

# *Innocence Lost*

*Bradley Stoke*



## I

*In Which the Pleasures and Virtues of Innocence, Chastity and Purity are Revealed.*

Innocence was the most attractive sixteen year old girl in her school. She had beautiful rounded breasts, the perfect figure, long sandy blond hair half-way down her back and the most attractive face anyone could wish for. When she smiled, boys melted into helpless submission and she was the envy of all the other girls.

However, Innocence had a secret. Although the perfect girl in almost every way, between her legs she was unlike any girl that you would normally meet, because here, where most girls have a vagina she had a perfectly formed penis and testicles. And a penis that could, with a little help, be as good a size as those of most of the boys at school.

When she was very young, she was a boy and was treated like other boys. But as she got older she could never again use the boys' toilets without comment and had to wear clothes so different from those she wore before. She had good taste and wore the most feminine and flattering clothes there were, and never had the need of make-up to stir the penises of the boys in her class, as she had great delight in noticing. But she wasn't now a boy.

At home she would often take her clothes off and stand in front of a mirror to admire herself. She was very much in love with her body. Not self-love but erotic love. She so wished to be able to fuck herself, but when her body aroused her, her prick stuck uselessly out in front of her. Try as she could, she couldn't bend it round

to stick into her anus and she couldn't bend over to suck it. She would stand in front of the mirror frantically stroking and pummelling her penis until semen spurted out onto the mirror. She would then have to take out a handkerchief and wipe it off so that no stain would be left.

Her parents were unsure of what to make of her, but as she was in so many obvious ways a girl they agreed it was best for her to dress as one. She had to keep her secret to herself as much as possible. She would never use the shower at school and was excused any activity that would risk the world knowing her strange secret. But she would still go to the toilet standing up.

She loved both boys and girls, but especially girls. This was hard as the boys were the ones most attracted to her. At every opportunity they would kiss her and feel her voluptuous breasts. But she had to resist showing what she had hidden, whatever her desires, which were very great. No boy could get a hand below her waist.

All the girls were envious of her, but she was known as a cock-teaser. Some girls, correctly, surmised that she liked girls more, but even those girls who wanted to could never get their hands below her waist.

Her most treasured encounter was in the girls' toilets at school where one not very attractive girl kissed her passionately full on the mouth and massaged her breasts. Innocence responded by feeling this girl's breasts and even got a finger up her anus. But when the girl tried to force her hand down the front of Innocence's skirt she had to push her off. And she ran away with tears running down her face.

Her mother knew that Innocence masturbated once or twice every day, but she dutifully changed the sheets with their yellow stains and ignored the mess she made of

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the carpet. Girls will be boys, she said philosophically. Her older sister, Chastity, found it all very strange, but she was very good and told nobody of her sister's strange secret.

"Is there anywhere I won't be treated like a freak?" wondered an anguished Innocence as she pushed her middle finger as high up her anus as she could and massaged her prick until it was as large as it could be. "If only I lived somewhere where I could make love with someone and it would be thought normal." The very thought caused a rush of sperm to come and run down her legs and spatter over the bedclothes.

She would sit in the bath holding her penis in her hands and stroking it as she thought of a world where she could be normal. If her father or mother came in she would try to cover it up. Her sister came in once as Innocence was having a particularly vivid fantasy. Innocence didn't notice as her sister pulled down her skirt and sat on the toilet. Only as a rush of urine and the plop of a turd hit the water did Innocence open her eyes and look up.

"Don't worry about me, Innocence," said her sister indulgently. She finished crapping and wiped her bum carefully with toilet paper. She stood up and walked to the hand-basin. "Neither Mummy nor Daddy are here. You can tell me what you think."

Innocence shyly said nothing.

"Can I see your prick?" smiled her sister. She looked at its still tumescent thickness. "It's beautiful. Do you want to see my body?"

"I'm not sure..."

“Of course you’re sure,” she laughed. “I’ve seen you look at me.” She pulled her blouse off and dropped her skirt to the ground. She then removed her blouse and knickers revealing a body as beautiful as Innocence’s. “What do you think?”

Innocence’s excited penis told the whole story. Innocence’s sister put her hand on it and stroked it slowly. This was the first time anyone other than Innocence had ever touched it and it got bigger and bigger. The thing swelled larger than it had ever done before.

“Oh it’s so perfect!” her sister exclaimed.

She got into the bath with Innocence and bent over Innocence in a most awkward way so that she could get her mouth over it. This was the most ecstatic moment in Innocence’s life so far, as her sister sucked and licked and swallowed her penis. It didn’t take too long until she felt the shudder as it voided sperm and then more and then more. Some of it got loose and splattered into the bath, but most of it stayed in her sister’s mouth.

“This is the best come I’ve ever tasted,” complimented her sister as a little dribble came out of her mouth and smeared over her lips.

“It’s the first time...” admitted Innocence.

“But not the last,” her sister promised.

It wasn’t - but never again so perfect. Innocence found the guilt of incest so often weighed against the delight of sex that it inhibited her. She could never face penetrating her sister’s cunt, although her sister made clear she could. Just the thought made her go limp. Although her sister had done her best, Innocence now felt more miserable than before. “Is the only lover I’ll ever have going to be my own sister?”

she wondered.

She also felt jealous of her sister's sex life which she described in great detail. All the boys who'd fucked her, sometimes more than one at a time. The ways it'd be done, the shuddering and aching of it.

One of the girls at Innocence's school was also very different from all the other girls, but in a way that couldn't be disguised. This was because she was black in a town where all the other girls were white. Purity was born in the same town as the school but even at sixteen she wasn't fully accepted by all the other girls. This very difference made Purity a natural ally for Innocence, though she never let on as to why.

It was a warm Spring day - as warm as any Summer day - and the two girls were playing truant. This wasn't particularly difficult at their school, but as good pupils this wasn't something they did very often. To keep out of sight from any teachers or parents, the girls went for a walk in to the woods nearby.

"What a lovely day!" exclaimed Purity as they came out of a wooded grove to a quiet bank-side with a view of the town below. "Shall we sit here?"

Innocence nodded. From here they could see all the town. The streets spread out in all directions, trees lining the pavements and sprinklers dancing in the gardens. Birds were singing and the low roar of a combined harvester could be heard in the distance. The two girls lowered themselves down onto the grass, which was lovely and dry as it hadn't been raining for days. Purity took off her school blazer and lay it beside her. Yes, it was warm enough, decided Innocence taking off her own blazer.

"I love warm weather," Purity announced with a grin which lit up her face. She wore her hair in braids and beads which nevertheless hadn't grown nearly enough to

cover her face. Her lips were full and her teeth were beautifully white and healthy. Innocence also had strong white healthy teeth, but hers was a shy, almost timid, face and she rarely smiled with Purity's natural fullness.

"Is it because of where you come from?" wondered Innocence, for whom, like all girls at school, Purity seemed almost an alien.

"You mean where my parents come from?" corrected Purity. "I shouldn't think it'd make any difference. But I do like the sun." With a cheeky little smile she undid her blouse button by button. She pulled it off to reveal her bra. "I especially like the feel of it on my skin." She stood up and pulled off her skirt and then sat down in only her underwear. She leaned back and then as an afterthought kicked off her shoes and socks. She smiled at Innocence and then lay on her back with her eyes closed, letting the sun soak in.

Innocence envied Purity for her boldness. She sat on one elbow and examined her companion's body. She was a little younger than herself and a couple of years younger than her sister, Chastity, the only other girl she'd ever looked at in such detail. Like herself, she was quite slim although her bottom and breasts were just a little bit more rounded. She particularly adored the powerful and sensuous line of Purity's chin and neck.

"Why not take some of your clothes off?" suggested Purity.

"Oh I couldn't!" gasped Innocence, a bit taken aback. Her secret!

"Don't be silly! It's too warm to wear all that. There's nothing indecent about me, is there?"

"No," admitted Innocence, though she was sure some of the teachers might

disagree.

“So come on then,” laughed Purity sitting up and undoing Innocence’s blouse, which was soon off, lying on the grass. Innocence’s beautiful breasts were just about contained by her bra, which was as always just that little bit too tight. “...And the skirt...” laughed Purity, eyes were now sparkling with excitement.

“No! Not the skirt!” Innocence argued, knowing that her secret would be seen under her knickers.

“Yes! The skirt!” giggled Purity who had already discreetly undone the waist (Innocence hadn’t noticed at all) and pulled it right down. Innocence grabbed her crotch and tried to reclaim her skirt which Purity held. “Hand it back!” she cried almost in tears.

“You are silly!” Purity cried, picking up Innocence’s clothes and running away with them. “See if you can catch me.” Purity ran, her black skin in clear contrast to her white underwear.

“Give them back! Give them back!” cried Innocence who stood up and ran after Purity, her hand over her crotch. She lost sight of her friend, who had dashed into the wood, and stood helplessly at the footpath looking in either direction. She looked backwards and forwards and then saw Purity stroll towards her, wearing no clothes at all. Although Innocence had already seen most of Purity’s body, this was a shock that Innocence found difficult to accept. She choked. “Where are my clothes?”

“I’ve hidden them,” smiled Purity. Innocence looked at her with disbelief. “I’ll give them back when you take all your clothes off.”

“No! No!” This was the horror that Innocence had feared. What would people



think if they knew! “Give me back my clothes.”

“Why won’t you take your clothes off? I have. It’s alright. We can sit in the sun and get a nice tan.”

“I’ll take off my bra,” bargained Innocence.

“Go on...” taunted Purity.

Innocence undid her bra at the back but her breasts fell out even before she’d unclasped it. Beautiful rounded breasts with excited nipples. “And the knickers”

“Not the knickers!”

“Yes! The knickers!” laughed Purity as she jumped on Innocence and pulled them down. They had already been a fairly insecure prison for Innocence’s penis and testicles, which often squeezed out of the elastic at the best of times. Now in their slightly aroused state they almost offered resistance as Purity tugged them down to her knee. Innocence fell backwards and in supporting herself as she fell her hand came away from her crotch, which was revealed bare and inviting.

Purity sat back on her knees her already pert breasts appearing more pert and the expression on her face losing its smile but not its excitement. “Don’t tell anyone!” sobbed Innocence who was nonetheless unable to control her member’s excitement.

“Stick it in me!” gasped Purity. “I don’t care what happens. Stick it in me!”

She pushed her crotch forward and its moist, ready and welcoming interior fitted easily around it. Innocence then sat back doing almost nothing as Purity thrust her crotch backwards and forwards onto her genitals. She gasped and sweated and grasped for support on Innocence’s breasts and shoulders.

“Your nipples!” gasped Purity bending down with her neck and grasping one

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in her teeth. She slipped her hands behind Innocence's bottom and pushed Innocence's buttocks up and down, and then, with a little more effort, she rolled the two of them over onto the grass.

"Push it in! Push it in!" she commanded.

Innocence soon forgot her original fears and pushed and thrust at the groin as she had never done before. Perhaps her fear of full sex with Chastity was mistaken, she wondered, as her smooth erect penis pushed backwards and forwards. She looked down at it as it went in and out - the contrast between its whiteness (the more pronounced as it had never seen the sun before) and Purity's blackness and the opaque blackness of her crotch made it go on and on.

When Innocence had finally come and spurted uncontrollably in Purity's crotch and down Purity's legs, she came back to her senses. What had she done? she asked herself as she watched her white semen roll like tears down the inside of Purity's black thighs. Without a word, Innocence and Purity walked back to the grass bank where they had sat and for an hour they lay together, with no clothes other than Innocence's white socks and shoes, cuddling each other and hardly saying a word.

"This will stay our secret," Innocence tried to persuade Purity to agree. "You won't tell any one."

"Don't worry," Purity replied with a reassuring smile sitting up and looking at her beautiful body. Her hand slipped down to Innocence's flaccid penis and stroked underneath it and then held its limpness up. A small globule of semen dropped out. "I won't whisper to a soul." She gave the penis a little squeeze and it slightly stiffened. "Besides nobody would believe me!"

## II

*In Which Blanche learns the Truth about Innocence and Chastity, whilst Chastity furthers the experiences of Innocence.*

Innocence's sister, Chastity, had many friends, some of whom came from other shires and parishes. One such was Blanche, who came from Brook, a county, Innocence was fascinated to discover, where naturism was pretty nearly the rule and where most people felt comfortable not wearing any clothes at all. Blanche was no exception, though this didn't inhibit her from a tasteful application of makeup or from wearing bracelets and necklaces. Unlike Chastity or Innocence, Blanche was not a slim girl but her plumpness did not make her unattractive. Her body had a smooth, white roundness which in its own way was nearly as beautiful as Innocence's own.

That summer, Blanche was staying at Innocence's home and her parents were obliged to make allowances for Blanche's preference for remaining unclothed all the time. Innocence found it most peculiar, as the family sat around the dinner table with Blanche sitting there totally naked, her large round breasts bouncing about as she ate or talked. Innocence often felt a stirring from between her legs as she sat listening to Blanche's account of her life by the river bank in Brook and watching Chastity gaze admiringly at her friend's round beaming face. When Blanche leaned over to pick up the salad bowl, her breasts wobbling so close, Innocence felt it necessary to ease down her knickers to ease the discomfort caused as her prick shot up in speculation.

At most other times, Blanche was with Chastity in whose room she was

staying, but there were occasions when the two girls would sit watching television with the rest of the family. On these occasions, Innocence's eyes would wander over to Blanche, who never returned her glances: perhaps expecting such inquisitive gazes away from Brook.

Innocence was surprised when Chastity announced to her parents that, while Blanche was staying, she felt embarrassed that nobody else was also unclothed and that she had decided that she too would wear no clothes. Her parents reluctantly agreed, but made it clear that they had no intention of extending this gesture of politeness any further. From then on, Blanche's visit became even more uncomfortable for Innocence as Chastity wandered around as naked as Blanche.

"It does make it easier," laughed Chastity, when Innocence asked her how she felt not wearing clothes. "Especially when getting out of bed or having a bath."

Innocence smiled shyly not knowing where to avert her gaze.

Innocence wasn't sure whether she was the only one at home one evening when she pushed open Chastity's bedroom door while looking for a hair-clip that she'd last seen when last in bed with her. Her parents were out and most evenings Chastity and Blanche would also be out (though Blanche would wear clothes when in public). She was surprised to see Chastity and Blanche in bed together, but not, she was pleased to see, actually making love. The thought had crossed her mind that Chastity might be more than just a good friend of Blanche. Blanche's embarrassed response rather reinforced Innocence's suspicion, but Chastity gently held onto her arm, restraining her from jumping out of bed.

"Hello, Innocence," Chastity greeted her, "Are you looking for something?"

Her sister explained what she was after.

Blanche smiled indulgently at Innocence as she spoke, clearly amused by her shyness. “Why don’t you take your clothes off like your sister?” wondered Blanche. “I’m sure you’d like to.”

Innocence choked as she reviewed the implications of this suggestion. “I can’t do that!” she protested.

“But it’s perfectly natural,” Blanche continued. “See - your sister’s got used to it. You feel so much better without clothes you know! Much more free!”

“I can’t! I can’t!” Protested Innocence with fear, aware that she was stating her position too emphatically.

“Why ever not?” Blanche smiled. “Come on! Take them off! You’re with friends you know.”

“The reason why not,” explained Chastity kindly, “is that Innocence is frightened that you might be shocked by what you see.”

“Shocked? I see people with no clothes all day and every day at home.”

“Well, Innocence has a little secret, haven’t you?” Chastity continued. “But,” and she looked at Innocence reassuringly, “we’re all adults here. Show Blanche your secret, Innocence. Take your clothes off now. Or I’ll have to tell her, and she’d never believe me - not ever!”

“What could possibly be the problem?” wondered Blanche who was nonetheless excited by Chastity’s teasing. “You haven’t got some horrible operation scars or a skin disease, have you?”

Innocence was defeated by her sister’s persuasion and slowly removed her

clothes, reserving her knickers to last. As they descended below her crotch and down her thighs, Innocence looked up at Blanche who stared in apparent disbelief at her penis as it popped out slightly aroused by the danger of the situation.

“Is it real?” asked Blanche looking at it with wonder.

“Touch it and see,” advised Chastity. She looked at Innocence. “That’s all right isn’t it?” Innocence nodded as Blanche put her hands halfway round her penis and squeezed it very gently. Innocence’s penis throbblingly responded to the pressure. Blanche then cupped Innocence’s testicles and held them up as she looked around the base of her penis.

“Why it’s beautiful!” gasped Blanche appreciatively. That praise did it! Innocence’s penis instantly shuddered and swelled as it responded. Innocence looked up at Chastity who was sitting behind Blanche on the bed with her hands on Blanche’s shoulders. Chastity was just smiling reassuringly when Innocence became aware that the sensation of Blanche’s stroking and squeezing of her penis was replaced by a curious wet and warm feeling that Innocence had only experienced before inside Purity’s cunt.

Innocence looked down to see Blanche’s head bobbing up and down on her lap: her penis inside her mouth. It was almost with alarm Innocence realised that although her penis was now as big as it could get, and bigger than it normally got even with Chastity, Blanche could get the whole of it into her mouth. Where did it all go? wondered Innocence. When she realised from the slight pressure at the edge of her penis that it was all the way down Blanche’s throat, the thought of it caused her to spasm and she was suddenly aware of having come inside Blanche’s mouth.

Blanche pulled Innocence's still throbbing penis out of her mouth, semen around her lips and dripping onto her chin. Blanche licked her lips and smiled as she took gobbets of semen onto the tip of her tongue and rolled it back into her mouth.

"I should've pulled it out earlier," apologised Innocence who was hopelessly embarrassed as she looked at the semen still dripping from the end of her penis and falling in little drops onto the bed-sheet.

"Don't worry," Blanche said after rubbing the back of her hand over her lips. "Your semen's got the just the right taste. And besides it's very nutritious - full of protein."

Blanche soon left Innocence's home and life returned to normal. Chastity reluctantly returned to wearing clothes again, although she seemed less embarrassed about being seen with none on while in the bath or shower.

Innocence still felt dissatisfied. She returned to regular masturbation which she had allowed to lapse while she had the distraction of both Blanche and Chastity around. She would stand in front of the mirror in her room, no longer caring if Chastity were to catch her, and stroke her penis into life.

Sometimes she indulged in target practice. How high on the mirror could she get her semen to go? But this activity soon lost any meaning, as did her attempts to stimulate herself by comparing the relative length of her penis or seeing how far she could get her middle finger up her anus. The thoughts that stimulated her most were those of her love affair with Purity and Blanche's sex games. Thoughts of Chastity filled her with guilt. It was one thing to make love to someone like Purity or even Blanche - but your own sister! In fact, although when she was with Chastity the

thought seemed less oppressive, when masturbating she only had to think of sex with Chastity and the whole exercise tasted vaguely uncomfortable.

Sometimes thoughts of Chastity and her relationship stimulated her to a bigger and better orgasm as she concentrated on the very perversity of it. Sometimes, it had the reverse effect and deflated her penis like a punctured balloon. When Chastity saw Innocence masturbating - which was usually in bed as Innocence preferred to avoid the risk of being caught doing so in front of a mirror - she could only speculate on the fantasies which generated her private excitement. Innocence would never be able to divulge her fantasies particularly where Chastity was such a large part of them.

Innocence liked to watch Chastity when she masturbated, which was much less often. There seemed to be almost an innocence in an activity where everything happened inside and only the sighs and groans and the dampness of her crotch gave any evidence as to what was happening. When Innocence masturbated, it was obvious to everyone what was happening and made it much more difficult to do in company.

Chastity was genuinely worried about Innocence. She loved her both as a sister loves a sister and as a lover loves her lover. It was difficult for her to see that there was anything wrong in their relationship: particularly as it gave her so much pleasure. As far as she was concerned, the perverseness of incest was just an extra flavour to their lovemaking, like the fact that Innocence had such an odd appendage for such an attractive girl.

It took time and a lot of hard work, but gradually Chastity patiently widened the range of sexual activities the two of them could do together. It was a momentous day for Chastity when she had at last persuaded Innocence to put her penis up her



vagina. To Chastity it was almost like losing her virginity again as Innocence pummelled away inside her cunt but all Chastity could see was a beautiful woman on top of her. She came and she came and she came. Only later did it worry her that the neighbours might have heard her cries and may have reasoned that only she and her sister were at home. But what the fuck! she thought. There can only be so many perfect moments in your life.

After the missionary position, Chastity persuaded Innocence to greater adventurousness. Entering from behind was an interesting experience, although Innocence was initially reluctant to adopt Chastity's suggestion that she should penetrate Chastity's arse. In a way it was also disappointing, because besides the occasional brushing of Chastity's breasts on her naked back it was no different to having a man do the same thing. But Innocence had clearly enjoyed it as Chastity was sure when she sucked off the last droplets of semen from Innocence's prick.

Despite Chastity's boldness regarding sex, she was less inclined to suck Innocence's prick after the first time she had persuaded Innocence to thrust her penis up her arse. It was then that Chastity was sure that her sister's penis was definitely amongst the largest she had ever known. Any deeper inside, Chastity felt, and it would be in her stomach. However, when Innocence withdrew her prick Chastity saw the telltale brown stains of excrement, and she was sure she'd thoroughly cleaned her arse before they'd started.

Still, Innocence was still a virgin, Chastity reasoned. Virginity, for a girl, is when you've never been penetrated. Never lost your maidenhead. Whatever else Innocence was, Chastity could only think of her as a girl. However, when she

mentioned to Innocence the idea of her wearing a dildo to penetrate her rather than the other way round, Innocence was initially horrified.

“But it’s for you, my sweetness,” Chastity argued. “What pleasure can I get from it? A dildo won’t give me the sensations that your prick gets when it’s inside me. It’s just that you can’t stay a virgin forever.”

Innocence was unconvinced, and so Chastity felt it unwise to press the topic further. But to persuade her, Chastity made a point of insisting on anal intercourse every time and stressed how much pleasure it gave her. “Don’t you think,” she would say, “that it would complete your education?”

Eventually, as in all other matters, Innocence accepted the proposition, so Chastity bought a dildo from a shop. She was tempted to get a large one, but she reasoned that it would be best to find one designed for backsides. The shopkeeper was very helpful. She had some demonstration dildos, and she and Chastity went into the demonstration room to see what they were like.

While they were in there, another customer was trying out different underwear which revealed her nipples and crotch, but Chastity and the shopkeeper studiously ignored her as she put on and took off again different combinations of underwear. Chastity reasoned that Innocence, being her sister, would have much the same arse-size as herself, so with the shopkeeper’s assistance she tried different dildos up her backside. The shopkeeper, a fairly efficient middle-aged woman, slightly greased Chastity’s buttocks and anus with some sterile cream and then eased the dildo in, while Chastity gasped with each extra inch pushing inside her. Eventually, and after trying the same one several times, she found the right dildo and

took it away with her.

It was a strange sensation for Chastity to do the thrusting. Previously, she'd only done it with Blanche and she'd given most of the instructions as to what to do. It made sense, the first time, for Innocence to be in the most comfortable position, which was face-down on the bed with her bottom raised in the air. Chastity strapped the dildo around her waist and the two girls indulged in more normal foreplay. Chastity paid particular attention to lubricating her cunt by having Innocence's penis stroking its outside. Then using a mixture of her own wetness and the cream supplied by the shop she moistened the entrance to Innocence's arse. The two sisters had recently spent a lot of time stimulating their arses, so Innocence was quite used to feeling Chastity's middle finger all the way up her. Then she felt a very different sensation as Chastity pushed the dildo into the lubricated entrance, gripping Innocence's penis, while rubbing and massaging it.

Innocence's virginity soon went, perhaps sooner than she'd anticipated as she came with an almighty shudder and splattered semen all over Chastity's sheets. Afterwards, she felt very sore behind and it was several days until she could walk without feeling a soreness somewhere deep up her bottom. However, the two sisters practised whenever they could and soon it seemed quite natural to Innocence to have a dildo thrusting away inside her and her penis being handled to climax at the same time.

Chastity preferred to enter Innocence from the front so that she could better appreciate Innocence's female body. From behind, it was almost like fucking a man rather than a woman even though Chastity's back was a woman's back. She

persuaded Innocence to hook her legs through her arms so she could penetrate Chastity from in front and have Innocence's penis rub against her tummy and eventually come all over her. In fact with a bit of ingenuity, the two girls managed to arrange their activities so that both were being penetrated and penetrating simultaneously but it was awkward to maintain this pose for very long, even when lying down sideways on the bed.

Despite the success of their lovemaking Chastity could see that Innocence was dissatisfied and even a little unhappy. So one day, when the two girls had just made love, Chastity tried to find out what was troubling Innocence.

"I just feel such a freak!" Innocence complained.

Chastity smiled reassuringly and stroked Innocence's limp penis with the back of her hand. There was nothing that could be done about that, Chastity reasoned to herself, and, anyway she wouldn't want her sister to be any different.

"And I feel guilty about incest," Innocence confessed.

This was more alarming to Chastity, because it went to the very heart of their relationship. She loved the danger and perverseness of it, and she had assumed the same was true for Innocence. In fact, until then it had never occurred to Chastity that Innocence would ever feel differently.

"There's a friend of Blanche's," Chastity told Innocence, "called Alice who makes love to her sister, Dinah, just as we do. Perhaps you would feel happier if you met other people like us. Then you wouldn't feel such a freak. I can contact Blanche and perhaps arrange to stay with Alice."

Innocence thought about it. If other people made love to their sisters, perhaps

it wasn't so bad if she did. Perhaps all she needed was to get to know other people who did such things. "Yes, I'd like to visit Alice," she said positively.

### III

*In Which Alice is introduced to Innocence and Chastity, and discovers that of the two she prefers Innocence; her friends practise the thespian arts and learn the theatrical skills of Innocence; and, to her disappointment, she discovers her lover prefers the charms of Chastity.*

Alice wasn't so sure she liked the idea of being identified for her incestuous relationship with her sister, so when Dinah told her that this was the main reason why Blanche's friend Chastity and her sister Innocence were visiting, she wasn't at all enthusiastic. No more than Innocence did she like to feel part of a freak show.

"If they expect the two of us to make love together in front of them, they're going to be very disappointed," Alice announced.

Dinah was always inviting guests to stay at the apartment the two sisters shared, and, to be honest, Alice was never very enthusiastic about the sex games Dinah tried getting her to participate in. She couldn't really appreciate Dinah's argument that because they were no longer living with their parents, they should do exactly what they wanted.

However, Alice didn't feel so troubled when she was introduced to Chastity and Innocence. Chastity, Alice felt, was a girl much like her sister, if anything just a little more self-confident and exuded more of an air of promiscuity. Innocence was very different. She was a girl much the same age as Alice herself, and very pretty as well. She was dressed in such a sweet blue dress down to her knees with a pretty blue

bow around the waist and dainty little shoes and white socks. Her face shone with an air of trust and hope, and her long hair swept down to her waist. Alice wore what she always wore at home, which was nothing, so Innocence could see Alice's newly formed fifteen-year old body - her small breasts totally hidden by the long bush of hair that flowed down her front.

Alice wasn't at all surprised when Chastity took her cue from Alice and Dinah's nudity, and within minutes of being introduced had taken off all her clothes. Innocence, however, did nothing of the sort, and indeed seemed somewhat discomfited by being with three naked women. Alice had not always been a naturist - and indeed she couldn't really say she was one now. It just seemed natural never to bother, with Dinah not wearing clothes anymore, and most of Dinah's friends doing the same. If nothing else, it meant less trouble in the morning when preparing for the day.

The four girls chatted in the living room, and Alice was relieved that the subject of incest didn't come up. Although she enjoyed making love to Dinah, it wasn't something she wanted to make an issue of, and in fact was a little embarrassed about. She actually felt a little disgusted at the idea of Chastity, who was eighteen - just two years younger than Dinah - making love to such a sweet girl as Innocence. Clearly, Innocence wasn't as comfortable talking about sex and lovers as Dinah and Chastity were. Alice chatted to Innocence mostly about her school-life and what her hometown was like. They also chatted about Blanche and the district of Brook that Innocence had never visited. As Alice explained, she felt that Brook, although a delightful place in many ways, was not really where she felt most at home.

It came as little surprise to Alice to see Dinah and Chastity become increasingly affectionate with each other, leading to them kissing each other. When Dinah announced that she and Chastity would be going to the guest bedroom together, Alice declined the offer of joining them. Innocence wasn't asked, and Alice was sure she would also have refused anyway.

When evening came, Dinah announced that she would be sleeping with Chastity, so Innocence could share the bed with Alice. The two girls' apartment consisted of only two bedrooms and a living room, so Innocence had only the choice of the sofa or the bed with Alice. Alice accepted the offer, as she was sure that sleeping with Innocence wasn't going to be one of those situations where she'd feel obliged to make love. Despite this, Alice was attracted to Innocence: there weren't very many women as pretty as she.

When bedtime came, Alice washed herself in the tiny bathroom and towelled herself dry before jumping into the bed. While in the bathroom, she could hear Dinah and Chastity making the loud noises of lovemaking. Dinah's probably brought out the sexual accessories, thought Alice, thinking of the cupboard full of dildos and vibrators.

When Innocence went to bed, though, she went into the bathroom fully clothed and came out after several minutes fresh-smelling and wearing a white cotton nightie down to her ankles. Innocence walked into the bedroom carrying her clothes in her arms and saw Alice lying prone on her back, masturbating at the thought of Dinah and Chastity's lovemaking which was now loud enough to be heard through the walls. Innocence put the clothes down and stood back watching Alice's fingers exercise her



crotch.

Innocence felt simultaneously embarrassed and aroused. She was too embarrassed just to enter the bed while Alice was so engaged, but as she stood by the door she began to get embarrassed for a different reason as her prick got aroused and was beginning to stand out very obviously against her nightgown.

Alice saw Innocence standing quietly by the door, but thought nothing of it - except it was strange that she should be wearing a nightgown. As she examined the nightgown from her position with her head against the pillow, she noticed that there was a very strange protuberance around the waist. It pushed out the nightgown at least seven inches from Innocence's waist and Alice couldn't think what it might be. Overcome with curiosity and with the fingers of her left hand still rubbing away at her crotch, she leaned over and put the fingers of her right hand on this protuberance.

It was a sausage-shaped, stiff, but warm protuberance which Alice felt through the nightgown and which Alice recognised very well. But that was impossible! Her other hand disengaged itself from her crotch and both hands felt it under the nightgown.

"I thought you were a girl!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"I am!" said Innocence sadly.

Alice pulled up Innocence's nightie to the waist so that her penis stuck out raw and pink and hard. Alice ran her fingers down the length of it from the hair at the crotch to the pink glans.

"This says you're not."

Innocence gently pulled the rest of her nightgown up and over her head. She

shook her hair loose as she freed it from her shoulders. "I am!" she insisted.

Alice could see what Innocence meant. Except for the lack of vagina, and the presence of this penis, nobody could doubt that Innocence was a woman. She had flesh in exactly the right places, and her breasts were as round and well-formed as any that Alice had seen. Without her clothes, Innocence was even more attractive, and Alice felt her heart melt like hot wax as she contemplated her.

"You're so beautiful!" she cried throwing herself onto Innocence and guiding her backwards on to the bed. Alice sat aspread Innocence's thighs and studied her body. She stroked the legs and smooth taut stomach with her hands. "So beautiful!" She looked at Innocence's erect prick, and there was no doubt that there was some reciprocity of feeling. Alice brought her mouth down over the end of it and exercised it with her lips and tongue. It shone and glistened with the bedroom light reflected in its smooth wetness.

It wasn't too long until Alice had guided Innocence's penis inside her cunt, and Alice's own cries of pleasure joined those of Chastity and Dinah. Innocence was a girl who despite her apparent demureness was easily sexually aroused and thanks to Purity and Chastity much practised in the art of making love. Alice hadn't had such a passionate night of love for a very long time, and her reservations about the oddball couple were soon forgotten.

Several hours later, while Innocence lay asleep in her arms, Alice studied the blissfully sleeping form. With such an unusual encumbrance Innocence was a girl destined for unhappiness, but one who would also give so much pleasure to other people. Alice listened to the faint roar of steam trains in the distance as they left for

their destinations. Perhaps somewhere, Alice reasoned, there may be a place where Innocence wouldn't be such a freak.

Alice had many friends, one of whom was Mouse whose unannounced visits she had got rather accustomed to. Now that Mouse was an actress, her life seemed to have no routine except when she was in a performance somewhere. As Mouse was soon to be playing Cordelia in a performance of **King Lear**, Alice had been expecting Mouse to descend on her at any time.

She perhaps didn't expect Mouse to arrive while she and Innocence were making love in Alice's bedroom, but Mouse was not at all embarrassed. She was rather more fascinated by Innocence's penis. She stood back, in only a psychedelic tee-shirt and nothing else besides a collection of bangles and bracelets, and watched as Innocence's penis thrust in and out of Alice's cunt and as Alice grunted rhythmically in pleasure. It startled Alice when, after Innocence had spurted out her semen into Alice's mouth (so much better than having it drip down the thighs), Mouse introduced herself.

While Mouse and the girls chatted, she held onto Innocence's prick and stroked it with her fingers. "It's so perfect!" She commented. "A girl with a penis - paradise indeed!"

Innocence's ever-ready member swelled and throbbed from the attention, but Alice wasn't too keen on seeing her new lover make love to Mouse, so she tactfully eased Innocence away from Mouse. She noticed that Mouse was still shaving her vulva although her hair was now long and flowing - nearly to her waist. This was necessary, Mouse told her, for a role in a Shakespearean play.

Mouse pointedly ignored Alice's attempt to separate her from Innocence and her hand massaged Innocence's prick the more vigorously.

"Why do you have to do that?" asked Alice exasperatedly.

"Well," answered Mouse, "I've got to get some practice for King Lear. It's a modernised version and I've got to make love with at least two men in the three hours of the performance - so I've got to stay in trim."

"When is the performance?" wondered Alice.

"It starts in just two months time, but we've not even started the rehearsals. I've got the script though. It's mostly the original Shakespeare, but there's a lot more sex in it and some of the boring bits have been taken out. I've seen the costume I've got to wear and it's really groovy. It's meant to be authentic Celtic - and as we know these Celts didn't wear much, especially when they were fighting. It's just a head-dress, boots and a sort of thong that doesn't hide anything."

It took Mouse a bit of persistence, but eventually she persuaded both Alice and Innocence to help her with rehearsing her part in King Lear. To be authentic, it would involve Mouse making love to Innocence. Mouse would play the part of Cordelia, Innocence the relevant male characters and Alice would play all the others. It was also necessary, Mouse said, for them all to be naked - but Alice saw this didn't mean Mouse shedding any of her jewellery. She pulled off her top to display her well-rounded breasts which certainly couldn't disguise themselves under the flimsy tee-shirts she chose to wear these days.

This version of King Lear was markedly different to the version that either Innocence or Alice had read at school. The first scene was essentially an incest scene.

It featured King Lear, played by Innocence, who had decided to make love to his daughters to impregnate them so that only the purest royal blood would flow in the veins of their children. Both Regan and Goneril, both of whom played by Alice, readily agreed - and most of the first act involved Alice and Innocence making love.

The stage directions for the lovemaking were quite specific and required full penetration by King Lear. Alice quite enjoyed this, though Mouse seemed relatively frustrated as Cordelia really had very little to do except masturbate (which wasn't in the script, but Mouse claimed that this kind of ad-libbing was perfectly reasonable).

Both Alice and Innocence were quite happy when they had to switch roles halfway through the act, after King Lear, who was still humping away at Regan, asked Cordelia to join in. As was required, Cordelia refused and Innocence, holding the script up in one hand with her penis still deep inside Alice, ranted at her. The reason for Cordelia's reluctance was less to do with an aversion to incest (which Mouse insisted was quite common amongst Celts) than to do with her father's pride.

After this, Alice took over the role of King Lear and other people, and Innocence took over the role of Cordelia's suitors. The act required Cordelia to have love made to her first by Burgundy and then by France, both played by Innocence. This involved fellatio for Burgundy and full sex with France. At the end of the scene, Innocence was totally exhausted and found it difficult to pronounce her lines. Alice noticed how very professional Mouse had become in her role, barely skipping a word or a studied nuance however frantic the lovemaking.

Cordelia's next appearance in King Lear was right at the end of the play, so the

three girls didn't have to rehearse any of the intervening acts or scenes. However, as Alice noticed, this involved the King making love with the Fool who was described as ambisexual and for whom all sex had to be anal. It also involved sex between Edgar and the Fool, three-way sex with Edmund, Regan and Goneril, and several scenes of cunnilingus, fellatio and masturbation. She was pleased to see no equivalent of Gloucester's scene of having his eyes cut out. Indeed, if anything, this production was actually less sadistic than the original version.

The last scene began with France and Cordelia making love while various of the significant characters - including a much reduced role for Kent - came and went apparently unabashed. Again Innocence played France, and as this involved several stage directions requiring some rather peculiar sexual positions, she found it quite a strain.

"I'm sure," Innocence remarked, "that a man is much more flexible than me."

"It's only practice that does it," Mouse replied.

Innocence had to rest for a while after playing that role, and examined herself for bruises - one of which between her thighs was clear evidence of the acrobatic excesses expected of modern theatre. After that, the three girls had to play the final act which required Lear, played by Innocence, to make love to a dead Cordelia, who had just been hanged. This role was quite difficult, and Alice was aware that the actor who had to play Lear on stage was going to have a difficult time. He would be required to make love with six or seven different people, change his character from an egotistical monster to something more like a normal sex maniac and still remember some quite awkward lines. The art of the last scene, as Mouse explained, was not just to show

Lear's remorse, but to show necrophilia in a positive light. Her part, which was to make no response except a shudder during the "Never never never never never" speech, required the skill to play dead and express no sexual excitement.

"The exact opposite," she pointed out, "of what's normally expected of an actress."

The three girls, on Mouse's insistence, rehearsed the scenes several times, and Alice could see, from a dispassionate professional view, that Mouse's performance was improving. But as it involved making love to Innocence, who was quite clearly rather enjoying it, the whole affair was not of overwhelming appeal to her. It also came as no surprise to her, that as the days passed, Innocence left Alice's bed, and she and Mouse began sleeping together on the bed-settee in the living room. To a certain extent, Alice rather welcomed being able to sleep alone again. On the other hand, despite the fact that she and Innocence would still occasionally make love, it still troubled her to see Mouse and Innocence sitting together with their clothes tossed aside and Mouse's hand invariably grasping Innocence's penis. In fact, Mouse's hand and Innocence's penis hardly ever seemed to be apart.

When Alice heard that her friend Kedi was visiting, she felt a real tremble of excitement. She had never loved anyone as much as she loved Kedi and the thought of making love to her again made her flesh tingle and her body feel warm. Kedi was coming in by train, so it was with great enthusiasm that Alice volunteered to wait for Kedi at the railway station.

Alice arrived early just in case Kedi's train should also be early, but no! In fact it was late, and she sat disconsolately on the platform, watching people getting on and

off the trains. There were people travelling from all over. Some Alice kept her eye on as they walked by, almost hoping that they would satisfy the lust she was feeling. Soon, however, Kedi did arrive. As a concession to public decency, she wore clothes but as always as little as she could. In fact, she wore nothing on her slim black body but a pair of shorts and not even a pair of shoes. Most people wore more than that and so Kedi's breasts attracted a great deal of attention. Alice herself, knowing of Kedi's arrival, wore as little as she dared - which was a tee-shirt and a pair of very brief shorts - but she was overdressed in comparison.

Alice ran over to Kedi and smiled into her grinning face and the beautiful erect nipples that seemed to suggest that Kedi was pleased to see her. She felt like instantly throwing herself on the ground and making love, but the most she could do was kiss her full on the face and breathlessly declare how pleased she was to see her.

Alice and Kedi walked back to Alice's flat, with Alice helping to carry Kedi's bags. When the two girls came by a little copse near home, passion got the better of Alice and she flung herself on Kedi.

"Here! Now!" she gasped as a command. "Now!"

Kedi nodded, and the two girls crept into the copse out of the public gaze.

When they'd got behind a bush, Alice pulled off her tee-shirt in one passionate gesture and forced down her shorts. She then pushed herself on top of Kedi who was overwhelmed by the attention. Alice put her whole mouth over Kedi's nipple and while biting and nibbling it, eagerly rubbed Kedi's vagina. Kedi reciprocated with just as much enthusiasm but with more practised skill.

Anyone passing by would have heard the moaning and groaning as the two



girls forgot everything and made love on the damp and dirty ground. Grit and trampled leaves affixed themselves to Alice's skin, but she didn't care. All she cared about was Kedi.

After Alice didn't know how long, the two girls were sated and with reluctance picked up their things to return to Alice's home, but Alice just couldn't find it in herself to put her clothes back on. It felt so wonderful to be skin against skin with the one she loved! Consequently, Alice and Kedi wandered back naked together through the tree-lined streets to the flat, unconcerned about the attention they attracted. What did Alice care for what other people felt: she was just happy to be arm in arm with Kedi, nestling up against her warm black body.

When they got back home, Alice brought Kedi straight to her bed and they resumed making love. In fact, they wouldn't stop. The only reason Alice ever found for leaving Kedi was to go to the toilet or to have something to eat and Kedi would follow her, invariably as close to her as she could.

Innocence and Mouse were also making love most of the time now, but Alice felt that with the onus of having to entertain Kedi she was excused from helping Mouse with her rehearsals for **King Lear**. Unfortunately, Alice soon found that she couldn't monopolise Kedi's attention, as Kedi offered her assistance quite willingly. Alice had never before felt so much jealousy as when she watched Innocence's penis thrust in and out of Kedi's vagina with Mouse eagerly plunging her tongue in Kedi's mouth. So, she argued, maybe it is for art, and maybe the part I'm rehearsing is redundant at this point, but must I watch this?

She wondered what Kedi thought of Innocence's rather strange body, but, as

always, Kedi just accepted it as it was. “Innocence is a beautiful girl,” she commented, “and she is especially endowed where girls are not usually endowed at all.”

She also loved it as Innocence thrust in and out of her. It was on these occasions that Alice only felt a lessening of her jealousy if she caught sight of Mouse, who was clearly very passionately in love with Innocence, watching the two of them together with that look of jealousy Alice so recognised in herself.

When Alice made love to Innocence now, it was almost all out of spite to Mouse who also loved making love to Kedi (especially when Kedi used some of the curious penis shaped roots she’d brought with her from her own country). She especially made sure of doing so when Mouse was watching and she made sure that she expressed as much passion as she could as Innocence’s prick pushed deep and deeper still inside her. In all this she would try and involve Kedi: licking, kissing, masturbating her as Innocence thrust away and caressed the both of them.

In the evenings however, Alice kept Kedi to herself. Mouse can sleep with Innocence. Dinah can sleep with Chastity. But Alice must sleep with Kedi. And through the night she would come and come again with a passion that she was sure echoed throughout the flat, and if it woke her sister or her friends, what did it matter? It showed that Alice and Kedi were very much in love and inseparable. No love, Alice was sure, was greater than that she felt for Kedi and her beautiful black body.

Alice loved everything about Kedi’s body. She loved its relative maturity. She loved the fact she was so black, so that when the girls’ bodies intertwined in as many as four - and when Dinah and Chastity became interested six - people, Kedi’s body was so much apart from the rest of the white and pink flesh. Alice loved Kedi’s strong

gleaming white teeth, whose grin filled a whole room and would instantly stricken Alice with a passionate and helpless longing. She loved Kedi's cunt which so enveloped her tongue, which lubricated so easily with her fingers and gave out such a rich hot and seductive smell. She loved Kedi's round breasts with the beautiful brown nipples. If she prayed, and Alice never prayed, she would have prayed that Kedi should never leave her.

Much as Alice enjoyed Innocence's company, she never felt so warmly towards Chastity. This didn't matter so much while Chastity and Dinah spent so much time together - after all they were much the same age and had very similar sexual appetites. What changed Alice's attitude towards Chastity was when she took Kedi away from her.

At first it seemed almost innocent. Chastity only made love with Kedi while in mixed company, and, perhaps in compensation, Alice would be embraced by more than one other girl at the time. However, as Alice viewed Kedi and Chastity making love through Mouse's pubic hair with her tongue slowly licking at the moist opening, Alice felt acute pain as she watched the two girls in what could only be true passion. Even the slow rhythmic thrust of Innocence's prick up her own cunt while supporting herself on Alice's raised buttocks couldn't distract her from her jealousy.

Mouse noticed Alice's unease, and tenderly lifted herself up, obscuring Alice's view of the black and white coupling, and stroked Alice's head. "What's the matter?" Mouse wondered. "Don't we satisfy you?"

Alice couldn't answer, but there came to her a sudden welling up of emotion as she thought of Kedi making love to Dinah. She took her mouth away from Mouse's

cunt and looked longingly into Mouse's face. She felt terribly conscious of the salt track of tears down her cheeks - but she knew that any attempt to hold them back would merely cause her to cry loudly. She could hear not only Innocence's pants as she thrust vigorously away, but also the painfully loud and mutual gasps from Kedi and Chastity.

Any illusions Alice may have cherished that Kedi's and Chastity's affection was less than mutual were dashed when with a rush of hot thick semen and a gasp Innocence had come inside her, and the cries of her lover and Chastity couldn't be in any way confused. If anything the loudest and fullest throated cries may have come from Kedi while Chastity voraciously chewed at her vagina.

It didn't really come as too much of a surprise when Alice found that she was sharing Kedi with Chastity, but the first night when Dinah returned to their bed and Kedi stayed in the same bed as Chastity still required severe mental readjustment. Dinah could see that Alice was troubled and did her best to comfort her. But making love with Dinah didn't work that evening. The thought of incest only reminded Alice of Innocence's sister and whom she was sleeping with.

Alice thought that maybe her selfless love could be resolved merely by being near Kedi - but the fact was that although she and Kedi would still make love it was less frequent than before and there was always the strong smell of Chastity about her. In fact, although their moments of passion satisfied Alice in a way that no one else could, she couldn't hide her misery and jealousy from Kedi.

"But Alice dearest," Kedi tried to argue, "it is no reflection on my love for you that I sleep with Chastity now."

“But I love you,” replied Alice. “When I’m not with you I feel a void in my life. Only when we’re together am I whole.”

“Don’t be silly,” Kedi tried to laugh, but she was visibly troubled by Alice’s contention of love.

Kedi however did suggest that she make love with Chastity. “Perhaps you could get to love her as well.”

“But I only want you.”

Alice had not once made love to Chastity, although Chastity had frequently felt and tongued Alice’s body when all six girls were making love together. These sixsomes usually only happened by chance and not usually on Alice’s volition. But sometimes when a couple became a threesome, it seemed only natural that the numbers should be added to. So perhaps Kedi, Innocence and Alice might be making love on the garden lawn as the evening sun drew in, only to be joined by Mouse - tempted as always by Innocence’s penis that she would always want to have pushed into her mouth and feel the hot warmth of it against her lips and the back of her tongue down her throat. Then one of Dinah or Chastity would join in, excited by so much sexual activity, to be joined not much later by the other older girl.

It was in such circumstances as these that Alice would find herself having love made to her by Chastity, but not once just the two girls together. However, one night, Alice was lying in bed alone listening to the sounds of Mouse, Innocence and one other making love together - Mouse as always making the loudest moans. “Innocence! Oo! Innocence! Ooo! Oooo!” she gasped. She was masturbating desultorily to this, imagining Kedi’s gorgeous black body against hers. Kedi’s tongue

in her cunt. Her fingers up her backside. A slim black bum stretched out in front of her on the mattress.

It was then that Alice became aware of another presence in the room, but it wasn't Kedi. And it wasn't Dinah either. Chastity was sitting perched, naked as always, at the end of her bed watching Alice's fingers stroke and finger her cunt. Seeing that Alice had spotted her, Chastity tenderly stretched out her arm and her fingers to anchor on Alice's knee, and to stroke it softly, softly. She gradually moved her hand from stroking the knee to the inner thigh and stroked it more sensually towards the upper end of the thigh near the crotch. Alice removed her own fingers from her cunt, and lay back in an almost helpless position as Chastity became bolder with her caresses.

Alice neither resisted nor encouraged Chastity in her lovemaking, as Chastity soon engaged her mouth on the still quite moist cunt and nibbled around the hairy flowering of it and the legs around it. After a while, Chastity could see that there was not going to be much more response, so she briefly kissed Alice on the left nipple and left her room.

A few minutes later, Dinah entered the room, quite clearly exhausted after her love-play with Innocence and Mouse. A trail of Innocence's thick semen trickled down between her legs, and would soon make a little damp patch on the sheets wherever Dinah should choose to sit.

"You know," said Alice, almost as an aside, "the apartment's got terribly crowded since Chastity and Innocence have been here."

Dinah started, as if this revelation had never occurred to her, but she looked at

Alice thoughtfully. Clearly, she had had her own discussions with Kedi and Chastity on Alice's happiness. "I suppose four people is about the most this apartment can handle for any length of time. Perhaps the two sisters would be happy to visit the countryside."

"The countryside?" wondered Alice.

"Well, I know that Une's quite happy to entertain any of our friends," suggested Dinah.

"Would they like that?"

"It would be absolutely perfect," Dinah said.

And what is more, Alice thought, Kedi could stay here with me without Chastity's malevolent influence.

## IV

*In Which Innocence and Chastity are found in the countryside.*

Une just loved to be fucked. But with a cunt as large as hers it took such an effort for her to be satisfied. Generally, one man just wasn't enough; she'd need two or maybe three simultaneously pounding away in her nether regions for her to be satisfied. It was sometimes awkward to arrange such a meeting of pricks inside her, but practice had given her great facility and imagination. Two was easy enough. One from above and one from underneath both thrusting into her cunt. A third was more difficult, but her more athletic lovers soon found a way of squeezing a penis between two already active members.

Une was at first reluctant when some friends of Blanche's asked her if she'd mind them visiting. They were both sisters and she'd not met either of them, and she wasn't sure they would make pleasant company. Une generally preferred the company of men, particularly if they were deep inside her, - but she had a large old house in the country, so she couldn't plead lack of space nor was she planning to go away for a while.

When Innocence and Chastity arrived, Une greeted them in the long white dress she usually wore which flowed loosely from straps around her shoulders, just covering her breasts and reaching down to her bare feet. Her long white hair wisped down about her hips, nearly the same colour as her skin and dress. Evidence that she was no albino was provided in the shining gleam of her blue eyes.



Une thought Innocence and Chastity were rather curious names for two girls who really didn't look like they possessed these attributes at all. Her knowing air and the simple dress that only just obscured her groin made Chastity not seem at all chaste. Innocence seemed the more chaste of the two, but it was obvious to Une that innocent she was not. She hoped her male lovers wouldn't be distracted by these two very pretty women and choose to fuck them instead of her.

Une showed the two girls around the house and where to put the very few clothes they'd brought. She explained to them, as tactfully as she could, that some country people had some very strange ideas, and that they should be very cautious about how they behaved in public.

"I'm sometimes considered to be a witch because of my appearance," she elaborated.

Chastity sat back on the four poster bed in the bedroom that had been allocated to her. "What is there about you that makes them think you're a witch?" she asked in an ambiguously coy way. "You certainly don't look like my idea of a witch!"

"There aren't that many people with such white skin and hair as me," Une explained.

Chastity laughed. "I thought witches had pointed black hats and rode on broomsticks." She looked conspiratorially at Innocence. "No," she said thoughtfully. "I think they think you're a witch from what Alice told us about you."

"And what's that?" Asked Une, both fascinated by what this Alice might have said and annoyed at Chastity's cheek.

"Why! That you've got the biggest cunt in the world," Chastity exclaimed.

“I’m told you can get three pricks in it at once.”

“Four on occasion,” corrected Une. “Well, yes I have a very large vagina. But if you think I’m also a lesbian...”

“Don’t worry,” smiled Chastity. “But I’d love to see your cunt. I really would.”

“And what could you give in return?” wondered Une who wasn’t at all sure she liked such blatant conversation about her crotch.

“Why!” exclaimed Chastity as if surprised. “Hasn’t Blanche told you about Innocence? Her attributes make your oversized cunt seem like nothing at all.”

“I’m sorry I don’t understand.”

“Come on Innocence. Take off your clothes and show Une your stuff,” ordered Chastity.

With some reluctance, Innocence removed her pretty white blouse and knee-length skirt. She took her sandals off first, and then unbuttoned her blouse, revealing her full breasts and feminine curves. Then she gradually eased down her dress. Une was feeling rather bored. Nudity really didn’t excite her, even on very attractive girls like Innocence, and what on earth could a girl have that would interest her? A cunt as wide as her own perhaps.

Une wasn’t prepared for Innocence’s prick that popped out as she pulled down her white knickers. As soon as she saw it, her original feelings of scepticism were replaced by curiosity and a certain amount of lust. Innocence’s penis wasn’t nearly one of the largest Une had ever seen or had inside her, but it was a beautiful well-formed penis - one which surely deserved to be enjoyed.

“Does it function?” Une wondered.

Innocence nodded, obviously embarrassed by Chastity's blatancy.

"Touch it and see," instructed Chastity.

This Une proceeded to do. Knowing what was expected of it, Innocence's penis immediately stiffened. Une stroked it gently in her hands and watched in great wonderment as it grew and grew just as she'd expect from the penis of any of her friends. So, Innocence certainly didn't have as large a cunt as Une. In fact, as Une's examinations swiftly established, Innocence didn't have a cunt at all. Instead she was blessed with a beautiful penis. And a penis on such a beautiful and feminine body.

As she saw Innocence's penis grow to full size, the hunger she felt in her crotch got so great she just had to do something. With one very simple movement she brought her dress off over her head and her otherwise naked body. Her cunt was already moist with lust.

"Put it in me. Put it in. Now!" she begged looking at the stiffness of it.

In next to no time, Innocence and she were rolling about and fucking in a way that surprised Une in its intensity. Clearly, Innocence was a girl accustomed to satisfying the lust of people, perhaps several at the same time. And also, as Une became aware from Innocence's own passion, she was a girl as attracted to Une as she was to her. What surprised her more, was that, although there was still plenty of space spare in her vagina, Une was feeling sexual gratification she'd not felt for a very long time. Not even with three men crawling over her, fucking every orifice.

Une wasn't at all sure why Innocence gave her such intense pleasure but it was intense enough and she just wanted more and more and more. Soon enough, Chastity

was forgotten. For all Une cared, she might have run off to have sex with one of her lovers who were staying with her. She didn't care how much pleasure that slut of a girl was giving nor to whom. All that mattered was the passion that Une felt as Innocence's expert and practised penis thumped in and out of her, occasionally spurting out with warm, delicious semen, and yet still seeming to have yet more erection and come to give.

For the first time since she'd made love to a real elephant of a man, Une just came and came and came. Her cries of passion were loud enough to fill the whole house. What did it matter how full her cunt was by prick? What mattered was the delight of it! She would experience this again and again, Une resolved. She was going to enjoy the visit of these two suburban girls.

Une just couldn't be parted from Innocence. Wherever she went, Innocence had to come with her, and fuck her as hard and as often as possible. They made love in all the rooms of her house and in her large garden. Sometimes Une's other lovers would join in, turned on not only by Une's body but also by Innocence's. Une guessed it was probably the first time that Innocence had had sex with men, and it was clear to her also that although she enjoyed it, it was with her that Innocence got the most pleasure. In any case, Innocence's anus wasn't really comfortable with a man fucking her. She preferred putting a man's prick in her mouth while fucking Une. Although Une didn't usually like women sharing her men, in this case she made an exception, and of course Innocence was in one crucial way as much man as any of them.

Une didn't really care too much what Chastity was doing - Innocence was

enough for her. She knew from what her lovers told her that Chastity was making love with each of them, either in turn or together. On one occasion, she came into Chastity's bedroom to see two of her well-trained lovers pounding away at Chastity's orifices (in her case, her cunt was only just big enough for two, so she clearly found it more comfortable for one to take her anus and the other her vagina). Normally, Une would find this kind of disloyalty intolerable and would have ordered out both Chastity and her lovers, but now she just didn't care. As long as she had Innocence's beautiful feminine body and her wonderful prick inside her, what did it matter?

It was market day in Une's village, when people from all around would come and sell their wares. Une persuaded Innocence to come along and so, too, did Chastity. She was aware that Chastity was attracted to her, but as a rule Une really was not interested in women. Innocence was an exception - but then she was an exception in much more than one way.

The market sold all the wares associated with village markets. There were stalls selling cheap imported tee-shirts, bootlegged videos, cheaply made jewellery, oddities that Une found at best amusing in their cheap vulgarity and wares which would never be accepted by Health and Safety Officers. Une examined the stalls desultorily, as always wondering why she bothered, but also aware that there might always be something there that would make the excursion worthwhile.

Chastity located a pornographic book-stall, which sold second-hand magazines and books which were a little worn at the edges. She picked up copies, with clearly no intention of buying and viewed them with amusement.

"How was that goat persuaded to do that!" she exclaimed showing a picture of

a girl and a goat. "It looks pretty awkward for her as well." She flicked a few pages. "But the sperm looks just the same as human sperm, doesn't it Une? In fact it looks just like yours, Innocence."

Innocence picked up one that concentrated entirely on anal intercourse. "That looks painful!" she commented, putting it down and casting her eyes around at other stalls.

Chastity dropped the magazine she was reading. "God! This market is so boring!" she remarked. "Is this really the high light of life in the country?"

Une felt offended by this. It was the country itself, not its market, which made the place worth living in. If Chastity couldn't appreciate even this little thing, then what hope was there for her?

The three of them made their way out of the market, and into an inn which was mostly full of market stall holders. They were talking animatedly with each other, while in the corner a video sex machine was flashing images of various scenes of sexual intercourse. Besides Une and her two friends, there were few other women in the pub and those were all old and ugly.

"Where's your boyfriends, m'dear?" asked an elderly gentleman walking up to their table.

Une smiled in the way that she knew would normally devastate the relatively ignorant villagers. "How is your missus's lumbago, Giles?" she asked considerately.

"Bearing well. Bearing well," he said moving back to his company.

Chastity was clearly very uncomfortable here. "This is fucking boring!" she announced, swallowing her half pint of porter. "Come on, Innocence, let's go

somewhere more exciting.”

“Where?” wondered Innocence.

“Anywhere!” announced Chastity. “Anywhere that’s not here, anyway!”

Une and Innocence followed Chastity as she stormed out of the inn and followed the path out of the village towards Une’s home. She certainly did not appear happy. They passed by a corn-field within sight of Une’s house.

“What I need,” announced Chastity, stopping suddenly, “is a fuck. A fucking good fuck! And I need it now!”

“And how are you going to get that?” asked Une, visibly annoyed with Chastity.

Chastity frowned at Une. “From what you know about Innocence, you need to ask that?” asked Chastity incredulously.

This was the first time that Une became aware of the incestuous relationship between Innocence and her sister, when boldly, and with no regard for Une’s feelings, Chastity pulled off the slip she was wearing and unbuttoned the pretty little dress that Une had provided Innocence. It was one that had made the young girl look even sweeter, flowing out at the waist and coming to her knees. But this was soon down over her ankles and pushed to one side. Then with the practice that must have come from making love with Une’s lovers, Chastity persuaded Innocence’s penis into erection and straight in her cunt. Une looked on in astonishment as Innocence blatantly fucked away at her sister.

Une looked imploringly at Innocence, her little darling, and then noticed Innocence returning the look even while her buttocks thrust up and down on Chastity.

Chastity also looked at Une.

”Don’t wait to be invited,” she commented. “Join in!”

Une certainly did not feel inclined to do so, but soon her lust for Innocence became too much for her, and then, for the first time in her long love life, she made love with a woman who was a woman in every detail. Perhaps, it wasn’t really the same thing, she thought, as she shared Innocence’s so virile member. After all, she reassured herself, this is fucking as it’s normally done between a man and a woman. And, in any case, was this so very different to love with two men?

But one partner, she couldn’t help thinking, who couldn’t satisfy the rapacious desire of her cunt. And indeed, as their bodies writhed in the corn, scratching her skin and catching in her hair, she felt for the first time since she’d started making love with Innocence a kind of emptiness in her cunt. A feeling that was normally only satisfied by an extra prick inside her. This evening, she resolved, she’d get at least two, maybe three, inside her, even if it meant sharing Chastity with her male lovers.



## V

*In Which Innocence is embodied in the value of Twelve; and joined in a fury of pain and pleasure; and in which Chastity pursues love of a woman and Innocence the Love of God.*

It was in another field, this time within Une's extensive estates, that Une and Innocence were happily fucking together. Being her own estate, Une naturally chose a comfortable field where the grass was short and green enough for there to be relatively little scratching or discomfort from the ground as the two lovers pursued their business. It was a lovely sunny day, and as Une straddled her thighs over Innocence, gazing down at her beautiful penis thrusting in and out, she could feel the sun burning her back.

It was with a little surprise that Une felt more feminine caresses from behind. But she didn't care. After making love to Chastity on a few occasions now, she no longer cared about her attention. She merely moaned appreciatively and bent forward over Innocence's prostrate body to give the caresses as free rein as possible. She pushed her tongue into Innocence's mouth and the two lovers explored each other while these other hands explored her.

And, then, with a shock, Une felt another object, hard, stiff and clearly the right shape, also enter into her moist welcoming vagina. What was this? she wondered. One of her lovers? Or (and this gave her a glorious frisson of desire) a woman endowed like Innocence? With that fantasy she brought herself to the point

of a loud and explosive orgasm as two tools exercised themselves inside her capacious void.

It was only when Une disentangled herself from the writhing bodies she found that there was in fact only one other person and she was a totally normal woman. Normal, that is, in the biologically accepted way. She was a little skinny, with high cheeks and perky breasts dominated by pointed nipples. She was also virtually naked - but then so too were Une and Innocence. How this girl was not normal was that her hair was virtually all shaved except for a long pointed quiff on her head several inches long. Body jewellery decorated and pierced her body, including golden dangling earrings and pointed ivory caps over her nipples. She also wore a dildo strapped around her waist which although it totally obscured her vagina seemed somehow much more indecent than total nudity could ever be.

Une had seen this look before. It was, she knew, a fashion amongst many girls in the cities to dress in this way - and it meant nothing there. Secretaries, receptionists, hairdressers and all sorts wandered around quite naturally with curious hairstyles and either dildos or, less provocatively, codpieces covering their cunts. Even in the cities, total nudity was not that acceptable. However, this style of dress was bound to attract a great deal of adverse attention in the country. And, anyway, what was a girl like this doing so far away from the night-clubs, bars and haunts of the big city?

Her name was Twelve - a common sort of city name it appeared. She had come to the countryside with her lover - a man called Three - and the two had had an argument. He was not very tolerant when he found her in bed with two other people, and had stormed back to the nearest railway station leaving her behind. She was

renting a room from a couple of local people - “real yokels” she described them. Une knew all the people in the village, and the family she described were some relatively poor freeholders who farmed goats just above the village. Heaven only knows what they thought of a provocatively dressed girl like Twelve who probably had no sympathy or understanding at all of country ways!

Normally, Une would have had very little time or sympathy for someone like Twelve, but after the circumstances of their meeting - in which she’d betrayed rather more interest than she normally would have done - it seemed churlish not to invite her back to her farmhouse. Twelve agreed, and they returned to meet Chastity, whom these days made no effort to disguise her indulgence in sex with two of Une’s lovers. With semen dripping out of her mouth, she greeted the company and almost immediately discarded her male company to focus her conversation on Twelve.

It came as no surprise to Une when, as the night progressed, Twelve and Chastity disappeared off to have sex together. She knew that it didn’t involve the dildo, because Twelve had long past removed it and her ivory nipple protectors and left them on the mantle-piece (“It’s wonderful to go naked!” she announced, almost incongruously).

Twelve became quite a regular visitor to Une’s household - and, with increasing jealousy, it became apparent to her that it was Innocence and her wonderful penis that attracted her the most.

“Innocence is so lucky!” Twelve announced, holding Innocence’s erect penis between forefinger and thumb. “The rest of us just pretend to have this kind of thing - but for her it’s real. And it comes all over you so creamy and rich! I just love the

taste of it!”

Une’s jealousy was not lessened by the evident fact that Innocence also enjoyed Twelve’s attention. How could she prefer such a vulgar slut? she wondered. But she could see that beneath her urban veneer, Twelve was a very tender lover and treated Innocence in a way that perhaps only an experienced lover of women could. Une’s experience of making love to women was still not very great, and it was something that she had still not reconciled herself to. She wasn’t a dyke was she?

Twelve had some peculiar interests. She listened to music which sounded about as execrable as music could be. Fast and cacophonous. Noisy and unstructured. It wasn’t music at all. Only the fact that Innocence would be listening to the music with Twelve, and Une’s wish not to lose touch with her enticed her to spend more than the smallest amount of time with them.

She also seemed extremely interested in films that had moments of violence and pornography of the kind that most villagers were quite happy to watch, but to Une these were only the interesting bits of films that punctuated periods of plotless meandering and self-indulgence. And the art she professed to like! What was the point of art that gave no pleasure?

However, for Innocence’s sake, Une tolerated this and the mammoth sex sessions that Innocence and Twelve indulged together. Even Chastity seemed to find Twelve’s fascination with Innocence’s penis a little bizarre.

“There’s only a few inches to it!” She exclaimed. “Surely she must know it in total detail by now.”

Une couldn’t answer. In fact, she wondered if it might not be the peculiar

drugs that Twelve and Innocence indulged together that kept the two going for so many hours.

“Innocence isn’t a happy girl!” confided Twelve one day, while Une and she were lying face down in the sun.

Twelve’s skin had gone rather red in the sun. She clearly wasn’t used to it at home, but she still persevered. She had developed a reddish freckly glow on her shoulders and around her nose.

“What do you mean? Not happy?” wondered Une. Perhaps Innocence had realised that Une was the only true love for her life.

“In many ways Innocence is just an ordinary girl. And she just wants to be an ordinary girl. But she doesn’t want to pretend to be something she’s not. She’s curiously endowed and she doesn’t want to change that. But she does want to feel less of a freak.”

“There’s nothing wrong with being unusual,” sniffed Une, conscious of her unusually large vagina.

“But your asset doesn’t give you identity crises,” mused Twelve. “Innocence knows that she’s not really a woman. But she’s also clearly not a man. So what is she? Gender identity’s pretty important you know!”

Une sniffed again. “And what is she supposed to do about that then?”

“That’s *exactly* Innocence’s problem.”

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Twelve soon moved out of the cottage she was lodging in to stay at Une's home. She complained to Une that she was fed up with having anal sex with her landlord.

"It's the only way I can afford to pay," she declared.

Une wondered why it had to be anal sex. Why not more conventional forms?

"Well, it does get a bit painful - especially when he asks for a month's rent in advance. And he's not very subtle. But it's the only sex his wife tolerates. In fact she has to watch to ensure that he doesn't commit any infidelity and enter me from the front." Une didn't comment, but she was aware that among some of the more traditional villagers there was the belief that the only sex which really counted was that which would lead to procreation. Sex with animals, prepubescents, men or any anus wasn't considered in the same way at all.

Not long after Twelve moved in, a friend of hers, also from the big city, came to stay at Une's home. This girl was of oriental background with the undeniably exotic name of Ching. Ching was a smaller girl than Twelve with a slender waist and breasts that were more just aureate pink bumps on her chest. However what she lacked in endowment she compensated for by a brashness that easily exceeded that of Twelve. Her own dildo was held on by rings pierced around her anus and vagina and was of exaggerated dimensions, more than a foot in length. Her hair was completely shaved off except for a little tail of hair dyed an incongruous golden colour flicking over her shoulders. She made no attempt to disguise the flatness of her breasts and in fact was habitually naked except for her dildo, petite golden sandals and an ankle-ring.

Ching didn't hesitate at all before making love with Twelve, Innocence and

Chastity. It was only a little later that on Twelve's insistence Une also made love to her. Ching's dildo was well designed for Une's cunt - the tightest fit she'd had for a very long time. Despite it being artificial and unable to spurt any semen, Ching made up by a passion and skill at lovemaking which was greater than even Twelve's. Indeed, as Une came to be aware, Ching's sexual appetite was biased quite differently to Une's own. The clearest evidence of this was that unlike the other three guests, Ching had no interest in her male lovers at all. However much they tried to interest her in their own endowments, the only penis that attracted Ching was Innocence's that was only rarely permitted inside her.

Ching had other tastes that Une only gradually became aware of, and this began to change the atmosphere of Une's home. The first time that Une discovered this was when she found Innocence one morning in the living room with her hands tied behind her back and legs and penis tied by ropes to the furniture. As the rope tying her hands was attached to a hook from a ceiling, she was in a very uncomfortable position which made her eyes water as she pulled on the rope. Her penis was decorated by a ribbon tied in a quite pretty knot which nonetheless must have squeezed when she got an erection. She had been unable to cry out as her mouth was covered by a cloth tied around her head.

Une quickly untied Innocence and soon established that this was the way she'd been left by Twelve, Chastity and Ching after they'd been playing one of Ching's games. Innocence, as Une soon gathered, became the object of most of Ching's games which required bondage and a little pain. Perhaps it was because Innocence was the youngest of all the people staying at Une's home or because of her general attitude of

doing whatever she could to be of help to others. But Une surmised that it may have been more to do with Innocence's endowments which somehow attracted Ching's attention.

Innocence wasn't the only one to be smacked, tied up or mildly humiliated. Une found Ching herself face up while Innocence was urinating on her face and Twelve was fucking Ching with Ching's own dildo. On another occasion it was Twelve whom Une came across tied spread-eagled to a bed while Ching and Innocence fucked her repeatedly despite the blood that had gathered just between her legs. Even Chastity, who generally seemed above the role of the victim, accepted a role of helplessness when Une found her tied to Innocence whose penis was inside her anus and secured in such a way that it couldn't easily come out.

Une herself didn't take part in the girls' games, and soon came to feel a kind of exclusion. Perhaps it was because she was so much older than the others or perhaps they realised that Une's sexual predilections were of a less unconventional kind. She also realised that the tensions among the four other girls were exacerbated by Ching's games along with the peculiar drugs she'd brought along - some of which apparently did wonders for one's sexual appetite and stamina. Innocence seemed to be becoming more silent and reserved. On the occasions that Une made love to her, she was aware of a kind of desperation in her passion. She sometimes wept silently just after achieving orgasm as if the release it brought had also caused her pain.

Innocence was the centre of all the attention. Twelve would still hold her penis for hours on end, gently stroking it and occasionally taking it into her mouth. Ching and Chastity also pursued Innocence, and competed with each other for her body. This



produced many occasions where the two girls would be locked together in sex games where the underlying aggression of Ching's predilections would lead to quite visible bruises.

However, neither Ching nor Twelve were to stay for very long. They departed as abruptly as these two manifestations of urban life had originally trespassed into the peace and calm of the countryside. Their last night involved a lot of noise, screams, giggles, slaps and groans. Une was sufficiently disturbed by it to go into the bedroom Ching shared with Twelve to see what was happening.

In actual fact, she still couldn't be sure as all she could see was a contortion of flesh, leather, dildos and Innocence's erect penis that was hammering away inside Ching's vagina. String, rope and vegetables were strewn around and there was a strong smell of sex mixed with urine. Une felt reluctant to either intervene or participate, so she retired to her room. Her first thought had been to call two of her lovers and satisfy a kind of sexual vacuity, but somehow the thought of just masturbating was more attractive. So, she lay in her room imagining what was going on elsewhere and moistened her vagina with milk, carrots and her fingers.

The next day, both Ching and Twelve were gone. The house felt as if a hurricane had passed by, but was now back to the calm which had preceded their visit. Innocence, however, still seemed a little shaken by it all and Chastity now seemed to spend more time with Une's male lovers than with either Une or her sister. Une felt that Innocence was going through some kind of crisis precipitated by the hedonistic abandon of the last few weeks.

A curious side effect of Innocence's melancholy was that she no longer made

love to Une, Chastity or any one else. She now spent most of her time sitting in a chair by the fire reading books. She took to wearing a simple white robe much as Une did which trailed down to her ankles and covered her shoulders and arms. As she sat on the chair with her bare feet pulled up, her long hair flowing down to her waist and her beautiful face looking so serious, Une felt more passionately in love with Innocence than ever before. But as Innocence made quite clear, she could look but not touch.

Chastity, however, had become more engrossed with Une and very soon the two women developed a routine of making love together with two or three of Une's male lovers and sometimes just the two of them. Chastity herself seemed a little more reserved and sometimes she would talk more to Une than indulge in more physical conversation.

Une became aware that Chastity was actually in love with someone, and not, as she'd originally believed, just in herself, and not, she was less pleased to discover with Une, but with a black woman she'd met before she'd come to stay in the countryside. Chastity's intention was to go and live with this other woman in another part of the country where she described a life of naked frolics and passionate lovemaking. Une wondered what was so different about their own amorous activities, but she'd lived long enough to be aware that affairs of the heart were less to do with what was done but how it felt to do it.

Chastity was also very concerned about Innocence. She confessed that she felt that her current unhappiness might very well be Chastity's own fault. She had introduced her sister to incest, lesbianism and a host of lovers. Some of these lovers

Une knew - they had somehow passed her path before - but Une wasn't at all sure why that should be a problem.

"It's only a problem because Innocence doesn't know what she is, and where she wants to go," explained Chastity. "She's a girl with a penis, and she doesn't know what she's supposed to do about that."

"She doesn't seem to mind having a penis," commented Une stroking Chastity's clitoris gently and thinking of Innocence's passion. "In fact, it seems to cause her fewer problems than it would for most men."

"I'm not saying she wants it removed. That would almost be too simple."

"What do you think she'll do?" wondered Une.

She thought of Innocence lying front down on the carpet by the roaring fire in her white robe with one leg nonchalantly raised and the other stretched out straining over a novel by Dostoevsky, a poem by Goethe or some other book.

"Well she's been reading the Bible recently," commented Chastity.

"The Bible?"

"And the Koran, the Bhagavad-Gita and Kant. She's gone through almost all your collection of religious and philosophical books. She's read the I Ching and the Kama Sutra. She's looked into Nietzsche, Wittgenstein and Thoreau."

Une had a very large library of books which she'd collected on her journeys around the world. At one time or another she'd been to almost every country and acquired things from each. Carpets, ornaments, paintings, flowers, compact discs, videos and, of course, books. It wouldn't be true that Une had read all of them. It wasn't too easy to read books written in those languages she hadn't yet learnt. A large

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part of her collection was of erotic books from different cultures and different times. It was these books, she knew, that Chastity and Twelve used to read. Innocence didn't read those particular books.

One of Une's most prized books was a copy of the Bible reinterpreted by a sect which seemed to see sex in everything. The italicised annotations on the margin made constant allusions to sexual activities and proclivities sometimes blatantly referred to, but more often only hinted at. The most interesting part was an Apocrypha of obscene stories concerning Jesus' fucking of a hundred whores, Moses' incest in the desert, Eve being fucked by Cain and Abel, and missing chapters from Revelations which featured the sexual humiliations of hell. There was a particular chapter on the sexual tortures of early Christians by the Romans. This, however, was not the copy of the Bible that Innocence was reading.

