face him. Raising his fists, the youngster threw several hard punches to his chest and gut until he fell at his feet. He then lifted the bully over his head and slammed his body to the ground. With that, Farallon put his foot on the vanquished boy and flexed his mighty arms in triumph in front of his audience of cheering youngsters.

Everyone knew the old order had fallen that day. Farallon became the natural leader of all of the boys. Whatever Farallon wanted to do, the others wanted to do. At first, they feared the newcomer but soon their fear turned to respect and friendship. The girls also loved Farallon. They loved his glorious victory over the village bully, they loved the respect he had from all the other boys, and they loved his gorgeous face and firm, bronze body. While they were too young for impure desires, something primitive within them drew them to this beautiful, strong, athletic, young boy.

To the surprise of his new friends, Farallon often preferred to play with the girls instead of the boys. Had it been any other boy, they would have called him a sissy. However, they had to give Lord Farallon the benefit of the doubt. Oftentimes, he slipped away with four or five of the prettiest girls to play "harem". The girls took him to a hidden cove where no one would see them and took turns kissing him. All the girls sighed in awe as they ran their hands all over his muscular body.

A few of the older girls had begun to watch the lad with a less innocent eye. When they looked Farallon in his deep blue eyes, their expression suggested "I want to be fucked by your muscular body and big cock someday." The boy would respond with a confident smile as if to answer, "I know what you want and someday you are going to get it. I'm going to fuck you and every other wench in the entire village." He knew he was a hunk and the girls knew that he knew it. Even the local strumpets eyed him lustfully as he paraded through the village with his female admirers in tow. They could not wait for him to reach puberty so they could sleep with him too.

Sadly, the village girls waited in vain. Farallon turned out to be a late-bloomer. He had not grown a single sprig of pubic hair during his adolescence. Many nocturnal invitations to the cove had been proffered and declined. Sensing his unnatural immaturity, the boy began to withdraw into himself. He shied away from the daily confrontations that inevitably led to fisticuffs. If a girl touched him on the arm, the boy slunk away in shame. Farallon did know what she wanted but he knew he did not have it. His female entourage scattered. His former playmates were getting married and having children while he was still wandering the woods.

On his eighteenth birthday, the official letter promptly arrived from the court Farallon would return to Callisto to await further orders from London. The abbot appointed Sister Gertrude, an aging nun whose senility helped to mask her innate meanness, to look after the

boy. Though he would miss his friends, Farallon did not particularly mind the new arrangement. The island had endless possibilities for fun and adventure and, under the inattentive watch of Sister Gertrude, his freedom would have even greater boundaries. He could not wait to sneak out of the house after bedtime to hunt and swim. If he could have brought a few of his girlfriends along, life would have been perfect.

The journey from the abbey to Callisto took about a week by carriage. Surprisingly, Gertrude insisted they ride on horseback. Though she might have been a cantankerous bitch, the monks admired her rugged independence. Unfortunately, the old crone took a circuitous route that required nearly a month to complete. However, the roads were well-traveled and the two of them never had a problem finding an inn for the night.

In the course of those weeks, Lord Farallon felt his body undergo a startling transformation. His already impressive physique grew still greater. His torso broadened with even more chiseled muscle. His six-pack expanded into an eight-pack. Each time he flexed his biceps, they appeared larger than the day before. If only the village girls could see him now! He experienced other physical changes. A soft down grew under his arms and between his legs. His voice began to crack. Strangest of all, his organ became very large when he played with it and play with it he did! The priests had admonished him before not to touch those parts but Lord Farallon considered temptation an urge to indulge, never to resist.

The boy had never understood their concern for that part of his body. The monks gave him strange looks when he came out of the bath and the local doctor always measured the organ during his annual examination. He did not show alarm as much as bemused curiosity. About a year ago, a great hue and cry had been raised during the visit of a distinguished abbess. Like many kids his own age, Lord Farallon sometimes wore a long tunic without any breeches underneath. And when attending a dinner in her honor, the

lad had not given a second thought to his attire. Had he not been in such a hurry to arrive before the first course, he might have noticed that his large organ dangled nearly an inch below the hemline. The holy hag was not amused by the sight.

Though not a few of the novices found his precocious development amusing, the abbot solemnly purchased a codpiece for him. A few days later, he took the boy aside for the first time during his entire stay at the monastery. In a tone mingled of embarrassment and solemnity, the abbot patiently explained that God intended some creatures to mature more quickly than others. Hence, though still a boy, he would have to attire himself like a man. And, in conclusion, if the rascal did not comport himself decently in the future, he would receive the caning of a lifetime! For the last few months, however, not even his codpiece could conceal his immodesty when his female playmates excited him. The priests would have beaten him for sure had they ever caught sight of the rigid monstrosity between his legs.

After his departure, Lord Farallon pined for his girlfriends. Whenever he thought of their frolics in the cove, his codpiece grew unbearably tight. He wanted them near his body, his lips against their lips, soft hands stroking his hard cock. Cock! Wasn't that what his playmates called it? The priests called it "organ" or "penis" but the girls called it "cock". They told him a boy had a "penis" but a real man had a "cock". The distinction did not make much sense to him at first but he now began to understand the difference.

Although he missed his playmates, the road provided ample distractions with its abundance of female flesh. As Lord Farallon passed through each village on horseback, the ladies always dropped whatever they did to gaze upon the handsome youngster. But nothing could prepare him for the hot summer day when he rode barechested. Not only did his chiseled torso receive a chorus of lusty whistles from the womenfolk in each village but young ladies absolutely mobbed him whenever he dismounted for the night.

Their dialogues seemed innocent enough, of course. The girls just wanted to feel his muscles or run their hands over the torso of the eighteen-year old hunk. However, the dialogues at night were less innocent. More than one serving wench gave him a secret invitation to visit her room after Gertrude's bedtime. The lad would gladly have obliged them but the nun kept a closer watch on him than he had expected. In fact, she never let him out of her sight. Even when he used the privy, she guarded the door and waited for him to finish. And no matter how long he tried to stay awake, she never fell asleep before he did.

Surprisingly, the abbeys where they stayed proved to be something of a relief for the restless boy. Gertrude gave him a little more freedom in familiar territory and Farallon took full advantage. The younger sisters doted on him shamelessly and he charmed more than one lady into a kiss. Sadly, they always remembered their vows before he could take stronger measures.

A month to the day of his departure from Calvi, Farallon arrived in Callisto. The estate had fallen into disrepair since Clement's death. The state warded off incursions onto the land from the local nobility but it was a neglectful caretaker in other respects. Most rooms inside the château had been cleared out long ago, the furniture sold off to cover expenditures. Windows had been boarded up because the estate lacked the funds for new glass. The staff had been reduced to a handful of maidservants utterly incapable of making needed repairs. Even Clement's beloved chapel had been dismantled for firewood. Fortunately, the island still retained a rugged, fertile beauty, in no small part embellished by its female inhabitants.

The chambermaids stood six abreast to greet their Lord's arrival, each girl lovelier than the last. The saucy sextet ranged in age from 18 to 37, all dressed in their finest, most alluring garb for his arrival, short skirts and plunging necklines that flirted with the bounds of decency. Their eyes followed the young lord's approach on

horseback, his horse kicking up a cloud of dust as he raced toward the château.

It could only be Lord Farallon.

No one else would have looked that good riding a stallion -- or anything else for that matter. The very idea made their clits tingle. Oh, he was definitely a rogue!

The chambermaids had waited a long time for the day of his return. They knew the legend of the Conquistadoré. Today would be the day of his triumphant arrival. And tonight would be their night of eagerly anticipated ecstasy.

The women spent countless hours in preparation for Lord Farallon. They discussed how they would dress for his welcome. They speculated upon his look and manner. They wondered how he would treat a lady. But mostly, they considered the issue of his physical development. He had just passed his eighteenth spring, the normal age of potency for a Conquistadoré. If he maintained the traditions of his ancestors, the boy would be ready, willing, and eager to become a man. However, not a few of the maids questioned whether he would be able to undertake intensive conjugal duties at such a young age. The senior chambermaid, Josephine, told them not to worry. At 37, the wet nurse still remembered her eager pupil.

The dashing young Lord, leapt off his horse to their feet. One by one, he kissed the hands proffered to his lips. The raven-tressed Claudia stood at the far left. She was a pure Corsican both in body and spirit, an olive-skinned temple of voluptuous flesh. The twenty-year old was busty though not the bustiest of the group with wide hips and a wider smile that passed her lips with her Lordship's kiss.

Penelope stood only an inch above the lad's five and a half feet. The slim blonde was the youngest of the group, only a little older than Farallon's playmates from the village. But what a difference a year

did make! Lord Farallon basked in the presence of a lady most fair. Though a peasant, she had the look of bastard nobility, as fair-skinned and high-cheekboned as a Lord could wish to wed. It was an honor to kiss her hand. And it would be a pleasure to kiss her mouth. However, Gertrude stood nearby and he had additional hands to attend to.

Marguerite had dark brown hair that reached her shoulders. She was the duskiest of the girls with smoky brown eyes and thick juicy lips. The tawny temptress stood at Penelope's height but carried quite a bit more flesh on her bones, especially at her chest that bulged invitingly beneath her blouse. Farallon could make out her big, brown nipples almost perfectly beneath the stretched silk. When he put her hand to his lips, her bosom heaved with the sweetest sigh that ever graced his ears.

Therese was a green-eyed enchantress with a curvy bottom that tapered seamlessly into long-limbed legs. She had lips that begged for lingering, deep kisses: big, thick, wet, and redder than rubies. To complement her delicious mouth, she had an extremely long tongue that she flickered provocatively at him whenever Gertrude turned away. And after he kissed her hand, she had the temerity to stick his fingers between those lips and suck on them for a brief, tantalizing moment.

Lord Farallon felt his codpiece growing tight. Ye Gods! He had already been refitted for larger sizes twice this year. He feared his appearance would cause a scandal if he didn't finish his introductions soon.

Next came Josephine. Six feet tall and stunningly statuesque, she was built like a rampaging goddess of war. But the smoldering look she gave to Farallon belonged a goddess of lust. Her hair was a golden blonde, shot through with bright reddish highlights, and it cascaded down to the small of her back. Her legs were columnar, her ass round and tight, and every muscle was sculpted to

perfection. Her arms and shoulders were also muscular and well defined, and they needed to carry substantial weight. Beneath her very tight, low-cut bodice of wolfskin, Josephine's round, heavy breasts swelled out like large, fleshy melons, as firm and ripe as any fruit in the Garden of Eden. Gawking at her immense cleavage, the boy felt a haunting and insistent familiarity.

Isabella completed the sextet, a slender, scarlet-braided lady of pale skin and slender, graceful limbs. "Good day, Lord Farallon," she spoke, breaking the silence. "I hope you shall enjoy your home. Please be assured we are at your beck and call. Day and night." The last word left her lips in a languid whisper that left his head reeling with possibilities.

