



Illustration by [Yuna](#) (Phil Laskey).

The golden hills stretched further onward under the blue, cloud-dappled sky, the shining sun bringing a hallucinogenically sharp contrast to the trees and bushes against the meadows. As Candice ascended the hills, her sandaled feet crushing the daisies and buttercups that pebbled the grass, she could make out ahead of her, at last, the silhouette, clouded and still hazy, of the mountain kingdom she sought. The Staff of Readiness was gripped firmly in her right hand, giving to its owner that extra stamina and energy that all these leagues of travel would surely have defeated a lesser woman. Around her shoulders was wrapped the Shawl of Comfort, which would warm Candice through the coldest night on the snow-swept mountains. And around her waist was tied a strong leather belt in which she secured the Purse of Plenty and in its sheath, too deadly sharp otherwise, the diamond-keen Sword of Valour.

A warm breeze lifted up a lock of her long brown hair, brushing a few strands across her freckled nose. The breeze also lifted aside her cloak, under which Candice wore little. Her travels had not been kind to her once-beautiful and costly clothes, now all torn and ragged. She wore a singlet which covered one but not both of her proud full breasts, their nipples stiff in the early afternoon sun, and not secured at all, as clothes for women are not designed to so secure, her penis which protruded erect, the skin drawn off the shining glans, as was ever the case, and the veins along its length straining to hold upright a stiff penis that would be a proud boast for any man, but most extraordinary indeed on a woman. Especially on a woman of such comeliness as Candice.

She regarded her penis as it stretched ahead of her, at a rigid upright to the perpendicular of her stride: the curse that had brought her so much misery, a few

desperate moments of pleasure and was the cause for her quest for the Golden Knot, whose magical properties would bring her suffering to an end. At last! She would once again be a normal woman, able to enjoy the pleasure of vaginal intercourse and the very different, but, she now knew, immeasurably richer delights of pleasuring herself.

As she ascended the brow of the hill she could hear panting and gasping, unmistakably those of sexual pleasure, but coming from two very dissimilar voices. One being that of a girl and the other, Candice was sure, of a dog. And, as Candice espied over the next ridge, a dog and a girl were indeed the two participants. The dog was a plain, wolf-like animal, of the breed common to the farms and smallholdings of the Bramblewood Union Hills. He was atop a naked girl whose long reddish plaits fell down on either side of a red freckled face, paws drooping over her back and his pelvis thrusting in and out of the girl's behind. He was gasping and panting in the urgent whiney manner of canine sexual pleasure, while the girl's face held an expression of beatific pleasure as the dog's thrusts brought her to ecstasy. Her own gasps were unfeigned and urgent, shrill and guttural in equal measures.

The girl raised her head as Candice came into view, a broad grin across her face.

“Good morrow, sweet maiden! How comes you to our sweet hills?”

Candice smiled and stood a few steps away from the girl and her dog, who was now thrusting more from habit than desire, warily aware of another person's presence.

“Good morrow, my sweet damsel,” Candice saluted, standing astride, her cloak parted to show to its best advantage her fearsome sword and her erect penis. “I

am journeying to the Kankun Mountains, beyond the great plains of Pi. I am in need of sustenance and rest. Know ye of a place where that I can find? I have the means to pay for my lodgings.”

“I do indeed, madam,” the girl replied. “But first I must apologise for my rudeness in so kneeling like this. I would arise to greet you, but Valiant, my faithful hound, has me caught in a terrible knot and I cannot escape without doing great hurt to both myself and my beloved pet.”

Candice laughed indulgently. “And so I see! Your Valiant is indeed a very loving pet. In fact, it is a knot, but a very different knot that I seek. The Golden Knot, which is known to be in the Kankun Mountains, and rumoured to be guarded by a fierce cockatrice. This is why I come striding so many leagues across your lands and towards the distant snowy peaks.”

“But why is it you who so ventures, brave mistress? Ought you not to be sending brave knights on this quest to bring you home the sacred jewel and perhaps by proving their worth to take your hand in marriage?”

“It is not choice that drives me in this direction. It is I who have to make union with the Golden Knot, for it is only by such means that I can be cured of the curse which bedevils me and denies me the pleasure to which your dog has so generously given you.”

“And what curse is that, if you please, madam?”