Une also had a collection of Jacobean and Elizabethan sex plays which were performed surreptitiously and invariably climaxed in on-stage sex in the fifth act. This however was as nothing compared to some decadent Roman reworkings of Euripides, Sophocles and other Greek playwrights. There came a phase in the Roman Empire where authenticity became very important. Although it was possible to persuade slaves to enact the classic plays in authentic blood and gore, a good actor would have a short life. Oedipus could only be blinded once. So an attempt had been made to reinterpret violent action by sexual action, which stretched the physical resources of slaves, allowed sufficient humiliation to satisfy the appetite of the Roman crowd and for those in the audience who liked authenticity. Une's knowledge of Greek and Latin words for the anatomy and sex had improved remarkably.

It was not a total surprise when Chastity and Innocence announced that they would be moving on. Chastity would look for her black lover and she hoped that the two of them would be reconciled. Innocence, however, had decided to work for Christ and was going to live in a Convent. She was assured that as she had no vagina and had therefore never been penetrated there, she was technically a virgin and could take such orders without any hypocrisy or deceit.

Chastity didn't seem too pleased by her sister's decision and had even tried to persuade Une to intercede.

"I can't bear the thought of having a nun for a sister," she complained.

Une, however, had a longer view on this. The point is to keep looking. Not to find. To join a holy order is not the last step of a journey of discovery, but possibly just the first step of a new journey towards a particular destination.

"Fuck that!" Chastity snorted uncharitably. "The sooner my sister returns to her senses the better!"

## VI

*In Which Innocence is embraced by Religious Faith and found in a Convent; the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity are also revealed and Charity finds her natural place; Purity is found in the spiritual home of Faith but lives outside its confines.*

The Convent of St Mary Magdalene the Prostitute was situated a long way from any town or city and was surrounded by fields and woods. An ideal place Innocence believed for peaceful meditation and religious contemplation. The order of Magdalenites was fairly ascetic which suited her present mood. She gladly had her hair shaved off although she felt a pang of prideful regret as she viewed her long tresses lying discarded on the floor of the Convent's Induction room. She gladly accepted the rule that all nuns of the order would have no possessions and were allowed the use of only one item of clothing, which was the long black cotton dress and wimple that all nuns were obliged to wear. Innocence entered into the spirit of worshipping the Lord Jesus Christ with all her heart - gladly viewing herself as one of His harem.

The order took the prostitutes whom Christ favoured as an example of how a woman should worship Him. They were to be His holy concubines, His mistresses, who would dedicate themselves to Him and to no other. But in addition they were to set a good example to others and to work in the community where they gave succour to the poor, the lame, the halt and anyone else who felt the need of their comfort.

This was not, of course, necessarily succour of a sexual kind. Although the order used many images of physical love, these were meant only figuratively. It had been stressed that the order did not practise the code of conduct of the Blessed Whores who believed that one should fuck for Christ. That order had the belief that the best way in which to express the love embodied in Christ's preachings was by physical passion in which one surrendered oneself to all the demands made by supplicants. Innocence's Mother Superior didn't completely condemn these nuns: she merely contended that it was a style of worship not practised by the Order of Magdalenites. Indeed she stressed that the virginity the order held in such veneration demonstrated a fundamental difference. It showed that they were saving themselves only for the love of Christ, which would come to them when they met Him in the Hereafter.

Innocence shared her Convent dormitory with three other girls with whom she also prayed and ate meals. Two of the girls, Sisters Hope and Faith, always shared the same bed and frequently made love with each other. After prayers, they would enter the dormitory, take off their robes and then retreat under the bedsheets. Innocence, however, was pleased that their passion seemed curiously innocent and restrained in comparison with that with the women she'd made love with. The two girls clearly loved each other and found no contradiction between saving themselves for Christ - who they claimed to love above all else - and making love to each other. They were, after all, still virgins.

The other girl in the dormitory, Sister Charity, wore her robe as little as possible. She took great pleasure in carrying out most of her tasks without clothes on.

This did not, of course, extend to those activities that would be visible to the public, but to those such as prayer, reading, gardening or eating which were spent only with other nuns. She wasn't the only nun in the Convent who believed that asceticism should spread to an abandonment of clothes and who took pride in displaying the sacrifice of her hair to Christ. Such nuns were, however, in the minority, and were still very strict about adorning robes and covering their heads when entering a Church. The Church, it was felt, is a place divorced of flesh or temptation, although, as the Mother Superior mentioned, this was not the attitude of the Blessed Whores. Their congregations were always held in the nude and masturbation was an integral part of the service.

Innocence wondered if perhaps Sister Charity would not have been better suited to this more promiscuous order as she was always masturbating. She made love to herself rather more frequently than Sisters Hope and Faith did with each other and, it seemed to Innocence, made rather more noise in doing so. She had no embarrassment about discussing this though.

"I make love to Jesus in my mind," she claimed. "It is He who I imagine I'm making love with. I'm preparing myself for the Rapture when He will enter me and fill me with His Semen." She also claimed that she had no interest in making love with anyone else but Christ. "I am faithful to Him," she said openly stroking her clitoris with her finger while licking off some of the fluid with which she'd coated her other finger from her bout of frantic masturbation.

Sister Charity masturbated in front of Innocence and the other two nuns with a promiscuity that seemed bizarre to Innocence, but seemingly didn't bother Sisters



Hope and Faith.

“It’s just her Passion for Christ,” explained Sister Faith with a beatific smile from underneath the sheets.

She also tried to encourage the others to join her, but this didn’t appeal to the other nuns so much.

“We have our own way of showing our Love,” explained Sister Hope, squeezing Sister Faith’s hand.

Innocence for quite different reasons didn’t want to either, but this was more difficult to explain to Sister Charity. In fact, Innocence felt she was still living a bit of a lie. On the advice of the Mother Superior, who’d examined her penis with the clinical eye of one who had earlier worked as a masturbator for married couples with potency problems, Sister Innocence had decided to keep her peculiar endowment secret from the other nuns. This sometimes caused Innocence great embarrassment, as she washed apart from the others and took her clothes off so coyly. The other nuns, however, made no comment and probably had no suspicion. After all, many nuns had peculiar habits and a strange fastidiousness. This presumably was not unconnected for many of them with their decision to join an order that renounced pride in the flesh. This did mean, however, that when Innocence was aroused by the masturbatory groans of Sister Charity or the lovemaking of the other two, she had to face down on her bed to hide her rather prominent erection.

The good works that the nuns did was usually of the nature of giving food and clothes to the poor, giving advice and comfort to those who needed it and making honey, wine and pretty mugs at attractive prices which could be sold at the Convent’s

shop for a reasonable profit. However, the order also practised marriage counselling for which they were famous. Very few nuns actually took on that role and it was one that only more senior nuns practised. This role was basically to masturbate the men and women in their lovemaking so that they would be able to consummate their love - a task requiring great patience, a deep throat and a flexible tongue. This rôle continued beyond conception to helping the couple make love during pregnancy and both pre- and post-natal counselling. As the Mother Superior said, it was a unique rôle of the order to be able to provide this kind of assistance in bringing comfort coupled with the strictness with which the nuns would abstain from further interference. A rôle not open to the Blessed Whores who would probably cause resentment in those with sexual inhibitions.

The order had several convents spread about the country and the world. As a policy, it did its best to adapt to the environment in which it was based. In the Arctic Convent, this meant that the nuns had to wear rather thicker, fur-lined robes, and gardening duties had to be replaced with work in the fisheries. In the city, the nuns were forbidden to leave the Convent singly because some people, mistaking the nuns for Blessed Whores or even Sodomites for Christ, would approach them in a way that might be appropriate for these other orders but could severely compromise their position within the precepts of the order. Innocence was pleased, however, that her Convent was based in the idyllic countryside where none of these restrictions applied.

She would often go for walks in the woods with an unusually clothed Sister Charity or with other nuns whom she would meet at prayer. She liked to go to the hostels where poor people stayed in tiny rooms with barely a rag between them and

dole out the clothes that the nuns made with such love and dedication (knowing full well that many of these clothes were then sold on for a profit for food and these same wretches would be naked again). To a certain extent, she felt quite satisfied with her lot, although she still felt very much an outsider. Just denying her sexuality and her physical attributes did not resolve them.

One of the more prominent Convents of the Order of St Mary Magdalene the Prostitute was based in the district of Brook, famous for its very relaxed attitude towards nudity. In keeping with the order's general policy of integrating with the community, the nuns in the Convent would themselves be naked if it so suited their disposition - an attitude not at all at odds with the abandonment of worldly goods. It was not at all surprising to Innocence to discover that Sister Charity had applied to transfer to this Convent, and she was delighted for her when her transfer had been accepted. On the evening of the day that the Mother Superior had given her the written confirmation of the transfer and the date on which her appointment would commence, she indulged in a marathon masturbation session which frightened even Innocence.

She flung herself bodily against the wall, thrusting her fingers deep inside her anus and vagina while massaging her breasts and nipples with her other hand and sinuously pushing herself up and down. The noise of her passion made meditation impossible for Innocence, but she didn't wish to show her gladness for Sister Charity's happiness in a more demonstrative way.

The following day, the Mother Superior called Innocence to her study and surrounded by her books and the enticing image of the saintly St Mary Magdalene, she

explained to Innocence that Sister Charity was to be escorted to the new Convent as it was the policy of the Order that none of the nuns should travel singly. And as Sister Innocence was Sister Charity's closest friend and companion at the Convent it was only meet and proper that she would be the one who would do so. While at the Convent at Brook, Sister Innocence would of course be expected to continue with her duties of prayer and service to the community although her stay would be necessarily brief. Innocence expressed gratitude that she was honoured with the trust given her, and went away looking forward to her travel afield.

The two nuns travelled to Brook by coach on a journey that took them over hills, through woods and along roads lined by fields of fruit and vegetables where farmworkers tended their crops. There was no border post marking the coach's entry into the district - or none that Innocence could see - but Sister Charity immediately brought it to her attention that they'd entered.

"Look!" she said, excitedly pointing at a group of people standing idly by the road, one of them with a small motor scooter and the others apparently admiring it.

There was nothing peculiar about the scene at all, Innocence thought at first, until she noticed that none of these characters were wearing any clothes. In fact when she'd noticed that, she soon became aware that more than half the people the coach passed by - even the ones driving cars or bicycles - were totally naked.

"We must be in Brook!" Innocence exclaimed.

The two nuns were not the only ones on the coach to realise this, as many of them divested themselves of their clothes. Perfectly ordinary people who really did not warrant a second glance when they boarded the coach were now sitting absolutely

naked and chatting animatedly amongst themselves. Sister Charity herself was dying to unclothe herself but she decided that it was probably best to have disembarked at the Convent before integrating herself more fully into her new community.

The coach eventually drew into a bus station in the middle of the small town of Divin, and the two nuns disembarked into a seething mass of naked bodies. Even Innocence felt very much overdressed in her robes and wimple in this environment, but she was determined to retain her secret for as long as she could. The two nuns asked for directions to the Convent and soon set off by foot along the winding road which led eventually to the imposing but nonetheless welcoming majesty of the Convent which was in what had once been a dilapidated castle. They were soon through the door of the building and taken to Sister Charity's room which she shared with three other nuns. Sister Innocence was to stay in the same room for the duration of her stay, and a bed was brought in for her benefit.

Innocence soon found that the policy of casual nudity was followed within the walls of the Convent as much as it was outside. Indeed the only way in which the nuns could be recognised as such was by their shaved heads and the wooden crosses that dangled on their chests. Even the Mother Superior, a woman nearly seventy years old, was totally unclothed but nevertheless wore as much dignity as Sister Innocence's own Mother Superior. Sister Charity was soon as naked as most of the rest of new convent and looked as naturally suited to her new conditions as any of the others. Innocence, however, despite Sister Charity's entreaties and the Mother Superior's example, didn't adopt the custom of the other nuns.

This made her feel rather more of an outsider than she felt before. She was

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trapped between appearing eccentric by her insistence on remaining clothed, even at such times where even the most modest of nuns were nude such as meal times or prayer, and her reluctance to parade her unusual attributes. She sought refuge from her confusion by going to the Chapel and sitting on the pews to pray for guidance from the Lord. However even here, where in her normal convent even those such as Sister Charity were strict in their observance of decorum, there was no escape from an environment of relaxed or absent dress code. As she sat with her hands in front of her face she could watch other nuns nakedly performing their duties.

She then heard a choir rehearse a performance of a choral tune and saw that they too were all naked, including some very young girls who could not be old enough even to be novices. Presumably they were children from the community - perhaps those taught at the Convent school. The surroundings of such nudity in what were still to her incongruous settings inevitably caused Innocence's penis to stir and push uncomfortably against her robe. Innocence was unable to stand while her secret assets stood out so prominently and she felt restrained by her faith from relieving her embarrassment by masturbating in the pews. So she had to wait nearly half an hour until the swelling subsided and she was able to stand up.

She and Sister Charity were still able to go for walks together where they studiously avoided discussion on the very visible aspects of the community as they passed naked couples, other naked nuns and others in the streets of Divin and along the country lanes around the Convent. It was while walking together that Innocence for the first time saw two members of the Order of the Blessed Whores indulging in their peculiar form of worship. The two women were clearly nuns, and were in fact

less naked than Sister Charity. They had shaved heads and a cross over their chest just like Sister Charity, but in addition they wore black stockings with suspenders and very high stiletto heels. This didn't appear very appropriate to Innocence. In addition, they were being fucked quite openly by a group of four men and begging for more to join.

"Fuck for Christ!" they pleaded, smiling and laughing. "Show your love for Him by showing your love to us!"

"Disgusting!" snorted Sister Charity, visibly offended at the sight of naked buttocks thrusting in and out of the nuns' anuses. "How can they consider themselves virtuous if they don't save their virtue for Christ!"

Innocence became used to the stares that followed her as she walked around the streets of Divin. Although there were many nuns who visited the town, most did not dress as she did. Sister Charity often accompanied her and attracted rather less attention. However, Sister Charity soon found other companions and Innocence began to take more pleasure in walking by herself. She was struggling with her own thoughts. Wasn't there something a little odd, she asked herself, in joining a Holy Order to find herself if to remain in the order she had to pretend to be different from what she was?

She wandered into a church in the town centre that always gave her a reassuring sense of peace. She pushed open the heavy door designed to keep out small birds and strolled around the perimeter of the church gazing at the stained windows and mediaeval statuary which clashed curiously with more modern features such as the wooden notice boards advertising missions in foreign lands and the requests for

donations to the upkeep of the Church. She wasn't quite the only person in the church, as there was a naked middle-aged couple also wandering about and commenting to each other about the antiquity of the church.

She was drawn as always towards the candles lit for individual prayers and wishes. As she always did when she was in a church, she selected a new candle, made a brief prayer to herself for peace in the world (which nonetheless felt inadequate for the inarticulate longings she actually did feel) and then lit it with the flame of another candle before placing it in an empty candle-holder. She closed her eyes in passive contemplation after she'd reassured herself that the candle would continue to burn.

"A penny for your thoughts, sister," commented a voice beside her.

Innocence opened her eyes and looked at who it was who was speaking. It was a black girl with hair grown wild like a bush, no clothes at all and the shadow of unshaven hair on her arms and legs. Innocence recognised her, but not instantly. It was the eyes and broad smile partly obscured by the bush of hair that triggered her memory.

"Purity!" Innocence gasped. "You live in Divin!"

Purity frowned. "Well not quite. Brook maybe. But how do you know me, sister?"

"It's me! Innocence!" the nun declared to her former lover. She pulled off her wimple to show her shaved head but more importantly her otherwise obscured face.

"Innocence! A nun!" gasped Purity.

She stepped back and bumped her bottom against a pew. "Ouch!" She rubbed her arse with her hand. "I would never have believed that you..."



The two old friends left the church and wandered to a nearby tea shop to continue their reunion. Purity still found it odd that Innocence should have made such a radical step as to join a Convent after leaving home with her sister, but as she explained she too had changed since the two girls were at school together. She was now living in a commune of vegans in Sauterelle, a country district of Brook far away from it all.

“We don’t believe in unnatural things at all. We eschew exploitation of all animals, including wearing leather and eating animal products. We don’t wear any makeup or cut our hair at all. I don’t shave my legs any more.”

The more Innocence heard about Purity’s commune the more it sounded rather like the Convent that she served at except that there was no apparent belief in God and the rules of behaviour derived their legitimacy from mutual consent and discussion rather than from a belief that they were derived from the commands of the Lord. There was also the very real distinction that in the Convent, Innocence was meant to avoid carnal knowledge and maintain her virginity, whereas there was no such belief in Purity’s commune. In fact Purity rather boasted about her sex life which involved activity with men and women on a casual understanding that evoked for Innocence the life she’d left with Une and Chastity. Indeed, she could now see that she was actually actively missing it.

Purity was visiting Divin for no particular reason. She had just decided to leave the commune for a few weeks and see more of Brook. “Sauterelle’s not the whole of Brook after all,” she explained. She’d hitch-hiked across the district, occasionally having to repay the favour of a lift with sex (“But only if I like the

driver!” she explained). She only happened to be in Divin because her last lift happened to drop her there and until she’d met Innocence she’d really seen no reason to prolong her stay. “It’s pretty dull round here!” she exclaimed.

“But there’s some very pleasant countryside,” Innocence remarked. And so it was that after the two girls had finished their tea and biscuits, Innocence and Purity walked out of the town and into the woods above the town. Purity didn’t seem to mind that part of the way led through some muddy paths and that she got mud caked on her feet. “It’s totally natural and good for the soles!” She remarked while Innocence more daintily made her way around the puddles’ perimeters holding up her gown to prevent it getting stained.

They were soon sitting side by side on a hillside looking over the town of Divin and the Convent where Innocence resided. “Doesn’t this remind you of the first time?” Purity asked Innocence. Indeed it did but Innocence made no reply. This was a different time and a different place.

Purity leaned over with small traces of slightly damp grass attached to the hairs of her arms and legs and stroked Innocence lovingly on the face. “You never take your clothes off do you?”

Innocence started. “What do you mean?”

“Even though you’re in Brook, you never take your clothes off,” elaborated Purity.

“I can’t! I couldn’t!”

“Because of your beautiful prick?”

“I don’t want people to know...”

“Don’t be silly!” laughed Purity reassuringly. “I know!” She stroked her mound of unruly pubic hair. “I know only too well! And I still often think about it!” She kissed Innocence tenderly on the lips. “You were my first true love! And I still think the best!”

And so it was that Innocence gradually lost her inhibitions and her clothes and for the first time since she was in Brook she dressed in the way that seemed most appropriate. It took Purity very little coaxing to convert Innocence’s small act of daring, hidden as they were from view of other people, to full sex. Innocence’s gown became the blanket on which the two protected themselves from the discomfort of the grass and small patches of mud and became the playground on which they fucked for several frantic hours. Innocence had forgotten how much she’d needed sexual satisfaction and her balls seemed to have no shortage of semen to release into Purity’s cunt. There was no part of Purity’s body that she didn’t re-examine. She licked every rogue hair on Purity’s legs. She rubbed off the dried mud from her feet and licked the last traces off with her tongue. Purity’s mouth had developed a facility for swallowing her penis that she’d never had while the two were still at school and Innocence loved the tender squeeze of her black lover’s throat on the throbbing end of her member, causing a sudden whoosh of semen that startled Purity and almost choked her.

When they’d finished and Innocence collected together her wimple and the gown that barely disguised her still excited penis, she felt a betrayal towards her order.

“I’d sworn to dedicate my love to Jesus Christ!” she sobbed.

Purity kissed Innocence full on the mouth. “I don’t believe that the Church is

the best solution for you, my dearest,” she said.

“But what is?”

“Somewhere where you’ll be accepted fully for what you are. Somewhere that you’ll feel no pain about being endowed in such an unusual way. Somewhere where you feel you belong.”

“And where is that place? In your commune?”

“Maybe. But then one person’s solution is not necessarily another’s!”

## VII

*In Which we learn about the pains of Humility; and Innocence leaves Religious devotion and we rediscover the virtues of Chastity.*

When Sister Innocence had returned from Brook to her own Convent it was to find that Sister Charity's bed in her room had been taken by a new nun, Sister Humility, who seemed to take the literal meaning of her Christian name very seriously indeed. In fact, the first time Innocence met Sister Humility she was knelt down on the floor with her robe pulled forward over her shoulders and crouched on her feet, showing her bare back and her buttocks. She was looking at Sisters Faith and Hope who were, unusually, making love to each other without the cover of their bedsheets.

This was odd, Innocence thought. Perhaps Sister Humility had a similar desire to masturbate as Sister Charity and a need for voyeurism to intensify her feelings. However, her innocent interpretation was soon disproved when with a sudden crack she saw Sister Humility's hand pop up followed by a length of cord which slapped against her back leaving a small trail of blood. Sister Humility was beating herself.

When Sister Humility and the other two nuns noticed Sister Innocence they greeted her, and politely finished what they were doing. Sister Humility sat down on her bed, with her robe still gathered up to her neck at the back but covering the whole of her body at the front. For a woman who seemed to enjoy self-abuse she had a curiously child-like face with open blue eyes and a tiny nose. Sister Faith sat behind

Sister Humility and tended to the fresh wounds that she had which were lost on a back full of scars from previous beatings that stretched from her neck to the top of her thighs. The scars were at their deepest and most frequent between the shoulders and on her buttocks.

Sister Innocence learnt that her new room-mate believed passionately in mortification of the flesh as being the means towards salvation. As a result of daily punishing her sinful lusts, she would purify her soul such that at the Rapture the Lord's semen would arrive in her uncontaminated by other lusts. She had persuaded Sisters Faith and Hope, who cheerfully admitted an initial reluctance, to help her in her self-mortification by emulating the lust that she wished to ban from herself and which she believed she would beat out of her.

"You can see," she admitted pointing to the many scars on her back, "that my thoughts have been less than pure and have required a great deal of humbling."

Innocence resisted pleas by her room-mates that she either help Sister Humility in purging herself of her sinful carnal desires by emulating masturbation or sex or purge herself of such sins by similar self-mortification to that of Sister Humility. In fact, now that Sister Charity had gone she felt curiously lonely in the Convent. She realised now how much she'd needed Sister Charity's friendship.

So, when she heard she had a visitor she at first thought and hoped that it might be Sister Charity returning from Brook. This, she admitted to herself, was unlikely as Sister Charity had seemed almost deliriously happy in her new home when they parted with a chaste kiss on the lips. She had made many new friends - many of whom shared her belief in the rightness of masturbating to thoughts of Christ's

ultimate entry into their body and soul. In Brook, Sister Charity's views were not at all eccentric.

Her visitor was in fact Kedi whom Innocence hadn't seen since she'd left Alice's home. She was dressed more demurely than Innocence had ever seen her before - no doubt as a mark of respect for being in a Convent. However, the white cloth over her breasts and around her crotch didn't detract at all from the beauty of her otherwise naked body. She sat waiting on a chair in the reception room with her legs crossed and swinging her bare feet nonchalantly back and forth. She grinned widely as Innocence came in and sat nervously opposite her.

Kedi explained that she had come to visit Innocence partly on the bidding of Chastity who was wondering how her sister was doing. She and Chastity were living together at a house they were renting in Wonderground near where Mouse and her parents lived, but she had been visiting some friends in Brook and had stopped at the Convent as it was en route.

"I thought you'd still be living with Alice and Dinah," commented Innocence.

"Well, Alice was very jealous and possessive, was she not?" remarked Kedi. "And it was very difficult when you and Chastity have left because Alice started to get upset when Mouse began to sleep with me. I thought I ought not to cause any more problems and when Chastity has come to visit me and said we can live together I didn't refuse."

"How is Chastity?"

"Your sister seems very happy. Much happier than when we have been together at Alice's. She says she is very much in love with me. In fact she says she has

never loved anyone as much as she loves me now. But she says she loves you very much. And she is very much thinking of you now. Are you happy?"

Innocence nodded, but she felt that perhaps she didn't express quite as much conviction as she might have done. Kedi gazed sympathetically into Innocence's eyes and her grin took on a slightly sadder tinge.

"Do you think you like to be a nun? I have been very surprised when I had been told you become a nun. It must be strange for you."

"Why strange?"

"With your special gift," Kedi said without embarrassment. "And the life you and Chastity have led together: it has not been life like many nuns. Are you not supposed to be a virgin?"

"I am a virgin!"

"Perhaps," said Kedi diplomatically. "But Chastity thinks that you must find it more difficult as one who has known what it is like not to be a virgin or not very like one and to be a nun. Are you sure you are happy?"

Innocence nodded ferociously. "As long as I serve my Lord I am happy," she said fervently.

"Why?"

"Because I know that when I die I shall be raised to Rapture and He will enter me and possess me and cover me with his Holy Semen and push his Holy Member deep inside me!"

"Won't that be painful for you!" laughed Kedi. "And anyway I thought you have preferred the love of a woman."



“Jesus Christ the Lord is different,” insisted Innocence.

“It is the first time I have heard that He is a woman,” smiled Kedi.

Kedi and Innocence continued talking in the reception room and then, with the Mother Superior’s permission, the two went for a walk in the woods around the Convent. As soon as Kedi felt that they were out of sight, she took off her clothes which she complained were uncomfortable and she walked along naked with Innocence holding her clothes in one hand and her free arm around Innocence’s waist. Then, without warning, she let her clothes drop, wrapped her arms around Innocence more passionately and pushed her tongue deep inside Innocence’s mouth. Taken aback Innocence reciprocated, but then she struggled free.

“I can’t!” she protested. “I’m saving myself for the Lord!”

“And just what have you got left to save?” asked Kedi, not put off at all, putting her hands inside Innocence’s gown and grabbing her suddenly erect penis.

And so it was that Innocence found herself making love with incredible passion with her sister’s lover and as the sweat poured down her breasts and the salt was licked off by Kedi’s tongue, reflecting on the commitment she still felt towards the Order.

“Perhaps you should ask your Mother Superior to visit Chastity and me,” suggested Kedi afterwards as they sat naked in the corner of a field by a small pond. “If you still wish to stay in the Order after you have stayed with us, then you will know for sure the extent of your commitment to your faith.”

“But I’ll be misled!”

Kedi laughed and licked Innocence’s ear with her tongue. “We can only hope

so!”

Sister Innocence’s Mother Superior was very saddened when Innocence confessed to her doubts that serving the Order was best for her and accepted Kedi’s advice that Innocence visit her sister and her.

“We will of course pray for your soul and the hope that whatever decision you make that you will be ready to receive the Lord in Body and Soul at the Final Coming.”

Innocence nodded meekly, and said that she hoped that the Lord would come over all the members of the Convent at the Final Reckoning. Innocence left Sisters Faith, Hope and Humility feeling uncertain as to whether she’d ever see them again. She then rushed out and off to the railway station as fast as she could to hold back her thoughts and her tears.

Her train journey to Wonderground took her by train, but she knew when she’d entered the district as the dress of the people there were just as Kedi had described. The men wore double-breasted suits and the women nothing but stockings, suspenders and stilettos, except for thick scarves that covered most of their breasts and large floppy hats that covered most of their faces. The quite disturbing effect Innocence found was that attention was diverted to the vaginas of all the women. None of these were shaved, as had been an earlier fashion, but she could see that many women had jewellery attached to them. Innocence felt as inappropriately dressed as when she was visiting Brook, but then she was a nun and in her Order it would have been ostentatious to wear such clothes.

Innocence used a street map supplied by Kedi to find her way through the

suburban tree-lined streets - each identical to the last - to find her way to the house where her sister and her lover were staying. As she walked, her flat sandals assisted her stride substantially better than the teetering heels of most other women. When she found the house, it was just one of many in a suburban terrace distinguishable most by the poorer state of the paint on the front door and a poster sellotaped to the inside of a window demanding equal rights for blacks.

“Is this it?” wondered Innocence checking the number of the house against the address Kedi had supplied her and then ringing the door-bell. A muffled farting noise signalled some rustling inside and the pushing aside of a few locks. Then as the door opened she saw her sister dressed herself in the stilettos, suspenders and stockings of the district, but otherwise typically naked. Her hair was tied back into a ponytail and flopped over her shoulder down to her breasts.

“Come in! Come in!” her sister said hurriedly and then fussed her into the living room.

Innocence sat down in a slightly worn armchair just by the gas fire and just opposite a large but battered television.

“Make yourself at home, and take off some of your clothes.” Innocence took off her wimple to reveal her shaved head, which alarmed Chastity.

”What have they done to you?” she shrieked. “You look terrible! Why don’t you put on some other clothes?”

“I don’t have any other clothes,” replied Innocence honestly.

“They haven’t been mistreating you, have they?”

“Of course not.”

“But your hair...”

“I chose to sacrifice my hair for the Lord.”

“Well, while you’re here you can’t dress like a nun.”

“Why not? I can’t go round naked, can I?”

The two sisters chatted together, and Innocence became further aware of the extent of her sister’s incomprehension at her choice of vocation. However, she came round to agree that it would be inappropriate for her to dress like a nun while she was in a state of indecision as to whether to remain one. When Kedi arrived, dressed as always in nothing and making no concessions to the fashion of the district, she suggested that Innocence stay naked at home, but wear her gown when going out. Chastity tried to persuade Innocence to dress more fashionably - at least to wear stilettos and stockings - but Kedi sided with Innocence.

“If she do not want to dress like that and if she wants to hide her gift of the gods from curious strangers then she has every right to do that.”

As the days went by, Innocence began to feel her adherence to her Holy Order was slipping past her. Perhaps, she considered, her attachment needed the constant reinforcement of being with other nuns and regular prayer. However, if her faith could slip so rapidly after such a brief respite it may be that Kedi and her sister were right in saying that a religious vocation was not for her. (Chastity seemed to think that those who practised prostitution for Christ might be on to a good number, although she didn’t like the idea of not being able to veto who you made love to.)

At first, Innocence tried to resist the inevitable relaxation of her behaviour, but it wasn’t too long until she decided to abandon wearing her gown altogether even

though she continued shaving her head as a mark of spiritual respects. She decided to wear stockings and stilettos, but also opted to wear a dress and knickers to cover her penis. This made her seem quite eccentric, but not as eccentric as she might have seemed otherwise. She felt a bit uncomfortable in the district, and felt that she wasn't quite ready to be so immediately immersed in the world outside the Convent.

She'd already succumbed to Kedi's advances, so she was unable to resist making love to her each night, which Chastity initially seemed not to mind. "What matters is that my darling sister is happy!" she professed.

After a while, Chastity seemed to get restless about her lover dividing her time so diplomatically between the two sisters. "I love you both," she complained, "but I get less than half of your attention."

She gradually tried enticing Innocence into making love to her, but her sister resisted her attentions quite firmly. In fact, Innocence became quite forceful in physically pushing her sister off her as she transferred her tongue from Kedi's vagina to the penis that was energetically thrusting into it.

"When I make love to you," Innocence declared, "is the time I will definitely have left the Order."

This time inevitably came, and when Chastity's mouth met her sister's and she wasn't pushed aside she knew that Innocence had left her religious vocation behind her. She hid her thoughts from her sister as Innocence's penis entered her for the first time that a penis had entered her at all since she'd left Une's lovers behind. She trembled as Innocence thrust away at her remembering their love sessions in the past and Chastity's little preferences. She orgasmed with a frightening intensity as

Kedi and Innocence brought her to one, then two, then three and finally four climaxes. She shrivelled away with postcoital exhaustion and predicted to herself that the following day her sister wouldn't be shaving her head.

And this indeed was what happened, but Innocence had made another decision. She brushed her hand over the stubble on her head sitting on a chair with no clothes on and staring over at Kedi and Chastity who were sitting close together naked but for Chastity's stockings.

"I'm returning to Brook!" she announced.

"Returning?" wondered Chastity.

"I don't want to stay here," Innocence announced. "I need to go somewhere somehow more pure. Somewhere with simple principles."

"And you think you'll find them in Brook!" scoffed Chastity. "You're just as unlikely to find salvation or whatever you want in Brook as in a Convent. Brook is nothing more nor less than a naturist's paradise. You surely don't believe that nudity solves anything or makes things better?"

Kedi sniffed. Her own attitude towards clothes was culturally determined but no less firmly felt for that.

"If Innocence thinks Brook is the district where she is to be happiest, then she must go!" she opined. "It is a more good place than here. The people are more honest and more open."

Innocence knew very little about such things as her only real experiences of Brook were the Convent there and her reunion with Purity - but these had impressed her. Perhaps she could find herself in Brook like her schoolfriend lover had. "I'm sure

it will be good for me. And I must get away from everyone I know and think for myself.”

Chastity smiled indulgently. “I’ll lend you some money to start off with,” she agreed. “But you’ll have to get a job while you’re there.” Chastity was earning good money in her job in a shop selling computers, video and audio equipment, and this together with Kedi’s earnings as a street sex entertainer and some office cleaning made just enough for them to have saved enough money to be relatively generous.

“When are you leaving?”

“As soon as I can!” Innocence announced, stroking the unshaven hairs of her legs. She sipped slowly from her cup of coffee. “I just feel I’ve got to get moving!”

## VIII

*In Which Innocence is found in a Vegan Commune; and gains profit by untrammelled display to an unknown public; and in which Dodie discovers Innocence in the cool mountain air.*

Innocence made the journey to Brook by train, waving goodbye to her sister and Kedi and wearing the clothes she thought best suited her destination. These were a pair of baggy shorts, sandals and little else except for the rucksack she had over her shoulders. She had decided that the clothes of her sister's district were not really appropriate. The train eventually surfaced in Brook and she disembarked at the town of Sauterelle. She didn't know anyone in Brook except her former lover, Purity, and she thought it would be best to stay with her.

She didn't really know where to go when she arrived in the town - it was much larger than Divin and there were no signposts pointing to Purity's commune. She humped her rucksack over her back and wandered through the streets of thronging bare flesh forever glancing around in the hope of seeing Purity's distinctive dark skin. Purity had given her some very sketchy directions but they didn't seem at all adequate as she paused by a street map just outside a municipal building. She felt curiously conservative in a town where almost all younger people were thoroughly naked and she could compare her own hidden endowments with those of all the men there. However, the street map was of some assistance and she established that the way to Purity's commune was several miles away. After a lot of questioning and



searching around, she eventually found a bus which took her within two miles of the commune from which she could walk.

She had curiously romantic views of what Purity's commune would be like. She did not expect it to be in such a very rundown farmhouse. Just outside, sitting in the sun, were a naked couple in the distinctive unkempt appearance that Purity had told her to expect: the man with a long untidy beard obscuring what little of his face was not already covered by his long hair and the woman's face similarly hidden by her long curtains of hair. Innocence introduced herself to them.

"I'm looking for my friend Purity," she explained.

"Purity," mused the woman pushing a curtain of hair to one side revealing a long nipple on a tiny breast. "I don't think she's here at the moment. She's always going off all over the place, isn't she?"

"Yes," agreed the man. "She's always travelling. I don't think she's decided what she wants from Brook."

Seeing how disappointed Innocence was with her friend not there and discovering that she really didn't have alternative accommodation, the couple said that she could stay at least until the evening when the commune could discuss if she could stay longer. All decisions affecting the commune had to be decided communally and there were meetings every night for several hours concerning the issues involved. "I think we spend more time talking about what we can do than actually doing it!" remarked the man.

While Innocence waited for the evening meeting to start, she was introduced to other people of the commune. Everyone had let their hair grow freely, wherever there

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was hair to grow, and Innocence felt very odd with only the stubble of hair on her head which made her look thin and slightly malnourished. They also wore no clothes at all - not even robes or jewellery or shoes - making Innocence feel even more distinct from her company. Not only was there an attitude of naturalness in how people appeared, there was a total openness about their sexual behaviour. Several couples or groups of more than two were indulging in sex when Innocence first met them, and there was no attempt to stop for Innocence's sake. The man would continue fucking away while chatting, totally unembarrassed about it and totally unconcerned about any sensitivity Innocence might have.

Innocence joined in the communal dinner which was a kind of amorphous mush of boiled vegetables which tasted overcooked and rather too spicy. There was no crockery or cutlery used and Innocence had to dip her hand into a large mound of tepid mush to take handfuls of the food and then direct into her mouth what little of it didn't immediately fall onto either the floor or onto her breasts. She began to appreciate the lack of clothes as a way of keeping the laundry duties low.

Eventually, and in a somewhat chaotic way, the meal evolved into the communal meeting she'd been told about. She sat through what seemed to her a very tedious discussion between at most three of the twenty or so people gathered there concerning the political and moral perspectives regarding fairly mundane things such as a shit rota, the division of shared spaces for the benefit of women's freedom from male oppression and the need to demarcate the commune from the road by some kind of a sign. Almost all the discussions were unresolved and there were no votes taken. One of the people who did most of the talking had a habit of wandering well off any

subject of general interest to such subjects as her personal relationships and her unsympathetic views on people who wore wool or silk.

Innocence tried hard to appear as interested in the discussion as she felt she ought to be, but she felt rather disorientated and focused on the joints that were being passed around and had more than once lost touch of what the actual topic of discussion was supposed to be. It, therefore, came as a bit of a surprise to become aware that she was now the subject of conversation and that a man with only a nose visible through the black and grey hair of his face was trying to attract her attention.

“Do you agree or not, sister?” he was asking.

Sister? wondered Innocence, thinking for a moment they must have thought she was still a nun, but then remembered that everyone addressed each other as sister or brother.

“With what?”

“You can stay in the commune for as long as you help with the chores and preparing the food,” prompted a man near her whose attempts at growing a beard had resulted in only a few sorry black wispy strands.

“And that you take off those disgusting clothes!” snorted a rather fat woman with a rather large and furry birthmark on her thigh.

Innocence didn’t feel able to argue in her marijuana-induced haze, so against her normal inclination she took off her shorts and knickers and stood up shakily feeling a little ridiculous. Her penis dangled down with no feeling, but attracting a great deal of attention.

“I agree with everything you say,” she said in a voice that sounded

rather incoherent and wobbly.

“Are you a brother or a sister?” asked one of the main speakers.

“What a sexist question!” immediately snapped another.

“Gender is not important!” agreed another.

The meeting degenerated into a fervent argument - with everyone in agreement - that Innocence's gender was not a subject of discussion, dispute or voyeurism, while it was quite clear to Innocence, as she slowly lowered herself onto a bean bag, that she was the subject of all these things. She sadly picked up her shorts and knickers and hesitated over putting them back on again, but decided rather to pack them hastily into her rucksack which was resting just behind her.

“Don't worry about it, sister,” said one man with a wispy pale goatee and long pale hair. “You're accepted into the commune.”

“Am I?” wondered Innocence slowly stroking her penis and watching with a kind of disinterested fascination as it falteringly got larger.

She noticed as she masturbated herself that she was watched with rather the same fascination as an animal in a zoo, and nobody took the opportunity to join her. She felt quite lonely as she came into her hands and allowed the semen to trickle through her fingers and onto the floor. Before long her consciousness left her and she collapsed on the floor by her own little stain and amongst the spillage of her dinner. All around her the meeting continued, apparently regardless, concerning matters of awesome triviality, which made staying awake inconceivably difficult.

The commune seemed to be divided into a majority whose work was concentrated entirely on the running of the commune and felt a certain satisfaction in

their separatism from the outside world and those whose contribution to the commune was to bring in the money they earned by working. Perhaps because Innocence had never adopted the commune by choice, she felt more sympathy with those in the latter category. One of these was Bouche, a girl who didn't even pretend to have no interest in Innocence's penis but spent rather a lot of time admiring and discussing it. To Innocence this actually felt better than the company of most of the others who so studiously averted their attention from her most prominent feature in a way that made Innocence feel actually rather more self-conscious and embarrassed. Most people in the commune, however, avoided contact with her altogether.

Bouche was a petite girl with tiny breasts that were mostly nipple and very girlish hips. Like all the girls in the commune, she didn't believe in even the ostentation of a ribbon in her hair but she did nonetheless plait her hair. This meant that her face shone out rather than being obscured by either a curtain or a mound of hair. She made her living, Innocence was intrigued to find, in a photographic studio.

"Are you a model?" Innocence wondered.

"No, not at all," laughed Bouche. "I don't think I've got quite the right figure or features. And, anyway, I'd have to shave my legs and get my hair styled to do that."

What Bouche did, Innocence discovered, was to fellate the male models who posed for the studio. There wasn't much of a demand for just nude models in the newspapers and magazines of Brook as nudity was so widely visible, but the demand for erotic or pornographic photographs was in no way diminished because of that. What she did was help at the studio by stimulating the penises of the male models so that they were fully erect for the photographs that would appear in women's

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magazines or newspapers. This inevitably included semen shots, but these weren't always used.

"It's not always very photogenic," Bouche explained.

A lot of people in the commune disapproved of Bouche's source of income, but it didn't bother her. "They say it's sexual exploitation and I'm contributing to it. But I'm not the one being photographed and it's not like proper sex, not like real pornography. And besides I enjoy it. I can give several dozen blow jobs in a day. And I've become an expert." She smiled indulgently at Innocence. "Here. Let me demonstrate."

Innocence didn't mind as Bouche took her penis into her hand and then with a mixture of caressing with her fingers, licking with her tongue and manipulating her lips, throat and teeth, bring it to a very full erection.

"The art of my work," explained Bouche when Innocence's penis was as engorged as it had ever been, "is to bring the penis to its maximum point and to hold it there for as long a time as possible. And, my! You certainly are splendidly endowed!"

Innocence also needed to earn some money. Her sister's generosity was not sufficient for Innocence to stay in Brook for very long, and she didn't feel too enthusiastic about spending her time emptying latrines, preparing stews and attending the interminable meetings. There was no evidence of Purity returning yet, and Innocence felt she'd rather see a little more of Brook than just Sauterelle. She'd heard, for instance, of the snow-covered mountains of Les Grandes Petites, and wanted the opportunity to visit them. Bouche appreciated that and suggested to Innocence that she pose for her photographic studio. "They mostly only photograph men, but I'm sure

they'd make an exception in your case. And because you're so (let's face it!) unusual you'll probably get paid a better rate."

Innocence had more than a few reservations about being photographed by strangers and then to be viewed by many more strangers in their magazines and journals, but Bouche persuaded her that there really wasn't any pain involved.

"You don't have to spend more than a couple of hours in the studio. And it'll be more than worth your while."

Innocence walked with Bouche into the town of Sauterelle, feeling really very embarrassed with her penis dangling between her legs. She hated the attention it attracted as she walked by - some of it shock, some of it persistent curiosity and some of it people simply turning their heads to have a second look. She felt she'd been right to keep her assets well-hidden and resolved to return to wearing her shorts when she'd left the commune to see the rest of Brook. It sometimes occurred to her that one of the other reasons she was attracting attention was because of the extreme shortness of her hair which was still only a few days' growth.

The photographic studio was just above a shop in one of the main streets in Sauterelle and very well equipped in technical equipment. She didn't know the names of even a fraction of the machines she could see but nonetheless they were very impressive. The photographer was a small gay man who wore a beret over his shoulder-length hair and had a ring pierced through the foreskin of his long thin penis. He had a curious habit of tweaking and stroking his penis as he spoke but it gave no sign of having an independent life.

"So you're Innocence," the photographer smiled. "You even exceed the

description Bouche gave me of you! I really must take advantage of your kind offer. I've already cancelled two other engagements. And if need be, I'll cancel more." He took Innocence's balls in his hand and gently bounced them up and down as if weighing them. "And you're so very beautiful!"

The rest of the session took place in a room at the back involving a bewildering array of backdrops and in which countless lamps and cameras were pointed at Innocence. The pattern of each session was much the same - and the photographer insisted on several of these for which he offered ever more tempting sums of money. The photographer and Bouche chatted with Innocence on subjects of bizarre inconsequentiality, such as the weather, the football league or the design of a neighbour's shop-front. All the time, Bouche would stroke her penis and occasionally take it into her mouth as if waiting for a time when it was ready. Then, as if an invisible and inaudible signal had been transmitted, Bouche would start getting more energetic with her fellatio and the photographer would move towards his cameras talking all the time, but interjecting his patter with comments such as "That's right!", "You're doing fine!" and "It's coming on now!" As this happened, Bouche's skilled attention caused her penis to engorge to that almost bursting extent she'd succeeded in achieving at the commune.

Then Bouche would disengage her mouth and hands from Innocence's penis, but not her eyes, which she kept focused on Innocence's eyes in a way that communicated love, concern and encouragement. Innocence could see Bouche's value to the photographer as she stayed under the gaze of the photographer's rapidly shuttering camera with an erect penis that seemed to have lost all memory of what it



was like to be small. It stayed erect for what seemed like forever, while the photographer coaxed Innocence into different sitting and standing poses with a variety of backdrops he selected. Some of these backdrops featured bedrooms or other rooms in a house. Some of these were outside scenes of mountains, lakes or cities. Others were completely surreal - such as outer space, mythical countries or prehistoric environments. Sometimes Innocence would be asked to hold her penis forward in some triumphant pose. Sometimes to put a hand behind her stubbled head with a coy smile. Sometimes she was asked to put a finger in her anus and then to put it to her mouth or nose. Occasionally, Bouche would intervene to give Innocence's penis a little stroke or even to put the glans in her mouth to keep her member in a sufficient state of excitement.

The session would end, again decided by Bouche's and the photographer's experienced skill, with Bouche exciting Innocence's penis exactly to the point of coming and then Bouche would disappear out of camera shot as Innocence masturbated off the drops of semen that she could squeeze out of her. At this stage the photographer would come very close to the top of Innocence's penis to make sure of capturing the moment each stream of semen came free of her penis and spurt forth.

After each session, Innocence felt no less exhausted than Bouche and the photographer seemed to be, and quite happily collapsed on the bed that was made available with Bouche on one side and the photographer on the other, who recommenced his comforting prattle. Innocence felt somehow better for attracting so much attention to her body, but also felt that this wasn't an experience she'd like to repeat for a long time. Her balls ached in a curious way and there was a very strong

and rich smell given off by her genitals.

However, Innocence was delighted by the cash she received at the end of her day. It was far more than she'd expected and more than enough for her to leave the commune at Sauterelle and see Les Grandes Petites. That evening, when she headed back to her hammock at the commune after eating a hamburger and chips at a take-away, in preference to the lentil and bean mush she'd otherwise have to eat, she resolved to leave the following day unless Purity appeared.

And as Purity was as far away as ever, Innocence found herself several days later walking up the mountain passes of Les Grandes Petites. It was wonderful to get away from people! exclaimed Innocence to herself. It was a warm day, but even so she could feel a little cool draught coming down from the snowy peaks. She wore only the boots she'd bought at a mountaineering shop at the nearest resort and the rucksack over her shoulders in which she kept her other clothes, a flask of coffee and some sandwiches. It was with relief about a half hour earlier that she'd decided she was sufficiently isolated from anyone's curiosity to abandon the shorts she'd returned to wearing all the time since she'd left the commune at Sauterelle. It was curious to Innocence how her present nudity seemed to differ from that of the commune where it had almost been a religion rather than a preference. She wasn't too sorry to leave the commune, its tasteless food and uncomfortable sleeping arrangements, its overwhelming smell of body odour and bad breath. But it was with sadness that she'd left Bouche and she hoped that when she'd return that Purity would be there.

The mountains were beautiful. She always felt she was coming to the top of them but each time she reached the top of a ridge there was always another much

larger one looming over it. Sometimes she paused and sat on the coarse grass which intermingled with her pubic hairs watching the view of Brook stretching out beneath her with the inhabitants looking like tiny insects and their towns like insect nests. Occasionally, she paused that little bit longer to eat a ration of sandwiches, to read her guide book or simply to lie on her back in the sun-warmed stubbly grass and allow the sun to bake her breasts and groin. Perhaps, she thought, I'll lose all evidence of the whiteness that marks where I've worn my shorts.

The guide book she had was one which Bouche had lent her and was written by someone who had an ideological perspective on everything. Innocence found it a bit annoying that there seemed to be nothing about Brook and its landscape that didn't have a history of political struggle or a contemporary ideological resonance associated with it.

After a while, Innocence reached the object of her walk, which was to reach the glacier that marked the lowest altitude at which she could expect to meet snow. She walked up to the glacier and then gingerly trod into the crunchy slightly thawing snow. She felt the coolness of it on her ankles just over her boots. Then suddenly, with a curious passion and impulsiveness she threw herself bodily into the white crisp snow so she could feel it against her skin. She luxuriated in the snow as she rolled around in it, dripped it over her breasts and packed it against her groin. Her penis responded to the cold by shrivelling to ever such a tiny size. She felt it with her fingers. It was curiously warm as a contrast to the ice in which it had been dripped. This contrast was enough to stimulate it and soon her penis was as large as it had previously been small and she started unselfconsciously masturbating with her knees

sinking in the snow.

Not totally unselfconsciously though, as she suddenly noticed someone also with extremely short hair watching her from a rock just to the edge of the glacier. At first Innocence thought this might be some kind of mirage and she was looking at a mirror reflection of herself, as women with such very short hair were rather unusual in Brook unless they were nuns. But this girl had a very skinny body with tiny breasts just like Bouche.

“Don’t stop!” pleaded the girl when she noticed that Innocence had spotted her. “I’ve really enjoyed watching you! And you’ve got such a wonderful dick!”

Well really! thought Innocence. She wasn’t masturbating for this woman’s pleasure. Crossly Innocence picked herself up and waded through the snow away from her partially melted patch towards where she’d left her rucksack.

“Don’t go! Please!” pleaded the girl standing up.

She, like Innocence, was wearing only boots and a rucksack, but there was a glimmer shining from her crotch and nipples that really didn’t seem very natural. Innocence paused briefly, but then continued. Why did her days of solitude have to be disturbed so?

“You’re Innocence aren’t you?” shouted the girl. “I’ve heard so much about you!”

Innocence started. How did this total stranger know her? Was it those photographs she’d had taken of her? Had her freakish fame spread so far? The girl ran towards her, and Innocence could see further glimmerings from the brilliant sun through the ice-blue sky reflecting from what she could now identify as body

jewellery. And such a lot of it! Her ears seemed to be a mass of earrings. A ring through her nose. Great round rings through her nipples and a collection of shiny gold and silver metal attached around her groin. A woman clothed only in precious metal.

“I’m a friend of Mouse’s!” announced the girl. “My name’s Dodie! I knew you were in Brook. Your sister told Mouse about you leaving. I never expected to see you though! And you do have the most wonderful prick!”

Innocence stood by her rucksack on the grass looking bemusedly as Dodie herself stepped out of the snow and her brilliantly edged shadow obscured the few flowers surrounded by melted snow.

“It’s beautiful! I must touch it!” gasped Dodie, coming to within feet of Innocence. Dodie reached out her hand and took the round mass of Innocence’s testicles in her palm. “It feels so firm and sure! You must be the luckiest girl in the world!”

Innocence wasn’t sure that she felt like that, but she settled down in the grass next to Dodie and allowed her to put her arms around her and to caress her breasts and stimulate her penis. She’d had so many hands caress her that she somehow didn’t mind a couple more, even from someone who only knew her by report and whom she’d never heard of before.

“You’ve got Cafard’s classic guidebook!” exclaimed Dodie, suddenly taking one hand off Innocence’s penis and reaching for the guidebook Bouche had lent her which was lying just by Innocence’s sandwiches. “How wonderful! And I didn’t know you were at all political! But then Mouse wouldn’t know would she!”

Innocence reflected on the truth of that - Mouse hadn’t the slightest interest in

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political, social or ethical matters. However, Innocence wasn't especially marked for her political interests either.

"It's not mine, I'm afraid! I'm borrowing it!"

"Don't you find it puts Brook into perspective though?" remarked Dodie detaching her other hand from Innocence's left breast and used it to support the book on her lap. Innocence felt slightly discarded by this sudden change of Dodie's attention. Her attention was focused on the rings and studs embellishing Dodie's groin and hidden tantalisingly within the bush of her pubic hair. "People think of Brook as just being some kind of naturist holiday resort. A place where you can take your clothes off and fuck in public. But it's so much more than that! It's a whole history of political struggle for freedom. A struggle to retain its own distinctive identity in an unsympathetic nation."

Innocence's mind wandered as Dodie concentrated her thoughts on politics, and she let her gaze return to the hills. The political struggle wasn't there at the moment, she thought. What there was was the swerve and sweep of swifts, the song of birds hidden in trees, the ticking of cicadas in the distance and the shadows of the mountains etched against the deep blue of the sky. She gradually became aware of hands attaching themselves to her thighs. She looked down to see Dodie, who had taken off her boots, kneeling in front of her, resting a hand on each of her thighs, looking imploringly up at her.

"May I?" Dodie asked in a curiously submerged voice glancing pointedly at Innocence's penis. Innocence nodded. She stayed transfixed by the view while Dodie's mouth engaged itself on Innocence's penis with a passion that she'd not

experienced since she'd last made love to Mouse. Dodie wasn't as technically proficient at fellatio as Bouche, but there was no doubting her passion or the joy in which she licked up the semen that eventually came pumping forth and threatened to stain the scenery.

## IX

*In Which Innocence is restored to Purity; the beauty of Innocence is immortalised on film and Purity and Innocence are exposed to the virtues of great wealth and proportion.*

Dodie and Innocence were staying at different resorts on opposite sides of the mountain where they met, so, despite Dodie's entreaties that they stay together and further what she said was potentially a beautiful relationship, Innocence returned to her hotel room to spend a few more uneventful days in the shadows of Les Grandes Petites. She soon felt the need to return to the vegan commune in the hope that Purity would have returned. The thought of being with Purity once more filled Innocence with a warmth of expectation and desire.

When she returned, she carefully removed her clothes before coming within sight of the commune as she didn't wish to attract the approbation of the more fundamentalist commune members, although she was aware that the stares she got were no less pronounced than before. She felt nervous as she walked towards the main farmhouse, her penis shrivelled from anxiety and aware that although her hair had grown to nearly a centimetre in length it was still very short in the eyes of her company. She was delighted, though, when Purity hurried towards her smiling with her arms outstretched. In less than no time Purity's arms were around Innocence's naked body and they were kissing each other full and long.

"I'm so pleased you came here!" Purity exclaimed. She ran a hand down



Innocence's stomach from the hollowed recess of her navel, over the flatness of her stomach and to her penis. "And you can see that you have nothing to fear of being naked here! Isn't it so much nicer?"

Innocence let her eyes drop down to her waist where the whiteness of her skin around the groin clashed determinedly against the opaqueness of Purity's skin. She was very conscious of the lack of sun she'd allowed against her lower body and how untanned she seemed in contrast to the others.

Innocence enjoyed her stay at the commune much more now that Purity was there to share it with her. She and Purity slept in the same room and the same bed in the commune. At first she was alarmed that she would have to share the bed with two others: a fat woman with an unfortunate propensity to fart and belch for which she never apologised nor gave any warning, and a very skinny man with a very thin penis and a wispy apology for a beard.

Innocence soon found out more about the sexual ethics of the commune which she found she was expected to participate in. This was principally that one would never have exclusive partners - this was considered a great vice leading to jealousy and selfishness. And also one had to be very open about one's sexual behaviour and pay no attention to anyone else's presence when making love. This meant that at any moment and at any time Innocence would stumble across two or more people making love with each other making no allowance for the nuisance the flailing of their limbs or their ecstatic gasps would make. Another feature of the sexual ethics was that there was apparently no concept of aesthetic choice in whom one made love with - and most certainly gender, race and age were not to be used as grounds of discrimination either.

As a result, she often found Purity in the throes of lovemaking with the most unattractive people, and usually at some time in the night during, after or before Purity and she had made love together. She might be deep inside Purity, her bottom trembling with ecstasy, sweat clinging to her chest and Purity's vagina clasped tightly to her penis (Purity had quite a grip which she used to great erotic effect). Then Innocence would notice a hand grasp her testicles, or another tongue probe the entrance to her anus as her buttocks were gently parted, or see another penis appear in front of her face to be greedily gobbled by Purity. Sometimes there might be four or five people gathered around Purity and her participating in their activity with no prior invitation to do so.

Innocence knew that her attitudes towards sex were definitely not as liberated as they ought to be. She found some of the partners she made love to distinctly unattractive. They might be grossly obese with layers of fat around the top of their thighs and contrasting tiny hands or feet. They might be painfully thin with breasts more like fat sausages with hairy nipples at the end. There were penises that barely made any impression when erect - perhaps half an inch long and spurted uncontrollably and often into her face. There were those who made no effort to clean the shit from their bum after they'd excreted leaving unpleasant dried and sometimes moist brown faeces trailing between their cheeks. A common feature of members of the commune was their lack of physical attractiveness - Bouche and Purity were very prominent exceptions and this possibly explained their popularity as partners. This common feature was partly obscured by the curtains of hair over the face and shoulders, but not assisted in many cases by the untrimmed facial hair.

Innocence wasn't getting to enjoy the meals or the meetings any more. The meals were distinguishable only by the strength of the herbs and spices that were mixed in, sometimes so strong that however hungry she happened to be she was unable to digest the food at all. The meetings became, if anything, more tedious as she became more familiar with the topics of conversation. Frequently, in any case, she would find her attention diverted from the meeting as Purity or another person would start stimulating her penis or even suck it off in full view of everyone.

Purity was not one of those in the commune who spent most of her time working in the fields or cooking. She was one of those who went outside and worked in the community. She was almost openly dismissive of the majority of the commune who never ventured outside its grounds.

"They might as well be anywhere! Why bother to live in Sauterelle?" she would say.

Innocence was never completely sure what Purity did to earn money, although Purity never deliberately hid the source of it. It just seemed to differ every time. Sometimes she would earn money at a shop selling incense, tarot cards and joss-sticks. Sometimes at a market stall selling mystical books. Sometimes at record shops or factories or cleaning streets.

"I'm very resourceful!" she admitted.

When she was at the commune, she spent most of her time with Innocence but often she didn't come back leaving Innocence feeling lonely and friendless. Only Bouche would give her any great attention when Purity wasn't around. Somehow, Innocence's very obvious difference meant she could only be approached when she

was already occupied with Purity.

Bouche couldn't be around all the time of course, so often Innocence would help at the commune in peeling turnips, boiling carrots or tilling the soil with the wooden instruments that they made themselves and somehow preferred to those that could be bought at shops. Often she would sit in her room watching life go by through the window of her room. Sometimes, she would be watching people making love, but usually she just watched mundane activities and the games of the animals.

Because of the commune's disapproval of clothes, she felt nervous about venturing into Sauterelle where her penis attracted so much attention and which she couldn't hide. When she did venture, she would try her best to obscure it with her hands or a bag, but it was very uncomfortable to keep up her guard in this way. Her hair was growing longer though. She no longer looked like a nun but her hair was too untidy to make her look at all stylish. She viewed herself in shop mirrors (there were no mirrors at the commune as such vanity was discouraged) and longed to be allowed to style the awkward mass of inch-long hair.

"What you need to do," Purity advised Innocence, "is to earn some more money and work in the community."

"Doing what?" asked Innocence. "Photography?"

Purity smiled. "Why not?" She leant over to Bouche who was sharing the bed with them at that stage. "Any suggestions?"

"I might be able to help," Bouche answered, looking up from the fat short penis she'd been stroking. "I'll ask around."

Bouche's photographer friend didn't have any work at present. He was still

selling prints of the previous sets of pictures, but he said the pictures had generated a fair amount of interest. "Women so well endowed aren't that common even in Brook!" he explained. However, a day or so later Bouche was able to tell Innocence of work that both she and Purity could participate in.

"It's a film that someone's making about life in a small village or something," she explained. "Or is it about some court case. Anyway, they're very interested in incorporating Innocence in some scenes to add some extra interest. And also they want someone to help with the fuck scenes."

"I don't want to fuck in front of the camera!" gasped a horrified Innocence.

"No, not you," smiled Bouche. "It's the main star. She's black and she also doesn't want to be filmed fucking. So they want some black girl just for those scenes."

"Fucking in front of a camera never bothered me!" laughed Purity. "Anything for money. Within reason of course."

So the two girls accompanied Bouche to the set of the film which was in a small village, Escarbot, just outside Sauterelle. The director was a lanky tall gentleman who wore only a waistcoat and a shade over his eyes. He was very impressed by Innocence's appearance and was even more attracted by her cinematic potential when Bouche demonstrated that her penis was fully functioning. "It's a shame I'd never heard of you before," he commented, "otherwise I could have made a whole film around you. The most I can do at present is to get a scene or two written in which you're incorporated."

Innocence's appearance was indeed appropriate for the present film in that as a result of living in the commune she had a very rustic appearance about her.

Particularly with regard to her short unkempt hair and the tan she was developing from staying out in the sun so much. The role in which she was cast was essentially as a village eccentric. Originally, the village eccentric was to be eccentric by virtue of being an invalid.

“But that wasn’t very cinematic,” explained the director. “We wanted a character that was somehow odd. A leper. A village idiot. A eunuch. We considered lots of alternatives. But you’re just perfect. And sexy too!”

Innocence wasn’t required to do a great deal of acting as such. Her lines didn’t amount to very much and were certainly not too many for her to memorise. Mostly she was just filmed in positions that could be incorporated where appropriate in the film later. Great attention was paid to her penis to ensure that it was easily visible but not too blatantly so. Bouche’s skills were employed here to give it the right touch of tumescence that was required for the big screen.

Innocence enjoyed having make-up put on her - a thing that Purity was adamant on refusing for herself. She watched herself in the mirror as her face and body were touched up to suit the demands of the camera. She thought to herself that when she’d been paid for the film, the first thing she’d do would be to go to a beauty salon and get her hair cut properly. Here, the hair was trimmed only so much that it would look appropriately untrimmed but still cinematic.

Purity’s role was much more basic, and consequently she was able to avoid being made up. In the film, the lead character was a black woman who was married to a man in this small village where there was considerable racial prejudice. Part of the irony was that the black woman was not accepted into the community because of her

being different whereas the character played by Innocence who was no less different (and in fact probably a great deal more so) was. By some series of complications, this led to a court case and a tragic end to the film, but none of these scenes concerned either Purity or Innocence. These weren't to be filmed in the village of Escarbot and the sex scenes didn't involve the black actress.

The actress didn't blanch so much at the fellatio scenes - although the director pointed out that these would probably have been modified had she objected. So the filming of the sex scenes would continue with the male actor (or at least his member) getting quite excited as she slobbered about with his balls and his prick. Bouche was very dismissive of her technique.

"She'd never get a job like mine," she sniffed. "Look at the amount of wasted film there'll be. It's taken her nearly ten minutes to get it to that size! And I don't think she could she could get it any bigger!"

Then Purity would step into the fuck scene. The black actress would step to one side wiping her full lips clean of the taste of the male actor's penis. She would wander off to the changing room where she would clean her teeth to remove every last trace from her mouth. In the meantime, Purity would move into place in the film set and her film lover would insert his now erect penis into Purity's cunt. Purity and the actor would improvise the rest of the scene, which Purity would succeed in prolonging to at least ten minutes and several quite different positions. Purity was particularly keen on anal fuck scenes as she'd been told by the director that if they were included in the final cut it would increase her bonus, but she was sensitive enough not to reduce the standard vaginal shots to too few a number. While they were fucking, the

camera operators would run around taking shots of almost only the genitals from many different angles. They seemed to get dangerously close to the action, but Purity was sufficiently used to having sex in public not to appear in the slightest bit concerned.

“That was excellent, Darling!” exclaimed the director afterwards. He’d been watching the fucking through the monitors connected to the camera that was filming and by means of which he’d been co-ordinating the activity. “You’re a real professional! We’ve probably got enough material in that one shoot not to need to take it again! Ace! Brill!”

The director then explained how the footage would be incorporated into the film. The black actress would later be filmed with the actor feigning sex in various positions that fitted in with the penetration and ejaculation shots, and these would be intercut with the scenes with Purity. “No one will be any the wiser!” he said. “Nobody will be able to tell the difference between one black fanny and another!” However, he commented that the unshaved legs and the mass of hair on Purity’s head might complicate some of the shots. “Darling Papillon religiously shaves her legs, so we’ll have to carefully edit out any glimpse of yours, Darling. You’ve got delicious legs - absolutely super! - but the hairiness just won’t be right!”

Purity and Innocence lived together at the film set for several days and didn’t venture back to the commune at all. Bouche felt much more loyal to the commune and went back every evening. She complained that she was underworked, but not about the pay. Although there was a need for erect or slightly tumescent penises in the male cast, this was not for all scenes.



Most of the film had no sex content at all, and indeed the cast wore more clothes on set than off. The director admitted that the film could have been filmed almost anywhere in the country and there was nothing very special about Brook except that the liberalness of the environment meant that there had developed a very healthy pornographic film industry and consequently a lot of ancillary film services.

Innocence was delighted when she got paid. There was more than enough for her for a long time and she'd got a film credit as well! She'd definitely be looking forward to seeing herself and her penis on the large screen.

"All I'll see of myself is my cunt and arse!" sniffed Purity, who, although she'd earned less than half of what Innocence had earned (even with her anal sex bonus!), was pleased with what she'd got. The worry Innocence had related to returning to the commune.

"I don't think I want to go back!" she confessed.

"Why not?" wondered Purity who seemed genuinely concerned at parting from Innocence. Their time together in Escarbot had been passionate and very enjoyable.

"I don't like it. I don't like the food. I don't like the meetings. I don't like a lot of the people. And I don't like feeling like a freak!"

Purity seemed quite upset. "I'd no idea it was so bad!"

"It's you I love! Not the commune!"

At that, Innocence and Purity made a very tearful decision to part: Purity back to the commune, whilst Innocence resolved to return to her sister and her sister's lover. She felt that in their company she would be better accepted than anywhere else.

Purity admitted that she wasn't sure how long she intended staying with the

commune. "It's my life at the moment. It's not easy to leave!"

Innocence kept true to her earlier resolve. She returned to wearing shorts to hide her penis and went to a beauty parlour to have her hair cut and styled. When she left with tastefully applied rouge on her nipples and a blonde bob, she felt curiously liberated, but resolved to see more of Brook before returning to Chastity and Kedi.

Before she left Brook, Innocence arranged to meet Purity again for a last drink at a cafe bar in Sauterelle, known as the Rampant Lion, an occasion Innocence knew would be very sad.

"You will come and visit me?" she insisted of her black lover.

"And you'll come back to Sauterelle?" Purity responded.

The Rampant Lion was a place of glass, ivory and lush red velvet upholstery only half full of mostly young people who were without exception naked. Innocence, in fact, was the only one whose genitals were covered, but the shorts she was wearing were so tight that with the exception of the crotch her beautiful figure wasn't obscured at all. She had heard somewhere that in Brook there was no visible class distinction or any other kind because everyone was equally as bare, but Innocence no longer believed this. Purity very much stood apart and not just by virtue of her skin colour. No one else paid so little attention to the state of their hair or the hirsuteness of their limbs. No one else at this rather pricey retreat wore anything as basic as nothing on their feet. And everyone wore at least a bit of make-up - if only to highlight the nipples or to accentuate the toe or finger nails, or just to enliven the lips of their vaginas. Innocence felt obliged to go to the counter each time to buy the drinks so that

Purity wouldn't be embarrassed by any rudeness from the bar-staff.

Innocence was sat perched on the stool by the bar, with her reflection staring at her from both the mirror behind the bar and the one that covered the bar counter itself, waiting for the barmaid to finish serving another woman who seemed to be buying for a group of ten other women. They were probably office girls on their lunch break, but from the hoots and gales of laughter that erupted on occasion from their table Innocence wasn't sure that they weren't midday partygoers. Then she heard a girl who was between her and the one being served draw in her breath and give a soft whistle just below her voice. This was accompanied by "Would you ever believe that!" coming from the table of office-girls. Innocence turned her head to see what was attracting the attention.

It was a large well-built man, as unshaven and hairy as any of the men at the commune but with a red richness of hair that didn't look at all unkempt, but indeed rather grand and majestic. Like all the other patrons he was naked, except for the bag he was carrying over his shoulder, which he hoisted off as he made his way to the bar. It was not the attractiveness nor the hairiness of the man that was attracting so much attention, however, as the size of his limp penis dangling majestically between his legs. It was at least ten inches long over a pair of equally majestic testicles. Innocence had never seen anything like it. Her own penis was nothing like as large as that.

When the gentleman arrived, he was served directly before Innocence even though she'd been there first - but she didn't mind as it gave her more opportunity to examine his magnificent endowment. The girl who was standing next to Innocence started chatting idly with him. Innocence herself had finally got served and picked up

the two cocktails she'd ordered.

"Haven't I seen your photograph?" suddenly remarked the gentleman to Innocence.

She started. Did he mean the photographs taken by Bouche's photographer friend? That was always possible. "I don't know," Innocence answered slightly blushing. "Where might you have seen it?"

"At a friend's home," commented the gentleman in his deep voice. He frowned while trying to remember where it might have been.

"Was it in a magazine?"

"No, not a magazine. Although it wouldn't surprise me at all to discover that a beautiful woman such as you were a model. No, it was a photograph in a frame. Are you a friend of a woman called Une, by any chance?"

Innocence started. "Well yes I am."

She knew the photograph he meant and she also knew that it showed her totally naked with her penis on full display with Une in her white gown gently stroking it. So this gentleman knew her great secret!

"You must be Innocence. I've been told so much about you. My name's Leon. May I join you?"

"I'm with a friend," explained Innocence in a way that was more an invitation than a statement.

She and Leon walked up to the settee where Purity was sitting and looking terribly bored. She was flicking through the pages of a woman's magazine that was supplied by the cafe-bar containing recipes, knitting designs and pictures of men

with fully erect and slightly shiny penises. It was with such a page being open that Purity raised her head to virtual eye-level to Leon's penis and was instantly taken aback.

"My god!" she gasped, accepting the cocktail from Innocence's hand. "Is it real?"

"Is what real?" laughed the gentleman still standing while Innocence sat down next to Purity.

"Your prick. Is it real?"

Leon laughed and looked around the bar where other patrons averted their eyes guiltily. "Feel it and see!"

This Purity did without any shyness. "It's amazing. And exactly the right proportions. The weight of these balls." She weighed them in her palm and pinched one. It was almost the size of a snooker ball. "Does it work?"

"I'm not going to show you now whether it works or not," teased Leon, pulling a chair towards him and sitting down on it.

The conversation soon roamed away from Leon and his assets, and, although he gently hinted at his knowledge of Innocence's unique attributes it stayed, generally away from genitals altogether. Leon lived in Brook, partly, he said, because of the weather and the people, and partly because of the difficulty of finding a pair of trousers or underpants that were appropriate elsewhere. "I'd probably have to wear a kilt or toga otherwise!" he joked.

He'd not always lived in Brook, but it was here that he had started his business and although it had branches throughout the country it remained based there and so

did he.

When the evening ended, Leon invited the two girls back to his hotel room in Sauterelle which they were glad to do. It was a full suite in the Hotel Abeille with a beautiful view over the town of Sauterelle to the mountains and sea beyond. Innocence had never seen so much luxury before and was completely overawed, but not Purity who was in next to no time on top of Leon's penis sucking away at it. Innocence was alarmed as his penis stirred and grew and grew and grew yet more. The length of it was at least as long as Purity's arm from elbow to wrist.

"Have a taste!" invited Purity.

Shyly Innocence, still in her shorts, crawled over the silk sheets of Leon's bed and with a little temerity applied her lips to the underside of Leon's prick, which noticeably stirred. The two girls licked and sucked around the enormous mass of penis. Innocence put as much of it in her mouth as she could and that was barely the glans.

"Take off your shorts," suggested Leon. "I know what you have to offer!"

Innocence smiled shyly but undid the belt of her shorts and pulled down both shorts and the knickers underneath revealing her own very stiff and excited penis that nonetheless looked very small indeed compared to that of Leon. He bade Innocence to turn her body round and put her penis into his mouth while she and Purity continued to massage his. At one stage, Purity attempted to get some of it into her cunt but no more than seven or eight inches of it could get in her and it was clear to Innocence that although she was terribly excited and well juiced it was causing her a certain amount of pain. Tenderly Innocence eased Leon's penis out of her cunt and licked the

lips with her tongue.

When Leon came, it lasted several minutes as spurt followed spurt. There was so much semen stored and waiting to come out that it couldn't be relieved in just one go. Semen spread everywhere. Purity had a mouthful and Innocence too and still their bodies were covered in the sticky lubricating stuff, the sheets clearly stained. This stain was not alone because in amongst the spurts of Leon's semen Innocence's own also spurted free into Leon's mouth and trickled down Purity's face. Never in their lives had the two girls seen so much semen.

And then Leon's penis shrivelled gradually back to its original ten inches. But everyone was too exhausted to repeat the exercise. Innocence's mouth and jaw ached from the strain of putting such a large firm thing inside it. Purity's groin throbbed and ached and there was blood where some of her inside flesh had torn in the exercise. ("My second maidenhead!" she joked looking at the blood smeared on her hand.) Leon was the least exhausted of the three of them, but he made no attempt to re-initiate the lovemaking. Instead he tenderly kissed the two girls, told them that they could stay the rest of the night and that the bathroom facilities were theirs whenever they wanted to use them.

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## X

*In Which the virtues of Innocence are exposed to and enjoyed by the young and untutored; Innocence returns to Chastity carrying the pleasures of youth, which learns of the values of theatre and party-going; Chastity is introduced to the home of youth, where new and exciting ways of living are discovered.*

Zipper had never seen a woman with a willy before. Not that he'd not seen plenty of willies, and not just those of his friends. Although he was only eleven years old, he was quite an expert on willies. He'd sucked and licked so many of them - short fat ones, long thin ones, tiny ones smaller than his own, and of course exquisite perfectly proportioned ones like Innocence's. This knowledge and experience didn't come by chance of course. Like many of his friends, cocksucking was his sole source of income.

He had got very depressed and upset while living with his parents - the way they would tie him up and shove things up his bottom. They'd been doing it for years and some of the things they put up him were extremely uncomfortable. The worst was his own daddy's willy, but at least his daddy had given him practice in what proved to be a fairly useful skill for earning money. His mummy was just as bad, even though she didn't have a willy to stick inside him. His own willy was often as sore as his bottom after his parents had been playing their games with him, with little tooth marks and scratches all over his willy and bollocks. When he found that Bouncer, a friend of his, had parents who also played funny games like that, the two of them ran away



from home and lived in the streets where they lived by nicking things and begging.

However none of this really provided much of a living. Zipper couldn't buy toys or afford a telly or any computer games. However, he'd still managed to find a squat where he and his friend and four other children of the street were able to stay. The six of them all shared a large double bed - a mix of four boys and two girls. There was Zipper and his friend. Two of the others, Shitbum and Twat, were brother and sister and twins, but they always shared each other's willy or fanny. The twins were fourteen years old and the oldest of the six of them. The remaining boy, Toothpick, was thirteen and had lost a hand and some of his arm in an accident. The other girl, Annie, was very sweet, only eleven, and had a very bushy head of curly hair which obscured her face whenever she was sucking off Zipper or any of the other boys.