Before he could reply, Gertrude firmly took him by the hand and led him away. "Be careful around those women," she warned. "They are witches! Pagans! They will cast your soul into darkest reaches of hell!" Farallon, of course, could not wait to sneak out after dark and meet the witches. Unfortunately, when bedtime arrived, Gertrude locked his door to his bedroom from the outside. However, she had not counted on her charge's resourcefulness. Although his room was located on the third floor, a long chain of bedsheets tied together allowed an easy exit through the window.

Chapter 7 - Midnight

Farallon followed a path from the château into the forest. The woods became pitch black at night and he could not have seen his hand in front of his face. Suddenly, a piercing scream broke the silence. Gasps, cries, and moans echoed in the darkness. Perhaps, Gertrude had spoken the truth. He sensed something wicked in the air. Most boys would have turned back but Lord Farallon was an adventurous young man who had known far greater perils than dark forests. Witches or no, he would venture further.

By some unknown force, his manhood rose and stiffened, leading him straight toward the panting and screaming like a divining rod of lust. The trail gradually widened into a clearing. Farallon had expected the witches to live in the hollow of a giant oak or, at least, a smoking cave that descended into the bowels of the earth but they had a far less exotic dwelling, a large cottage with perhaps five or six rooms and a well-tended garden.

The screams reached a fever pitch and stopped abruptly. Despite the momentary calm, Farallon decided not to approach the hut in plain sight. Instead, he hid behind a tall cypress at the edge of the clearing. The tree overlooked the hut and afforded him a point for observation.

Suddenly, another round of moaning and groaning sounded inside the hut. Farallon scrambled up the tree and crept forward along the highest of the branches to investigate. Behind the shutters, two bodies intertwined in a fleshly weave of writhing limbs and tongues. Farallon could hardly see them from his perch but the mere thought of what transpired within fired his loins to a heat he had never known before.

At the same time, Lord Farallon could not help but feel a little envy and disappointment. The boy had hoped the maidservants were unmarried. He even fancied the idea of inviting one of the prettier ones to his bedroom. Ye Gods! How he wished he could have taken the place of that lucky man inside the hut. After all, was he not a man just as ready and willing as any other. How long would he have to wait? He had been trying to lose his virginity for months!

Suddenly, a gust of wind blew the shutters open and he never forgot what he saw. Instead of a man with a woman, the boy beheld a pair of buxom jezebels in an embrace more impassioned and exquisite than he imagined within his wildest erotic fantasies. Claudia held Isabella's head in her trembling hands, her fingers entangled in her shiny, red hair as her companion sucked her big, bountiful bosom.

They shared that bed every night but seldom for purposes of sleep. Isabella preferred to sleep naked under the stars. Claudia slept with Josephine most nights. But when someone else occupied Josephine's bed, she stayed with Marguerite or Therese. Sometimes the ladies slept three and four in a bed. Other times, they did not sleep at all.

Claudia pressed her fingers deep inside her hot, slick interiors and drew them to her partner's lips. She tasted salty that night, salty and sticky, thought Isabella, her own pussy steaming with damp longing. After rubbing the copious juice all over her breasts, Claudia pushed Isabella flat on her back. When Isabella looked up, she saw her lover's nectar-coated breasts swaying only inches above her face, her nipples thick and hard and bulbous and glimmering, slowly descending, until they brushed her lips as she playfully moved them across her face. Claudia made a long, low 'whoooooshhhhh' sound, whistling air between her teeth as she swung her pendulous breasts back and forth. Isabella chased them with her mouth but did not raise her hands to them, enjoying the game, feeling her pussy throb as the smooth, round globes grazed her cheeks, nose, and lips.

Claudia had the biggest nipples Isabella had ever sucked, huge and mouthwatering, soft, with large, puffy areolas and thick jutting center stalks. In her mouth they were like ripe fruit, at first silky and pulpy, the consistency of tender plums, but as she tongued and sucked them, they grew firmer and swelled, stiffening palpably, until finally they were wet and rubbery and chewy, the centers now pushing up about half an inch above the wrinkled cones. And when she had a mouthful of one, her mouth was really full.

"Mon Dieu!" squealed Claudia as Isabella finally caught one and drew it between her lips. Her nipples responded to the contact like twin clits and each swipe of Isabella's tongue delivered a jolt of pleasure to the heart of her womb.

"Ohhhnnnnnn . . . Oui! Ohhhnnnnnn!"

Isabella released the slippery, shiny wet nipple from her mouth momentarily.

"Aimes-tu la langue?"

"Oh fuck, yes!" she cried, reverting to her native Corsican tongue. She could not speak French in such heated moments. "Nobody's ever sucked my titties the way you do. I want to come so bad!"

"Of course you want to come, darling," Isabella purred. "But I don't want you to come just yet. I want you to beg for it. Show me how bad you want it!"

With a throaty laugh, Claudia forcibly rolled Isabella on top of her. Claudia's bed was so large that there was plenty of room for such a maneuver, which took Isabella completely by surprise. The voluptuous Corsican grinned, moving her hands over Isabella's creamy white breasts, pinching Isabella's nipples gently between her thumbs and forefingers. "Now I want my turn. You don't get to have all the fun."

She pulled one of Isabella's nipples into her own mouth and began sucking it like Isabella had sucked hers, digging her fingers into the ample flesh of her breast, making the panting vixen throw back her head and whimper. Unable to endure the torrent of sensation, Isabella pulled away from her torrid tongue and dropped her lips again to Claudia's large globes, so firm that they only yawed a little to the sides but did not slacken out even though she was now on her back.

Farallon climbed out on the limb until it began to sway erratically. He did not want to miss a single moment. The women attacked each other with unparalleled ferocity, grinding their bodies together, rolling back and forth across the large bed, shaking as with an ague. Every few minutes, one or both collapsed in submission with an ecstatic howl before restarting the ceaseless combat once again.

"Do it," panted Claudia, pushing Isabella's hand down toward her crotch. "Do it ...I can't wait. I need you to do it."

Claudia's murky black eyes flashed bright, tiny lightning bolts shooting within her pupils. "Fuck me, Isabella," she said with her lips, but making no sound. "Fuck me."

"You...know what I want," her voice quavered, and her hands pushed on Isabella's shoulders even more insistently.

Isabella smoothly reversed her position as Claudia watched, their eyes never unlocking. Isabella continued fondling her magnificent breasts and damp, erect nipples with one hand while lowering her other between Claudia's thighs.

"Ohhnnnn!" Claudia moaned, looking down her sleek, undulating body at Isabella's hand between her thighs. "Oh yes! Please . . . Isabella!"

Gently massaging her slippery cuntlips, Isabella leaned forward to kiss her. And even though they were both consumed by a desperately urgent need, their kiss was remarkably slow and romantic and tender, until it suddenly became more demanding and aggressive. By the time their mouths again came apart, Claudia was in a delirium of crazy fuck need, bucking her hips, grabbing and twisting her own erect nipples.

"Oh...oh please!" she whimpered. "Please, Isabella!"

"Yes...yes..." Isabella purred to her, now bunching her fingers together and sliding them up into Claudia's very warm and greasy slit. It was so well-lubricated that her hand slid in with very little effort.

"Auunngghhh!" Claudia groaned, her eyes rolling up, her upper body arching, her breasts shaking, as the sweet, intense sensations

gripped her.

"Oh! Angghh! Unnnngghiiiiieeeee!" Claudia suddenly exploded, her body flipping up, a sharp, athletic jerk into the air, like that of a gymnast, as the first jolt of a shattering orgasm struck her.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yessssss!!!" Isabella hissed, still licking her wet long nipple between the words, quickly moving over to the other one, now fucking Claudia harder, more deliberately, with her hand while sucking her girlfriend's other nipple just as sharply.

"Unnnngghiiiiieeeee!" Claudia came again, wild, exuberant cries flowing from her lungs.

This time she did not jackknife off the bed as before, but her body stiffened and strained under Isabella, then broke into wild undulations that had the effect of letting her fuck herself on Isabella's wrist as Isabella held her arm steady and waited for the fierce spasms to subside. By now she had released Claudia's nipple from her mouth and was tenderly kissing it and the rest of the girl's beautifully formed upper body as she quivered through the remnants of her powerful release, cooing and moaning, her pelvis still shaking from the aftershocks.

Even in his wildest fantasies, Farallon had never entertained the thought of two women together. Nothing had prepared him for the mysterious rite of the witches. So forbidden, so wicked, so enchanting... The force within his loins almost scared him. He tasted magic in the air, bewitching magic, female magic. He became dizzy with lust.

Then he made a decision. He would go to them. After all, even if they might have been witches, was he not their Lord? Had he not been told that they were at his beck and call day and *night*? He leapt off the tree, landed on his feet, and marched straight toward the hut. Never before in his life, had the young Lord felt so sure of what

he would do. He would enter their room and make love to both of them. No, he would fuck them with his cock all night long.

Lord Farallon had no doubts about his chances for success. If it had not been for Sister Gertrude, he could have laid dozens of wenches already. Of course, the prospect of two women presented a greater challenge. However, it was a challenge he eagerly embraced. After all, since he could have any woman he desired, why not take two? The village girls often ganged up on him in their love games so he saw nothing strange in approaching them together.

He opened the front door without knocking and headed straight for their bedroom. The moans and groans had stopped for the moment replaced by whispers behind their door. They probably heard him enter the cottage. After a few seconds of hesitation, he gave a quiet knock.

"Come in," said a sweet and innocent voice.

The boy opened the door. Claudia and Isabella sat naked on the edge of the bed.

They made no effort to cover themselves.

"We've been waiting for you, Lord Farallon," said Claudia.

"Take a seat," said Isabella, patting a space on the bed between the two women. Farallon obediently sat down in the place they had reserved for him. Lord Farallon's entrance came as no surprise to them. As everyone knew, a Conquistadoré lost his virginity after his eighteenth birthday. They bloomed late but flourished as no other.

Though the wait had been long, they never doubted the arrival of that fateful day. The local womenfolk had watched their calendars in wait for his return. After the disappearance of Magnus, they had pined for his successor, a real man to fill his place in their hearts and

pussies. Unfortunately, before he reached his twenty-first birthday, Lord Farallon would remain under the supervision of a guardian and few people would have access to the boy. He would be confined to the island of Callisto where any strangers would be noticed immediately. The only way to gain access to the boy would be to work on the island as a servant.

The Age of Magnus had long passed and only six servants remained on the estate, six cranky graybeards who spent most of their time at cards. They had little interest in its upkeep and longed to return to their families in Corsica before they passed away. Not surprisingly, a cabal of enterprising females would have little trouble bribing them into an early retirement and taking their place. In theory, only the royal escheator could hire new servants but he had not visited the island for years.