“It is this!” announced Candice theatrically, pulling her cloak to one side and grasping the sheath of her penis in the forefinger and thumb of one hand. “The Warlock of the Golden Circle has cursed me with the possession of an ever erect

penis. No longer do I possess a sweet cunt in which can sink a knight's throbbing mettle nor even the tongue of my waiting maids. Instead I have this accursed thing!" Candice shook it angrily, but it bounced back and forth on the tight coil beneath the pubic hairs. "Curse the Warlock! And curse even more my foolish words on that fateful day!"

"But what is amiss with having possession of such a splendid thing?" wondered the girl, still on her knees, with her dog's penis still deep inside her vagina, locked in place by the trick of his canine anatomy. "I had seen the thing when you cast your cloak to one side, but I thought it was perhaps a trick of the eye or else a curious, exotic toy or bauble that you choose to carry."

"Besides the freakish nature of this 'gift' and the loss of my beloved cunt," Candice replied, "it gives me great nuisance when I wish to piss. I cannot let a trickle of urine leave me until my penis is sated and has released itself of sperm. And then only when I have released a volume of semen, does my penis shrivel and become able to urinate. But as soon as I have relieved myself in this way, and I needs must be fast as the competing calls of nature do give battle, for all too soon my cock once again regains its stiffness and I can piss no more."

"It is a curse!" agreed the girl. "To have a bladder full of piss, but a penis too stiff and hard to let through even the smallest drop! Can I be of help? I can not offer to let you fuck me whilst my dear dog, Valiant, maintains his grip upon my cunt, but I can suck your penis dry."

"That is indeed a kind offer," Candice agreed, "and more likely than the most energetic self-exertions in lessening my penis of its stiffness. But before you apply

your lips to my penis, sweet damsel, please tell me first your name.”

“My name, madam, is Kate. ‘Cunty Kate’ the boys know me hereabouts, because I am free and generous with the delights of my quim, but I prefer to be called just ‘Kate’. I live with my father, a shepherd and swineherd both, in a cottage not more than a league or two distant, with my mother and my brothers and sisters. But enough of me, sweet madam, please offer me your penis so that I may put tongue, lips and throat to its proud glory.”

Candice agreed and knelt in front of Kate so that her penis was ahead of Kate’s mouth, patted Valiant on the muzzle as he lay gasping and panting astride his mistress, still locked in place by his knot, and admired the young shepherdess as she exercised her penis with tongue and lips. She was clearly a mistress of the art of fellatio, possessing a skill and artistry that could only have come as the result of extensive practise. Not for her a languid licking or sucking, for she took a firm grip on Candice’s fleshy pole, near the base, by the hair in which nestled the sore and straining testicles, and pumped her mouth back and forth, now in a series of fast and violent lurches, then slower while the fingers of the hand she didn’t use to balance her weight was applied to massaging and pummelling the testicles and sheath, Candice’s glans was aching and straining and thrusting as Kate brought the penis towards an explosion of spermy delight.

And then, while Candice was truly transported by Kate’s expertise and skill, almost wishing this moment would never end, it did so and a stream of semen gushed forth. And then another one. And yet more. Huge globules of spunky, creamy, oozing semen splattered like thick milk over her cheeks, chin and nose, bubbles of semen

squeezing out from the corners of her mouth and falling in huge droplets down her chin and onto the buttercup-strewn grass below.

“And now, dear Kate, I believe I can at last piss freely,” said Candice, watching with satisfaction as her penis shrivelled to just a nutmeg of its once proud rigid self.

“On my face, dear mistress!” commanded Kate. “It will wash clean the semen you have so generously bestowed on me.”

“If you so wish, dear Kate,” agreed Candice, letting loose a tremendous stream of urine, gushing out more than a day’s worth of blocked and frustrated pissing, splashing off Kate’s face in fresh jets from its sheer volume, catching Kate full in the mouth and dampening those loose tresses of hair about her forehead not severely tied into plaits and causing her dark reddish freckles to shine more fully and more deeply than before. And as this gush came out, Valiant, was at last able to release his own penis from within his mistress’s vagina, and with a panicked yelp, jumped clear out of the way, as sprays of urine ran down Kate’s breasts and onto her bare freckled shoulder and settled in a dark golden puddle in the sunbaked soil.