None of the children seemed to be making much money from nicking things, although they'd nicked a nice video player (but no television or video tapes). Then one day the twins came back with a lot of money. They'd made it by having sex with a really fat ugly man. Twat had been sitting in the park playing with herself as usual (which is why she'd got her name) when this man said he'd pay her five guineas to put his willy in her. Twat was not a pretty girl - very skinny with a long nose - but she reckoned this bloke didn't really care about appearances. She didn't want to be with the man by herself so she asked if her brother could accompany her. He agreed and even paid an extra five guineas for the two of them. It seemed a good scam. And it really didn't last very long.

Not very long afterwards, the two twins started selling themselves for sex on a

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regular basis - and this encouraged Zipper and Bouncer to do the same. Annie and Toothpick weren't too keen on it. Annie because she didn't want a willy inside her and she didn't want to put her lips on strange willies. "They'll taste funny!" And Toothpick thought it was all very horrid. Anyway, he made a lot more from begging than the others.

At first, Zipper found sucking, licking, tonguing and swallowing penises rather unpleasant - although there was a novelty value. They certainly did smell and taste very funny. Not at all as nice as Bouncer's or Toothpick's. Some were worse even than Shitbum who always seemed to get a bit of shit stuck in the hairs around his bottom. After a while, though, he got rather used to it. And it brought in a lot more money. The children didn't have to steal any more, and were able to buy a big colour television, a computer games console, a hi-fi and plenty of video and audio tapes and discs. They were even seriously thinking about moving out of the squat and renting a flat somewhere. After all, they were making more than enough in a single day to afford a flat for a whole month. They had all the sweets, pizzas and hamburgers they could want and the twins were even smoking cigarettes and drinking beer.

It was all very good fun, and the only penalty was getting a mouthful of spunk or a sore bottom. And Zipper had got worse than that from his parents without them paying him anything at all.

Zipper, Bouncer, Twat and Shitbum found that the best place to get business was in the park, near the children's swings and not too far from the public toilets. A lot of men and sometimes women would go there to meet friends for sex in the toilets or just to stare lasciviously at the children playing on the swings and slides.

“Lick Your Prick! A Guinea!” Zipper would advertise whenever anyone went buy. He might also say “Suck Your Cock!” or “Your Dick! My Throat! A Guinea!”

He charged a guinea for every willy he put to his mouth, and five guineas for every time a customer put their willy into his bottom. “Up The Arse! Five Guineas!” he’d offer if the customer looked potentially interested. He envied Twat having a fanny as well as a bottom. Not only did she get more custom than he or the other boys got, she could also charge a sort of in-between price of three guineas for her fanny.

“It doesn’t hurt like the arse does,” she explained. “So I charge less!”

The four children dressed up for their customers as they worked out what customers liked. Twat and Shitbum both dressed the same in dresses that were short enough so that they could flash their willy or fanny. They had long hair which they tied in plaits and wore white socks and shoes. Bouncer wore shorts and a shirt with a tie with short socks and laced-up shoes, but contrasted his boyish looks with thick girlish make-up. Zipper didn’t wear anything except necklaces, bracelets, bangles, rings, belts and other bits of jewellery he found, and he grew his blond hair long and straight. He knew that it was difficult for anyone to tell if he was a girl or boy until they came quite close and could see his willy.

They usually took their customers to some bushes in the park where they could get on with it without fear of interruption. Zipper might lie down on his front or pull his legs up to display his arse if it was a five guinea job, but otherwise it would just involve kneeling down in front of the customer’s trousers, taking out their willy and getting it big and then let all the spunk go either onto his chest or onto the customer’s trousers depending on how much he liked the customer. Of course the

tricks were negotiable. Sometimes Bouncer would join Zipper with a customer and sometimes Twat and Shitbum (though sometimes the twins offered to wee and pooh as well for the customers and Zipper didn't like that at all). Sometimes, and for double, the customer would take Zipper into his car or to his own home. Overnight sex always cost the customer at least twenty-five guineas. Only very rarely did a customer ever go back to Zipper's squat.

One exception was Innocence. Zipper didn't even imagine she'd be a potential customer. This very beautiful girl wearing a blouse and very brief shorts with that sun-tanned look that people often got when they'd just been visiting nearby Brook was sitting on a park bench watching the children play with a rucksack on her lap. Zipper quite fancied her. He often wished that he'd get more women customers. He didn't really fancy Twat, although she was very good at sucking him off, and Annie's fanny was too small for Zipper or any of the other boys to get their willies in comfortably. He sat on the park bench next to Innocence and eyed her up. Coool! It'd be lovely to stick my willy in you! he thought.

He spotted a potential customer. A man in his late forties in a leather jacket who'd passed Bouncer and his lustful wink with a very guilty expression.

"Lick Your Dick! Only a Guinea!"

The man stopped and faced Zipper. "What did you say?"

"A Guinea for a Wet Willy! Five Guineas for a Tight Fit in the Rear Pocket!"

Zipper advertised cheerfully with a welcoming smile running his tongue over his lips and fingering his willy.

"Well I never did!" the man said appearing shocked and looking at Innocence

with a look of disgust. He then hurried off. Zipper laughed as he went away, and then blushed as he noticed Innocence staring at him.

“Is that what you do for a living?” she asked.

“Yes,” cheerfully assented Zipper. “In the mouth. Up the back.” He looked down at Innocence’s breasts. “I do women too! Cut price!”

“I’m not sure I really want to,” said Innocence, but not looking too sure of herself.

It was in this way, however, that Zipper persuaded himself to take Innocence back to the squat. In fact, he offered Innocence an overnight session for only a guinea. He must be an idiot! he thought. On the other hand, the women he’d done it for in the past had been really very old and he’d not enjoyed doing it at all. It was good they didn’t really expect his willy to get very big at all, otherwise he might not have got paid. But with Innocence, his willy was swelling most embarrassingly and brushing against the jewellery around his waist long before they got back to the squat.

Annie was lying in bed in just bed-socks watching a cartoon on television when they arrived, but she courteously made space for Innocence and Zipper, and carried on watching while Innocence shyly took off her clothes. It was at this stage that Zipper got a shock and had to interrupt Annie from her cartoon to show her. This was a woman with a willy. And not a made-up pretend woman. A real woman with proper bosoms, slender at the waist and wider round the hips. Annie couldn’t really see what Zipper was fussed about. “So! It’s only a willy like you’ve got!” And she returned to her cartoon.

“What do I do?” wondered Zipper, fingering his willy. “You haven’t got a

fanny for me to stick it in.”

“What you do with most of your customers,” laughed Innocence. “That’s all I want!”

And that indeed was all that Zipper could do. And it was a real willy, too. Not pretend. Innocence didn’t take it off to show a fanny underneath and real spunk came out of it which tasted just like real spunk. And when Innocence went to the toilet she stood up just like a man and wee came out of it. Zipper was pleased at that moment that Twat wasn’t there because she’d have put her mouth out to intercept the flow and find out if that also tasted like normal wee.

The following morning, Zipper couldn’t bear to be parted from Innocence although he gratefully accepted the ten guineas she’d paid him. Making love with a woman with a willy must be his destiny he thought. Never before had his lovemaking been so passionate and genuine. Not even when his mother was at her most tender and affectionate had there been anything to compare with the strength of his feelings at that moment.

“I must come with you!” he pleaded. “Wherever you’re going!”

Innocence told him that she was on her way to Wonderground where her sister, Chastity, and her sister’s lover, Kedi, were sharing a flat. This was miles away and would involve quite a long railway train ride.

“That sounds fun!” said Zipper who’d never done very much travelling in his life. Indeed, the most he’d had was when he’d been on a seaside holiday with his parents, and his abiding memory of that was getting sand up his backside, down his throat and between his teeth.

“But what about your friends?” asked Innocence.

“They’ll be alright!” Said Zipper, but already missing them.

Indeed, it was a very tearful goodbye later that day to Twat, Shitbum, Bouncer, Annie and Toothpick. One which soon became an extended love session with Innocence participating. Making love in such numbers wasn’t at all unusual for the children - Toothpick particularly enjoyed them as he didn’t get as much sex as the others otherwise - but it was the first time that someone else had joined in. Twat particularly liked closing her fanny over Innocence’s willy. “Oooh! It’s so firm and hard!” she exclaimed delightedly.

When the train arrived in Wonderground, Innocence pointed out the fashions that dominated which were very bright and colourful. Both men and women were wearing smocks or dresses which came just above the crotch which was always shaved off and frequently had the cleavage low enough to display all the breasts. The fashions were definitely more sexy than those Zipper was used to. It occurred to him that it would be quite difficult to dress in a way that was sufficiently sexually provocative to excite custom in this district. Everyone wore plastic jewellery and had multicoloured dayglo make-up. The hair was very long and straight - often lower than the buttocks which would otherwise be on show. Zipper’s hair was quite appropriate for this district and he was looking forward to removing the shorts, shirt and cap he’d put on over his jewellery for the journey. Innocence’s hair, however, was decidedly very short - covering only half of her ears and just brushing the nape of her neck.

When Innocence and Zipper reached Chastity’s flat, it was neither her sister

nor Kedi that opened the door for them, but a girl with waist-length hair wearing only a tee-shirt which barely reached to her belly-button and hardly contained her round full breasts which flopped loose around inside.

“Mouse!” exclaimed Innocence. “What are you doing here?”

“My mum kicked me out,” the girl explained. “But I’m so pleased to see you! And just who is your delightful little friend?”

Mouse, so Zipper soon discovered, was thoroughly besotted by Innocence. She was forever grasping her penis, whether or not she had any knickers or other clothes on. Innocence seemed fairly attracted to Mouse, and it soon became clear to Zipper that the two were reviving a once-passionate affair which seemed to entail considerable and extensive lovemaking.

Not that Zipper was at all excluded, as Mouse couldn’t bear to be parted from him either, so they made a kind of threesome. Mouse had a kind of obsession with children and she often asked Zipper if he could bring his friends along so that she could make love to them as well. Mouse’s passion for Zipper suited him as it gave him more practice and experience with vaginal sex than he’d ever had. Although his willy was still small, and, unlike his customers or even Shitbum or Toothpick, totally hairless, he was beginning to get more predictable erections and once or twice he was able to release spunk like he’d seen so many other times, if in much smaller quantities.

Zipper enjoyed lying astride Mouse’s substantial thighs, his willy as deep inside her as it could go and with his face in her lovely round and cushion-comfy breasts. At other times, he would have his willy in her mouth with Innocence’s willy



thumping away inside Mouse and hands gripping on Mouse's shoulders. He was able then to relish the difference a longer and more flexible grownup's tongue could do with a willy. It was more pleasurable than even what Annie could do. Other times, Zipper's willy would be in Mouse's arsehole - the smaller hole - while simultaneously Innocence would be humping away at Mouse's larger hole at the front while Mouse would be shrieking and shouting in an ecstasy that echoed throughout the whole flat and, no doubt, adjacent ones.

Mouse was an actress and she was preparing for a children's play which she confessed involved considerably less sex than most of her plays. "The only bit in the play at all is when I suck off a lucky boy in the audience, and that's just to demonstrate an educational point about something or other." Mouse still found that sufficient excuse for practising the scene over and over again with Zipper. "Thanks to you," she said, "I'll be expert by the time I have to perform."

Mouse showed a fascinated Zipper promotional photographs of other plays she'd performed in, many of them showing her in positions of either being fucked or sucking off someone else. Zipper didn't know a great deal about theatre, although Mouse promised to take him with Innocence to see a few plays that were on locally. He wasn't convinced that he'd especially enjoy them as they looked rather heavy-going. The only aspect he thought he'd enjoy at all was the sex scenes, but he was put off by the way that Mouse justified them on grounds of their artistic value.

The plays that Zipper did like the pictures of were ones like *Midsummer Night's Dream* in which Mouse played a naked Titania who seemed to be being fucked by someone pretending to be a donkey. All around were lots of naked children

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who were miming that they were wanking themselves. There was another called Peter Pan in which Mouse was playing a girl called Wendy who was making love to another girl, but one who was actually supposed to be a boy, the Peter Pan of the play's title. Although this other girl had smallish breasts, she wasn't doing much pretending to be a boy. Shitbum did a better job at pretending to be a girl than this Peter Pan was of being a boy. They weren't even using one of those plastic willies that Chastity occasionally used on Kedi. Another play that Zipper quite liked the look of was Toad of Toad Hall, where everyone was dressed as an animal. Mouse was playing a character called Rat, though why they couldn't find a man to play this part Zipper couldn't say. There was a curious scene where lots of characters wearing animal heads were having an on-stage orgy in a country-side scene.

The other two people in the flat were Chastity and Kedi, who occasionally joined in the lovemaking with Mouse and Innocence, but for the most part stayed together. There were two bedrooms in the flat: the one where Innocence's sister and her lover slept, and the other where Zipper slept with Mouse and Innocence. Zipper quite liked the holiday from making money, as there seemed to be everything in the flat that he needed. No more sucking cocks! he thought. Except for Innocence's, of course. Not that it would be that easy to get into the swing of doing business in a strange area.

He wasn't sure what he thought of Wonderground. There seemed to be a lot more sex available for sale or for free than he was used to (which was probably bad for business). He got used to not attracting any attention from his ambisexual appearance, and developed an interest in going to the cinema where they

were showing some very brightly coloured films with song and dance and a tendency for almost any activity to degenerate into an excuse for either sex or a song. There was a curious tendency in the films to show black people like Kedi as people from another planet endowed with curious sexual facilities and an appetite for sex much greater than anyone else.

This might be true for all Zipper knew, because before meeting Kedi he'd not met many black people before and certainly not had sex with any of them. It certainly seemed true that almost all the prostitutes Zipper saw - many as young as or younger than himself - who advertised their trade openly in the shopping precincts or in the theatre district, were black. Perhaps they did sex better than anyone else. From his experience with Kedi, he was sure they were good, but not that much better from Innocence, Mouse or Chastity. He felt embarrassed to admit his professional interest in this, but for the moment he certainly didn't feel like competing.

Being a child had its disadvantages Zipper realised, and one of these was that there were so many things that he wasn't allowed to do because he was considered too young. So, when Mouse persuaded Innocence and her sister to come with her to see a play that was classified as for Adults Only, Zipper was made to feel very much left out. The play they were seeing starred a friend of Mouse's who was quite adept at having more than one willy in her pussy at one time, and the theme of the play indeed concentrated on precisely this talent. This, however, wasn't why it was an Adults Only production. The reason was the promise of audience participation, which Chastity was looking forward to with almost obscene speculation. "I've heard that one of the actor's is almost eleven inches long," she said, rubbing her hands together.

Zipper was left with Kedi in the living room watching some cartoons. Zipper couldn't concentrate at all, even though it showed Huggy Bear being buggered by Florence the China Doll with a carrot. He was bored. He had got used to having sex with Innocence and Mouse, and although Kedi promised him a bit of sex if he was good, one person - well! it wasn't the same at all! Kedi sat there, naked as always, looking a little put out by Zipper's sullen mood. Then suddenly the telephone rang. Kedi jumped up extremely promptly - Zipper guessed that perhaps Huggy Bear cartoons weren't something she'd usually choose to watch. Zipper surreptitiously watched Kedi on the phone from the corner of his eyes. He didn't want to betray too much interest.

When Kedi returned, she told Zipper that she'd been invited to a party. Well, not just her but all the girls from the flat. She said she'd go, but only if Zipper could come, and now she wanted to know what Zipper wanted to do. Zipper hadn't been to very many parties in his life, so he wasn't too sure what to say. It must be better than staying in, he thought, so he agreed, and ran up to his bedroom to put on his new jewellery and some eye-liner. The parties he'd been to when he'd lived with his parents had been of two kinds. One was where he had been invited to birthday parties by his school-friends, and this usually meant an orgy of jelly, sweets and toys. The other sort were the ones he was taken to by his parents. In these parties, there was generally an orgy of quite a different sort, and he'd often be at the centre of it together with any other children there. He'd hated those parties. It would be days later until his bottom would recover and he could poo properly again.

The party wasn't too far at all from the flat, so Kedi and Zipper were able to

walk there. It had been raining recently, but this didn't persuade Kedi to put on any shoes, so as she walked along her black feet got rather smeared with brown. Zipper knew when they were almost at the party because he could hear a throbbing and thundering of music and could see couples making love in the streets surrounding the house. It was clear which house was hosting the party from all the activity and noise around it and the fact that the front door was wide open. The only invitation card that the two needed, however, was the bottle of wine that Kedi had taken out of the fridge before they'd left.

When the two went through the front door, Zipper felt that he was suddenly thrown into a world of total confusion. Everywhere seemed to be lined by people leaning against the walls, holding paper cups or cans of beer and, in many cases, with cigarettes and other similar things in their other hands. Where were they supposed to go? Kedi seemed to know the way, and guided Zipper to a kitchen where she left the bottle of wine and poured out some other wine into a paper cup.

"Do you want some?" she asked with her incredibly broad grin that so often reduced Zipper to awkward horniness.

Zipper assented and from then on the evening took on a very hazy non-focused appearance. He wasn't sure where he was or what he was doing. Sometimes he was with Kedi and sometimes very passionately so. He distinctly remembered her being on her back on the sofa with other people dancing around them and his little penis pushing in and out of her. He also recalled Kedi's toothful mouth around his little penis while the two were queuing up for the toilet. He also remembered the location shifting from room to room and up and down the stairs. Sometimes he was talking

with different people and sometimes making love to them. There was at least one occasion where he allowed a male guest to enter his backside, but this was fairly brief and the man didn't come at all - at least not over him.

There was then a period of lucidity, when Zipper found himself lying on the slightly damp grass in the back garden just by a small puddle of fresh smelling vomit which he could only assume he was responsible for. He ran his slightly sore tongue over his lips and was astonished to find a very peculiar taste on them. He put the back of his hand to them to find a red mark left behind. Blood! he wondered. No, he reasoned. Lipstick! At one stage he'd supplemented the eye-liner with lipstick, with which he'd also decorated his nipples.

"Are you alright?" he heard Kedi's voice ask from somewhere. Zipper looked around, and then focused on a very concerned looking Kedi who was arm-in-arm with a slim fifteen year old girl also wearing no clothes.

Zipper smiled bravely. "Nothing that another beer couldn't cure."

He was then steered back indoors for more alcohol, some drug which he had to sniff through a guinea note and, not long after, more sex with Kedi and this girl that Kedi had somehow picked up. He gradually became aware as his senses somehow became sharper and more intense that Kedi, her new friend and he were not the only ones making love. The carpet where they were lying, slightly scattered with puddles of beer and the odd cigarette ash and peanut, was also taking the weight of ten, twenty, he didn't know how many, people who were making love with each other in two-somes, three-somes, and then, as the evening progressed and the music played became slower and more mysterious, one amorphous mass of groaning body with mysterious

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smells and lots of sticky secretions. Zipper could only tell who he was making love to by virtue of the fact that Kedi was black and nobody else was.

Using this guide to activity, Zipper knew that more often than not it was Kedi who he was fucking, and she who more than anyone else would put his penis into her mouth. However, he fucked several men and was fucked by them, together with several women. It was impossible to say how long the orgy lasted, but after a while Zipper felt a pain in his lower regions totally unattributable to sex and rather more to do with the beer he'd drunk. Somehow, he disengaged his willy from the back side it was in (male or female he didn't know or care!) and pulled himself free from the intertwining limbs. Then, when he'd staggered to his feet, he had a disinterested aspect of a writhing mass of mostly white flesh and staggered into the garden for a wee, because he couldn't quite work out where the toilet might be.

The garden was lit mostly by the light from the living room and, except for a couple lying naked and spreadeagled on the grass was quite empty. Zipper weed on the flower-beds, wobbling backwards and forwards with a certain degree of instability. He then wandered back with a curious feeling of disoriented bravado.

"Guinea a Fuck!" he announced as he wandered back into the living room where the orgy was continuing with slightly slacking enthusiasm. "Guinea a Fuck!"

Zipper didn't know quite how it happened, but before the party finished and he and Kedi went home he'd become the star attraction of the party. Everyone, women and men, queued up to either fuck him or be fucked by him. He didn't know where he'd got the sexual energy from or why his willy stayed so stiff for so long, but he did. How he got home, he couldn't remember, but the soreness of his bumhole lasted for

an incredibly long time. He had so much spunk inside him, he was still finding traces of it on his turds a week later. He had bruises all over his inner thighs and he'd somehow got a black eye.

It was daylight when Kedi tucked Zipper into bed and gave him a tender kiss on his willy. Zipper didn't want Kedi to go and grabbed her by the arm as she turned to go.

"You're not wanting to make more love, do you?" wondered Kedi.

Zipper shook his head. He'd had enough of that! But he wanted a cuddle. And so it was, that Kedi came into Zipper's bed and the two slept together with Kedi's arms around Zipper, and his arms around her waist and his face buried in her breasts.

Chastity didn't seem to mind at all that somehow Zipper had transferred his affections from Innocence and Mouse to Kedi, and was now spending rather more time in bed with Chastity and Kedi than formerly. Chastity seemed to actually rather enjoy watching Zipper fucking Kedi, and masturbated furiously to it. After a while it seemed quite natural for Chastity to join in with the two. She seemed to be especially fascinated by Zipper's willy. She would put the whole of it, bollocks as well, deep into her mouth and run her tongue over its hairless length.

"It's so delightfully small!" She'd comment. Zipper wasn't at all sure that this was a compliment. He'd much rather have a fully grown one like Innocence. Then he'd get a much tighter fit when he was inside Kedi or Chastity. He'd seen the passion that Innocence was able to inspire with her full-sized willy, as it rubbed against the girls' clitorises and pistoned in and out. Chastity, however, seemed to be getting obsessed by Zipper's younger childish body.



“Oooh! I’d love to make love to more people like you!” she’d say.

Zipper wasn’t sure what the obstacle to this was. There were plenty of child prostitutes about. They were admittedly black and he was white, but judging from Chastity’s passion for Kedi colour was not an obstacle. Perhaps the difference was paying for it. Half of Zipper was becoming aware that he was now giving it away for free and the other half was becoming aware that he didn’t have as much money as he used to. He was also beginning to miss his friends. People like Kedi, Innocence, Mouse and Chastity were all very nice and they made sure he didn’t go hungry, but they were all grownups. Zipper didn’t know anyone in Wonderground of his own age, and he didn’t want to go to school, which was the best place, he knew, for meeting such people.

“I’m going back home to my friends!” he announced to Kedi and Chastity one day.

Most of the girls were sad to hear that he was going - especially Mouse who particularly appreciated making love to Zipper and had been very put out when he started sleeping in the other bed. “Why can’t you stay?” she implored.

Chastity’s reaction was quite different. “Can I come too?” she asked.

“Why?” wondered Zipper. “Won’t you miss Kedi?”

“Only for a couple of days,” explained Chastity. “But I so want to meet your friends.”

Zipper agreed, and in any case he was a little frightened of travelling by himself. When the train that Chastity and Zipper were in had left Wonderground, Zipper realised how much he’d missed being away. Fashions were back to normal,

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and Chastity suddenly looked quite ridiculous with her tits dangling on the outside of her ankle-length skirt and with her waist-length hair with a hair-band to stop it falling over her face. However, at least she'd had the sense to keep her crotch hidden, as Zipper reflected when he became aware of the genital-free area he was in. He was hiding his own willy under a pair of baggy shorts, but he realised his appearance was still attracting far more attention than it had for a long time.

Old habits don't die, and before Zipper had disembarked from the train he'd earned a couple of guineas by giving blow-jobs to men who seemed more interested in him than most. He told Chastity about these encounters in the men's toilets and she seemed extremely interested in the details.

"So why do you think fat men's willies smell different?" she'd ask. Or "What's the best flavour toothpaste to take the taste away?"

Zipper's friends were pleased to see him again, and were curious about his new friend. "Has she got a willy too?" Twat asked. She was disappointed to find that Chastity was just an ordinary girl in that respect, and she thought the way Chastity dressed was quite hilarious. Shitbum wanted to know if Chastity liked eating shit and was also disappointed to find that having wee on her face was the nearest excretory vice to that she'd contemplate. Annie liked Chastity's long hair. Bouncer said he only liked men or women with willies. But Toothpick was excited because he especially looked forward to some sex with an older person. Except for Innocence, he'd hardly ever fucked older people at all, and it was a treat he could barely wait for.

Toothpick's particular talent in sex was the stump that he had instead of a hand, and this was put to particular use with Chastity's spacious and welcoming

fanny. Chastity lay back and relished his entry right up to elbow. And then all six children were making love to her. Zipper was astonished by the volume of noise that she was making as she gasped and shouted out her ecstasy. Most of his clients hardly made very much noise at all. But then he wasn't sure whether they really enjoyed it that much.

Chastity didn't seem to want to stop making love. She lay in the bed long after the session finished and kept seducing others to come into bed with her. She seemed particularly keen on Annie. She licked Annie's hairless fanny with her tongue and pushed as much of it inside of her as she could manage. Annie also seemed to enjoy it. She complained that the boys were always too rough and that Twat's nose kept dribbling on her thighs. Chastity, however, was clearly much more practised at making love and her skills translated themselves into more passion from Annie than any of the children had ever witnessed before.

Twat and Shitbum soon lost their original reservations about Chastity and they gradually initiated her into their slightly more adventurous and rather more smelly games. Although Chastity was soon complaining (like everyone else!) of the horrible taste of the shit stuck to Shitbum's pubic hair, she seemed to enjoy the sessions on the rubber sheet that the other children insisted should be laid on the bed before the twins started crapping or weeing on it.

Zipper soon returned to his favourite spot in the park. He was actually enjoying it rather less than he used to. Somehow, this kind of sexual servicing really didn't appeal even as much as it used to. He'd got too used to doing it when he wanted. Bouncer had had much the same thought - even though he was now saying

he really enjoyed it. “Men are so much better!” he’d say. Zipper wondered what that must mean, because Bouncer seemed to enjoy his sex sessions with Chastity just as much as he did, whereas he never enjoyed sucking men’s willies or having them inside him nearly as much. However, Bouncer had started buying drugs with the proceeds of his clients and was now selling them. Zipper was quite interested to discover how much profit could be made. The more you bought and sold, the more money you made.

“It’s about 50%!” boasted Bouncer.

This must be the way to go! considered Zipper who was beginning to be more sure of the different effects of the different drugs. And it’s something you can do indoors when it was raining! And your bum doesn’t get so sore!

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## XI

*In Which Mouse appreciates Innocence and her thespian ambitions in equal measure; her performances help Kedi otherwise wedded to Chastity; but she affirms greater affection for the virtues of Innocence than those of Chastity.*

Mouse was passionately in love with Innocence, with a passion that burst through her tee-shirt and swelled her breasts. She could hardly bear to be parted a moment from her side. She loved putting Innocence's gorgeous penis deep inside her mouth and letting it brush against her tonsils. She loved holding it in her hand and feeling it gradually grow from a tiny little acorn to a giant oak in less than a minute. She loved having it deep inside her cunt, while holding tightly onto the frame of the bed, and pushing as hard as she could against it to force it to go as far inside as it possibly could.

She missed the departure of Zipper with Chastity. She'd always enjoyed sex with children. There was something about the slenderness of their hips, the delicacy of their limbs, the androgynous flatness of the chests and the hairlessness of their crotches that made her feel very hot. She just wanted to engulf her face in their crotches. But making love with Innocence was a full-time occupation. How could someone with such a perfect female body have such a perfect penis and at the same time be such a passionate lover? It really exhausted her!

She hoped it didn't affect her work as an actress. In rehearsals, she'd have to make love two or three times an hour and sometimes in extremely awkward positions.

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It was quite irritating sometimes that she'd have to accept frequent coitus interruptus as the director would demand that she and whoever she was with (and there were often more than one) should repeat a particular routine in a different way. "I don't think it's totally appropriate for you to bugger Mouse in the first act. It may be appropriate in the last scene, but I think no anal yet." Or he might say: "A little less crotch and more oral, Mouse, lovie!" Or "There's something wrong with this scene. Perhaps if you did it doggy style. And you'd better keep that scarf out of the way. Fling it off if you must!"

After all the rehearsals and when the play was on stage though, Mouse didn't seem to notice the strain of frequent sex at all. She might already be pretty exhausted from an hour or two of sex with Innocence when she arrived at the theatre. She may still have trickles of semen down her legs coming out of her vagina at irregular intervals. But once she was in her role, she was totally lost in her character. All she thought about was fitting her sexual behaviour to her part and her lines.

Recently, Mouse had mostly been working on sex farces, which involved rather more sexual partners than in most plays compensated by rather shorter sessions. Most sex farces like *Keep Your Trousers Up*, *Wave Your Willy*, *More Sex Please* and *Oh Bangkok!* started with a sex scene, followed by an embarrassment where partners revealed their sexual jealousy, then a sequence of partner-swapping scenes and then usually concluding with an orgy involving all the cast. Mouse had built up a good reputation, and often took the lead female role, - or one of the several lead roles. Sometimes the role demanded lesbianism and it was soon recognised that Mouse had a particular appetite and aptitude for these scenes. This only increased her bankable

value on most productions.

Early in her career, however, her penchant for children had almost terminated it. It was one thing to masturbate children on stage - this was recognised as being quite healthy and educational for children. It was another thing to take up a relationship with the leading child star especially if it was the director's child. However, Mouse's career was saved by her volunteering to share the child with the director and by accepting a rather unpopular role in a production of *Titus Andronicus* which required that she get beaten quite brutally on stage every night. The bruises on her face and the whiplashes and blood on her back were, however, she thought, an acceptable penalty to pay for continuing her thespian ambitions.

When Mouse was on stage she would sometimes look out at the audience at the men and women who were transfixed by her lovemaking. She enjoyed the sounds of the audience's gasps as she put an actor's erect penis all the way down her throat. She loved pulling out things like letters, documents or weapons from inside her vagina when the role demanded it and watching the audience's eyes widen as it emerged. "Here are the documents which the king demanded!" she would announce when the plastic bag containing them was only halfway out.

Not all the parts gave her much pleasure though. A production of *The Toilet Lovers*, a farce about people with excretion fixations involved her peeing and shitting on stage and then pretending to eat the turds of a fellow actor as he also shat on stage. Much of this was actually faked, as neither she nor anyone else had the required bowel control (nor the stomach for the smell and taste of it), but she was so thoroughly into the role that she could almost imagine the grossness of it.

She was currently appearing in a production of Henry IV, where she played a whore of hitherto unsuspected significance in the lives of not only the future Henry V but of Falstaff. Mouse loved wearing the costume of this whore, which was apparently quite authentic fourteenth century, being nothing at all except a cloak to cover her in the streets. The costume designer had apparently done a lot of research into the subject and had come to the conclusion that fourteenth century whores lived in a world which so totally accepted nudity that whores had no choice but to remain naked all the time to attract any custom. However she had to wear very thick make-up to make her face totally white and her eyebrows were shaved off which gave her a quite startled aspect.

This looked especially strange when she was not at work. The fashion now had moved to quite long dresses with a slit right up from the ankle to the elastic waist which was hoisted just below the breasts which were meant to be as full and voluptuous and unrestricted as possible. The only jewellery she wore was an ethnic bracelet, and she wore platform shoes that made her seem much taller than she was. She was proud of her long hair, despite the pain it sometimes caused her when she accidentally sat on it. This contrasted quite dramatically with Innocence's hair which was now straight and reached just over her collar. But then after being bald, Innocence had a long way to go until her hair was as long as it had been when Mouse first met her.

Innocence had become quite a frequent theatre-goer, - principally of course just to see Mouse. As Mouse's recognised girlfriend, she didn't have to pay the entrance fee and, simply sat in whichever seats were still unsold or, if they were all



sold, she'd sit in the aisle in her long dress and her own beautiful breasts on display. Mouse loved catching a glimpse of Innocence in the audience and loved to acknowledge her encouraging smiles or her occasional waves.

The most demanding aspect of her performance in Henry IV was having to make love not once but three times to Falstaff. Mouse didn't mind so much making love to Prince Hal. The actor playing him was quite good and considerate at sex. He knew how sore a girl's cunt could get and was able to make allowances for it. He also appreciated how difficult it could sometimes be to utter your lines while you were taking deep intakes of breath in your lovemaking. The actor playing Falstaff wasn't so considerate, even in the scene where Prince Hal and Falstaff joined together in an orgy with all the other Cheapside characters. It was probably inevitable that an actor chosen to play a fat, slovenly, boastful and cowardly character such as Falstaff should have some of the characteristics himself. Mouse didn't appreciate having a mouthful of his bad breath, gin-smell and cigar-smoke as Falstaff's tongue went deep inside her mouth. She didn't like the smell of his farts which always erupted just before he was about to ejaculate. And she especially didn't like trying to gasp out her lines while his bulk collapsed on her substantially smaller body.

Innocence was aware of all this, and showered Mouse with kisses after the performance when she'd taken off her make-up and wiped off the semen from her crotch and mouth with a handkerchief. After the performance, the two would often rush off to a night-club not so much for the dancing and drugs, but more as a way for Mouse to work off her discomfort. She was definitely looking forward to the end of the run for Henry IV. The next play to be performed, however, was very likely

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going to be *The Tempest*. She hoped that the role of Caliban wouldn't be played by the same character as was playing Falstaff. Even if he was though, the sex scene with Caliban came very early in the play and was thankfully rather brief. Most of the time, the naked Miranda made love with only a Ferdinand shipwrecked naked on the island, although the naked Ariel indulged in a bit of oral sex with her. *The Tempest* was famous as a play of almost total nudity, where only Prospero seemed capable of retaining more than the most tenuous grip on clothing.

Mouse was quite pleased with her body, and had no reservations about displaying it on stage. However, her full breasts which were sometimes an asset, especially for the viewing advantage of people in the rear seats, did mean that certain roles that demanded actresses of fairly flat breasts were forever denied her, such as *Peter Pan*, *Prince Charming* and *Joan of Arc*.

Mouse wasn't the only performer sharing the flat with Innocence and her sister. Kedi also made a living on stage, but in a very different capacity to Mouse. Her performances were, in any case, on a regular work routine according to a peculiar shift rota with some opportunity for overtime. She was working at a sex show where for half an hour every two hours or so she would take the stage to perform her act which was of her own design and varied only according to the time of day or the day of the week. She no longer needed to make a living by masturbating in the street - and indeed more liberal employment laws regarding ethnic employment now meant that she could actually earn more through regular employment than she'd used to earn from a day on the street.

Mouse and Innocence often went out with Chastity to see Kedi's act at the

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Teddy Bear, - partly to keep Chastity company but partly because as friends of one of the star turns the girls usually got all their drinks free. The atmosphere of the Teddy Bear was totally different from the Queen Elizabeth Theatre. For a start, most people were only partly engaged in the performance. Many would continue their conversations irrespective of what was happening on stage - a rudeness that Mouse could never have borne herself. There you are, baring your soul and usually a great deal more, and being treated like wallpaper! The other main difference is that instead of being lined up in rows with all eyes directed towards the stage, the seating here was around tables where the clients would be drinking wine or beer and sometimes eating, and the music continued almost constantly. Only occasionally did an act require very much in the way of dialogue or monologue, and generally the music was only broken by the compère - one of a series of fat men with very loud suits and greasy long hair - to announce the next act.

“From the darkest Jungles! From the lands of Cannibals, Tigers and Giraffes! Away from the Steaming Cauldrons and the Teeming Starvation Camps! We have our very own Jungle Bunny! Our own Royal Coon! Princess Pussy!”

Kedi's stage title was indeed *Princess Pussy*, and she was in the very privileged position of being the only black artiste in a club where the others were either white or oriental. Generally, black sex performers had to work at the seedier clubs like the Black Cock or the Red Windmill or the Deep Throat Kitten. In those places, as Mouse had found out, all the acts were black (although not many of the audience were) and the acts often included potential or pretend self-mutilation. The girls and the men in those establishments were required to perform to a high degree of

sexual humiliation, and men in the audience were often invited to come on stage to fuck the performers or even to piss on them. Princess Pussy's act, however, was nothing as coarse as that.

As an actress, Mouse had a great deal of respect for Kedi's act. She knew how difficult it was to put so many such large things inside her cunt and to produce them with the correct theatrical relish. She also appreciated the problems of keeping some of them in there after her Chocolate Sandwich routine, which meant being fucked by two white men at once, and still have them ready to pull out afterwards. Half an hour is a long time to continue a sex act, and to provide sufficient variety to keep the act going. And also providing enough interest after the other acts which had already sated most of the audience's appetite for watching fucking, masturbating, buggery, oral sex or audience participation. Kedi didn't even, as some turns did, enliven her act with a monologue to focus interest more fully.

The art of Kedi's act, Mouse was sure, was to broadcast her broad grin at all stages which somehow made it all seem much more enjoyable than it might have been. She kept her grin going even after inserting her finger all the way up her anus, withdrawing it and licking it. Mouse knew from experience that this often didn't taste at all nice however good your personal hygiene, and to do that so often required a stomach that Mouse wasn't sure she had.

When Henry IV finished, the Queen Elizabeth Theatre was closed by the Local Council for a couple of weeks for redecoration, and in that time Mouse had an enforced unpaid holiday in which neither she nor anyone else could even begin rehearsals for the next production - which indeed was going to be *The Tempest*, and

in which Mouse was definitely taking the role of Miranda. As expected the actor who played Falstaff was going to play Caliban in this production, but she was pleased to find that the one who'd played Prince Hal was going to take on the role of Ferdinand. But in the meantime, Mouse found herself in a kind of acting hiatus.

"I feel so empty when I'm not performing!" she complained while sitting in the living room with Kedi and Innocence.

"If you are liking, I'll bring you into my act at the Teddy Bear," suggested Kedi. "Are you wanting that?"

Mouse wasn't sure. Sex shows weren't theatre, however much skill they involved. "Do you think I'd be any good at it?"

"I have saw you many times at the theatre," Kedi remarked. "I am certain that you will be perfect."

Mouse was still unconvinced, but she sat with Kedi and discussed what sort of things she could do that would be suitable for an act with Princess Pussy. They determined that they would have a double lesbian act, and would replace the Chocolate Sandwich routine with Mouse and Kedi using a double-ended dildo in each other's cunt simultaneously. It would also rest Kedi's anus which had got a bit painful after being penetrated at least four times every day. Mouse wasn't too sure that she fancied having things pulled out of her cunt of quite the dimensions that Kedi did, but she was shown the techniques that were used to make it more comfortable. For instance, the yards of coloured ribbon that she pulled out early in her act was in fact stored in a matchbox, which she would surreptitiously replace with others during the act when the lights dimmed.

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The two discussed the Saturday night Princess Pussy act which was an hour long and involved audience participation. Kedi demonstrated that the art was to stretch out the oral section with the members of the audience and then get them to come as quickly as possible inside them. With the two of them, it would be possible to restrict the numbers of guest participants to less than five in the half hour allocated.

Mouse was more nervous than she'd ever been on stage before when she appeared with Kedi as Princess Pussy and the Clitoris Cat. Her role involved her contrasting Kedi's total nudity by dressing in a theatrical cat-mask with whiskers (also very much in contrast to her name) and putting a long furry tail deep inside her anus. Otherwise she wore nothing except a collar round her neck that Kedi attached to a chain.

Their act extended on Kedi's own, with a little twist relying on preserving the fantasy of Mouse being a cat. Part of this involved Kedi pulling at the tail that Mouse had rolled up in her arse which served to not only show that it was in her anus but illustrated it being of a rather improbable length. Mouse found herself genuinely enjoying the sex with Kedi. It was not often that stage sex gave her genuine pleasure, but Kedi was a friend and an occasional lover and this meant that she showed a tenderness that most of her co-stars were not really capable of. As the two of them leaned back on their shoulders with the double-ended dildo (all twenty-four inches of it!) deep inside the two of them, Mouse couldn't help but look out at the table where Innocence and Chastity were sitting.

There they were, holding hands together and wishing the best for their respective lovers. Mouse smiled to herself, and then in a sudden spasm of real passion

she arched herself onto Kedi, causing the dildo to pop out suddenly in the abrupt motion and showered Kedi with kisses. Kedi started and flashed an expression of real annoyance. Mouse smiled apologetically. She then returned to her previous position, forcing the dildo up her much moistened cunt and returned to her exertions with renewed vigour as if the unscripted action hadn't happened at all. It didn't do to be making love for yourself. As a professional, you had to think of the pleasure of the audience. Not your own pleasure. Even if the two did sometimes coexist.

Mouse wasn't sure what her real feelings were towards Chastity, although she'd often made love with her, along with everyone else. She was a much more demanding lover than the other two girls - certainly more so than Innocence - and not nearly as tender towards her. However, when Chastity mentioned an opportunity to make love with a child, Mouse's interest perked up quite considerably. As a result of her experience with Zipper and his friends, Chastity had developed quite a passion for children - but opportunities didn't really happen that often. However, at the moment she was working at a shop in a stately home and had struck up a friendship with one of the black cleaning-women - all the menial jobs were done by black women - who had a young eleven year old daughter. Chastity had been working on this woman, Fare, for long time and at long last she'd arranged to have an evening at her place with her daughter, Ayi.

Mouse was immediately suspicious. "How do you know there'll be any sex?"

"My relationship with Fare hasn't been totally innocent."

"I mean with Ayi..."

"Fare knows what to expect."

“But does Ayi?” wondered Mouse, but Chastity wasn’t going to elaborate. She wasn’t a girl not to share her pleasures with her friends though, which was why she’d mentioned it to Mouse. Innocence apparently wasn’t too keen on the idea.

“She’s a bit of a prude, really!” Chastity commented. “I blame it on that bloody convent.”

Kedi had also declined, and gave no reason, but Mouse got the feeling that she somehow disapproved of Chastity’s scheming with her work-mates. Perhaps she felt, as Mouse did but didn’t really care, that in some way Fare and Ayi were being manipulated by Chastity.

Certainly, Chastity insisted that the two girls dress somewhat more conservatively than they would normally do. Rather more like she would dress at the Stately Home - covering both her crotch and breasts with a simple smock-like dress and wearing tidy little sandals. Fare’s home was in a poor quarter of the town, which was badly lit by street-lamps and with streets prominently littered with ancient and broken-down cars. Her home was a flat in a quite narrow terrace, with a front door patched up by cardboard and no evidence of having been painted for a very long time.

There was no response to the door-bell, and Mouse was feeling quite nervous as she stood on this strange door-step watching shadowy black figures go by. Despite her love and affection for Kedi, she still had a kind of prejudice for black people that was quite common throughout Wonderground, despite all the recent reforms. She still feared these foreboding black figures.

“I reckon the door-bell’s out of order!” commented Chastity who started banging the letter-box.



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This seemed to work far better, and soon there was a hurrying sound as a light came on in the hall-way and a dark shadow started fumbling with a complex of locks and keys. Then the door opened and a small black woman - shorter even than Mouse - in her late thirties wearing an apron and a quite smart but rather faded dress stood in front of them. She grinned in a way that was reminiscent of Kedi, but otherwise had a somewhat less prepossessing or dominant appearance. In comparison to Fare, it was obvious why Kedi was such an exceptional and attractive woman.

She was very friendly, however, and giggled in a quite girlish way after Chastity greeted her with a very deep kiss that plunged straight down her throat and clearly took her by surprise. She blushed in a way that was still visible through her very dark skin, and fussed rather unnecessarily with her apron.

“You must being Mouse,” she said looking at her.

Mouse nodded feeling very embarrassed, but appreciated nonetheless the way in which Fare had obviously worked to make her poky little flat look as attractive as possible. There were many cheap posters on the slightly faded and stained wallpaper, probably to cover the worst stains. The furniture was sparse and battered, and the floor was covered by a montage of carpets and rugs. In the corner of the room however, and sitting very quietly and looking very apprehensive, was a little girl in a very innocent school-girl outfit. Mouse looked towards her and smiled welcomingly. Very shyly and quite briefly, the girl responded in kind.

“This is my daughter, Ayi,” Fare said very proudly. “I hope you will being kind to her. She have never been touched before.”

“Don’t you worry, Fare,” said Chastity, kissing her full on the mouth. “Mouse

is an expert at this sort of thing. Aren't you?"

Mouse frowned apprehensively at this statement. What was Chastity up to?

"Now, take your clothes off, Fare," advised Chastity, "and be patient while Mouse initiates your daughter." Mouse raised an eyebrow quizzically. "Go on, Mouse, show how the young are initiated in our culture. Show Fare how natural it is."

Fare smiled sadly at Mouse, while she took her clothes off and stood naked in front of Chastity who remained clothed. Mouse was still unsure what was expected of her. There was clearly some deception going on, using Fare's ignorance of local custom. She was feeling extremely sorry for Fare and her little daughter, being victims of such blatant manipulation.

She walked over to Ayi, who, probably from prompting from her mother behind Mouse, stood up from the chair where she'd been sitting and looked up pensively at Mouse. The next thing to do, felt Mouse, was to get to a less threatening position, so she knelt down in front of Ayi, so that the little girl was taller than her. "Where shall I begin?" she asked herself. She turned her head round to look at Chastity for guidance, and felt almost shocked to see her already running her tongue over Fare's naked black body and forcing her fingers up her vagina. Ayi was looking as apprehensively at her mother and her lover as she was at Mouse.

"It's alright, Ayi dear," said Mouse in the practised voice of one who'd seduced younger girls before - although not in such settings before.

She put her fingers to the top button of Ayi's blouse and felt a spasm of fear run through her small body. Mouse leant forward and gave Ayi a tender kiss on the lips, and then proceeded to undo more buttons. Slowly, and with frequent

tender caresses and kisses, Mouse undid all Ayi's clothes, revealing the young painfully slender and smooth black body beneath. Eventually she had all Ayi's clothes off, and the girl was standing naked in front of her still looking very nervous.

Stage two, thought Mouse, in her experienced way, as she relished the beauty of the child's body. She then concentrated her tongue around the top of the thighs and her flat stomach, gradually working towards the girl's crotch. She then gradually guided the naked child back onto a sofa so that she could be in a more comfortable position. Gradually, and with coaxing, the girl became more relaxed and even seemed to begin enjoying herself. Stage three came next, Mouse said to herself, as the caressing and kissing became more physical and active. Ayi started gasping with a new-found set of physical feelings she'd never had before.

What Mouse hadn't suspected was that there'd be a further stage after bringing herself to orgasm - which rather frightened the girl who was not used to the full-throated cries of an aroused woman nor of the peculiar thrusting body movements and spasms - and bringing Ayi as close to arousal as it was possible for a girl of that age to come. This further stage was when she found herself joined in the lovemaking by Chastity. She flashed an inquisitive and slightly angry glance at Chastity.

"Is this really right?" she whispered, as Ayi trembled under the new unaccustomed intensity of sexual arousal.

Chastity smiled at Mouse in a way that seemed both smug and dispassionate. "I don't think Fare would complain, do you?"

Mouse turned her head round to see why this might be so, and saw that Chastity had somehow tied Ayi's mother up with ropes to a chair, with her hands

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tied behind it, her legs to the chair-legs, a handkerchief tied around her mouth and head, and her crotch wide open with what looked like a carrot protruding out of her vagina. Mouse didn't want to alarm Ayi, but she felt very unsure of herself. Still keeping her hands stroking Ayi's tender little bottom, Mouse put her mouth to Chastity's ear.

"Did she consent?"

Mouse suddenly felt one of Chastity's fingers enter her own vagina.

"Shh! Lover. Don't worry about her. She's enjoying every minute of it!"

Chastity's reassurance put Mouse in an uneasy and, she felt, self-deceiving state of acceptance, which allowed her to go along with Chastity's games. These involved pursuing rather more vigorous sex with Ayi than she might otherwise have considered. She was quite aware that the girl would feel a lot of discomfort and possibly pain around her crotch and anus, and even the mouth, which Chastity kissed rather vigorously. Although the child had got rather intoxicated on their lovemaking she'd soon see things a little differently later.

The games the girls played with Fare must have required a lot of consent on her behalf, Mouse felt. She pretended to herself that Chastity had arranged this before, but significantly she didn't feel inclined to take the handkerchief out of Fare's mouth. Fare was entered and entertained in many devious ways, until Chastity felt she was sufficiently exhausted and freed her from her ropes. Although, Fare seemed uncomplaining afterwards, there was a somewhat troubled expression on her face, and not a little haste as she guided the two girls out of the front door.

"Do you think she'll invite us back?" laughed an indefatigable Chastity as they

left.

Mouse didn't say anything, and wasn't sure at this stage if she even liked Chastity at all. However, she *was* Innocence's sister.

## XII

*In Which Kedi discovers an innocence quite unlike the Innocence she knows so well; Innocence learns that the virtues of her name can contain elements of ignorance; and Mouse achieves success in her audition.*

Null was a girl driven entirely by sexual passion. But an undirected, random and indiscriminate sexual passion. She was forever in a state of sexual readiness, constantly dripping with passion, and constantly aching to have her vagina filled with sexual satisfaction. She was a slender girl with a bush of wild uncombed shoulder-length hair and nothing else. Clothes didn't remain on her long enough to be called her own, and all attempts made to keep make-up or jewellery on her was wasted. All she ever wore was a ring pierced through the top of her vagina, above the clitoris, where a chain could be connected to restrain her from attacking any potential candidate for sex. Most of the time, she would sit in a state of torpor, occasionally stroking her crotch or massaging her breasts, but when a man, a woman or a child came by she suddenly became rampant, and would, where there were no restraints, throw herself physically on that person and attempt to have sex with them.

When Null was introduced to Kedi, she was chained up with her ankles to her wrists, looking very sorry for herself in the corner of a night-club room. The owner of the Teddy Bear had bought her, or at least signed a contract for her services, in the hope that she would make a good act. Unfortunately for him, she was untrainable, she couldn't speak a word or even, seemingly, understand any, and when released from

her chains, simply launched herself in an uncoordinated fashion on the first thing she saw. This happened to be on stage, when the **Sex Machine**, as her stage act was known as, was unleashed. There was no build-up, as the proprietor had hoped. No gentle masturbation or even a routine of sexual advance. She had been brought on stage where she'd been actively rubbing her clitoris, clearly excited at the prospect of attention. Her keeper, a small man in his late forties, unchained her with her face to the audience. When released, however, she sprang straight off the stage onto a table where a young couple were sitting, clearly more interested in each other than anyone else, and started molesting the two of them. With no preparation, she pulled off the already modest dress she was wearing and started grasping at the crotches of the man and the woman, groaning in a full-throated and quite frightening way.

It had been difficult to restrain Null, as everyone who touched her was instantly the focus of her sexual attention, as she pulled penises out of their trousers, and unbuttoned blouses. Initially, there was an amusement value but this became somewhat diminished as the struggle to restrain the girl began to resemble that of controlling an escaped animal. Kedi heard of this embarrassing evening, and how it convinced the proprietor that Null wasn't a suitable act for his place. Perhaps at the Bird Cage or the Revue Bar, or other coloured establishments, an uncontrolled beast like Null would be better suited, but her act would be all audience participation and no showmanship at all.

Kedi knew that the proprietor was offering Null to her because she was black and that he had the peculiar idea that black people were somehow better than white people in coping with such naked sexuality, but it was more out of a sense of

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sympathy for the girl that she'd accepted. She couldn't help feeling sorry for Null, seeing her chained there with her bushy brown hair falling over her face but not obscuring her manic hungry stare and the tongue that lasciviously brushed across her lips as she eyed Kedi watching her.

It was not easy for Kedi to take Null back with her to the flat she shared with her lover, Chastity, and with Innocence and her lover, Mouse. Even in Wonderground, a certain degree of modesty was required. It was all right for someone like Kedi to walk about naked. She was after all, black, and somehow this was considered more acceptable. It was another matter to take around Null, who seemed to forever have her hands stroking her vagina, anus or breasts, and couldn't be trusted to keep her clothes on for any length of time at all. Her hands still had to be manacled together, and a chain was attached to her cunt-ring to a lead which Kedi would hold. The reason for the cunt-ring, Kedi was told, was that Null was much more responsive to a tug about her crotch than anywhere else, and thus much more co-operative.

Null was a girl much adapted for sex. She had had so much sex in her life that her vagina had become quite hardened to it, and she seemed to produce lubricants from inside her at a terrifyingly consistent rate. Her stamina for sex was of record-breaking proportions. The proprietor had found to his cost that Null had no sense of when to stop. When she was released for sex with him and immediately jumped on top of him and within seconds had stimulated his penis and pushed it inside her, he had thought that he was on to a good thing. After more than an hour later, when he was thoroughly exhausted and she seemed as fresh and hungry as when they had started, he felt somewhat out of his depth.



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Kedi gingerly led Null through the streets by her lead. She wore a single white robe, with her wrists manacled, as well as the lead Kedi held, attached to the cunt-ring. Null followed behind, with her eyes wildly roving and blowing kisses and making lewd gestures with her tongue at people passing by. When the two got onto seats on a train, Kedi securely held onto Null's hands which given any opportunity would either burrow deep inside her dress to her cunt or wander to Kedi's own cunt. On one occasion, she let her eyes drop down to see that Null had somehow pulled up her dress to above her waist, had her legs wide open and swivelled her mousy-brown and slightly worn crotch at the young seven-year old girl opposite. While Kedi bent over to pull Null's dress down to her knees, she could feel Null's teeth nibbling at the back of her neck, and the tongue wandering along to her ear. This felt quite pleasant, so Kedi allowed this to continue. This was a mistake, because the next thing was that Null got out of her seat and pushed her self against Kedi on her seat groaning loudly and gutturally as she pushed her crotch hard against Kedi's own.

After Kedi had settled Null down, and thought that perhaps she had nothing more to worry about, she relaxed by looking at the advertisements on the train above other passenger's heads. These were for such things as condoms - showing a woman putting one over a man's erect penis with the slogan **For a Firmer Fuller Fit** - and cigarettes, which were bizarrely as full of sexual content as the one for condoms. Kedi's eyes dropped down to the level of those of the passengers opposite and noticed that the old woman and the young boy opposite were staring across at Null with what looked like appalled voyeurism. Kedi turned her head to see the object of their stares, which was Null who had bent her head over and was fellating another boy, in his early

teens, who was clearly enjoying it from the size of his penis. With an apology to the boy, she pulled Null up, and took the two of them along to another seat in a different part of the train.

On the way down the corridor, however, it was necessary for Kedi and Null to squeeze past a tall man standing by the doors and it even startled Kedi when Null suddenly dropped onto the floor in front of the man, pulled his trousers down with her teeth and started sucking and licking his penis which, rather predictably, swelled at the unexpected attention. Kedi pulled Null up by her hair, hoping that the action wouldn't cause her to bite the penis off, and bundled the girl off to the end carriage. It was there that she resolved that the best strategy was to restrain her as forcefully as she could, which she did by securing her to her waist and allowing Null to lick and kiss her face all over. It was, therefore, with relief that Kedi was able to bundle Null out of the train eventually with her face stinging from a coating of saliva, and then to march her to her flat.

Null was not generally curious of the environment she was in. She'd been in many and in several different countries, but she'd never really thought about anything other than sex, and where she'd next be getting a fuck from. She loved the strong forceful way by which Kedi handled her and she looked forward to being able to have full sex with her. On the walk down the green leafy suburban streets of Wonderground, Null held passionately onto Kedi, allowing her dress to ride up as high as it could to feel Kedi's smooth black thighs against her own. She felt constantly driven to throw herself bodily against Kedi and luxuriate in her beautiful tall firm body. It was only when Kedi had pushed open the door of the modest flat she shared

that Null was at last able to achieve her ambition. At last, her advances on Kedi were not repelled and she pushed the tall black girl onto the sofa and the two were making love.

Null wasn't very able to compare the quality of her sexual experiences, but had she been able to she'd have known that this was amongst the best, particularly when two other girls, a shorter one and one almost as tall as Kedi - Mouse and Chastity - joined in, and she found herself the centre of attention of three women. She'd often had group sex before - though normally with men and usually with penises in every orifice, but what was lacking in quantity was being compensated to a certain extent by quality.

Innocence came as a surprise to Null. Even she had come to associate a woman's body with a cunt and a man's body with a penis. But here was a woman's body with a penis. And what a penis! Null leaned over Innocence's body licking her thighs with a long practised tongue and watching the swelling as she eased herself closer and closer towards it. She then took Innocence's testicles into her mouth and ran her tongue round and round them, watching with fascination as Innocence's penis swelled and grew and swelled in a curious upright contrast to the round-thighed, smooth-skinned, flat-stomached, full-breasted woman's body it was attached to.

Null put her lips to the glans at the end of Innocence's penis, with the foreskin pulled back as far and as tight as it could go. She then gradually eased her mouth over it and then pushed the whole of it deep and deep down into her throat, while the throbbing sexual urge between her thighs grew and grew. And then it couldn't be contained any longer, as she pulled Innocence's fully erect penis out of her mouth, and

in two or three swift manoeuvres she had it firmly inside her cunt. Her eyes swelled with satisfaction, and she gasped with a frightening intensity as it pushed as deep inside her as it could.

Then, sitting astride Innocence, she looked down on the beautiful woman's body beneath her, with her straight hair grown just to her shoulders, her round breasts with pink full nipples, the slender waist and her beautiful full lips. She stared into Innocence's eyes which projected a compassion and intelligence she couldn't really understand, but also a lust and sexual urge that she understood fully. It was this latter she loved, and which drove her to push her body up and down with fierce rhythmic thrusts and an urgency she rarely felt as strongly, until her inevitable orgasms came.

Null always orgasmed. She orgasmed several times each day, not necessarily from sex with other people but just from the passion of her own masturbation. But this time her orgasms came with a strength and ferocity that frightened even her. Where was it coming from? Her eyes burst into spontaneous tears as she thrust and thrust at Innocence's beautiful body. And, in the meantime, she pushed her middle finger deep inside her anus to add to the thrusts of Innocence's prick which she could feel against the tip of her finger through the internal membrane.

Then, she had to do it, she pulled Innocence's still erect penis out of her vagina and thrust it deep inside her anus. For a few minutes this went on while she used her fingers to part her vagina and thrust them deep inside the front of her and exercised her clitoris. And then came an explosion of orgasm. Greater than that before. And in the midst of it, she felt Innocence release herself. Quickly, she pulled

Innocence's penis out of her backside, and while the semen was still pumping out, she put her mouth around it, - ignoring the traces of shit and blood that had attached itself to it - and released it into her throat. Her favourite food was semen - and woman's semen was a feast she could never miss

Fortunately for Null, Mouse didn't appear to mind too much that her bed with Innocence was now often shared with a rampant sex machine - although if she'd had the wit to understand, she would have become aware that Innocence was becoming a little exhausted and frankly tired of Null's incessant craving for sex.

It was while Innocence's penis was deep inside her anus while her hands were grasping the headrest at the top of the bed that Mouse returned looking thoroughly exhausted herself. Her hair, now cut very short in a boyish style was sticking up and out in all directions and the jacket she wore had its buttons done up slightly out of sequence. These days, Mouse adopted a very business-woman appearance, with frequent visits to the barbers to keep her hair a tidy short-back-and-sides and a neat jacket or blazer that almost, but not quite, covered her shaven crotch. She had taken to wearing stockings and stilettos - but on this instance she was completely bare-legged.

"How did the auditions go?" wondered Innocence, withdrawing her penis from Null's rear end and signalling her to resist.

Mouse smiled triumphantly. "It was hard work - but I got through!"

She had just been auditioning for the lead part in a prestigious musical, which would take her touring around the world, and would instantly propel her into the aristocracy of sex actresses. This musical combined music and song, drama and comedy, sex and more sex. It was in fact a musical version of Anne of Green

Gables, where Mouse would be playing Anne and would distinctly relish the sex scenes with school children.

Mouse settled down on the end of the bed and idly stroked Null, who was being restrained by the chain tied to her cunt-ring and with the end looped around Innocence's wrist.

"How hard were the auditions?" Mouse's lover wondered.

Mouse leaned towards Innocence and kissed her tenderly on the lips. "Very very hard!" she elaborated.

In fact, as Mouse explained, the tiring aspect was to have to perform so many demanding sex acts in front of people she'd never met before with people whom she'd also never met - and certainly had never fucked - before. And she had had to do that with a degree of enthusiasm and professionalism that had to be greater than that which she would more normally need to achieve.

The first part of the exercise was simply to determine how well Mouse could continue to act while having sex with a single partner. Her partner in this case was a man who was himself being auditioned. Her task was to convincingly recite her lines, - which she'd had the opportunity to practise at home, - while being fucked from under her and at the same time bring her partner to a climax at the appropriate point. Then at that point - and neither earlier nor later - she would take her partner's penis level to her face and have him ejaculate into her mouth. She knew that a lot depended on the skill of her partner to curb his ejaculation until the right moment, as well as on her skill to assist this process. As it happened, her partner ejaculated too soon, while Mouse was completing her speech and positioning herself to take the final act.

Semen splattered all over her breasts and covered her lipsticked nipples. Mouse however managed to ad-lib sufficiently well at this stage to make it appear that this might not have been an accident.

She had obviously done quite well enough at this stage, because she was then invited to a more formal interview. Here - like other candidates - she rushed to the lavatories to straighten her clothes, pull on her stockings, apply make-up and lipstick to her face, breasts and cunt, and run a comb through her hair. She then carefully buttoned her jacket and waited anxiously with others in the anteroom. She spent a little time reading the various Stage and Theatre magazines and examining the other candidates who were both competitors and potential future colleagues. Like her, they were dressed in their smartest - or in ways that they felt put themselves at their best advantage. One slim girl with a gorgeously boyish face, that Mouse was aching to have sex with in the auditions, was dressed in a pair of thick-soled boots, a short unbuttoned leather jacket and nothing else. She hadn't shaved her vulva, which was a gloriously abundant bush through which Mouse caught a glimpse of some gold jewellery.

The formal interview was one where Mouse felt she'd excelled. She carefully arranged her legs so that her cunt was shown to its best advantage, and unbuttoned enough of her jacket to emphasise the voluptuousness of her bust. The interviewing panel consisted of the director, the producer and a short girl with glasses and long, bushy hair that obscured most of her face and most of her body. They asked her the usual questions about her experience, her acting qualifications and what she knew about the production. At the end, they informed her that she was invited to be amongst

those who would be judged on their sexual abilities after the formal interviews.

This was to be in the afternoon, so Mouse was free to spend time by herself, which she did by looking around the clothes shops in the vicinity of the theatre where the auditions taking place. It was with some anxiety that she noticed that the girl with the boots and leather jacket was also invited back for the sex tests. The tests were on three areas of sexual expertise - which were fairly standard - being anal, same-sex and group categories. When Mouse came back, she carefully stripped herself - putting her stockings into her jacket pocket - and positioned herself with the other naked candidates at the side of the stage, waiting for her turn. She made a point of sitting next to the girl who had worn a leather jacket - and was now revealing a tattoo of a naked child on her shoulder - in the hope that she would have her same-sex audition with her.

The sexual audition ordeal took several hours. The first exercise was fairly short - being essentially the anal sex. The candidates were examined by a doctor first for their suitability - and one man with piles failed at that stage. Then each candidate had a greased dildo eased up their anus, while their clitoris or penis was stimulated. This was clearly an opportunity for acting - where some candidates made rather too much of an effort to demonstrate their arousal at anal entry. Mouse was no different of course. When you're being fucked up the arse-hole on stage and you're sharing the lead part in a song with the man who is buggering you - it is essential to appear to be enjoying what you're doing it.

The lesbian sex session lasted much longer - and Mouse was pleased that she did in fact enjoy the girl who'd worn the leather jacket. Disappointingly for Mouse,



she soon established that this girl wasn't actually very keen on sex with women at all. Although she'd obviously had some experience on stage, - and went through the motions in a fairly convincing way, - she had no native enthusiasm for the task and her cunt was hardly lubricated at all. This was totally unlike Mouse, who was aching with desire for the girl and was persuading her to do such things as putting her finger up her anus and to nibble her clitoris that really went beyond the call of duty. However, the role of Anne of Green Gables involved a great deal of lesbian sex, and Mouse hoped this wouldn't go unnoticed. And, in any case, it may have been that this girl was being auditioned for a different role where there'd only be perfunctory lesbianism.

The homosexuality was tested with everyone on stage at the same time, and the interviewers went around examining the candidates - sometimes quite close up. The director took particular interest in Mouse and her partner, and traced the girl's finger to the entrance of Mouse's anus with a certain amount of satisfaction. The last exercise, the group sex, merely amalgamated all the separate homosexual couplings into one large mass of writhing, mostly white, flesh. In this exercise, Mouse was most disappointed to lose her partner, who was soon to be seen with two men fucking her in the mouth and in the cunt. This exercise went on for more than an hour - and involved Mouse in sex of many different kinds with people who in most cases she'd only ever be able to recognise again from their genitals.

"And you got the job!" summarised Innocence, after Mouse had given her own account of the audition.

"I got the job!" confirmed Mouse proudly "And I'm off abroad as Anne of

Anne of Green Gables in about eight days.”

“Congratulations!” said Innocence, easing Mouse out of her jacket and showering her face with kisses.

Here at last was something Null could understand after sitting back staring blankly at Mouse as she gave an account of her auditions. She pulled herself forward and put her arms around Mouse’s naked body applying her lips to the smudged lipstick on Mouse’s nipples. Mouse didn’t resist at all, and with a whoop of joy Null gave herself in total abandon to the following proceedings. She’d not understood what Mouse had been saying, but from the taste and smell of drying, caked-on semen around Mouse’s cunt she had a fairly good idea of what Mouse had been doing. And she couldn’t have approved more unreservedly.

### XIII

*In Which we learn about the rewards and joy of unbridled pleasure, but also see how it may compromise the better virtues of Innocence and Chastity.*

What could be done about Null? wondered Kedi as she sat astride Innocence thrusting her crotch backwards and forwards on Innocence's wonderful penis. She was unable to avoid wondering about this as Null was sitting opposite her on the floor, chained as always to the furniture, frantically masturbating herself while Innocence and Kedi were in the throes of mutual passion. What talents does Null have? Kedi continued to wonder as the two exhausted lovers collapsed together and a trickle of Innocence's semen flowed down her inside leg.

"What would you say is Null's greatest asset?" Kedi asked Innocence as they cuddled up together watching the girl lick her hands of the lubrication she'd generated from her cunt.

"Her sex drive?" suggested Innocence, obviously imagining that Kedi already knew.

"Sex drive?"

"Well, no one else can go on and on and on like she does and keep up the same level of enthusiasm."

Kedi could only agree and this became the basis of an idea she developed. Null was certainly a girl who could take partner after partner, and continue doing so all day. Why then not charge people for the privilege of doing so? Kedi had

enough experience from organising her own sex shows to see exactly how this exercise could be done.

And soon, with the assistance of Innocence and her sister, she put her idea into practice. Mouse said she'd like to help, but as her priorities were to do with preparing for her departure to sing and dance and have sex on stage Kedi actively dissuaded her.

"There is enough for you to do. And it is not much work we have to do, either."

Indeed, to a certain extent there wasn't. Kedi found a garage she could rent at a reasonable rate in the town centre that she kitted up with a bed and sheets she managed to find in a deserted building. She then made the interior of the garage as much like a bedroom as she could, with erotic pictures that she'd borrowed from Mouse that were, in fact, promotional photographs of productions she'd been involved in. Any discriminating visitor would have soon established that there were rather more pictures of Mouse than of anyone else.

However, discriminating visitors were not what Kedi was anticipating as she set up a stall outside the garage, just by the door that led into it from the side. It was just visitors willing to pay a reasonable and relatively competitive rate for five or ten minutes of sex. Indeed, what Kedi had decided on was to supply conveyor belt sex with Null as the provider of this commodity. Above the door, she hung the sign **Five Minute Fuck**, and, underneath, the actual rate and a picture of Null in a lascivious attitude. This photograph was not difficult to take, - the difficulty was determining which of the many lascivious and frankly sluttish photographs most promoted Null's unique properties.

Attracting custom was not initially easy, but Chastity and Innocence helped Kedi by handing out leaflets advertising Null's unique skills and, of course, the exceptionally reasonable rate. As the leaflet made clear: how could a potential customer possibly afford not to take advantage of the offer? What Kedi was not sure was if what she was doing was making Null a prostitute against her will or if, indeed, what Null was doing could properly be called prostitution. However, on the first fairly slack days, when it was Kedi's turn to supervise Null's lovemaking rather than to collect pay at a table from visitors queuing up to come in, she came to the conclusion that she was really just providing a service for Null and if there was some pecuniary compensation for it then that could not be bad. Null was so clearly grateful for the sex she was receiving and so reluctant to see each customer leave that Kedi couldn't really consider that Null was being exploited.

Null's success at providing the perfect **Five Minute Fuck** was not immediate. In the first weeks or so, it was quite difficult to release Null from customers who, delighted as they were at getting rather more than their money's worth, had really decided that they'd had enough. Null was almost inconsolable when a customer left, and soon Innocence and Chastity had to provide assistance in giving the oversexed Null sexual satisfaction as well as assisting Kedi with the organisation of the venture. Soon however, the one or maybe two customers an hour had grown to be a constant queue of men and, occasionally, women who would patiently wait their time to have their moment of sexual release. At lunch time on a working day, this queue might stretch several yards along the road and provided obstructions to other businesses which was only compensated by the extra trade these businesses

themselves were gaining.

The pattern soon set in, with Kedi, Innocence and Chastity taking turns at collecting money from customers before seeing Null and restraining Null from continuing to have sex with a customer who was either clearly finished or had exceeded his five minutes. Null was certainly much happier now and it was only because the three girls couldn't maintain their roles for twenty four hours a day that Null ever got to finish making love at all.

"Is there any limit to Null's sexual appetite?" Innocence exclaimed, as late at night after the last people in the queue had been satisfied (and usually in substantially less than the promised five minutes), Null was still clamouring for Innocence to fuck her.

"Is there a way to find out?" wondered Chastity, who then came up with the idea of a *Fuckathon*. This, she said, would be to simply ask people to take turns in fucking Null, and keep it going until Null could keep going no longer. The punters would pay for the privilege of being in the Fuckathon and newspapers and television reporters would be invited to witness Null's phenomenal achievement.

"But shouldn't we collect the money for a charity or something?" queried Innocence who really didn't know of her sister ever doing anything where there wasn't some distinct advantage to herself in it.

"We can give a certain amount to a charity, I suppose," Chastity conceded, "but only after we award ourselves pay for the administrative costs."

Neither Kedi nor Innocence was that sure of Chastity's sincerity concerning any charitable activity, but they helped Chastity book a room with a raised platform

and seats for an audience and helped her in promoting the Fuckathon. This event attracted rather more attention than even Chastity had anticipated, but this was mostly because of the reputation already generated from Kedi's **Five Minute Fuck** enterprise. There were a large number of sponsors willing to pay considerably more for the privilege of taking part in the event than they would normally need to do for Null's services. Kedi's main hope was that they wouldn't run out of fuckers before Null finally gave up.

On the day on which the event began - and it was anticipated that it would continue for several days - Kedi was gratified to see the hall was full and not just with participants but with observers, reporters and television cameras. In fact, one television station, represented by a woman with short hair, a business suit and large breasts that deliberately burst free from her jacket, was to film the whole event, but not to actually screen it all. This woman started off by describing the event to her viewers, - which included the stage, the participants and, most importantly of all, Null herself. This woman interviewed both Innocence and Chastity whom she described as the main organisers of the event, but pointedly avoided interviewing Kedi, although she had more to do with its organisation than anyone else. Kedi would have been more offended had she not lived in Wonderground for so long and become rather accustomed to such casual racism.

Several reporters tried to interview Null, as she lay chained to the side of the stage before the event, but were soon discouraged by her inability to understand their questions, to form any answers and to restrain herself from trying to sexually assault them. However, when the event started it was much easier to focus on her as

participant after participant came on stage in agreed turns, paid their money, and fucked Null.

This routine went on and on, and soon the commentators found that really there were only two things they could do. One was to praise the participants in working so hard for charity and making the event such a success (and forbearing to mention those whose sexual performance was not quite adequate and who after the prescribed maximum time had to be taken off stage without achieving any successful sex at all). The other was to pass comment on Null's unflagging sexual enthusiasm, her frequent, noisy and often explosive orgasms and what a marvellous performer she was. This must have become very boring for both spectators and commentators after a while as, after a full day of sex, Null continued through the night and into the next day with no apparent sign of fatigue.

This state of affairs just continued and continued, and by the eighth day in which Null had not slept at all, the audience that had thinned out after the second day was packing out the hall as spectators observed for themselves a phenomenon of sexual stamina that most hadn't believed possible. Kedi's fears of a lack of fuckers proved to be unfounded as the fame of Null and the Fuckathon spread beyond Wonderground and people were rushing to participate from everywhere.

And then, just when it seemed that Null would never tire, indeed just after she'd yet again exploded into orgasmic screams that echoed throughout the hall and frightened off a flock of pigeons outside, she suddenly collapsed underneath the man who was fucking her at the time and fell asleep. The Fuckathon was then over.

Kedi was relieved. She wondered whether Null would be all right after such



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relentless fucking, but she was and a few days later, after she'd recovered from an immensely long sleep, she was back at the **Five Minute Fuck**, advertised with her name in much larger letters and a photograph of the Fuckathon, being charged out at somewhat more extortionate rates than before.

Null didn't understand why, but she felt that she was being treated with rather more respect and consideration than she'd ever known before. Her most pressing need, which was for frequent and unrestrained sex, was at last being satisfied and she was very grateful to the women who'd made it possible for her. Now that Mouse had left to perform elsewhere, there were now only three others sharing the flat, and although she wasn't able to quantify it in any way, their quality of life had somehow improved as well. She really had no suspicion that in some way her prodigious sexual appetite was the reason why none of the girls needed to work any more, beyond facilitating her services to the many clients who would queue up for them.

Innocence was quite lonely now that her lover had gone, and she decided not to share her bed permanently with Kedi or her sister, though this didn't prevent her having sex with them on frequent occasions. Her times with Null were mostly spent with the sole intention of giving the girl the kind of care and attention she quite obviously needed. Innocence, however, was the only one of the girls who ever came to her for sex, though the one who was most attentive to her these days was Chastity. When Null was out of the now sumptuously decorated flat, away from the massive video and stereo system, and not lounging in the comfortable luxury furniture, she would either be providing her **Five Minute Fuck** or, increasingly, be escorted by Chastity to the homes of men who were delighted by the extent of her sexual desire.

There seemed to be an endless procession of these visits to premises more sumptuous even than that to which she'd become accustomed at her flat, where men with great wealth, sometimes singly and sometimes in groups with participating women, would assist her in indulging in all sorts of sexual activity. She would be urinated on, have faeces dropped onto her, would have whole hands pushed inside her while her anus was filled by all sorts of objects, sometimes manacled and chained, sometimes slapped, but always having close intimate attention. This was what she craved and what she demanded. And in all this, Chastity would be out of sight waiting for her, and would only appear when, after hours of sexual activity, it was time to leave. And quite often she would be handling a large wad of notes.

Null was not totally insensitive to the atmosphere at the flat, which often seemed strained, with Innocence and Kedi arguing with Chastity it seemed about the very money that Chastity was collecting from Innocence's clients. They somehow appeared rather less than enthusiastic about her new activities. Often at the end of these arguments, Innocence would sit with Null restrained by chain and cunt-ring and talk to her. Null had no idea what Innocence was saying, but it seemed very sympathetic and tearful. What troubled her was that these conversations didn't necessarily lead to sex, but she supposed that Innocence was getting some gratification from them.