As the day of his return approached, the womenfolk of Corsica held a secret council to determine who would go to Callisto. Many girls relished the opportunity but the difficulties would be formidable. First of all, no one knew exactly when Lord Farallon would arrive. In the meantime, they would have to perform a nominal amount of labor to keep the estate in order. Further, if and when the son of Magnus did return, no one knew the extent of his physical development or if he would be able to perform intensive conjugal duties.

In the end, Josephine recruited a motley collection of strippers, barmaids, and courtesans to be his love tutors. At 34, the erstwhile wet nurse was old enough to remember Magnus and his member. "The Sextet," as the six strumpets called themselves, were rumored to be lesbians. They neither married nor bore children. In truth, they were bisexual size queens who had been involved in a casual polyamorous relationship for many years. A few aspiring cocksmen had tried to infiltrate their circle but they kept to themselves. Since they already enjoyed a spectacular love life amongst themselves, the clique did not mind living together on the remote island. More

importantly, their Sapphic bonds precluded any possibility of rivalry or jealousy as well as enabling countless opportunities for the group sex encounters that would become a fundamental part of the young Lord's existence.

The Sextet landed at Callisto a month to the day before their Lord's arrival. They paid off the servants with the smallest of bribes and moved into their quarters the next day. The cottage lay in ruins but a little feminine ingenuity quickly made it habitable, if not cozy. They had just gotten settled at about the time Lord Farallon arrived.

Long ago, the Sextet had drawn lots to determine who would take his virginity. Despite their promiscuity, the clan bred very selectively to preserve their erotic pedigree and only a few men ever had the privilege of bearing the name of Conquistadoré. The clan restricted the number of their offspring to reduce future competition for female partners. If a Conquistadoré sired hundreds of children and those children sired thousands more in turn, the earth would be overrun with descendents in a few generations. As a result, extremely muscular, handsome, and well-hung males would become so commonplace, they would have to fight among themselves for the attention of women. In contrast, if they limited their numbers, a very lucky, exclusive group of sexual supermen could enjoy the female population just for themselves. Given the clan's predilection for polygamous sexual arrangements, these restrictions on breeding were absolutely imperative.

The birth of such an exalted lover came only once in a generation. For that reason, blessed was the woman who had the rare honor (as well as the intense pleasure) of seducing a virgin Conquistadoré. Though his techniques and skill would improve in time -- as the boy ascended the ranks of stud to superstud to sexual icon -- even at the outset, he would already possess the instinct and intuition of an accomplished rake who could make a girl cry tears of bliss. And no matter how many hundreds of women he seduced each year, that

lover who became his "first" would always occupy a special place in his heart and in his bed.

Isabella won the draw but, in a break with tradition, she invited her best friend, Claudia, to join her. Given the orgiastic demands the women would make upon him, she reckoned their Lord should learn to perform a *ménage à trois* from the very beginning. Of course, as he gained experience, more elaborate combinations would follow.

Claudia and Isabella resolved to lure the boy into their bed by staging a noisy lesbian lovemaking session that night. They knew the typical reaction of any red-blooded man. He would stare at them in slack-jawed fascination, imagining himself sandwiched between their hot, luscious bodies. However, a Conquistadoré did more than dream. He would act on his urges and try to join the two gorgeous naked women in bed. As they had planned, Lord Farallon knocked on their door without a formal invitation. Indeed, had the youth not taken the initiative, he would not have been worthy of his clan.

The vast majority of men, especially teenage virgins, would feel a little intimidated by the prospect of sitting on the wide, low bed with a beautiful naked woman flanking him on either side. Their Lord, however, appeared completely at ease. He wrapped his arms around their waists and brought them closer together for a kiss. He advanced against Claudia first, pulling her close and sprinkling butterfly kisses on her cheek. To their displeasure, Isabella yanked him away.

"My aren't you the bold one!" tittered the scarlet-tressed temptress before he kissed her on the lips. The young paramour invaded her mouth, his tongue exploring, teasing, probing, eliciting deep-felt sighs from the lady. Though still a virgin, he had mastered the art of kissing long ago amongst the village girls in Calvi. He then frenched Claudia with equal skill and passion until Isabella pulled him away once more.

"I think we had better talk," whispered Isabella into his ear, her crimson locks brushing against his forehead "I want to know what you were doing outside?"

The youngster did outside what boys of his age always did, at least when he was not under Gertrude's watchful eye. Farallon played with himself. However, the budding Casanova knew better than to admit it. He remained silent.

"My Lord," cooed the amply endowed Corsican as her hands slid up his thighs, "masturbation is a beautiful discovery for a young man."

"What does that word mean?" he asked disingenuously.

"The act of touching one's own body."

"Touching?"

"Yes, like so."

Claudia unlaced his codpiece and pulled out his organ. "Farallon," she giggled, hefting his pouch and tickling the underside of his manhood ""I know that it feels nice to touch oneself but it feels even better when another touches you. Does it not?"

"Uh-huh," he moaned. It definitely felt better. Certainly, girls had touched his cock before but never a hot-blooded vixen like Isabella. He felt his manhood quickly extending to full mast.

"And when you touch a woman, she feels the same pleasure as you do," added Claudia "Isabella has pleased you and if you are a gentlemen, my Lord, you will pleasure her."

"But she does not have a..."

"Of course," she laughed. "But she has a treasure of equal veneration. A woman has a garden. In this place, she bears children, performs natural functions, and feels the touch of Eros."

Isabella lay on her back and spread her legs. Claudia guided his hand to the part of her sex. A thatch of wiry hair grew between her thighs like the one he had recently acquired and her slit was warm and moist, dripping with a sticky sap.

"This is her temple, Farallon. The sacred spot of worship. The source of all life. Be not afraid. Touch her."

Claudia gently parted the lips with her fingers to reveal her torrid interiors. Sweet, sticky sap flowed abundantly from an aperture at the center. Farallon laid his hand upon her sex and gently stroked her inner set of lips with his thumb and then pressed it inside of her. She felt wonderful, like warm, oily velvet. A moan passed Isabella's lips like the one he heard earlier that night, only softer. When he stroked the vault of her chamber with his thumb, she cried out and doubled over, gasping for air.

"Claudia," she piped. "I need him now. I want him inside of me!"

Her girlfriend bade her silent and turned back to her pupil.

"There is a better way to impart pleasure to a woman than one's hand, Farallon," whispered Claudia. "A means by which a man and a woman may give each other pleasure at the same time."

"And what might that be?" he asked with a tinge of sarcasm. Did they take him for a fool?

"You must understand that as the Lord of Callisto, you shall bear great responsibilities and great privileges."

"And what are my privileges?"

"To make love to the women of Callisto," replied Isabella.

"And what are my responsibilities?"

"To make love to the women of Callisto," repeated Claudia.

"Please weigh my words with care, Farallon," Isabella continued. "I speak of matters difficult for a young lad to grasp. In a few moments, you shall perform an intimately joyful act with Isabella. People call it by many words and phrases. The Church condemns it as 'fornication'. Physicians describe it as fertilization. Troubadours call it 'making love'. The French use the word 'foutre'. Isabella and I prefer the word 'fuck'. However, be sure not to utter this word to a lady outside of the bedroom. T'is not the language of polite society."

"Then let's fuck!" declared the Lord, tiring of preliminaries. He tore off his tunic and flung his unlaced codpiece over his shoulder, rising before them naked and proud, arms akimbo. To the ladies' delight, the handsome lad confirmed all of their suspicions. Aside from his youthful face, the boy possessed the body of the ultimate stud, his torso chiseled and broad, packed with muscles that expanded with each excited breath. And just below his exquisitely sculpted abdominals, Lord Farallon's mighty erection throbbed with the passion and intensity of Priapus incarnate. Tentatively, Isabella touched his organ and pulled away her hand in disbelief as if she had singed her fingers. Ye Gods! The boy had a ten-inch cock! The Lord of Callisto brought her hand back to his rod.

"It's real," he proudly declared to Isabella, guiding Claudia's hand alongside her own. "And big enough for two." Indeed, their hands did not overlap in the slightest. Almost instinctively, the girls began to stroke his erection in tandem.

Claudia gulped and spoke again. "My Lord," she said in a voice strained with awe and lust. "Nature has granted you the greatest of

gifts, a phallus of heroic proportions. As your body grows, your weapon will attain even more extraordinary dimensions. You will have the power to love a lady to madness. But your gift comes with a grave duty -- to share your body with as many women as frequently as possible."

Isabella: "You are destined a hero though not the hero of the troubadour's tale, not the fool who keeps a locket of his beloved to his breast and whispers her name in the heat of battle. His love is a spiritual love. A kind sentiment, no doubt, but a foolish ideal. Your love is a physical love. To the pious man, that would be a less than noble intention. But for many women, the physical act is the noblest act of chivalry. While the imaginary hero of the ballad saves his beloved from the clutches of the dragon, you will save her from the sorrows of celibacy and frigidity, authentic perils for a woman of our times."

"To the wench who needs a man with a larger tool for satisfaction, you will be a hero. To the virgin whose body cries out for affection, you will be a hero. To the widow who pines for the touch of a man, you will be a hero. Your name shall be whispered with awe upon the lips of every lady in the land for the great deeds of sexual prowess you shall perform in their honor."

"So, take us now, Farallon. Love us deeply. Love us long. But, above all, love us gently with your sword. And, finally, never forget, a lover's pleasure is your own. Do that and the world shall be your personal bedchamber."

The young Lord enjoyed her praise but he had grown impatient. "Who will be first?" he asked curtly.

"I know how to decide," said Isabella, wrapping one dainty hand around the base of his cock. Then came Claudia's hand. Then Isabella, Claudia, and... "There's an inch left! I win!" squealed Isabella.

“What th—?”

Before Claudia could demand a rematch, the young Lothario had already flung her companion onto the bed. And by the time her back hit the sheet, he positioned himself between her thighs and thrust forward, eliciting a sudden, sharp intake of breath and a long, ecstatic moan as his hard cock mashed against her sensitive clit.

The teenager gave an arrogant, self-satisfied smile and said, with a chuckle, “You know this is my first time with a woman. Did I find the right spot?”

Her mouth refusing to close, Isabella just groaned and nodded her head. So he pushed the huge mushroom head about halfway in and rotated in around a bit, which led to much heavier panting and louder grunts and moans. Encouraged, he pushed the head fully inside causing her to scream out, “Oh, Sweet Jesus! You’re so fucking huge...oh ... OH!”. He followed with a few shorter thrusts and ...“Oh, Farallon, you’re too big...I don’t know if I can..” In and out. “Oh no! Oh shit! I’m gonna come already...” And she did. That fast. And her hot, tight vagina clamped down hard on his massive pole.