“Thank you, madam!” cried Kate with delight when the stream had finally dropped to a mere drizzle and then to only the smallest tear of piss. “Thank you. You are so charitable and bountiful with the cock’s liquid pleasures!”

“Nonsense, Kate. It is you I should thank. Were it for you, I know not when that I should once again spend both semen and urine in such a productive and gratifying manner.”

Candice, exhausted, rolled onto the grass, her penis already regaining its

rigidity and stiffness after so soon releasing its liquid excretion. Kate crawled over to Candice, naked as before, and lay beside her, the two of them weary from their efforts.

But not so weary that Kate should not tease Candice's penis as it stood upright to the sky, while its owner lay on her back, one breast and its proudly firm nipple displayed to the world and her cloak spread fanwise beneath her. Candice smiled with indulgent pleasure, as Kate teased and troubled and tweaked her penis, admiring the way it sprang back up like the most diligent soldier after being pulled down with great effort, the tautness coiled inside the groin resisting any attempt to keep the penis other than resolute and standing to attention.

"This is such a darling cock!" Kate exclaimed. "It is surely amongst the very largest I have ever seen and most certainly the most lively. I should love to be impaled on it and to feel it slide within my cunt."

"That you may, Kate. Be not anxious. You can gladly sit upon it and I should be pleased to fuck you. The pleasure of fucking in this way is what I shall most miss when I at last find the Golden Knot, and I would be happy for there to be many such occasions of pleasure before the curse is banished."

Kate sat above Candice, a knee on either side of the woman traveller's thighs, and gently eased the penis into her vagina, still oozing in liquid pleasure and as frictionless as an oiled lever, still preserving the memory of her passionate coupling with her dog, who was now sitting some distance from the two lovers, his tongue greedily lapping away at his own canine groin. Kate pistoned herself up and down, up and down, the shaft managing to fill a cunt that was already so loose that few cocks could now easily give her the pleasure she most craved.



“Yours is such a delightful cock!” Kate exclaimed in delight. “I should so like to always have the chance to take delight in it. And attached to the body of a woman as beautiful as you, with your eyes so green and sparkling, your lips so red and seductive, your smile so white and winsome. If I could fuck you every day, why! I should be in heaven.”

“Do you think so, Kate?” wondered Candice, her penis thrusting up and up, her buttocks twitching and pushing the whole of her body clear of the ground.

“Indeed, yes!” sighed Kate, sliding up and down, vaginal juice easing down the inside of her thighs and leaving a glistening sheen on Candice’s shaft. “It is as if, I cannot credit it, that we were meant to come together in union like this. I’m sure there will only come good fortune from our union. Even though I am but a mere peasant who ekes a living from the fruits of the soil...”

“My own family is of more mercantile aspect, having made a fortune from trading across the sea, but you are right, dear Kate, I feel a certain rightness in our coupling. But now shush! I feel once more the trembling of passion and I wish to have full rein on your beautiful maiden’s flesh!”

And so Kate and Candice then rolled in the afternoon sun, on the lush pastured grass, whilst being watched by Valiant the dog, when not licking clean his testicles and sheath, and from the trees by the joyful birds and squirrels. All around them wandered sheep and goats, hardly perturbed at all by the cries of orgiastic and orgasmic ecstasy that both women gave vent as their coupling became more intense and more passionate, streams, even rivulets, of sweat flowed down their breasts and gathered in their navels and firmly locked crotches, while the sun continued his

unstoppable procession across the sky.

Finally, Candice was able to release her semen yet another time, in, if possible, even more abundant volumes, almost all inside Kate's cunt, but a stream of it worked loose and dampened both set of thighs. And then the two collapsed on the grass, and Kate watched amazed as within eight minutes, Candice's penis had fully recovered and was once more proud and erect.

"Oh! Even though I have but only this moment met you and hardly know you at all, already I can hardly bear to part from you. May I accompany you on your quest for the Golden Knot?"

Candice raised her eyebrows while Kate already recommenced pumping her penis with a fist, her other hand toying with one of Candice's nipples. "It's true we know each other barely at all, dear Kate. But I feel a bind to you, so mysterious and true. Perhaps the fates meant that we should so meet. Yes. I am indeed desirous of a companion on my weary way to the Kankun Mountains. And I do so much need a damsel to pump dry my oh! far too virile sex."