There then came a period when, with apparent reluctance from Chastity, Null found herself totally deprived of all sex except from Innocence. Indeed, only Innocence and Kedi ever came to speak to her, while Chastity might be seen looking at Null from round the corner of a door. This abstinence upset Null. She flung herself

bodily at the two girls and masturbated with everything she could find, including her food. She wept from frustration and beat her cunt hard to stimulate sensation from it. On one occasion she hit it so hard that it started to bleed, and she took consolation in letting the blood gather in her hands and then licking them. When Innocence found her lying on the sheets with a puddle of blood between her legs, she shrieked and was soon joined by the other two girls who argued vehemently amongst themselves what should be done.

The result of this was a return to visiting men again in Chastity's custody - something that clearly pleased her, but appeared to give less pleasure to the other two. Chastity started talking to her at greater length and showed her a great deal more affection than before. She didn't, however, appear to be particularly enthusiastic about having sex with her. She also now took on the responsibility of feeding her, washing her and combing her hair - tasks that previously only the other two had ever done.

Null was happy to return to fucking. She didn't mind who fucked her. Women with dildos, dogs, donkeys, children - it didn't matter! Chastity also didn't mind, it seemed - being more concerned with the money she was receiving. Null missed the **Five Minute Fuck**, although her own perception of it had been of a paradise served by an unending queue of fuckers.

However, she was vaguely aware that things were due to change again - and found some of Chastity's attention rather more clinging than before. She also became aware that the other two girls approached her in a way that she'd experienced before whenever she was due to leave somewhere. The change when it came was therefore not totally unexpected.

The evening before was one she spent making love to both Innocence and Kedi, while Chastity watched unhappily sat in a chair. Innocence was much more passionate than usual and greatly attentive to giving the girl as much pleasure as she could. Although Null shared her penis with Kedi, she got the feeling that Innocence was making a special effort to fuck Null principally. The lovemaking went on through the night, and was punctuated with tears and arguing from Chastity.

The following day, she was awoken by the three girls who hugged and kissed her in a sorrowful manner, and then she was introduced to a new companion who was a tall middle-aged woman in a long white coat and with a very sad smile. This companion took Null around the shoulders and cuddled her firmly to her bosom, restraining her at the same time from any sexual activity. Her hair was stroked and her face was tenderly kissed. She was then put into a strange jacket whose sleeves pulled her arms across her waist and prevented her from moving. There followed a peculiar ceremony of tears and kisses and cuddles from the three girls, which somehow she knew meant that there wouldn't be any more sex with them again. Null had experienced occasions like this before, but never so intensely.

All of a sudden, something deep inside her cracked and she started crying and blubbing and weeping unrestrainedly. She felt surprise as her eyes poured out tears whose salt trail mingled in her mouth with the dribble of snot from her nose to produce a very salty taste. Although no one had hit her, she felt the same bruised and damaged feeling about her lower face that she'd usually only experienced after rough sex with men of peculiarly cruel taste.

The last Null saw of her companions were the three of them through the

window of the white car waving again and again at her as it drove away with her and her new companions. Kedi was standing naked as always, while Chastity and Innocence had their arms around each other with Innocence crying almost as much as Null was. Her new companions spoke to her and cuddled her, but as the realisation of the perhaps permanent loss of her lovers became clearer, Null began screaming and wailing inconsolably - and continued to do so for several more weeks until she could no longer clearly remember just what it was she was missing so terribly.

## XIV

*In Which Dodie rediscovers Innocence; and Innocence acquires a new fame from past endeavours.*

Dodie had been away from Wonderground for as long on her travels as her stamina and savings allowed her. She had seen so many different countries and districts, and had met so many different people. And frequently made love to them. She'd accumulated possessions and had them stolen. She'd lain for days in foreign hospitals and frequently been so intoxicated or drugged up that she'd lost all knowledge and recollection of normal time and space. But in all her wanderings, one of the moments she treasured most was the occasion when she had sex with Innocence on the glacier. Such a perfect location! And Innocence such a mistress of the art of sex! Dodie had come and come and come again - her cries of passion bouncing off the mountains and threatening to set off avalanches. In fact, so impressed was she by her moment of passion that before the last drop of Innocence's semen dripped out of her vagina, she went to a tattooist to have the name **Innocence** embellished on her left buttock.

So when she heard that Innocence was living in Wonderground, Dodie headed to the address she'd been given expecting to meet her and also Mouse, who she'd heard was Innocence's current lover (*The lucky girl!*). She rang the doorbell and stood nervously in the porch in a padded nylon jacket and huge trainers. Otherwise she wore nothing at all, except a paraphernalia of studs and rings piercing her body and skin at various points, and with a head which unlike her crotch or underarms was completely shaved bare. At last, the door opened and she saw a slightly startled Innocence who

was dressed in only a silk dressing gown.

“Hi!” Dodie announced herself as self-confidently as possible. “I’m back home!”

Innocence looked at Dodie a little blearily. Although it was mid-afternoon, she’d clearly just been asleep, and finding it a little difficult to focus her eyes. Dodie was relieved to find that she remembered her after all these months. Perhaps our lovemaking had been as memorable for her as it was for me, Dodie hoped.

“O hello, Dodie!” Innocence said with a warm and welcoming smile. “You better come in!”

Dodie’s heart beat uncontrollably as she followed the beautiful Innocence into the living room where she was introduced to Kedi and Chastity who were eating dinner and listening to a compact disc. Kedi was wearing nothing as usual and recognised Dodie from several years before. Chastity was wearing a very tight dress which fit as tight against her body as a dress could do, but was too short to cover her shaven vagina. Her hair was straight with a geometric cut and fell just short of her shoulders.

“So, where’ve you been?” asked Kedi, whose English had clearly improved a great deal over the years. “Mouse told me that you were travelling the world.”

“As much of the world as I could manage,” admitted Dodie, aware that her travels had been with substantially less purpose and direction than even that description gave. She was carrying a heavy rucksack on her back and a plastic bag, and was pleased to divest herself of these and leave them in the hallway. She was surprised by the relative luxury of the girls’ home. She imagined that it would be

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much the same as the homes she used to live in, with overflowing ashtrays, scattered empty wine bottles and clothes scattered about. Here instead was considerable comfort, with tasteful fittings and sumptuous thick pile carpets and new simple and commodious furniture. There were stereos, computers, videos, microwaves and everything.

This was clearly not a place of poverty. She felt a little nervous as she took off her padded jacket, under which she wore a sleeveless singlet that barely pretended to hide her tiny little breasts. The house didn't have the smell she'd become so accustomed to: of unflushed toilets, unscrubbed beer-stained linoleum and hashish-stained wallpaper.

However, her feeling of being an inferior outsider diminished as she began recounting her exploits across the continents, the people she'd met, the cultures she'd observed and her more amusing adventures.

"It's a real fucking weird world out there!" she exclaimed, scratching the long hairs of her crotch. "It's all fucking weird shit, the lot of it."

She then produced a half pound of best hashish, from which she crumbled a few grains into cigarette papers and disinterred cigarettes, and with this stimulus and several bottles of wine, the conversation continued for several more hours and Dodie didn't find herself exhausting her supply of anecdotes or opinions.

She discussed her sexual encounters with shepherds in the distant mountains of the equator and their curious predilection for making love to sheep, which took on almost a religious significance. She discussed the unsavoury political character of dictatorships that severely limited freedom of speech, despite appearing so liberal in



other respects - particularly with regard to sex and drugs. She talked about the way she suffered sexual and racial taunts, and the more frequent times when her appearance clashed with the attitudes of authority. She talked of the drugs she'd taken. The sex she'd had. The times she'd been beaten, had stuff stolen, intimately searched by border patrols, and been sick. The religions, ideologies and wars she'd found out about. The so many ways she felt her horizons had been ineradicably altered by her experiences.

"I wouldn't have had one slightest change to all that's happened to me!" she boasted, knowing this to be quite different to what she felt on innumerable occasions.

It was inevitable that Dodie and Innocence should end up fucking, which they started doing before Kedi or Chastity had retired to their own beds. The lovemaking was as good as Dodie remembered it and more so. And in the midst of it Dodie confessed the strength of her affection for Innocence, how she never wanted to be parted from her, how she thought about her every day, how she had been so impressed as to get a tattoo to celebrate her love. She held Innocence close to her body - she didn't want an inch of space between them - and cried unaccustomed tears of joy at the thought of staying with her and making love with her again and again.

Innocence was clearly both flattered and a little put out by Dodie's protestations of love, but she appeared to have no objection to having Dodie share her bed for the foreseeable future. She clearly enjoyed Dodie's devotion to her penis which she would hold and put again and again into her mouth or vagina, to stimulate it when it was not aroused and to satisfy it when it was. Dodie had the feeling that Innocence was carrying the weight of some unhappiness around with her, but she

wasn't at all sure why.

At first she thought it was to do with Mouse's departure to follow her career, but she came to realise that their love had never been particularly exclusive. She wondered if the departure of Null, who had provided the means for the girls' luxury, might be the cause. But that didn't seem to be the full reason for her sadness, either. There was clearly something that Innocence wanted in life which just living with her sister and her sister's lover in comfort and relative luxury didn't fully satisfy. Dodie hoped that her arrival as Innocence's new lover might in some way bring more joy into Innocence's life, but that somehow didn't seem the whole solution.

Dodie's stated opinions for Innocence's dissatisfaction narrowed on her ambiguous status as a woman with a penis - and how her sexual identity was compromised and its socio-political and socio-economic significances thereof. She argued long and hard that what Innocence manifested was the unease of sexuality in a tightly sexual stereotyped society. Dodie's inner feelings, however, were that these stated reasons reflected more her own character and attitudes and probably not a great deal of Innocence's.

Innocence was quite excited when the film **Forbidden Love**, - as was entitled the film she'd performed in while she'd been living in Brook, - was finally released, and she was able to go with Dodie to see it in the cinema. It seemed to her that almost all the film footage that had been taken of her and certainly all her modest dialogue had been included in the final cut, and she appeared more prominently in the film cast listing than she'd expected. Indeed, a picture of her was even included in the poster, with her penis fully erect, which it had never been in the filming. Dodie was pleased

for her lover, who seemed much more excited by her modest film success than she'd ever expected.

Innocence was even more thrilled when she got a phone call from a small circulation magazine, **Fuck Films Today**, requesting an interview with her to which she unhesitatingly agreed. The whole idea of fame clearly gave her considerable satisfaction, even though it was a magazine Dodie had never heard of, and neither had the other girls. Dodie bought a copy for Innocence to read, which was more difficult than she'd anticipated as most newsagents hadn't heard of the magazine either. It was a rather cheaply produced magazine on not particularly good quality paper, and featured long articles about obscure fuck films, with pictures of the stars. However, this didn't trouble Innocence who eagerly looked for photographs of the unlikely named Nancy Titbits, who was the woman who had phoned her up and was going to interview her.

Nancy looked just like her photographs when she appeared at Innocence's flat with Paul, the photographer, and all their recording and film equipment. She had short cropped hair, was almost painfully thin with a tiny nose in a round face, wearing a baggy tee-shirt emblazoned with the magazine's name and a very brief pair of shorts. The photographer wore very baggy and bedraggled trousers and jumper, and long hair that fell over his face and didn't appear to have been washed for several days.

"Where shall we conduct the interview?" Nancy wondered as they were let in, clearly impressed by the luxury of the flat.

Innocence was dressed in a long sleeveless silk dress with a split in the side which travelled from her ankles to very nearly her armpit and under which she wore

nothing else at all.

“Anywhere you like!” Innocence answered. “As long as Dodie can watch.”

“Of course she can!” Nancy said, settling for the girls’ living room. “I take it she’s your lover!”

“You could say that,” smiled Dodie who was dressed for the occasion in just her singlet and wore a back-to-front baseball cap over her shaved head.

While Paul was setting up the equipment, Nancy explained what the interview would involve. Most of it would consist of a question and answer session, which would comprise the text of the interview. Then Innocence and Dodie would be filmed together, either posing or, preferably, also having sex. Finally, it would be desirable if Innocence could have sex with her, so that she could legitimately include comments in the article about Innocence’s sexual skills. This would also be photographed, to provide evidence of the truth of Nancy’s assertions.

“It’s expected by our readers that the interviewers should make love with the interviewees. For many of them it is the main reason they read our magazine.”

Dodie and Innocence had read **Fuck Films Today** with enough attention to be aware of this requirement. Most of the photographs of Nancy in the magazine had featured her being fucked by a male porn star who had a minor rôle in films where his substantial bulk was desirable. His penis was of quite normal dimensions, but Nancy had done her best to suggest that it gave considerable satisfaction.

Nancy settled down on a sofa next to Innocence and turned on her cassette recorder. She started asking questions while Paul fussed around taking photographs of the two from several different positions. The questions she asked were appropriate for

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an unknown fuck film star about whom nothing was previously known. These were to do with her childhood, why she'd chosen a career in fuck cinema and where she thought her career would take her. She asked very many more questions about her penis: whether it was genuine, if she'd had it all her life, what shortcomings and advantages there were to being a beautiful woman so unusually blessed, and what her sexual preferences and predilections were. At this point, Innocence was asked by Paul to show her limp penis to the camera for him to photograph, which she did by pushing her skirt to one side over her wide-spread legs.

In all this questioning, Dodie noticed, Innocence answered fully and without too much embarrassment, clearly delighted in her relative importance as the subject of the interview. It seemed to Dodie that Innocence was happier and more relaxed than she'd ever seen her before. Stardom and fame undoubtedly suited her. Dodie had never been filmed having sex before - and neither, she discovered, had Innocence - but it wasn't without enthusiasm that the two divested themselves of clothes when the question and answer session was completed and after posing for a few moments for a few photographs made love together.

Dodie reflected, as Innocence's erect penis entered her bejewelled vagina, that after having had sex so publicly without a camera recording what they were doing, there really was no difference now - but Innocence appeared to have a better feel of what was expected of them by positioning her genitals as prominently as possible. It seemed to Dodie that her lover was actually enjoying the sex rather more than she did normally. Her gasps of ecstasy were notably more frighteningly full-throated than usual. And when Dodie was sensing through the repeated series of orgasms racking

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her slender body that Innocence was just about to ejaculate, she untypically withdrew her penis from inside her, pushed Dodie slightly off her and ejaculated her prodigious semen over Dodie's tiny breasts and onto her face.

Dodie licked the semen from off her face, looking at her lover who was sitting astride her with a hand on her erect penis squeezing out the last drops of semen that spurted beyond her and onto the already slightly stained upholstery. Her eyes were squeezed close in inexpressible ecstasy and her full large-nippled breasts were heaving with her chest as her body shuddered with joy. Her other hand held Dodie down beneath her, gently massaging one of Dodie's prominent nipples.

Dodie's services were then no longer needed as Innocence and the now naked Nancy, whose breasts were nearly as small as Dodie's, had replaced her and the two were fucking together with incredible, almost theatrical, abandon. Dodie felt jealous of the pair's lovemaking - a feeling she had whenever she watched Innocence with Kedi or her sister - despite her knowledge that in the same situation she'd behave in exactly the same way. She felt particularly frustrated in the knowledge that her episode of filmed sex was over, and that Innocence wouldn't appreciate it at all if her interviewer confused her lovemaking with the fresh young film star with that with her lover. Nancy and Innocence continued making love for quite a while, involving all orifices - including Innocence's own anus, which Nancy entered with a dildo strapped on to her by Paul.

The photographer continued snapping away. He paused during the more prolonged sessions of continued passion, and then switched into action whenever the two altered their routine to enter a new position or when a new orifice was explored.

He was clearly excited by the action, as Dodie could see by focusing her eyes on the swelling in Paul's trousers, but made no attempt to contribute to the action himself.

Eventually, after Innocence had released copious amounts of semen over Nancy's breasts, buttocks and face, the two collapsed in an exhausted, wasted state on the carpet with Nancy reflectively stroking Innocence's now flaccid penis. Paul continued to snap pictures, and included amongst them those of still damp and unmistakable stains on the carpet and elsewhere.

"I think that will be quite sufficient!" announced a flushed Nancy, standing up and slipping on her tee-shirt. She was clearly quite flustered because she initially pulled it over her back-to-front with the logo of an erect penis and the slogan **Films to Fuck to** at the front rather than at the back. She squeezed her slender hips into her tight shorts with difficulty and then kissed Innocence passionately on the lips.

The interviewers left in a state of disarray, but gave precise details of how many pages the interview would occupy - which was about ten including a centre-fold and several full-page pictures - and the date of the edition in which the interview would appear.

"It'll be front-page material!" Nancy promised. "We'll give you good copy - you don't have to worry. **Fuck Films Today** will do its best to promote your career."

These kind words gave Innocence obvious satisfaction, which she expressed more greatly in the passionate lovemaking she and Dodie indulged in not long after the interviewers had gone.

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## XV

*In Which Dodie compares the relative virtues of Innocence and Chastity; Kedi abandons Chastity; and Dodie leaves the comfort of Innocence.*

Dodie understood the freedom of Innocence's lovemaking and how it would frequently involve her fucking her sister or Kedi, but it did little to lessen the jealousy she felt when Kedi or Chastity were yelping with pleasure from the continued thrusts of Innocence's beautiful penis. Although she so often thought of her lover's prick being her own that she found the pangs of sharing it almost unbearable, she couldn't complain about it without being guilty of great hypocrisy as she would often join Innocence in her lovemaking with the others and, on several occasions, she made love with Kedi when Innocence wasn't in or was in another room making noisy and passionate love with her sister.

She enjoyed her sex sessions with Kedi. The black girl was a great lover: tender and passionate, somehow always responsive to Dodie's mood, whatever that may be, just as she was to that of the two sisters. She had no grounds to complain as with the passing weeks, Kedi seemed to be spending rather more time in Kedi's and Innocence's bed, and rather less in Chastity's. Dodie knew, although neither Kedi nor Chastity ever discussed it, that their relationship wasn't going through the best of its days. Sometimes she even heard the two lovers quarrelling in bed - usually just before a quiet, dry-eyed Kedi would wander naked into Innocence's bed and noiselessly ease herself into bed besides the two of them. On those occasions, she never demanded or



invited sex, although she was appreciative of Innocence's cuddles.

Dodie soon re-established contact with all her friends from before her travels, but she preferred to spend more of her time with Innocence at their house rather than in the less salubrious flats, squats or bedsits she'd previously haunted. However, she kept up her acquaintances sufficiently to be able to spend evenings out with Innocence or Kedi to see plays or to go to the odd night-club. She also revitalised her friendships with her more radical political friends and sometimes found her evenings spent fly posting or listening to very dull, badly dressed middle-aged men addressing an audience of people dressed with the same disregard for conventional dress-sense as she. It was through these contacts that she found herself active in the anti-racist campaign in Wonderground.

The cause of anti-racism was also of great interest to Kedi, who had less of an ideological and more of a personal reason for wanting to be involved in any campaigning. Kedi had suffered a great deal from racism in the district - which although not as explicit or widely sanctioned as before was still widespread enough for her to attract more adverse comments for her skin colour (which she couldn't do anything about) than for her nudity (which she could easily do something about).

It was for this reason that Kedi and Dodie found themselves coupled in the Multiracial Fuck-In, which was organised by a radical group - the Socialists Wankers Party - to protest against the discriminatory laws in Wonderground which, although it permitted mixed-race relationships, discouraged it by such means as not allowing black, brown or Asian partners of foreign birth Wonderground citizenship, but permitted it when both partners were white - irrespective of the country of origin. It

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was also a legal requirement on almost all government documents to state skin colour, whether it was to sign a receipt for paying local government tax, apply for planning permission or to buy a television licence.

Kedi and Dodie went along to the march that preceded the demonstration with neither of them in clothes, as did almost everyone else who was protesting. Innocence, who felt great sympathy for any group that was discriminated against for reasons to do with their sexual or physical make-up, nevertheless felt unable to come along as she didn't want her penis to become more of a focus of attention than the multiracial nature of the demonstration; even though it was made clear to her that nudity, although desirable, was by no means obligatory.

"I just don't want to make a big issue about something like this!" she sighed, holding her penis in her hand.

Chastity wasn't too concerned about coming either, asserting that demos were just a drag. "They never achieve anything and it's always raining," she commented.

It wasn't raining at all as Kedi and Dodie walked arm in arm with a crowd of Orientals, Arabs, Asians, Blacks and Aborigines who almost outnumbered the white people in the crowd, and contained rather more who were wearing clothes and showed no inclination to participate in the Fuck-In. There was a mix of people in the crowd - most of them naked and most of them men - with a high proportion of political activists many of whom, like Dodie, had shaven heads and a plethora of body jewellery and tattoos. There were also some with long brown ragged hair wearing large rubber-soled boots showing off rather malnourished bodies and carrying a strong smell of not having washed for rather a while. Dodie knew that her life with

Innocence had changed her, as she deliberately avoided being too close to those demonstrators or at least downwind of their stench.

The protesters marched along the street - fortunately dry as many of them, like Kedi and Dodie, were barefoot as well as bare in every other detail, - crying out slogans like “Black and White Fuck and Unite”, “Fuck You! Fuck the State! Fuck the Weather! Watch Us Fuck Together!” and “Hell Alright! Black Fuck White! Come On Jack! White Fuck Black!”

As they went by, an inquisitive crowd of spectators watched as they proceeded, some visibly disturbed by the way several demonstrators had already commenced making love with each other as they went along; though the multiracial aspect of it appeared to cause the most concern. Dodie was quite excited by the attention they were getting and on several occasions made great efforts to get her mouth attached to Kedi’s and her fingers into Kedi’s vagina as they walked.

Eventually, the protesters arrived at the town park where the Fuck-In was to take place, but not before hearing a procession of obscure politicians, wordy intellectuals and minor celebrities appear on the platform and say how much they supported the cause and how much they were looking forward to joining in the sexual activity with the rest of them. Long before the last speaker appeared on the platform to announce that the Fuck-In had officially started, the ground in front of the platform was covered by wildly copulating multicoloured bodies replacing the shouts of slogans by more earthy breathing, full-throated orgasmic cries, gasps of ejaculation and the puffs of exertion.

Neither Kedi nor Dodie had ever been in such a huge mass of naked writhing

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flesh before, which stretched beyond the dimensions of a football pitch in all directions and where partners were swapped freely. Initially, the two girls concentrated their attentions on each other - Dodie as always being brought again and again to unbridled orgasm by Kedi's expert sexual skills. It wasn't long however until the two girls lost sight of each other (although occasionally their bodies must have conjoined) as the mass of naked flesh overwhelmed them as it did everyone else into one homogeneous heaving body undulating with packets of sperm flavoured release. Semen splattered everywhere: on white bodies, brown bodies, black bodies. Messing up blond hair, tangling in black curly hair, smeared on shaven heads. Sweat pulsed off black limbs, coffee-coloured buttocks, golden-brown stomachs and down the inside thighs of vaguely yellowish round legs.

The demonstration was a great success, Dodie was sure; although she had no idea whether it would actually change the world for the better. It attracted a great deal of media coverage - pictures of the gathered mass coitus appeared on the front pages of all the newspapers and was nearly headline news on the television. It went on for many hours longer than expected - and only the chill of the night finally cleared away the last of the orgiastic demonstrators. But most of all, as Kedi also agreed, it was good fun. It was one of the most enjoyable fucks she'd had - and they'd been through such a long series of partners. There were all colours, both genders and enough pubic hair in her mouth to keep her satisfied beyond the night and nearly drained her of the energy to make love with Innocence that night.

Kedi and Chastity's relationship had always been less than perfect while Dodie was sharing the house with them, and it was inevitable that it would break under the

strain. Kedi was now spending all her nights in bed with Innocence and Dodie, which made their nights more cramped. Much as Dodie enjoyed feeling Kedi's warm slim black limbs enmeshed in hers, she felt robbed of the last vestige of exclusivity in her relationship with Innocence, particularly as it was clear to her that Kedi somehow attracted more of Innocence's affection than she.

The change in Kedi's affections - which she never spoke about - very much upset Chastity who took a succession of men into bed with her (sometimes several at the same time) but made no secret of her desire to sleep with Kedi. Her approaches, which were rarely subtle, were always firmly but forcefully rejected by Kedi, who would even stop in the middle of being fucked by Innocence below or above her, to express her wishes. Dodie could see that it wouldn't be long until Kedi would be leaving. When the day arrived, it came totally without warning, when Dodie returned home to find Innocence and Chastity involved in loveless fucking, with Chastity growling and hitting Innocence as she orgasmed to Innocence's thrusts. Dodie didn't feel inclined to join - and anyway she'd just had sex with an old friend of hers - so she wandered into the kitchen where she found a polite note from Kedi which said that she had left to visit a friend of hers and attached no forwarding address.

Chastity was inconsolable, but Dodie could see that she was too proud to express it by crying on anyone's shoulder. Instead she made frequent - almost incessant - demands on Dodie and Innocence to have sex with her. Innocence almost always agreed and, more often than not, Dodie would be sleeping alone in Innocence's bed, while in Chastity's the two sisters were fucking noisily and agitatedly through the night. On these occasions, Dodie would cry softly to herself, her hand idly

masturbating her bejewelled vagina as she imagined only too well the movement of her beloved's wonderful penis as it thrust in and out of Chastity's lubricious cunt.

Chastity's demands on Dodie were also very insistent, but much as Dodie enjoyed the passion and intensity of her lover's sister's lovemaking she found it empty of true love. It was quite obvious to her that she was at best a poor substitute for Kedi, whom Chastity clearly still loved, and at worst just a distraction like all the men who'd leave early in the morning never to be seen again.

Life with the two sisters was not nearly so pleasant now that Kedi was no longer there. Dodie had to admit that the black girl had been a much calmer influence on the household than she could ever be. Without Kedi, the house began to lose a great deal of its orderliness; and tension rather than relaxation dominated over relations and sexual activity. Innocence made an effort to remain the same, but she was evidently upset by her sister's sorrow and allowed her clothes to get more crumpled, spent less time on keeping herself clean and tidy, and allowed the hair under her armpits and on her legs to grow to a soft velvety down.

Chastity's appearance disintegrated much more obviously. She allowed her shoulder-length hair to lose all semblance of style and took to wearing only as little as she could, put on with obvious haste and little evidence of discretion. She took to wearing a singlet which had a rip in it that daily got worse so that soon no amount of effort could persuade her left breast to stop dangling out. Dodie found it disturbing that no conversation with her could last for very long before Chastity made a rather blatant attempt to seduce her. She would grab Dodie's hand and press it against the stubble of her pubic hair or against her free breast and its protruding nipple. She

would pull up the singlet or tee-shirt that Dodie wore and press her tongue on the small protuberance of bosom or the nipples that so easily became hard and excited.

This was as nothing to her attentions towards her sister, whose penis was almost immediately grabbed, massaged and often inserted directly straight into her cunt or, on occasion, her anus. Innocence wouldn't protest, which upset Dodie the more, but her lover explained that it was the best way she knew of comforting her sister for the heartfelt loss of the black love of her life.

Dodie was torn between her desire to stay with Innocence, whom she loved so deeply, and her need to escape from an environment which had become quite unpleasant and obsessive. She spent rather more time with her other friends, often not returning home: knowing that rather than be surrounded by the beautiful body of the most wonderful lover she'd ever known she'd spend another night listening to the constant thump thump of Chastity's bed against the wall and the girl's unrestrained cries of ecstasy. She wondered if she could ever find a solution to her dilemma, - one that would allow her the opportunity to keep open her relationship with her unusually endowed lover.

In the event, it was actually Chastity who provided the excuse. Innocence had often spoken about her desire to continue her school education from where she'd left off and her sister had started discussing the subject with her. One afternoon, after arriving from a long opium-smoking session, Dodie found Chastity and Innocence sitting together in the living room, not making love or even with their arms around each other, but with a whole host of quite dull looking brochures scattered about the floor. They were commenting to each other about courses in subjects as diverse as

Politics, Biology, Philosophy and Religion.

“Isn’t it wonderful!” smiled Innocence, seeing Dodie arrive. “We’re going to college.”

“College? Really! Where?”

“O! It’s simply miles away!” replied Chastity lowering a brochure she had which outlined the various extracurricular activities there were. “We’re going to be students.”

“That means you’ll be moving out of here,” commented Dodie thoughtfully.

“Yes, it does,” admitted Innocence sadly, “but we’ve been living here for ever such a long time! It’ll be good to make a change. And I’d like to be properly educated.”

“And they’ve got a lovely swimming pool at this college,” enthused Chastity. “A gym, a sauna and an arts centre. It’ll be wonderful!”

“I suppose I’ll have to find somewhere else to live,” mused Dodie sadly.

Innocence sighed sympathetically. She stood up leaving her brochure on the floor and walked over to Dodie’s forlorn figure wearing only a pair of denim shorts, allowing her breasts full freedom. She put her arms around Dodie’s shoulders and pulled Dodie close to her.

“We may be parted for now,” Innocence said. “But I’m sure we won’t be parted forever!”

This little homily comforted Dodie immeasurably. She may be parted from Innocence, but she was still appreciated. A warm moistness gathered in her crotch as she tightened her grip on Innocence.



“I hope you’re right! I so hope you’re right!”

## XVI

*In Which Gryphon teaches Innocence and Chastity in a college of Further Education; and develops a particular affection for the attractions of Chastity.*

Gryphon enjoyed her work as a school-teacher and it was a great disappointment for her when it became clear that she would have to seriously consider a move to another institution - and as there was such a shortage of suitable places in the district, it had to be to the local college. The job suited her as she was able to indulge in both of her passions: body-building and sex, for which her positions as Physical Education and Sex Education teacher gave her plenty of opportunity to practise both. As a P.E. teacher, she could stay as fit as she could, using the school's training equipment while at the same time instructing her pupils in how to build up their bodies.

It was true that few of them were at all as interested in developing bodies as muscular and awesome as her own, but those who did were given every chance for extracurricular activity as she prolonged her working out in the school gym until quite late in the evening. Gryphon loved that hot burning sensation that came after a long session which told her that she had once again pushed her muscular frame to its limits of physical endurance. It particularly gratified her that in her school all Physical Education was done in the nude and she had full opportunity to revel in the presence of the naked bodies of her pupils. She particularly enjoyed outdoor sports on chilly days when her pupils' nipples were stiff and erect from the cold.

The school was a Topless Girls' school where the required uniform was a

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skirt, knickers, socks and shoes, and nothing else. Some of the older girls - the prefects - wore scarves around their necks but otherwise nothing hid the girls' beautiful newly-formed breasts and their slim waists and shoulders. The sex classes were particularly good for Gryphon, although, of course, this wasn't where Gryphon had the opportunity to enjoy sex with the pupils. The practical sex was provided by the male Sex Education teachers, who would fuck her in front of the class towards the end of the year - when the subjects relating to sexual organs and theory had been thoroughly covered.

In a way, this was the least satisfying part of the Sex Education course as Gryphon had less interest in having sex with men than with young girls for which she reserved the greatest passion. She adored the bodies and sexual innocence of the younger girl, and always cursed the restrictions put on her that prevented her doing more than touching their smooth vaginas when demonstrating how their organs worked.

Her fingers could open wide the vagina of the lucky child chosen to sit in front of the class for demonstration, but hers was the only vagina she was permitted to probe around more physically - pushing her fingers or a dildo deep inside them. She wasn't even permitted to allow the girls to put their fingers inside. However, in front of a class of beautiful young topless girls she needed little stimulation to excite her when she was demonstrating masturbation and the joys of the female orgasm.

However, she had no lack of sex with the pupils and this is what hastened her departure from the school. Not all her colleagues appreciated the licence she took with pupils who assented to seeing her after class in her study or who agreed to extra-

curricular sex studies away from the school. But she wasn't the only teacher who took such advantage of her wards - though most of the others were men or older women who had somehow kept it far more discreet than she'd managed.

There was no shortage of girls volunteering for her sexual attentions - although Gryphon hoped that it wasn't solely for the better grades this activity guaranteed them. She hoped that at least some of them enjoyed their passionate lovemaking in the gym late at night, in the school showers or in the tiny study behind the Sex Education Laboratory.

She enjoyed running her hands and tongue over their small or sometimes unformed breasts. She loved to pull down their knickers and skirt - often leaving the socks and shoes on, even though she was always totally naked - and apply her fingers and tongue to their lower orifices. She loved it when they rubbed their bodies against her, and particularly when they could be persuaded to try on one of her extensive collection of dildos, strapped securely around the buttocks, and then thrust again and again deep into her moist and excited cunt. What pleasure could be greater than this! she would muse as once again the sweat of her body would mix with that of her pupil, and the never limp dildo thrust as deep into her as the selected specification allowed.

Sometimes, she and other teachers would enjoy the pleasure of their pupils at each others' homes. Some of the male teachers - particularly the Maths and Physics teachers - were particularly keen on practising at home the traditional disciplinary rôles otherwise denied them in the liberal forward-seeking environment of a topless girls' school. They would take pleasure - and disturbingly, the victims as well, - in punishing the pupils for their school-time misdemeanours with slaps on the buttocks

or even with a cane. Some of these girls never seemed satisfied until their buttocks were red and raw, black and blue, from the beatings that they received. The more harshly they were treated, the more passionate the subsequent lovemaking. It often seemed to Gryphon, who joined in this practice without great enthusiasm, that the girls relished the punishment they were getting as their just deserts for the extra grades they were undoubtedly going to gain.

The headmistress was one of those, and the only woman, who took pleasure out of this species of activity, and visits to her home usually entailed the pleasurable company of several pupils. These were particularly passionate evenings for Gryphon - especially as the headmistress took more pleasure from punishing the pupils than from having sex afterwards. On occasions, Gryphon's muscular body would be fawned over by three or four pretty girls - often not yet teenagers - while the headmistress would watch from the sofa whilst exercising her cunt with a cane or even the end of a whip. Even Gryphon thought the headmistress abused her position of authority as she felt sure that not all the pupils had volunteered for such ill-treatment or had been fully aware of the extent of her peculiar tastes.

However, Gryphon's departure was decided when the headmistress left after a scandal involving not one of the pupils, but the parent of one whose daughter had never participated in any of these activities (and who consequently had to struggle hard to achieve anything like the grades of her more sexually active and indiscriminate class-mates). Gryphon never really found out all the details, but the husband of this parent was extremely incensed and the headmistress had to leave for another district a long way away. She speculated that perhaps the parent had been

beaten like many of the pupils and the evidence of this had been sufficient cause for complaint.

Nevertheless, the new headmistress, a small woman with very small breasts (which she kept as revealed as those of her pupils), was not at all sympathetic to staff who took liberties with their pupils. Several of the previous headmistress's closest friends were given a very severe dressing down, as she delved into the discrepancies between the pupils' grades and their ability. Gryphon kept a low profile, knowing that the marks she gave them (especially in Sex Education) were remarkably consistent with their actual abilities. However, the new headmistress made sufficiently frequent references to Gryphon about how she'd been implicated in the sexual exploitation of her wards, for her to know that her departure wouldn't be too unwelcome.

And so it was, that Innocence's and Chastity's first day as students at King's College for Further and Technical Education was also Gryphon's first day as a College Lecturer in Physical Education and General Studies. Gryphon's greatest disappointment was that the students were of both genders and that they were mostly older than those she'd been teaching before. She was also disappointed that the pupils here were not topless by policy - although several students were so by choice. And, in some cases, were substantially more than topless. But at least she was still teaching, and the College Gym was actually a great deal better equipped than the one at the school.

Chastity was a student in one of Gryphon's P.E. classes and from the beginning she suspected that she was a girl especially amenable to extra-curricular sex. She watched Chastity with particular interest from her first day at school -

particularly noticing the intimacy she enjoyed with another very pretty girl, with blonde shoulder-length hair and a fairly conservative wardrobe of blouses, skirts and plimsolls. Chastity wore her hair in short plaits and also chose to wear a blouse and skirt most of the time - but her blouse was almost always undone often allowing her breasts to fall out and Gryphon spotted that she never wore knickers underneath her flared skirt. She was slightly disturbed when she learnt that Chastity's close companion was not a girl-friend, but in fact her sister. There was nothing about their behaviour together that suggested that they didn't have a healthy intimate relationship.

She noticed that Chastity was fairly indiscriminate in her choice of partners, flirting with both the boys and the girls, and often to be found cuddling or kissing with one or the other with total disregard to what others might think. This gave Gryphon some hope of sexual satisfaction, as she had not as yet built up any sexual relationships with any of her other students. She had had sex with a couple of her male colleagues, but this really didn't give her the satisfaction that she craved. She knew that her very muscular frame, with muscles much larger than those of any other member of staff, was of great fascination to others at the school and she enjoyed demonstrating the superiority of her physical strength over others. So much for the weaker sex! But however hard and frantic the lovemaking, however many times she enticed her colleagues to ejaculate over her firm, unlined torso, letting the semen intermingle in the oils with which she habitually greased herself to accentuate the ripples and contours of her muscles, however many men she allowed to fuck her at the same time, it was the company of young girls she most longed for.

She made passes towards some of the prettier, more immature looking girls after P.E. classes while everyone was still naked, or after General Studies lessons, but these were always misinterpreted as just kind or helpful statements and never led beyond an innocent pet on the cheek or the caress of a naked behind. Gryphon longed for more passionate encounters, where she could feel the sting of fresh saliva on her face after a young girl's licks and kisses. She longed again to hold a slim body in her arms while thrusting again and again with her dildo into the child's anus, and to watch the shivers of pleasure rack the young frame. It was somehow easier at the Topless Girls' school where there had been a long tradition of intimate staff-pupils relations, than here where students had come from such very different backgrounds and more often than not had had no suspicion that there was more to be had from their teachers than just pedagogical instruction.

She guessed that Chastity knew well enough of the potentials for better staff-student relations, and this was well illustrated after a Cross Country run she'd been leading and in which she had effortlessly stayed ahead. She'd almost regretted being ahead - although the competitive side of her character wouldn't allow for anything different - as she'd missed seeing the girls (and, incidentally, boys) running along naked in the midday sun, a sight that always gave her considerably erotic satisfaction. She'd showered and was practising with weights in the Gym, admiring the muscles swelling in her forearms and wrists as she lifted the weights up and down in mechanical rhythm. She reached her present target for lifting weights, and with sweat trickling down her face, into her eyes, through the blonde mess of her short hair and down the thick muscles of her neck, she made her way into the changing rooms to



have a shower.

She was alerted to Chastity's presence in the shower by the sound of serious panting and an occasional gasp. Inquisitive as always, Gryphon crept slowly into the shower where the water was still gushing, to see Chastity with another girl. Gryphon paused breathlessly when she recognised Chastity, but also at the sight of the girl who was one for whom she'd reserved particular affection. She was a very slim girl, with a very young body. She barely had breasts at all and certainly no curves to betray her sixteen years. She was also a girl that Gryphon had always considered a lost hope, as she carried around with her an air of untouchable innocence that the teacher believed from previous experience was utterly insurmountable. And yet here she was - a conquest by this sluttish student - enjoying Chastity's fingers probing deep inside her cunt and her teeth nibbling at her tiny precise nipples.

Gryphon stood at the corner of the shower room, transfixed by the sight and the girl's passionate cries. Then she noticed Chastity was looking at her and smiling while her teeth and mouth wandered away from the nipples and towards the girl's earlobes. When Gryphon betrayed her emotion with a blush, Chastity grinned broadly and then theatrically inserted her middle finger into the girl's anus. The girl started slightly, her taut buttocks tightening in response to the invasion, but any complaints she might have were muffled by Chastity's tongue which burrowed deep into her mouth. Gryphon stood fascinated, watching the warm water of the shower cascade over the naked girls while Chastity's fingers stimulated the girl from front and rear. Half of her wanted to be invited to join and another half felt uncharacteristically embarrassed and wanted to run away.

It was the latter half that triumphed, and Gryphon wandered off to the Gym, where she sat by the vaulting horse and began frantically masturbating. She pictured again and again the image of Chastity inserting her finger deeper and deeper into the girl's arse, and she could picture further Chastity taking the girl's clitoris in her teeth and nibbling at it, while she ejaculated again and again, louder and louder, with her body shaking with passion with greater and greater abandon.

"Why, hello there!" she suddenly heard. Gryphon looked up with a startled expression, her fingers moist with vaginal stimulation and her face contorted with the effort of imagination. "You seem to have enjoyed my making love with little Josie as much as I did."

Gryphon didn't know what to say. She looked up at Chastity's naked body, with her red-ribboned plaits just reaching her shoulders and still glistening with drops of water from the shower. She tried to articulate something, but Chastity bade her quiet with a forefinger to her mouth.

"You have such a beautiful body, you know," she commented, placing her hands on Gryphon's shoulders as she sat below her on the matting. "Those triceps and biceps. All those curves and crevices. And such a lovely firm stomach. And so smooth! Almost to your tiny furry patch..." She kneeled down in front of her teacher and placed a hand on Gryphon's pubic hair and started stroking. "May I?" she asked, tweaking Gryphon's clitoris in her fingers. Her teacher could only nod.

And so it was that Gryphon struck up a sexual and romantic attachment to Chastity - the first time with a ward on almost equal terms. She wasn't able to maintain the status of superiority by rank and age that she managed so easily with

other charges. Chastity was not in the slightest impressed by that - although she commented that she now knew how to improve her grades without studying. When Gryphon asked jealously whether this meant she was having sex with her other teachers, Chastity only smiled. Gryphon needn't have asked though, because she knew from conversations with her colleagues that almost all her male teachers and at least one other female teacher also had sex with the girl. Her sexual promiscuity had given her quite a reputation in the school - but so many had received pleasure from her that she wasn't at all censured for it.

Chastity assured Gryphon that she was her favourite lover at the moment. She loved her body, with its mixture of feminine curves - the narrow waist, the full breasts, her *little girl lost* face - and masculine contours. She loved the firmness and strength of Gryphon's muscular thighs that could grip so tight they could squeeze all the breath out of her. And the muscles that Gryphon had trained in her pubic region and her buttocks that she could use to stimulate their lovemaking.

Chastity's sister, Innocence, remained a mystery to Gryphon. Although Chastity talked about her, she never mentioned anything about her sex life or sexual predilections. She heard that quite a while ago she had left home abandoning her education, and that now both she and Chastity were assiduously recommencing their education from where they'd left off. She was convinced by the sisters' kisses and caresses that the two of them enjoyed frequent sex with each. Often their sexual relations were made more than clear to her as the two might kiss tongue to tongue while Gryphon was looking on, but she never saw the two indulge in genital intimacy. Perhaps Chastity knew, as Gryphon belatedly realised, that her affection for Chastity

had become a jealous love, and more than the thought of her beloved having sex with others made her feel distinctly upset.

## XVII

*In Which Gryphon purchases affection and gains a little satisfaction; the provision of Chastity to those willing to pay; and Gryphon's discovery of the hidden virtues of Innocence.*

Despite the rewards of her affair with Chastity, Gryphon still didn't feel that her sex life was wholly satisfactory. She acutely felt the insecurity of having a relationship with a girl who had so many different partners and made no pretence otherwise. She looked for another outlet for her sexual needs, and thought she may have found it in the district near her town-centre house, which was famed, for its streetwalkers and prostitution. She often passed the roads where the girls, transvestites and transsexuals paraded themselves for sexual services at all times of the day and night.

The prostitutes dressed in all manner of revealing clothes. Stockings, suspenders, garters, basques and even total nudity - but however they dressed, by tradition they kept their groins displayed. This was partly for reasons of identification, as someone so prominently displaying his or her pubic region (often blatantly thrusting it forward!) was quite likely to be selling it as a commodity. It also was a very handy way of being sure of the gender of the particular prostitute as some of the most feminine prostitutes, with quite substantial breasts and good figures, were in fact endowed with penises. Gryphon quite admired the dedication shown by these men towards changing their sex, as it matched the dedication she had towards building up her own figure - albeit in the opposite direction. Some of the younger prostitutes - and

these were the ones to whom Gryphon was particularly enamoured - were of ambiguous gender for quite different reasons. It was the lack of gender signals that their undeveloped bodies advertised that meant it was advisable to take a good look at what they had between their legs.

Despite the muscularity of her frame, Gryphon was undoubtedly a woman even though the clothes she wore consisted mostly of track suits or other sportswear. As a result, Gryphon was never approached by any of the prostitutes as she walked home, which she felt was a great shame. She often pleaded to them in her imagination to turn their bodies towards her, flash their cunt or penis, smile welcomingly and ask her whether she fancied a fuck. They never did, as their custom was entirely composed of men, who guiltily walked up and down the street, furtively glancing at the women as they deliberated just whom they wanted to fuck. And those that were not walking, were cruising slowly along in their cars while the prostitutes waited to run towards any car that slowed down sufficiently or actually stopped.

Gryphon tried to pick up courage to pick up a girl, but something about the sordid activity rather disturbed her. She thought of it partly as an admission of her failure to obtain a fully satisfactory sex life, and partly she felt that it was an unsightly exploitation of her own sex. But on a drizzly day when there were fewer punters and the prostitutes were openly cutting their prices to generate any business at all, she approached a young oriental girl - perhaps only eleven years old - with a proposition. The child was one whom Gryphon had often lusted after as she passed by, feeling great sadness when she saw the girl leading off one or two men with their hands groping around the smooth vagina she showed beneath her white blouse. The child

was quite gauche as she stood there, thrusting out her smooth unshaven wares, and today she was wearing a see-through raincoat that didn't obscure at all her blouse or her smooth crotch while she held up a pretty little umbrella to keep the drizzle off her face.

The girl was more than a little amazed to be approached by a woman - especially one with a physique like Gryphon's, - but she nervously smiled and wordlessly led Gryphon along the dark damp streets to her home, which was on the eleventh floor of a tower block. Gryphon felt increasingly uncomfortable as they mounted the urine-smelling steps past graffiti with phrases like *We Don't Give A Fuck!*, *Niggers Keep Out!* and *Kevin Sucks Boys' Dicks!* However, they eventually reached the girl's home which was one of several doors on a balcony looking over an identical building opposite, in front of which there was a constant drip drip of rain coming off the roof and through holes in the plastic guttering.

The girl opened the door with a series of keys and took Gryphon along a very dingy hallway littered with children's toys and motorcycle parts to her room which betrayed all the evidence of a girl more keen on pop stars and computer games than on sex with middle-aged men (or for that matter well-built woman P.E. teachers) Gryphon could see that this was not the sort of girl who would ever have been privileged enough to enrol at the Topless Girls' School, and quite unlikely to get the chances in life that her pupils had. Sex with strangers for money at eleven years of age was of quite a different order to having sex with your teacher in the hope of better grades. As the girl silently removed her few clothes and hung them on the threadbare upholstery of a single chair, Gryphon could hear the sound of the television coming

from the living room intermingled with the whine of a young child and the yell of a frustrated mother. She could also hear the constant thumping noise of a stereo system from the flat above, but she had no way of distinguishing what the music might be from its insistent bass rhythm.

Although Gryphon was very practised in sex with children, this was quite a novel experience to her. It was both sordid and in a novel way very erotic. She hated herself for it after she'd guiltily paid for the sex with an extra note on top of those she'd agreed to (for which the girl was pathetically grateful). On the other hand this sampling of a world of degradation and disgust was curiously satisfying. Gryphon quite enjoyed the fact that what she was getting was paid services - like having her car serviced, or having a haircut, or getting her clothes dry-cleaned. There was no emotional baggage to carry around, though she felt a certain amount of sympathy for the girl she'd spent more than an hour licking, kissing and finally entering physically with the dildo she'd especially brought for the purpose. The fact that the girl bled from the violence of her sexual activity seemed curiously distant from the real world of sensation. She was, after all, only a prostitute.

Gryphon's discovery of paid sex became a secret passion. She didn't feel able to discuss it with anyone. Not with Chastity. Not with Innocence. And certainly not with her colleagues. Had she still been teaching at the Topless Girls' School she'd probably have confessed it to her headmistress, knowing that in some peculiar perverse way she'd have fully approved her behaviour and would have total sympathy. However, for the prostitutes parading Kingsway she became quite a frequent sight - especially at the hours when there was least chance of being spotted by any of her



colleagues or students.

At first, she concentrated on her main passion - which was for little girls - but she felt that with so much variety on offer, she could afford to diversify (and in the competitive cut-throat environment in which they plied their trade their services were quite affordable). She enjoyed the sexual attention of young boys, transsexuals, pregnant women, all sorts. In many cases, she got a privileged view of the prostitutes' homes, which were often rather less well appointed than that of the oriental girl with the raincoat. Sometimes they were filthy squats and the sex took place on soiled mattresses lying on bare and filthy floorboards with the sound of echoing conversation coming from other empty rooms. Sometimes they were in tool-sheds, made to look like bedrooms but with only just about enough room for Gryphon and the prostitute to lie down with their feet banging against the splinters of the door. The worst was when the prostitute had nowhere to take Gryphon - and she'd already agreed to her services - and it was sex standing up in a backyard or a deserted alley-way, with their feet covered in litter and the wind lapping around her bare arse.

Gryphon knew that the prostitutes had mixed feeling about providing their services for a woman rather than a man. On the one hand, Gryphon took much longer to satisfy than a man who could usually be expected to be relieved of his semen within five minutes. On the other hand, sex with Gryphon didn't necessarily entail either vaginal or anal sex, and some of the more chatty prostitutes told her that often a girl's cunt needed a bit of a rest. Gryphon could scarcely agree, but she was aware that her purchase of their services provided the girls with unsuspected variety.

One night as Gryphon was cruising Kingsway, she was rather taken by the

distant sight of one girl with her hair in pony-tails, wearing a demure blouse and socks, - but her vagina, as always, very prominently displayed. This attracted her partly because of her own tastes, but also because here was a girl she'd never seen on display before. She was clearly very open with her offers, leaning out and flashing her cunt boldly at every man who passed by.

However, it came as rather a shock when she approached nearer to see that this prostitute was someone extremely familiar to her. She was, in fact, Chastity, whom Gryphon had never imagined as someone who'd ever find the need to sell herself in this way. From her visits to Chastity's flat, she'd been rather more impressed by the relative comfort in which she and her sister lived. She hesitated, intending to turn round so that Chastity wouldn't recognise her - but it was too late.

"Hi there!" Chastity called out cheerfully, wandering towards her. "Off home are you?"

"Well, yes," lied Gryphon who'd really been searching for more paid-for pleasure, but still didn't want to confess to her nocturnal habits. "What are you doing here?"

"What do you think?" Chastity laughed, hitting her gently on the shoulder. "Us students have got to do something to afford our education."

"Does Innocence do this as well?" wondered Gryphon.

"Innocence? I shouldn't think so. She'd be terrified if she were confronted with a strange man. And I don't do this that often - but when I do... It's real good money! Hey, need the fuck of a lifetime?"

This last was addressed to a short middle-aged man in an anorak who was

passing by. He was one of the punters that Gryphon had often seen wandering by. He paused in his stride and nervously examined her.

“How much?”

When Chastity answered his question, he nodded and Chastity put her arm through his. “I’ll take you somewhere for a fuck you won’t easily forget.”

Gryphon was about to melt away, feeling more than a little upset to see her lover selling herself so cheap (although it was for a little more than she usually needed to pay), but Chastity grabbed her by the arm. “Come along, lover, this’ll be fun!”

The client didn’t appear to object at all as Chastity walked along, linking Gryphon on one arm and him on the other. Gryphon felt dragged along by events and didn’t say a word, even as her lover put her arm round her waist. Chastity chatted all the while with the client to ascertain what his particular sexual preferences were and promised to be able to provide all he wanted and more for the extra costs which she specified in clinical detail. Gryphon’s thoughts concentrated on just where it might be that Chastity might be leading her - her lover didn’t live anywhere near this district and she was sure she wasn’t someone who would use a backyard or a patch of grass for a fuck.

In this she was right as Chastity led the two of them to a quite nice small house tucked away down a private road more noted for its herbaceous borders than its brothels. She unlinked her arm from Gryphon’s and rang the doorbell. After only a few seconds the door was opened by a girl Gryphon recognised from the school but didn’t actually teach. She was a shy, very skinny girl with blonde plaits and wearing jeans and tee-shirt.

“Oh, it’s you again! It’s the fourth time this evening. If Mummy were here...”

“But she isn’t,” smiled Chastity. “Let us in.”

The girl obeyed, eyeing Gryphon suspiciously as they walked through the porch into a wide hallway. This was quite unlike the kind of house Gryphon usually was escorted into, and she could see that Chastity’s client was also very impressed.

“I haven’t managed to clean up since the last one...” reproved the girl, leading the three of them on to a bedroom plastered with posters of film-stars and in which a compact disc was playing some inappropriately frantic dance music.

“You’ll get your percentage, Camille. And you can get to watch again,” Chastity replied, methodically guiding the client to the bed and pulling down his trousers. His penis was standing fully erect and he was clearly rather enjoying being in the company of so many women. Chastity pushed his trousers down below his knees, while running the fingers of her other hand up and down the length of his prick. “You can watch as well, Gryphon, sweetest.”

Gryphon felt she had very little choice as she sat down on the floor under a travel poster while the girl who owned the room sat frowning but unprotesting on her chair. She watched bemused as Chastity lay on her back - not taking any more clothes off and guided the man’s penis into her cunt. For the next few minutes, Gryphon and she watched in fascinated silence, with the empty space filled with the ecstatic shouts and cries of the singers on the compact disc, while the client pushed in and out of her cunt, his buttocks heaving towards them. Uncharacteristically, Chastity made no cries of pleasure as he continued his thrusts.

It wasn’t too long until he gasped hard and fast and, presumably having

released his sperm, he collapsed on top of Chastity's body. Gryphon's lover lay there smiling cheekily at Gryphon and Camille, and then whispered into the man's ear. Whatever it was she said, he appeared to agree to and also to whatever the cost of it was.

He then stood up and so did Chastity, who approached Gryphon and lifted her up by her shoulders. "I told him that you were my teacher," she said by way of explanation as she unzipped Gryphon's tracksuit.

Chastity's teacher felt unable to protest as her clothes were steadily removed, and she appeared naked in front of Chastity's client and Camille. She found her clitoris being exercised and soon surrendered herself to the familiar warmth of her lover's body. The sex this time was considerably more ecstatic and Gryphon was able to observe the client masturbating furiously - clearly unsettling Camille who nevertheless sat in stunned silence. Her lovemaking was rather disturbed when she felt some droplets of warm liquid dropping on to her broad back as her muscles were rippling with the tensions of lovemaking. Startled, she turned her head, not too surprised to see the client's penis spurting long streams of semen over her and her lover.

When he'd released his semen, Chastity unceremoniously halted the lovemaking, and led the client downstairs leaving Gryphon and Camille alone in the bedroom. Gryphon was exhausted and felt somewhat filthy. Camille looked at her with a long melancholy stare that fit very well with her long thin face. Gryphon felt obliged to say something to comfort the girl - fighting her own desire to take the girl's jeans off and to apply her tongue to her young cunt.

“Does Chastity often come here?” she asked weakly, leaning forward on her broad forearms.

Camille made no reply, so Gryphon repeated the question.

“It’s the fourth time this evening,” Camille replied. “The fourth dirty disgusting man! And the third evening Chastity’s done this...”

Gryphon realised belatedly that the girl felt quite understandably exploited, and she also knew that she couldn’t really say anything which could either justify Chastity’s behaviour or even comfort her. Furthermore, her own participation rather compromised herself as an independent witness.

“Just because Mummy’s not here! What would she think if she saw those horrible men fucking on my bed? I’ll have to put all the sheets in the washing machine - and Mummy’ll wonder why I’ve got so clean and tidy all of a sudden!” Camille pushed a hand over her forehead and through her hair. “Never again. Never again.”

Chastity appeared again, counting a number of notes. “He thought you were great, Gryphon!” she announced cheerfully handing her a couple of notes. She then knelt down in front of Camille and took the trembling girl in her arms. “...And Camille, sweetest, my dearest love, you are *so* wonderful! Only someone as beautiful, as kind, as understanding, as you could help me in my time of need!”

She handed the girl a couple of notes and showered her face with kisses. Gryphon could see that here was yet another of Chastity’s conquests, whom she’d presumably decided was worth getting to know better for the accommodation she offered. She also felt a burning flush of envy as she watched Chastity passionately kiss Camille full on the mouth and massage her small young breasts under the tee-shirt.

When Chastity had at last finished, it was clear that Camille had sufficiently forgiven her for her exploitation to want rather more lovemaking, but Chastity was not ready to oblige.

“I’d best show my teacher home,” she said with a smile.

“Can’t you stay?” pleaded Camille.

“Your Mum’s due home soon, isn’t she?” smiled Chastity by way of explanation. She led Gryphon away after she’d put her track suit back on and as she walked out she softly commented: “I wondered if I’d ever be able to get away from her...”

“Sorry?” wondered Gryphon.

“Camille,” explained Chastity, opening the front door and leading them out into the street. “She’s *so* possessive!”

“Possessive?” Gryphon felt fairly possessive herself about her errant lover. “How did you get to know her?”

“How do you think? I’m her first lover as well! But I really don’t want to get tied down with a wimp like her. She thinks that I’ll give her another session - but she was *so* boring! Not like you, darling!” She squeezed Gryphon’s muscular buttocks. “You’re a real lover! Shall we go back to your place?”

Gryphon felt thoroughly helpless and completely manipulated, but she nodded. “Yes, I’d enjoy that,” she admitted sadly.

The fact that Gryphon lived so close to the main drag where the prostitutes hung out was seen as a great boon to Chastity who took very little time in persuading her teacher to let her use her flat to bring her clients back. At first Gryphon made an

effort to be in whenever Chastity announced that she'd be back for a night of business - but she didn't enjoy it at all. She didn't relish watching her student lover being fucked on what was admittedly her spare bed but one on which she herself had sex occasionally. She had again tried, but really didn't derive much joy from, participating in the lovemaking. She'd never found men that attractive at the best of times, and precious few of Chastity's clients could ever be described by even the most charitable as attractive. The saddest aspect, Gryphon thought, was their total lack of imagination in their lovemaking combined with some very sad fantasies that said more about a self-recognition of their inadequacies - and not only in sexual matters - than it did about the potentials of sexual adventure.

Gryphon found she preferred to find an excuse to get away while Chastity was servicing her clients and pick up a prostitute for her own purposes for which she would gladly pay more to extend the period of lovemaking. This activity though was palling quite rapidly as Gryphon found herself imagining the girls she was fucking or sucking were just girls like Chastity. And then the painful thoughts of her lover lying on her spare bed with her legs open while a hairy-arsed man thrust his buttocks back and forth and looking rather apathetically at something immeasurably more fascinating in the design of the lamp-shade.

Gryphon soon avoided inviting Chastity to her flat. She felt that her relationship was already petering out not very long after it had started and that her favours to Chastity had fast become more akin to the financial gain she got from Chastity's services (which barely covered the costs of the prostitutes she'd be using in the meantime). Chastity must have realised this, as she became rather more insistent



that Gryphon should visit her.

“I think it’s about time I properly introduced you to Innocence,” she announced to Gryphon one day, after her (it seemed) eleventh client that night.

Gryphon thought she knew what her student meant by this. It was just a euphemistic way of describing having sex with Chastity’s sister - which she looked forward to immensely having been very much won over by the girl’s beauty, her modesty and the suggestion she somehow imparted of being a very passionate lover.

She could see though that Innocence hadn’t herself suggested the idea when she went to Chastity’s flat to fulfil her lover’s promise. The girl wasn’t as excited by the prospect as Chastity so clearly was and seemed to find endless excuses to delay going to bed with Gryphon and her sister. This was even after Gryphon and Chastity had long since stripped off their clothes and had enjoyed nearly an hour of lovemaking together, watched by Innocence sitting on a sofa sipping the last glass of wine left from the bottle Gryphon had brought along with her for the occasion. Gryphon felt almost embarrassed by the hugeness of her muscular frame, the broadness of her back, the leanness of her stomach and the prominence of the veins in her arms. It seemed somehow so indelicate compared to the softness of Innocence’s sweet little body.

Finally, and after some cajoling from Chastity, Innocence agreed to disrobe. Gryphon’s heart skipped a beat as she examined the pure round orbs of Innocence’s full breasts, the perfectly formed aureate nipples, the slender waist, the smooth thighs - so beautifully proportioned: young and slim and firm. However the palpitations of her heart were as nothing to the near asphyxiation she felt when Innocence was persuaded to pull down the silk knickers she’d left until last and revealed a perfectly

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formed and now semi-erect penis. How could such a beautiful girl be so divinely blessed? Gryphon asked herself while Chastity took full advantage of Gryphon's sexual excitement and buried almost the whole of her fist into Gryphon's muscular vulva. She felt close to fainting as Innocence strode across the room towards her sister and teacher, her beautiful figure exactly like her dearest fantasies of beautiful women but carrying nonetheless a perfectly formed penis standing erect in front of her just waiting for Gryphon to put her mouth around.

And this she did, after Chastity had shown her that Innocence's penis didn't reject the advances of her sister's lips and tongue. She traced her tongue around the moist full-veined length of it, felt the glans prod gently against the top of her palate and then slide (so smoothly!) down her throat releasing that smell of male sex that Gryphon had never really appreciated so favourably before. She let her tongue wander around the hairs of the testicles, letting one hard ball into her mouth and nibbled gently while watching the frisson of pleasure it gave to the long length of unsheathed penis.

It wasn't unsheathed for long, as Chastity opened her legs and allowed her sister's prick full entry first into her vagina and then, when it was fully moistened the anus Gryphon had been prodding earlier with her middle finger and lapping it avidly with her tongue. And then it was Gryphon's turn as Chastity helped her sister move her erect penis into ... no! not that! ... straight into her arse without first priming her vagina. Then as Gryphon was experiencing a series of more rapid and intense orgasms than she could remember - her eyes nearly popping out of their sockets, her tongue raw from the bites of her own tongue, her nose releasing snot from its own confused

intensity - there came the feel of the entry of a far firmer and much larger phallus in her vagina. It was, inevitably, Chastity who had taken a large dildo - easily eighteen inches long - and was forcing it into Gryphon's front entrance as deeply as she could.

Gryphon gasped and shouted and yelled and screamed as the intensity of the penetration reached to the core of her being, threatened to tear her heart out from the muscular frame in which it was restrained and as her tongue throbbed with dehydration. She flung herself forward with exhaustion and lay flat on Innocence's sheets - a mass of rippling muscle and smooth hard skin, buttocks rippling with tension and her massively strong hands gripping tightly at the corners of the sheet, threatening to tear the entire bed in half.

After this, Gryphon saw rather less of her student and her sister. She sensed that this lovemaking - in all its intensity and passion - was not so much a prelude for more to come but rather the final and most intense phase of a relationship that left Gryphon feeling rather more soiled than satisfied. She continued to teach Chastity and on occasion the two of them would make love in neutral territory. Never again at Gryphon's flat nor that of the two sisters. More often in the gym after school or in the quieter corners of the playing field. She didn't make love to Innocence again. She felt rather frightened to do so. The natural unrequested assets of Innocence conflicted too much with her own pursuit of self-built perfection and she felt that the full woman's figure that the girl had departed too far from her first passion, which was still for the younger girl's body.

This was after all why she had first taken up the profession of teaching.

## XVIII

*In Which Purity is reconciled with Innocence; Purity is separated from Chastity; and Purity appreciates the value of Twelve, but is displeased by the association with Chastity.*

Purity hadn't seen Innocence for such a long time, and she was very pleased when she heard that she and her sister had left Wonderground. She'd never cared to visit a place with such a poor reputation for racial discrimination, so it was with rather more enthusiasm than might otherwise have been the case she took the train from Brook to the city of Labia where Innocence was studying at the Further Education College. As the train travelled along, passing the fields and forests that divided Brook from the suburbs of Labia, Purity toyed with the idea of returning to education herself, but reasoned she was having rather too much fun being free and single.

She'd left the commune. She'd had quite enough of lentil-burgers and nut-loafs, and had been staying in a friend's flat in the village of Noir, but when she received such a welcoming and chatty letter from Innocence telling her about her life since leaving Brook it would have taken a great deal to dissuade her from setting off to be reunited with her old school-friend. She reluctantly put on some clothes for the journey - basically being just a pair of cut-off denim shorts, large air-ware soled boots and a rucksack over her shoulders containing all the possessions she ever thought worth taking around with her. Since leaving the commune, she'd bit by bit abandoned the styles she'd adopted there: she now had her hair cut very short (not quite shaved off) and she started shaving her legs again - and had recently even started shaving

under her armpits. She enjoyed the fresh feeling it gave her - but she still didn't feel inclined to shave her vagina like so many other girls were doing these days.

When she arrived at Labia Central, she was aware of being rather earlier than she promised Innocence when she phoned up earlier. She dragged her rucksack behind her and wandered around the platform looking for something interesting to do. She had absolutely ages to kill, and the newsagents seemed to sell nothing of the remotest interest to her. She put a few coins into a vending machine to receive some tasteless coffee in a plastic cup (totally against the principles of the commune who'd oppose the waste of plastic not to mention the dangerous influence of caffeine). She then wandered into the waiting room to wait for Innocence, this being the rendezvous point that they'd previously decided on.

Purity wasn't the only one in the waiting room. A man and woman were locked in a passionate embrace in the corner just by the waiting room gas-fire and just under a poster featuring a naked man fellating another man that advertised the wonders of express delivery services. Purity opened up the newspaper that she'd bought for her outward-bound journey, and returned reluctantly with a sigh to the crossword she'd all but abandoned earlier. However as often happened, she managed to finally crack one of the stubborn clues on which so many other solutions relied and in a spate of activity she knocked off several other clues. She was engrossed for several minutes, but her attention was aroused by the familiar sounds of ecstatic gasps and heavy breathing. She peered over her newspaper to see that the couple had rather departed from their more innocent canoodling and the man was in the process of fucking the woman quite openly, with her legs wrapped around his waist. Even in

Brook, openly making love in such public places was not considered particularly tasteful, and Purity watched in some fascination as the two became wholly immersed in the intensity of their passion.

She noticed Innocence hurrying along the platform towards the waiting room, obviously aware that she'd inadvertently arrived rather late. With some relief, Purity deposited her newspaper in a waste-paper bin, and dashed out of the waiting room to meet her old school friend again. She had grown her hair a lot longer since she'd left the Convent, Purity noted. It was now she, not Innocence, who had the much shorter hair. It was long and flowed over her shoulders, a white tee-shirt worn over her voluptuous breasts, a short flared white skirt and white knee-length socks. Innocence looked every part the quality of what her name suggested. She ran over to Purity and pulled her friend's black body against her chest, and once again there was the beautiful reassuring smell of her long hair on Purity's face. The two girls kissed long and hard, their tongues deep inside each other's mouths. Purity grasped at Innocence's breasts under the tee-shirt while her lover massaged the round fullness of her buttocks. Purity could feel the hardness of Innocence's erect penis pressing against her side through the lines of her skirt.

"Who gives a shit?" thought Purity as, from a sudden urge, she guided Innocence out of sight of most of the platform, and pulled down her shorts while at the same time freeing Innocence's penis from the confines of her knickers. It was as beautiful as she'd remembered it: erect and smooth, veins frantically pumping in the blood and standing out distinctly. Warm and hard! Throbbing and firm! Within seconds, Purity guided it into her moist and appreciative cunt, giving a gasp of

involuntary pleasure as it slid into her. (Oooh! So easily!) Innocence then thrust away at Purity, her buttocks hidden from sight by her skirt, with a pair of shorts lying at her feet and a poster supporting her heaving arse just behind her, that advertised the many delightful places that could be so easily reached by train.

Eventually - and too soon, thought Purity - the passion of the moment exploded in a release of hot semen that gushed free of Purity's hairy cunt and dripped down onto her now smoothly shaven thighs where it could easily be seen against the darkness of her skin. With a bit of post-coital haste, the two of them straightened themselves up before heading to the flat that Innocence and her sister were renting near the college.

Labia was a town full of students - university, art school, seminary, technical college and academy students. Purity felt distinctly inferior in her lack of education as she passed the colleges that lined the main streets. She was also impressed by the sisters' apartment. Where had they got the money together to afford such a nice flat? And full of so many expensive things! After her voluntarily Spartan life in the commune, she felt rather overwhelmed by the computers, videos, stereos, luxurious furniture, etcetera, that filled their home.

"Student grants must be *extremely* generous!" Purity gasped as she settled down on the sofa opposite Chastity who had hair nearly as short as her own, wore a very tight short skirt and black silk stockings.

"Not at all!" Innocence's sister replied. "Most students don't know how they can manage at all."

"But you live in such luxury!" Purity remarked as she sank into the deep

recesses of an armchair which simply by virtue of being covered in leather would never be permitted in the commune.

“I don’t know how we do it,” Innocence admitted, as she sat on the arm of the chair and ran her hands up and down her school-friend’s bare arms. “I think it must have something to do with the part-time evening work that Chastity does. And, as I told you in my letters, we made a lot of money while we were still in Wonderground.”

“It’s wonderful here!” enthused Purity, leaning against Innocence’s bare breasts and feeling the nipple brush against her cheek. “It’s perfect!”

Purity had never been very fond of Chastity when they went to the same school and despite her intentions of being more charitable towards the sister of her school-day lover she felt no great affection towards her now. While at school, Purity had felt that her lack of feeling for the girl had been from some kind of jealousy, but now she knew she had some quite genuine reasons for her dislike. Partly this was from the discovery she made fairly soon of the sisters’ incestuous relationship.

It wasn’t that she was especially prudish, though it was an activity she’d never dream of indulging in with either her brother or sister. Rather it was more her belief that Innocence was very much the exploited partner in a relationship in which Chastity had taken advantage of the closeness they’d had from birth. She got rather irritated by the occasions when Chastity intervened in her lovemaking with Innocence and insisted that her sister fuck her at least as hard as she’d previously been fucking Purity.

It was true that Innocence got pleasure out of the lovemaking, though Purity was sure that she’d never seen her instigate it and always seemed rather apologetic as



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she entered her sister's ever-waiting cunt. She and Innocence might be having a most glorious fuck - she'd be lost in the waves of her passion with trickles of her own vaginal juices mixing with earlier semen released by her lover, - when suddenly she'd find that there was an interloper with her mouth around Innocence's balls, licking the length of her glorious penis or locking her mouth with Innocence's. There, as always, was Chastity getting quite obvious pleasure from the power she was able to exert over her sister.

Purity also believed that Chastity treated her sister rather more as a reliable standby than as a true lover. She often bought home girls from the college to have sex with. There was an ever-changing series of girls (and very occasionally boys) who would be led by Chastity to her bedroom, the bathroom or would be found in the throes of passion in the living room. So many of them seemed to be *very* young. Much younger than any of the students that went to the college. On occasion, they seemed to be more children than consenting adults - particularly the occasional boy.

Purity's sympathies were always towards the lover Chastity brought back. They were often rather naïve and unsure of themselves. In fact, Purity was convinced that an unseemly high proportion of them were virgins. It upset her to think that for these girls their first experiences of sex should be with someone like Chastity who almost certainly the following day or the day after that would have sex with another person whom Purity had never seen before and would probably never see again. Some of the girls were quite clearly quite tearful and unhappy after their experience: one which Purity imagined they would be reluctant to in ever repeat.

She could only guess what activities Chastity indulged with these young naïfs,

but there was uncomfortable evidence left behind. The smell of urine in the bath where she'd taken them or even on the bed sheets. The traces of blood on the sheets, on the carpet or even just stubbornly left on Chastity's thighs or on the dildos she often used. Some of these instruments of sexual pleasure seemed to be of quite cruel if impressive dimensions and even Purity after her years of fucking blanched at the idea of them entering her vagina or her anus, where she knew from the odd blood-stained stool left in the toilet by a tearful visitor they had been used.

"Really, Chastity," she one day rebuked her lover's sister after yet another young girl had left. "Couldn't you be a little more considerate?"

She felt extremely sorry as the tear-stained face glimpsed her as she left through the door that Purity was entering. The girl was probably no more than eleven years old and had had some of her clothes rather torn by Chastity's rough lovemaking.

"What do you mean?" Chastity spat back, angry at being even mildly chastised.

"The way you treated that girl! I saw how she was stroking her arse and I'm sure that's piss I can smell."

"What's it to you what I do with my lovers?"

"I was just saying that I thought you ought to think more about the people you make love with. I'm sure they didn't want to lose their virginity in such a brutal way."

Chastity snarled as she removed the slightly brown and red-stained dildo she had strapped to her otherwise naked body. "Firstly, what makes you think that little slut was a virgin? And secondly, even if she was who are you to say how she'd want to lose her virginity? And thirdly, I just don't agree with you that I'm brutal."

“But, Chastity,” interceded Innocence, who appeared from the bedroom naked and with her penis still slightly erect after having made love to Purity. “You must admit that you’re a little brutal...”

“Not at all!”

“Well, you sometimes get pretty rough with me, and I’ve noticed you *do* get a little bit rough with your lovers.”

“Are you siding with your black lover against me, Innocence?”

“What do you mean, Chastity? Are you still bitter about Kedi leaving you?”

“I don’t care what you and your hippy friend think. I’ll do ... exactly ... what I like!” With that Chastity span around with her dildo in one hand and marched straight into the living room where she turned on the television and watched a sex comedy which she’d normally have sneered at for being too tame, with the volume deliberately turned up loud.

Purity’s criticism of Chastity marred the atmosphere in the flat from then on. Purity soon found that she rather preferred the days when Chastity had intervened in her lovemaking with Innocence. Instead, she became more possessive of her sister and frequently denied her of her lover’s caresses. She became more polite than friendly when she spoke to Purity and deliberately avoided allowing conversation to become more intimate. Even the occasions when Purity made a gesture of putting a hand on Chastity’s hand, in the hope that it would lead to an unfreezing of the coolness between them, were left uncommented and ignored. Eventually she had no choice but to remove her hand and wander away.

Occasionally, Chastity made rude caustic statements. Some of these were

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about Purity's perceived prudishness, where Chastity would pretend to seek her approval before taking another underage girl upstairs - "If it's all right with *you*, of course, Purity?" Sometimes these were harsh comments about her being an old hippy with too much of a fondness for lentils, alternative living and never wearing clothes. Purity felt very vulnerable on this account, as she was still a vegetarian and definitely never wore clothes any clothes around the house. They still made her feel very uncomfortable. Some of Chastity's comments were pure spiteful racism about her colour: such as references to not seeing her in the dark or not noticing if she were dirty or not. Considering that her lover for so long had also been black, it made Purity wonder if the object of her sarcasm was really herself.

She knew she couldn't stay for long in this atmosphere, and she was torn between her desire to leave Chastity and her desire to stay with Innocence. A compromise which she tried hard to persuade Innocence to accept was that when the vacation came she should come away with Purity to travel together. In the meantime, she treasured her moments of passion with Innocence on those nights when Chastity didn't make first claim or drag her off (as she'd never done before) to become an active participant in the abuse of her young lovers.