“And just think. I’m only half-way in,” boasted the young Lord as she finished her climax. “Let me try a little further...” “NO! Don’t! I ...Unh! ..., Unngh! ... I can’t. Oh-h-h..., “ In and out, back and forth. “Oh, that feels so fucking good., ah!., AH!...” Isabella’s eyes rolled to the back of her head as her young paramour slamfucked her with all his might.

“Submit to your Lord, wench!” he roared, thrusting harder and faster.

“Unh. Unh.”

“Come for your Lord, wench!”

“I can’t.. Nnghh!..Fuck!..Nnnng!”

The boy wench angled his member so it scraped against her clit.

"I don't believe it! I'm gonna come again! Aaaaaaaaggggggghh!"
"That's not good enough! I want you to come harder! Do it!"

The virgin stud savagely thrust his weapon all the way into her innermost depths. And he stayed at that point until her womb began to quake with indescribable intensity. And in the great wave that swept over her body, she came: a glorious buttshaking, thigh-twitching, clit-clenching, teeth-gnashing, tongue-biting, eye-rolling, toe-curling, hair-standing monster of a climax. She saw angels on horseback riding his shoulders, naked and copulating, their steeds blowing fire from their nostrils. She could smell the smoke, and feel the flames in her swollen pussy. Isabella was one with her man, one with her maker, her lovemaker. If she had just the smallest bit of air left in her lungs, she would have sung for joy.

"What have you done to her?" laughed Claudia, pulling him off the shivering, wreck of orgasmic bliss that was her girlfriend.

"Just what I am going to do to you," answered the young rogue, pushing her down on the bed. Like Isabella, Claudia quickly tired from the pace and had trouble keeping up with him. She only lasted a few minutes longer than her friend before she collapsed in a similar state of erotic stupor.

The young Lord tried to mount Isabella again but his still raw, very sore playmate implored him to wait. Given the momentary lack of an outlet for his raging manhood, the budding paramour decided to experiment. He lowered his head between Claudia's thighs to sample her womanly nectar. The monks said that place was dirty but the pungent aroma aroused his curiosity.

Observing his intent, Isabella bent down to join him between her legs to give him instruction in the practice of cunninlingus. "You are now a man, Farallon," she whispered into his ear. "But now you must become a gentleman. A gentleman must be proficient in other methods to pleasure a woman besides coition. Pleasure is more than

the blow of a sledgehammer. It is the brush of a feather against the skin."

"Why don't I fuck her with my fingers?"

"Yes, you may," she replied, a little taken aback though extremely aroused by his coarse language. "But there are better ways to please a lady. A lover should pleasure a woman with his mouth. Fellows of low bearing have little inclination for this practice but I pray you are not averse to such conduct."

"Never. Your Lord has his duties to his women."

Isabella embraced him fiercely and showered kisses all over his face. "O, Lord Farallon! You are chivalry incarnate," she giggled. "If you remain steadfast to your ideal, your praises shall be sung by all of womankind. However, in order to be of service to women, you will need more than good intentions. The art of oral gratification takes skill, dedication, and a detailed knowledge of the workings of her intimate parts. You will require long instruction in this practice but I will provide an extensive introduction."

Claudia finally began to emerge from her love stupor. She grasped Isabella by the head and pulled her toward her nether regions.

"Many a poet has likened the feminine parts to a flower," Isabella continued. "Her grotto has petals, a pleasant fragrance, and blooms with proper care. But, most importantly, she possesses a sweet spot that brings her to her knees when stirred properly."

Claudia drew back her petals and pointed her index finger at a little hood of skin which hung above the part of her sex.

"This is her clit, my lord. The female treasure of pleasure. At present, the oyster's precious pearl hides within its shell but with a

little coaxing of the tongue, her tuber shall blossom into a swollen bulb of joy. Watch carefully."

Isabella flicked her tongue across her slit.

"Claudie, ma belle salope, ma chere amie! ," she panted. The girls had enjoyed their share of French coquettes in the past and often used the romantic language in bed. "O, baisers ma chatte! O! O! O! Aaaaah!"

Claudia yoked Isabella's head between her thighs and rocked back and forth upon her back. She moaned sweeter and lower than before under her lesbian lover's gentle ministrations. As her head tossed to and fro, her gasps slowly rose to a piercing cry of rapture and then ebbed away in a tremulous whimper. Claudia then lifted her dewslicked face from Isabella and motioned for the youth to take her place. As she had said, a tiny ball the size of a pearl now peeked out from the little hood of skin above her cleft, pulsing with urgent need.

"I can do better than that. Watch this!"

With that, the aspiring Lothario dove in and attacked her crotch with a vengeance, swirling his tongue across her labia and batting her clit mercilessly with his tongue. He then pulled apart her labia with his fingers, and shoved his tongue in and out of her pulsing channel. Unlike Isabella's gentle touch, he was literally fucking her with his tongue, his approach and technique aggressive and utterly masculine.

"Suck that pussy good and hard, you fucker. Yes! That's the way, boystud, work your tongue in deep! Uuunnhhh! Lick me up, lover! Suck that twat!"

Claudia was too hot to speak French. La langue française was for making love. This was fucking. A steady stream of juice flowed from within her, falling in droplets from the dark wisps of hair that fringed

her slit. The young rogue delved deeper into her well, sticking his tongue as deep as it would go, rolling it around and stabbing her throbbing walls. Claudia whipped her raven-tressed mane from side to side as she loudly shrieked and groaned. As she climaxed, she gripped his head firmly between her powerful thighs, nearly suffocating the boy.

"HUUAAAHHH!!! I'm coming! Suck my hot twat! Hhuunnhhh!!! Aahhhhhhhh!!! Fuck, yeah! Suck me, Farallon! Uuhhhnnnn!" yelled Claudia.

Farallon sucked and licked her pussy with even greater passion. He alternated chewing and sucking on Claudia's enlarged clit and plunging his tongue in and out of her hot box. The resulting climax lasted for several long and loud moments until finally the powerful orgasm ended with one last wrenching shudder. The young rake rose from her sopping cunt, his face glistening wet, as was her crotch. Not to be outdone, Isabella cut in, getting into position on all fours in front of Claudia's pussy.

"Not bad, Farallon. Now I want you to watch an expert," she told him.

Isabella dragged her long tongue along the puffy lips of Claudia's wet pussy again and again. She loved going down on her girlfriend and making her come. Although she had licked her lover to a screaming climax thousands of times, Isabella never grew tired of the jezebel's hairy snatch. Wet licking and sucking sounds filled the air and Claudia amplified the bedroom bedlam with her frequent outbursts of rapture. Isabella knew every secret of girl-on-girl gashlapping. She could bring Claudia to a climax in seconds or suspend her on the edge of release for hours or keep her coming until she passed out. And in time, she would divulge all of her secrets to the son of Magnus. He would learn the art of pleasing a woman from the greatest teacher in the world -- another woman.

Isabella looked directly into her partner's eyes the entire time she was licking and sucking her pussy, a stare of pure animal savagery and lust. Claudia met her gaze like a robin mesmerized by the predatory stare of a snake. Her half-lidded eyes betrayed her pleasure.

"Uhhhhnnnn! Oh, Isabella! Yes! Suck me! Ah! That's sooooo good! Ah, yeah! Si bon! Si bon!" gasped Claudia, her big bosom heaving. Isabella, still gazing into her girlfriend's eyes while she worked at her pussy, could tell that she was about to come and intensified her oral attack.

"AUUUUIEEEE!" Claudia suddenly squealed as Isabella captured her swollen clit between her lips and gently tugged the pulsing nub. The raven-haired beauty groaned as Isabella slid her middle finger inside her sheathe and fingerbanged the smoking hole. All the while, her hungry eyes never left those of her lover. Claudia lost herself in a dense haze of orgasmic bliss, unaware of where she was or what was happening around her. She babbled incoherently as nerve-shattering crescendos, one after another, ravaged her body. The poor girl could do little more than writhe and moan as the strumpet serviced her snatch with consummate agility. She kept her spinning in a whirlwind of rapture until the temptress literally gasped for air. And when she looked down between the hills of her breasts into the eyes of Isabella once again, the feisty vixen stuck out her long tongue and flicked her clit one last time for good measure.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNGGGGHHHH!"

Without warning, the buxom Corsican leapt up and tackled Isabella. She seized her by the hips, dove between her legs, and buried her face in her crotch. So enjoined, they rolled across the bed, sweeping Farallon to the side in their wake. One moment Isabella had Claudia pinned on her back. The next instant found her underneath the swarthy jezebel, their abundant titflesh spilling in all directions as they ground their bodies together.

The son of Magnus edged away from their tussle to contemplate the spectacle. Tongues thrust and parried in a savage duel. Fingernails dug streaks of red passion across their flesh. Claudia's sweat-slick back arched and bowed as she pounded her hips against Isabella. But neither victor nor vanquished emerged from the struggle, only two exhausted yet very content combatants.

The girls both let out a low moan as their hips ground together in a primordial dance of love as ancient as time. The youth had seen the voluptuous vixens go wild when he spied upon them earlier but nothing compared with a private performance. He slowly stroked his organ, luxuriating in the spectacle, now that he could contemplate their lesbian lust unhindered.

At last, their frantic movements crystallized into a single embrace, heads buried in crotches, locked between thighs. At the time, the boy did not know the word for that position. Samson's women called it 69. But he always considered such a number too incidental and insignificant. It deserved nothing less than the notation of ∞ for its grace of form and incalculable sensuality. Like a figure of "8" turned on its side, pleasure circulated like from mouth to cleft, cleft to mouth, in an endless loop of pleasure. The act was complete, perfect, beautiful, sublime.

The son of Magnus returned with redoubled passion. The young rake crawled up behind Isabella and sat up on his haunches. Claudia sensed the extra weight on the bed and looked up at him from underneath Isabella. She gave him a knowing wink and her fingers pulled apart Isabella's cuntlips in invitation. Farallon aimed his weapon carefully. With an audible plop, the head entered her body, followed, inch by excruciating inch, by his long shaft. Isabella could feel his knob scraping against her throbbing walls, rasping against her tender nerves.

The ladies spoke in French to compare notes among themselves.

"Aaaah! Mon dieu! Quel un homme! Quel un amant!"

"Dis-moi tout, ma chère. Ne sois pas modeste! N'est-il pas comme un jeune cheval?"

"Un étalon, Claudie, un grand étalon. Le garçon touche mon fond. Il me blesse si douce. O, O, Ooooooh! Comme j'adore son baton! C'est un benediction aux femmes!. O, ma chère. C'est trop grand. C'est trop profond. Aaaaah!"

After the virgin stud had buried his entire nine and a half inch weapon inside of Isabella, he paused to savor her voluptuous interiors. She felt wonderful, like warm, oily silk, rippling against his rigid flesh. He could have stayed inside of her forever.