"I would gladly accompany you as your maidservant. And I would gladly give to you, as is only fit for all servants, the bounty of my body and the pleasure of my flesh."

"But, Kate. If I should find the Golden Knot and wrest it from the cockatrice or whatever other foul demon defends it, shall you still like me when I lose my cock and I am once more just a woman with a cunt?"

Kate frowned. "I do believe I would be disappointed. But I have fucked many a maiden, too. Perhaps not as many nor with the same release as with a boy or man,

but I am sure if we are made for each other, our union would continue even without the beneficence of your penis.”

“And would your family let you leave your home? Have they not a husband in mind for you who can care for you and provide for your family in their later years?”

“Would that there were! But the recent wars with the forces of the King of Great Gribblegard have so depleted the stock of men that a girl is all but worthless. Indeed, my father has said that so devalued are girls as marriageable prospects that he should sell me to the local slaver for just a few silver coins.”

“Well, fret not, sweet Kate! I have in my Purse of Plenty enough gold coins to compensate your father adequately enough for him to release your services to me. For I would dearly love you to be my servant and my whore. Does that prospect please you?”

Kate chuckled with delight. “That would please me more than I have words to express it. To be the whore or maidservant to one such as you, so beautiful, so gentle and possessed of such a grand cock: that would surely be the dream of any young damsel. My only regret would be leaving dear Valiant behind, but I’m sure there are many other pretty girls who would be overjoyed to share of his amorous skills.”

However, before Kate could join Candice on her quest, it was necessary first to ask permission of her father for her to leave behind her duties of herding swine and sheep. Kate and her dog led Candice over the woods and hills that separated the pasture from the farm, a ruinous collection of stone-built hovels sheltered from the icy gales from the distant mountains by an overhanging cliff. Her servant-to-be wore a simple, ragged shepherdess’s dress, the bosom uncovered and parted by a slit at the

waist.

Kate introduced Candice to her mother, a harassed, worn-out woman suckling a babe to her bosom and dressed in a ragged tunic. She explained her wish to leave the family home and showed Candice's erect penis as evidence of the truth of her assertions.

"It is indeed a most peculiar thing!" her mother exclaimed. "But it is your father of whom you should ask permission. He is in the barn fucking your sister."

"Again!" Kate laughed. "She will have a cunt like a ripe opened fig before she is my age. Come, Candice. Let us go!"

Candice nodded at Kate's mother, modestly covering her penis with her cloak, and followed Kate out the hovel's door, protected by only a sheepskin cloth. Candice was not sure of the customs of the peasantry, but she had heard that their depravity knew no bounds. Had her father fucked her like this man was doing Kate's sister, and had many times Kate herself, the local merchants' guild would have revoked his license to trade and may even have made an attempt to stop him.

Kate chuckled as she heard her sister's orgasmic cries as they entered the barn.

"I wonder if Nancy will be called 'Cunty Nancy' when I'm gone. She is truly a lover of the game of the two-backed beast."

There indeed was Kate's younger sister, face burrowed in the hay and arse in the air, while a tall naked man was thrusting energetically into her from behind. He had the taut muscles of hard graft on his arms and chest, together with the scars that accompany the same manual labour. He turned his head round to face Kate and Candice as they came in.

“What is it, Kate? You can well see that I am busy. What is it that takes priority over fucking poor Nancy?”

“Worry not, papa, we shall wait until you have finished. We will not mar Nancy’s joy!”

And so it was that the two women watched Kate’s father and sister fuck, while Kate absent-mindedly stroked Candice’s penis. However, Nancy came to her climax too soon for Kate to accomplish the same for Candice, and after her father had released his semen into her vagina, creamy tears trailing down her inner thighs, Kate was at last able to tell her father of Candice’s quest and Kate’s role in it. Her father was most impressed by her account of Candice’s unusual asset. He gingerly touched with his fingers what his daughter was still gripping tightly.

“So, you are to be this lady’s whore and servant. That is indeed an honour for a family such as ours. To be fucked by one like you, madam, of such breeding! Were it not for your most uncommon curse, I would be delighted to take pleasure of your arse. And if it is your wish, I would be honoured to enter it with my cock.”

“That is not necessary, my good man,” Candice said, wishing to retain her propriety. “And neither need you offer me your own arse. It is your daughter, not your anus that I wish to take. Just tell me the price you wish for her service.”