"Innocence, darling! I'm home!" Purity called out as she pushed open the door to the flat after another futile day of looking for work in the city of Labia. There was no reply. "Innocence!" she shouted again, wondering where her lover might be. She knew she wouldn't be with Chastity as she'd seen her sister walking in town with one of her college friends. She pushed open the door to their bedroom to see Innocence in bed with another girl whose very red lipsticked mouth was oozing semen from

Innocence's penis that was thrust deep inside while Innocence was greedily lapping at her cunt.

Purity had never seen this girl before, and her appearance was rather a shock to her. She was totally depilated. Her vagina was shaved, her head was shaved and even her eyebrows were shaved. This gave her a very odd appearance as there was nothing to delimit her forehead from her face. Purity stood at the door in a short skirt and white blouse she'd borrowed from Innocence as the two naked girls continued in their passionate lovemaking - the strange girl only noting her arrival with a disarmingly friendly smile. She stood there for several minutes not at all sure where to put herself, until Innocence saw her there and with a little gasp of embarrassment straightened herself up while the strange girl wrapped herself around her. She had very pale skin that highlighted the freckles around her nose and shoulders.

"You've not met Twelve have you? She's a friend we made when we were living in the country."

"Pleased to meet you," said the girl smiling and still holding Innocence's semi-erect penis covered as it was with the slime of her vagina. She leaned over with her free hand to shake Purity's. "You must be Purity. Innocence has told me so much about you."

Twelve's hand wandered upwards from Purity's hand to her neck and then with a little force the skinny girl pulled her face down to her own, almost unbalancing her in the process. She pushed her tongue deep into Purity's mouth and there was once again the familiar taste of Innocence's semen mixed with Twelve's saliva and some other more exotic tastes that Purity couldn't easily identify. Within seconds Twelve

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and Innocence had stripped her of all her clothes and the three bundled together in a mass of black and white flesh. She relished the feel of her tongue on the slight stubble of Twelve's crown and around her vagina. She appreciated the way Twelve persuaded Innocence's penis to regain its previous glory and assisted her in thrusting it deep inside her cunt, while she licked and chewed her clitoris and the lips of her vagina.

Purity was not happy about the way this girl had interposed herself so easily between her and Innocence, but she had to admit to actually rather liking this strange girl. She soon identified the sole piece of jewellery she wore, which was a small gold stud in her clitoris that felt so smooth and hard against her tongue and which Twelve adored having nibbled. She was also a welcome relief to the tension in the flat that continued between her and Chastity who nonetheless soon fixed her attention on Twelve when she came home. Purity was grateful for the distraction it provided Chastity as the two started sharing the same bed, leaving her with more time with Innocence.

It was impossible to really dislike Twelve who was very fair and selfless with her lovemaking - paying more attention to giving pleasure than to receiving it, and the source of many of Purity's more passionate orgasms these days. She enjoyed their evenings out together, away from Chastity and her stream of young lovers, either with Innocence or quite frequently without her, as she was so intent on her homework. Twelve was very chatty company who easily made more friends in Labia than Purity had ever done and rather more interesting company as well.

She was a strange companion to be with: her lips so red and the rest of her so bare and hairless (an effect she achieved by the occasional waxing as well as by

shaving). She wore an outfit of leather straps which pulled in on the contours of her buttocks and just about hid the lips of her vagina - although Purity was sure she could sometimes feel the stud of her clitoris as they groped together in the dark shadows of a night club or a pub. Her nipples appeared through the straps around her breasts that did nothing to disguise their smallness. On occasion she wore a collar around her neck that she was sure originally belonged to a large dog. She also affected to wear small fingerless leather gloves that didn't protect her fingers from the stain of nicotine or cannabis she so habitually smoked. This last affectation was the one that disconcerted Purity the most as tobacco was almost totally banned in the commune (although most other drugs were not). The fumes sometimes made her feel positively unwell and she was always aware of the taste of it on Twelve's tongue and around her stained teeth.

Twelve also had a taste for the kind of sex games that Chastity practised and was quite pleased to participate where both Purity and Innocence had reservations. She was, however, somewhat more tender with Chastity's young lovers than Innocence's sister ever was. Although Purity always felt a measure of concern for the children or older girls that entered into their grasps, she noticed that they usually seemed less troubled afterwards (even if Chastity sometimes looked dissatisfied). It was reassuring to see Twelve kissing them tenderly goodbye, sometimes for several minutes, before they left. Some of the sex games Chastity and Twelve practised had an element of perversion in them, Purity was sure. There was sometimes a dribble of urine on Twelve's hairless thighs or even down her face. Sometimes there was even the odd scratch or bruise to be found somewhere or other on Twelve's body - perhaps more visible in contrast to the paleness of her skin and the slight impression of blue

veins on her high cheeks. Twelve only laughed when Innocence or Purity commented about it. She never gave a full account of her activities with Chastity - and Purity didn't really wish to know, either.

When Twelve discovered Purity's plan to leave with Innocence during her vacation to travel around the country, she positively bubbled with enthusiasm. At first, Purity was worried that this meant that she wanted to come as well, which was not what was really intended. Purity had hoped to spend more time alone with Innocence, well away from what she perceived as the malign influence of her sister, but Twelve had somehow come to the same conclusion herself.

"Don't worry, I'll look after Chastity!" She commented. "It'll be such fun to have the flat all to ourselves!"

However, she was very eager to describe places to visit, things to do, delicacies to eat and customs to be wary of. Purity looked forward to the vacation as if she was the one who was the student having a well-deserved break.

Twelve persuaded Purity to shave off her own pubic hair which made her groin feel quite vulnerable and tender, but undoubtedly added a new sensation to her lovemaking as she could better feel Innocence's pubic hairs stroke against her bare skin. She didn't enjoy the itchiness that pertained after more than a day's growth, but she felt it was a small price to pay for the new sensitivity she gained. However, Twelve couldn't persuade her to dress more like her or her friends. And she wouldn't shave her head or eyebrows either. She just wasn't convinced that it would suit her.

Chastity also changed her appearance, but like Purity she stopped short at shaving her head or eyebrows, but did adopt a costume of straps like Twelve's, though



hers were of plastic, lycra or lace. This made her look both younger and older than she actually was - but Purity didn't think it made her look any more attractive.

## XIX

*In Which Alice rediscovers Innocence and learns the virtues of Purity; in which Innocence and Purity are shown in the practise of religious devotion; and in which Innocence leaves Chastity and Purity loses Innocence.*

The fruition of all plans is often much less than the ambitions associated with their formulation, and so it was with the vacation that Purity had planned together with Innocence. They had scarcely been away a day when over a drink in a café that was near the hostel they were staying at they found themselves scaling down their plans to much more manageable proportions for the time available. It was then that Innocence suggested that they should visit her friend Alice whom she'd not seen for a long time.

"I've always been a bit nervous visiting her, because she didn't really get on very well with Chastity," she exclaimed.

"Who does?" bitterly commented Purity.

"That's a bit unfair," Innocence said in her sister's defence, but significantly not contradicting the assertion.

It was a couple of days later that Purity and Innocence arrived at Alice's house, wearing robust shoes, shorts and tee-shirts. Alice lived in a part of the country that Purity had never visited before, but it was very suburban and quiet. She enjoyed the leafy greenness of it all, but she didn't relish at all the stares she got as she walked along. She wasn't sure it was because there weren't many young women her age so relatively lightly clad or if it was because she was the only black face around. Alice's

home was a dilapidated terraced cottage in a quite anonymous street. A red telephone box stood in front of her house by a row of quite old cars composed in equal measure of rust and metal. Alice, herself, when she opened the door was completely naked, which seemed very unusual in this town, with long hair down to her waist that obscured her small breasts but not her light covering of pubic hair. When she saw Purity there with Innocence, she started as if in a kind of shock.

“You! Is it you?” she cried.

Purity wasn’t sure what to say, but she smiled broadly.

“Hello, Alice! I hope you don’t mind us turning up unannounced like this,” said Innocence. “Meet Purity. A good friend of mine who I’ve known from school.”

“Oh! Purity! A school friend!” Alice remarked. “Well, come in. Come in. I’m sorry I seemed so startled. I just thought Purity was someone else.”

“You mean, you thought she was Kedi?” suggested Innocence, as she and her lover brought their bags into the small narrow hallway.

“I’m afraid you’re right,” Alice admitted.

The house inside was decorated quite well, with thick wallpaper, framed pictures of cats and other animals and rather a lot of mirrors. Alice escorted them into her living room, where Purity and Innocence sat on the sofa, while she busied herself with making some tea.

“I hope you don’t mind us staying for a couple of days, Alice?” asked Innocence. “It’s so long since we last met and I don’t want to appear to be imposing on your hospitality at all.”

“That’s fine!” smiled Alice. “I’m quite grateful for visitors. It can sometimes

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get quite lonely, you know, living by oneself.”

“Don’t you share the house with Dinah?”

“No, not any more. And I can’t say I regret that at all. For all I love my sister, I feel so much happier without her around. And in any case it *was* beginning to get very strained the two of us living on top of each other. I could hardly feel I had a life of my own. And, as you know, there are other things that complicate matters.”

“Yes, there are,” agreed Innocence sadly. Purity couldn’t be sure as she sat on the sofa sipping the tea Alice had prepared whether her lover was reflecting on her troubled relationship with her own sister, but she was quite convinced that she was.

“Did you and your sister part on good terms?” wondered Purity.

“What a question!” laughed Innocence embarrassedly.

“Well, not totally,” admitted Alice. “And being apart does have its disadvantages. It’s a lot more expensive for a start. And I don’t get to meet all of Dinah’s friends so often. But all in all it’s much better. I feel much more independent. And I’m sure we get on better together than we used to.”

The three girls spent a long time chatting and reminiscing, sitting quite a distance apart on separate chairs. Purity felt constrained by politeness because she knew that Alice and Innocence had a relationship together in the past and would almost certainly like to spend time together. She also realised that both girls were less than totally forthcoming and would wait almost indefinitely for the other to take the initiative. She could catch the odd glance from the two girls’ eyes that told her that it was merely a question of finding the right opportunity and all would be well. She knew she shouldn’t feel such an encumbrance, but she was certain that if she weren’t

there it would be easier for all concerned.

“You know, we haven’t brought any wine with us!” remarked Purity as it was approaching evening and the inevitable time in which alcohol would need to be imbibed.

“That doesn’t matter! I’ve got a bottle in the fridge.” Alice protested.

“We couldn’t dream of imposing on your hospitality as much as that!” Purity insisted. “Where might I go to buy a bottle?”

It was quite a way away along unfamiliar streets, but Purity dawdled there and dawdled back in the hope that in the time she was away Innocence and her friend would have picked up some of their boldness. It was not a pleasant wander for her, as she was very painfully conscious of the stares she received from the older men and women around. And it wasn’t as if she was even showing her cunt. Or even her nipples! It was a relief for her to return to Alice’s house and to let herself in with the key that Alice had provided.

Her hopes for her lover’s return to intimacy with Alice were not disappointed as the two of them were lying together enmeshed in one other’s arms and had clearly been kissing each other. However, they hadn’t progressed too far, as although Alice was naked, Innocence had only stripped off her tee-shirt and was still wearing her shorts. Purity could see that the two of them would be sharing the bed together and that she would be sleeping alone on the spare mattress.

This indeed was what happened after they’d drunk both the bottles of white wine that Purity had brought back with the quantities of fish that Alice had prepared for dinner. They chatted over the sound of Alice’s choice of music, which was both

bizarre and melodic, and got increasingly tipsy. Alice and Innocence were entwined increasingly closely in each other's bodies, and Innocence had even stripped down to just her knickers. Purity had long since discarded all her clothes - feeling so much more comfortable being so unconstrained and felt the pile of the carpet prick into the dark flesh of her buttocks. Alice had many uncomplimentary things to say about Chastity, which Purity felt no compunction about echoing or supplementing. Innocence made very little comment as her two lovers complained about her bossiness, her aggressiveness, the extent of her sexual appetite and her perverse tastes, and most of all her lack of regard for other people's feelings or their desire for privacy.

"She's much worse than Dinah!" Alice remarked. "I don't know how you can put up with her, Innocence. I really don't."

Innocence smiled sadly, but made no comment. It was clear she found the conversation unsettling.

Purity deliberately drank more than usual, so that when she put her head down on the flat hard pillow she could lose her consciousness that much sooner. But as she sank off to sleep she was sure she could hear Innocence's familiar cries of sexual ecstasy mingling with those of Alice's. The thought crossed her mind that she could join them. She knew that neither would object too fiercely, and she felt that her current relationship with Innocence somehow gave her a kind of priority. Nonetheless, she thought, what the two girls want more than orgasms is just being together, and her presence would really just be a distraction. Perhaps not too unwelcome, but a distraction for all that.

Purity and Innocence stayed at Alice's house for several days during which Purity felt very sexually frustrated as she observed her lover make frequent love with their host which although it was never done while Purity was able to watch was nevertheless done often enough and loud enough in Alice's bed for her to have a very good idea of what was going on. She became increasingly bored by her stay. It wasn't quite the adventure she'd hoped for, and however much she knew that Alice and Innocence were enjoying the stay, she was rather looking forward to getting away. She almost looked forward to returning home to the flat with Chastity and Twelve, because at least she'd have Innocence to herself for some of the time.

It was Sunday and although Innocence wasn't much of a churchgoer in Labia she felt enough loyalty to religion after her life in the Order of Magdalenites to feel that today was an opportunity for them all to go to church. The only church that Purity felt any interest in going to was the small chapel of the Brethren of the Eternal Virgin, which she heard had a particularly fascinating service. Neither Alice nor Innocence was familiar with the order, which Purity felt was just as well.

They dressed relatively modestly for the service, and joined the other churchgoers entering the chapel, who were generally also dressed quite demurely. Although the church promised to contain Brethren, the majority of the people going were women, mostly in their twenties and thirties, wearing dresses that reached down from a high tight collar to their ankle-boots. As they entered they were welcomed by solemn church music from a small piano and were greeted by the young minister wearing a gown that hid as much of him as the dresses of the women hid of them. He was very welcoming to the three girls and was particularly impressed by Innocence's

confession that she was a lapsed nun.

“I hope that you haven’t actually abandoned the Love of God,” he commented.  
“He will be with you always whether you practise the faith actively or passively.”

He guided the three of them to seats on the hard benches near the front of the chapel. In front of each of their seats was the small cushion on which they could pray and a hymn book in a tatty brown leather cover, the print of which had been worn away to illegibility. While Alice and Innocence excitedly chatted to each other, Purity observed the minister as he welcomed in his congregation and noted with satisfaction the particular intimacy with which he greeted some parishioners by kissing them full on the mouth, with their tongues locked together. Others he merely stroked their buttocks and in some cases their crotch.

The church filled up fairly rapidly, and was soon full of the hubbub of polite conversation as the congregation chatted amongst themselves. When the minister judged that everyone had arrived, he went to the pulpit and started the service. Innocence and Alice politely looked up at him with broad smiles as he began by welcoming everyone, commented on the weather and then asked if everyone could sing the first song from the hymnbook: **Fuck Me Jesus**. Alice raised her eyebrows at that but made no comment as the congregation launched into the song. “Fuck me Jesus So Hard I Can Feel Your Spirit Move Me!” the congregation sang.

Behind the pulpit was a small choir made up of young boys and girls separated by an aisle and supervised by some older choristers. They took the refrain with great enthusiasm - particularly the chorus. “May Your Sperm Imbue Me With The Holy Spirit. Fuck Me! Fuck Me! Fuck Me!” they sang.



The minister began his sermon which was about how the love of Jesus was so much a physical love and that His desire was that all His worshippers should share their love for Jesus and the love He felt for them in as carnal a way as possible. This short sermon was followed by another hymn: **My Groin It Aches With Passion**, followed soon after by successively: **My Arse Belongs To You, Lord Jesus** and **Shower Me With Holy Semen**.

“Let Us Pray,” announced the Minister. Alice and Innocence bowed their heads, but Purity kept her head up and watched as the Minister unbuttoned his gown while leading the prayer. Underneath he was wholly naked and taking his penis with one hand he masturbated while proclaiming his prayer. “Shower us with the Knowledge of how best to show our Love. Give us the ability to love our neighbours with all our heart and with the passion of Jesus Christ who so loved us that He died for our souls.”

When he finished with his “Amen.” the congregation looked up to see the Minister standing with his erect penis in front of him. A girl from the front row, sitting with her mother and father, stood up and with a few gestures she removed her dress which she left with her parents and stood wearing only her socks and ankle boots. She walked up to the Minister, and in front of the hushed congregation she kneeled down, took the Minister’s erect penis in her hand and stroked it slowly from the base to the glans. She continued doing this for nearly a minute, and then with a cry of “Hallelujah!” (which was echoed softly by several parishioners) she took the length of it in her mouth and sucked it long and hard.

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Purity could see that the girl had not been selected for her beauty as she was rather plain, had virtually no figure to speak of and her eyes were just a little too close together. But the Minister was clearly enjoying her attention. While this was going on, several parishioners, crossing themselves, made their way to the front of the church and kneeled down in supplication in front of their Minister and his volunteer. It was then that this part of the service reached its climax, when the Minister carefully withdrew his penis from deep inside the girl's throat and offered it in turn to each of the parishioners, male and female, who were to receive the fruit of Jesus' love in the form of the semen that the Minister had blessed. As each took a small goblet of semen from the erect penis which was practisedly secreting measured amounts of sperm with tiny little shudders, the Minister placed his hand on their head and said the same thing to each of them which was "Jesus Loves You, Sister." or "Jesus Loves You, Brother."

This ceremony went on for much longer than Purity believed possible. When each worshipper had received their small portion of semen in the mouth, they stood up with a beatific smile, crossed themselves and wandered back to their seat. She noticed that many of the women had fully undone the buttons at the top of their dress, revealing their chest, breast and nipples, presumably so that none of the Minister's semen would spill on their clothes. These worshippers were of all ages, but interestingly were predominately the older or plainer members of the congregation.

When this part of the service was over, the Minister instructed the choir to divest themselves, which they did, revealing their children's bodies with undeveloped shape and in most cases yet to grow the slightest vestige of pubic hair. They came out

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in a row, stood facing the congregation and entertained with renditions of **Jesus Is My Fucker, My Vagina Awaits Your Love, Sweet Lord** and **Fuck Me Gently, Fuck Me Slow, Jesus My Love**. They then bowed their heads and turned around to leave the church. They were joined then by all the children from the congregation, leaving only the adults behind. Purity smiled. It was clear that the Brethren of the Eternal Virgin didn't want to be seen to encourage under-age sex.

When the last of the children had left, then with a cry of "Hallelujah! God Be Praised!" all the congregation stood up and stripped off their clothes with the notable exceptions of Purity and her somewhat embarrassed friends. The congregation began kissing and stroking each other, and several made their way to the front of the chapel which was covered by a large red cloth over a thick pile carpet. They then started making passionate love with one another and their neighbours with the Minister watching over them and guiding them to their action. Purity watched fascinated at the mounds of flesh and the indiscriminateness of attention. There seemed to be no distinction observed at all in the gender chosen of their partners or several partners. Several parishioners cried out "Hallelujah!" and "May God be Praised!" before plunging into their sexual abandonment.

"Shall we join them?" wondered Purity, unbuttoning the top two buttons of her blouse.

"No! Not at all! This isn't what I came here for!" protested Innocence uncertainly, no doubt very nervous of revealing her peculiar assets.

"You can if you like," said Alice disapprovingly, "but Innocence and I are

going home.”

Purity smiled. She'd not really expected much different from the two girls. But she knew what she wanted. She'd had her eyes on several of the more attractive women in the congregation, including a black woman with enormous thighs and very full lips, and a woman of nearly forty with a beautiful slim figure and perky little breasts. She continued unbuttoning her blouse, freeing the breasts that she'd kept so uncomfortably restrained, and pulled down her skirt. She kept her shoes on though, as she was sure otherwise the stone floor of the chapel would be uncomfortably hard and cold. She kissed Alice and Innocence tenderly, knowing that they would very soon be leaving, and then made her way up the aisle to the mass of bodies.

She hesitated on the edge, with others who were equally unsure but still murmuring the odd “Hallelujah!” The Minister was wandering amongst his orgiastic congregation waving his erect penis on them and scattering semen over them which they received gratefully. “Jesus showers His love on you!” he said as he released another goblet of semen over a tall woman with a large birthmark covering half her face now slightly lightened by the shiny glutinous liquid of the Minister's generosity. “I love you, Jesus!” she cried. “Fuck me, Jesus! Fuck me!” It certainly wasn't Jesus, as far as Purity could see who was entering her vagina, nor was it Jesus who was thrusting simultaneously hard at her anus.

It was like entering the cold waters of a swimming pool, Purity decided. It's better to dive straight in, rather than to wait for gradual acclimatisation. With that thought she lay herself on top of the large black woman, putting a hand in her crotch where a penis was thrusting in and out with great enthusiasm, and applied her mouth

to that of a very young girl whose hair was in plaits and whose face appeared to be a mess of acne spots. She felt a frisson of pleasure as an erect penis, perhaps that of the Minister, made its way into the moist and welcoming portals of her vagina.

Purity didn't look forward to returning to Labia at all. She rather enjoyed the respite from Chastity's sour unfriendly character and resolved to leave fairly soon after arriving. She could see that Innocence was aware of her unhappiness and was herself troubled by it. She made a few feeble attempts to defend her sister, but was quite clearly ill at ease with Purity's bitter remarks. "Perhaps she'll have changed after being left at home without us," she commented unconvincingly.

There was no evidence of this when Purity and Innocence found Chastity and Twelve in the company of a young girl - probably no more than eleven years old - engaged in sex games in the living room. The girl was on her knees with her hands bound tightly behind her back and her mouth pressed against Twelve's bare groin and with Chastity pressing hers against her hair. Before Innocence had the opportunity to announce their arrival, Chastity suddenly let loose a torrent of urine from her crotch which ran through the girl's hair and trickled down her face. "Uuugghh!" she gasped with disgust. "It tastes horrid! I don't like this anymore! I want to go home!"

Chastity made no reply. Instead, she pulled the girl's head forcefully back and placed her damp crotch against the girl's mouth, with Twelve looking evidently less happy at the turn of events. She looked up from the child with a look of some concern and noticed Purity and Innocence watching with disgust, still in their clothes and holding the rucksacks that they'd only just loosened off from their shoulders.

"Why! Hello there!" she greeted friendlily, drawing Chastity's attention to the

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additional company. She turned her head round and smiled warmly at the two of them.

Innocence did not return the greeting with anything like the same degree of friendliness. “What *are* you doing to that poor girl?”

“Nothing she’s not enjoying!” responded her sister baldly.

“I don’t believe you!” Innocence cried with a certain amount of passion. She dropped her rucksack on the ground. “Leave the girl alone now!”

Twelve backed off and stood sheepishly to one side. Her lipstick was a little smudged and she had a blue swelling around one of her eyes. Chastity pulled the child’s face closer to her groin. “We’re consenting partners. I don’t think you have any right, sister, to tell me what we should consent to do.”

“You seduce these children. You bring them home. And then you abuse them. You piss on them! You tie them up! You hit them! What sort of pleasure is that to most of them! You’re just a monster!”

“I don’t do anything with my lovers they don’t want me to...”

“Do you tell them in advance what you’re going to do to them? Did you tell this girl that you’d piss in her mouth?”

“She enjoyed it! It was fun!” Chastity looked at the girl who was weeping softly. She was standing up unsteadily with her arms behind her and her hair damp from its recent showering. Only the colour of the urine distinguished itself from the tears running down her face. Purity suspected that the girl wasn’t too sure what had been happening to her judging from the evidence of the grains of white powder left on a mirror laid flat on the table and a half empty bottle of whiskey by the side of it. Her gaze was unfocused and her mouth looked unhealthily lax.

“It might be fun for you, Chastity. But it’s just sadistic abuse of minors as far as any one else is concerned. And I don’t think this little child’s going to enjoy the memory of what you’ve been doing to her at all! And what would you have done later? Would you have crapped on her as well as piss on her? Would she be forced to eat her own shit? Would you start beating her with a stick? Would you push a dildo up her arse? You’re just a filthy disgusting pervert!”

“How dare you call me that! It’s the influence of your coal-cellar friend isn’t it? Making you a real goody two-shoes. I suppose she’s got you eating organic rice and chanting mantras now! What I do is my business and nobody else’s.”

“Come on, Twelve!” Innocence continued, addressing the very guilty looking girl who was hoping to stay out of the fray. “What’s my sister been doing? Is there *anything* in fact that she’s *not* been doing? How many children has she abused? How many young boys has she sodomised? How many children has she tied up, beaten up, pissed on, shat on and humiliated? I bet this place has been like a sadomasochist’s sexual fantasy while we’ve been away.”

“It’s not always that bad!” Twelve said, weakly defending herself. “It’s just that we get carried away. And there’s some real good stuff I’ve been getting recently. You just don’t know what you’re doing after a while.”

“I don’t believe you!” countered Innocence. “I don’t believe my sister has ever not known exactly what she’s doing! In fact I don’t think I can bear to even live under the same roof as her.”

“Exactly right!” spat back her sister with a venom that startled Purity. “If you don’t like living with me, you can just leave. Forget all I’ve ever done for you. Forget

that we're sisters. Run off with your nigger lover and live in a tepee. Grow fucking lentils and be so fucking holy. I haven't forgotten that not so long ago you were a fucking tight-arsed, dry cunted nun! Go back to your convent and be fucking sanctimonious somewhere else. Take your fucking Pure as the driven snow but as black as the fucking ace of spades girlfriend with you. I don't care! I don't fucking care what you and your cuntish friend do! You can just fuck off and never come back, for all I fucking care!"

"I'll do just that! And now!" shouted back Innocence, who turned around and raced out of the room. Purity glanced back at Chastity who was watching as Twelve unfastened the cords binding the young girl's hands together and comforted her as she cried with the abandon reserved for children. She then chased after Innocence, who true to her words was pulling her clothes and possessions out of the drawers in her bedroom and stuffing them with no particular attention into some cases.

"Are you serious, Innocence?" Purity asked watching as her lover busied herself with tears running down her face.

"I've never been so serious! I've got to get away! I can't bear to live with *her* a moment longer!"

"But what about your studies? What about all the work you've done at the college!"

"That doesn't mean anything any more! I'm leaving Labia! I'll go off to the city! Start again. Live a life away from the malign influence of my hateful sister!"

Purity looked out of the bedroom at Twelve who was tenderly washing the young girl in the bathroom and at Chastity who was preparing some powder on the



mirror and swigging from the bottle of whiskey while she did so. She glanced around malevolently at Purity. "Who're you fucking look at, you fucking nigger!"

Purity declined to comment, but hovered at the doorway transfixed in hopeless indecision. What should she do? She didn't feel inclined to join Innocence in her desperate departure. She resolved to return to Brook. That was after all where she felt most at home and where most of her friends were. She had never felt properly settled in Labia, and if Innocence was leaving there was really nothing to keep her there.

"My sister's fucked me so many times! She's fucked me like a fucking piston engine!" snarled Chastity. "Now she says she's gonna leave me. What fucking ingratitude! I taught her everything she knows about fucking. The best fucks she's ever had have been with me! Everyone else - you included - have just been fucking nothing. She'll come back! She won't be able to live without me and my cunt." Chastity swivelled round in her chair and faced Purity with her shaved and slightly red vagina fully displayed. She opened her legs and slid a forefinger into the open crack while swigging a mouthful of whiskey. "Admit it! You want a taste of my cunt, too. But you're not fucking going to! And neither's my fucking sister! She may have the best fucking prick there is but this is one cunt she's not going to get inside again!"

Purity grimaced and returned to Innocence's bedroom to see if she could comfort her. She felt that her rôle at this moment was to stand by her lover's side in her moments of distress. But Innocence was nowhere to be seen. She and all her bags were gone. So, too, Purity discovered were Twelve and the young girl. She was alone in the flat with Chastity. She ran frantically from room to room, hoping that she was mistaken or that some message had been left. But there was nothing.

“Lost something, nigger?” asked Chastity unkindly as she popped her head back into the living room. “Perhaps you want a fuck.” She had a very crude looking dildo inside her vagina and was pushing it in and out. Her nostril was running with snot mixed with a small amount of blood and her face had a wild expression on it. Purity didn’t answer. She picked up her bag and slamming the front door she left as well, leaving Chastity alone with her drugs and her sexual aids.

## XX

*In Which Innocence is lost in Congress; and Twelve introduces Innocence to the literary merits of Honore.*

Twelve had no intention of returning to the flat to rejoin Chastity. She'd had just about enough of her and how she'd persuade her to do things with her young lovers that made her feel guilty and soiled. She carried her rucksack of possessions over her shoulder through the streets of Labia, relishing the attention her appearance aroused, and made her way to the railway station. She wasn't at all surprised to find Innocence sitting on a bench in the station with her own untidy bags at her feet and her face buried in her hands. As she approached she could see that the bags were hurriedly packed. Several articles of clothing protruded through the openings. She placed a comforting hand on Innocence's shoulder.

"Are you alright, Innocence darling?"

The unhappy girl raised her face to show tears welling from her eyes and their liquid trail reflected on her cheeks. "Leave me alone! Don't touch me!"

Twelve tactfully removed her hand. "Where are you going, Innocence sweetest?"

"Somewhere. Nowhere. Anywhere! I don't know!"

"I'll put you up in my bedsit for a day or so, if you like. It's a bit cramped, but it's the least I can do after the hospitality you've shown me."

"I don't want to! I don't want anything to do with my sister. Or any of her

lovers!”

“Don’t be silly, Innocence. You’ve got to stay somewhere. You can’t sleep here. And you’ve never been to the capital before, have you? City life may well agree with you. Come on! I insist! I can’t permit myself to leave you in this state!”

It took a bit more effort on Twelve’s part, but she eventually persuaded Innocence to pick up her bags and join her on one of the many trains heading to the capital city of Congress. She sat next to Innocence with her arms around the girl’s shoulders, squeezing her close to her bosom, wiping away her tears and listening without comment to Innocence’s long litany of complaints about Chastity. Her sister was blamed for almost every misfortune that had ever occurred in her life - a little unfairly Twelve thought, but she had long believed that it was merely a matter of time until the two separated.

Twelve’s bedsit on the twelfth floor of a tall apartment block was undeniably small. It consisted mostly of a single bed that filled out the space not occupied by a tiny shower, a single oven ring and a small cupboard that held all her worldly possessions. There was no space for more furniture, and it was necessary for all her guests to join her on the bed. A small television set sat on top of the audio equipment piled high on the cupboard. Every available inch of wall was covered with postcards and posters that reflected her present obsessions and quite a few that she’d had and not yet wholly abandoned. As always, it was with some difficulty that she pushed open her door as it caught on the cigarette stained carpet that covered the floor, and ignored the stares of her nosy neighbour - a girl who Twelve disdainfully noticed was unfashionably dressed. She had a twelve-inch dildo strapped to her waist and two long

plaits at the back of her otherwise shaved head.

Twelve comforted Innocence as best she could, and with the skill that came from considerable practice she divested the girl of all her clothes and persuaded her penis into erection and then into her welcoming vagina. She knew that Innocence was making love more from a need for distraction than from any degree of passion or affection, but she accepted that. It in no way lessened the pleasure she received as Innocence thrust in and out of her. She buried her tongue deep into Innocence's mouth, gliding it over her teeth and in and out of the crevices of her molars, more to prevent Innocence from returning to her litany of woes than any specific dental curiosity.

"Hi there, Twelve!" she heard while Innocence was plugging into her anus, now sufficiently lubricated with passion to take any punishment. "Got yet another new boyfriend?"

Innocence looked up from where she'd buried her face in Twelve's smooth face, and with her penis still hidden inside, to examine Twelve's visitor. It was Twenty - one of Twelve's closer girlfriends - dressed much like Twelve, but with black lipstick and eye shadow and substantially plumper. Her stomach rolled over the leather straps confining her vagina and her large nipples stuck out in a kaleidoscope of lipsticked colours. Her shaved head was hidden by a beret and she held a lit cigarette in her left hand.

"Or girlfriend, I should say," corrected Twenty. "Or is it both? Are you into transsexuals, now, sweetest? And what is she? Girl gone boy? Or boy gone girl? The operations must have been fucking expensive!"

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Twelve twisted her body around and restrained Innocence while ensuring her erect penis was still embedded deep inside her cunt. She didn't intend to share Innocence with anyone! Innocence probably wouldn't want to, anyway. But she knew that given even the slightest provocation, Twenty would get her surgery enhanced lips right over Innocence's prick and suck out the last drop of semen.

"What the fuck do you want, Twenty darling?" Twelve asked amiably. "Whatever it is, you're not fucking getting it from Innocence here."

"Innocence, is it? What a fucking wonderful name! You don't get many with names like that in Congress. Is it a girl's name or a boy's name?"

"Innocence is a girl. And always has been! She's never had surgery or anything. She's always been like that!"

"Well, fuck me!" exclaimed Twenty.

"No she won't!" retorted Twelve quickly. Then more diplomatically: "Unless you want to, Innocence love?"

Innocence shook her head. Twelve knew she wasn't someone who readily swapped partners. Also, she flattered herself with some justification, Twelve wasn't that bad looking even if the slightest bit of sun got her peeling like a thin-skinned orange, whereas Twenty was really not that attractive however much she managed to stay abreast of the fashions.

"So, what the fuck do you want, Twenty?"

"I just wanted to know if you want to come out. Nowhere special mind. But somewhere."

Twelve quickly assented, knowing this would provide Innocence with the

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perfect excuse to stay and rest. She knew all that Innocence really wanted was time to reflect and retire. As she predicted, her friend showed no inclination at all in joining Twenty and her in going to the night-clubs or wine bars of Congress. She was quite happy curling herself into a naked ball under the ragged blankets of Twelve's slim bed, while her hostess slipped on her leather thongs and joined Twenty.

"That's a fucking neat beret you've got," Twelve commented.

"Yeah. Fucking great!" sniffed Twenty nonchalantly. "They're all wearing them these days! You're not still wearing a cunt stud, are you? Fuck me, girl! You'd better take it out before we meet anyone. You don't want people to think you're some kind of dildo dyke, do you?"

Twelve could see she had been away from the city too long. She carefully removed the stud and left it on the cupboard, while resolving to get a beret or similar as soon as possible. She felt anxious that her reputation might be irreparably damaged if she were seen bare-headed. On the other hand, she was sure that the hats she had stuffed in her drawers from previous vacillations of fashion wouldn't quite fit the bill satisfactorily. She blew a kiss to Innocence's distraught little face as she departed with her arm around Twenty's waist, and the two departed jerking their behinds - one taut and slim, and the other sagging over bulky thighs.

Twelve knew that Innocence wouldn't be happy for long staying with her in her tiny bedsit and she also knew that her lifestyle would soon conflict very untidily with what she knew of Innocence's when she lived in Labia. She racked her brains as to what she could do with her, and was convinced she found a solution when she saw an advertisement in the local newspaper announcing that her friend Honore L'Oeuf

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was visiting the city. She was sure that Innocence would get on well with her authoress friend with the massive 80 inch bust.

So, when Twelve at last returned mid-afternoon from a long night out in the night-clubs with Twenty and several other friends, her eyes bleary, her crotch dripping with semen and lubricating jelly, and her thighs aching from dancing and fucking, she was pleased that Innocence was enthusiastic at meeting such a famous author. She hadn't actually read any of Honore L'Oeuf's erotic children's stories, but she was familiar with the name.

Twelve first met Honore when she was still a child - just on the edge of her teens and hungry for sex. Honore was attracted to her young child's body with its smooth crotch. The fashion in those days for children's clothes made her look even younger than she was with her long hair in plaits and a flared dress that revealed her lack of knickers beneath. It was the first time Twelve made love with an older woman, and of course Honore couldn't have been much more than twenty years old herself at the time. She still remembered with fondness the passion of their lovemaking and the accuracy with which Honore identified the parts of her body that most enjoyed stimulation.

Twelve took Innocence to a Literary Festival being held in the Congress City Hall where Honore L'Oeuf addressed a sold-out audience on the subject of sexuality, sexual abuse and children where she was no doubt rehearsing her familiar argument about the need for child erotica and how it did not imply at all any encouragement for the sexual abuse of children by adults. *The hypocrite!* commented Twelve to herself. Innocence and she weren't able to buy any tickets so they waited until Honore finished



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her lecture before entering the hall.

Honore's visit coincided with the publication of a new book that was on display in the foyer. Twelve guessed that her reason for visiting the city was to promote it. It was called **James and the Giant Penis**, and featured the hero of the hugely successful **Willy Wanker and the Semen Factory** in another story of child related penis adventures. Twelve idly skimmed through the pages of a copy below a cardboard display of the main character struggling with an enormous penis almost as tall as the boy himself and impossible to contain in any pair of trousers. The pictures inside lucidly illustrated the problems that poor James had with a penis that hit people as it spurted into full erection, the mess it made on carpets and the difficulty it had in penetrating any orifice. It did, however, make James very popular with other girls and boys who took great delight in playing with the penis and making it embarrassingly erect and took showers in the gobbets of semen it inevitably released.

The author was dressed in an enormous blouse pulled in at her relatively slim waist, but didn't in any way disguise the enormous swelling of her breasts against its fabric. The buttons held in place with a desperation that looked likely to fail every time her breast heaved with an exhalation of breath. She wore a very plain navy blue skirt, stockings and shoes. *How drab!* thought Twelve who only that morning had bought a green beret she proudly wore on her shaven head.

When Twelve introduced Honore to Innocence she wasn't at all surprised to see her eyes wander towards the restrained breasts.

Honore was renting an apartment in the city for the weeks until she returned to Brook. "I feel so much more at ease there!" she said smiling, holding the massive

weight of her breasts in the palms of her hands. "I don't have to squeeze these things into totally inappropriate clothes. But Twelve, you'd just feel so odd in Brook. No fashions to follow. And you look so divine at the moment. What a cute beret!"

Innocence was dressed in shorts and a tee-shirt. Twelve had no success at all in persuading her to shave off any more hair than that which she already took off her legs and her armpits. She also had no success in persuading her to wear one of her older thongs or even to show her breasts. Innocence was (let's face it!) rather dull really. However, it was clear that Honore was attracted by Innocence's quite reserved character and her physical beauty. "Such a little beauty! The both of you must come back to my apartment."

"And there are hidden secrets in Innocence's knickers as well!" hinted Twelve as the three of them got into a taxi with a young girl whom Honore had persuaded to come back with her despite her mother's reservations.

"What might those be?" wondered Honore playfully, with an arm around the small girl's shoulders and a hand burrowed inside her blouse.

"Wait and see!"

Honore wasn't disappointed when they got back to her luxury apartment and insisted that everyone take their clothes off. "It's *so* uncomfortable otherwise!" It had certainly been so for Honore who shed her clothes with great relish, tearing off several buttons from her capacious blouse. Twelve was pleased to see that the massive breasts showed no evidence of sagging with age, and her enormous nipples were still as large as her thumbs when erect which they soon were. The young girl was much more embarrassed about taking off her clothes, revealing her total lack of breasts or indeed

of any adult features, but it was Innocence who was the most embarrassed. Particularly, Twelve assumed, because her wonderful penis was already throbbing with desire and would take very little effort to become fully erect.

“What a darling surprise!” Honore gasped. “Is it real?”

“It’s as real as your massive mammaries!” Twelve remarked. “And produces much more milk!”

Honore stretched out a hand and stroked the penis. As Twelve suspected it immediately jumped to attention. “Look at this, Six!” she said to the girl who was with them. “Have you ever seen anything like this before?”

The girl shook her head shyly. “Only on TV. And not so big and stiff!”

“And talking of big and stiff...” laughed Twelve holding one of Honore’s nipples. She pressed her mouth over it. “Come on, Six. Taste this!”

Six and Innocence were soon persuaded to take turns on Honore’s prominent assets, the nipples of which soon found themselves inside Six’s vagina and Innocence’s anus. Then, with the application of some champagne that Honore had delivered by a very nervous maid (who resolutely declined to accompany them in their lovemaking), the four of them were soon indulging in very frantic activity. Twelve loved to nibble Honore’s breasts while Innocence hammered into her anus. She persuaded Honore, who only rarely indulged in sex with penises, to accept Innocence’s member first into her vagina and then when her passion was greater into her arse. She even managed to persuade little Six (with assistance from Honore) to accept Innocence’s penis, despite her initial protests.

“I can’t do this! It’s not right!”

“It is, if it’s right for her!” insisted Honore, as Innocence’s penis thrust deeper and deeper into the child’s vagina which betrayed its virginity with a release of blood and a few cries of pain. “Six won’t be the first little girl whose loss of virginity I’ve supervised.” She regarded Innocence’s penis as it released semen over the child’s smooth skin. “Now back inside me!” she ordered, taking the penis before it was finished and, with an agility even Twelve thought impossible for one with such large encumbrances, swivelled her body round to impale herself again on the length of it, her enormous breasts hanging to either side of her relatively flat stomach.

## XXI

*In Which Leon rediscovers Innocence; and Honore is introduced to virtues beyond the normal condition.*

Leon never enjoyed his occasionally necessary visits to the city of Congress. He was never very comfortable squeezing his enormous penis into the leg of his trousers - even though he always made a point of wearing them very baggy irrespective of how fashionable that might be at any one time. He particularly dreaded getting an erection as it pushed so obviously against the inside thigh of his trousers, and when he walked while his penis was in such a state he could easily be mistaken for someone with a war wound or congenital limp.

He was standing at a newspaper kiosk just outside one of the parks that adorned the city, wondering what to do now. He had settled his business affairs for the day and rather relished the opportunity to see something more of the excitements provided by such a large city.

It was then that he saw Innocence in shorts and a simple top that covered some but not all the mound of her bosom. She was dawdling through the park looking around her at the children playing on swings, the statues of famous naked people and the clusters of sparrows. Leon strode into the park and waved at her. She now had much longer hair, falling freely over her shoulders. There were so many women in the city who shaved off all their hair that this seemed almost unusual.

“What are you doing in Congress?” Leon asked.

“I’m looking for a job,” Innocence confessed, “but I really don’t know what to do. None of the jobs I’ve seen advertised look very good to me. I’m staying temporarily with someone in an apartment, so I’m also looking for a place to rent.”

“So you’ve only recently come to live in Congress,” Leon surmised. “Where were you living before?”

Innocence was clearly grateful to have someone to talk to. She chatted about her studies in Labia, her departure from the flat she’d shared with her sister and how she was now staying with the famous authoress, Honore L’Oeuf.

“I’ve heard of her. She doesn’t leave Brook very often, does she? It must be very difficult for her to restrain her enormous breasts in a city where full nudity is generally reserved for the very young.”

“You must have difficulties restraining your own assets.”

“That I have! It feels so stupid hiding everything. It makes it so uncomfortable!” He looked down at the length of his penis which, despite himself, was swelling against the inside thigh of his trousers as a result of the attraction he felt towards Innocence. “But you also have some quite unusual assets, don’t you? Wouldn’t you rather have them out in the open too?”

“Oh no! I’m much happier if no one knows about it. People stare so much! It’s *so* embarrassing.”

“I’m sure it’s mostly out of envy.”

“Do you think so?” wondered Innocence, clearly enchanted by the idea.

“Well, of course. A beautiful girl like you with such a beautiful penis. The best of both worlds!”

Leon and Innocence eventually found their way to an open air bar where they drank beer in the afternoon sun. Leon discussed his views of the city and updated Innocence on events in Une's life. Inevitably, the two of them soon went on to the hotel where Leon was staying: not one of the grandest in the city by any means, but as Leon knew only too well no less expensive for that. Leon took her up to his room which overlooked an office block and a distant view of the river. Innocence was very impressed by the grandeur.

"It's *so* luxurious!" she remarked, running her fingers over the walnut veneer of the back of the chairs. "And the bed looks enormous!"

"It's big enough for me!" Leon agreed.

And soon it had to be big enough for the two of them, as he took off his clothes to reveal the monstrous size of his penis. He held it in one hand, and the two of them admired the smooth length of it, the finger-width veins and the glans as big as a clenched fist. Innocence remained clothed as she took its tip into her mouth, just about getting her lips around it, and feeling with her tongue the smooth curvature and the ridge to the back of it. As she stimulated it, Leon felt the blood engorging its length, making it yet larger and making him gasp as it swelled beyond even its usual capacity. Innocence caressed the testicles with both hands, juggling the rock hardness of them in her palms. Leon creased up his face and looked up towards the ceiling.

"Take your clothes off" he pleaded. "Please."

Innocence assented, revealing her own erect penis that looked so junior in comparison to Leon's own magnificence. Leon returned Innocence's favours by applying his mouth to it, relatively easily getting the whole of it down his throat while

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Innocence continued to concentrate her own attention on his own member. Much as Leon wanted to it was physically impossible for him to get his penis inside any orifice of Innocence's body other than her mouth. Her anus, although a practised recipient of penises and dildos, was not nearly wide enough to permit entrance to even the smallest portion of his penis. Leon was used to this. There were very few vaginas, let alone anuses, which allowed egress to him - and there had only ever been one cunt in which he'd been able to enjoy normal sexual intercourse.

However, Leon had learnt to find his pleasures in other ways. First of all he pushed his penis through Innocence's legs from behind so that it protruded below her own erect penis, rubbing along the base of it, tingling on the feel of her balls. Even so, his own penis still outstretched that of Innocence's, even taking into account the distance of full thigh it had to pass through. His next pleasure was when Innocence went behind him, first lubricating his arse with spit and jelly, and then with a little exertion (his arse though welcoming was not that lax) she entered inside him pushing her penis up against the base of his penis, which as it was so well endowed was also more sensitive as a result of the engorged veins that maintained its girth. She took his penis with both hands as she fucked away, and it came as a great and most pleasurable relief when at last the two of them came together: Innocence's semen spurting inside him and trickling out of his arse and down his hairy legs, while his semen splashed several yards across the room and onto the expensive wallpaper, the luxury silk sheets and the down-filled pillows. The two lovers gasped in unison, surely disturbing anyone in adjacent rooms (if they'd not already been disturbed by the rhythmic rocking of the bed).



It was just that moment there came a knock on the door, and without waiting for a response a maid entered, her head and eyebrows shaved and wearing only an apron and flat shoes. “You wanted room service, sir?” She said with no embarrassment as she pushed in a trolley with the champagne, cakes and biscuits that Leon ordered. She glanced at the two naked bodies with penises lying collapsed and semen dripping down Leon’s legs. She blinked in surprise at the pair of them. She’d obviously not expected to see two penises and certainly not one which even exhausted was larger than Innocence’s would be erect. The maid blushed and then hastened out of the room, while Leon stirred awkwardly towards the trolley.

“Have a drink!” He offered as he poured out a glass for Innocence. “Then maybe we’ll have energy for more sex later.”

Innocence smiled weakly. “Yes, that *would* be nice!”

Leon was soon to be introduced to Honore whose books he had read as part of his business research and very much enjoyed. He and Innocence found her seated in her apartment, naked as always, with a portable computer on the desk busily typing while partly watching Six and a young boy of about the same age making love on the bed. Innocence had told Leon about Six and the boy, Thirteen, whose parents had eagerly introduced to Honore in the hope of him supplying her with the sexual gratification she so desired and wrote so much about. He was a lot bolder than Six, and was as difficult to dissuade from making love as Six had initially been to persuade.

“Hello, Leon,” greeted Honore, after Innocence had introduced him. “I’ve heard so much about you and your business. So, at last we meet! It’s a wonder we’ve

not done so before.”

“Indeed it is, Honore! So tell me, what are you writing? Is it more about your large-pricked character, James?”

“Don’t stand on form!” Honore insisted. “Take off your clothes! I know about your massive penis. Not as large as my fictional one - but no less impressive for that I’m sure!”

Leon removed his clothes and revealed a slack penis still considerably larger than Innocence’s own. “I hope you still think so!”

“It certainly *is*! I hope to get better acquainted with it. But to answer your question. No, I’m not writing about James at the moment. My present story is called **The Ugly Fucking**. It’s about a girl who’s got a facial disfigurement that really puts people off her, but when they get to know her better they find that the rest of her body is truly beautiful and that she is a truly accomplished fuck. At the end of the story, the illness which has disfigured her is cured and everyone falls passionately in love with her, but now she can be much more discriminating about who she lets fuck her, and upsets some of those who were particularly nasty to her.”

“That sounds like a very moral story.”

“Indeed it is! And I’ve already planned my next story which is about three sisters who get fucked by a rather unpleasant older man in payment for rent. I’m not sure how that one’s going to work out - but one of these sisters is going to be a lot more practical than the other two and manages to get the older man in a situation where he can’t take advantage of the girls any more. I hope it’ll be a riposte to those who claim that my fiction condones the abuse of children by adults.”

“Not that you’d ever practise such things yourself...”

Honore blushed. “Of course not! But let’s see your famous penis!”

She stood up with care so that her breasts, which had rested beneath the desk where she was working, would not topple it over. Leon could see that the accounts of her enormous breasts were not exaggerated. Knowing the difficulties his own out-sized asset caused him, he sympathised with the problems Honore’s breasts would undoubtedly bring her. She glided towards where Leon stood, and knelt down in front of him, the base of her bosom resting on the soft pile of the carpet and her hands and mouth applied to his penis. Within seconds his penis swelled in a number of jerky fits to its full monstrous size. Honore could barely get her mouth over its tip.

“Six! Thirteen! Come here! Here’s another sight you’d never believe if you’d never actually seen it!” Honore ordered. The two children jumped off the bed and eagerly ran over to examine Leon’s penis. Thirteen was sufficiently enthusiastic to put his mouth to the glans and attempt to take it in his mouth, but his lips weren’t sufficiently elastic to stretch around it. His own tiny hairless penis regained its erection and he encouraged it further by stroking and pulling it with a hand.

“Can I fuck him? Please, Honore! Can I fuck him?”

Honore naturally assented. The company was soon enmeshed on the bed, excluding Innocence. She had only recently introduced the boy to anal intercourse with the assent and close scrutiny of his parents. Innocence felt very uneasy about making love to children, and never actually did so without Honore’s forceful persuasion.

Leon soon had Thirteen’s small erect penis fully inside his tight anus, while

thrusting his penis back and forth in between Honore's breasts while Six's tongue greedily licked and chewed on both his penis and her older lover's breasts. Six then positioned herself on top of his penis, riding it like the back of a pony, while Thirteen who'd shed his semen inside Leon's hairy arse licked away at her tiny clitoris and pushed his fingers deep inside her recently enlarged vagina.

This sexual activity continued while Leon held back from ejaculating - a skill gained by frequent practice and expert schooling - until there was no longer any possibility of restraining it. Then with a sudden explosion, the semen shot out, splattering Six's flat chest, Thirteen's short-cropped face and trickling down the monstrous contours of Honore's breasts. And then again. And again. And again. Over the sheets. Into Honore's ready mouth and in her hair. On Six's shaven pate and over her tight uncountoured buttocks. And even a few gobbets flying over and splattering Innocence whose penis had been pleasantly stimulated by the grandstand view.

Leon felt Innocence's full and more adult penis fill inside his anus, causing his member to regain its full size. At the same time, he could see that Thirteen had formed a chain of fuckers by getting behind Innocence and doing what he'd already had previous experience of by fucking Innocence's arse. In not too many moments he felt the stimulated and stimulating Innocence give release to hot semen that messily spurted through the hairs of his anus and dribbled onto the long hairs of his thighs. And then a collapse of bodies onto the waiting cushion of Honore's breasts whose nipples pressed hard and unyielding into his eyes while Six buried her tongue into Honore's still unsated vagina.

Leon and his retinue of lovers panted, gasped and sweated in post-coitus.

Honore's face appeared between Thirteen's spread cheeks and she smiled at him with satisfaction. "You know all this has given me an idea for another story for James and his Giant Penis."

## XXII

*In Which Innocence is found in work and in work is found revived passion.*

Innocence had achieved her independence: she had at last found a bedsit and a job that paid well enough for her to afford the rent. Honore had loaned her the money necessary to pay the deposit on her new home, but she hoped that with overtime she'd eventually be able to repay her. It was a very small bedsit - much smaller than what she'd been accustomed to in Labia or Wonderground - but at least when she shut the front door she was in her own territory, not shared with her sister or anyone else. The bedsit was a single room dominated by a single bed, with only enough room to squeeze past the wash basin, shower, cooker and integral wardrobe. The view from the window over the streets of Congress didn't excite Innocence's imagination much at all, being mostly of the main road fourteen stories below and the tower blocks opposite.

The job she got was at the Fierzehn, a city centre night club. It wasn't one of the poshest or most fashionable night clubs in the city, but it was nonetheless very impressive, featuring dance floors on several levels, several fuck rooms, a cafeteria and several bars. She was taken on as a barmaid, but worried that the night club's topless policy for its female staff might mean she would be expected to do more than serve alcohol. Fortunately, the policy existed more for reasons of fashion than for any sexual purposes, and Innocence was able to hide her groin under shorts or skirts. She also wore a pair of flat shoes to take the weight off her feet while standing for several

hours behind the bar. Not all the other bar staff were inclined to limit their freedom of dress to just being topless: one or two were totally naked while most wore very revealing thongs that basically were only large enough to hide a sanitary towel. All staff, however, wore sensible shoes. The work was undeniably tiring. Her shift began just after eleven in the evening and continued to between six and seven in the morning.

The hours were not kind to Innocence. She went to bed at the same time as most people were waking up, fortunately sufficiently exhausted not to be disturbed by the sun penetrating through the thin curtains to her bedsit or by the roar of the city traffic. She woke up late in the afternoon, prepared breakfast and whiled away the hours shopping for necessities, sitting in launderettes and watching programmes on the television she precariously placed on a chair at the base of her bed.

Different nights of the night club had different themes and attracted correspondingly different audiences. Most nights were for the benefit of the young - mostly in their teens or twenties - who came for the purposes of dancing and socialising. Innocence felt most comfortable on these days, as the customers were usually more intent on stalking the dance floor than hanging around the bar. Occasionally, a woman or a man might sit on a bar stool all evening and try to attract Innocence's attention and persuade her to come to the fuck room with him or her. Innocence was scarcely excited by the propositions, but even if she were, her fear of revealing the penis she hid from sight would have put her off accepting the offer. In any case, she was usually far too busy serving at the bar to be spared for very long.

The fuck rooms were dark and plush and boasted a huge mattress that covered

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every inch of the floor, and where the lights were so dim that Innocence often bumped into lovemaking couples whenever she ventured in, as she had to do to collect the glasses which against the express orders of the management often found their way into these rooms. It was very dangerous to have glass in a place full of naked flailing bodies, who may or may not take advantage of the free condoms that were available in several exotic flavours and designs.

The nights when the fuck rooms were most full were the Singles and Divorced Nights, as they were called, where older men and women - often in their forties and fifties - gathered in embarrassingly young clothes that revealed far too much flesh for the express purpose of finding partners. On these evenings there were quite a few unaccompanied men or women (but mostly men) who would sit on the bar stool and make embarrassing conversation usually about how beautiful Innocence's breasts were, why didn't she take off her shorts and did she fancy a quick fuck. Or maybe a long one. On those nights the fuck rooms were at their most overflowing and the dance floors at their most correspondingly empty. Couples were often unconcerned about where they should fuck and who might be watching. There were copulating couples on the sofas, or on the carpet, or supporting themselves against the bar as their partners thrust away at their vagina or anus with penis or dildo.

The management did nothing to dissuade such activity. Indeed, edited highlights from fuck films were broadcast from the banks of television screens or projected onto the dance floor. There was usually a floor show of some kind during the evening, featuring striptease, bizarre sex and audience participation. This usually happened fairly late in the evening, by which time the audience had thinned out, with



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the express purpose of enticing the remainder to stay on, drink more and forget about going to work the following day. Innocence found the floor shows some respite from work as most people who weren't already in the fuck rooms were no longer interested in buying drinks and those who might be pestering her were engrossed elsewhere. Innocence marvelled at the skills of the performers, who were able to do things with their genitals she'd never believed possible.

The other nights were generally preferable, even though Innocence was conscious of not being amongst the most fashionable of people. She had no intention of shaving off her head or her eyebrows, although she'd adopted the fashion of wearing a beret or other small cap on her head. She also didn't shave her groin as so many others did and revealed all but the actual lips of the cunt. Not all young fashionable people were quite as extreme as Twelve in their dress. Some still had quite long hair like Innocence - enough for her not to feel like an utter fashion pariah. Many didn't even reveal their nipples, perhaps thinking that this was a degree of nudity beyond that they'd be comfortable with. Or perhaps because they weren't especially happy with the shape of their breasts. The breasts and penises Innocence saw promenaded all night were of all kinds and not all could be described in kindly terms.

After work, Innocence would join the early morning commuters at the underground station. They were mostly more engrossed in their newspapers than in looking at her, as she sat with her legs crossed wearing an overcoat over her otherwise nearly naked body. She studied the travellers opposite her with interest, aware that even those looking directly at her were too tired to actually see her. With only the rare

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exception, these people were not on their way to well-paid jobs, and they were correspondingly poorly dressed and very rarely particularly fashionable. Although Innocence wasn't paid at all well, she knew that she earned substantially more than most of these others mostly in recognition of her unsociable working hours, and it must be admitted, for her physical beauty. It would not do for a night club like the Fierzehn to employ unattractive bar staff: the custom would probably shift elsewhere if they did.

There was one evening of the week when the night club didn't require Innocence to work behind the bar. This was because it was generally felt she looked and behaved rather out of place, and this was the Hard Core Night. It wasn't known as that because the sex was any harder than on any other night. In fact, as far as sex went it was the Singles and Divorced evening that had the most hard core sex. The name described the music which was basically faster, louder and more insistent than that on any other night. Innocence's fairly tame appearance was somewhat out of place amongst the rather bizarre and sometimes aggressive clothes worn by the clientèle. Her reluctance to bare her crotch was also a little out of place.

However, one of the usual staff - a girl whose face was normally covered by a veil and her feet by large boots, but wore nothing else - was feeling somewhat poorly that night. The manager suggested when he phoned Innocence that it might have something to do with all the drugs she took, and Innocence didn't find this at all unlikely. She'd often felt uncomfortable working next to someone whose body resembled a ravaged pin-cushion. So, she was persuaded to come in, but not to wear anything less than a very skimpy short dress that revealed her buttocks, but not her

precious crotch. In fact, Innocence rather troubled herself that it might reveal more of a bulge than she was particularly happy with.

She really didn't enjoy the music that was playing, if music could be a word she'd normally ascribe to the thundering percussion, screeching samples and high-pitched wails. The audience however were totally immersed in it and the sweat poured off their naked or nearly naked bodies. Indeed, there was rather more flesh on display than usual, if much of it was very pale and quite unwholesome. Far more heads were shaved than usual, although there was a general contempt for shaved crotches, underarms or eyebrows. Many of the men had surgery to give them breasts that looked incongruous on otherwise normally masculine bodies. Many of the women still sported dildos, but it was unlikely that these monstrous ugly things - often made of metal with horrid knobs and hooks - were ever intended for sexual purposes. One feature that both men and women had in common was a fondness for laced boots that often reached high up above their ankles and sometimes had steel toecaps. There was actually rather less sex than usual: the fuck rooms were mostly used for drug-taking and the toilets were almost always heaving with people hanging around or injecting themselves.

Innocence felt rather uncomfortable as she served the real ale, bottled beer and mineral water that were the favoured drinks of the mostly young clientèle. She didn't feel that way as a result of any sexual advances. She just didn't know how to respond to the aggression many of the women expressed to her and didn't like the names she was given, like *Hot Pants*, *Tight Cunt* and, most scathingly of all, *Magazine Model*. She tried to maintain a bland friendly smile which attracted even more adverse

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attention, until she copied the blank expression shown by the other bar steward, a slightly plump girl with shaved head, military beret and plaited pubic hair.

It was on this evening that Innocence once again met her old lover, Dodie, who was with a company of other girls dressed just like her with green berets decorated by a single red star, boots and nothing else. Like them, her head was shaved but the eyebrows weren't, and the only piece of jewellery she wore was a single plastic bangle on her left arm. When Innocence first saw her she was kissing another girl with a patch over one eye and breasts that seemed curiously large on an otherwise emaciated body. Innocence suspected that the breasts were surgically enhanced judging from their unnatural firmness. Dodie wandered over to the bar, looking somewhat disorientated, with heavy lids over bloodshot eyes and a faint trail of snot from her nose.

When she saw Innocence, she paused as if hit by something and stood transfixed as if trying to be sure she could believe what she saw. Sparkle returned to her eyes and she grinned broadly and a little foolishly.

"Innocence! My love! My loveliest!" she exclaimed in a totally incongruous way for this unromantic environment. She leaned heavily on the bar, her long nipples brushing against an ice bucket and her elbows soaked in beery place mats. "Is it you? Is it truly you?"

Innocence smiled, while returning change from an order for several bottles of mineral water and alka-seltzer. "It is! This is where I work now."

"I didn't know you were into Hard Core. You certainly don't look the part."

"I'm not. It's just my job!"

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Dodie abandoned her friends, who occasionally returned to offer her a toké from a large joint or a sniff from smoke-filled glasses, and spent the whole evening sitting at the bar chatting to Innocence, while her old lover continued to serve customers. She chatted and chatted, without respite, about all that she'd done and seen since she'd left Wonderground. She'd only just arrived in Congress, and was currently dossing on the sofa in a very grubby squat in the Shit district of the city, an area Innocence had never visited for fear of being attacked by muggers or for being approached as a prostitute. She returned again and again in her rambling conversation to her abiding love for Innocence which persisted so strongly through all the fucks she'd had: the indifferent, the casual and the passionate. "You're the only one who has ever brought meaning to my life!" she exclaimed with unselfconscious passion, clearly embarrassing the tall large-breasted man standing beside her with a large tattoo embellished on his shaved forehead.

Innocence found it impossible to resist inviting Dodie back to her bedsit, who barely noticed her environment at all, unlacing the long laces of her boots and collapsing onto her bed. She smiled blissfully. "It's *so* wonderful to see you again!" she exclaimed as she fell into immediate unconsciousness. Innocence slightly resented Dodie's invasion of her already limited space, but tidied the sheets around her, pulled off her dress and sneaked into the bed next to her.

The following morning, Innocence was awoken, very bleary eyed and with a raw mouth, to the distinct sensation of wet hungry lips taking her penis deep into a mouth and pulling it up into a more sensitive erection than she normally had so early in the day. She opened her eyes and focused on a dark raw hairy mass directly above

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her, only gradually becoming aware that she was staring straight into Dodie's cunt. The long skinny body with tiny breasts and with **Innocence** marked on her buttock caressed the front of her body and replaced the warmth of the duvet. Reluctantly at first, but with increasing pleasure, Innocence surrendered herself to Dodie's affection, and soon reciprocated by firmly pushing her tongue into Dodie's anus, while stroking and probing the vagina with her fingers.

Dodie moved more or less permanently into Innocence's bedsit - never able to get enough of her body. The only times they were parted was when Innocence went to work and Dodie went to join the company of her other friends, happy to indulge in drugs and sex with them, unaware that this in any way compromised the passion she felt for her well-endowed lover. There was very little space in Innocence's bed for the two of them, so they slept very much enveloped in each other's bodies: Innocence's penis often left to sleep inside Dodie's cunt and her face side by side with Dodie's always blissfully grinning face.

Innocence didn't doubt the passion of Dodie's affection for her, and in the lonely forbidding anonymity of the city this was a centre of stability and comfort for which she became progressively more grateful. At the same time, however, it was a struggle to encourage Dodie to be more tidy, to return the cap to the toothpaste and to take her boots off before clambering onto the bed. These were minor trials however compared to the greater benefits of Dodie's constant love and affection.

## XXIII

*In Which Innocence is displayed on film and is shown together with an old friend.*

It was Dodie who reminded Innocence of the interview she'd had with **Fuck Films Today** and her appearance in **Forbidden Love**. "It's absolutely ridiculous that you should be working for virtually nothing at the Fierzehn, especially as you don't really like music, when you could be earning a hell of a lot more in fuck films."

"I'm not sure I want to be filmed fucking people," Innocence retorted.

"Don't be silly. You were happy enough having sex with Nancy Shittits or whatever her name was. If that's not being filmed fucking, what is? And you only got a little amount of money for that! Come on! They're always auditioning for people to star in fuck films. Look at these ads in the paper!" Dodie showed her lover the classified section in the evening paper. There certainly wasn't any shortage of demand.

Innocence took the paper from her naked lover's hand, and still with one arm around Dodie's shoulders - it was the only way to prevent herself falling off the bed - she scrutinised the details. "For a chance to appear in a Fuck Film with a difference!" "Guys! How big's your dick? Show it off to its best advantage in your best mates!" "Wanted! Girls with Big Busts! Guys with Thick Pricks!"

"I don't like the sound of any of these," admitted Innocence.

"Oh, don't be silly!" insisted Dodie. "You're just not reading it right. What

about this one? '*Bizarre* film needs *Bizarre* stars!' If you're not *bizarre*, who is?"

She cheekily caressed Innocence's penis. "Go on! Give it a chance!"

Fortunately, the day of the audition coincided with Innocence's day off, so she was able to turn up with Dodie keeping her company. Half of her was eager to be accepted and to get into a career that she knew would bring an end to her nights behind a bar with her eardrums assaulted and her dignity constantly threatened. The other half was somewhat ill at ease at the idea of fucking or being fucked in front of the camera (although the idea stimulated her as well, as Dodie kept reminding her). She didn't feel much at ease with the others being auditioned. Many were actually rather ordinary, rather plain, people whose *bizarreness* apparently consisted in the extremes of behaviour they were willing to practise to gain an honest living. Others were bizarre in more obvious ways. A woman with a beard. A man with a very long but thin penis he relished waving around the place. A pigmy woman. An oldish woman with breasts that lacked body but trailed down to her waist. A fat woman who was so large that she occupied almost all the space on the sofa. A slim woman whose breasts were so small that only the presence of a very natural vagina could convince anyone she was really a woman at all.

When Innocence's turn arrived, the interviewer was at first convinced that it was Dodie who was the interviewee and was visibly disappointed when it was Innocence who sat on the chair opposite. He scratched his beard and peered at her through the thick plastic lenses of his glasses. "So what do you do that makes you suitable for a bizarre film. Do you like animals fucking you? Do you enjoy eating turds? Can you crack nuts in your cunt?"



“No, not at all! That sounds disgusting!” winced Innocence.

“So why come to an audition for bizarre fuck films if you don’t like bizarre things? Do you like being beaten up? Do you enjoy drinking piss? Can you get a fist up your asshole?”

As Innocence shook her head sadly at each disgusting suggestion, she could see the interviewer getting visibly more annoyed. She looked rather forward to leaving. Clearly fuck films just weren’t for her. But it was Dodie who abruptly came to her rescue: “It’s not what Innocence does, but what she is that makes her bizarre?”

The director frowned. “I don’t see that! Okay, she looks good, and most fuck film companies would jump at the opportunity of employing her. But looks is less than half of what we’re interested in at **Bizarre Bazaar**. Our viewers want something a little more challenging and demanding than pretty girls being fucked by good looking guys. And going for girls just isn’t bizarre enough these days, I’m afraid.”

“It’s what Innocence has between her legs that makes her hot property! Go on, Innocence! Take down your knickers!”

Innocence smiled reluctantly, but pulled up her short dress and lowered her knickers so the interviewer could see her penis. His eyes widened significantly as he focused on it. “Does it work? Is it real?” he wondered.

“It’s real enough!” Dodie replied for Innocence. “She’s given me the best fuck I’ve ever had. She comes like a shaken beer can, fucks for hours without respite and her erection pops up with the least provocation. Look at her prick now if you don’t believe me.”

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The interviewer studied Innocence's penis which was already quite thick and erect. "God! It's beautiful! Take off all your gear! Let's see *all* you've got to offer!"

So it was that Innocence passed her first audition and became the main star of a whole series of films. The interviewer was, in fact, the director of most of the films Bizarre Bazaar made and was sufficiently sensitive to Innocence's reservations not to start her off in films that actually involved fucking. All that was required of her was to sit around showing off her body in various degrees of undress and to arouse her penis to a state of excitement. The main attraction of the films was the way that even this early in her film career Innocence was able to stimulate herself to an erection with very little prompting, maintain it for a good period of time and then relieve herself with enough semen to feed quite a few hungry people.

The films were made mostly in sets that looked remarkably ordinary and dull. Kitchens. Living rooms. Bathrooms. And most often of all, bedrooms. There she would writhe under the constant gaze of a set of cameras, apparently aroused by her reflection or the rather tedious fuck magazines she'd be given to read, and stimulate herself sufficiently for her penis to excite the unknown viewer. The majority of these short films focused entirely on her erect penis and its arousal. Some films were more adventurous, but only just. In one, she had to insert a realistically sized dildo in the exact shape of a real penis deep inside her anus, which was only possible with the help of a small attractive oriental assistant whose job was specifically to arouse sexual organs and to smear lubricating jelly in the right places. In another, she had to follow a scene of ejaculation with one of pissing, which involved consuming a few pints of beer in rapid succession before filming.

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On the whole, though, these films were sufficiently tame for Innocence to lose most of her inhibitions about a career in film pornography, and to quite happily abandon her job at the Fierzehn. She soon felt the advantages of having more money. She and Dodie spent several happy hours discussing the much larger flat they intended to move into together and all the things they would buy once they'd saved up enough. Dodie was contributing her own wages to the household now, having taken a job in a Radical Bookstore that sold many books and magazines which showed very much the same activity as the fuck films did but with less attractive models, a lot more imagination and were only occasionally particularly erotic. Most of the female models looked rather more like Dodie with their shaved heads, hairy crotches and large boots. Innocence would much rather dress in a more feminine and fetching way, rather enjoying the glances she got from men and women as she teetered on her stilettos in her short dress on the underground trains to the studio.

For Innocence and Dodie to afford a bigger flat, Innocence had to earn substantially more money than she was in the wank films she was making. She wasn't at all sure, however, that the first proper fuck film she'd star in (one where she'd participate with someone else and who she would fuck and possibly be fucked by) should be one made by Bizarre Bazaar. The director understood Innocence's inclinations well enough not to insist that she try for a pissing, shitting, fist-fucking, sado-masochist or animal-fucking film. If Innocence wanted to make a film with some real action where she could earn several times the money and have enough for the deposit on a flat, she'd have to make a film for another company.

It was Twelve, on one of her occasional visits to Innocence's bedsit, who

suggested the two make a film together. “We’d make a great couple!” she assented, holding Innocence’s erect penis while Dodie sucked it. “We fuck well together and I’m not in the slightest bit put off by some asshole filming us while we do it. Look we’ll answer this ad and earn a bit of extra. I’m sure they’d love to film us once they’ve had a look at you and seen some of the videos you’ve made.”

The advertisement said rather modestly: “Lez and TV couples wanted for Sexy Fuck Films” and Innocence could think of very few good reasons for not accompanying Twelve to the audition. Twelve was right. **Quinze Cunts** were *very* impressed by Innocence’s endowment which with Twelve’s assistance was very soon erect and shown in its fullest glory. They were also impressed by the very passionate lovemaking that the two girls staged for them on the casting couch. The director, Genevieve, was a slim girl in a conservative blouse and culottes with boyishly cut hair and a pair of wire glasses. She rather liked the idea of the two girls performing together. She had a number of opinions about what made a *sexy fuck* film, which was the kind that Quinze Cunts specialised in. One of these was that the characters making love with each other should genuinely enjoy it. On that basis, having the two of them cast together on a ninety minute film would be perfect.

“At least you won’t get bored with each other,” she remarked with a grin.

Another opinion was that sex between women was necessarily more erotic than sex between men and women. It was not that she was especially averse to men: she just didn’t believe that men’s bodies were ever particularly erotic. What she liked to make were films where the cast were either all women or men who were feminine as a result of their chosen way of dressing or radical surgery. At first it was very

difficult for her to believe that Innocence wasn't the way she was as a result of surgery, but she studied Innocence's body and penis with great care and found none of the signs, by now so familiar to her, of silicone implanting, hormonal injection or stitching.

Twelve had to dress rather more conservatively than usual in the film they were to make which was provisionally called **Innocence's Big Surprise**. She had eyebrows painted on, and had to exchange her thong for a dress and blouse with a tie. She even had to wear knickers which she complained were very uncomfortable. She drew the line, however, at wearing a wig. "What would people think if they saw me like that!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't know *where* to fucking look!"

The film's plot was banal in the extreme, but as Genevieve explained the people who bought her films were more interested in shots of knickers, cleavages, young clitorises and pretty sexy bodies than on story lines or more extreme forms of sex. She did insist on a piss sequence as she knew a lot of viewers would be very keen to see Innocence's penis used for other purposes than to release semen and Twelve was not at all bothered about having urine dripping down her face and breasts. "As long as I don't get any in my mouth!" she remarked.

The film began with the two girls ambling through a field in the countryside just outside the city. It was the first time since Innocence and Twelve left Labia that either had ventured so far from Congress and its nightlife, and Innocence enjoyed the rush of fresh air in her lungs and over her body. She had plenty of opportunity to enjoy this warm air, as the two girls took their clothes off in the grass and indulged in passionate lovemaking together while Genevieve and her two camerawomen watched

and filmed them. Another of the director's views was that the girls should be as natural as possible and so she gave only the briefest outline of what their sexual activity should consist of and indicated where the cameras were most likely to be positioned.

The art of fuck films, Innocence believed, was not only to perform sex well (which involved a certain amount of exaggeration of the pleasure Twelve gave her as her tongue and fingers probed around her lower regions), but also to ensure that the action was fully visible to the camera. This in itself required a little bit of attention, particularly as the area of penetration was one very easily obscured from the camera. This involved Innocence and Twelve contorting their bodies somewhat unnaturally so that the camera could see when Innocence entered one of Twelve's orifices and exactly which one it was.

The film then moved to the interior of Genevieve's large country house, where quite a few of the rooms had lighting set up specifically to make films and very comfortable beds, sofas and carpets for the fucking to take place. Some action took place in the kitchen where Twelve pushed her fingers and then a cucumber inside Innocence's anus while her penis was being actively sucked. More action took place in the very plush bathroom where the pissing happened in the bath so that the urine could be washed away and the enamel swiftly wiped down with cleaning fluid. Innocence couldn't understand what pleasure Twelve was supposed to get as piss splashed over her face, trickled down her cheeks, cascaded over her chin and dribbled down her slim breasts. Twelve later assured her that the warmth of the urine and the knowledge of where it came from was precisely what gave her such joy, but

Innocence wasn't convinced that it gave her nearly as much as she so ecstatically expressed.

"Still under an hour of usable film," Genevieve commented disappointedly after all the planned scenes had been filmed. "I think we're just going to have to improvise. Do you mind if we make it a threesome for a garden lawn scene?"

"Of course we don't!" Twelve answered before Innocence had an opportunity to object. "As long as it's you who makes up the threesome."

"You think so?" wondered Genevieve curiously coyly for someone who made a living from making fuck films. "Do you think Innocence wouldn't mind fucking me?"

"A beautiful girl like you!" smiled Twelve kissing the director fondly on the cheeks and unbuttoning her blouse. "How *could* she mind? And I wouldn't mind fucking you myself if it comes to that!"