"Je te sens dans la matrice," raved Isabella "Dans mon coeur! Tu me déchire! Je mouris!"

"For the love of God, Farallon, be gentle!" chided Claudia.

Finally, the budding rake refocused his attention from the sensation of love to its act. He slowly pulled out of Isabella until he felt Claudia's hands on his behind pushing him back upstream. He understood the routine immediately. He plied his tool gently and gracefully, thrusting his hips with natural expertise as if he had been making love all of his life. Despite his restraint, each stroke rattled her body like an agonizing blow. He added a little force to his thrust and she began to pant and moan.

Meanwhile, Claudia clenched the bedsheets in her fists until her knuckles turned white. Isabella could go down on her like no other woman. The scarlet minx knew all of her sensitive spots and teased them unmercifully. And if the tonguelashing excited her, the intimate view of Farallon's union with Claudia pitched her into an outright delirium of lust. Their coupling took place just mere inches above

her face. The tiniest detail did not escape her lustful eye as he slowly withdrew his member, dragging Isabella's inner folds outward like a stocking pulled inside out, the diaphanous strands of her womanly essence still dangling from his shaft, falling in viscous droplets that Claudia caught on the tip of her tongue. And above all else, she thrilled at the size of his tool. She had never seen anything like it. The boy put a grown man to shame! She could only imagine the lover he would become someday.

Claudia could no longer be content as a spectator to their mating. She raised her head to tongue her partner's flaring lips, and trailed it over his shaft on its way out. The delicious taste of his meat aroused her deepest hungers. She intercepted his manhood on the upstroke and pressed him to her lips. "Quel un homme!" she whispered under her breath wistfully, kissing his dangling balls and licking his shaft. Had Isabella not begged for the return of the prize, she would have suckled him for hours.

Claudia attacked her friend with redoubled enthusiasm. She knew the sooner she could finish her off, the sooner she could have another turn with the boystud. The sultry siren pursed her lover's clit between her lips and glided her fingers along the cleft of Isabella's luscious derriere towards her anus. Then, in the same heated moment, Claudia flickered her tongue over the swollen ladybud and jammed her index finger deep inside her ass. Isabella's whole body froze in shock.

"Aunnnggggggghh! Oh!" she cried out, tears squirting involuntarily from her eyes.

The scarlet harlot exploded in torrents of come. Paroxysms of ecstasy wrenched and throttled her writhing body, bringing clotted cries of bliss from deep in her constricted throat. Her hysterical love tantrum must have awakened the entire household. Actually, the noise did not awake so much as arouse her friends who had their ears against the walls and their fingers inside their pussies.

At first, some of the maidservants had not been certain that their Lord would come that night. They assumed he might wait a couple days before the wanton witches lured him into their bedroom. The couple's erotic cacophony earlier that evening was not unusual, if just a little louder than normal. However, when Isabella began to yell, they knew it could only be the cry of a woman fucked by a Conquistadoré. Not even Claudia could inspire such an impassioned performance.

That was not to say Claudia did not play a strong supporting role in their love session. The Corsican temptress added her own mouth to the fray, polishing Farallon's equipment with her tongue, moving ever closer to his point of union with Isabella. Closing in on her clitoral hood, Claudia pondered her next move. Should she do it? Was it not too much for the poor girl? Claudia knew the answers. Yes, it was too much. Of course, she should do it. She sucked the throbbing nub between her lips and gave it a gentle love bite with her lips.

"Ahhhn . . . ahhhnn . . . ahnnn....AAUUUNNGGGHHHH!," Isabella wailed, a deafening cry of ecstasy that drowned out every other sound in the bedroom, even with all the bouncing and thrusting and gasping already at its peak. "AUUNNGGGHIIEEEE!" she cried again, squealing this time as another throttling spasm shook her body. "Oh! Oh!" Isabella bucked her ass up and down uncontrollably, beating the air with her legs. After nearly decoupling from him, the precocious lover seized the girl by the waist and plowed back inside of her in a single mighty thrust. Isabella came in great shrieking torrents, coming more intensely than before, trembling and moaning, stretching, stiffening, gagging, and coming again, her body a mass of twitches and undulations which seemed to last interminably. Without warning, the jaws of her cunt snapped tight, catching his prick in mid-thrust.

The rakish youth could take no more. Knowing the common mistake of virgins to shoot their load too quickly, the Conquistadoré exercised heroic self-restraint, fucking the two women for nearly an hour. But the delightfully erotic combination of Isabella's exquisitely tight cunt and Claudia's fluttering tongue sent him over the brink. His testicles became unbearably heavy and forced massive wads of spunk up through the length of his thick, hard shaft, and into the deepest recesses of Isabella's cunt. The magnum force of his jets raised his lover to a new level of rapture, as she shuddered and moaned through her final climactic climax. For more than a minute, her body was nothing but pure, shaking sensation before she collapsed on the bed, breathless and motionless.

"Isabella?," whispered Claudia. "Isabella? Can you hear me?"

The boy dismounted and rolled her on her back. The blood had left her face and her eyes had rolled to the back of her head. For a moment, the boy was a bit confused. Perhaps, he should have been gentler... Claudia took a pitcher of water from the nightstand and poured a few drops on Isabella's forehead. She moaned and looked up. "Speak to me, Isabella," asked her friend. "So beautiful... So beautiful," was all she could manage to utter in response.

Farallon shifted around the bed uneasily, a guilty expression wrinkling his brow, as if he had done something wrong. "Sweet lover," laughed Claudia, putting her arm around him. "You worry too much." He turned and she quickly kissed him on the mouth. Isabella crawled to his other side. "Farallon," she whispered, nibbling on his ear. "Let me explain what happened. You made me come so hard that I passed out. But I feel wonderful. In fact, I want you to fuck me again."

"But you'll have to fuck me first." ordered Claudia.

The virgin stud gladly complied, making love to both of them long into the night. He loved the witches and they loved him. They

sucked and licked his body. They shrieked his name. They begged him to stay the night with them so he could do wonderful things to their bodies which brought each of them equal and immeasurable bliss.

Now that the coven had initiated him, the young Lord wanted to learn every spell, practice every ritual in their bed. Whatever attachments he had to the Church, however tenuous, withered away that night. And before dawn, he fired his gun five times in each cunt. After six hours of lovemaking, the virgin wench laid on his back with a broad smile on his face and a very satisfied girlfriend in either arm. For a long time, the trio just engaged in gentle loveplay, soft kisses and embraces and affectionate whispers.

Eventually, Claudia and Isabella turned their attention away from their visitor towards each other. The ladies coiled together in a warm, leisurely embrace, caressing and fondling each other with careful tenderness. Their mouths curved together in a slow, heart-wrenching kiss. They didn't want to go on, to move beyond the kiss. It was not the prelude but the close to the evening.

The boy wanked himself shamelessly as he watched their lesbian embrace. He had almost brought himself to another peak when they finally broke their caress and moved over to him to envelop his body once more in hot, heaving female flesh.

"Did our embrace excite you, big boy?" purred Claudia, nibbling his ear. "Do you like to see us kiss?"

Their Lord was curious about their desire for each other.

"Claudia, do you give pleasure to Isabella as does a man?" he asked.

"Indeed. However, since the advent of these ignorant and barbaric times, the Church has condemned those who dare to express their desires openly."

"Why does the Church condemn an act that offers no harm and gives only pleasure?" he asked with naive indignation. Indeed, why did Sister Gertrude and her ilk have the right to meddle with their loveplay? He had grown increasingly resentful of her oppressive supervision.

"Farallon," she laughed "delightful would be a Church that understood your sound, simple reasoning."

"Accursed is the fear and envy of the priesthood and its craven flock," Isabella broke in. "There are many men who fear their wives will give up childbearing in pursuit of their own sex. They envy women for enjoying pleasures they are too ignorant or lazy to provide themselves."

"But cannot a woman enjoy the caress of her own kind but still desire a man?"

"Of course, Isabella and myself are bisexual. We love both men and women."

"Then I do not perceive the difficulty. If you have an affection for Isabella and she has an affection for myself, can we not all play together in the same bed?"

Claudia's breath quickened. He spoke like a true Conquistadoré.

"There can be nothing more pleasurable than a man with two maids," she whispered dreamily. "But such arrangements are uncommon outside our bed. Countless are the men who dream of this but few would ever attempt to accomplish such a feat. To please two women at the same time requires skill and stamina beyond the capabilities of the masculine race. But you shall learn, my Lord. As your chambermaids, we expect you to explore all of our chambers. Under our guidance, you will grow up to be every woman's fantasy."

And if you handle yourself with boldness and passion, the fair sex will regale you with pleasures others only can dream of.

Chapter 8 - The Dinner Party

Farallon woke early the next morning and recollected his dream of the witches' coven. If it had not been for the lingering scent of woman on his body, he would not have believed what had transpired.

Before he returned home, he swore to keep their meeting a secret and to return the next evening at the stroke of midnight. Farallon was especially polite and careful around Sister Gertrude on this day, knowing fraternization with witches was a mortal sin. He did not quite understand the meaning of a "mortal sin" but it probably meant a severe beating from the nun.

The day dragged on interminably. It seemed to last for hours! To make matters worse, Claudia and Isabella forbade him to touch himself. They said he would need all of his strength that night. He wondered what they planned for him. Finally, the stars came out and he bade his guardian goodnight. He then paced up and down his bedroom, checking the clock every five minutes until quarter to twelve.

At the stroke of midnight, Claudia and Isabella answered the door au naturel, save for the chaplets of lilies they wore in their hair. Farallon embraced the pair and their tongues met in a lingering triangular kiss. "Welcome to our gynaeceum," grinned Claudia "We are honored to receive you as our guest. Forgive us for not receiving you earlier. We have prepared for your visit since this morning."

They led him down the hall to the common room where a small banquet awaited him. Three other women sat around the table, each of them naked, young, and beautiful. "Tonight," spoke Isabella "You shall make the acquaintance of the other members of our ménage.

Since we told them of our interview last night, they have been inexpressibly eager to meet you in the flesh." The girls sniggered at her innuendo and gazed upon him longingly. He only stood about five and a half feet tall yet when he took off his cape, he bore all of the signs of a budding Adonis. He was a stud to the harem born but his hair lent him an almost feminine delicacy. Farallon stopped getting haircuts a few months ago and he now wore it nearly as long as a lady. The bulge in his breeches, however, left no mystery of his masculinity. The women could tell he was clearly a prodigy in matters of love.

"My dearest friends," pronounced Claudia, tapping a glass with a spoon. "I present to you Lord Farallon, the heir to Callisto." Isabella led him to the other women, Penelope, Marguerite and Therese. He hesitated for a moment and kissed the hand of each, unsure of the proper etiquette in the company of nude women. Before the maids could become any more familiar with their lord, Isabella led him to the head of the table and seated him.