And so commenced a haggling for Kate’s services, while she sat in the hay, comforting Nancy, whose heart was rent to learn that her sister should leave, even with such a gentle and respectable traveller as Candice. Finally, a deal was made, after Kate had been praised more by her father than he had ever praised her before, singing highly of her dutifulness, her domestic aptitude, her good character, and her

proficiency at the art of fucking, for which he could well attest and which he had most generously taught her. Candice in the meantime accepted all that Kate's father said, but used the skill of a merchant's daughter in coming to a fair compromise, which nevertheless pleased her father greatly.

"If in addition you would let my sons and I have one last fuck with my daughter, then you are now free to take sweet Kate away with you."

"If this is in accord with Kate's wishes, as I see it is, I have no objection at all," assented Candice.

The evening was then both a sad and a jolly occasion, for which rare feast Kate's father slaughtered a fattened pig. This was a banquet that left Candice's stomach full and straining. Fortunately, her curse did not affect her ability to shit, but she chose to be cautious in her consumption of ale as she knew that Kate would be fully preoccupied for the night and thus not able to relieve her. Candice sat on the only chair in the family home, graciously surrendered by the father, and with Kate, her mother and two sisters crouched on the floor beside her. Opposite the women, knelt the men of the family: Kate's father and her three teenaged brothers. An infant suckled Kate's mother's breast and a small toddler ran around chuckling, pig fat dripping down his chin.

After the food was eaten and much ale consumed, Kate's father took her daughter, as was his right, and fucked her while Candice watched on. Nancy regarded Candice's rigid penis with lascivious eyes, but as Kate had apprised her new mistress, it would not be right for Candice to have sex with Nancy until the girl were older and her father had granted permission. And permission was, of course, not to be given to

fuck Kate's mother who, in recognition of her solemn Christian vows, could be penetrated by only one cock and one cock alone: that of her husband.

After Kate's father was satisfied of his lust, and had released the huge volumes of fertile sperm of which he had plenty, it was the turn of Kate's three brothers, who took Kate all at once, while their father looked on encouragingly and sometimes shouted out advice.

"Two cocks in the cunt! She can take it, lads! And taken it many times before!" he cried. And then again: "Don't let your cock stand idle, son. Kate's arse and cunt may be filled, but her mouth is open and has a friendly welcome for you."

He then sat down next to Nancy, who, with no prompting, grasped her father's limp penis in her fist, but he didn't neglect to watch and advise his children as they continued in their four-person fucking. "Hold back the final release, son!" he advised. "Your sister wants more than just a few moments of fuckery."

When the boys were sated and Kate lay exhausted on the hay-strewn floor, her brothers' creamy semen on her thighs, over her chest and stomach, and splattered over her face and hair, her father gave a toast to his daughter and the fair Candice and wished them well for their journey. He announced that he was most aroused by the sight of his daughter's pleasuring, but as it would not be right for him to enter a vagina so fully fucked by others, especially by his own flesh and blood, he would retire with Kate's sister, Nancy, who from henceforth would now have to fuck for two.

It was early the following morning, with the song of the first birds that Candice and Kate took leave of Kate's family. The tearful farewells were kept brief,

and Kate took with her all her most treasured belongings in a small cloth bag slung around her shoulder. These were few and mean, and of mostly sentimental value, but Candice couldn't deny the girl her small trinkets. But the greatest loss, of course, was noble Valiant, who wailed as his mistress left, slightly aroused by her vigorous pulling of his canine penis, but he was needed to help herd the flocks on the farm.

The two travellers climbed the ascending hills and pastures, the figures of Kate's siblings and poor, whining Valiant, receding into the distance, occasionally waving their arms at her.

Candice noticed the tears that were running down Kate's cheeks. "Are you sad to leave?"

Kate nodded. "But I am also pleased to be in your service, sweet mistress."

"And service you shall be, sweet Kate. For I am in dire need of a piss and I see ahead of me the shadows of a great oak under which you can assist in relieving me. Would that please you, little one?"

Kate nodded again, happy to be of service and to earn a fuck so soon. "That would please me greatly, mistress mine."

Candice smiled. Kate was a good girl and promised to make an excellent servant. "And then after that, properly sated, we shall resume our quest for the Golden Knot!"