When Genevieve was undressed by the other two girls in the full glare of the cameras, it was clear that her expertise and experience in fuck films hadn't been gained as a performer. But her slim body with round breasts and largish nipples and the thin bush of pubic hair was more attractive than Twelve's pale freckly body, and she showed genuine enthusiasm when Innocence's erect penis was guided into her cunt. She clung passionately to Innocence's body, making it rather difficult for the camerawomen to position themselves for the crucial shots of anal and vaginal penetration. It was with obvious reluctance she let Innocence remove her penis when she was about to ejaculate and let the semen spray over her breasts and mouth rather than inside her body. The cries of ecstasy she gave when Twelve and Innocence

returned to her body were unfeigned, and she was very flushed after the event.

“This will make a *great* film!” Genevieve reflected. “It’ll be out fairly soon, I can assure you. But it will probably still be less than ninety minutes long. While you’re here, I insist you join me and my camera staff for dinner. You *will* join us, won’t you?”

“You fucking bet!” said Twelve, attaching her thong to her waist and pointedly leaving her other clothes on the grass just by the sundial. Dinner was very pleasant and cooked by Genevieve’s lover, a young looking girl with long straight blonde hair and blue eyes. Inevitably dinner had barely finished when Genevieve and her lover invited the camerawomen, Innocence and Twelve to their large bed where the evening ended in a mass of writhing bodies in which Innocence’s now quite weary penis was very much appreciated.



## XXIV

*In Which Innocence prevails upon Dodie to perform and Griffin is reacquainted to the virtues of Innocence.*

Dodie enjoyed hearing about Innocence's new job. She loved listening to Innocence's accounts of the sex she had in the series of *Quinze Cunts* and *Bizarre Bazaar* films she appeared in, and where there was any particular activity she found especially erotic she would persuade Innocence to join in similar activity with her in their tiny bedsit. However, Dodie was quite reluctant to get involved in fuck films herself. "It's just not me," she assented, although she never gave any very good reasons as to why this should be so.

However, it was Dodie who suggested that they should star together in a series of Radical fuck films that were being made by someone she knew. "These films are different," she claimed. "They aren't just fuck films for people to wank to in the privacy of their own homes while watching them on video. These are more challenging, more radical films."

"How can that be?" wondered Innocence. "They're still films where the actors take their clothes off and fuck each other."

"It's not what they do. It's why they do it," Dodie insisted.

However, the rates were only slightly less than Innocence had become accustomed to and Dodie was very insistent. Innocence agreed to star with Dodie, but she stated categorically that she had no intention of shaving any part of her body or of

piercing it either.

The filming took place in a series of very dingy rooms in a derelict housing estate, on beds that were uncomfortable, floors that were bare and unswept, radiators that clanked noisily and gave off very little heat and where the walkways were covered in puddles and urine. There was, however, a story-line to the events that framed the lovemaking Innocence and Dodie were going to indulge in, with the assistance of several other women who were mostly dressed pretty much like the clientèle of the Hard Core Nights at the Fierzehn. This was quite a novelty to Innocence who was accustomed to the idea of fuck films as being nothing more than a series of implausible encounters and sexual passions in which ninety per cent of the action was concentrated around the groin.

The film company was known as **Shit for the Workers**, and most of the cast were both argumentative and painfully serious. Far more time was spent on discussing what was to be filmed than in actually doing it. Nothing could be done until there was consensus as to exactly what was to be filmed, what it was meant to symbolise and whether the fucking was ideologically correct. Any action - pissing, bondage, anal intercourse, even rape - was justified in the film as long as it could be seen as having a deeper significance. Innocence wasn't at all sure what the film's plot actually was and her lines seemed both tedious and irrelevant.

In one scene, she was expected to fuck a series of women each of whom had a letter painted on their forehead in the Greek alphabet: twenty-four in all. She had to fuck each of them from  $\alpha$  to  $\omega$  via  $\omicron$  and  $\iota$  (or whatever else they represented) and,

while being fucked, each girl was obliged to recite a radical quotation. Fortunately, Innocence wasn't expected to fuck continuously. She didn't have anything like the stamina of Null, in any case, there weren't really as many as twenty-four actresses actually involved in the film. Dodie played a number of different Greek characters, but since only parts of her - like her cunt or mouth - would actually be shown, it was impossible to tell that it was the same person being fucked on different occasions.

Another scene involved Innocence pissing on Dodie while another girl pissed on her and Dodie pissed on someone else. Innocence became aware that this apparently endless stream of people pissing on different people was meant to be symbolic, judging from the fact that the only person in the series who pissed and wasn't pissed on was the only man in the series and he was particularly fat and ugly.

Another scene, near the beginning of the film, involved Innocence apparently depriving Dodie of her virginity. For this scene, Dodie was made to seem rather younger than she was - but she wouldn't sacrifice her pubic hair. The cunt that was intercut to look like a young Dodie's was of another girl who was probably not very much older than the supposed youngster she was playing. The radical aspect of this was apparently the tawdry, unappealing state of the room in which the filming took place: wallpaper peeling off the wall, horrible patches of damp soaking through the plaster and a bare mattress with a quite dangerous spring protruding through.

The other cast were not especially attractive, although one or two of them had faces and figures that could have been quite beautiful if they'd allowed themselves some hair and make-up. Innocence much preferred those sequences involving Dodie because she felt much more comfortable inside a familiar cunt. Sometimes the others

felt just a little too tight and in one case almost too loose - nearly as much so as Une's cunt.

The filming took much longer than most of the films Innocence had starred in (indeed she made several films for her other company on the days **Shit for Workers** dedicated to discussion seminars and discovery sessions). It didn't seem that the final film was actually very much better than those she'd made for *Quinze Cunts*. The film used was black and white, some of the camera angles were wilfully obscure, the editing seemed quite random and distracting and the sex was really no different. There was also an annoying sequence running through the film where the director, a fat woman in her late thirties with a lisp and a slight stutter, wandered naked through a rubbish heap, or along a suburban housing estate, or outside an abattoir, passing comment on such matters as women's rights, homosexual separatism, the dictatorship of the proletariat, racism and hypocrisy. Whether Innocence would have found this interesting in another context was difficult to tell as the editing was rather random and she often lost the point of the dialogue as it had been inserted somewhere else in the film (perhaps while she was placing a cucumber deep inside her anus or sticking her erect penis into a rusty exhaust pipe).

The biggest debate of all was what to entitle the film, which thankfully Innocence was excused from. She didn't care if it was called **The Coitus Manifesto**, **The Female Bollocks** or **Fuck is a Feminist Issue**. She was just happy to get paid at the end of it. Dodie, however, was unreservedly enthusiastic. "Isn't it good to know that what you're doing is art and will outlast all the fuck films you're usually in."

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Innocence wasn't at all sure that this last assertion was at all likely. The film at nearly four hours was far too long and self-indulgent she thought. The opening credits went on for nearly half an hour, interspersed with so many themes that she had no idea what was meant to be achieved. Women running around with dildos inserted up their arses. Men fucking dead chickens. Cars driven slowly round in circles with numbers like **15** or **9** written on top. The sudden ending, which left her both frustrated and relieved at the same time, was a poor joke she only wished had happened considerably sooner. But it was Dodie's first and probably only fuck film and so, for her sake, Innocence made no complaint and encouraged her as much as possible with the film-making.

For most of the time she was working with **Shit for Workers** her mind was focused on finding a flat. She eventually found one which was a compromise between Dodie's wish to be in the town centre and Innocence's desire for a relatively quiet night's sleep. It was with some sadness, however, that Innocence moved out of her tiny bedsit. It was, after all, the only place she'd ever lived in by herself and much as she loved Dodie she also missed the freedom and solitude she'd enjoyed there.

Innocence felt rather sorry for Gryphon when she observed her relationship with Chastity in Labia. She knew her sister was exploiting her and that, despite her proud musculature, the teacher was very vulnerable. She never expected to see Gryphon again after she left the college, and was even more surprised to see her picture on the cover of a video for Sex and Physical Exercise, **Keep Pumping**, on the shelf of the wall of the offices of Sexual Fitness Ltd., the company where she was

being interviewed to appear in one of their many sex education tapes. Innocence had been exposed to enough of these videos to know what these films generally involved.

Gryphon's performance was no different in **Keep Pumping** and its sequel **Keep On Pumping**. They were mostly solo performances with others merely following the instructions Gryphon gave them. Her experience as a teacher came through in the authoritativeness of her voice and the tone in which she gave her instructions. "Yes, deeper! That's right! As far inside as you can get!" she cried as her tutees thrust curiously shaped dildos deep inside their vaginas or anuses. She would first of all show techniques for lubricating her vagina with a finger or a vibrator and then showed how to maximise the pleasure it gave her and the length of time an exercise could last. "After thirty minutes of continual thrusting your vagina is now loose and moist enough to give hours of satisfaction to the most demanding of lovers," she would say on the voice-over while the more impassioned film of her masturbating was on show.

Innocence was pleased to discover she was to be auditioned for a sex fitness video with Gryphon. She knew the teacher well enough for there to be no surprises. She guessed from her memories of Gryphon's intense pleasure on their one previous lovemaking that the teacher wouldn't need to feign any of her passion.

"We just need someone like you who is physically attractive to our star and has a fully operational penis," explained the director, who was a slim woman in a track suit and with long hair tied back in a pony-tail. "We've tried to film Gryphon with men, but these attempts have never been successful and we've never been able to market them. They would not enhance the reputation of Sexual Fitness at all. Some of

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our competitors may be satisfied with film of Gryphon looking bored or distressed while being buggered, but we would hope to market an altogether better product. We want to project a positive image of sexual intercourse. We've seen some of the work you've done for Bizarre Bazaar and Quinze Cunts, and we think you may have just the enthusiasm for sex with women that would fit with Gryphon's own similar tastes."

Gryphon couldn't have been more enthusiastic when she was introduced to Innocence as a potential film companion. "When can we start filming?" was Gryphon's main question after they met. "I'd love to have some decent sex for a change."

The filming was quite strenuous for Innocence. Gryphon's success in the Sex Fitness video market was quite significant. Many customers were attracted to her muscular frame and the femininity she carried with it. Innocence discovered that Gryphon's venture into this market was one the teacher felt able to do without leaving her pedagogical career (to which she felt a great affection) and one that provided her with the money to afford the custom of the prostitutes to which she had become addicted. Gryphon did her filming a long way from Labia as she didn't wish to lose her position in the college.

Gryphon found it difficult to believe that the Innocence had separated from Chastity.

"Chastity was *so* fond of you!" she remarked.

Innocence was unwilling to discuss her sister even to one of her former lovers. She avoided asking too many questions about her sister's life in Labia, beyond discovering that she'd also left college.

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The video the two were to make was provisionally called **Keep Rumpy Pumping**. It was intended to broaden Gryphon's appeal from the wank film market into the more demanding and lucrative fuck film market that Innocence was now doing quite well in. Sexual Fitness hoped that their fastidious star could be weaned onto more conventional fuck films with their cast of athletic male stars, but they knew that at least one good quality fuck film was needed for their customers to stomach more indifferent produce.

Innocence had to spend several hours each day in the gym provided by Sexual Fitness, lifting weights and running on treadmills, often with the guidance of Gryphon who gazed long and lovingly as Innocence's stomach muscles became firmer, the muscles of her arms became more delineated and the sweat gushed down her naked body and through the pubic hairs around her darling penis. Sometimes Twelve or Dodie would join in and, to Gryphon's chagrin, would accompany Innocence to the fuck room where they would make more physical love on the futons laid out there. Gryphon felt excluded from Innocence's extra-filmic activities, and this wasn't so much because Innocence wasn't attracted to her but rather because she wanted to divorce herself from anyone who reminded her too intensely of her relationship with her sister.

The fuck film had a conventional format for the Sex and Physical Fitness market. The voice-over provided by Gryphon was recorded afterwards and was meant to highlight particular educational points that the fucking supposedly illustrated, but were really just afterthoughts provided to give respectability to a series of shots where



Innocence fucked Gryphon's receptive body athletically, frequently and passionately. In the mouth, in the arse, in the cunt, hanging from wires, in several quite awkward positions, standing up, sitting down and framed by a scenery of bell-bars, climbing frames, trampolines, mattresses and total nudity. The shots Gryphon particularly enjoyed reviewing and speaking over were those where Innocence relieved herself of copious quantities of semen over Gryphon's face, breasts, buttocks and cunt. She loved watching the semen arch in a sinuous curve of viscous drops to stain the mattresses or gymnasium equipment. She particularly treasured the shot of her with semen trickling out of her mouth as Innocence masterfully produced yet more to spread over her hair and her shoulders.

Gryphon loved the warm taste of sperm. Or at least Innocence's. In the video there was several minutes of come shots to accompany a digression on the protein and carbohydrate values of semen and how a regular diet was an invaluable addition to the fitness regime of anyone who wished to attain the heights of physical and sexual fitness. Innocence, however, felt rather drained after these sessions, and not just from the release of sperm. Gryphon was a demanding, very physical lover. Innocence couldn't maintain the degree of sexual and physical exertion demanded of her from such a partner.

So, despite the persuasive arguments from Sexual Fitness and Gryphon's own somewhat tearful demands, Innocence declined to contribute her services to the follow-up fuck fitness film, **More Rumpy Pumping**, even though this would include scenes in which Gryphon would make love to young girls as young as she could

legally get away with and in which Innocence would not be the only object of Gryphon's sexual passion. Innocence wasn't inclined to become too closely identified with the Sexual and Physical Fitness Video market. It didn't offer much career progression and, besides, she'd had quite enough of all the work-outs in the gymnasium. The burning feeling she got from her muscles for days afterwards was just not worth it.

## XXV

*In Which Innocence is matched with virginity, a career in giving pleasure to unknown benefactors is reviewed and Leon's own artistic vocation is revealed.*

It took a lot of persuasion and a lot of money, but eventually Innocence agreed to make a Virginity Loss film (or *Bleeding Fanny Film* as they were less subtly known). It wasn't that Innocence hadn't taken a girl's virginity before. She just felt there was something sordid in making a film about it, particularly given her rather unusual appearance. She wondered what harm it might do to a girl whose virginity was taken by a freak like her, especially when the whole intensely personal event was witnessed by a professional film crew and eventually by an unknown number of anonymous video purchasers. However, she was assured that the girl, Eve, had actually requested that it be Innocence who was to do the bloody deed and that she'd undergo the exercise with someone else anyway if it wasn't her. Apparently, she and her mother, a young widow, had fallen on bad times and they saw it as a way of helping them out of it. Innocence wasn't so naïve as not to realise that a film that showed a girl losing her virginity to one with her own unique assets would recoup substantially more than the average Bleeding Fanny Film and they would earn more as a result.

"I'm not going to make a habit of this," Innocence insisted.

"Of course not," said the director - a middle-aged woman with greying hair and artificially enhanced breasts - misunderstanding her. "No one would want to see you typecast in that way!"

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The film was to be made in the gardens of a stately home that was rented out for the occasion, on a lawn with rose gardens and an ornate swimming pool in the background. Innocence was very impressed. None of her films had been made in such palatial surroundings before, and she felt it somehow added a touch of dignity to an event which, from a sense of shame, she decided not to confess to Dodie. Her lover had her own standards and ethics which Innocence respected and in which she more often than not concurred. When she left their nice new expensive flat they had only this week started renting, she gave Dodie only a brief kiss (which would immediately inform her that she was off to do a film set that day) and evaded rather too obviously all references to the kind of film she was about to make.

“If it’s just the usual fuck film why don’t you tell me more about it?” Dodie wondered with a frown, brushing her fingers through the quarter inch long stubble of dark hair on her head.

“It’s just not worth making a fuss about,” Innocence lied, trembling with anticipation. No, she definitely wouldn’t make a film like this again. She just hoped that her lover would never find out about it.

The film started as all such films were obliged to do with an official examination of Eve’s maidenhead by a properly qualified doctor. This was the first opportunity Innocence had of seeing the girl, who was actually unusually old for a virgin - being about seventeen years old but looked more like fifteen. She was skinny with pale skin, a slightly bulging stomach, small apple-shaped breasts and long blonde hair half way down her back. The doctor prised open her legs, with the camera focusing on her vagina, and examined her with the standard tools for this job.

Finally, he announced to the camera the standard formula for these films. “I, Doctor Hamstash, declare it is my professional opinion that this young lady’s maidenhead is intact and that she is medically a virgin.” Innocence knew that this would not have been the first such examination or the filming wouldn’t have come to such an advanced state of preparedness. She also knew that an intact maidenhead didn’t necessarily mean that the girl had had no sex at all - there was a great deal of sexual activity, including anal intercourse, that was possible without damaging her in that way at all. However in Eve’s case, the virginity might be more absolute than was usually the case. The girl was extraordinarily gauche and nervous.

The film’s plot, if such a term could be given to an exercise with a preordained end, was that Innocence should start by making love with Eve’s mother who obviously hoped to increase the material rewards of this exercise by whatever means were available. Innocence could judge that the woman must be desperate for money because she showed willingness in the initial interviews for anal and even fist-fucking along with the standard oral and vaginal sex. Innocence was pleased that the film didn’t involve the girl’s father, even if it were possible. She had heard of several Bleeding Fanny films where the father was the person to breach the maidenhead - an incestuous act guaranteed to increase the value of the film. Thankfully Hand Job Films adhered to certain standards which precluded that form of incest. It encouraged a parental role in the target market that was best avoided.

Whatever Eve might be, Dawn, her mother, was definitely not inexperienced though she betrayed enough awkwardness in her lovemaking to indicate that she’d never performed in front of an audience before. Dawn’s part involved her beginning

the action with a kiss on the lawn leading to the two of them taking off each other's clothes and very soon into more physical acts. Dawn's body was very similar to her daughter's - although much heavier as befitted an older woman with breasts already beginning to lose their taut compactness and buttocks drooping slightly behind her thighs. Innocence was soon into the scenes of vaginal and anal intercourse, but forswore the fist-fucking after carefully assessing the flexibility of Dawn's vagina with her penis.

At this stage, Eve was due to come on set and play the standard role of the embarrassed daughter becoming steadily more interested in the loveplay between her mother and her mother's lover. Innocence was pleased she was not expected to make love with her mother or her mother with her. Although Hand Job Films had no expressed opinion on incest - beyond the standard view that all sexual activities were permissible between consenting adults - unlike much of their competition in the Bleeding Fanny marketplace (like **Bloodsports For All** and **Cuntbusters**) they deliberately avoided any reference to the possible material rewards for filmed incest. The view was that all such activity should come about wholly from the actual desire of the recently sexually initiated daughter.

Eve began by nervously taking Innocence's penis in her hand and putting her mouth to it. She screwed up her nose - although whether it was the smell of Innocence's organ or the scent left by her mother's vagina it was not possible to tell. However, she overcame her aversion and was soon taking the penis into her mouth and started licking and sucking it until it became so big and thick and throbbing that even Innocence was dying to release it into the girl's cunt.

The whole lovemaking was filmed on a large white sheet which would not normally be left lying around on the lawn in a stately home - but of course these sorts of film were concerned rather more with gynaecological accuracy than any other kind. The actual penetration shots had to be made lingeringly, slowly and with the film crew properly positioned without disturbing too much the composure of the virgin whose eyes were closed and jaws clenched tight in fearful anticipation. When Innocence saw the distress the activity was causing Eve she felt like abandoning the whole exercise, but outside of camera shot Dawn was whispering into her ear.

“Go on then! Get it over with!”

This was not the most romantic instruction Innocence had ever heard, but she took the message and with a slow gradual thrust she pushed deeper and deeper and ever deeper into Eve’s cunt, not looking down at the crotch at all but concentrating her kisses and her caresses on Eve’s face. “It’s all right, Eve! It’s all right! Don’t worry! It won’t hurt nearly as much as you think!”

Unfortunately for Eve and for Innocence’s reputation for telling the truth, it actually hurt the young girl quite a bit. As Innocence felt the rip of internal membrane no longer resisting her thrusts she also heard Eve’s unearthly yell. Without thinking she pulled her penis straight out to see a pool of red dripping from Eve’s vagina and splaying over the white sheet where it left undeniable evidence of Eve’s virginity.

“Oh God!” Innocence gasped, aghast at the red shine of it in the clear midday sun, reflecting off the uncongealed liquid on the thighs and on the sheet. “This is horrible! Urrgghh! There’s *so* much of it!”

Eve burst into tears, throwing herself into her mother’s lap where the two

naked bodies sat huddled up close to each other under the still voyeuristic unwavering glare of the cameras.

Despite Innocence's outburst and Eve's distress, the filming was judged to be a success by the director. "We may have to edit out some of the more - dare we say - unpalatable aspects," she told Innocence. "After all, we are making films for masturbatory pleasure and not films of social or sexual veracity. And it definitely isn't Hand Job's intention to move into the market for films of sexual violence. Some of our competitors might feel inclined to re-edit the film for the illicit rape fantasy market."

"Rape fantasy?" Innocence shuddered.

"It's not unknown. **Bitch Slut Films** make films with names like **She Had It Coming, Ramming Connie's Cunt** and **Blood Between The Knees** which are films of nothing more than the more upsetting parts of Eve's recent sexual initiation linked by rather unpleasant story-lines. Never fear, unless one of our operatives is less than honest, the less palatable episodes will not be seen by the target audience. **Hand Job Films** has no wish to build a reputation for causing its film stars to suffer more than is absolutely necessary in our **First and Best Time Sex** Film series."

Innocence's new career as a fuck film actress meant she got to meet a variety of people whom she probably wouldn't have met otherwise, although she wasn't sure her life was much enhanced by having done so. She got to know quite a few women and men with surgically enhanced breasts, some of which were of massive proportions - larger even than Honore's, and consequently even more of a practical liability to



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their possessors when they weren't canvassing for rôles in fuck films. She got to meet men with peculiarly bent, extraordinarily long and thin, and even surprisingly tiny penises. She met women with remarkably elasticity in their anuses or mouths - able to accommodate any number of penises. One particularly acrobatic woman was able to get her legs behind her shoulders while being fucked.

Fifteen was an unlikely sex actress on first meeting. She was a very modestly dressed girl, who seemed slightly gauche regarding any questions on her sex life. Innocence felt unusually self-confident and promiscuous in comparison. She was also blind and relied on her Labrador, Rover, to lead her around. She made a strange sight on the film set with her modest clothes, her dull mousy brown hair and the white stick she used to avoid bumping into people. However, she was actually one of the most in-demand sex actresses in the industry because of her particular speciality which was to have sex with animals.

It rather horrified Innocence at first (and she never got fully used to it!) to see Fifteen performing with dogs, horses, donkeys or goats. She would fellate the animals with a care and attention equal to that which she showed to Innocence's more normal penis - taking ponies' dark penises into her mouth and bringing them to ejaculate over her thin naked body. She was particularly good at dog fucking - allowing the Alsation, Dalmatian or Irish Wolfhound total vaginal or even anal penetration and clearly enjoying it as the animal panted, barked and slobbered over her, its hairy body above her and long thin penis entering her at the peculiar angles necessary for this operation. Penetration by rams and billy goats were also featured, but donkeys, bulls, horses and camels were clearly too monstrously endowed for her, but she made a good show of

what she could, even going as far as fist-fucking them in the anus.

Although Fifteen had her own very nice home, it was somewhere in the countryside and quite frequently Innocence and Dodie invited her to their flat when she was staying overnight in Congress. Fifteen made very welcome company and enjoyed her political arguments with Dodie, but firmly declined any offers of having sex with either of them. She stated quite unequivocally that her fucking was reserved for her career, and she didn't in any case wish to spoil their friendship by introducing a less than professional aspect to their lovemaking.

Despite Fifteen's apparent shyness, Innocence was somewhat shocked and discomfited to discover that this attitude didn't extend to Rover, as she discovered from hearing a mixture of canine noises mixed with Fifteen's own slightly shrill cries. Innocence was slightly alarmed - troubled that perhaps Rover had turned on her mistress - but when she put her head decorously around the door of the guest room where Fifteen was staying with her dog, she was shocked to see Fifteen lying on her back with Rover on top of her. The dog was wagging his tail enthusiastically and eagerly licking his mistress's face while his buttocks thrust backwards and forwards. Innocence's horrified eyes adjusted themselves to the dim light coming from the bedside lamp that Fifteen had never thought of turning off, and saw that the girl's thighs were wrapped around the dog and that Rover was indeed fucking her with no embarrassment and with rather less guilt than that expressed by dogs on the film set.

Other people that Innocence had got to meet had proclivities she found equally distasteful. Wonder, a short girl with a cleft palate and a repaired hare-lip, had compensated for the shortcomings of her appearance by a skill at consuming faeces

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released into her mouth by her male or female on-screen lovers. She would let the turd drop out gradually and with the same affection that most actresses would show towards an erect penis she guided it into her mouth, chewed it up and eventually swallowed it. When Innocence was persuaded to make a film with Wonder, she had no real idea what was going on as she let free the turd she'd been nurturing all day. She thought perhaps that Wonder might smear her face and body with it, but was somewhat disgusted to realise where it did in fact go. She declined the suggestion of kissing the girl despite the financial incentives the director indicated by holding up his fingers. Wonder's tastes were definitely not her own.

Another woman whom Innocence knew but considered herself fortunate to have never performed with was all of forty stone in weight - which meant she was more flesh than body. She watched with repulsion as the male fuck actors struggled to enter her body through the massive folds of fat that totally obscured her vagina. Her sheer bulk meant that these actors were literally risking their lives to fuck her. If she fell on top of one of them while he was inside her it would probably terminate more than his career.

Innocence was glad she'd avoided being typecast in piss films, sadomasochistic films, ear-fucking, child sex, razor slashing, cat fellatio, tree fucking or anal fist-fuck films. On the whole, those that did have to resort to this sort of film were not especially physically attractive. Fifteen was rather an exception in that respect. Innocence's blessing was that her marketability was not just due to her unusual assets, but that, as was made increasingly apparent to her, she was a very attractive woman who didn't need the surgery or hormonal treatment to develop large

breasts, massive buttocks, green skin or split vaginas.

Nevertheless, she still felt slightly soiled by the fact she was working in a profession where, however much the film makers she associated with might hold dear to certain high moral, political or sexual principles, there were many others whose only criterion of judgement was the number of units their product would sell - and as perversions sold well these were particularly attractive to them: the more gross, uncomfortable and generally unpalatable the better.

However, as Dodie often reminded her when she reflected on her career and where it was taking her, it was through her work that she'd been able to afford the beautiful flat she was renting and she *was* indeed enjoying this work rather more than working behind the bar at a Night Club.

Innocence knew Leon owned his own business, but she had no real idea of what it might be. It wasn't something she cared to ask about when she last met the man in Congress. So it came as something of a surprise to discover that he was the owner of **Fuck Flicks**, a fuck film company famous for its catalogue of homosexual and transsexual videos. The discovery didn't come until after she'd been in several films already where she had performed in her normal capacity, knowing that for the target audience the only fundamental difference between her and the transsexuals usually involved in these productions was that her body was entirely her own and had no enhancement or alteration made to it whatsoever.

She was surprised while viewing the early cut of the film in the company's Congress office to see a picture of Leon hanging on the wall, naked as always, and

smiling in a strangely paternal way. She stood up in the office where the director and several of the cast were watching a scene in which Innocence was fucking a young man who in turn was fucking a slender black girl with fashionably short cropped hair a bit like a tonsure (the fashion was no longer for totally shaven heads). She examined the picture carefully. There was no doubt at all who this bearded, long haired man was. She recognised the twist of tawny hair on his chest and the small scar on his shoulder which he blamed on an unfortunately over-vigorous lover he once had.

“Does Leon perform in your films?” Innocence wondered.

“Leon?” asked the director, standing beside Innocence. “Not often. Why? Do you know Mr Legrand?”

“Yes,” laughed Innocence, who’d not heard his surname before. “I met him on holiday in Brook. What does he do then?”

The director explained that Leon was the sole owner of Fuck Flicks, and that he also owned a magazine publishing company, several brothels and two Congress Night Clubs. “He’s very rich,” he stated, twiddling the ring that dangled from his left ear. “He made his money in the beginning as a fuck film star, rather like you. As you probably know, he’s very opulently endowed and not at all fussed what kind of sex he indulges in. He made rather a lot of films. I can show you a few if you like.”

Innocence nodded. It rather changed her view of the man to know he had made fuck films in the past. It was also bizarre he should now be her employer. It had once occurred to her when she was looking for work to ask the man she was fucking if he could find a job for her, but she had decided not to as it seemed somehow the wrong thing to require of a lover (even one who was unable to penetrate her). She now

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understood why Leon never offered her work. He probably felt that Innocence would be offended at the suggestion, which she reflected was very likely. Her brief experience of appearing in a sex film while in Brook did not seem quite the career move then as it did now.

The director waited until after the screening of the video they were watching, Howard's Rear End. Like many films made for the male homosexual audience its focus of attention was on taut male buttocks. Innocence played the rôle of someone whose unusual assets were never commented on but were fully enjoyed (as was the convention for transsexual films), and who had developed an affection for a house in the countryside where she had once had sex with a number of people. Unusually, this orgy scene was near the beginning of the film. Throughout the film she made love with several men who also made love with each other and with several women who had very little sex with anyone except her. At the end, she obtained the house and the film ended with an open-ended fuck scene with the Howard of the title shitting on the lawn in the foreground.

When the cast left after the screening, Innocence remained with the director and his boyfriend, a tall man with very long hair and a quite thin beard. The director pulled out a video entitled **Leon of Arabia**, and put it in the video player.

"This is Leon's first film and as you can see right from the start he had a leading rôle..."

"Not surprising with a dick like his!" commented his boyfriend. "Ooohh! The lucky bastard. I so wish...."

Innocence watched the film which had a very flimsy plot of young men in desert sceneries waving swords and yelling, but for much longer admiring, pawing over, sucking, licking and revelling in Leon's monstrous appendage. He was frequently fucked from behind, but even then the young Leon, whose beard was quite thin and whose chest had only the promise of future hirsuteness, was just a little too well endowed to have any hope of returning the favour.

"As you can see, not an arse in the world can accommodate *that* monster!" exclaimed the director. "I've seen pricks of all sizes - and I've probably seen the biggest the world has to offer. Some are long and thin and though you can't get all the prick in your arse, at least you can get some of it in. At least some of the way!"

"And you can't walk straight for a week after!" laughed his boyfriend.

"And then there are big ones that can only get in cunts and can't get in arses at all. And then there's Leon's prick! Apparently there's only one cunt in the whole world he can get his dick into. And what's more he can get it all the way in!"

"She must have the biggest fanny in the world!" exclaimed his friend. "I'd love to have a taste of Legrand's whopper. I bet he comes like a fucking beer can!"

Innocence didn't wish to elaborate on her first hand experience, and stayed in her seat to watch more videos. There was **The Prickholder**, which was a relatively sad, short sex film that showed the difficulties Leon had fucking the Asian wife of the title and how they came to a mutually acceptable compromise where she would masturbate him while forcing her fingers up his anus. Another film was called **The Importance of a Good Fuck**, and featured the frustration Leon had fucking some transsexuals and a

few men after being mistakenly invited to a cucumber sandwich party.

“Doesn’t Leon ever have a satisfying time in any of his films?” Innocence wondered.

The director skimmed through the video titles. “**The Portrait of Dorian’s Penis?** No, at the end of the film he has to accept that he can masturbate but not fuck. **Fuck and his Friends?** No, that doesn’t end very well either. I think you’re right, Innocence. Leon hasn’t had that much fun in his film career. Perhaps that’s why he went into production rather than acting.”

“Queer and TS films weren’t meant to be fun when Leon was making them,” remarked his boyfriend. “It was meant to be tragic and sad. You weren’t supposed to fancy pricks and have a good time. You were supposed to have some kind of misery associated with it. It’s not like that these days. And that’s how I prefer it. If you want to wank over someone else’s prick, you don’t want to finish feeling pissed off about it. You want to feel like going off and fucking someone yourself.”



## XXVI

*In Which Innocence is made more widely available and Dodie enjoys Innocence with a client.*

Innocence had never known as much wealth before as her new pornographic career promised her, but she and Dodie were spending it with a wild abandon that was both reckless and, as it turned out, foolish. There was not only the extortionate rent she was paying for their expensive Congress flat. There were income tax bills to be met. There were the purchases on furniture, computers, audio and visual equipment, original paintings and decorator's bills. There were also expensive nights out in restaurants and night clubs. And all of these were purchased on credit meant to be paid by future earnings. However, Innocence's income was much slower in arriving than the bills and she worried just how she could possibly afford all that she now owed.

She and Dodie spent a few distressing evenings in front of the log fire studying the bills and calculating their future earnings on the spreadsheets of their notebook computer. The sums just did not balance. The choice was stark. Either they had to reduce the outgoings and perhaps pawn off some of their purchases or find a way of increasing their income.

"Perhaps I should sell my body," reflected Innocence sadly.

Dodie laughed, hugging her lover's naked body close to her and idly stroking her penis. "Don't be silly, sweetest! You already do that."

"No," said Innocence in deadly seriousness. "I mean prostitution. I mean

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selling my body for sex for immediate tax free benefits. I've had a few offers from escort agencies and brothels to service their clients. I've always ignored them, but perhaps I should be more open to it."

"Oh, don't do it!" Dodie exclaimed. "I'd hate to think of strange men fucking you. I tremble at the idea of some fat overweight man's prick stuck deep inside your sweet arse."

"As you say, how's that any different to what I already do for a living?" Innocence asked Dodie. "Why not do it for the money I'd earn? It'd soon put us in the clear."

Innocence's lover couldn't dispute the truth of that, although she believed that fucking in front of the camera was somehow more acceptable than doing the same thing in the capacity of a prostitute. "At least in fuck films it's a kind of make-believe," she claimed rather uncertainly.

It didn't seem like make-believe to Innocence whose penis and arse were often quite sore for days after a gruelling filming session, but the two girls reluctantly came to the conclusion that it would indeed resolve their immediate cash flow crisis. The following day, Innocence telephoned some of the proprietresses of brothels and escort agencies whose cards she'd retained when they'd been offered her. It wasn't too easy to find them all, as they were scattered about in several trouser pockets and handbags, and some had been used for shopping lists, roaches or for jotting down other people's telephone numbers.

The procuresses and proprietresses were all delighted at the prospect of representing Innocence, and within hours she found her diary full of appointments at

hotel foyers and homes in smart parts of the town. She dressed up in the expensive revealing clothes she was advised to wear, including rather more underwear than she usually ever bothered with. As she pulled on the stockings and secured the garters she was reminded why she never troubled herself with them. Dodie was very dismissive of the image she presented: her face heavily made up and her hair tied back off her face.

“You mustn’t believe that you’re the part you’re playing,” she pleaded. “Don’t forget you’re only doing it to solve our immediate crisis. You mustn’t make a permanent career out of it.”

Innocence nodded and waited anxiously for the taxi to arrive to take her to her first client. This was a rather fat man who was quite as unattractive in appearance as Dodie feared. He had a short stubby beard that brushed uncomfortably against Innocence’s face as he slobbered over her, and he was very quick in pulling off her clothes so that he could have a long stare at her penis. He greedily pushed it straight into his mouth, despite the fact that it was still quite limp and showed very little promise of becoming fully erect. Innocence, however, was a professional by now. She knew how to stimulate herself and, despite her physical revulsion, she brought her penis up to an erection.

Fortunately for her, the man’s tastes were rather more in being fucked than doing the fucking, so Innocence was spared the discomfort that usually followed a night of buggery and spent her time while thrusting into his flabby hairy buttocks visualising her lover, Dodie, and thinking of her beauty. Most of the night was spent in bed with the man wrapped around her, moaning constantly about his frigid wife, his

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ungrateful children, his slutty mistress and the punitive tax system.

Not all Innocence's clients were as easy as her first. Some were rather keen on bugging her and took particularly pleasure in the pain it sometimes caused her, adding to it by aggressively squeezing her breasts and pushing her into unnatural positions. The only consolation Innocence found in these circumstances was the thought that these extra torments would appreciably increase the size of her final invoice and be reflected in a more sizeable tip. Some clients were more insecure and nervous. They had either clearly never had sex with a woman as beautiful as her before or were novices to having sex with anyone endowed with a penis. These men were generally happy for Innocence to do all the fucking, and sometimes weren't interested in penetrative sex at all (though they would be charged for it anyway).

Innocence discovered that much of the time spent with such clients was in conversation. The sex was just an excuse to spend time with a beautiful woman and offload on her all their worries and concerns. Innocence had sympathy for some of them. Not all of them were interested in her merely because they wanted a more varied sex life. There were those who had recently lost their wives or partners through bereavement, divorce or separation, and for whom Innocence was just a pale substitute for the love they had lost. There were others who dared not admit their homosexual taste to their colleagues, family or friends, and found the service of male or transsexual prostitutes to be the only outlet they could find for their irrepressible desires. Many, however, saw Innocence as a purchase just like any other. She was viewed in much the same way as a good meal in a restaurant, business class in an aeroplane, or a visit to the opera. She was just another affordable luxury and from

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whom they expected a luxury service in accordance to the vast sums they paid for her services.

All of them were in awe at her body. It just didn't seem possible that a woman so feminine in almost every way could be blessed with a penis that functioned so well and was so naturally appointed. Some looked for evidence of operations that would explain her appearance. Did she have the penis grafted on? Or was it the breasts? Innocence endured this scrutiny, as she did the sex, by focussing her mind on the returns it brought her and how much it helped reduce her never-ending debts.

"You can't do *all* this work yourself!" Dodie protested as she listened to Innocence's accounts. "It's not fair that the debts we've both incurred should be entirely paid for by your hard labour. You must let me do some work as well."

Innocence was very reluctant to do so. She loved Dodie too much to willingly let her suffer in that way. But Dodie was insistent. She clung to Innocence, her hand gripping the length of her warm firm penis and her head buried on Innocence's shoulder where she felt the moisture of her lover's tears. "We must do this together! It's not right that you do so much for me and I do so little."

Innocence at last relented but only on the promise that the two should work in tandem, so Dodie shouldn't be left entirely to the mercy of a client by herself. Although Dodie pointed out quite correctly that she was at least as experienced in sex with men as Innocence, albeit in a non-professional capacity, Innocence was adamant that she not be left totally unprotected. She could also see that despite Dodie's enthusiasm for sex with the men and women she met at night clubs and parties, it was quite a different thing to be fucked by a man with whom she'd not really chosen to

have sex.

Innocence informed her procuresses of Dodie's wish that the two of them be made available for services as a couple, rather hoping that her offer would be turned down. As luck would have it, however, the procuresses were delighted at the suggestion and it was within a day that she and Dodie had their first joint appointment with a client. Innocence was relatively pleased to learn that he was quite young in comparison to many clients, being in his mid-thirties and apparently not disfigured in any way. However, when Innocence and Dodie arrived at his town flat in the Congress City centre, not too far from the seat of government, he certainly didn't appear very handsome. He wore thick glasses that didn't disguise his prominent squint.

"You're here, yes. Very good, yes. I want you to take off your clothes right away, yes," he commanded.

Innocence knew by now that taking clothes off did not usually mean total nudity to clients, and she'd already informed Dodie of the fact. Dodie had covered her short hair with a long wig and some tight leather clothes, under which she wore black nylon stockings and lace suspenders. Following Innocence's example she took off her leather skirt and jacket, and then, with the same exaggerated slowness exhibited by Innocence she pulled down her satin knickers to reveal the full hairiness of her crotch. The man, however, was much more interested in Innocence's penis when its flabby length appeared from beneath the hand that discreetly and theatrically covered it while her knickers were disentangled from the high stiletto heels which caught up in them.

"It's real, yes? It's a real prick? And you're a real girl, yes? Like the agency promised? Not a man with pumped up tits and silicone padding out the buttocks.

Yes?”

“This is the way I was born and this is the way I am,” announced Innocence, repeating a line she’d used with rather more clients than she cared to remember. “It’s a real penis and I can prove it to you if you like.”

“Yes, I would like that. Yes,” continued the man, who Innocence was sure she vaguely recognised from somewhere. While the man kneeled down on the carpet between her legs and licked and sucked her penis, she tried to remember where she might have seen him before. She smiled sadly at Dodie who hovered uncertainly near the mantel-piece wondering what she ought to do while Innocence was receiving such exclusive attention.

Innocence had plenty of time to reflect on who the man was as the evening proceeded. He had paid for the two girls to stay overnight; costing what even now seemed to Innocence an enormous amount of money. Enough to pay off the television and the sofa. And that was before the inevitable tips. She and Dodie were soon to stage lovemaking in front of the man, knowing their client would intervene when he reached his desired state of arousal.

This was the first time she had ever made love to a woman, particularly Dodie, wearing such ludicrous underwear except in front of the camera, and a very strange experience it was too. The feel of nylon smooth against her thighs. The brush of lace against her face. The tight grip of the bra straps digging into Dodie’s chest just below her tiny breasts as she pulled them down to reveal the full size of her swelling nipples. There was still the familiar smell of Dodie’s cunt and the full exuberance of pubic hair rubbing against her lips and catching in the gaps between her teeth. There was still the

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ooze of Dodie's juices welcoming Innocence's penis as she entered and the never less than genuine cry of pleasure from her lover as she responded to Innocence's thrusts and burst into repeated and insistent cries of ecstasy and orgasmic joy. And the ease in which her lubricated anus permitted her penis to slide in gently hitting the slight resistance of her duodenum against her thrusts.

Innocence nearly forgot the presence of the man who had in the meantime divested himself of his clothes and was now wearing stockings and suspenders over his hairy legs, a bra over the thick wiry hairs of his chest and a satsuma in his mouth. He was still wearing his thick glasses. He then entered deep inside Innocence's arse crying in a curious strangled way as he penetrated her. "Yes!" He cried. "Yes yes yes!" He gripped her around the shoulders and one hand pawed Dodie's breasts.

He was very brutal in his lovemaking, and he was only interested in anal entry. He totally ignored Dodie's vagina and was not even very keen on Innocence penetrating her there. He pushed Dodie down onto the ground, her face buried into the carpet as he thrust again and again into her arse while Innocence was instructed to enter his hairy arse from behind, some of the matted hair of which interfered with the natural rhythm of Innocence's thrusts. Innocence worried about Dodie. The man wasn't especially interested in her as a human being. She was nothing more than a tight orifice to be repeatedly battered into.

He withdrew his penis and Innocence noticed with a pang that it was slightly discoloured by shit and a trace of blood. This clearly excited him. "Look at it, yes!" he cried. "It's you that is, yes! It's you that shit!" He then thrust it straight into Dodie's mouth, pulling her body round so that it could enter her without Innocence having to



retract from him and Dodie sucked his penis with an expression of disgust and distaste the man found even more exciting. “You don’t like the taste of shit, do you? Yes? Shall I shit in your mouth? Shall I piss on you? Yes?”

Fortunately, Dodie was spared these indignities as the mere thought of such toilet fun caused him to instantly ejaculate which he sprayed over Dodie’s face. “See if you like spunk, bitch! Tastes good, yes? Better than shit, yes?”

As the man collapsed onto the carpet with his arms wrapped around Dodie and her, Innocence was able to look longer at the man’s face. He never usually dressed so bizarrely, but he almost certainly wore the same thick glasses. She eventually placed him. Of course, it was obvious for someone who owned a flat in this part of the city. He was a senior minister in the government. Innocence wasn’t sure whether it was in defence or education or maybe he was the Minister for the Arts. Perhaps she’d seen pictures of him leaving the theatre with his pretty wife balanced on his arm. As far as Innocence knew, he was the most senior person with whom she’d ever had sex.

Unfortunately, the minister soon regained his appetite for sex and this continued to be at least as bizarre as his tastes had already proved to be. He had both Dodie and Innocence piss straight into his mouth. He lay underneath Innocence as she crapped onto his face which he then proceeded to eat and smother into his nose. He had Dodie lash at him with the flex of a television aerial, and then had her push a carrot deep inside his arse while Innocence squeezed his prick with a large paper clip. He put his head in a bin liner and yelped as both Dodie and Innocence flayed him with belts and braces. He then insisted on spending the night in the bath in the fetid smell of turds and urine he coated on himself.

“I don’t think I want to do this *ever* again!” sighed Dodie, wrapping her abused body around Innocence’s as they lay in the bed that the man had so considerately left empty for them. “I never believed that sex could be so joyless and disgusting.”

Innocence kissed Dodie tenderly. “After tonight, and what he’ll be paying us,” she said with a smile, “I don’t think either of us will ever need to.”

## XXVII

*In Which Innocence returns to the pleasures of Eve and Dawn, Eve is enjoyed in the pleasant environs of a garden and Innocence is exposed to greater fame than before.*

Eve gradually recovered from her experience with Innocence and indeed even initiated a correspondence with her deflowerer. She had been right, she said, to insist on having her maidenhead taken by the famous Innocence rather than by some hairy unsubtle man. She may not ever want to have sex again - and, indeed, after the pain it caused her, she was pretty sure she didn't want a repeat of it for quite a while. She still recalled too clearly the pain as her insides were torn apart by her unusually endowed lover and spilt out so colourfully onto the white sheet while two or three cameras stared rather too closely at her face and cunt - the former showing just as much distress as the latter. Her mother still felt upset by the ordeal, but when the cheque arrived, it more than covered the horrendous debts that had accumulated after her husband's tragic accident with a motorised lawn mower and let them lead life on a more even keel. She even came to think that it had been worth it.

Eve was quite a fan of Innocence's movies which she rented from the video store and watched, sometimes together with her mother. It was not Innocence's beauty alone that attracted her and certainly not the storylines. It was a more intangible aspect of her lovemaking that was both appropriate to her name and delightfully sluttish at the same time, as she thrust her penis into the arses and vaginas of the men and women who co-starred with her. Innocence was a porn star with a genuine concern for

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her screen lovers and a degree of professionalism in the way she executed the money shot, the cream shot or the throat shot. Her letters to Innocence began much the same as any letters from a fan to her screen idol, but soon became confessionals of her feelings towards her mother, the pains of adolescence and her worries about her lack of sexual feeling towards boys or even most women. She enjoyed masturbation, and she told Innocence in great detail about how she practised it.

There was no item in the fridge or the pantry, no item of detachable furniture or common household item, and no place, indoors or out, that were not suitable for her masturbatory bouts - sometimes watched by her troubled mother but most often not watched at all. The images that flashed through her mind as she brought herself to orgasmic ecstasy were not, however, particularly well focused. Just the feelings of pleasure it brought her seemed adequate. There was no need to think of men and women - though the image of the two of them merged in one (as it was with Innocence) was sufficient stimulus.

She was almost surprised when her frequent entreaties that Innocence come and stay with her mother and her were answered positively. She knew she wrote many more letters to Innocence than were ever written to her, and that the passion and obsession she expressed in them were far from reciprocated by Innocence's generally quite embarrassed and polite replies. She knew that the feelings she felt towards Innocence as she watched yet again the video of her fucking her mother were nowhere near as strongly felt by Innocence. She felt that her love was as masturbatory as her lovemaking and, in a sense, preferred it that way. The knowledge that her maidenhead had been breached by Innocence was somehow better than its memory or the thought

of it ever happening again.

She and her mother lived in an expensive cottage just outside the city of Congress in an idyllic landscape of sheep, goats and open fields, spoilt only by the constant low roar of a nearby motorway. The garden was very large and occupied most of her mother's time as she pruned the begonias, roses and gladioli. It held many secret corners and patches where Eve could masturbate in peace secure in the knowledge that only her mother was ever likely to find her. Her mother had become quite accustomed to the sight of her daughter squirming in the grass with her hands up her vagina, sometimes with a cucumber or a parsnip to assist in inducing pleasure. Eve knew her mother had decided that it was a neurosis resulting from the trauma of her husband's death, but Eve hadn't really known her father as anyone other than the man who'd watch television in silence all evening when he wasn't pushing a lawn mower about the garden. His loss was most keenly felt in the lack of money coming in, with little promise of more arriving in the future while his estate was being argued in the courts.

Innocence was very impressed by the garden when she arrived, and Eve spent a happy hour or so showing her friend the corners of the garden she'd described in such detail in her letters. The hedgerow where she masturbated on the handle of a broom. The lawn she'd rub up close to her rounded breasts. The nettles she sometimes beat herself with until she came up in a raw red rash around her cunt and upper thighs.

Innocence wandered about in a long white dress with a prominent cleavage that made Eve feel like throwing herself onto the grass, pushing her fingers right into the warm sticky welcomeness of her vagina and feel the blades rub against her breasts. She had

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an urgent desire to feel the longer grass push against the sensual aureate tenderness of her nipples and her toes dig into the earth.

Her intention was not to make love to Innocence. This privilege was for her mother who welcomed any opportunity for sex - almost not caring with whom or what - as a substitute for the attention of her deceased husband. Eve knew her mother had loved her father. Despite his general silence and inoffensiveness, she knew the intensity of her mother's love from her passionate cries of ecstasy reverberating about the house and the countless occasions she'd come across her father fucking her mother in the house and garden, and pretending not to notice anything. Innocence was not her father, although she much more revered this strange sensual creature, but her mother didn't prevent that fact from disturbing the ecstasy of her cries, the frequency of her orgasms or her hunger for yet more.

Eve would find her mother and Innocence locked in embrace, or with Innocence's penis firmly embedded in an orifice, or her mother's mouth gulping at the length of it, in so many different places. In the living room, between the plastic model of a precious Chinese vase and the sofa. On her mother's bed or in the guest room. In the garden between the hyacinths and rhododendrons. At all times and in all places. Her mother's fuller breasts wobbled in their growing looseness as, crouched down, she took thrust after thrust from Innocence in her arse or in her cunt. The slight bulge of her stomach relaxing its rigour with age giving way as Innocence pushed away at her, her mouth open and her eyes expressing that wide and excited stare that Eve recognised so well.

It was such a joy to Eve having Innocence visit. She was someone who

listened with so much patience as Eve talked about the things she liked most: her favourite toys and ornaments, the birds gathering on the bird table that Eve would watch with such fascination, the pieces of music she played again and again, never tiring of the familiarity she had gained with every individual note. She loved to see her mother enjoy herself fucking with Innocence. Whatever gave her mother joy, gave her joy.

“But, Eve, don’t you want me to make love to you as well?” asked a genuinely puzzled Innocence, who expected a physical manifestation of the desires Eve had expressed so abundantly in literary form.

Eve shook her head, and glanced down at her vagina which was revealed by her fingers underneath the short flared dress she’d hoisted up and the cotton knickers she’d pulled down. “No, not again. Not yet,” she mouthed apologetically. For all the pleasure masturbation gave her and that which she got from observing the lovemaking between her mother and Innocence - the two people she most loved in the world - she wasn’t prepared to repeat what had been so demonstrably achieved before. “I’m not ready for more.”

Innocence kissed her tenderly on the lips. “It doesn’t have to be there again,” she reassured her.

Eve pushed Innocence off her. “I’m sorry,” she said sadly. “I don’t know what it is. I just don’t want to. Please don’t make me.”

Innocence nodded. “You know I wouldn’t do anything to hurt you, Eve. At least, never again.”

Eve wandered through her garden, trailing behind her each item of clothing as

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she walked along. First came off her shoes and then her socks so she could feel the sun-baked grass bite into her heel and into the gaps between her toes. Then she loosened her blouse, opening it up to reveal the white singlet she wore beneath. Then she slipped it down off her shoulders, letting the weight of it drag from her arm and finally to fall off altogether and land on the grass in the trail of socks and shoes. Then she undid her skirt, letting it drop to her ankles as she walked, and stepped out of it. Then she pushed up her singlet, revealing the unshaved hairiness of her armpits and threw it dismissively behind her. And then hooking her hands into the elastic band of her cotton knickers, she pulled them down and tossed them to one side of her.

Eve loved to wander naked through her beloved garden, brushing her thighs and breasts against the flowers and trees, feeling the afternoon breeze on the tender nerves of her revealed skin and enjoying the burn of the sun on a body bronzed by its rays and showing no pale evidence on her skin of having ever worn clothes. She had just been watching her mother and Innocence fuck in the living room. Her mother's mouth took Innocence's penis deep into her throat while Innocence's mouth probed and bit her mother's vagina, now so raw and red from such frequent lovemaking. Her mother's arse shook with ecstasy, and she released little cries of joy through her nostrils - her mouth not in a position to exhale. Innocence was *so* beautiful! She was indeed lucky to have lost her virginity to one as beautiful as she. One who was so considerate, accomplished and passionate.

She dug the fingers of her left hand into her vagina, letting her long middle finger trail up the cleavage in her buttocks and into her tight vagina. Her other hand stroked a nipple, bringing it to a prominent erection which reminded her ever so



slightly of Innocence's much more impressive breasts and the erection she so easily generated between her legs. So much better endowed than Eve with her tiny clitoris and breasts she was sure would never grow any larger. She flung herself onto the grass, feeling the daisies brush against the sides of her nipples and the loose grass cuttings, so recently cropped, mingle with her pubic hair. She shivered and gasped, her buttocks trembling with joy and ecstasy as with thoughts of Innocence so much in her mind she stimulated the orgasms she so enjoyed, and so often sought.

She stretched her neck out on the lawn, her shoulders flat against the ground, grass falling from her hair where it mixed in with her when she rolled round and around enjoying the sensuousness of her own body and its contact with the world around her. She noticed beside her two bare feet that she now recognised so well. It was Innocence. The only person she had ever made love with. The only person she would ever want to make love with.

Without retracting her fingers from the smooth moistness of her cunt she rolled over onto her knees and sat up to look directly into Innocence's swollen purple glans. She observed with delight that Innocence was masturbating. And masturbating what's more over Eve making love to herself. This was surely heaven! Eve decided, giving vent to raw and uncontrollable cries of passion, sure to be heard by her mother and probably by the neighbours who would never be able to see over the high hedges surrounding the garden. Again and again and again!

Innocence's penis was swollen to its maximum. As large as she'd ever seen it. And so soon after fucking her mother! And then, with a cry of ecstasy nearly as loud as one of hers Innocence released a shower of semen that splattered onto Eve who

positioned herself deliberately so that every tiny pale drop would land on her face and in her mouth. Heaven must be like this, Eve was sure, as she licked the salty tasting droplets from her lips and spread the semen about her face like the liquid from a soap vendor in a public toilet. What better could there be than this!

Innocence's visit to Eve's home was not unnoticed by the local sex television station, **Congress Copulation Broadcasting**, which arranged a visit to interview Innocence who had now become so famous for her appearances in films and videos. Eve waited in anticipation with her mother and Innocence until the television crew arrived, where they were due to take over the garden for their filming. Nearly half a dozen people eventually arrived including the interviewer, Morning Glory, a tall slim woman who was dressed in only a black bikini and long black hair that trailed half way down her back. Her eyes were lined in black make-up and her lips were painted a prominent blood-red. She and her producer, a short plump woman in a thick fisherman's jumper, introduced themselves to the company and explained to them the proceedings of the interview.

It was to take place in the garden, on the lawn where Eve had so often masturbated, near a small statue of a naked boy and a tall lavender bush. "We'd prefer it, of course, if you were interviewed naked," the producer explained to Innocence, who was wearing her long white dress. "The viewers will be interested in seeing your penis. It would be the thing which would most make them want to watch the programme. We would also like to see you make love to your beautiful young girlfriend - Eve is it?"

"Oh! I don't want to do that!" Eve immediately protested. "It brings back too

many painful memories.”

“Why’s that?” Morning wondered. “Surely it’s better for you to make love to Innocence than for me to have to do so?”

“I don’t care who Innocence makes love to. She can fuck my mum if she has to fuck anyone. I just don’t want to do it myself.”

“Eve was my co-star in **The Dawning of Eve**,” Innocence explained. “She just doesn’t want to repeat the experience.”

“What sort of film was that?” Morning asked. “It wasn’t a rape or S&M film, was it?”

“It’s the film where Innocence took my virginity,” Eve proudly explained. “It was very painful. I just couldn’t do it again. I don’t *ever* want to do *that* again!”

The producer looked quite thoughtful. “Well, how about just kissing, then?”

Eve nodded. “Yes, I’d do that. But not down there! Only on the face.”

“Okay, we’ll do that then. The viewers would like to see that Innocence has a regular girlfriend. Do you mind doing it unclothed?” Eve didn’t mind at all. “But it means that it’ll be up to you, Morning dearest, to do the fucking. You don’t mind do you, Innocence? Fucking Morning here?”

Innocence smiled. “I’m sure it would be very pleasant.”

Morning looked more doubtful. “Honestly, Noon, it’s not as if I were lesbian or anything. Why do I always have to get involved in single sex scenes?”

“Innocence isn’t a normal women, are you love? It will be much more like the normal fuck scenes you prefer doing, Morning sweetheart. Don’t be so awkward.”

Morning scowled, but she nodded in assent.

The filming began with a prolonged kiss between Innocence and Eve, the two of them naked, with Eve's mother watching along with the rest of the film crew. Part of the scene involved the two girls taking off each other's clothes, and Eve was delighted to see that Innocence's penis was already quite large. She took it in a hand and held its warm pumping magnificence while she and Innocence kissed and kissed and kissed. Eve was aroused by the feel of her bare skin against Innocence's in the afternoon sun, feeling almost like relenting and letting Innocence fuck her. But it was too late now. She'd made her decision. And if she were ever to let anyone fuck her again it wouldn't be while three cameras surrounded her and a boom was suspended above her head by a most elaborate contraption.

Neither Morning nor Noon interrupted the kissing - perhaps hoping it would after all come to something more penetrative, but it came to its own end. Eve pulled herself off, and with her heart beating with excitement and her skin dripping with sweat, she ran off to sit with her mother, who smiled at her reassuringly. Morning then walked onto the set, wearing her black bikini - her large breasts swelling against the top and her slim waist so neatly delimited. She kissed Innocence more briefly on the mouth, but ensured that their tongues touched and made feigned sounds of pleasure.

The talk part of the interview started immediately, with the two of them sitting together on the grass with their arms around each other, and their legs sprayed out in front.

"One question I must ask straight away refers, of course, to your penis,

Innocence. Many people want to know, and I'm just one of them, how such a feminine woman as you - and such a beautiful one too - should have such a magnificent functioning male member. It is yours by birth? It's not been grafted on has it?"

"No, not at all. It's been with me from birth! But of course not always as well functioning as it is now..."

"Well, we'll find out later about how well it functions," remarked Morning, stroking it with her hand and appearing slightly startled from the way it responded so positively to her caresses. "First of all we'll talk about your film career."

This part of the interview, Eve learnt, would be screened with excerpts from the better films and videos she'd performed in (not including, Eve learnt, **The Dawning of Eve**, on Innocence's own request. She knew that this was not a film she was especially proud of having done and one she hoped her lover, Dodie, would never find out about). Innocence spoke of the people in the film she'd fucked or was fucked by and gave accounts of particularly amusing or erotic incidents relating to each film. These details had already been extracted from Innocence in an earlier chat she'd had with Noon before the filming had started. The interview also concentrated on other parts of her life, of which much was actually new to Eve. She hadn't known that Innocence had once been a nun. Nor that she had once been involved in a commercial venture with her sister with Null. Nor that her first film had been made in Brook, and hadn't actually involved her having any sex at all.

After this part of the interview, in which Innocence avoided Morning's probings regarding her relationship with her sister and refused to comment on her

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opinion of Leon or Honore L'Oeuf. "So you wouldn't wish to confirm that the famous children's author has based her sexual accounts on her own direct experience with actual children?"

"I think it's best for Honore to answer questions like that," Innocence diplomatically replied.

"Indeed," agreed Morning standing up beside Innocence. "It is her right to do so." She then pulled down her knickers - keeping her bikini top on - and revealed her shaven pubis which she stroked with her fingers. She took Innocence's hand, pulled it up to her cunt and gently stroked it against her. Then with the same professionalism that marked the rest of her interview, she pulled Innocence up to her feet and initiated the sex part of the interview.

As the cameras and sound operator crowded round the two of them, Eve put her arms around her mother and watched with fascination as Morning and Innocence made love. She watched as Morning took Innocence's penis into her mouth, commenting all the while for the benefit of the cameras, the exact feel of it, the warmth of it, how it throbbed and later the taste of it. Morning allowed Innocence's penis to enter her shaven cunt and continued a monologue to the camera interspersed with cries of apparent ecstasy. She let her fingers stray into the recesses and folds of her cunt, as Morning - still addressing the camera - tied a dildo around her waist and then proceeded to fuck Innocence up the arse. Eve felt privileged to see such professional lovemaking and she hoped that her part in the interview would make the positive impression she'd intended.

She glanced over to Noon, who was running about, giving instructions to

camera operators on the basis of the pictures she could see on the monitors. Noon caught sight of Eve huddled around her mother, masturbating furiously, and smiled amiably. She slipped away from the huddle of cameras and strolled over to Eve and Dawn.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t like a more active rôle in the interview?” she asked sympathetically.

Eve shook her head adamantly. “I don’t want to be fucked by Innocence, if that’s what you mean?”

Noon blushed slightly. “Well, even so, could I still have the pleasure of inviting you to my home for a meal? To thank you for the help you’ve provided for the interview?”

Eve nodded. “Yes, I’d enjoy that.”

Noon smiled with satisfaction. “I’d enjoy that too!” She bent over and kissed Eve fully on the mouth and tenderly stroked Eve’s breast. She slightly squeezed Eve’s nipple and brushed the hair off her face. “I’d enjoy that *very* much!”

## XXVIII

*In Which the Science of Algebra lives with the virtues of Innocence and Dodie discovers some of the more bizarre attributes of Algebra.*

True to her name, Algebra was a student of Mathematics at the University of Congress. She had applied unsuccessfully to read at the University of Labia, but Congress was a good second choice, where she was able to study with some of the very best professors in the country. Also true to her name, Algebra was a girl of very pure principles and practices. She was one of many students who was a practising naturist at the university, although one of the very few who were women. She felt no shame about wearing nothing but a pair of small pumps and the large round glasses she needed to compensate for her myopia. She knew she was thought very attractive by the male students and lecturers, and by not a few of the women, but this didn't trouble her in the slightest. She very occasionally indulged in sex, but she wasn't noted for a particular promiscuous lifestyle although she rarely had sex with a partner on more than one occasion. She did, however, have a taste for urine and for pissing on her lovers which put off some of the more squeamish of those she made love with.

She didn't often wonder why it was that the release of her urine over a lover's body, clothed or naked, gave her so much pleasure. It seemed a quite natural relief to the build up of the pressure that lovemaking necessarily entailed. She found the taste of urine in her mouth or dripping down through her hair, over her forehead and over her cheeks somehow very stimulating. She had to be very careful about swallowing



the stuff. She didn't want to catch anything, although she managed to convince herself that urine, like saliva, was quite safe and antiseptic.

Like all students, she needed somewhere to live and not somewhere expensive. She wasn't at first particularly excited by the advertisement in the Congress Evening Post for **Third Girl to Share Flat. Must be broadminded.** She had no idea what was meant by *broadminded*, although her friends told her that it was probably a euphemism for something disgusting. She turned up at Innocence's and Dodie's flat really having no preconception of what to expect. Her main concern was that they too should be broadminded with regard to her own naturism. The landlady of her last flat was far from so on this matter, and had insisted, rather forcefully, that she either get dressed or get out. Algebra's principles wouldn't contemplate compromise, so she moved out almost immediately and spent most of the last month sleeping on a sofa in a girlfriend's bedsit.

She didn't immediately warm to Dodie when she opened the door. Dodie had grown her hair, but it was still quite short, and she wore a large sweatshirt that pretended that she too was a student at the University of Congress, which of course she wasn't. The polytechnic she'd been to was far less illustrious. She quite liked the fact that Dodie wore no trousers or knickers, but she felt that by wearing other clothes the girl was compromising on a principle Algebra held dear. However, she herself hadn't turned up naked, wearing the long white laboratory coat she habitually wore whenever she ventured out of the university grounds into the city beyond.

Dodie took a liking to her and appeared enthusiastic when Algebra spoke of her naturism and vegetarianism. She suggested that Algebra take her clothes off. "It's

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much better to dress as you feel comfortable.” With no celebration, Algebra undid her coat, and lay it down on the back of the chair she was sitting in. She was very impressed by the flat. It was expensively decorated, and had more than enough modern conveniences to deserve the notice **All mod. cons.** which, in fact, the advertisement neglected to mention.

“I’ve often thought of becoming a vegetarian myself,” Dodie commented, stroking her pubic hair idly. “It seems a sensible thing to do. I wouldn’t want to harm any animal, and I often feel disgusted when I’m eating meat that this fleshy chunk of brown stuff once belonged to a living breathing sentient being.”

“Exactly,” agreed Algebra, who nonetheless despised any lack of resolve on this or any other matter. At that moment, Innocence arrived wearing a short skirt and an even shorter top which showed off her breasts and waist to their best advantage. Algebra was slightly disgusted by the fact that this young girl also wore black stockings and awfully harmful stiletto heeled shoes. However, when Innocence sat down and started talking, her character was much more in keeping with her name and she was very concerned about Algebra’s welfare.

“You’ve been sleeping on a sofa? And all because your landlady doesn’t like nudity? How awful! I’m not a naturist myself, although I often don’t wear any clothes. Particularly in my line of work.”

“What kind of work is that?” Algebra wondered.

Innocence blushed slightly and looked embarrassedly at her red painted fingernails. “I’m an actress. Of sorts that is. I appear in films and videos. But they’re a kind of specialised market. I make pornographic films.”

Algebra had no real opinion on this activity. She barely ever even thought about pornography. Images of naked women didn't bother her, although she thought there was rather too much underwear worn in most of that stuff. "Is that the reason why I *must be broadminded*?" Algebra quoted.

"Sort of," admitted Innocence. "But that's not the only reason. Another reason is that Dodie and I are lovers. We're very much in love, in fact. And there are quite a few girls who don't like sharing with couples like us."

This was another matter Algebra never really thought about much. True, she had on occasion made love with women - in particular her Number Group Theory lecturer - but she'd never really distinguished this very much from heterosexual love except insofar that women rarely, if ever, sported penises. "It's not something that bothers me greatly. I'm more concerned that I'll be able to study in peace. That's the most important thing. That's why I'm at university."

"Well, yes, of course it is," remarked Innocence, slightly chastened. "I was a student myself once, but I gave it up. But I know what it's like to study. Well, Dodie, what do you think? Is Algebra the sort of girl we'd like to have sharing the flat?"

Dodie smiled mischievously. "I don't see why not! What about you, Algebra? Does the idea appeal to you?"

It did, and Algebra moved in the very following day. It was a three-bedroomed flat, but as Dodie and Innocence mostly shared the same bed the room assigned to Algebra was not the smallest, and was positively monstrous compared to the tiny rooms she was used to. She'd even had to share bedrooms: an arrangement fraught with problems with regard to Algebra's affection for urinating while making love. Not

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everyone liked the smell of fresh urine in the bedroom.

It was a while until Algebra discovered the real reason she was expected to be broadminded, but in a household where she was constantly naked and Dodie was more naked than not, it was natural that there would be an occasion when Algebra would see a naked Innocence walking around the house with her penis dangling temptingly between her legs. At first, Algebra saw it and really didn't recognise its significance, particularly as Innocence appeared to show no embarrassment at being seen naked. Later, however, while Algebra was puzzling over some of the more surprising conclusions of Gödel's theorem she recalled to her mind the image of Innocence striding along the corridor between the various rooms with a penis incongruously dangling between her full feminine thighs. She put her pencil to her mouth and chewed it contemplatively, a smile across her face and thoughts of Gödel (and indeed Russell, Mandelbrot and Newton) quite forgotten.

Dodie was not a girl who lacked friends, but Algebra was impressed by the way she nevertheless remained passionately in love with Innocence however many different lovers she might entertain. She could see that despite her promiscuous lifestyle she was still jealous of her lover's cinematic sex life, but would sit on the sofa with Algebra and listen politely to Innocence's account of the sex she'd had during the day. Dodie's strength of affection towards her lover warmed her to Algebra, and she soon came to feel affectionate towards Dodie as she betrayed her feelings with tragic grimaces and repressed sighs.

So it was that she eventually relented to Dodie's persistent attempts to make love with her. For a change, she didn't slip her hand out of Dodie's as they sat

together watching television. Nor did she politely but firmly remove Dodie's arm from around her shoulders. She let Dodie's hand rest on her thigh and allowed the girl to become steadily bolder with her expressions of desire. Within a few minutes, the two of them were wrestling together on the sofa, Dodie relieving herself of her tee-shirt and Algebra of the glasses that clashed uncomfortably against her cheeks. Dodie's tongue probed deep inside Algebra's vagina, her fingers prising it open to insert as much of her tongue as possible while also easing other fingers into the anus. Algebra leaned back against the leather upholstery, a button of it digging into her spine, giving vent to small but unmistakable cries of joy.

And then, as so often happened when Algebra felt a certain degree of passion, she felt that urge to piss she so rarely suppressed. The pressure against her bladder, stimulated by the wine they had been drinking previously, reached a high enough level and with no warning she started pissing directly into Dodie's face, and, as her mouth was open, directly onto her tongue and down her throat. At first, Dodie wasn't too sure what was happening and continued regardless, perhaps accustomed to the presence of a similarly warm but usually more viscous liquid directed into her mouth. But then, with an abrupt start, she pushed herself off Algebra, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand and looking with disbelief at the golden liquid dribbling down her chin and onto her chest.

"Uugghh!" she gasped. "You're pissing on me!"

"Don't you like it?" wondered Algebra naïvely.

Dodie coughed and spat in an attempt to clear her mouth of piss. "Like it! Why should I like it? Would you like it if I pissed on you?"

“Oh Yes! I would!” Algebra answered enthusiastically. “Would you? Please!”

Dodie looked at Algebra with an expression of disbelief. She shook her head slowly, shrugged her shoulders, and headed off to the bathroom. Algebra sat on the sofa staring at Dodie’s discarded tee-shirt, feeling cheated that her lovemaking had been so abruptly truncated and somewhat puzzled by Dodie’s reaction. She’d assumed that for someone who had so many different partners and made love with a woman who was undeniably some kind of a freak, a little bit of urine would really be neither here nor there. Although some of the men and women who made love to her in the past appeared disconcerted by her attraction to urine, she assumed it was simply because it was a novel experience for them. It was difficult to believe this should be the case with Dodie who she’d often seen with a prick up her arse or vagina with many different men and women.

After a few minutes, Dodie re-emerged from the bathroom with a towel rubbing her hair which she had just washed and a strong smell of toothpaste and mouth wash. She had also soaped and showered her chest and face. “Are you saying, Algebra, that you like to piss on people when you’re making love?”

“Well, of course. Doesn’t everyone?”

Dodie frowned slightly. “I don’t think so. And you also like to be pissed on?”

“Oh yes!”

“And shat on?”

“Oh no! That sounds too dirty! Well, I’ve never tried it. I can’t believe turds could possibly taste as nice. And the smell is absolutely disgusting!”

“It is. Isn’t it? And you want me to piss on you? Is that right?”

Algebra nodded. "That would be very nice."

Dodie sniffed. "Well, if it's what you want, let's go to the bathroom where it'll be easier to clean up. And I insist that it's *you* who clears up the mess."

"I don't mind that."

Dodie and Algebra entered the bathroom and Algebra was gestured into the bath where she lay down on the cold empty enamel. Dodie in the meantime opened a can of beer which she deliberately sprayed over Algebra's body as the froth came bubbling out. She glugged at it desperately while eyeing Dodie lying in anticipation with frothy beer over her breasts and trickling down her stomach and tangling in her pubic hair. She very soon finished the beer and dropped the empty can into the wastepaper bin where it landed with a small thud on a discarded box of Algebra's sanitary towels.

"How do you feel?" Dodie asked the girl lying in the bath. "Are you ready?"

Algebra nodded, holding her breath against the very real feeling of pre-orgasmic pleasure. Dodie smiled grimly. She strode over to the bath and stepped into it, causing Algebra to pull one leg up while the other stretched out under Dodie and pressed against the plug. Dodie looked down at her, and Algebra could almost feel the gradual passage of liquid through the network of intestines and eventually into the urethra. This waiting was a pleasure in itself, but also caused her great impatience. "Piss on me!" she pleaded. "Piss on me!"

Dodie complied almost immediately and Algebra watched with delight as the arching stream of golden liquid emitted from between her legs and sprayed over her face, hair, breasts and legs, while Dodie shifted her aim to sprinkle Algebra as

thoroughly as she could. She kept her mouth open as wide as possible to capture as many droplets of the precious liquid as she could and relished the taste of it on her tongue. She shivered in orgasmic delight and let free a trickle of urine herself (not nearly as voluminous as Dodie's as she'd already relieved herself) which joined the flow of Dodie's urine trickling down her thighs and trailed in a single line down the centre of the bath and to the plug hole.

Algebra shivered and shuddered in the ecstasy of her passion while Dodie strode out of the bath and looked at Algebra with an expression the student couldn't really interpret but somehow concluded that it wasn't one of whole-hearted enthusiasm in this particular variant of lovemaking.



## XXIX

*In Which Une joins in the study of Algebra; the properties of Twelve are examined by Algebra; and Chastity returns to Innocence.*

After their one session of lovemaking, Algebra was disappointed to find that despite her attempts to repeat it Dodie was decidedly unenthusiastic to do so. Algebra soon concluded that her brief love affair with Dodie had finished almost before it began. She immersed herself in her studies as a way to keep her mind off her continued passion. Her assumption might well have proved true, but events interceded. An old lover of Innocence's, Une, arrived in Congress and decided to stay in the flat.

Algebra was attracted to Une, although she was much older than anyone she'd made love to before, except for one of her lecturers, who, in any case, was a man. Une dressed very simply in a long white dress to her ankles and paid absolutely no attention to city fashions. She soon re-established her intimacy with Innocence, but showed rather more modesty than Dodie by restricting her lovemaking to the bedroom. Dodie was not at all delighted by this intercession in her love life, nor in how she was excluded from participating in it. Despite Innocence's occasional sexual activities with her lover, these were too few and too brief to satisfy Dodie. Algebra watched Dodie from a distance, her head generally immersed in text books, although her mind focused on Dodie's beautiful hairy cunt and the slim breasts with the nipples so prominent against the fabric of her tee-shirts. She hoped that Dodie's frustration would be relieved on her ever-waiting self.

Her hopes were eventually rewarded, but Algebra sensed that Dodie's lovemaking was more from a perverse sense of revenge than from any feeling of passion towards her. Although Algebra was expressly forbidden from pissing on Dodie, her lover felt no compunction about releasing volumes of urine onto Algebra's body and into her mouth, a diet soon supplemented by a more solid and horribly smelly alternative. Algebra didn't enjoy the long messy turds as they squeezed out of Dodie's buttocks and plopped onto her face or her chest. She certainly didn't enjoy the taste and felt rather humiliated as she bent to Dodie's demands and took them into her mouth. She felt a disgust that drinking urine somehow never provoked. Although her desire for lovemaking with Dodie was being superficially satisfied was little genuine passion and it made her feel rather unhappy.