"Could someone please help me take off my corset? Our lord will arrive any minute," came a voice from the corridor. A giantess of a woman barged in the room. She wore nothing besides a corset that laced her breasts so high, the boulders of flesh threatened to burst the garment at the seams.

"Josephine, You silly wench!" cried Isabella "You are improperly attired for dinner. We must disrobe for our Lord and be pleasant to his eye."

"Yes, of course. That's why I called for someone to remove my corset." She suddenly spotted Farallon at the table.

"Oh, my dear," she exclaimed. "Please forgive me, my Lord. I had no idea you had arrived."

"Farallon, be a gentlemen and take off Josephine's corset. We apologize for her formality. Be not cross." The boy rose from his chair to assist her. Josephine towered above him, her jutting cleavage level with his gaze. He fiddled with the laces at her back without the slightest idea how to undo the garment. Observing his difficulty, Isabella came to his rescue.

"Watch carefully, lover. You will often encounter this garment in the future," explained Isabella. Her practiced fingers undid the back in a trice and Josephine slowly turned around to submit her body for his approval. Hanging delectably off her chest were the biggest pair of tits he had ever seen. She had breasts the size of melons, perfectly round and firm, with silky smooth skin, free of the tiniest blemish. Her aureolae were big as saucers, spiked with long, hard nipples. After a farewell smile, the buxom goddess turned around and sashayed to her seat, the swells of her breasts swaying visibly from behind her back.

Claudia and Isabelle led their lord to the head of the table. The youth collapsed in his seat and took a deep breath. He felt dizzy with lust as he beheld the exhibition of nubile flesh arrayed before him. "Don't gorge yourself on dinner," whispered Claudia. "We have planned a special dessert for you." Despite the sumptuous meal, he barely touched his plate all evening.

The dinner proceeded with surreal informality. The women made light conversation, telling him about the coming harvest and the management of the estate. The boy cared little about such affairs and kept quiet. He tried to act nonchalant, as if he saw nothing extraordinary about dining in the company of six beautiful, naked women. Meanwhile, the young rogue quietly deliberated upon which girl he would seduce that night. The ladies all seemed very familiar seeing each other in the nude and exchanged naughty glances throughout the meal. He suspected his decision that night would be one of multiple choice.

Isabella and Claudia had taken the nearest seats to the head of the table and their feet incessantly stroked the bulge that tented his breeches. At one point, each of them brought a foot to either side of his erection and began to jerk him off in tandem. They took their feet away just before he came in his pants.

After the last course was served, the ladies began to speak in French and Farallon caught a few words such as "père" and "Magnus". He had not heard that name previously and it piqued his curiosity.

"Tell me about my father," he suddenly asked.

The table chatter ceased abruptly. The ladies looked at each other quizzically, unsure how to reply. Isabella spoke up at last. "We did not live at Callisto in those times, my Lord. I have only heard tales and vague ones for the most part. Forgive me if I sound mysterious but I will answer in a riddle. You have two fathers. One has left you his estate. The other has left you his endowment. You are doubly blessed in your inheritance. Please do not speak of this matter again."

In truth, the youth had not much interest in the topic anyway. The boy wanted to get to his dessert. He did not ask further questions and the mood at the table quickly reverted to its customary joviality. After the dishes had been cleared, the ladies excused themselves to prepare for bed. Only Claudia and Isabella remained with him.

"Farallon, I very much hope our companions please you," said Isabella.

"Of course, very much so."

"Their nudity did not make you feel uncomfortable?" Claudia grinned.

"Not at all. I hope their flirtations with me did not offend you," he replied diplomatically in case his lovers might be jealous.

"Offend us with their flirtations?" giggled Isabella. "Do not be so naïve. They desire far more than flirtation with you. In fact, I advise that you take off your clothes, go to the end of the hall, and..." Her voice trailed off into a husky whisper in his ear.

"All of them?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes, my love. We hope you enjoy your dessert."

Farallon's heart raced. His codpiece grew tight. He fell back in his chair to absorb the implications of what Isabella had just proposed. The possibility had crossed his mind at dinner but he banished the thought as an idle dream.

"My Lord," explained Claudia "I pray you do not feel ashamed of your urges. Every young man dreams of making love with multiple women at the same time. We want to help you live out all of your deepest fantasies, your most secret desires. You may explore every variation, every combination with us. Please do not be shy. The heroic lover must be a sensual adventurer. He acts boldly and without shame in the pursuit of pleasure. I know you will not disappoint us."

His companions took him by the hand, leading him down the hall. Behind the bedroom door, the witching hour had begun without him. The youth could hear their panting all the way from the dining room. He kicked open the door without knocking. The bed was enormous, nearly twice as large as the one he shared with Claudia and Isabella the night before. The headboard bore the inscription "E Lascivus Magnus" -- "In Magnus We Lust."

Four luscious strumpets lay in a circle, heads locked between thighs, in a twisting and gasping, whimpering and panting, kissing and

sucking, biting, probing, rubbing chain of delight. The bedchamber reeked of sweat and cunt. Farallon's erection throbbed almost painfully.

Claudia and Isabella gave a loud whistle to announce his arrival. As if on cue, the women lifted their heads and turned to face him with conspiratorial grins across their faces.

"You were supposed to wait for our Lord," chided Claudia. "Have you not any manners?"

"But we were so horny!" answered Marguerite in a mock whine. Everyone laughed.

"Don't be offended," explained Claudia. "The ladies were just getting their pussies moist and ready for your giant prick."

Isabella took a basket out of the armoire and handed out a length of ribbon to each of the four women. Having bade Marguerite to keep still, Claudia took the ribbon, strung it between her thighs, around her hips, and tied an improvised rosette directly above the flaring lips of her womanhood. Once Claudia had adorned Josephine, Therese, and Penelope in a similar fashion, Isabella laid them down side by side on the wide bed. Their ribboned loins rose and fell in unified longing, like a row of gifts for Farallon's birthday, waiting to be unwrapped.

Claudia snuffed most of the candles, leaving only the glow of the moonlight and the censer that had been lit for the ceremony. Isabella led him by the hand to the edge of the bed.

"Tonight, your bedservants offer you the gift of their love," she whispered in his ear. "Love them as you have loved me." With that Isabella donned her own ribbon and lay down alongside them.

Whatever surprise the boy had felt a few minutes earlier had been swept away by pure lust, his senses overwhelmed by the multitude of young willing bedmates. He stripped in a trice, eliciting a collective gasp from the six sex-crazed strumpets as they beheld the boy's giant prick. With that he dove on to the bed and proceeded to kiss, lick, fondle, and grab everything in sight. He quickly found himself on his back enveloped in soft, female flesh. A hairy mass of black and blond tresses hovered between his thighs, weaving an intricate pattern of tongues, lips and teeth over every inch of his manhood. The trio of tongues slowly settled into position and staked their territory, a mouth crowned his corona, a tongue climbed his shaft, and a pair of luscious lips gently sucked upon his quivering gonads.

Before he focused his attention on his first triple blowjob, a pair of hands suddenly reached out from the darkness, seized his head and smothered him between an enormous pair of jugs. "I loved when you untied my corset this evening," whispered his former wet nurse. "Such a lovely little gentleman you were with those trembling hands. I could have come on the spot. I just wished you had ripped off my bodice and took me upon the banquet table. My cunt has been creaming ever since I laid eyes upon you tonight. Take hold of my breasts. Suck them! Squeeze them! Don't be shy. You missed my big ones, didn't you? Rub my cunt. Stick your finger inside. Do you feel the heat within? It burns for you. For your body. For your cock! Oh, how I want you! All of us do and you will have every one of us tonight. But I beg of you. let me be the first!"

Josephine rolled onto her back. She lay panting with her legs spread open, fondling her breasts with one hand, fingering her flooded trench with the other. Even on her back, the massive bust overflowed her palm, flopping over the sides of her chest. A puddle of her juices spread out from her crotch, soaking the bed underneath. Reluctantly, Farallon brushed away the trio of fellatrices above his lap and knelt on his haunches. Claudia brought over a candle to illuminate the spectacle.

Farallon hastily unlaced the ribbon that adorned her loins. He positioned himself between her legs, the tip of his weapon aimed at her steaming gash. Farallon paused a moment to orient himself with her Amazonian body. She stood over six feet tall and his head barely reached her clavicle. At last, the resourceful lover grabbed her shoulders and pulled himself up and inside of her. The buxom blonde responded by clenching her inner muscles, almost yanking his tool inside her scorching passion pit.

Josephine's vaginal walls rippled with delight as he ventured a second, a third, a fourth thrust... Unable to reach the tall woman's lips, he buried his face in her abundant cleavage, fondling and groping the buxom blonde's mammoth rack. At the same time, the virgin stud continued his steady methodical rhythm, driving his tool deep inside her body.

Farallon could feel her shake beneath him with each stroke, her heart palpitating and her breathing punctuated by shrill cries. The sensation of having her breasts squeezed and mauled while her lover slammed his rod in and out of her convulsing pussy drove her over the edge. A massive crescendo rocked her body. Wave after wave of delicious tension spasmed through her body from head to foot and then from foot to head.

Josephine thrashed and gasped, simply overwhelmed by the intensity of her climax. No man had ever made her feel this way, let alone a virgin! He felt strong and powerful, confident, masculine. Of course, he was more than a boy. He was a Conquistadoré, destined to seduce and pleasure countless females from the onset of puberty.

Suddenly, her shuddering legs flew around his waist, clenching his backside like a steel trap. "Fuuuuuuck meeeeee!" yelled the Amazon as the walls of her cunt violently contracted against her lover's enormous, ever-thrusting cock. A flood of sex juice gushed out of

her pussy and onto the sheets. Her orgasm was so long and intense that Josephine thought she might faint just like Claudia claimed

Lord Farallon sensed her approaching blackout and slammed his enormous shaft down her tight love canal with even greater force and speed. Though the giantess stood a head taller than him, he intended to be the dominant one in bed. The young Conquistadoré would subdue her by ecstasy, make her come at his command. She would be a slave to his cock.

Without warning, The Amazon's ravenous snatch clamped down hard. If Josephine was going to come, she was going to take him down with her. Having caught his member inside the jaws of her twat, the buxom wench used her nut-cracking vaginal muscles to squeeze and rub his shaft. Her wet, throbbing walls slid back and forth across his cockskin in opposite directions like two hands rubbing together in preparation for a wicked deed. Just about when he could take no more, the expert lover switched to an even more thrilling technique. She rippled her sheathe in slow, strong undulations that traveled from the base of his cock all the way past the tip and back again. It felt as if she was jerking him off with her cunt!

Lord Farallon panted and grunted like a wild animal. Drool fell out of his mouth. He needed to come. And he did. With a triumphant roar, he fired big, thick wads of seed into the deepest recesses of her love chamber. Even though Josephine had a cavernous vagina, the sheer volume of seed soon overflowed her vault and leaked onto the bed. Nearly a full minute passed before he completed his outpour.

