



THE PRINCE WITH A HOLE IN HIS HEART

by

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Chapter One

Once upon a time, long, long ago in a glittering domain located east of the land of Palatial Paragon and west of the nation of Unchaste Utopia there stood the fair kingdom of Aviator. It was a country rich in resources and resplendent in wealth for the wise and kindly King Otto had ruled this magnificent realm wisely and well for many years. As time passed King Otto grew old and tired and weary of his many duties and responsibilities. Uneasy rested the head that wore the bejeweled crown of Aviator. The king feared what might happen to his people when he was no longer present to guide and council them. For, alas, Good King Otto was childless.

Just when he despaired of ever having a son and heir to carry his scepter and wear his mantle and crown, the Gods smiled on King Otto and sent him a bonny baby boy. The king named the infant Evander for he was sure the child would grow to fit his name and be a good and noble man and a fair and gracious king.

As the years passed, Evander grew tall in stature and strong of limb. The king rejoiced in his good fortune and vowed to provide for the young prince the best education possible. He searched his kingdom to find proper tutors for the boy. After many long and exhausting months of looking he located the learned and eloquent scholar Cadian and persuaded him to become the boy's mentor.

When he was sure he had found a man capable of nurturing the young Prince's mind, the king sought a physician who could school him in matters of physical fitness and bodily nurture and care. After a long search, he found Galen, a physician knowledgeable in all aspects of health care and physical maintenance. Although Galen was a citizen of the neighboring kingdom of Palatial Paragon, he consented to become the king's physician and to assume the task of teaching Evander all those secrets necessary to assure good health and longevity.

Still, the king was not satisfied. To train the mind was important and to care for the body was wise, but to nurture the spirit was essential. His final quest was for a prophet who could attend to the boy's need for spiritual growth and knowledge. His search for a seer was even more difficult than finding a mentor or locating a physician. After many miserable months and countless interviews with innumerable prophets and sages, the king counted it his good fortune to discover an unassuming minor prophet with the unlikely name of Willie Wraskel. Willie was a political refugee from the kingdom of Unchaste Utopia, or so he told the king. Although Willie told

the truth he neglected to tell all the truth. Willie Wraskel was a defrocked wizard with a clever and devious mind, but he was sadly lacking in morals and ethics and had absolutely no knowledge of lofty and erudite matters of the spirit. In short Willie Wraskel was a scoundrel and a knave. Of course Willie was careful to hide his disreputable past and to appear to be principled and high-minded. After all, it wasn't everyday that a ne'er-do-well defrocked wizard who had been kicked out of his own kingdom for lewd and lascivious behavior, found a prestigious position in the palace of Good King Otto.

As the years passed Prince Evander grew from a stalwart lad to a handsome youth. It was plain for all around him to see that he would one day be a man worthy of wearing King Otto's crown and assuming his position as leader of the kingdom of Aviator. All went well until the bonnie prince reached the age of eighteen. Over the next year he grew morose and depressed. His once rosy cheeks lost their bloom. His stalwart body grew thin and his happy nature altered by degrees to one of sadness and gloom.

At length the king became so concerned that he called a meeting of the young prince's tutors and demanded that they each examine Evander to discover the cause of his gradual decline. Then each man was instructed to report his findings to the king's High Court.

Each tutor made his examination, and on the following court day each was summoned before the king and his court to detail his findings. What an imposing figure the king was, seated on his elevated throne, dressed in

robes of finest purple velvet and wearing his jeweled crown with his royal seal on a long chain around his neck. His chancellor, his advisors, Elder statesmen, generals, and the governor of each of the ten providences in his kingdom sat in a semi-circle behind him. Ambassadors from many neighboring kingdoms, along with visiting dignitaries from far away places, formed an outer curve of honored guests. Pages, servants, messengers, and hangers-on, stood on the periphery of the splendid double arc.

The tutors were escorted to the grand courtroom by a centurion wearing golden armor and wielding a wicked sword. By the time the anxious three stood before the great king and his magnificent court they were quaking in their respective boots.

The king's scowling countenance did little to ease their fears or calm their dire expectations. Extending his scepter he spoke first to Cadian. "Tutor of knowledge to feed the mind, come forth and make your report known to all."

Cadian stepped forward and prostrated himself before the king. "Oh, most high king, I am honored to be in your presence."

The king commanded, "Stand and speak more than flattery to me. Tell me, what ails my beloved son?"

In a quivering voice Cadian replied, "Good king, I fear I have nothing to report. The young prince is mentally sound. His problem lies not in his mind."

The king roared, "By what authority did you arrive at such a

diagnosis?”

Cadian’s smooth brow wrinkled; his small frame shook. “Your majesty, I am a professor and a scholar. I hold two diplomas from the Aviatorian University of Letters and an advanced degree from the Aviatorian College of Sciences.”

The king was stern and unyielding. “That is no guarantee that you now speak the truth.” Turning, he addressed his court. “Are there those among you who will swear an oath for this man?”

The king’s chancellor, who was seated at his right hand, stood and bowed before saying, “Your royal majesty, this man was my professor when I attended the Aviatorian Academy of Government. If he says that the prince is sound mentally, you may rest assured that the prince’s ailment does not reside in his mind.”

The king was still scowling. “In the mouth of two witnesses is a fact established. Is there another who will vouchsafe that this man speaks the truth?” After a pin-drop moment of silence, the governor of Arcadia, the largest and most prosperous state in Aviator, stood, bowed low, and said, “Cadian was my mentor and my son’s mentor before he came to serve your royal majesty. If he says that the prince is sound mentally, I believe him.”