She sat down in the living room with Une on a night when Innocence and Dodie were out together to see a concert that Dodie insisted Innocence would enjoy, though even Algebra knew that there was too much of a gulf in the two girls' musical tastes for this to be likely. Une was reading a thick hardback book that seemed to be several centuries old and occasionally turned the pages from right to left. Algebra glimpsed the print in the book, but to her eyes it appeared to be nothing more than illegible scribbles in a very unfamiliar alphabet. She was immersed in a book of attractors and fractals, and paused on occasion to muse on the more bizarre conclusions the author derived from the equations.

It was on one such occasion that Algebra caught sight of Une studying her with curiosity. Algebra looked across and wondered if Une's interest might not have been stimulated by her nudity, which contrasted with the long white dress Une wore.

Une smiled.

“You’re a student, aren’t you?” Une asked. “What is it you’re studying?”

“Chaos theory,” answered Algebra. “It’s about how there is chaos in order and order in chaos.”

“That seems a fairly accurate description of life,” Une mused. “And in your life as well, I dare say. Dodie treats you rather badly, doesn’t she? Why’s that, do you think? Is it because she thinks I’m taking Innocence away from her?”

“I think that might be why,” Algebra answered. “Though I wouldn’t say she treats me badly...”

“Do you like eating shit then?”

“Well, not really, but...”

“That sounds pretty cruel to me. You poor girl. You really need a better lover than Dodie. You know she’ll return to Innocence when I’ve gone.”

“She will?”

“You know she will!”

Algebra looked across at Une and became conscious of a welling of tears in her eyes. Barely had she noticed this than the trickle overwhelmed the lid of her eye and trickled down her cheek, followed by a sudden and unexpected sob. Une smiled sympathetically, and this triggered off a sudden outbreak of tears and sobs, which Algebra felt had been inside her for years. She put her head in her hands, dropping **Fractal Facts and Friction** to the floor with a dull thud. She felt a raw wound gape inside her as she shuddered with the strength of her feelings of frustrated love and dark realism.

Algebra felt an arm around her shoulder and looked up to see a naked Une behind her, smiling sympathetically. She turned her head and buried it deep into Une's chest, who clucked understandingly as Algebra moaned her wordless desires and fears. Une stroked her shoulders and allowed her hands to wander about the young student's body, expertly changing her sobs from ones of despair to ones of desire.

It was perhaps inevitable it would result in this, mused Algebra, as the two women rolled about on the thick rug in front of the gas fire, Une's tongue deep inside her vagina (from which Algebra courteously forbore urinating), and her own tongue and fingers exploring the caverns of Une's cunt. How could a vagina be so large? wondered Algebra, whose specialisation had never been biology. Her whole fist, and very probably her arm as well, could fit into the capacious recesses parted by the elegantly shaped but spacious lips. Algebra prised it open with the fingers of both hands and pushed her tongue and teeth as deep inside as she could. Meanwhile, her own much tighter cunt was nibbled and licked and stroked with such expert care that despite her misery she came and came again, feeling an ecstasy that had been denied her by Dodie and none of her other lovers had ever granted her.

And so it was that the two were found, buttocks raised above faces and legs stretched out, when Innocence and Dodie returned later that night, Dodie quite clearly the more enthusiastic about the music of Sigmund Gamma.

"Well, Innocence, sweetest," Dodie cooed, not at all disappointed, "it looks like we'll be spending the night together. Une is obviously too wrapped up to offer you her company."

Algebra heard Innocence sigh and watched the two lovers' bare legs stride out

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of the living room, leaving her with Une. She didn't mind. Somehow she felt that her uncharacteristic release of emotion had led to a deeper and more satisfactory experience than any amount of Dodie's urine could ever provide.

Une soon left, but before Algebra was sure that life could return to normal, another friend of her landladies, Twelve, found need to stay at the flat. She was between being evicted from her last bedsit for fucking too many people too loudly and finding a more tolerant landlord. Twelve was much more like Dodie in character than Innocence, just as Une had been to Innocence, and it was no surprise that it was with Dodie she mostly made love. Twelve was a skinny freckly girl who wore nothing but a long white gown that somehow never managed to hide either her breasts or her cunt, and she had a single long strand of hair which fell coquettishly from her forehead down over her face and onto her shoulder. She had a thick bush of red pubic hair fashioned into the shape of a heart and was otherwise waxed hairless. It wasn't long until Algebra found herself a toy in the two girls' sexual games, while Innocence remained seemingly unaware that her lodger was treated with anything other than the respect normally accorded to a gifted student of mathematics.

Twelve and Dodie often enticed Algebra away from her theorems, proofs and topology for sex games which occasionally involved pissing, and sometimes rather more ordinary sex, but more often involved faeces, spanking and bondage. It was only through love of Dodie that she allowed herself to be hung by her arms behind her from the window while Twelve stuck her arse out of the window and let loose long and messy turds over her long hair, down her chest and sometimes into her mouth. She allowed the two girls to tie her up in excruciating positions for hours on end,

occasionally enlivened by a brisk spanking or even a caning, but mostly just ignored. She almost preferred the moments of physical contact, however painful and however much it left red and blue blemishes on her back and buttocks, to the long hours of sitting or standing in constant pain, her mouth muzzled and cords digging deep into her wrists or ankles.

However, it was as a result of the greater interest shown her by Twelve's arrival that Algebra first had sex with Innocence. In all the months she lived in the flat all she had known of Innocence's body was its naked presence when she was home from work and watching Innocence at play with Dodie, Twelve or Une. She had enjoyed watching Innocence's prick thrust in and out, back and forth, into the girls' dripping vagina, raw and throbbing with passion, and then exploding, in a cascade of viscous liquid, as she came to a loud and frantic climax. Algebra would let her book drop down as Twelve would take Innocence's penis and bring out fountain after fountain of semen, and let it splash onto her breasts and take globules into her mouth.

Algebra had also watched Innocence in the videos in the flat that featured her in a wide variety of sex scenes with a matching variety of partners. Her eyes focused more on Innocence's beautiful sexy body than those of her partners, whether male or female, who took her wondrous never-tiring penis into any and all of their orifices and revelled in the cascades of semen she produced. Algebra sometimes felt a degree of envy for these partners who, however brief their acquaintance, knew Innocence more intimately than Algebra had managed to.

Dodie and Twelve soon found out about Algebra's desires on Innocence on those occasions, interspersing the humiliation and pain, when they were kind and

considerate to her, even taking her out with them to night clubs where they made love to each other and whoever else they might meet (ensuring that Algebra could only ever watch, and forced to wear clothes which constrained her too much to have any ability to participate).

“Don’t worry, Algebra,” Twelve said softly, as her piss dribbled down Algebra’s chin and onto her chest, “we’ll ensure you get to know Innocence better.”

And so it was that while Algebra sat in her bedroom one evening reading a book on Number Groups and Vectors, she was greeted by a slightly tipsy Innocence and a giggling Twelve and Dodie. The three girls had just been visiting a few friends of Twelve’s and had rather too much to drink and smoke, and Innocence had been persuaded that what Algebra wanted most in the world was to be buggered by her.

“She doesn’t like it the other way,” lied Twelve.

“In fact, what she most likes is to have someone shit into her mouth!” Dodie supported.

“Algebra’s got some pretty strange tastes!” exclaimed Innocence, who nonetheless had met and made love with enough people of bizarre taste in her professional life not to consider this as at all unusual.

“So, why not make a hard-working student happy on the eve of her exams!” wickedly goaded Twelve.

Algebra was soon secured to the frame of the bed, her buttocks high in the air and her eyes looking directly into Twelve’s heart-shaped pubes. Dodie pulled Algebra’s head up so that her mouth pushed directly into Twelve’s semen- and piss-smelling cunt, while with a little more decorum, Innocence plied her tongue at

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Algebra's anus, lubricating it with her saliva and a little cunt juice that despite her humiliations Algebra was always able to provide with abundance. She knew that despite the way these activities hurt and disgusted her they provided her with more sexual satisfaction than would less adventurous and more tender lovemaking. It was this proclivity of hers that Twelve recognised and so ruthlessly exploited. Algebra sensed that Twelve got a perverse pleasure from humiliating someone who was pursuing her studies with rather more diligence than she'd ever done in her student days (before dropping out or being expelled, depending on which version of her life story Twelve was promoting on any one day). The fact that Algebra was more than likely to graduate and soon be a professional goaded the girl into a pattern of sexual cruelty that with Dodie's own sadistic streak became quite obsessive.

Twelve was soon pissing into Algebra's nostrils, mouth and eyes, while Dodie wrapped herself around alternately Twelve's and Innocence's body. Innocence thrust deeper and deeper into an orifice never penetrated before and had been left undisturbed by Twelve and Dodie in their sex play, presumably to heighten this very experience for Algebra as much as possible. The pain was excruciating. Algebra's anus was not large and not as lubricated as she would have liked. Innocence was too inebriated to distinguish between Algebra's cries of genuine pain and those of abandoned passion. This was not assisted by the sound of her own cries of pleasure and those of Twelve and Dodie. Algebra's body was punished again and again with each deep thrust and the cruel slaps from Dodie and Twelve on her shit-, piss- and semen-covered face. It was too much, and it seemed to go on and on and on and...

Eventually, Algebra lost consciousness. The constant pain and pleasure sapped



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something from her. She became giddy and flushed, and swooned while Innocence at last transferred her penis into her cunt and her arse was now being penetrated by a dildo strapped around Twelve's waist. The other three continued their passionate lovemaking for many more minutes after this, and when she eventually gained consciousness she found herself lying in Twelve's embrace. The trickle of a tear was coming down Twelve's cheeks, while Innocence looked on worriedly.

"Oh Algebra! Algebra! I'm sorry! I shouldn't have. We shouldn't have! We've gone too far! Can you forgive us? Please say you forgive us!"

Algebra smiled and then swooned away again. She next gained consciousness the following day, and found that Twelve had somehow metamorphosed from her worst tormentor to her most attentive nurse. She also found that, after the fever which racked her for several days after, neither Twelve nor Dodie attempted again to exploit her weakness for the more painful species of sex game. In fact, Twelve only touched her from thence in a tender, thoughtful way and deliberately avoided any contact with Algebra's breasts or cunt. She seemed genuinely remorseful.

"I don't know how you can forgive me. I really don't!" she would say, holding Algebra with the same intensity of tenderness that she'd earlier expressed in petty torture. "I don't know how I can ever be forgiven. Please try to believe me when I say I'll never treat you like that again."

Algebra smiled and stroked Twelve's cheek with her hand. Was this the same girl? she wondered, as Twelve bowed her head down and buried it into Algebra's lap. What had Algebra's sufferings been like to trigger such an apparent change in Twelve?

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Secretively, Algebra had already started looking for another flat to live in before Chastity returned into her sister's life. She had suffered too much from the treatment meted out to her by Dodie and Twelve, and although neither girl was now anything other than kind and attentive, the damage had been done. She had indulged too much, too often and too intensely in forms of sexual behaviour that were physically dangerous and not at all salubrious. All she wanted to do now was pass her exams and leave the painful episode behind her. However, fresh torments were to come which she vaguely sensed when she came home from university to find Chastity's unfamiliar figure sprawled out on the sofa with a smug smile on her face, being addressed uncharacteristically sternly by Innocence who was sitting opposite her with an arm around Dodie's shoulders.

"And what makes you think you'd be welcome back here?" she demanded of her sister, who was dressed in a loose white gown rather like Twelve's, with the same inability to hide her breasts or vagina, and very short hair.

"Innocence. Sweetheart. You're my sister! And where else am I to go? I can't afford the debts on the flat and there's nothing for me in Labia. You can surely put me up for a while in Congress while I look for a job and a flat of my own? My famous sister and her even more famous prick can easily afford to do that."

"It's not a question of affording to keep you, Chastity, and well you know it. I don't know how you can have the gall to come here!"

However, Chastity eventually won the argument, as Algebra knew she would. Innocence was far too sympathetic to her sister's plight to do otherwise, although she made it abundantly clear that it was only a temporary arrangement. Chastity settled in

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with rather more of an attitude of permanence than seemed consistent with this claim, and soon the third bedroom became hers. Algebra could see Innocence's and Dodie's discomfort with Chastity's presence in their flat, but she wasn't at first sure why. Certainly, Chastity's self-assertiveness and pushiness were a little off-putting, but she was very kind and considerate to Algebra. She seemed to show genuine interest in the exotic and esoteric branches of mathematics Algebra was engaged in, even though her questions were rather naïve and showed a lack of real understanding. Algebra learnt from Chastity that she and her sister had fallen out over a genuine misunderstanding regarding a shared relationship with Twelve. This seemed quite plausible to Algebra who noted that Twelve quite soon left the flat not long after Chastity arrived and was reluctant to discuss any past liaisons she'd had. Twelve appeared to be genuinely embarrassed about her past with Chastity, and in the absence of any contrasting story from Dodie and Innocence who kept themselves quite distant from their new guest there was no reason for Algebra to suspect otherwise.

Algebra soon discovered that Chastity was also a very good lover. It was within a few days that her love life was immeasurably enhanced by Chastity's impromptu seduction which somehow occurred so naturally that it was only afterwards that Algebra asked herself how it had progressed from such innocent conversation. Algebra needed little persuasion to share her bed with Chastity, who knew exactly how to bring her orgasm after orgasm as she lay back on the bed while Chastity's teeth, tongue and hands explored every crevice, every pore, every inch of her body. Her passion for Dodie became a distant memory, assisted by the distance she maintained now Chastity was there. Indeed, her landladies became rather jealous

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of each other, as if keeping a common front against any potential assault from Chastity. Algebra developed the theory that there might be an incident of incest in the two sisters' past that explained the gulf that currently existed, although she was sure it probably resulted from nothing more than Chastity's rather obvious enthusiasm for sex.

Algebra's sympathetic attitude towards Chastity gradually changed as her new lover became more adventurous in her sex games. When Chastity first pissed on her, Algebra was delighted. This was how it was supposed to be! she exclaimed to herself. Pissing should come naturally in one's sex life. It shouldn't be forced. And how clever of Chastity to guess that this was the sort of attention that Algebra enjoyed. However, Chastity soon extended her repertory of sexual activity to include buggery with a dildo, shitting into her mouth, slapping her, beating her with a belt, tying her to the back of a chair, and many other such activities that she'd thought had been left behind when Twelve abandoned them. She was rather more forceful with her protests than before. She'd already been through all this humiliation. But Chastity ignored her, although she readily promised whatever Algebra might demand and smiled winningly. Algebra realised that Chastity was just too practised in this activity and had correctly gauged her as the kind of woman who was drawn to the darker side of sexual pleasure.

Chastity began inviting others back home with her and Algebra was made to participate in Chastity's sexual games with these people as well. Sometimes, it was Algebra who was humiliated: tied up and forced to watch as Chastity and her new partner fucked away in front of her, often to have semen, piss or shit spread over her face and body. Sometimes, it was Algebra who participated in the humiliation of the

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guest, although she was coerced to do so. And some of the girls and boys Chastity brought back were so young! Younger than Algebra's own eighteen years that was for sure. They were virtually children, bewildered and alarmed at what was being done to them. Algebra noticed, however, that there was a certain amount of subterfuge to Chastity's introduction of such partners into the house. She was told never to inform either Innocence or Dodie of who she'd brought back and definitely not what they got up to. When Algebra asked why, she was told it was to prevent any 'misunderstanding'; though Algebra wasn't at all sure why Chastity should be so concerned when Dodie and Twelve were not that much better.

It was with some relief that Algebra announced to Innocence one evening that she'd found a flat to share with two final year students from her university. She explained that she thought that it would be better for her to share with other students and not be distracted by people who had other things to do with their lives. Innocence tried to find out where Algebra was going to stay and nodded sadly when Algebra said she didn't want to pass that information on.

"It's because of my sister, isn't it? You don't want her following you when you leave. Has she been treating you that badly?"

Algebra nodded and burst into tears. She buried her naked body into Innocence's breasts and cried voluminously and unselfconsciously. Innocence coaxed the girl into her bed and they were soon making love which she performed with a tenderness and attention to detail much like it was at first with Chastity. Algebra looked in awe at Innocence's powerful penis thrusting deep inside her, while so intimately connected to such a beautiful and feminine body. She bent her head back

and let loose a long and powerful cry.

“So tell me,” said Innocence, as she and Algebra lay on the bed-sheets after Algebra was exhausted by passion, “what has my sister been doing? What has she been making you do?”

Algebra looked down shyly at Innocence’s limp penis between her legs and reached out a hand to stroke it. She continued stroking it, gently persuading it to a stubborn erection while hesitantly detailing all she had observed and participated in, noticing Innocence’s confused mixture of approbation and sexual pleasure at the events she described.

“My sister’s a monster!” Innocence exclaimed. “She mustn’t stay under this roof for a moment longer. Tomorrow she *has* to get out, *whatever* excuses she might have!”

### XXX

*In Which Kedi rediscovers Innocence by choice, Chastity by circumstances, and meets Honore who is herself reunited with Innocence.*

Kedi knew Innocence was soon due to arrive to spend a few days with her, but she wasn't exactly sure when she'd arrive. She was quite surprised to hear from her, although they'd kept in touch all the months since they lived together with Chastity and Mouse in Wonderground. Innocence didn't say why she felt the need to visit or why she didn't want to come with Dodie. She was pleased that Chastity wasn't coming as well, though she gathered that her former lover had moved from Labia to Congress to stay with her sister.

Kedi had started making a new life for herself in the seaside resort of Phallus-on-Sea. She and her brother, Pig, now about fifteen, were renting a small farm cottage just outside the resort. Kedi worked in the fairground where she performed her masturbation routines and also in fish and chip shops where she served customers and acquired a strong smell of grease over her naked skin. She had decided to settle in Phallus as it was a district where her habitual nudity attracted no attention amongst the bronzed naked bodies of the holiday-makers. Her brother had a similar disaffection for clothes and after leaving Wonderground, where he'd worked as a maid for Mrs Duchess and other wealthy citizens, he chose to live with his sister.

Pig had gained a lot of sexual experience as a maid. His bottom was so sore that he'd already needed treatment for piles, although he still got great joy from

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sodomy which he practised as often as he was fit and able to with his many boyfriends. As a maid, he'd mostly been naked, but on occasions he'd been required to wear an apron and white lace hat which mostly served to soak up the semen and sweat that splattered on him after being buggered by his masters or mistresses. He had a full working prick, which as he grew older (too old to continue working as a maid as far as Mrs Duchess was concerned) became more adept at fucking others. He made no distinction between genders, though he'd come to appreciate a good cunt, even if it wasn't such a snug fit. He also came to particularly relish Kedi's cunt, especially as his sister was such a skilled sexual partner.

His prick was deep inside Kedi when Innocence arrived. She let herself in when nobody heard her ringing the doorbell. Kedi had already stimulated Pig to ejaculation earlier in the hope that this would satisfy him. She loved the taste and sensation of his long thin black penis and the way it pumped out bucket-loads of semen. But Pig wasn't fully satisfied and neither was Kedi. He straddled his sister, his penis thrusting in and out of her warm cavernous interior, her legs raised behind his back and her ankles pressed against the crack of his humping buttocks. Kedi spotted Innocence standing nearby in a long dress to her ankles and a blouse whose collar pushed up to the top of her throat. Her hair was much longer now and flowed over her shoulders, but was still nowhere near as long as it was before she lived in the Convent. Her bags were at her feet as she watched Pig fuck his sister.

Kedi raised an arm and squeezed Pig firmly on the shoulder to signal him to desist. "Innocence has arrived!" she announced, disengaging herself from her brother's body and easing him to one side, his penis still erect and on the point of



ejaculation. "Hello, sweetest! You have not met Pig before, have you?"

"Your brother? No, I haven't," admitted Innocence stretching out a lace-gloved hand at the end of her bare arm, the fingers protruding. "Delighted to meet you!"

Pig was also delighted. His prick showed no evidence of sagging. He stood in front of Innocence, with Kedi resting her hands on his shoulders, and shook Innocence's hand. His slim hairless black body positively shivered with sexual anticipation. Innocence recognised this from her extensive experience with sex actors and responded by kissing him on the lips. Kedi watched with satisfaction as the two of them began kissing and fondling rather more passionately: Innocence grasped Pig's buttocks in her hands and pushed his aching penis against her crotch beneath the long dress. She could see Innocence's penis rise and press against the fabric of the cloth. She positioned herself behind her friend and nuzzled her tongue into Innocence's ear, while her hands carefully undid the countless small buttons that fastened the blouse.

Eventually, Kedi managed to pull off the blouse exposing Innocence's lace-covered breasts and unbuttoned the skirt which descended in folds to the ankles. Her friend stepped out of the skirt in her delicate laced bootees, her penis pushing grotesquely against her knickers. Pig pulled down the knickers and gave a gasp of excited pleasure as he relished the sight of her erect penis. He stood back, his hands resting on Innocence's hips, to take in its full beauty.

"It's so beautiful! So complete! So powerful!" he gasped. "Fuck me! Please! Fuck me!"

Kedi took off the last items of underwear and caressed Innocence as she

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obliged Pig, who turned round and proffered his abused anus for her pleasure. She watched as Innocence thrust in and out, clasping Pig's prick in her hands: its veins prominent, the pale grey glans swelling from pleasure and his balls hard and firm against the base of her palm. Eventually, it swelled to a climax and semen spurt forth onto the banquette where the two siblings had been so passionately engaged moments before. Innocence was still not satisfied: her penis swollen full and her testicles rock hard.

"Now fuck me!" Kedi commanded. "Fuck me so I am feeling hot like my brother. Fuck me so I have been fucked as hard as I can be fucked!" She lay on the banquette, her legs wide open and dripping with pleasure. Innocence stood above her, an erect penis quivering with anticipation, as she looked at Kedi's black classically formed body: her full nipples pointed on the cones of her breasts, eyes shining like white beacons framed by her black face and her teeth as gleaming white as her eyes.

"Oh Kedi!" She cried, in delight, plunging her penis deep into her friend's cunt and pushing harder and harder, faster and faster, causing Kedi to shake and sweat and cry in loud irrepressible eruptions of ecstasy. A full-throated cry burst forth accompanied by long whining sighs of more general pleasure. Her legs shot up and clasped Innocence's buttocks, joining the rhythm of Innocence's thrusts, adding their own urgency and muscular strength to Innocence's own.

And then, as the pleasure became more intense and threatened to peak again and again, taking her spasms to even more pronounced levels of ecstasy, her brother's penis slid into her cunt: a slimmer and longer one pushing at the base of her cunt, thrusting under Innocence's, penetrating a little deeper and stretching her lips that

much wider.

And then an easing of pressure, to be replaced by another harder, tighter pressure as Pig penetrated her anus, an area generally reserved for special occasions, knowing her brother's more usual preferences. The tip of his penis rubbed against the tip of Innocence's through the folds of her vagina, and his body arched behind Innocence, supporting himself by holding her full round breasts in his hands. And finally, a release and an explosion as both Pig and Innocence ejaculated inside her and finished on her black thighs stomach and on Innocence's buttocks. It continued to seep out, eased by Innocence's and Pig's fingers on each other's penises, and spurted into her mouth. Once again that familiar and reassuring rich taste of semen: the very taste of which brought Kedi to an orgasm that wasted her and left her collapsed on the banquette, semen dripping over her skin, over her lips and a tear of which trickled towards her ear.

"It is so very nice to see you once again!" Kedi gasped as she lay back, abandonedly staring at her two lovers tumescent penises. "It is a pleasure I have had nearly forgotten, but will never forget again."

Kedi was not pleased a few days later when Chastity arrived unannounced at her door, wearing a long skirt and an open waistcoat. Her short hair was hidden under a large floppy hat with a long feather dropping out over the rim. She stood, legs apart and hands on her hips in the doorway, looking sternly at her former lover.

"What are *you* doing here? I told you it was all over between us. And how did you find me?"

Chastity looked imploringly at Kedi's tall naked body. "I've got nowhere else

to go. I couldn't stay at the flat in Congress with Dodie. She physically pushed me out. But I learnt where you lived from Innocence and I thought ... well, after all we've been through together ... I thought ..."

"You definitely can *not* stay here! Innocence has come all this way to get away from you. She would not be pleased to have found that you have come to see her. I will not let you come in. You will have to find another place to stay."

Chastity looked down forlornly at her battered rucksack which lay just by her feet in their bowed high-heeled shoes. "But where can I go? Where can I stay? Please, Kedi. Help me! I'm desperate!"

Kedi looked at Chastity's pathetic figure with some sympathy. She couldn't very well kick her out. It wouldn't be right. But she knew what Innocence would think. She folded her arms and frowned as she pondered the dilemma between what was best for Chastity and for Innocence. "You're right. I cannot just turn you away. But you'll stay for just one night, and tomorrow you'll leave. Just one night, understand."

Chastity smiled broadly: "I knew you'd help. I knew you wouldn't turn me away. But just *one* night? Is that all?"

"That's all. I don't want to upset Innocence more than I have to."

Kedi was right to be concerned. When Innocence arrived back in her bikini from the beach where she'd been sunbathing naked with Pig, she was very upset to see her sister, who was sitting on a cane chair wearing just a waistcoat and bootees reading a magazine on pet management. She stood frozen at the door to the living room, glaring accusingly at Kedi who was lying stretched out on a banquette playing

with one of her kittens.

“What are *you* doing here?” she asked her sister venomously. “Do you have to follow me wherever I go? It’s all over between us. I thought you understood. And Kedi’s told me that it’s very much over between you and her as far as she’s concerned. Are you just trying to make my life a torment?”

“Where else can I stay?” Chastity pleaded. “Dodie threw all my clothes onto the street and bolted the door. She said she never wanted to see me again. I’ve got no money. I don’t know what to do.”

“Don’t lie, Chastity! You’ve got plenty of other friends you can stay with. What about all those people you used to bring home every day? Or have you fallen out with all of them as well!”

“They’re not close to me. Not like you and Kedi. You are the two most important people in my life. You can’t just tell me to leave like this!”

“Yes, we can. And we do. You can leave here this very minute!”

“But Kedi said I could stay the night. Didn’t you, Kedi, sweetest? You did, didn’t you?”

Kedi nodded reluctantly. “Yes, I did. Chastity’s right. I can not have just kicked out her. We had been lovers for so many months. But it is just one night. No more.”

Innocence sniffed. “If my sister is here for one more night than that, then I shall leave tomorrow. I will not sleep under the same roof as my manipulative sadistic sister. She probably hasn’t told you about all the children she’s abused. Or the way she played unwholesome sex games with our lodger. Or the many disgusting things

she does with any man or woman who's foolish enough to be seduced by her." She looked at Pig and put a kindly arm around his shoulders: "Whatever you do, don't permit yourself to be taken in by this woman. Before you know it she'll force a dildo up your arse and cover your face in piss."

Pig looked genuinely puzzled, and stroked his slightly tumescent penis. "What's so wrong with that?"

Innocence recognised she'd seriously misjudged Kedi's brother, but made no comment. "Just don't be taken in, that's all!"

"You're wrong about me," Chastity pleaded more. "I'm not a monster. I just enjoy things that *you* don't enjoy so much. You're applying your own prudish narrow-minded standards to others. You should be more understanding."

"I don't care, Chastity. You're leaving tomorrow and that's the end of it!" With that Innocence stomped upstairs with Pig where she remained all night. A little alarmed, Kedi let the kitten drop to the floor, ignoring its sharp claws that tried to retain a grip on her bare knees. She glared at Chastity.

"Chastity. You have brought so much discord to my home. Tomorrow you leave, do you understand? You must go!"

Chastity scowled and buried her head back into the article on hen rearing which had apparently been absorbing her, but Kedi saw she was upset by her sister's rejection.

The following day, Kedi shook Chastity awake where she was sleeping under a blanket on the sofa. Chastity sat up yawning, letting the covering drop onto her legs to reveal the fullness of her breasts, and stretched out her arms. "What time is it?" she

asked wearily.

“Time you were leaving,” stated Kedi baldly. “Get your clothes on. Come on!”

“What now? No breakfast?” Chastity pleaded, spreading her arms out towards her former lover. “Have a heart!”

“You must leave. Before Innocence has got up. Come on!”

“Can’t I have a coffee first? Come on, Kedi!” Chastity whined, pathetically taking Kedi’s black hand in her own pale one. Kedi shuddered. “Please.”

“I shall get you a coffee. As you ask. But that is it!”

Chastity stood up and squeezed her naked body against Kedi, who felt again that frisson of pleasure she always associated with such close contact to such an undoubtedly attractive body as Chastity’s. She relented to the extent of holding Chastity to her breast, her fingers stroking her shoulder blades. Her former lover held her close for several minutes, while Kedi allowed her hands to drop lower down the back towards the waist. Kedi was confused and unhappy. Then she felt Chastity’s hand work its way round to her groin and stroke the small patch of pubic hair above her vagina. Kedi sighed. She knew exactly what Chastity was trying to do, and for a moment she wasn’t sure she had the strength to resist it.

Chastity’s hand worked its ways further down and her fingers delicately squeezed Kedi’s firm clitoris. Kedi sighed: no! This wasn’t right. This wasn’t right at all. She pushed Chastity apart from her.

“No! Chastity. No! You are to leave. And you are to leave now. Before Innocence and Pig wake up. What I have said, I mean!”

Chastity smiled sadly. “I know when I’m not wanted!” she sighed regretfully,

bending over to put on her skirt and fasten her bag. "I've given you and my ungrateful sister so much pleasure and now I am just discarded. Like so much garbage. I know now who my real friends are. And they don't include you. And they don't include my fuck film star sister. Nobody understands me. And nobody cares."

She buttoned up her waistcoat, slipped on her bootees, quickly tying up the laces, slung her rucksack over her shoulder, and, without waiting for a coffee, she marched towards the front door. "Goodbye then!" She announced with equal measures of regret and bitterness, and slammed the door forcefully behind her, smiling grimly as the entire cottage shook on its impact.

Kedi stood mute in the living room. She was dazed by the exchange and felt a wave of sadness and self-recrimination shudder through her body. She stood for several minutes, staring at the door that steadfastly refused to open to re-admit her former lover; while she reflected on all the passion she'd shared with Chastity and wondered where it had all gone. Then she sighed deeply. She shook her head, ran her fingers down her bare torso, and headed to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for Innocence and her brother who were sharing her bed that night. If only things could have ended more amicably, she thought. But it wasn't to have been.

It was a hot sunny day and the beach was covered with the brown roasting bodies of holiday-makers, shining from the sun-tan creams coating every inch of exposed flesh. Their heads were either buried in books and magazines or turned up to bronze their cheeks the same brownness as their buttocks and breasts. Kedi was not at all interested in sunbathing. Her body was quite dark enough as it was, and could probably get no darker. Innocence, however, did enjoy lying in the sun, but the fine



sand of Phallus-on-Sea's beaches didn't offer her quite the same freedom as it did to most sunbathers. She was still too self-conscious, despite her habitual nudity at home, to reveal her crotch to the innocent public. She would much rather remain anonymous, behind her thick sun-glasses, her long hair tied back in a bow, and a very modest swimming costume. She was very nearly the only person on the entire beach who was not unclothed, and this in itself attracted unwelcome attention towards her.

Kedi and Innocence strolled hand in hand along the beach, by the very edge of the sea where the sand was firmer and didn't burn into Innocence's soles, and often embracing, their arms around each other's waist. A refreshing breeze came in from the sea and blew Innocence's hair onto Kedi's face. Their progress was a stately one, as Kedi's stride always was, but their intent was to get beyond the more popular stretches of the beach to the quieter, more relaxed sand dunes further on, just round the bend of the bay, and past a tiny secluded cove, where Innocence would feel no worry about shedding her swimming costume and the two of them could indulge in making love with each other in the open air: a sport they were both inordinately fond of.

They walked along by the edge of the sand dunes looking for just the right spot. Secluded enough to be out of sight, but exposed enough to be blessed by the sunshine that Innocence was attached to. However, every time they found a spot they thought might be right, they found another couple had already claimed it as their own and the perfect spot was already occupied by heaving buttocks thrusting deep inside one orifice or another. Their pursuit was beginning to get a little wearisome, and Kedi contemplated abandoning the whole venture, and to just lie together in the sand as they were.

“Huh!” Kedi exclaimed as they came to another secluded sand dune which would have otherwise been perfect but for the sound of lovemaking and the sight of a naked girl, not yet in her teens, who was wandering about by the dunes, a small trickle of clear viscous liquid running down the inside of a slender thigh. “Is there not any place anywhere that we can go?”

Innocence squeezed Kedi’s hand tightly and reassuringly. “There must be somewhere. Not everywhere can be taken. Who’d have thought there’d be so many people out here with the same ideas as us?”

Kedi kissed Innocence full on the lips. “I am hoping we find somewhere soon. I burn with longing for you!”

The couple continued walking past the sand dune where the little girl had come from to see a young bronzed boy, not much older than the girl but just as naked, leaning on top of the body of a much older woman with simply enormous breasts, each one nearly half the size of the boy, his penis deep inside the woman’s vagina and his taut buttocks mechanically thrusting in and out. To one side of the couple was a woman in her early thirties, naked but for a sun hat and a necklace, who was shamelessly masturbating at the sight of the copulation. The fingers of one hand were stroking the long thin nipple of a small breast and her other fingers deep inside the caverns of her cunt.

“It’s Honore!” Innocence gasped. “I’ve not seen her for ages, Kedi. You must have heard of her and her books.”

“Yes, I have,” admitted Kedi, “but she is very busy. Shall we let her be? Perhaps we will be finding a quiet place elsewhere.”

Kedi's reluctance to stop and her desire to find another spot was expressed too late, because Honore spotted Innocence, and placed her hands gently on her young lover's shoulders to persuade him to desist. "Innocence, sweetest! How are you? And who is your beautiful black friend?"

The boy rolled off Honore's thighs and lay on the ground beside her, his slim hairless penis still erect and shiny.

The older woman reluctantly paused in her masturbation. The young girl rushed up to the woman's breasts and wrapped her slim arms around her. "Are you a friend of the great Honore? I'm so honoured to meet you."

"Meet Gateau. She's a great enthusiast of my books. And so too are her children, as you can see," said Honore, wrapping her arms around the young boy.

"Ever since I'd first read Honore's books I've been a great fan," enthused Gateau. "She has made my life and those of my children so much richer. Ever since I read them to the children in bed, we have avidly bought every single one of her books. From **The Nastiest Little Girl in School** and **The Stink in Pooh Corner** to **The Sodomist's Nephew** and **Lord of the Rims**, we've enjoyed them all. They've provided us with great inspiration and have brought us frequent orgasms of delight. It was with Honore's stories in mind that I introduced my children to the pleasures of their bodies and have been inspired to relish them myself. And what greater honour can there be for my two children to make love with the great author? And look how wet the pleasure of that honour has made me!"

She parted her legs and exhibited the trickle of viscous liquid her masturbation had generated. "To see my children giving pleasure to Honore is the greatest delight of

my life. It is a memory that will cream my knickers for many years to come: even when my son's prick is full grown and his fucks become more powerful." She locked an arm around her daughter, and stroked the child's flat breast. "But don't worry about me and my children. I am happy to be just a spectator." She pulled her daughter's face to her own and pushed her tongue deep inside her daughter's mouth. The child responded eagerly and grasped her mother's nipple with her small delicate fingers.

Honore stood up and wandered towards Kedi and Innocence, her enormous breasts falling below her waist and all but totally obscuring her cunt. "Oh! Innocence! I've thought so much about you since I left Congress. And you're such a success in your new career now. Your films are *very* popular in Brook. But please. Why are you wearing that swimsuit? It suits you. You know that. Everything you wear suits you. But your true beauty is in your nakedness - like your splendid black friend."

Honore's slim hands took the straps of Innocence's swimming costume, and eased them off her shoulders. She then pulled the Lycra material down over her breasts, off her crotch and to her ankles. Innocence's penis, already aroused by Kedi's caresses, stood out proud and erect. Gateau's daughter disengaged herself from her mother, wandered over to Honore and Innocence, and admired Innocence's penis. Kedi had become quite accustomed to it now, and often forgot how very bizarre to most people was the sight of such an appendage on the very feminine body of such a beautiful woman. The child leaned out her hand and touched it. She gasped a little when it twitched slightly under her fingers.

"It's a lot bigger than my brother's!" She exclaimed. "And it's probably even bigger than Daddy's. Can you fuck me with it, please! I want it inside me!"

“Oh, Pussy!” rebuked Gateau. “Don’t be impatient! I’m sure Honore’s friend will be quite happy to fuck you when Honore’s had her turn.”

“But I want to be fucked by it!”

“Don’t be greedy! Think how much more of an honour it will be to be fucked by a woman who’s just fucked the great Honore. The juice of the great writer will intermingle with her friend’s sperm. What an honour!”

Indeed, it probably was, although it left Kedi rather untouched. She had never felt any feelings of awe towards anyone, however famous, and couldn’t really understand why others should. However, she and Innocence were soon partaking in more sex, better in both intensity and passion than she had originally expected, and for that the hours of wandering about the beach were justified. Gateau’s son, her daughter, Honore and Innocence surrounded her with a heaving sweating mass of sexual pleasure. Two penises, one or another often in her mouth, arse or cunt; two enormous breasts, whose fully erect nipples were very nearly as big as the boy’s erect penis; the tender and sweet caresses of the small girl; and no respite. Her tongue and fingers travelled widely amongst all the available flesh. Sometimes hard, firm, tender and young. Sometimes soft, gentle and resisting. Sometimes damp and sticky. But always hot, sweaty and heaving, accompanied by small gasps, piercing cries of ecstasy and so much of it.

Throughout all this activity, - Innocence’s penis in her arse or in that of the young boy; Honore’s breasts on either side of her face; the young girl’s cautious and trembling examination of the folds of her vagina - Kedi was conscious of the absence of Gateau’s caresses. The mother was masturbating furiously, her hands sometimes

fast and frequent at the exercise of her clitoris, and her angular straight hair wildly loose over her sweaty face. Occasionally, one of the children would break off from the lovemaking to kiss or caress their mother, who would reciprocate with as much passion as she showed for her own body. But despite the mother's sexual appetite and fondness for incest, she showed no desire or inclination to be involved in the lovemaking of which Kedi was so much a part. This was behaviour Kedi found utterly incomprehensible. What pleasure could there be out of merely watching? But, as Innocence commented later on the basis of her own career of providing masturbatory relief, for many people the pleasure came from the fantasy not the fact. It might be that Gateau's passion for Honore would be dissipated were it ever to actually be achieved from anything less than a short distance.

"I do not understand that!" sniffed Kedi disapprovingly. "Why not just enjoy it for what it is? No fantasy can surely be better than the passion I share with you."

## XXXI

*In Which Innocence stays with Honore; Innocence is recorded in the photographic media and Dodie returns to the comforts of Innocence.*

Honore hoisted up her huge breasts from underneath the desk where she was working on her word processor and rested their immense weight on the surface, relieving herself of the strain of supporting them without assistance. She glanced behind her at Innocence and Hyacinth, her current belle, lying outstretched and naked, like herself, on the sheets of the mattress. Hyacinth was another prepubescent child, still smooth and hairless, and still smarting from the bruises around her crotch where Innocence had deflowered her the day before, sanctioned by Honore and, as usual, with the parents' express approval. Honore smiled. It gave her so much pleasure to see the child enjoying the deep thrust of Innocence's beautiful penis, so expert and so tender in the penetration. She was enjoying Innocence's visit to her seaside villa at Phallus-on-Sea, glad to provide her with the respite she knew her unusually endowed lover needed from the pressures of her film career.

She turned back to the word processor. She sighed deeply, stroking her nipples as they stretched out far in front of her. Her present project wasn't going too well. Her last children's book were a great success. The advance sales had been extremely gratifying and the reviews almost universally good. **The Water Sport Babies**, a story about young Tom, a young boy who was introduced to the delights of urination fun by a young girl he met after breaking into her house with the intent of stealing whatever

he could find. The two children ran off together and the subsequent stories managed to incorporate a gallery of characters, including the boy's father, two of his teachers and several others who shared their appetite for pissing on each other in addition to, and often instead of, other forms of sexual play.

Her present book was more difficult. Honore's main difficulty was in keeping the sexual activity and other events acceptable to the intended rather young readership, while her own less palatable obsessions became more difficult to suppress in her work. Her present book, **The Purple Badge of Disgrace**, was set in a society where children and their parents habitually shaved off all their hair, from their heads as well as their pubic regions, and where clothes were totally unknown. The central character, Lasagne, was a young girl of about twelve accustomed to sucking her father's penis, making love to her mother and her girlfriends from school, and had even once had anal intercourse with one of her teachers as a reward for good behaviour. In these regards she was no different to the other children and adults of her country, the Cunt Federacy, which sanctioned and indeed encouraged all such perversions.

However, a couple of strangers join her school from another country, where quite different ethical codes prevailed. One is a boy of about fifteen and the other a girl of about Lasagne's age, Paella, who wears her national costume: a blouse, white socks, black shoes and an enormous dildo. Her brother wears a dress and a lot of makeup. Paella befriends Lasagne, and the two of them enjoy normally permitted sex with each other: although Lasagne becomes very curious of Paella's dildo which she never removes, any more than her similarly attired mother ever removes hers.



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However, while playing around they are discovered by Paella's brother, Jerez, who gets excited about Lasagne's body and proceeds to rape her. It was at this point that Honore became aware that her book was moving away from its normal bounds of respectability. Rape was just something that never happened in children's books. What was also troubling her was that her plans for the rest of the book strayed even further along these lines.

In the Cunt Federacy, virginity is a prized asset, particularly as it was so relatively easy to lose. A girl's virginity was traditionally reserved for her father, and then at her thirteenth birthday or later. Paella and her family were unaware of the strength of the taboo in the Cunt Federacy and, after Jerez has deflowered Lasagne, despite her protests, her cunt is then invaded by Paella's dildo, Paella's mother's dildo and lastly Paella's father's prick. Her cunt is a bloody, painful mess and she protests loudly and tearfully. She eventually runs away, blood running down the inside of her thin thighs, and tells her parents of her ordeal. Her troubles aren't over yet. Her parents are furious that she should lose her virginity so easily. Her father rapes her. Then he takes her to a tattooist who etches a tattoo of an erect penis on her face with globules of semen spurting out of its purple glans and spread over her cheeks and forehead.

Wearing this *purple badge of disgrace*, Lasagne then has a very horrid time at school where she becomes the butt of sexual bullying, unfair discrimination by her teachers and is totally ignored by Paella and Jerez. She is nicknamed *Prickface*. She is determined to leave school and the Cunt Federacy for somewhere where she can have her accursed tattoo removed and lead a normal life again. Honore knew that as the

story stood, there was virtually no chance that it would be accepted by her normal readership and there was a fair chance that it might never be published at all. Why then was she still writing the book? Shouldn't she just abandon it and write a children's book more like those she normally wrote? What about her projected retelling of the stories of Hans Christian Andersen with rather more sexual intercourse than the original author had ever imagined? Or her project of writing the story of a doctor who fucked all sorts of animals and had won their eternal respect, and eventually ended up fucking a prince who had a camel with two pricks called the fuckmifuckyu?

She glanced back at Innocence and Hyacinth. The child was resting in Innocence's arms, her eyes closed and a thumb in her mouth. Innocence was looking down at the child with an indulgent smile, so like her and so unlike the dark passions that so easily stirred inside Honore. What was the pleasure she got from watching Innocence fuck Hyacinth? Was it the pleasure of seeing her current girlfriend being penetrated by her lover and the hope that it brought both of them great pleasure? Or, more sinisterly, was it Honore indulging a rape fantasy, watching a young girl with an immature vagina being penetrated until her maidenhead split and the blood dribbled down her legs? Did Honore get pleasure from seeing a child lose her virginity in such a way? And by a freak like Innocence?

Honore blanched. She looked back at the words on the screen. She scrolled it up several pages, reviewing the odd sentence as it went by. She'd have to abandon this book. She was sure of that. It was too adult for children and not adult enough in stylistic terms for adults. Perhaps she should start writing books for adults. Honore

frowned. Her previous attempts at that genre had not been marked by great success. Her **Stephen Fucker** never quite achieved the affect of describing a young man's discovery of his great lovemaking skills in a way that expressed how very good these skills were. Her **Pricks and More Pricks** never quite built up a truly sympathetic view of her panoply of characters beyond their possession of oversized penises. Her **Sex Professor** was rather better at airing her views about sex with children than developing the character of the protagonist or the plot.

Oh well! sighed Honore, as she saved her manuscript to hard disk and closed the file. She looked at the list of suggested titles she had stored in her Work in Progress directory, and selected **Doctor Dildo**, her idea of a book concerning an amiable lover of animals. She'd start off by having the good doctor fuck a parrot, she snarled to herself with a bit of venom. She lifted the weight of her breasts off the desk, and placed them underneath, very nearly resting on the top of her thighs, and commenced by typing the first letter in as large and exotic a font as she could find.

Honore ran a magazine for her young readership called **13**, ostensibly written by young fans of her literature that included erotica featuring themselves and their sexual fantasies, but in actual fact mostly written by Honore and used principally to promote her books. The current editor was supposedly young Delphinium, one of her favourite child lovers, but her only real contribution was to pose for the editorial photograph and to lend her signature to the editorial articles Honore had written. It was published every two months and featured short stories, photographic cartoons with word-balloons and several soft-core photographs of her several lovers and

children who, with the permission of their parents, wanted them included.

Innocence's presence at her home in Phallus-On-Sea was an opportunity Honore didn't want to miss. Innocence's fame in erotic films had not quite spread as far as her target readership, but she knew that photographs of her would attract a wider readership than usual. So, instead of the usual photographs of naked pop singers or actors, Honore proposed to Innocence that she pose for the magazine and appear on the front cover. Innocence hesitated at first. However much she enjoyed making love to children, she didn't really want this fact broadcast too widely in the fear it might typecast her to a particular rôle she was happiest accepting relatively infrequently.

"Don't worry!" said Honore with a smile. "**13** isn't a hardcore magazine at all. The nearest to sex I'd require is an erect penis." She gripped Innocence's member in her fingers and stroked it slightly. "I'm sure that that's something you'd have no difficulty in supplying," she added with wonder, as Innocence's penis swelled from the attention.

Innocence nodded. "Yes, I'll do it! I'm sure it'll do me no harm."

The photograph session took place several days later when Honore had persuaded her usual photographer to come all the way from his photographic studio in Brook to Honore's seaside home. She also contacted little Delphinium, also in Brook, who came along with her mother. Delphinium was delighted on arrival to at last divest herself of the unfamiliar oppression of clothes. Honore introduced Innocence to the little girl, now more like fourteen than the thirteen years of the magazine's title, and smiled as Delphinium expressed wonderment at Innocence's prick.

"It's really nice. Nicer even than my Dad's!" she exclaimed. "Ooh! I'd love to

suck it! Do I get to suck it, Honore?”

“No. Well, at least not for the camera. There are other magazines for that kind of photograph. However, I’m sure Innocence will allow you to suck it when we’re not filming, won’t you?”

Innocence smiled. “I’d be glad to!”

The actual session took place on the beach not far from Honore’s home. It started with Delphinium getting her wish to fellate Innocence while the photographer set up his equipment and Honore and young Hyacinth sat together, their arms around each other. Innocence soon achieved full erection, which was not at all difficult given Delphinium’s skill at fellatio much enhanced by her compulsive reading of the magazine for which she was nominal editor. The photographer then requested Innocence to pose in several positions while he clicked away excitedly, sometimes barking out particular specific instructions: “Lower your hand and stroke it!” “Fondle the balls, lovey!” “Put your finger up your arse. Deeper! Ah, perfect!”

Honore enjoyed the shoot while Hyacinth and Delphinium rolled together in the sand, re-acquainting themselves with each other and preparing for their own later appearance in the magazine. This came soon after Innocence reached full climax with the photographer’s urging and released a few globules of semen onto the sand and onto her legs. Honore was sure that this was one photograph that wouldn’t be included in **13**, but might get used in promotional literature. Innocence then sat down with Honore, her head between Honore’s enormous breasts, and watched as the photographer filmed Hyacinth and Delphinium making love. Hyacinth’s bottom was raised above Delphinium’s face, the little girl’s tongue exciting the smooth bare

clitoris while Hyacinth reciprocated with her tongue and fingers.

“Uugghh!” complained Hyacinth, at one point, raising her head while the photographer continued snapping away. “There’s an awful lot of sand in this cunt!”

Honore smiled, stroking her massive nipples at arm’s length. “That’s alright! We’ll airbrush that out of the photo.”

“But it tastes horrid!” Hyacinth objected.

The next phase of the session was with Delphinium and Innocence together, the famous penis once again erect and, on Honore’s insistence, Delphinium expressing rather more interest in sucking and licking Innocence’s breast and mouth than her prick. She was allowed to hold it, however, and she enjoyed Innocence’s penis rubbing up and down her bare belly, still slightly rounded by puppy-fat.

Honore, Delphinium and Innocence worked together on the actual preparation of the magazine. Innocence was to be on the front cover, her penis erect and a slight trace of semen on her glans, with an inset photograph of Delphinium together with Innocence. Above Innocence were the magazine’s title and the headings of the various articles inside: My First Tampon. Finding the Right Sized Dildo. Latest **Honore L’Oeuf** Book - Review.

Inside the magazine was Delphinium’s editorial, with a picture of the editor together with Innocence, and a series of short paragraphs written by Honore in a deliberately childish style, much punctuated by exclamation marks and capital letters, which raved about what a great actress Innocence was, how lucky she was to be blessed with such a wonderful willy, and one with so much functionality, and made

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discreet reference to Honore's latest book. This was called **The Semen Swallowers and the Amazons** and was about some children who discovered a secret island where they could play sex games together without fear of their parents finding out.

The magazine featured mostly articles about Honore's books and those of other writers, such as Cheval Blanc, who wrote similar children's fiction. The photographs of Innocence, both alone and with Delphinium, dominated the rest of the magazine, interspersed with a short story, supposedly based on the nominal editor's own sexual experiences, featuring photographs of her with Hyacinth. What Honore didn't want to let Delphinium know, but knew would soon be apparent, was that as the child was getting older, it would soon be necessary to find another nominal editor and retire Delphinium off. Her intention was to replace her with Hyacinth, but it was necessary to make the transition as painless as possible, and in the process find a rôle for Delphinium to play that would in some way compensate. However, it wouldn't be too long until Delphinium's nascent pubic hair became more difficult to remove and her body lost the childish proportions that made her so suitable. As Honore had no intention of publishing magazines for an older, teenage, readership, the best rôles would probably be provided by publications more impressed by her fellatio and intercourse skills than by her extreme youth.

Honore was sitting down on the sofa of her living room admiring the naked beauty of her latest young lover, darling Lupin, who had only a few moments ago been introduced to her by her mother who was very keen, as so many mothers were, on her daughter being initiated in love by the great writer. She had left her study

where she was working on her latest project about a wooden puppet called **Pricchio**, who had a permanently erect wooden penis, but desired more than anything to have a real penis which would occasionally go limp and could produce semen and piss just like any normal boy's. She hadn't got very far with the book, and had already contemplated, and dismissed, the idea that the boy's father should have sex with him, but amongst the characters she imagined for the boy's adventures were several animals and plenty of opportunity for bestial love.

Her thoughts at the moment were far away from her work and how the boy could have sex with an insect. They were concentrated on Lupin's slim figure. The girl's flat chest and bare vagina enflamed the lust within her enormous bosom. She speculated on the fun they would have together, her tongue around the smoothness of the girl's cunt, while Lupin squeezed and massaged her massive breasts. Then would come the opportunity she so relished of inviting Innocence to partake in the lovemaking. She imagined that familiar expression of wonderment and slight fear as Lupin regarded Innocence's erect penis, knowing that soon it would be thrusting between her legs, bringing forth that familiar trickle of blood as once again Innocence penetrated a girl's pristine hymen. She licked her tongue around her lips and opened her arms to summon the girl towards her.

It was at that moment, that Honore was interrupted by the doorbell. Who could that be? Honore asked herself irritably. It certainly wasn't a welcome interruption, but she knew that eventually one of her young lovers would answer the door. Sure enough, she heard the scamper of little feet as Moss, a young boy of twelve, ran down the staircase and dashed towards the door. Honore hesitated a bit. She didn't want to



be too preoccupied if the visitor was for her. She cursed as Moss ran naked into the living room, his little penis flapping up and down as he ran.

“It’s a woman. She says she’s a friend of Innocence’s. Shall I let her in?”

A friend of Innocence?

Honore stood up irritated. “I’ll see who she is,” she announced. She wandered over to Lupin, whose long hair was tied into plaits that came down over her shoulders to below her deliciously smooth nipples. “Don’t worry, sweetheart, I’ll be back soon. I’m sure Moss will keep you company.”

She walked over to the front door, her massive breasts drooping below her waist, but looking from behind remarkably slender for a woman of such assets. The woman waiting by the door was just a couple of years older than Innocence, with very short dark hair, a denim jacket fastened over a slim chest and the pubic hair between her slim legs uncultivated and luxurious. Honore shuddered slightly. She had never been attracted to so much hair on a woman’s cunt, and the folds and creases of a well worn adult vagina didn’t attract her nearly as much as the smooth contours of a child’s.

“You say you’re a friend of Innocence’s?”

“Not just any friend,” the girl announced proudly. “I’m Dodie. Innocence’s lover from Congress.”

“Dodie? Yes, Innocence has mentioned you. Have you come to stay?”

“Yes, if I may. Innocence said I could. It’s been ages since she left for Phallus-On-Sea. It’s almost as if we’ve not been lovers at all!”

“Perhaps so,” mused Honore, who associated Innocence more with Twelve,

Leon and Kedi than this strange hairy-cunted girl. More than these other lovers, she also now had quite a strong case for Innocence's affection herself, as they shared the same bed and the same children almost every night. She nodded. "You better come in, then."

Dodie wandered in and looked about the house. "It's wonderful here!" she exclaimed. "I can see why Innocence has been reluctant to return home. She's told me all about you and your books. Are you writing one at the moment?"

"I'm always writing one," sniffed Honore.

Dodie glanced at the sitting room where Moss and Lupin were chatting together. "Innocence also told me about your lovers. Those are two of them there, aren't they?"

Honore nodded. "I don't know where Innocence is," she said, not wanting Dodie's lascivious eyes to rest too long on sweet little Lupin. "She's probably on the beach. Do you want to wait for her in the garden?"

"Yeah. I'll do that. Where is it?"

Honore led Dodie along to the garden, after the girl had removed her jacket but kept on the brief sleeveless tee-shirt, which, except for a pair of espadrilles, was all she wore. The garden led down to the sea-front which could be seen over the wall. Hyacinth and Delphinium were playing sex games together on the grass, the head of one buried between the thighs of the other. As Honore wandered back to Lupin, she knew that a change had now taken place with regard to her relationship with Innocence. No longer could she claim any primacy in their lovemaking and she doubted whether Innocence would even contemplate making love with Lupin.

It was quite late in the evening when Honore next saw Innocence, who was now with the naked Dodie, their arms around each other and their faces wreathed in happy smiles. It was evident to Honore that the two had been fucking, as there was an unmistakeable glistening on Innocence's penis and Dodie's pubic hair was wet with semen. Honore was intent on Lupin, who had explored almost every part of her massive breasts. She had stroked her tiny cunt on the enormous nipples, allowing it to penetrate its widened opening, stretched apart by her tiny fingers. She had allowed the girl to nibble her clitoris and pubic hair with her sharp little teeth. She examined Innocence, whose penis was still slightly tumescent, while Dodie grasped it lovingly in her hand. She raised her eyebrows in silent query.

It was Dodie who spoke for Innocence.

"You mustn't let me stop you enjoying yourself with Honore and her little virgin friend. Go ahead and have a good fuck!"

Innocence's face took on a pained expression. "What about you, Dodie? What will you do?"

"I imagine I'll be joining you," Dodie said with a smile. "I've always rather fancied little girls myself. And my life won't be complete without experiencing the pleasure of Honore's breasts."

Honore supported her monstrous paps in her hands, while Lupin continued to stroke her clitoris with her fingers. She couldn't very well refuse to extend her hospitality, although a meanness in her wanted to keep her love-life within the comfortable parameters she had become accustomed to. She studied Innocence's face in the hope that there was something about it that said she needn't be so generous, but

it was clear to her that Innocence's affection for Dodie was as unfeigned as Dodie's for her. Oh well! she sighed to herself.

“Yes, come over here. Both of you! Meet Lupin. I've told her all about you, Innocence. She's been dying to get better acquainted.”

## XXXII

*In Which Honore learns about the relationship between Purity and Innocence; a film is made illustrating Innocence's virtues; and Honore is introduced to Leon.*

Honore was struggling with the composition of her **Adventures of Priccho**, in which she'd now managed to get her hero to a Land of Naughty Boys, where he was having sex with a number of boys and admired how large their penises were, in many cases more than eighteen inches long, not knowing that this was merely the first stage of a transformation which would turn them into donkeys, or asses as she'd chosen to refer to them. Pricchio's erect penis was also growing much longer, which it normally did whenever he was lying, but in this case was also getting mysteriously hairy. While repeating to herself certain sentences to see how they sounded, she heard the odd sound of shrieks and cries coming fast and rhythmically from across her mansion. It was probably just Dodie and Innocence indulging in their marathon love sessions, Honore mused, but the sounds continued on and on, and it became impossible for Honore to concentrate on her story. Let's see what's going on? she said to herself, easing her enormous breasts out from under the desk where they'd been resting on her knees and standing up.

She wandered into the hallway where the shrieking and gasping was particularly loud. There was also the familiar slap slap as Innocence presumably thrust in and out of a welcome cunt. Honore sighed. Although she still enjoyed occasional sex with Innocence, ever since Dodie appeared it had become much less frequent. She

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mostly spent her nights with the company of Lupin, Hyacinth or Moss, who, however attractive they were, didn't have the sexual skills or facilities Innocence had in such abundance. Honore eased herself up the staircase, her breasts pulling her forward and walking rigidly to maintain her posture.

When she got to the landing, there was a pause in the orgasmic cries, so Honore had to explore to find their original source. She put her head around Lupin's door, and got something of a shock as she realised that the source of the cries could not have been Dodie. She was embracing Lupin by the legs, lapping away at her tiny cunt, while the little girl's tongue and fingers explored the hairy warmth offered between Dodie's legs. Honore stood back to be sure. It was definitely Dodie. No one else had such a hairy cunt. What could anyone see in such hirsuteness? she wondered.

She proceeded to Innocence's bedroom where the cries of ecstasy were renewed and once again there came the insistent slap of flesh against flesh. Innocence was upright on her knees, her buttocks thrusting backwards and forwards, and her hands supporting herself on the waist of a black figure who was stretched forward resting herself on her elbows, her buttocks raised invitingly into the air as Innocence pounded away at her anus. At first, Honore assumed that the girl must be Kedi who occasionally visited the house, although she normally introduced herself to Honore before indulging in sex. However, the girl turned her head round and Honore could see for sure that it wasn't Kedi, whoever else it might be. The skin was just as black, but her face was rounder, her lips were fuller, and although she was slim, she didn't quite have Kedi's slenderness or tallness. She was naked except for a pair of plimsolls and her hair was totally shaved. Like Dodie, however, she didn't shave her cunt, the

hairs of which spread from the front to entangle in Innocence's own fair pubic hairs as she thrust away.

Honore hovered, naked as always, not sure what to do or say, but the girl noticed her and gasped slightly. She froze, her buttocks still squeezing tight on Innocence's prick, staring not only at Honore's face but at her monstrous breasts. Innocence didn't immediately stop, but she gradually recognised the lack of reciprocity in her thrusts, and turned her head. On seeing Honore, she gradually removed her penis from inside the black girl, and, wrapping her arm round her, she looked at Honore with a smile still slightly silly from her fucking.

"This is Purity, Honore. She's an old schoolfriend of mine. She was visiting Phallus, and I met her in town. So I invited her back. Purity. This is Honore L'Oeuf. She owns the house."

Purity disengaged herself from Innocence's grasp and smiled at Honore. "Hello. I've heard so much about you. Your books. And your breasts. They *really* are marvellous."

Honore nodded. Another one of Innocence's lovers! How many more were there? "I'm pleased to meet you, Purity. I hope you enjoy your visit to Phallus-on-Sea."

"I'm not staying long. I've got business elsewhere. But I was delighted to meet Innocence again. It's been so long!"

Honore sat on the bed next to Innocence and Purity. She reached a hand out to touch Purity's flesh and was pleased as Purity responded by stretching a hand out to stroke Honore's breasts. She took a nipple in her black fingers and marvelled as it

grew as large as a young boy's penis.

"They *are* real, aren't they?" Purity asked in wonderment. "They aren't the result of plastic surgery?"

Honore had been asked that question many times before. "They're definitely real. As real as Innocence's prick. When I was young they just grew and grew. They just didn't stop. I soon had to accept that I had a body unlike any other."

"They must cause you a few problems, though?"

"I get backache sometimes, and it's pretty difficult finding anything flattering to wear. That's why I prefer not to wear anything at all!"

"I can understand that!" said Purity, lowering her mouth to Honore's enormous nipples and taking one between her lips, supporting and caressing the bosom with her fingers. Innocence bent over and, holding one nipple in her fingers, pushed her mouth into Honore's. Honore leaned slowly back, allowing the two lovers to immerse her in their caresses, which engulfed her cunt, lubricating her skin with their saliva and eventually brought her to cries of ecstasy quite as loud and raucous as any she'd ever had before.

Her passionate yells inevitably attracted attention from Dodie and Lupin who wandered into the bedroom and watched, their arms around one another, as Purity's mouth pulled, licked and pumped at Innocence's erect penis, while Honore's mouth explored the black and brown folds of skin around Purity's vagina and her cunt was penetrated by nearly all of Innocence's fist. Lupin crawled over the bed sheets, and sat, cross-legged, just by Honore's mouth, her hairless vagina still moist and a quizzical smile on her face. Dodie crawled up after her, putting her arms around the



child's shoulders and squeezing her close to the nipples that stood out on her nearly flat chest. The threesome soon became a fivesome, vaginal juices flowed with Innocence's semen which was spread with characteristic carelessness over the faces, thighs, breasts and buttocks of everyone, including Lupin, who expressed her new-found enthusiasm for semen by taking Innocence's erect penis in her mouth and not letting go until she had taken mouthful after mouthful of sperm which spilt over her lips and onto her chin.

Honore rested on her back as Innocence's penis regained its erectness and plunged deep into the welcoming sea of juice that welled from inside Honore's cunt, Lupin's mouth still tasting very much of the semen she'd tasted and mostly swallowed, and Purity's tongue assisting Innocence's erection and her fingers still caressing Honore's nipples. Honore could just glimpse Dodie who was similarly engaged on Purity's body and the smooth unstretched beauty of Lupin's vagina. Honore reflected that what she'd lost in her jealous possession of Innocence's body since her former lovers had arrived, she'd more than gained in quantity, not only in partners, but, as her body erupted with more waves and shudders, also in orgasms.

Honore got rather used to having Innocence around and she didn't relish the idea of her leaving. She knew that eventually she'd have to, as she'd need to earn more money in her profession in fuck films. It was principally to prolong her stay that she started writing a film script deliberately designed to star Innocence, but made as always for the children's market in which she specialised. She provisionally entitled it **The Famous Five Get Fucked**. The general story line involved the sexual adventures of five children, who included two boys who'd featured in earlier films, and Hyacinth,

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Lupin and Moss who by virtue of their residency couldn't very well be excluded. In the film, the five children would gradually become aware of the presence of a character played by Innocence in their village, who as they got to know her better was revealed to be very unusually endowed.

When the script was finished, she arranged the production through her own film company which she occasionally pulled into being whenever appropriate. She only made one film every other year and they were mostly adaptations of her own books. They included **The Sex Garden**, which was about a spoilt girl, a boy with a very long penis and another boy with a penis that just stubbornly refuses to get erect. They gradually get to know each other better and have sex together in a derelict garden where their parents aren't able to find them. The climax of the story is when the boy with the limp penis finally achieves an erection and has sex with the other two characters. Another was called **The Cottage Children** and was about four children who have sex with a man who they belatedly discover is their father and finishes with them all having sex with their mother played by a rather younger Honore.

Permission was eventually granted by the local council of Phallus-on-Sea for filming to take place on the beach, where Honore knew they'd inevitably attract a crowd of curious onlookers. She employed the director she used on her last film, **The Sex Life of Aladdin**.

Honore practised her lines with Dodie, who played a very minor part as a girlfriend of the children's mother, played by an actress, Geranium, who'd played the same part in previous films. Dodie's rôle was fairly brief, but appeared early on in the

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film, with the five children watching and admiring as she and Geranium caressed each other around the breakfast table, with Dodie eventually inserting various long thin vegetables such as cucumbers, carrots and bananas into the mother's ever-welcoming vagina.

Innocence's rôle actually involved relatively little sex. Honore knew better than to squander her star's assets too early in the film. She was viewed mostly from a distance: the fact of her penis being revealed bit by bit to the Famous Five on seeing her piss, masturbate in a field and having a bath. Most of the time she wore a plain white blouse and grey skirt, her shoulder-length hair tied into demure plaits. She was meant to represent a young governess on holiday in the fictional holiday resort, whose beauty was what initially fascinated the five children. Much early conversation was between the children as they rested from sex sessions with each other, as they speculated on what it would be like to fuck her, little knowing that it was they who'd mostly be the recipient of the fucking.

Innocence's character was also shown to develop interest in the children, watching them at play while masturbating. In one scene, the five children were shown with the three boys fucking each other and the girls on the beach amongst sandcastles, buckets and spades. Hyacinth had Thistle's penis in her mouth, while he was being penetrated by Moss, and Lupin was on her front, buried in the sand, while Toadstool pushed into her. This last boy had featured in Honore's earlier film as being especially well-endowed, and this trait was even more true now. Honore was delighted that she was able to film a trickle of semen-stained blood emerge from Hyacinth's so recently damaged vagina and trail down her thigh to her knee. It was these little touches she

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particularly enjoyed. Innocence was filmed hiding behind a sand dune, her skirt pulled up, her knickers pushed down and her penis erect and glistening as she pummelled it into life. One of the children, Thistle, notices Innocence and tells the others. She is then filmed scampering away, pulling up her knickers as she runs.

The final scene was filmed in a cave not far from Phallus-on-Sea, but only accessible by sea, where the five go and by chance meet the character played by Innocence, who is masturbating mournfully, with her skirt and knickers discarded and her hands buried under her blouse and bra. She is surprised by them, but it is no surprise that their encounter develops into a sex scene in which she fucks the three boys and the two girls.

The film was relatively short, as Honore's films had to be, less than fifty minutes in fact, and the sex scenes were kept relatively brief, featuring rather less of the mechanics of fucking than their commencement and the highlights. This was in keeping with the expectations of Honore's audience, who were easily bored by too much fucking, and wanted rather more story. Many of the shots were in close-up, particularly of Innocence's penis and the two girl's vaginas, and some of the shots, such as those featuring anal intercourse, fisting and reaming would probably be edited into non-existence or at best ambiguity. Honore had to worry about the sensitivities of the parents of the children, who would no doubt be watching the film with them, perhaps as a prelude to having sex. Although few objected to the sexual content of her films, nor indeed of her books, they might worry about the unrealistic expectations that would be raised and maybe even concerned that their children would try and imitate what they saw with their friends.

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With this in mind, all her films ended with disclaimers and such advice as ‘Anal Intercourse may be fun, but it may also be painful’, ‘Don’t try any of these sexual activities with Strangers’ and ‘Always use protection against Diseases and Pregnancy’. Honore didn’t know whether the children ever took heed of these warnings, but it was clearly the minimum she could do to deflect criticism from those who thought it wrong that films should be made at all that featured children wanting and enjoying sex with each other or, more controversially, with adults. She had long ago began a policy of declining any interview on television or radio where she wasn’t sure of sympathetic treatment or where there might be someone with negative opinions about the nature of her life’s work.

After each day’s filming, she rewarded her child stars with time in her boudoir where she chatted to them while stimulating their genitals and comforted their concerns about what they were doing. Lupin, for instance, was beginning to feel uncomfortable about having sex with so many different people. She thought at first that she’d only be making love with Honore, but she found she had rather more with other people. She was particularly upset about Toadstool who persisted in trying to penetrate her arse, which she found very unpleasant. She enjoyed her sessions with Dodie, however, and was rather disgruntled as she became aware that Dodie shared her amongst all the other residents in Honore’s home and that nobody took primacy in her affection over Innocence. It was sometimes quite difficult, Honore reflected as Lupin lay on her lap like a baby, her mouth around Honore’s massive nipple. Children had so much learn and they learnt too much too soon. Especially, that was, when they’d been entrusted into Honore’s care.

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Honore had to find a distributor for **The Famous Five Get Fucked** and because of Innocence's assets she decided on Fuck Flicks, which she knew specialised in women with pricks (or at least transsexuals). It was for that reason she invited Leon LeGrand to visit. When Leon arrived, he was dressed in a tee-shirt and very baggy oriental trousers, but seeing Honore was naked, as she almost always was, he asked if he could take his own clothes off.

"I find them very uncomfortable," he explained with a smile, looking at Honore's enormous breasts. Honore had no difficulty in agreeing, as her own peculiar endowments meant she shared much the same discomfort. As he discarded his clothes, she felt a frisson of desire as she regarded a penis perfectly well-proportioned for its dimensions, already larger than most penises when limp, but bulging out with similarly proportioned testicles.

"Let's have a look at the film," he announced. "I was particularly attracted to it when you told me Innocence is starring in it. She's been in several of my films in the past. In fact, my interest in her goes back further than that. We were once lovers, as you know."

"Another one!" sniffed Honore. "I'll call the others and we'll watch in my private film studio."

Innocence, Dodie, Hyacinth and Moss joined Leon and Honore in the small auditorium. Lupin had left the mansion: she'd felt she'd learnt enough and was eager to return home to the caresses of her mother. Honore set up the film, and watched the naked Leon masturbate as the film rolled on. Leon explained that it was only by masturbation he could really judge how good the film was. Honore smiled

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indulgently, quite happy to watch as his fingers gently stroked the impressive length of his penis. She offered to assist him, but he gently declined. It wouldn't do to bias his assessment of the film.

As the film ran, his penis grew and grew. The glans alone was larger than most penises (particularly those of the children Honore was most familiar with) and was larger even than her own nipples. The veins bulged out and the whole thing shuddered and shook as it pulsed with excitement. Leon's hairy hands could barely encompass the monster in their fingers and his balls were as hard and firm as rocks. He appreciated the relative brevity of the fuck scenes, but Honore could see he was particularly excited when Innocence appeared on the screen, masturbating and spreading her semen over the sand. In the final scene when the children and she were filmed fucking in the cave, his penis finally erupted into torrent after torrent of semen which flew in globules into the air, tangled in the thick hair of his legs and left visible stains on the carpet. He emitted more and more of the stuff, as Innocence fucked Thistle and then Lupin, and gave an audible sigh of joy as Toadstool penetrated Innocence from behind with Moss plunging his smaller penis into the taut young buttocks.

When the film finished, Leon was quite overwhelmed. "I'll take it! I *must* have it! I especially like the way the fuck scenes don't last very long. That's a feature of children's sex films, isn't it?"

Honore nodded. "We've even had to edit some films to attract our audience. Children soon get bored of it. More than three minutes at a time, and they're using the fast-forward button on their consoles."

“Shorter concentration span, I suppose. Not that that will dissuade too many of the adult fan club Innocence is amassing from seeing the film or buying the video. I’m very impressed. The story line was rather more developed than most of our product, but I see that as a plus rather than a minus.” He glanced back at Innocence, who was sitting just behind him with Dodie wrapped around her and who had spent most of the film indulging in kissing and foreplay. “You’re certainly coming on a bit, Innocence sweetest. This is probably your best acting rôle for Fuck Films yet.”

Innocence nodded. “Thank you. I’m sure it helped that the script was written by Honore.”

“That’s true. Nobody writes better sex for children than you, Honore. You have genuine enthusiasm for the genre, improved no doubt by your extensive experience.”

Honore smiled. “I fuck what I like and I like what I fuck. And I know who to fuck and I fuck who I know.”

Afterwards, the six of them congregated in the living room, where Innocence soon reasserted her affection for Leon by penetrating her penis into his lubricated anus. She gripped onto his enormous member with both hands but was barely able to encircle it with her fingers. Honore watched while Moss readied her cunt as best he could, and Dodie and Hyacinth assisted with their tongues and fingers. Their efforts, however gratifying, didn’t satisfy Honore’s yearning for Leon’s prick which Innocence was soon licking and caressing, but only able to get the smallest part of it into her wide open mouth.

Innocence left Leon’s penis to Moss and Dodie who masturbated it with their



tongues and fingers, while she plunged into Honore's cunt, forcing it wider with her own fingers, along with those of Hyacinth, trying to force it open as much as was humanly possible. Even with the additional lubrication provided when Innocence released her semen inside her cunt (and dribbled down Hyacinth's little fist), Honore was still not sure that it was ready for the punishment she'd promised it.

Soon, however, it was as ready as it could ever be, oozing with juice and semen, red and swollen, her clitoris hard, her sweating nipples as erect as Moss's penis which was thrusting into Leon's arse.

"Now! Now!" she implored.

Leon wandered over, his penis fully erect and swaying above her face. "Are you sure?"

"Don't talk! Just do it!"

Leon gently spread Honore's legs, while her other lovers gathered around to give her encouragements, caresses and kisses, and placed his penis on the entrance to her cunt. Then gradually and slowly he inserted his monstrous penis into the hole. As it began to enter, it felt like it did whenever Dodie or Innocence inserted their fists into her. It was the same size and hardness as a fist, but Honore saw with alarm that it had barely entered. Only the glans was inside her and it was already painful! Leon's thrusts became steadily more rhythmic and insistent as more and more of it sank in. Honore yelled with ecstasy, regarding the hairy man above her. She writhed and wriggled with passion.

The thrusts got harder and harder, and with each thrust the penis went in deeper and deeper. The pain of entry was beginning to overwhelm the feeling of

passion. Part of her screamed out “Go on! Go on! Deeper! Deeper! Faster! Faster!” Another part, still silent, was saying “Stop!” The other part gradually became more insistent. The pleasure receded rapidly and painfully. She felt like she was being impaled, torn apart and ripped like paper. Her yells of pleasure were replaced by the loud cries of “Stop! Stop! For God’s sake, stop!”

Instantly, the thrusts stopped. Leon withdrew his penis, which spilt massive globule after globule of semen onto Honore’s chest and all down her thighs and stomach. Honore shook from side to side in pain, aware that amongst all the semen and vaginal juice was a flow of blood from inside her that just wouldn’t stop. She looked up at Leon through eyes squeezed together against the internal agony. His body shimmered in her state of near unconsciousness, his penis still immense but gradually losing its immensity with little twitches.

He looked at her sadly.

“It’s always like this!” He mourned. “Every time. It’s always the same. There’s only one cunt in the world that can accommodate me!”