After the shaking and panting of the two lovers finally subsided, Farallon slowly withdrew from his prey, his glistening pole dripping with her nectar. To the amazed gasps of Josephine and her companions, his tool remained as hard and stiff and rampant as ever. The taste of flesh had only whetted his appetite. Just before he completely pulled out, the virgin stud grabbed her by ankles and

slammed himself to the hilt. Josephine came immediately and then again. She tried to clamp down on him again but she was coming too hard to control her internal muscles by then. Moreover, his massive deposit of spunk left her membranes too slick to gain a firm grasp on his pole.

This time, Farallon did not come so quickly. He fucked the helpless, convulsing wench for an additional half an hour before he blasted her cunt with another spectacular display of testicular firepower. He then pulled out once more as hard as ever and already looking for his next partner. Josephine, on the other hand, lay panting on her back, her eyes glazed with joyful tears and her tongue lolling out of her mouth. The boystud had shaken her to the core. Her companions looked upon the fallen giantess in astonishment. They had never seen her come so hard.

"The harder they come, the bigger they fall," declared Marguerite to the laughter and applause of the Sextet. The sultry seductress took Josephine's discarded ribbon and fastened it around the base of Farallon's maypole before taking her place alongside the other women, who lay before him in a row across the wide mattress. Farallon gloried in the sight but also felt utterly at ease. He never had felt so much at home in his body...

Chapter 9 - Summer

At sunrise, Farallon quietly untangled himself from the abundance of dozing female flesh that lay strewn across the bed. He sleepily pulled up his breeches and refastened his codpiece. The women had declared him Lord of the Gynacaeum that night, with six ribbons of consummation still fastened to his sceptre as proof of his birthright. Before he left, they explained the rules of engagement to him: anytime, anyplace, and anyone, either alone or together.

That unforgettable evening inaugurated a summer of inconceivable delights. The Sextet gave their Lord an exhaustive and exhausting

"beducation." The "boy wonder", as they nicknamed him, proved a diligent pupil, spending most of his waking hours engaged in amorous activity. His love tutors spent countless hours instructing him in the minutest details of cunnilingus and fornication. They showed him the seventeen erogenous zones of the vulva and the difference between a vaginal and clitoral orgasm. They revealed the secret signs of feminine arousal and the proper way to undress a lady in heat. They led him through every position in the Kama Sutra as well as developing several new combinations that allowed him to make love with two or more females at the same time.

Since he had six different partners, each with her own needs and desires, he learned both the generalities of pleasuring women as well as their individual preferences. What pleased one female could pain another. What excited one could bore another. The young Lord learned all the variations of female anatomy and desire but, more importantly, he developed an intuition for performing whatever pleased a lady. In theory, he could have learned all of his lovers' idiosyncrasies in time. However, they demanded more than mechanical memorization. The Sextet wanted him to possess an instinct for making love, for knowing what a lover wanted before she knew herself.

Still of an impressionable age, the women could speak frankly without euphemism or embarrassment. No subject was taboo for them and they detailed every possible aspect of physical love. And along with theory came practice. His bedmates taught him how to make love in the most explicit detail imaginable and let him experiment with any and all positions as much as their pupil desired. Although they enjoyed many variations in their loveplay, the object of the lesson was always the same -- how to make a woman come as long and as hard and as often as possible.

Though the Sextet acted as his teachers during the daytime, at night, they treated Farallon as their Lord. Every evening, the ladies gathered at the entrance to the master bedroom. The virgin stud

would then walk up and down the lineup and select his companions for the night. He usually chose two or three women but, on special occasions, he invited all of them inside for a fleshly fugue that did not end before the dawn.

Lord Farallon became accustomed a life of constant and infinite pleasure. He awoke joyously every morning to a world that held promise of ever more sublime combinations of physical love. And it seemed the perpetual orgy would only go on and on, forever and ever.

Farallon's last day in Callisto began as delightfully as any other. At daybreak, he set off for a tryst with Claudia and Isabella in the nearby woods. The three of them had grown closer over the summer and liked to spend time alone together at the beginning of the day. Since most of the women slept late, they had the forest to themselves for frolicking and caresses. After a long bath in a nearby pond followed by threeway loveplay, they joined the remainder of the Sextet for a small lunch.

As always, his lovers pampered their Lord to no end, hovering around his seat at the dining room table. Claudia handed him wild strawberries between sips from a teacup Isabella brought to his lips. Therese cleaned his face with a napkin while Josephine endlessly ran a comb through his long, wavy curls. Beneath the table, Marguerite and Penelope had unlaced his codpiece and took turns sucking his cock. Occupied with his meal, the virgin stud remained flaccid for the moment but he always appreciated the attention. Nary a moment passed anymore that a lady was not fondling his genitalia.

Because his girlfriends crowded him so closely, accidents were nearly inevitable. Just as Claudia lifted a piece of toast to his mouth, Therese proffered a fresh cup of bilberry juice. Their hands collided and the front of Farallon's tunic got soaked to the skin. As a result, Josephine suggested they take him to the bath to clean him up. It

was rather unnecessary but the girls wanted to take advantage of all the erotic opportunities presented by washing his naked body.

On the other hand, Farallon had his own ideas. Marguerite and Penelope finally had coaxed him into a respectable erection and hinted that they would like to slip away with him to the master bedroom. He had not fucked either of them for several days and never had enjoyed a romp with both of them together.

Before he could protest, however, Isabella started a bonfire under the iron tub in the back yard while the others stripped him to his breeches. Farallon playfully resisted his bath but after substantial urging they led him to the water. Soapy hands scrubbed and washed his face, neck, and chest. Inevitably, Penelope and Marguerite's hands strayed to his intimate parts. They gave a knowing wink to the others that bathtime would now be called off. His playmates promptly disrobed and hauled Farallon out of the water. Before he could reach for a towel, the girls closed in upon him. They all laughed and teased each other while they rubbed their bodies against Farallon, and in this unusual way, they dried him off. To have such lovely bodies pressed against him felt like heaven, and when his skin was dry, he had become fiercely aroused.

He motioned for Penelope and Marguerite. The other ladies sighed wistfully in envious lust. Though Lord Farallon engaged in amorous pursuits ceaselessly, the Sextet offered a virtually inexhaustible number of possible conjugations. In that regard, Farallon had the choice of fifteen unique triads:

1. Claudia and Isabella
2. Claudia and Josephine
3. Claudia and Marguerite
4. Claudia and Penelope
5. Isabella and Josephine
6. Isabella and Marguerite

7. Isabella and Penelope
8. Josephine and Marguerite
9. Josephine and Penelope
10. Penelope and Marguerite
11. Therese and Isabella
12. Therese and Josephine
13. Therese and Marguerite
14. Therese and Claudia
15. Therese and Penelope

Since the ladies of the Sextet felt equally comfortable in bed with any member of their group, the juvenile rogue could choose any combination he liked.

“Take one more,” whispered Penelope. “Let’s have a fourway.” As of late, his companions encouraged him to take more women to bed with him. His current stable of playmates were simply the vanguard. More women would come to the island soon.

The other women gave him a wicked smile and flaunted their charms in the hope they would be the chosen one. Isabella licked her lips sexily as she looked at him and blinked several times. Therese rubbed the front of her skirt and licked one finger ostentatiously. Josephine caressed her massive rack from underneath her thin blouse, squeezing her nipples and moaning with lust.

“I want them all. All of the women,” he finally declared.

His lovers squealed with delight.

“Magnus would be proud,” smiled Penelope.

Lord Farallon had become more authoritative and assertive since his first night with Claudia and Isabella. His teachers thoroughly

instructed him in the art of seduction and the secrets of arranging a tryst with multiple partners. To their delight, the young man had developed an unshakable confidence in his way with women.

The virgin stud chose whom he slept with and when and where they did it. He arranged the positions and fucked his women in any order he pleased. Hence, the prodigy sensed nothing peculiar at that moment about inviting an entourage of gorgeous women to a steamy afternoon lovemaking session. So besmitten were they with his prowess and skill, the Sextet had become his virtual playthings in bed.

In the past few months, his lovers began to experience abnormally strong orgasms with him, often breaking down in tears during their extended orgies. Other times, they became hysterical or simply passed out. Just as his father had willed, the girls were breeding the ultimate ladykiller. The countless hours of training in the boudoir had turned the youngster into a sexual virtuoso. And to further enhance his prowess, the boystud now boasted a ten-inch cock. The women took daily measurements of his phallus and held a commemorative orgy in his honor to celebrate his growth beyond the coveted double-digit mark.

After he pounded each and every one of them to surfeit, his lovers led a calmer Farallon back to the tepid bathwater over the smoldering bonfire. Since the tub only held two people, the girls waited in line for him to wash each of them. Farallon took his time with each woman. He did not miss a hole, nor they a pole. The entire queue took nearly half an hour to clean. In the meantime, the girls had laid out blankets on the grass and assembled a collection of divers perfumes with which to anoint their Lord. They laid him on his back and six pairs of hands rubbed the oils into his chest, limbs, and crotch until his mighty thorn smelled like a rose.

Most of the girls then excused themselves to prepare supper, leaving him alone with Josephine and Claudia. The buxom pair immediately

invited him to the vineyard to play "hide and seek" in the nude. In this competition, Farallon would be pursued by his lovers and whoever caught him first won the right to make love to him on the spot.

Given Farallon's lack of interest in hiding himself from the buxom beauties, the game did not last long. Within ten minutes, Farallon was walking arm in arm with his companions in search of a place to couple. In the first and only round of their game, the women caught him together and agreed to share the prize, sealing the compact with a tongue-twisting soul kiss. Few sights aroused Farallon more than when Josephine embraced Claudia. All of his girls were well-endowed but J and C had the biggest racks of all, straining the seams of even the sturdiest of corsets and brassieres. To his delight, their incredibly firm breasts needed little support so they often remained topless for most of the day.

His lovers held each other close, squashing their melons so hard that huge bulges of squirming breastflesh spilled out to the sides. Inspired by their passionate display, Lord Farallon closed in on the pair and embraced them from the side, fondling their buttocks with each palm. His hands soon drifted between their thighs and stroked their hot, wet slits. The girls moaned together and opened their kiss to his mouth. Soon, both of their tongues had invaded his mouth and numerous hands groped his organ. He could tell by their ragged breaths they could wait no longer. As usual, they soon would fall to the ground and make love right in the middle of the road.

Suddenly, he heard a noise. In the distance, a low rumble sounded, quickly turning into the sound of thundering hooves.

"Who is that?!", screamed a man at the top of his voice in a foreign tongue.

"Seize him at once!"

Claudia and Josephine dashed into the woods but Farallon just stood there in shock. Four men on horseback encircled him. As he later found out, Farallon had been summoned to Callisto to await convoy into the ranks of the royal guard. The decision had been made a month earlier. For many years, the court had forgotten about his case, engaged with more pressing matters of state. Then came a letter from the abbot. The letter had been written in Corsican so it took several more weeks to find a translator. The harried monk rambled for many pages about the boy's irascible behavior. Aside from his forays into the woods to beat up the local villagers, he showed a precocious interest in the fair sex that would lead to scandal if left unchecked. The abbot concluded that the boy could no longer stay as an official ward of his monastery. As determined by the royal escheator, he would be removed from their care upon his eighteenth birthday and relocated to his estate.

When the letter finally reached the ears of the Henry III, he flew into a rage about the oversight. The boy should have been serving his country for years already! In the name of his great father (what was his name?), they had to do something! However, as was his habit, the king still wanted some time to consider his fate. After meditating upon the matter for a few moments, he sent back a letter to the monastery approving the transfer of the boy to his ancestral home. The action served little purpose but it reassured the King that he remained in control of the situation.

About a month later, after one of his advisors brought up the matter again, the King told him to send the boy to Beaucourt and returned to devouring his supper. The court promptly sent a delegation from the infamous military academy to retrieve him. When they arrived on the island that morning, they discovered no sign of Lord Farallon. However, they did stumble across a very cranky nun at her knitting.

Since her arrival, the nun had drifted into an advanced stage of senility. Farallon had taken full advantage of her clouded mind and often left the château for days without returning. After a tedious

interrogation, Gertrude surmised the boy had been kidnapped by witches, then returned to her knitting. Upon further questions, she complained the boy had acted too familiar with the maidservants.

That revelation whipped the Pursuivant into a fury. How could the King have allowed such a scandal? He ordered a search party and took off on his horse with a long string of curses. Upset as he was, not even in his wildest imagination could he anticipate the hideous sight that squirmed in the middle of the road in the middle of the afternoon. The writhing bodies! The dreadful moans! The Horror! The Sin! He felt a lurid excitement that only made him angrier.

The Pursuivant glared at the boy with pure hatred. He was lower than an animal, offending the sight of God with his naked body and brazen erection. But worse, he seemed oblivious to his indecent condition. How could the abbot have raised such a monstrosity? Heads would roll back in London if the king ever found out what had happened to Lord Clement's son. Even though the King never liked the fat bastard, Clement still was held in high regard by some circles and the nobility held certain expectations for his son.

Now, whether he liked it or not, the Pursuivant would have to assume responsibility for the wretch. Lacking the robust constitution of a grown man, the appreciation of discipline, and a life of work, he feared the boy's incontinence already had reduced him to the condition of a blithering idiot. All the medical treatises of the day confirmed that fact. The young man would require the strictest measures to be saved from permanent degeneration and, even then, it might be too late.

Beaucourt would provide such a life. Later that night, the Pursuivant informed his squires that while he did not savor the task of reforming the boy, loyalty called for him to perform his duties unflinchingly. Privately, however, he could not wait to flog him. The boy deeply disturbed him. Though his conduct seemed overbearing, his men considered his indignation as merely a sign of his deep

Christian faith and righteousness. Actually, the reason was much simpler. He envied the boy's ten-inch cock. And only hatred made it possible to live with that secret.

His squires led their prisoner back to his quarters to get dressed. His bags stood in a corner, already packed in his absence. After dressing him, he was conducted to the study for an interview with the Pursuivant. He stood with his back to Farallon, studying the boy's reflection in the window.

"Thy future will be simple," began the Pursuivant in the pompous formal tone customarily assumed by an officer of middling rank. "An escort will conduct thee upon the morn to the fortress at Beaucourt for military instruction. Thou shalt begin your apprenticeship in the Order of the Grand Cross with the rank of page. Ye shalt strictly adhere to a code in accordance with your calling. Thou shalt swear total obedience to..." The Pursuivant stressed each refrain of "thou shalt" with the reverence and conviction a priest reserved for enumerating the ten commandments.

The Corsican did not understand a word of the stranger's foreign tongue.

"If thou shalt not follow these rules," he concluded, turning to face Farallon. "I assure thee that a hard road lies ahead. Proceeds from the sale of property on the estate will be used to furnish thee with military goods and equipment. Am I understood?" Farallon sobbed quietly for the first time in many years. "Listen to me! Whomever dost thou serve?! Who?!". He slapped him across the face. "Thou servest thy liege, cursed fornicator!" he growled flaring his nostrils. "Thou hast the stink of a capuchin and art no more a man than the whores who coddle thee. But have no fear! I shall make a man out of thee and I will not wait another moment."

The Pursuivant summoned back the squires and ordered them to restrain the boy. Taking a pair of shears from under his cloak, he

began to hack away at his scalp with wild abandon, leaving his tear-stained face plastered in long black curls.

The Pursuivant locked Farallon in his room on the eve of his departure, posting sentries outside the doors and windows in case he tried to flee. Farallon hoped one of his lovers would try to rescue him from the horrible strangers but he heard nothing aside from a noisy game of cards downstairs. On his way to bed, he walked past the dressing mirror and stood back in horror. He barely could recognize himself. Though the boy spent most of his life with little or no clothing, he had never felt naked before. Gone were the long, wavy locks that his lovers cultivated with such care. And shorn of his obsidian mane, he felt weak, mortal, an Adam after the Fall. For the first time in his life, a creeping sense of shame gripped his heart.

At dawn, the squires mounted Farallon on one of the horses with his hands tied behind his back. They reached the dock a few minutes later. A larger vessel awaited the return of the men at Calvi to take them back to England. As they led him across the gangplank, Farallon looked down at the water. The decision to jump had been a spontaneous one. In retrospect, it seemed rather foolhardy. The ropes had been tied securely and he had little chance of breaking out of them. The harder he struggled, the more he needed air. And the more he needed air, the harder it became to struggle. As he drifted to the floor of the sea, he felt darkness flooding his eyes, relieving the terror of not breathing.

Afterword

This concludes Book One of the series. Though already novel-length, this erotic picaresque will likely stretch more than a 1000 pages before our lust-crazed hero will be satisfied.

Meanwhile, be sure to read the other books in this series.

Here are a few tantalizing excerpts...

From Wanderlust: The Erotic Adventures of Samson (Book Two)

After a steamy afternoon of lovemaking, Carmen proposed they find another woman to join them for the evening. As expected, the double-wencher agreed enthusiastically. A short walk brought the pair to The Black Garter. Carmen used to work at the burlesque parlor as a stripper. She could steal more in a night than she could earn there in a month but she didn't do it for the money. Carmen genuinely enjoyed flaunting her luscious body for a crowd. Even more, she liked to drink and flirt with the other strippers, many of who surrendered their Sapphic virginity to the buxom bifemme.

The bar stood off to the left of the stage where a raven-haired dancer called Sophia had just begun a striptease to the accompaniment of screeching flutes and banging drums. A candlelit spotlight followed the vamp to the center of the stage. On the way, she spun around in circles, and in the process, tore off her brassiere and twirled it over her head. When she finally let go of the garment, Samson crouched to the floor and sprang off the ground. For a brief moment, the stripper, the music, and the crowd all stopped to watch him in amazement. The acrobat stud flew high into the air, soaring over the heads of the patrons gathered around the stage, and caught the skyborne brassiere in his teeth. He then hit the floor in a somersault, rolled past a few tables in the back, and stopped at the feet of a rather startled kitchen wench. The striptease act resumed a moment later as if nothing had happened.

Carmen apologized to the barmaid for his antics and led him back towards the stage. "Be careful," she warned him. "You'll get us thrown out before we find a girl."

The strippers congregated by themselves at the end of the counter away from the stage. Despite the high numbers of drunken males in

the tavern, they knew better than to bother the girls. Most of the employees carried daggers beneath their garter belts and many knew how to use them. Because of his exceptional charm and reputation, Samson probably could have approached the ice wenches on his own but Carmen made his introduction much easier. "Hello, girls," she announced. "Meet Samson, Lord of Wenches. He has a thirteen and a half inch cock and can find your G-spot in three seconds flat."

Suddenly, all of the dancers at the counter looked up from their drinks. Dead silence replaced their chatter. Carmen had a way with words. Even Samson would not dare speak with such a brazen tongue. However, women could take far more liberties when they talked among themselves. Even the most innocent ones talked like whores.

The girls at the bar gave Samson a lingering glance. They wore silk robes over their scantily clad bodies that mysteriously parted open as he walked by. He could tell by their longing looks and seductive grins that they liked what they saw.

From Wanderlust: The Erotic Adventures of Samson (Book Three)

"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 well-endowed male?" 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."

Lorelei gave him the nastiest glare she could muster. His audacity was staggering. His attraction undeniable.

From Wanderlust: The Erotic Adventures of Samson (Book Four)

Like many women, Madelyn cried out for the whole thing but Samson knew better than to impale her. The shock could be painful. Instead, he gently began a series of slight strokes with his hips to ease himself, quarter-inch by quarter-inch, down, down, down into

the sodden depths of her love canal. Samson's rod became so hard, he could exercise total control over the rate at which his prick moved upstream.

Slowly and steadily, Samson gradually stretched out Madelyn's taut twat as the prow of his manhood navigated her narrow channel. Despite the dozens of climaxes that had already loosened her passage, Samson took nearly five minutes of careful probing before he had sheathed himself halfway. By that point, of course, he had long before hit bottom. However, with even smaller and gentler strokes, the artful wench stretched out the bottom of his playmate's passion pit.

While the ritual of penetration might have been a physical necessity for Madelyn, it represented a labor of love to the ladykiller. A woman's first time with Samson could never be repeated so he proceeded with a maximum of care and deliberation, extending the moment of union into a tantalizing infinity that she would never forget. The stallion-hung Lothario usually liked to initiate a lover in the missionary position in order to savor her expression as it swung from joy to disbelief, from need to rapture.

Samson relished the act in a way only a tiny number of elite cocksman throughout history could appreciate. While most guys simply rejoiced in gaining entry to a female, Samson focused on her feelings. The blade experienced a sinful pride in giving a lady the supersized schlong she secretly desired and deserved all her life. Suffering none of the worry or envy that plagued the typical suitor, the alpha stud forged ahead with reckless abandon, supremely confident in the knowledge that he would love her as no other.

Samson felt the stud of her tongue brush his ear. "Samson," she implored more desperately than before. "Fuck me like the whore that I am," her words trailing off into a moan as another peak overcame her. Samson plunged the last few inches deep into her body, into the shuddering gorged recesses that no man had ever

reached before. Madelyn let out a deep groan, trembling from the exquisite pressure against the stretching walls of her love chamber. She now understood Lucinda's answer when she asked her how many times he made her come: "A woman only comes once with Samson but she never returns."