### XXXIII

*In Which Blanche returns to Innocence; consideration is given on the sole pleasures of her virtues; and Dodie learns more about Blanche.*

Blanche didn't often visit Congress and when she did she always hated the restrictions of wearing clothes, which on a body as plump as hers was rarely as flattering as total nudity would be. It was not something she could avoid for too long as it was occasionally necessary to visit her suppliers to restock her bookshop in Brook. Running a business entails considerable sacrifices. Her body was stifled within the single white dress of thin material through which could be glimpsed the darkness around her nipples and crotch. Blanche envied those slim women who were able to get away with much less than her. She admired the girls walking by, often topless with very short hair. Her own preference was for much longer hair, but she had no influence on fashion which now dictated a very short haircut, sometimes shaved into a tonsure or with strange patterns razored into the stubble.

She adored looking at the girls' bodies which were somehow more sexy for wearing clothing, than for being utterly naked, but this reflected more on the fact she was far more accustomed to nudity. She was still sore from a meeting with a supplier where as usual her bargaining power was leveraged by the offer of sex, which, although less than normally enjoyable, had at least resulted in a substantial discount and a better working relationship. Nevertheless, her thoughts as she observed the girls walking by, their buttocks twitching as they passed and their breasts either bared or

enhanced by what little they did wear, awakened her lust. If only she could just pluck one of them from the street, take her back to her hotel room and enjoy the full bounty of their flesh. She could imagine their full lips against her cunt or her nipples, the teeth nibbling away and her back arching with spasms of ecstasy pulsing through her body. Unlikely, she reasoned, although she might be fortunate enough to meet someone that evening in the hotel bar who could see the attractions of the larger woman and, be they male or female, provide her with the lovemaking she yearned for.

One girl particularly caught Blanche's eye in a department store. She was looking through a selection of bed-linen and holding the sheets up to the light. She was topless, with baggy khaki shorts and blonde hair onto her shoulders. Her skin was tanned gold and Blanche reasoned from her ease with her body that she was a girl who'd spent much of her life in the nude. There would be no trace of the white patches around the crotch which so distinguished tourists in Brook. The girl put down the bed linen and turned to examine some ethnic lampshades. It was then that Blanche recognised her as Innocence who she'd not seen for such a very long time.

"Innocence, sweetheart," Blanche simpered, approaching her and smiling. "I didn't know you lived in Congress."

Innocence turned around, and grinned broadly. "Hello. What are you doing here?"

"Oh, business. That's all," Blanche replied. "How's Chastity? The last I heard, you were both living together in Labia."

Innocence seemed a little discomfited by this reference. "I haven't seen Chastity for a long time. I don't know where she's living now."

“Is she still a student?”

“I don’t know. I don’t think so. I have a flat in Congress now with my girlfriend, Dodie. Do you want to come and see it?”

“Why, I’d love to!” exclaimed Blanche, her crotch already tingling. She hadn’t forgotten Innocence’s peculiar attractions. She was even more impressed when she arrived at Innocence’s flat, which was much larger than she expected. She knew how expensive property was in Congress, and to have one so spacious in such a well-appointed area, and so opulently furnished, was a testament to wealth.

“Is Dodie some kind of heiress?” she asked.

“No,” laughed Innocence. “No! She hardly earns anything. She does all sorts of things, but I don’t think any of them make her make very much money.”

“Then, how can you afford all this? Have you inherited some money?”

“Not at all! Didn’t you know? I’m a film star. It’s all my money.”

“Film star? I haven’t seen any of your films.”

“It’s a specialised market,” Innocence explained, indicating a poster on the wall which showed her making love to a man and a very young-looking girl, her penis in the girl’s anus while the man’s prick was engaged in the vagina. “I take it you don’t watch these kind of films.”

Blanche shook her head. “I prefer reading about it. Somehow the imagination is so much sexier than the real thing.”

She wandered towards Innocence, who looked so beautiful framed against the light coming through the windows, her slender figure silhouetted and her breasts full and firm. Blanche so wanted to touch them. Innocence could see this and smiled

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welcomingly.

“You must feel very strange in the city wearing so many clothes. Take them off if you like, just as you did when you stayed with me and my family.”

“Can I?” asked Blanche, gratefully easing the dress off her round shoulders, letting the full roundness and softness of her flesh once again shiver in the slight coolness of the air. She stood naked facing Innocence, glancing down at Innocence’s shorts which she knew contained so much unexpected beauty and potency. Innocence followed her glance and then with a smile and no words, eased the shorts down revealing a tumescent penis which began to swell and throb as soon as it felt the afternoon air. It jerked excitedly as pulsing courses of blood pumped into it.

“Oh! It’s *so* beautiful!” gasped Blanche, dropping on her knees in front of Innocence and taking the length of it into her mouth. She opened her mouth as wide as she could and let the penis slide over her tongue, past her tonsils and into the constrictions of her throat. She grasped Innocence by the buttocks, which undulated with their own rhythm pushing again and again at Blanche’s throat. Blanche’s cunt dribbled with anticipation, which she chose to ignore until it was truly ready.

And then, when she felt she could hold it back no longer, with both her tubby fingers and Innocence’s much slenderer ones pushing deeper and deeper through the smooth folds of flesh, stimulating her cunt and arse into dripping agony. And then, gasping from the passion shuddering through the mass of white flesh that jiggled with the penis’s persistent thrusts into her mouth, she lovingly withdrew it and transferred it to her cunt which swallowed it whole with ease and a little squelch. She lay back while watching Innocence on top of her thrust in and out, now so much more expert

than when they'd first made love, her beautiful firm breasts arching above her and her penis thrusting deeper and deeper into her, propelling her into orgasm after orgasm, forcing out gasps of pleasure that reverberated about the flat.

She could feel that Innocence was about to come. "In the mouth! The mouth!" She cried urgently. She loved the taste of semen and it was a long time since she'd tasted Innocence's. Her beautiful lover obliged, reluctantly withdrawing her prick and placing its twitching stiffness inside Blanche's mouth, from which emerged a slightly diluted mixture of semen and saliva which she tasted, swallowed some and allowed the rest to dribble down her cheek and in globules onto the upper reaches of her mountainous breasts. Innocence pulled out her shrivelled penis while Blanche smiled.

"*This* is certainly better than reading about it!" she admitted. "Sometimes the imagination just isn't everything!"

Blanche stayed for a few days in Innocence's flat in the bedroom once occupied by Algebra. As she lay beneath the sheets she could hear giggling and sniggering from the room next to her. That must be Dodie with Innocence, Blanche mused. She didn't know what to make of the young girl whose attitudes and lifestyle were so different from her own, and quite different again from Innocence's. She wondered what it was that brought the two together. Whatever it was, the passion of their love-life wasn't feigned. She let a pudgy hand wander along the length of her thighs, while caressing her nipples with her other hand. The sounds emerging from the other room began to change in character. The giggling and teasing was replaced by heavier breathing and a slow but rhythmic thud thud on the mattress.

Blanche's hands lowered down the bed, impulsively throwing aside the

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restrictions of the duvet covering her so she could feel the night air against her naked skin. Her fingers trailed over the round contours of her stomach and then, finding the moist and welcoming entrance to her cunt under the folds and dimples of her flesh, she eased her fingers in, deeper and deeper, twiggling her swollen vagina, easing back the fleshy lips and squeezing in first one and then two of her pudgy fingers. From the room next door, the rhythm of Innocence's and Dodie's lovemaking had become faster, more violent, more insistent. The bed rocked back and forth, the back of the mattress occasionally thumping against the wall, a high shrill cry emitted in spasms of ecstasy. Blanche's cunt became juicier and more liquid as she envisaged each of Innocence's thrusts as her beautiful penis pushed again and again at Dodie's hairy cunt, between those angular legs, those child-like knees, those fatfree thighs and that bony arse pushed again and again onto the mattress.

Perhaps, Blanche wondered, two hands now pummelling her cunt, Dodie was being penetrated in the arse. There was certainly an urgency and passion in her cries now that made it very likely to Blanche that she was. She could imagine her, arse in the air, while Innocence gripped her around the waist, her knees between Dodie's thighs, her penis pushing into the still hairy but much more puckered hole at the rear. Blanche allowed a finger to wander to her rear, using the vaginal juices to lubricate its entrance, and two and then three fingers, arching up as much as her bulk allowed her to push her fingers against the ones pushing in from the front.

Dodie and Innocence were shrieking now. Cries which would have awoken Blanche had she been asleep. Dodie's voice the deeper and less feminine while Innocence gave the little gasps of passionate relief that Blanche enjoyed so much in



her earlier acquaintance. She remembered those early encounters, Innocence's penis deep in her mouth while Chastity shared her attention and her cunt between the two of them. She gasped weakly, surrendered to her fantasies, as her fingers pushed and pushed, the rhythm of her bed beginning to match that of a similar mass in the room adjacent.

And then release! She knew it was after that achieved by Dodie and Innocence as she heard them whispering together, their arms and bodies no doubt intertwined, as the pulses of orgasm shuddered through her body in wave after wave, leaving her exhausted and wasted, the strong smell of her vagina permeating the room and on her fingers and a simpering look of passion engraved on her face. She pulled up the duvet to cover the round mass of her body. She desperately desired Innocence's body. She could barely wait for the next opportunity for Innocence's penis to plunge inside her again. She could almost taste the penis on her mouth, the delicious richness of semen sliding down her throat.

There was no doubt in Blanche's mind of the sincerity of Dodie's love for Innocence. During her brief stay at their flat she had many opportunities to see its manifestations. Dodie's hands were rarely, if ever, separated from Innocence's penis, idly holding it while the couple watched television, following her into the kitchen when she was preparing food and holding it from behind as her lover was cutting the vegetables, kneeling between Innocence's young slender thighs and taking long lingering mouthfuls of it between her lips. How could anyone have so much energy and passion? Blanche wondered from a distance, not sure whether to avert her eyes or to relish the sight of such beautiful coupling.

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Meal-times were as much passionate affairs as any other, while Dodie put forkful after forkful into her mouth with her left hand (she was left-handed), her other hand still clasped what was sometimes a deservedly exhausted organ between Innocence's ever naked thighs. When Innocence returned home, Dodie leapt up from whatever she was doing and run up to her lover, ease off her clothes and there and then lead her into the bedroom or just onto the hallway floor, opening her legs and letting the full length of Innocence's ever-ready penis slide easily into her lubricated cunt. Blanche sometimes felt envy. She'd never enjoyed a relationship as passionate nor as insatiable as her two hostesses. She knew that her own lovemaking with Innocence, however passionate and orgasmic, lacked the intensity and persistence of Dodie's.

And this was combined with a love life that the two lovers pursued when not together. Innocence made love with her co-stars while filming and with other friends and acquaintances. A part of Innocence's love life was dedicated to Blanche, moments she treasured and enjoyed with passion, unable to get enough of that beautiful feminine body: so curvaceous, slim and receptive, and that powerful thrusting penis pulsing again and again that rich tasting semen that Blanche loved taking down her throat, pleased to allow the small dribble to seep through her lips, run down her chin and onto her massive breasts. Dodie also had a rich sex life, which she kept no secret, sometimes recounting her passionate encounters and even bringing her lovers into the flat to enjoy passionate love while Innocence and Blanche sat together in the living room, Innocence showing nothing but indulgent pleasure as Dodie's shrill cries of pleasure echoed around the confines of the flat and the back of the bed thumped

insistently against the wall.

Dodie was an attractive woman, although not in the most obvious ways. Compared to her she was very thin. Almost a stick of a woman. She was thin compared even to the full contours of Innocence's slender body, with breasts which, when they were revealed, were barely more than mounds on her chest with prominent nipples that pressed hard and firm against the tee-shirts she most often wore, even when all else was removed. She hardly ever hid her hirsute vagina, which had probably never been trimmed and easily accounted for more luxuriance than the hair on her head. Her bony face had a harshness about it in repose which so easily softened into near soppieness whenever she commenced her lovemaking with Innocence.

It was inevitable that Blanche should get to know Dodie better, though at the time it didn't seem inevitable at all. Innocence was out and Dodie had returned after a day working in a record shop which was one of the several occasional jobs she did more to enliven her life than for the meagre pay it afforded her. It was almost like pocket money for her: Innocence was bringing in more than was adequate from the sale of her videos. Blanche had been negotiating with suppliers in Congress who had access to imported literature in translation that interposed experimentation in language and structure with sexual habits which were at best unpleasant and at worst lethal. She wasn't too sure she enjoyed the admixture of torture and rape with lingering unfinished sentences, time reversal and flowery exuberance, but she knew that there was a ready market for this kind of literature, so she was eager to get some onto her bookshelves. Her own feelings as she read the beautifully poetic accounts of multiple rape with broomhandles, slow removal of fingernails, the inexorable peeling off of

vaginal layers and the gradual insertion of chair-legs up anuses were not ones of pleasure. In fact, she put the books to one side, yearning for the simple certainties of Honore L'Oeuf's pederastic fantasies. She even longed for those tedious novels where clothes were divested chapter after chapter and the sex scenes repetitive and predictable.

Dodie watched Blanche sitting on the sofa reading one of the books she'd bought, the translated title being **Barbed Wire Brassiere**, Blanche squirming at the descriptions of blood dripping down breasts that were torn to pieces by the unpleasant underwear of the title. It was at least preferable to **Razor Blade Knickers** by the same author. Dodie sat next to Blanche, who was grateful for the diversion, wearing a short tee-shirt with the picture of a rhinoceros fucking a hippopotamus. As usual, she wore nothing else except a pair of laced boots that came halfway up her lower leg. Without bothering to say anything, she leaned her head on Blanche's shoulder and trailed a hand over Blanche's thigh.

"Good book?" She asked.

"A bit gruesome," admitted Blanche. "I don't know what people see in this kind of stuff."

"But you still read it," Dodie observed, smiling, putting a hand on Blanche's chin and turning her head round to face her. She stared into Blanche's face, with a strange simpering smile. "You know, for such a *large* woman you're very attractive. How do you keep your skin so white, living in Brook?"

"I just don't go out in the sun very often."

"Is that so?" Asked Dodie, before pressing her lips onto Blanche's, burying her

tongue into her unresisting mouth. Blanche responded in form, heaving around her bulk and pulling Dodie's slender bony body against the folds and cushions of her flesh. Dodie swivelled about and climbed onto Blanche's body, a finger twiddling her nipple and another caressing the vagina obscured beneath the piled folds of flesh that was her stomach. Blanche heaved back, overwhelmed by a shudder of pleasure, allowing Dodie to slide down between her open legs and bury her stubbled head between the soft wobbling fat of her thighs.

By the time Innocence returned, Dodie and Blanche were rolling about on the floor, Blanche gasping and panting as Dodie workmanlike massaged and exercised her sensitive flesh. The two of them looked up expectantly as Innocence stood over them, already freed of her clothes, her long hair falling over her face, and her penis stirring at the sight of such mismatched bodies in such passionate embrace. Her breasts arched, her nipples coning out hard and firm, the smooth roundness of them so incongruous above the penis that was twitching into life. Dodie looked at Blanche and Blanche at Dodie, and the two of them at Innocence, both overwhelmed with desire for the girl.

Then Dodie parted her legs. "Take me, Innocence. Take me!"

"And me!" Pleaded Blanche doing the same thing, but less able to display the full glory of her cunt. "Take us both!"

"Both?" Innocence queried, excited at the idea, her penis now fully erect, like a shiny pink pillar of pleasure. It took little more persuasion and the three of them were rolling about on the floor, Innocence's penis now in Dodie and now in Blanche, thrusting back and forth, now engulfed in folds of fat and now banging hip bone

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against hip bone. Blanche lay back as Innocence plied at her, Dodie's tongue deep in her mouth, and she knew not whose fingers were caressing her breasts and clitoris.

This was what it was about, she mused, still disturbed even in her moments of passion by images of the suffering of the heroine of **Barbed Wire Brassiere** and her fears of what **Penis Lacerators** might be about. Not violence, humiliation and death. The meaning of sex was love and loving. Without them, sex was empty and meaningless. She smiled at Innocence as she thrust again and again into her cunt. There need never be a dark side to sex when love unified the act. She needed love first and sex was no more than the bonus which lubricated and reinforced that love, however temporary and however necessary it was for her to return home to Brook and her bookshop.

## XXXIV

*In Which Innocence is lost in the country; there is much self-discovery and the less savoury aspects of country life are revealed.*

Innocence and Dodie didn't share very many interests in common, but one they did and that Innocence was particularly keen on pursuing was a love for walking in the countryside which they often did together. It was lovely to get away from the city and out into the open air, feeling the country air on their skins and finding deserted spots where they could make love in the warmth of the sun beating down on their backs, collecting souvenirs of insect bites on their inner thighs and grass in Dodie's vagina. It was on one such pleasant walk in the hills outside Congress they found themselves horribly lost and dark clouds building up in the sky heavy with the promise of rain.

"What do we do now?" wondered Dodie, looking up at the sky, pulling her shorts on as Innocence stood up in the meadow, still naked and her penis still shimmering from their lovemaking. "It's miles back!"

"We'll just have to hurry!" Innocence said, not feeling at all hopeful as she gazed up at the dark black and grey shadows. "We might have to shelter under a tree or something."

Dodie nodded. "We'd better get moving then!"

They strode on, as fast as they could without breaking into a run as the clouds came closer, accompanied by the occasional distant rumble. "We're not going to make it!" asserted Dodie, squeezing Innocence's hand tight as the first drops of rain

squeezed out of the sky and sputtered on the dry earth of the waymarked path. “We’ll get soaked!”

Unfortunately, Dodie’s assertion proved to be altogether too true as the drops became heavier, more frequent and more persistent. The countryside’s smell changed as the water cascaded on them, battering against their too flimsy clothes and pasting them against the hard contours of their bodies. Even their feet, sensibly enclosed within sturdy walking boots began to feel damp as water dribbled down their ankles and through the eyelets of their boots.

“Are you alright, you two?” asked a woman in her early forties who was walking along the same path as them carrying a large umbrella over her head and wearing a pair of green wellington boots. She wore a flowery dress down to her knees and her brown wavy hair reached halfway down her back. “You look as wet as you can. You don’t want to catch cold. Do you want to stop off at our cottage to dry? It’s a long way to wherever you intend to go.”

Innocence brushed the sodden strands of hair from her eyes and studied the woman who was thin with a scattering of dark brown freckles around her face. It was very comforting to meet someone so sympathetic. She glanced at Dodie, whose hand she held, who was suffering worse from the rain, the tee-shirt stuck against the cold-hardened nipples of her tiny breasts and every contour of her body clearly visible, including those normally obscured by her brief shorts, the pubic hairs emerging from either side and themselves dripping a stream of rain water.

“If it’s no trouble ...” she replied with a broad grin. “We really should have looked at the weather forecast before we set out.”



“We don’t live far from here,” the woman said, leading the two lovers along a series of paths off the beaten track, past fields of sodden sheep and sheltering cows, to a small cottage in a small-holding of cabbages and hens. Outside the cottage were the carcasses of disembowelled cars and a few miserable looking dogs. It was not a pretty cottage, set in red brick and splattered by mud from the rain, but to Innocence’s rain-stung eyes it was the most welcoming sight imaginable. She gasped with relief as she and Dodie sheltered under the derelict porch amongst milk bottles and car engines while the woman pushed open the unvarnished door.

Inside Innocence could hear a slight moaning from the kitchen. The woman noticed Innocence’s frown. “That’ll be my two eldest. They’re having fun together no doubt. Well, you expect that from youngsters don’t you?”

“I suppose so,” agreed Innocence naïvely, not really expecting to see a boy of about seventeen sitting on a wooden chair by the table in a shirt with his legs open, his trousers and underpants about his ankle and with his penis being sucked by a girl of about fourteen wearing nothing at all, her hands creeping up the insides of his thighs and up his chest while he emitted frequent gasps of pleasure. The boy turned his head round as his mother entered and smiled welcomingly.

“Hello, Mum!” he said between gasps. “Wet, is it?”

“Very!” she smiled approvingly. “Hello, Kitty! Enjoying yourself?”

The girl pulled her mouth off the boy’s penis, the length of it gradually easing through her full red lips, and gazed up at her mother, Dodie and Innocence. “Yes, Mummy! Ooh! Who’re these two?” A sliver of viscous creamy liquid dribbled out of her mouth, down her chin and fell in a small globule to the stone kitchen floor.

“Couple of lasses caught in the rain. They’ll be staying overnight while they dry their clothes. Don’t worry about us. Just carry on.”

“What will they think?” she asked pointing at Innocence and Dodie, her hair tied back in two pony-tails and her brow furrowing with concern.

“Nothing I imagine. If a girl can’t enjoy herself with her brother, then who can she enjoy herself with?”

Kitty nodded and returned to her brother’s penis which she continued fellating. Innocence felt a little uneasy, but the woman pulled ragged towels out of a cupboard and handed them to the girls. She lowered her voice. “Don’t worry about Kitty and Rover. They’re incorrigible. Good, isn’t it? Shows we’re a close family, doesn’t it? Is it like this in your family?”

Innocence nodded sadly, although she knew her mother would never show any of the approval that Mrs Giles was expressing. She wondered if the trouble she and Chastity had taken in hiding their activity from their parents had been worth so much trouble after all.

Dodie had different views. “My family never shared their bodies with each other. I don’t think I’d have liked it if they did.”

“Well, don’t fret dearie. Not all families can be as close as ours.” She lowered her voice. “Now, I don’t like to have to tell guests this, and I guess it’s not really necessary, we may be a close family, but we don’t go in for any sexual promiscuity. So don’t you get any ideas about Kitty, Rover, or for that matter my husband and young Fanny. We keep ourselves to ourselves. It’s better that way. Don’t think you can join in, though what you two pretty young things do together is your business.”

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She raised her voice again. “Now take off your soaking things, and I’ll prepare a lovely broth for us all to eat. What do you think, Kitty?”

Her daughter was leaning on top of her brother, her hands on his shoulders and his penis thrusting in and out of her bushy young cunt. “Oohh! Oohh! Oohh!!” she gasped.

“I guess she thinks it’d be a good idea,” smiled her mother. “She’s such a darling young thing. I can barely get enough of her myself. And the old man it’s all he can do to share us. He’s always poking around inside her. And talk of the devil! Here’s my husband with young Fanny!”

A man about the woman’s age entered the room in a loose overall with a young girl of about eleven who was wearing nothing but a pair of wellington boots and a large hat. Rain water was dripping down her naked skin and tangling in a small patch of pubic hair. “Hello there, love! I see the younguns are at it again!”

“Just like us, eh Daddy!” commented Fanny.

“Shush!” laughed her father. “Mummy might get jealous.” He noticed Innocence and Dodie for the first time. “Why, love, you didn’t tell us we had some guests. Did they get caught out in the rain?”

The mother nodded. “I said they could stay the night to dry off, if that’s alright dear?”

He glanced at Dodie whose short hair had been towelled dry and Innocence who was turned away from him as she patted her crotch sufficiently dry to be able to hide her penis from sight under the towel. She had no wish to shock her hosts with her unusual attributes.

The husband smiled. "Well, as long as they respect the rules of the house and don't get up to any funny business, I don't mind how long these pretty lasses stay. What do you think, Fanny?"

The child giggled. "That girl's got no tits, Daddy," she said referring to Dodie. "She's just like a boy. Boys don't have tits, neither."

"Don't be rude!" exclaimed her mother, slapping her daughter on the bare backside. "Not all girls are like Kitty."

Innocence blanched, probably more than Dodie who was almost proud of the smallness of her breasts. What would this close (possibly too close) family make of her if they knew what it was she had hidden underneath the towel she wrapped so firmly around her damp groin? If Dodie was like a boy in her breastlessness, what would they make of her semi-erect penis, pressing uncomfortably against the towel's fabric?

"Dinner won't be long!" announced the mother. "Rover, I hope you and Kitty aren't going to be at it for too long. I want you two to help me lay the table for dinner."

It was a long evening and Innocence was pleased when it was over and she and Dodie could retreat to the bedroom they'd been allocated. Dodie seemed a little reserved, but Innocence made no comment. She'd got used to her occasional moods, and was not at all surprised when she showed no inclination to make love with her. The Giles family had shown no sign of embarrassment in their lovemaking, although Innocence found it slightly disturbing. Especially when Rover made love with Fanny after the dinner, their parents apparently unconcerned, only showing disapproval when

his penis wandered near her vagina.

“I really don’t think Fanny’s ready for that yet, dear,” his mother reproved.

“And anyway that’s my prerogative!” asserted his father.

Dodie was strangely quiet most of the evening, contemplating Kitty who ate dinner dressed only in a pair of old jeans and was most animated when in conversation with the young girl about the night clubs of Congress which Kitty found fascinating. Innocence chatted mostly with the parents, keeping the subject on such uncontroversial subjects as country life and farming. She was relieved at the end of the evening to lie down on the ragged blanket covering the bed, Dodie slumped on her side, naked as she’d been all evening, facing the wall and apparently asleep. Innocence smiled at her lover, and pulled off the towel she’d so assiduously grasped to her torso all night, frightened that it should slip off. Her penis, which she’d restrained from an erection as much as possible while Fanny sucked her brother’s penis, sprang free and with a few tender strokes gradually attained its full growth.

She’d found the incestuous coupling somewhat arousing, probably because, although in substance it so closely resembled that between herself and her sister, in spirit it was so different. Her penis was warm to her touch and became bigger and firmer and harder. She glanced at Dodie or at least her back, with the blanket drawn close to her skin, and the length of her beautiful neck and the shaven smoothness of it as she faced away. However excited she felt, she didn’t think it was appropriate to disturb her lover.

She sighed and pulled at her penis, thinking all the while of the sight of Kitty on top of Rover’s penis at the tableside, thrusting and thrusting and thrusting in and

out, in and out of her. She panted as her penis twitched and stirred in her caresses, both hands taking turns to pull at it, the red and scarlet glans shimmering in the moonlight shining through the cottage windows. She wasn't the only one enjoying a penis at the moment as she could tell from the thumping and gasping coming from the children's bedroom next door. She fancied she could hear Rover panting as he pushed his penis again and again inside his sister's cunt. More distantly, down the small corridor, she heard the sound of other panting which probably came from the parents' bedroom, but whether this lovemaking included Fanny in whose bedroom they were sleeping she was not at all sure.

At last, her penis spurted forth a globule of semen followed by a rush of more, which dripped down the length of it, tangled in her pubic hair and rested on her thighs. She gave an involuntary last gasp, smiled again at the gently snoozing Dodie, and eased herself under the blanket, turning her back discreetly so as not to disturb her lover.

Innocence stirred as a hand stroked her penis, erect as it almost always was in the morning. It took her penis, stroking and caressing it. It could only be Dodie, smiled Innocence, opening her eyes just a little and looking over indulgently at her lover. It was with a shock she realised that the hand vigorously pumping her penis belonged not to Dodie but to Kitty whose body was enmeshed with Dodie, their mouths firmly glued together and her other hand playing with Dodie's tiny breasts. Innocence sat up with alarm, firmly brushing Kitty's hand aside. The young girl appeared not to notice, returning it to Dodie's body, whose fingers were deep inside the girl's moist vagina.

“What are you doing, Dodie?” asked Innocence, getting no answer. “You know that Mrs Giles expressly forbade us from...”

“What are you doing, Kitty?” asked another voice by the door. Innocence glanced over with even more alarm to see a naked Fanny standing there, a hand cupping her bare vagina and her other arm leaning against the door. “You know you shouldn’t of! I’ll tell Mummy on you, I will. I’ll tell on you.”

Kitty took no more notice than Dodie, returning her attention to the hairy recesses of Dodie’s hirsute pubis. Fanny stared at Innocence’s erect penis which was twitching with the eroticism of the incident, and freed from the cover of the sheets.

“You’ve got a willy. Just like Daddy’s. In fact, it’s bigger than Daddy’s. I’ll tell. I’ll tell!”

With that Fanny dashed out of the room. Oh No! exclaimed Innocence, leaping out of the bed and throwing on the towel, which was the only covering available to her, and chasing after the child. She ran down the corridor to the parents’ bedroom where she found Mr and Mrs Giles having sex with Rover. Mr Giles’s penis was embedded into his son’s anus, while he in turn was thrusting in and out of his mother, who supported herself by grasping the metal rungs of the bed rest. As Mr Giles thrust in and out of the tight little hole, Fanny pinched at his bottom.

“What is it, Fanny love? Can’t you see Mummy and Daddy are busy?”

Innocence stood helplessly at the doorway. “It’s Kitty. She and the girl with no tits are fucking together. I saw them. They are! Come and look!”

“What?!” roared her father, abruptly withdrawing his penis. It was long thin and still erect, slightly brown with excrement. “You’re not fibbing are you, Kitty?”

She gestured over her bare breast. "Cross my heart and hope to die! They *are*, Daddy! I saw them!" She noticed Innocence by the door, and pointed at her accusingly. "*She* was there as well! She can tell you! And, Daddy, she's got a willy! Just like yours."

"Now, you *are* fibbing!" her father exclaimed, jumping towards Innocence who was shivering in the towel. "So, missis, what have you and your breastless friend been doing to my daughter?"

He grabbed Innocence by the hair and her towel fell down to her ankles, revealing what she'd been hiding so assiduously.

"So! Fanny wasn't lying. We've got a fucking pervert here!"

He slapped Innocence forcefully across the face, throwing her onto the floor and her head against the wall.

"Let's see what your sluttish friend is doing!"

Innocence lay on the floor one hand nestling the bruise she could feel swelling on her cheek and the other now uselessly guarding her penis. Rover and Mrs Giles also stopped fucking, Rover pulling his penis slowly out of his Mother's anus and droplets of semen bursting out and trickling down the smooth hairs of his young legs. They chased after the father, while Innocence slowly picked herself up. She heard a loud slap coming from the bedroom she'd slept in, followed by a loud cry of indignation that could only come from Dodie and a torrent of tears she imagined belonged to Kitty.

She ran into the bedroom fearing the worst.

Dodie lay on the bed nursing her chin while Kitty stood beside her father, who



had an upraised hand. "It wasn't me, Daddy! It was her. I didn't, Daddy. I didn't. Don't beat me! Don't bugger me again like last time!"

"Is that true?" Mr Giles demanded of Dodie.

"It isn't!" Dodie replied assertively, tears unconsciously welling in her eye. "I was lying in bed, and she came and joined me. I told her not to, but she insisted."

"You liar!" shrieked Kitty. "It was you! You came into the bedroom while I was sleeping with Rover. You *asked* me to join you."

"And you agreed, did you?" shouted her father, slapping her forcefully with the back of his hand, pushing her onto the bed, a small red drop emerging from a nostril.

"I didn't! I didn't!" Kitty shrieked, huddling onto the pillow where she'd fallen. "I didn't! It was all her fault!"

Dodie and Innocence weren't to spend very much longer there. Dodie leapt up off the bed, and ran off out of the bedroom grabbing Innocence as she went.

"My clothes!" gasped Innocence as she was pulled along, looking askance at her still erect penis that waggled from side to side as she ran.

"Fuck your clothes!" hissed Dodie, pulling open the front door and the two of them dashed out into the morning drizzle, through the mud in the front garden. Mr Giles raced to the door, and a chorus of large dogs began barking in the courtyard as he shouted at them.

"You bastards! You fucking bastards! I'll get you! I'll fucking get you!" he cried.

Dodie and Innocence ran and ran, not wanting to look back, in case they were

to see Mr Giles running behind them, still naked and perhaps waving a gun or a stick. They dodged off the mud-strewn cattle-track, into some woodland and ran through the darkness of the trees, drops of rain falling off the leaves onto their naked flesh, until panting, gasping and shattered, they paused in the darkness.

They listened intently. There was no noise that could be attributed to any of the Giles family. The only sounds were the distant barking of dogs and the drip of rain off the trees. Innocence and Dodie embraced, naked and miserable.

“Were you telling the truth?” Innocence asked at last.

“The truth?”

“About you and Kitty. Was it true that she came into the bedroom?”

“Yes, that was true,” asserted Dodie.

Innocence gazed into Dodie’s eyes. She knew her lover well enough to see that she wasn’t being wholly truthful. “Why did she come into the bedroom then? Had you asked her to?”

“No!” said Dodie forcefully, but then seeing the intensity of Innocence’s stare, she smiled guiltily. “Well, not *exactly* asked her...”

“So you did go to her bedroom?”

Dodie looked down at her feet to avoid Innocence’s accusing eyes, but then she looked up with a determined stare. “Okay. Okay. I might have done. But only because I knew she wanted me to. It was obvious she did.”

“You shouldn’t have!” reproved Innocence angrily. “Thanks to you, we’re lost in the middle of the countryside with no clothes, nothing.”

“You’re worried about people seeing your prick, aren’t you?”

“And why shouldn’t I be!” she sighed deeply. “Honestly, Dodie! You’re incorrigible. Why can you never be satisfied with me? Why do you *always* have to have sex with other people? You really must control your lust for young girls.”

## XXXV

*In Which Innocence is exposed to the world and the world learns to love Innocence.*

Innocence had never known before what it was like to be so wealthy. Thanks to Leon's expert negotiating skills, Innocence had the relatively uncommon advantage of earning a percentage from the sex films she was performing in, and as the demand for them grew, so did Innocence's wealth. She and Dodie were able to put enough money by to put down a mortgage on a flat in Congress and still live a life of luxury she'd only ever dreamt of before. If she wanted to buy something, she just paid for it. And in the meantime, her bank balance just continued to grow and grow.

It was Dodie who suggested that they increase their wealth by a more merciless exploitation of Innocence's fame. She carefully examined the source of her lover's revenue and it was clear to her that a growing proportion of it came from giving publishing rights to magazines to print stills from her films and the even bigger proceeds that came whenever she agreed to pose exclusively for a publication.

"You know," she said as the two girls lay in bed after more passionate lovemaking, globules of semen still dripping down her neck and resting on her chin. "I've put all our accounts on a spreadsheet and nearly a third of the income is now coming from magazines. And another third is coming from all those sponsorship deals we get from you advertising. That one for condoms made us nearly twenty grand, and it only took two hours to make."

Innocence smiled, as she stroked her penis as it flopped over her thigh, with a

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small stream of thin semen persistently emerging from between the folds of the foreskin. "I used to think that I was cursed. Now, I think I'm blessed."

"I've been thinking," continued Dodie excitedly, taking Innocence's penis in her hand and stroking its smooth damp length. "Why do other people have to profit from your fame? We've got the contacts and we've got the resources. We can start our own magazine. Just featuring you and whoever you want to make love to. We can make sure that all the proceeds go to you and you wouldn't have to make love to people you weren't sure about..."

Innocence reflected on some of her recent photo opportunities. The man with the enormous prick who didn't listen when Innocence asked him to not put all of it in her arse. The fat girl with bad breath she had to kiss for what seemed hours while the photographer positioned her to get just the right light from the rays of sunshine penetrating through the forest canopy where they were being filmed. The two men who only wanted to fuck her and didn't want her to fuck them. A bit more editorial control sounded like a very good idea.

"We can call the magazine 'Innocence', and we can even start a web site to promote it. We might even make more money on the net than we'd do publishing. What do you think?"

Innocence's prick began to stir: a sure sign that the idea interested her. "And we could have you in the magazine, Dodie. I know you love writing. And I know you love sex. We could make love together and with our friends." She rolled over and faced Dodie more intimately. She brought her face close to her lover's. "We could fuck as we like, as we always do, be filmed doing it and make money. Oh! Dodie!

With you, it would be so perfect. I'll do it but only if you agree to be the editor." She placed her mouth onto Dodie's and kissed her briefly. "Oh please say yes!"

"Yes!" gasped Dodie, as Innocence's hand groped for the long hairs of her vagina and her fingers explored its moistness. "Yes! Yes!" she continued, taking Innocence's now erect penis in her hand and feeling its stiff warmth, the glans becoming more prominent and purple. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" she repeated as Innocence's penis slid easily into the moist bath of vaginal fluid and the two girls recommenced grappling together on the enormous double bed that dominated their bedroom. She loved Innocence's body and she loved her penis as it thrust harder and harder against her crotch, the muscles inside her gripping and relaxing on the pounding length of penis which fit so easily and readily inside her.

It was not at all difficult to get the magazine started. Leon helped with the capital and the photographers that Innocence had most enjoyed working with were all eager to help. The design of *Innocence*, the magazine, could not have been simpler. It featured Innocence on the cover with the obligatory erection (and the occasional droplet of semen) and contained two or three custom-filmed photo shots. In these she might pose naked or be photographed making love to one or many women, and occasionally men. Undeniably, it was women whom Innocence preferred to make love with and most of all with Dodie who, a little reluctantly, agreed to appear in the required capacity. It wasn't the sex that Dodie objected to; it was the fear that her individual character was being absorbed into the rôle of being Innocence's lover. Although she didn't object to being her lover, she still felt that she was not a porn star,

and even if she were, not as someone who would only enjoy sex with Innocence.

The first edition sold out promptly and rather faster than either girl had expected. The appetite for a beautiful woman with a fully functioning penis was greater than even Dodie had expected. More copies had to be run off and the printer was soon overwhelmed by the demand (which necessarily had an adverse impact on her ability to fulfil her commitments to other publications). Dodie, however, was not as happy with the contents as she'd at first thought.

"The pictures are great," she explained. "And you're as beautiful as ever. And even I don't look as awkward as I'd thought." She glanced at the open pages in front of her where Innocence's penis was deep inside her anus, while another girl who they'd employed for the shoot was greedily exchanging tongues with her. "It's the rest of the magazine. There's my coy editorial, where I just talk about your movies and the videos. There's the text with the pictures which is really naff, even though it was me that wrote them. There are a few stills from your last movie and a couple from that one you filmed on the beach and hasn't been released yet. But it just doesn't satisfy me."

"But what about all those advertisements we got," protested Innocence. "And only one of them came from Leon. And there are only two or three for the movies I was in. At least we're getting interest there. And we've already got enough advertisements for the next edition, not counting all those personal ads which are coming in. What more do you want, Dodie? This is after all a sex magazine!"

"I know! I know!" replied Dodie, shaking her head. "And yes, the ads are quite imaginative. I'm glad we've got that ad for pubic hair conditioner and that one for the

Brook Tourist Board. But I just feel it's not artistic enough. It's just crude sex. Sex with you, but crude nonetheless. I want to edit something from which I get some artistic satisfaction."

"You're the editor!" smiled Innocence. "You can do what you like! You know I'd support you in whatever you decided to do."

Dodie grinned and greedily took Innocence's penis in her mouth. Using the skill gained from frequent practice, Innocence's penis slid easily over her tongue and down her throat where it tickled on her tonsils. She slid her head backwards and forwards until Innocence erupted in come which exploded through Dodie's nostrils and nearly choked her. She quickly withdrew its erect length and gagged uncontrollably. Although she was in obvious distress she was just as clearly in near ecstasy. "Oh! Innocence! I love you *so* much!" she finally exclaimed.

Dodie worked hard at making **Innocence** the sort of magazine she wanted it to be. Along with the photo shoots and the film stills, she incorporated commissioned illustrations and employed the services of writers she knew or admired. The front cover was a more artistic portrait of Innocence Dodie had persuaded an artist to do on the basis of his extensive catalogue of illustrations. It featured Innocence's penis exploding in semen and splattering onto loosely draped clothes which artfully succeeded in obscuring none of Innocence's beautiful breasts and emphasised the curves of her body.

There were articles and even a poem about Innocence scattered about the hundred or so glossy pages of the magazine, all tastefully illustrated by photographs



and drawings of the girl. Her penis was shown in close up, in erect poise and also in more flaccid relaxed poses. In some pictures, her breasts were artificially enhanced by computer graphics to be even more prominent than they really were; and the same artistry put her in environments she had never, or could never, have been to. There was *Innocence* on the Moon. *Innocence* deep beneath the sea, swimming with the dolphins. *Innocence* naked on the beach. But not many of *Innocence* having sex and the only series of photographs where this happened featured her with Dodie high in the glaciated mountains of Brook where they first met.

“It’s my tribute to our love,” Dodie explained.

However, not all the magazine featured *Innocence*. There were stories written by such as Honore L’Oeuf and Cheval Blanc which had not even the slightest pretence of concerning *Innocence* or her amours. Dodie had used her editorial discrimination to choose stories in which she felt there was strong characterisation, stories where the sex although central to the plot was not the subject of sole interest. Dodie knew that sex was not something that could be left out of the magazine, but she hoped that readers of *Innocence* would appreciate that too much sex would become boring without a context and sympathetically drawn participants. She believed that fictional accounts of raw sex could so easily otherwise become purely gynaecological and even mechanical.

The day of publication finally came after many delays and many hours spent overseeing the layout and presentation. Dodie considered that no details of font or colour scheme were too trivial to be left to chance. The positioning of the illustrations,

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the wording of the headings, the text of the editorial, the use of precise and syntactically correct English: all these needed attention, nurturing and even love. Dodie squeezed Innocence's hand as the first magazine was glued together and lay in front of them on the table.

"Oh, Dodie," sighed Innocence. "I really don't deserve showcasing of such quality. I'm only an ordinary girl... Well, not that ordinary," she admitted, stroking her penis which dangled free beneath her dress, "but there must be many who deserve this far more than me."

"Nonsense!" said Dodie, kissing her lover full on the mouth and enjoying the warm tingle of her lips and the faint brush of her warm breath against her cheek. "You are the love of my life, and you deserve the very best I can give you."

Alas, however, the sales of this edition of **Innocence** were very disappointing. True, they were still very good compared to the sales of many of the competitors, and was stocked as widely on as many top shelves as them. The publishing figures spoke for themselves, and unfortunately they were unambiguous. The glossy established sex magazines such as **Focus**, **Scenic**, **Astra**, **Polo** and **Boxter** were way ahead on the sales charts, whereas the last edition had outsold all of them except **Cavalier** (which would have been a terrific triumph considering its phenomenal marketing budget and its ubiquitous presence).

This was disappointing enough for Dodie, but even more upsetting for her was the mail which she received. Much of the mail was complimentary. It expressed delight in the high standard of presentation, the depth and maturity of the text, and the

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artistic quality in the illustrations. Many letters began with the words ‘I do not normally buy pornographic magazines, but ...’ or ‘It was a pleasure to find amongst the usually sordid pornographic press, a publication which ...’ or ‘I have never before felt the need to write a letter of compliment to a pornographic magazine...’ These letters clearly came from an audience in tune with Dodie’s æsthetic tastes and artistic ambitions.

However, the majority of letters Innocence and Dodie received were far less complimentary. Many were even abusive. They complained that there wasn’t enough sex. That what sex there was did not present the scenes of anal intercourse, facial come-shots and group sex to which the readership had become accustomed. One more thoughtful critic confessed that in his opinion a photographic series without double entry penetration was simply not what he expected while masturbating. His final shakes of the wrist were over art rather than come-shots and he had produced a very disappointing volume of semen. It was clear that he, and many other readers, felt cheated that their wanking was on tame material and that no perversion was explored except indirectly.

Dodie became very depressed. She stayed in bed almost all day, and refused to leave the flat. She obsessively read and re-read the letters she’d received and compared each letter with the copies of the magazine that littered the house. Sometimes, she would read only the abusive letters, as if she were rubbing a sore scab, and would cry softly and sadly to herself. Sometimes, she got angry and would throw the magazine violently against the wall and shout her own abuse. Sometimes, she would read just the complimentary letters and smile. She had her favourites which

she would return to again and again, getting comfort from the praise they contained. She would even mouth some of the more complimentary phrases to herself as if trying to persuade herself that because they were said, they must be true.

Distressingly for Innocence, who loved Dodie so dearly, their sex life suffered too. Dodie hardly ever initiated any lovemaking and when the two made love together it had very little passion. Innocence guessed that it was comfort that Dodie wanted, but it made her feel guilty that the passion she was getting these days was from her other friends and from those with whom she had sex on a professional basis. It did not help Innocence that preparation needed to be made for the next edition of *Innocence* and that it became increasingly unlikely that Dodie would be the one to edit it. It was a subject Innocence was very reluctant to discuss with Dodie.

However, Leon, the publisher, had a business to run. The printer was eager to use the extra capacity she had made available to the publication. The distributors were eager to know when to expect delivery. And it was clear to Innocence that she had responsibilities and duties to other people than Dodie. Not least of which being her loyal fans, who were beginning to show their impatience on the many web-sites (official or otherwise) that were dedicated to her. What could she do?

In a way she was grateful, but also devastated when it was Dodie, and not she, who resolved the issue. Innocence came home after a day's tiring filming, her arse sore from countless penetrations, her penis red raw from penetrating arses, vaginas and mouths, and bruises along the insides of her thighs. What she was really looking forward to was a long relaxing bath in luxurious scented bath gel with soothing music

to distract her mind. What she found was Dodie sitting in the living room where she'd been waiting for her, with her bags packed and dressed ready to go. This meant a tweed jacket, rubber-soled boots and the long hairs of her vagina shampooed and glistening between her bare uncovered thighs.

Dodie looked up with a start and it was clear to Innocence that she had been weeping. When she spoke, her voice sounded slightly throttled and words came from her unsteadily and in slight gasps. "I'm leaving," she announced. "You'll need to find another editor for *Innocence*. I'm obviously not the right person for it."

Innocence didn't want to announce that she already knew several people recommended by Leon who were more than eager and able to do the task and that had not really been the source of her anxiety.

"Don't leave," Innocence said as firmly as she could. "Please don't leave! I know it's been hard on you this last month or so. But it's you I love. Not you as an editor. But you!"

Dodie smiled. "Is that true?" she asked. She looked as if she was wavering and she appeared to waver the more as Innocence let her dress slip down off her shoulders and drop to her ankles, revealing her bronzed female contours, her splendid breasts, and, of course, the slightly tumescent penis which so defined her. "But, Innocence, I can't stay. I've thought about it for so long. And it's not just that I've failed you. It's ... it's ... I need the break. Maybe I'll come back. But I know you'll find another lover. And ... and ... and I know I'll find one too. Not perhaps one as beautiful, or as special as you. You know it. But, it has to happen. I have to leave. I think I shall work

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as an editor for a different kind of magazine. It may be a sex magazine, but it won't be a fan magazine..."

"You can do that and stay here," pleaded Innocence.

"No, I've learnt my lesson. Whatever skills I have are not as editor of Innocence. I don't know what it will be. But I'll find it. I love you, Innocence. I will always love you. You will always be the one most true love of my life. But to spend the rest of our lives together. That wasn't to be."

She stood up and walked slowly towards Innocence, tears streaming down her cheeks. She kissed Innocence on the mouth. She kissed Innocence on the breasts. And then she lowered herself to her knees, and kissed Innocence on the penis which stirred significantly from the tender touch of her lips.

Then without a word, she picked up her bags, and walked out of the front door, the cheeks of her arse and a few stray hairs from her crotch on display. She turned around and blew her erstwhile lover a kiss on the air and then departed. The door slammed abruptly behind her and her key rested forlorn on the table by the door.

It seemed to Innocence that the kiss hovered in the air for several minutes as she stood helpless, stunned and paralysed by emotion. She looked around the flat which now seemed empty and barren without Dodie. On an impulse, she got dressed and rushed out to catch Dodie in the hope of persuading her to stay. But it was too late. There was no sign of Dodie in the street and no clue as to where she had gone. The only comfort left to Innocence now was the long awaited bath and the warmth of her own tears.



## XXXVI

*In Which the virtues of Innocence are spread throughout the world and are prominent in Congress; Innocence and Virtue are conjoined, old friends are reunited and Chastity is resolved to the service of Innocence.*

Innocence found that her fame brought with it not only the material rewards which meant she was able to exchange her Congress flat for a country mansion; but also the cost of selling her virtues through the media. In actual fact, it was a cost Innocence found that she rather enjoyed. She became accustomed to interviews for publications such as *Cavalier* and *Silver Shadow*, but also to more mainstream publications where although sex might be mentioned it was not their main *raison d'être*. Everyone was fascinated by a girl like her who possessed both feminine beauty and masculine assets.

There were also the interviews on Television and on the Internet. Some of these focused primarily on the exotic and pornographic, but some were designed for a more general audience. It was a pleasure to be interviewed and not have sex with the interviewers or, even, to display the asset for which she was most famous. The interviews took place in the studios and sets of the movies in which she starred, or in the studio of the television program interviewing her. In one memorable instance, the interview took place in the grounds of her newly purchased mansion where she could show off the many rooms she owned and the spacious gardens that surrounded it. She sat in the pagoda by the river that flowed through her garden, near the small forest that



came with the land and by the statue-lined pathway that led to her front door. It was a delight to show off her new-found wealth, and the luxury of having servants to tend to all those chores she used to hate and usually neglected.

The pinnacle of her fame, however, was to be interviewed on the late night talk and sex show, **Frances Carmen**, presented by the eponymous interviewer, a privilege only extended to the truly famous. Frances was famous for her sympathetic interview style and the skill with which she cajoled sexual rewards from her interviewees. She was even more famous for her skills at the erotic arts, which daily drew a larger audience to her show than any other program of its kind. It was not as if she were the only interviewer in this genre, Michaela Parquet, Dora Evelyn Mayle and Loretta Cinders all had similar shows on which Innocence had previously appeared, but this, Innocence knew, was the climax and one which, in itself, would generate the media attention she increasingly craved and relished.

She dressed her very best for the show, in a sexy outfit that revealed the flesh of her thighs, waist and shoulders, but discreetly hid her bosom and, of course, her penis. These would have to be revealed later. She even agreed to wear a pair of high stiletto heels which she spent many hours pacing up and down to ensure that their unfamiliarity would not result in an embarrassing fall as she tottered into the studio. She sat in the waiting area with Leon, her agent, waiting for Frances Carmen to introduce her. There had already been two other guests. There was Sooty Cunt, a black sex actress famous for her skills in deep-throating, a skill she was more than happy to display with the other guest, Chummy Chucker, a male porn star famous for the

quantity of come he so easily dispensed. There were also small sketches starring Frances' co-presenter, Hank E. Staines, which almost invariably involved at the very least nudity and, in the final sketch, a brief interlude of cunnilingus.

And then, it was Innocence's time to appear, which she did initially quite nervously, striding across the podium to the desk where Frances sat, cheerfully acknowledging the cheers and whoops of the studio audience. She descended onto the sofa with a broad grin over her face, waving at the most excitable members of the audience, and then turned towards Frances who directed a warm and ever so slightly sensuous smile at her.

The interview began with the usual promotion of the films she was currently in, and then some more general questions about stars that appeared in her film. An opportunity was given for her to relate a brief anecdote about some embarrassing on-set disasters the telling of which Innocence had still not properly mastered. Nonetheless, the audience laughed appreciatively and Innocence felt she could now relax as the interview proper began.

"You have your own magazine as well, don't you?" asked Frances, picking up a copy of her publication. "It's called **Innocence**, though there's nothing innocent in its contents. It's now several awards in the industry and it's now the second biggest selling sex magazine. Only **Cavalier** is read by more people and even that's a magazine you're no stranger to."

"Indeed not," smiled Innocence. "It was an honour to appear in it. And even more of an honour to have sex with the Cavalier Pet of the Year. That's a day I won't

forget in a hurry.”

“I can’t imagine you would,” agreed Frances, who of course herself had a similar honour. “What a girl! And she does so many good things for charity too. But returning to *Innocence*. That’s a magazine that’s come into its own in recent editions. I know you were very brave to experiment in one edition with more artistic concerns, but it’s now a much more mainstream magazine. Is that how you would prefer it to be?”

“I am always led by my readership and of course my loyal fans. It’s they who have made me what I am and I owe them a duty to give them what they want. Without them, I would be nothing.”

“Well, not nothing, *Innocence* dear. Not with what you have to offer the world!” There were whoops from the audience. “Of which we shall see more later!” A spontaneous applause. “You’ve now left Congress, I believe. And live in the Country. I take it you enjoy the escape from the hustle and bustle of the big city.”

“I don’t see it as an escape, more an opportunity to be more myself. Nothing beats the feel of country air on my skin or of grass between my toes.”

“Very poetic. Are you making more movies in the Country, then?”

“I may. I may. I might even make films at the house I’ve just bought.”

“Yes, we all saw that in **Stars in Their Boudoirs**. That must have been a joy to make. Though what do you think of Vanessa Venus? She’s some woman, isn’t she?”

Vanessa was the woman who presented the show. She was famous not only for the range and depth of her sexual predilections, but also for the fact that she was quite

a large woman: plump with enormous breasts. Innocence had genuinely enjoyed making love to a woman whose flesh, like that of Blanche, she was able to sink into. “She’s some lover, too!” Innocence agreed. “I thought her cunt was going to swallow me whole!”

“If her breasts didn’t smother you to death first!” chuckled Frances. “But, seriously, we’ve got Vanessa on the show in a couple of weeks. That’s another woman I just can’t wait to get my tongue into!” The audience joyfully whooped in anticipation. “But, you’ve been associated with other famous people of some notoriety, like Honore L’Oeuf, the child sex writer. Has it ever troubled you that she’s gained so much bad press?”

Innocence blanched. But she’d been warned that her friendship with the authoress would come up in the interview. “I think Honore’s been much misunderstood.”

“It doesn’t worry you that she has been blamed for child rape and advocating child-adult incest?”

“Honore writes for children. Not for adults. I don’t think she can be considered responsible for the unpleasant behaviour of some adults. I think she’s as shocked as anyone by all this adverse media attention.”

“Well, we’ll find out. She’ll be a guest of mine next week, and we’ll see what she has to say. Now, you are famous for the variety of films you’ve been in. Is there any aspect of this of which you are especially proud?”

Innocence hesitated. She wasn’t at all sure she was at all proud of the anal intercourse, coprophilia, child sex or multiple partner sex she was so often filmed

enjoying. Was there anything at all she was proud of? She couldn't very well claim to be proud to have performed in some of Honore's films.

Frances could see that Innocence wasn't sure what to say, so she prompted her with a smile. "Many of your films feature men and women of what could be indelicately known as being of ethnic origin. Do you see your films as promoting love between the races?"

Innocence reflected on her passionate love affairs with Kedi and Purity. "I can't claim to have made much of a contribution towards the causes of racial equality or black rights, but it's undoubtedly true that I have loved people of different racial origins as much, if not sometimes more, than those of the same race as myself. I only wish I could do more to further the causes of understanding and racial tolerance in our society. It's undeniable that much more needs to be done."

Frances could see that the interview was straying away from the light and frivolous subjects for which most people watched her show. "You are also famous for furthering tolerance of sexual minorities. Not just gays, transsexuals and hermaphrodites, but also people of some very bizarre sexual tastes."

"Well, I've been in a few piss films, but to be honest they're not really my favourites. I don't deny people their need to express their love by urination or bestiality or whatever, but it's not what I most enjoy doing and not what I do in my own private sex-life."

"Do you draw any line as to what kind of sex you wouldn't like to advocate? Or is there anything you just wouldn't condone?"

"Anything, whether accidental or deliberate, that involves coercion is wrong,"

Innocence mused. She felt slightly guilty though. She knew that her private life had not been wholly innocent of sexual predation and she was reluctant for the conversation to turn to some of her films. She could argue that people often agreed to appear in films to do things they didn't really enjoy just to make money, but the **Frances Carmen Show** wasn't really the place to present such arguments.

"And prostitution? Do you think that's a good thing to promote?"

"It's a career," answered Innocence diplomatically, "which if you enter willingly is surely no worse than what either you or I do, Frances."

It was time for Frances to blanch, but she recovered so quickly that Innocence wasn't sure that the camera would even have noticed her brief lapse. "But you so clearly enjoy making films. I've rarely seen a sex star enjoy herself so much."

"When it's good, it's very very good."

"And what do you do when you're not performing? Do you go to night clubs and hang out with the glitterati, if you don't mind the obvious pun?"

"Not especially. I'm a very private person really. I make films. I enjoy making them and I'm very lucky in having an agent, Leon, who represents me well. He ensures that what I have, I use to its best advantage."

"And let's see what that is!" announced Frances, standing up and making her way towards Innocence. She revealed herself as wearing nothing from below the silk blouse she wore and approached Innocence with obvious intent.

This obviously marked the second half of the interview, where Innocence was ceremoniously disrobed to the obvious delight of the audience: who whooped and

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cheered as Frances persuaded Innocence to full and urgent erection. Within minutes, Innocence and Frances were both fully unclothed, except for the stilettos and bracelets and sensuously made love together on live television. Innocence smiled at the audience in paroxysms of delight at their evident appreciation and the appreciation she was sure was shared by the television audience at home. Her penis was soon inside Frances' well-trimmed cunt and she thrust in and out in unfeigned passion imagining herself sharing a vagina enjoyed by so many of the rich and famous. When she came, which she did expertly and with perfect timing and rhythm, she could barely believe she was able to produce so much sperm. Globules of it soared through the air, onto Frances' breasts and onto the studio sofa, while the audience cheered and applauded, amazed to see in real life such an unusual, if not unique, display of tele-ejaculation.

Much as Innocence enjoyed living in the country in the mansion she'd been so proud to show Vanessa Venus, she still retained her flat in Congress. It was there she was able to easily keep her engagements with publishers, film-makers, accountants and lawyers. It was also easier to keep in touch with her friends, who she still treasured above anyone else, however famous or well-connected.

Amongst the friends whose company she most enjoyed was Purity who she loved dearly. The two of them frequently met in town whenever they could, and would make love in Innocence's flat. Although Innocence often thought about it, she didn't wish her best friend to become her lover. Purity, in anycase, considered such relationships to be bourgeois and possessive, and much preferred her freedom. But it was while sitting with Purity in a café that Innocence once again met Twelve.

At first she didn't recognise the girl who had once again changed her

appearance. She wore a very large hat with a drooping feather on a frame that was clothed in a large red shawl which when parted revealed that she wore nothing underneath, except a pair of laced ankle-high boots and a flower whose stem was embedded in her shaven vagina. Her freckled face was scrubbed clean and her eyebrows were shaved to a mere line above her eyes. She was sitting by herself and looking rather miserable.

“Are you alright, Twelve dear?” Innocence asked walking over to Twelve’s table. “Would you like to join us?”

Twelve smiled sadly and, curiously reserved, joined Innocence and Purity on the table under a café umbrella facing onto the grand plaza in the centre of Congress.

“What’s wrong, Twelve?”

“Nothing,” sniffed Twelve.

“That can’t be true. You’re normally pretty cheerful.”

“Well, you’re the cheerful one now, Innocence. I saw you on the **Frances Carmen Show**. There’s no doubt that you’ve got a lot to be happy about.”

Innocence couldn’t deny that. Fame and fortune was clearly agreeing with her. But she was still concerned for her friend. “Come on, Twelve, what’s wrong?”

It took a while to persuade her, and several glasses of wine, but Twelve eventually confessed that she had just finished her relationship with Gryphon, who she’d met on the set of a pornographic film she’d starred in, and was feeling the pain of separation rather more acutely than she’d ever imagined. “We didn’t stay together for long though. I’m not really what she wanted. She was obsessed with children and



she was always bringing prostitutes back to the flat. We hardly had sex just the two of us together.”

Innocence confessed to Twelve that she too had recently suffered the pain of separation from Dodie, although it was clear to her, and also to Twelve, that there was less pain in their separation than Twelve was suffering. Innocence felt genuinely touched to see a girl like Twelve, who so enjoyed promiscuous sex, in a state of such romantic loss. Inevitably, her compassion for Twelve soon expressed itself in lovemaking which they partook in Innocence’s opulent Congress apartment.

Innocence had forgotten how much she’d enjoyed making love to Twelve. She felt guilty that she’d not appreciated the girl’s erotic skills more and had left her so easily. Perhaps it was because of Twelve’s vulnerability or perhaps it was the circumstances of the two girls being on the rebound, but soon their passion evolved into something more permanent. Even though Twelve clearly enjoyed her lengthy and passionate lovemaking with Innocence, she was still suffering from the pain of her separation from Gryphon.

It was after a particularly heated session, - in which Twelve had fucked Innocence with a massive dildo that seemed so incongruous on her slim pale frame, and Innocence had fucked Twelve so frantically that she found small traces of blood on the tip her glans, - that Twelve confessed how she felt she was such a hypocrite with regards to sexual matters.

“I always thought I could keep emotion out of my sex life. I never thought I could ever fall in love with anyone. Least of all someone like Gryphon. She’s not exactly a fashion matinee. And she’s so old as well! I sometimes wish I was just some

kind of sex machine. I just wish I could fuck and fuck and enjoy fucking and just have no feelings at all!”

“I’m not sure that’s such a good thing,” mused Innocence, stroking Twelve’s small breasts with her fingers, enjoying the surprising stiffness of her nipples.

“You’ve been so lucky, Innocence, with all your lovers. There was Kedi, Dodie, Leon, Purity, and that funny girl into theatre...”

“Mouse. I don’t know what’s happened to her...”

“All these lovers. All different ages, all different sexes, all different classes, all different races. You really are the luckiest woman in the world. And to top it all...”

Twelve left unspoken what she thought topped it all, but her hand grasped the obvious object of her contemplation and massaged it in ever-increasingly urgent strokes into erection and eventual ejaculation.

Innocence was happy to believe that her interview on the **Frances Carmen Show** represented the peak of her career, but she was both flattered and astonished to receive an invitation from the town of Sauterelle in Brook who had recognised the former resident as a worthy recipient of the key to the town, an honour not often awarded. At first, Innocence thought it was a practical joke or even just a mistake, but further confirmation arrived from a town representative who visited her and Twelve at her country mansion.

“There can’t be very many distinguished people who’ve ever lived in Sauterelle if I’m being honoured like this,” commented Innocence to the minor official as he stood nervously on the veranda. He didn’t reply, but she and Twelve

suspected that the real reason for her being so celebrated was to attract some of the attention which naturally went to Innocence to the small and mostly unremarkable town, and perhaps to increase the number of visitors to Brook who might wish to come that way.

Twelve accompanied Innocence on the journey, dressed in just a broad brimmed straw hat and a pair of elegant laced shoes. Innocence chose to be fully dressed herself: she still felt nervous about displaying her unusual assets, even granted that very few people who recognised her would be ignorant of what was hidden under the long feminine dress she wore. Innocence hired a limousine to carry the two lovers into Brook, giving her the opportunity to see places she'd never seen before and to stop at places on the way.

There were many sights of interest in the Brook region. Tall mountains, clear water lakes, deciduous and coniferous forests, and many monuments to past glories. They visited the splendid war memorial of Meurtre; sat in the shade of the ancient stone temple at Grenouille; wandered through the splendid gardens of Champignon; and gazed over the valleys from the hillside restaurant at Saucisson.

It wouldn't do for Innocence to go so far without also visiting Divin where she had first visited Brook. She wondered as she walked gingerly through the streets whether anyone who'd seen her then in her nun's habit would recognise her as the same girl. Her hair was much longer, now flowing over her shoulders, but not yet as long as before she took holy orders. She sighed on the reflection that it was possible that her hair would never again be so long.

The time spent at Sauterelle was tiring and exhausting. There were not only

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the honorary lunches and speeches, but everyone from the town wanted the opportunity to make love with Innocence: however briefly and irrespective of the number of people with whom they had to share the privilege. The door to the room Innocence was allocated in the Mayor's town house was forever open and all sorts of local dignitaries and townspeople queued up to fuck or be fucked by either Innocence or Twelve. And in some cases both activities by both girls.

The mayor and his wife took especial care of the two girls: happily joining in the frolics and sharing the honour of Innocence's visit. His arse was sore and so was his wife's after a particularly gruelling session where something like ten people crowded onto the large bed where Innocence and Twelve spent most of the time. He leaned over towards Innocence and smiled through his moustachioed mouth, relishing the smell of her skin and tenderly stroking his own raw red member. His wife was still being fucked by Twelve who although she didn't wear a dildo as a fashion accessory any more had no difficulty in applying it in sex.

"The greatest honour you can bestow me before you leave," he announced with some hesitancy, "would be to relieve my darling daughter of her virginity. She's come of age, but she has still never been fucked. It is a matter of some considerable anxiety for my wife and me, and one which we are reluctant, for religious reasons, to resolve ourselves. But in such a delicate matter, I would prefer if she had a private session with you. By which I don't exclude your darling friend but which I would prefer that no one else from our town should also indulge in."

Innocence considered this thoughtfully. Virtue was a pleasant young girl whose naked body she had often admired, but she could see that she was painfully shy

as she blinked at the world through the very thick glasses she wore. But Twelve persuaded her that it was even her duty to assent, so she did but only after the reassurance that Virtue was happy to relieve her virginity to her.

Virtue was later escorted into the bedroom by her mother after all the other guests had departed, wearing only her glasses which Twelve persuaded her to remove. “But I’m nearly blind without them,” she complained.

“It’s what you feel, not what you see, that matters,” smiled Twelve kissing the girl on the lips.

Virtue recoiled slightly, stood back against the door and looked as if she were just about to leave, but Twelve kissed her again and trailed her hands down Virtue’s slim frame. “We promise we’ll be kind,” she insisted. “It’s your first time. We will respect your body and you can be sure that we won’t hurt you more than necessary.”

She gently led Virtue towards the bed and eased her onto the sheets where Innocence lay demurely and naked. Her penis trailed over her thigh and she gently stroked one of her breasts. Virtue lay down nervously and giggled as much from fear as anticipation. “Please don’t hurt me,” she insisted, as she lay on her back, between the two girls who started stroking her torso and breasts tenderly and gently.

They continued their gentle caressing for nearly a full half hour, allowing Virtue to feel comfortable and only gradually moving their attention from her face, breasts, arms and navel, towards her tight unsullied vagina. It was Twelve who took the lips of Virtue’s vulva in her teeth and entered the sweet-smelling entrance with her tongue. “The folds are *so* perfect. It’s like a door which has never been opened,” she commented. “Oh, Innocence! Have you ever seen a cunt so smooth and intact?”

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Innocence moved down to join Twelve between Virtue's legs. She grunted slightly, but in truth this was not an exceptional sight to her. She had often seen vaginas as undamaged as Virtue's and had frequently been the first to breech the initially reluctant defences. The two girls' tongues licked and chewed at Virtue's vagina, feeling it gradually moisten as she lost more and more of her nervousness and began to enjoy the feel of saliva and teeth on the most tender of all her flesh.

And, then, when the juices began lubricating Virtue and both Twelve and Innocence could easily enter without causing her pain and only causing her pleasure, Innocence entered in truth. Her penis had been stimulated by the slow lovemaking to its fullest size, stiff and powerful: the glans rock-hard and the veins throbbing visibly through the pink skin. Virtue gasped and she gasped again as Innocence's penis eased itself ever deeper into the entrance. Her gasps were short and frantic and passionate and wholly spontaneous. Her eyes rolled madly, her breasts shone with a thin sheen of sweat, and her gasps became louder, more intense, more uncontrolled. And then exploded in full-throated cries as Innocence thrust in and out smoothly and rhythmically, while Twelve paid due attention with her tongue and fingers to the other erogenous zones. Her ears were nibbled, her eyebrows licked, her nipples tweaked, her arse stroked.

And then Innocence withdrew her still erect penis pulling out with it a puddle of blood, some adhering to the glans. Then, after a few exploratory pokings from Twelve's and her own fingers, she launched its purple length slowly and gradually into Virtue's arse, fulfilling the whole of the mayor's urgent requests. Virtue shuddered and shivered and sweated and writhed as she now truly and in every sense

joined the ranks of the initiated.

It was while relaxing on the bed, comforting the newly deflowered Virtue, that they received a most unexpected visitor. Une glided into the room trailed by an anxious official, fully naked and carrying with her a small statuette. She hovered above the bed smiling and grinning.

“I hoped I’d see you here,” she announced. “And in such delightful company,” she added smiling at Virtue. “But I can’t stay long. Leon asked me to see you to present you with this...”

She held aloft the silver statuette of a naked woman with long flowing hair and an erect penis. Innocence looked at it with trepidation. It was a beautiful figurine and only slowly did she become aware that the figurine was of her.

“What’s this?” she asked, sitting up, her penis still clasped by Virtue’s tiny fist, who blinked and squinted at the woman in front of them.

“You’ve been awarded the Coq d’Or for your services to the Erotic Arts,” Une announced proudly.

Innocence gasped in delight. This was the premier award in the erotic industry only given to exceptional individuals and usually presented by a head of state or prominent celebrity. She took it from Une’s hands and held it in her own. It weighed more than she’d imagined, and was as precise a model of her body as it was possible in such a precious metal. It shone and glittered in the light of the sun as it poured through the open window of her bedroom.

“It was awarded to you a couple of days ago in Congress, but, of course, you had a prior engagement, here in Sauterelle, so Leon sent me to collect the award on

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your behalf. I had to give an acceptance speech, and was kissed by the president who was presenting it. What do you think? It's beautiful, isn't it?"

"Oh, Une! It's far more than I deserve. It's the loveliest thing I've ever seen!"

Une sat on the bed by the three girls and absentmindedly stroked Virtue who seemed just as overwhelmed by the honour.

"I can't stay long," she announced. "Alice and I are off to the Orient together on a plane this evening, and I don't wish to miss that."

"Alice?" queried Innocence.

"My lover," smiled Une. "With her, I no longer need so many men and so many penises. But here you are in Brook, where you have so often been happy. And with this young girl..." She kissed Virtue full on the lips who was somewhat startled to be joined by yet another amorous woman so soon after her initiation. But something inside her gave way and with a sudden burst of passion, her mouth widened, her tongue emerged and she joined her lips onto Une's.

And so Innocence's pleasure at receiving the revered Coq d'Or was further enhanced as she and Twelve and Une and Virtue passionately engaged each other in hours of lovemaking. Virtue's vagina and anus were re-penetrated, not only by Innocence, but also by Twelve's ever reliable dildo. Une's capacious cunt took in both Twelve's well-lubricated dildo and Innocence's stiff and excitable penis. She lay back with Virtue nibbling her ivory white skin, with Twelve's freckled face in her own and Innocence towering above: her penis thrusting in and out rubbing against Twelve's dildo in the caverns of Une's vagina, occasionally allowing it to slip out and into the tighter but still welcome depths of her arse.



Innocence was sure she had now achieved all she had ever wanted. She had fortune. She had fame. And in the form of the statuette of the Coq d'Or she had also gained respect. She also had love in the form of dear Twelve. And as she was driven back home through the lanes and roads of Brook, admiring the beautiful green meadows, she was sure she had everything. But still there was something not quite complete in her otherwise perfect life.

The object of her dissatisfaction became obvious when she arrived at her mansion to find Chastity waiting for her in the reception area. Her heart shuddered. Her sister! She looked at Twelve urgently. What did Chastity want? Was she going to ruin her moment of glory and joy?

Chastity was dressed curiously modestly. In fact, rather drably. She wore flat white shoes with scuff-marks on the toes, a blouse with several buttons missing and a pair of trousers secured by a plastic belt. Her hair was tied back and she had a small pencil-thin scar on her smudged cheek Innocence had never seen before. She stood up nervously, her hands clasped in front of her and a sickly smile on her face. She faced Innocence with disarming modesty.

"Innocence. I know what you're thinking. And I can understand. And I deserve what you think. But, please, Innocence, you are my very last hope..."

"Chastity! I know what you're like. Within a few hours you'll start playing your perverted little games with innocent girls, abusing them and abusing my hospitality. Although it pains me to say so, I'd much rather you left." She turned to Twelve. "Don't you agree?"

Twelve looked distinctly uncomfortable. "Chastity *is* your sister," she said in

defence of her one-time lover.

“And I’ve changed. Truly I have,” pleaded Chastity. “And you are the last person I can turn to. Since I last saw you my life has been a continuous downspin. And, yes, I know. It’s all been my fault. I’ve just not been able to keep my life in any sort of balance. I’ve seduced innocent young girls and boys. I’ve submitted them to my most perverse fantasies. But I’ve suffered as well. I became addicted to drugs. I prostituted myself to get them. I also became very ill. In fact, now, I don’t think I’m even able to ... even able to ...”

She burst suddenly into tears, and collapsed onto the floor. She tore her blouse open to show her breasts and pulled up her skirt to reveal her untidy vagina. “I’ve met others far more perverse than me. I allowed them to abuse me. While standing on the streets selling my body to the most disgusting men. I began injecting myself to keep up my drug habit. Look at the scars on my arms and down here,” she indicated a ragged mass of sores around her crotch. “And then I found that I was ill. I had pus swelling out of my cunt, my whole body erupted in shivers and I just couldn’t stop spewing up. I couldn’t sleep. I couldn’t stay awake. I needed drugs. And the only way I could get them was by selling my body. And most of what I made from that was for my drug dealers. And when I didn’t make enough I was beaten. My nose was broken. My arse was brutally penetrated. And I erupted in these horrid boils. I lost everything. I had no clothes, I had no dignity, and now I’m not sure that I could ever ... ever ...”

Chastity sobbed uncontrollably. And then compulsively ripped all her clothes off, so she lay naked and helpless on the floor. “I need help!” she cried. “I need drugs. But I can’t afford them. All I can do to get drugs is have sex. And now I’m so sore and

ill, it just hurts me. And I don't enjoy it anymore. It just disgusts me. I force myself to have sex, and because I look so ill ... and thin ... and wretched ... Because I look like the kind of junkie I am, I get the worst and poorest clients. I hate what they do to me. And I think they only have sex with me because they hate me ... and Innocence... I didn't want to come back ... and can you. Can you. Ever. Forgive me?"

Chastity slumped to the floor in a foetal position. Innocence gazed at her wretched misery. She glanced at Twelve, who she could see was weeping. She found that she too was weeping. Her sister was truly emaciated. Her cheeks were sunken, her breasts had lost almost all their body, and her stomach was far too tight to be in any sense healthy. What could she do?

"Do you mean you no longer enjoy sex?"

Chastity sniffed. "It's love I need now. Not sex. Oh! Innocence. Please forgive me. Forgive me for all the times I took advantage of you. Forgive me for the many others who I ..."

"But as soon as you're well, you'll be just like before. You'll bring people back and fuck them. And piss and shit on them. And beat them. I know you. You could never change."

Chastity sniffed, and burst into more sobs. The sobs erupted into a full-throated cry. And then she lay flat on the ground, tears streaming down a face made ugly by misery. She tried pulling herself up on one hand, but failed and slumped back on the ground, her ragged torn clothes about her. Innocence noticed with a wince that some of Chastity's sores were pustulating and that she had nasty red and brown bruises on her back. And wasn't that the faint sign of a welt just above her buttocks?

Despite the sores and despite the revulsion she felt for them and her embarrassment and the degree of her sister's humiliation, she bent down to the floor and lifted her sister up into her arms. She held Chastity close to her bosom.

"You are my sister. I love you. I shall always love you. I don't care whether I ever make love to you again, but I can express my love by helping you. I know that I'm blessed. I have everything I could possibly want. I may be a freak but I no longer care. In fact, I actually quite like it." She brushed a tear from her cheek, and tenderly placed a kiss on her sister's cheek, aware for the first time just how crooked her nose now was. "I'll look after you. I'll help you. After all, in some way, for which I should really be grateful, it's partly you who's made me what I am now. And without you, maybe I would never have learnt to express myself. But now it's my opportunity to forgive you and help you towards recovery. And maybe one day you can share the happiness of which I now have so much."

*The End*