Relaxing, the king smiled. “Well said, good governor.” Turning to Cadian, he nodded his approval. “I accept your diagnosis.”

Cadian was no fool. He backed away, bowing and scraping with each backward step he took.

Galen and Willie watched the receding figure with fear rising inside them like the mighty sweep of an ocean tide for neither had found any hint of a reason for the prince's strange malady.

After several minutes of silent consideration, the king spoke once more. "Galen, noble and learned physician, step forward and speak your findings into the waiting ears of the High Court."

Willie sighed in relief as Galen stepped forward. He had a short reprieve to collect his thoughts and try to decide how best to talk his way out of this most distressing of situations.

Galen fell on his face before the king. "Oh, mighty king, I am your humble servant."

The king replied, "And you are also an alien and a sojourner in my kingdom. Bear that in mind when you rise and speak to me the truth about my son's condition."

The physician arose. The man was a bundle of nerves, shakes and quivers. Because he was also a man of honor and integrity, he spoke the truth. "Sire, Your son's strange illness is not physical."

The king ranted, "You charlatan! It must be!"

The trembling physician rubbed his hand across his bald head. "I have studied the healing arts sitting at the feet of the learned doctors of seven kingdoms. I hold degrees and diplomas from two prestigious universities. I have served as royal physician to the king of my own kingdom. By all that the gods consider holy, I vow to you, the young

Prince's illness is not physical."

The king half turned to face the assembled semi circle behind him.
"Are there those present who would speak in this man's behalf?"

Three arms went up; the first was that of no less a personage than the ambassador of Palatial Paragon himself. The second hand was fastened to an elder statesman from the kingdom of Eldorado. The third belonged to a solemn and learned judge who had been honored in many kingdoms for his knowledge and expertise in kingdom law.

As each man spoke glowing words about the honesty and expertise of Galen, Willie realized he was in deep trouble. He scanned the faces of the court. From the highest to the lowest there was not one person among them who would speak in his behalf. However he did recognize a few who would most assuredly speak against him if they recognized that behind this long white wizard's beard lurked the face of Willie Wraskel, a scoundrel wanted in more than one providence of every kingdom represented at the King's Royal Court. Willie was so lost in thought that he didn't hear the king call his name. It took the sharp point of the centurion's sword in small of his back to send him stumbling forward. Falling on his face, Willie assessed his chances of escaping in case he had to run and decided they were nil. With his forehead pressed to the cool surface of the marble floor, he declared, "Most mighty of kings, I am your humble servant."

The king bellowed, "Stand humble foreign servant and tell The Court what ails my son. Why is it that the prince is continually sad and dejected?"

Willie stood, drew a breath, and stroked his long beard as he assessed his situation. If he wanted to keep his job and his head, he'd better come up with an answer and fast. In tones that befitted the gravity of the situation, he declared, "I have given your son an extensive spiritual examination, and it is my considered opinion that the prince is suffering from a rare malady know as lackanookie."

A rumble of voices filled the air as grave heads nodded and solemn brows wrinkled. It was obvious that the residents and visitors of Aviator had never heard of such a malady, which was understandable--neither had Willie.

The king raised his hand. A pall of utter silence fell over the great hall. When at last the king spoke, it was in a hushed and somber tone. "I know of no such malady."

Willie sought to extricate himself from his web of deceit by giving credence to words spoken in fear and haste. "Of that I am sure, your majesty. Lackanookie is a prophetic term and very esoteric in nature. I know that your Royal Smartness will recognize the more generic name, which is...." Bowing his head, Willie managed to squeeze a tear from one eye. "Hole-in-heart disease." Willie's sad tone and concerned manner lent credence to his diagnosis. "Now you can understand why he never smiles and why he is continually sad and morose."

What Willie did not know, what no one would ever have guessed was that the wily wizard had correctly diagnosed the prince's problem. Young

Prince Evander did, indeed have a virtual hole in his heart for he had never known true love.

The king leaned forward. “A hole in the heart?” There was no doubt that Willie’s seeming distress had impressed him. “Tell me, oh mighty prophet, how can you be sure?”

Willie gestured toward Cadian. “Yon tutor deals with matters of the mind.” Then he pointed to Galen. “The learned man beside him is concerned with matters of the body.” Laying his hand on his breast he bowed his head. “I, your humble servant, have mastered matters of the heart for what resides in the heart is imprinted on the soul.”

Willie breathed a huge sigh of relief when the king said, “You speak well, oh prophet. Say on.”

Willie drew a relieved breath and plunged ahead. “The hole in Prince Evander’s heart will mend when he finds his heart’s desire. Then and only then will he smile again, and then and only then will his mind be clear and his body sound.” Squaring his shoulders and looking the king straight in the eye, Willie waited.

The king met his bold gaze. “Great will be your reward if you can return my son to his former state of health and happiness.”

“Reward?” Willie blinked. Could it be that what had begun as a disaster could turn into a benefit? Once more the wily wizard stroked his beard. “Remission is a better word than cure. This is a strange and unpredictable disease, Sire.” He stopped his tongue and reminded himself

that often discretion was the better part of deceit. “I offer my humble services in an attempt to arrest this creeping malady.” A plan was forming in Willie devious brain. The bonnie prince was nineteen years old and chaste as sunlight and pure as the driven snow. Willie knew exactly what would make him smile. Gadzooks, did he know! “I will need some time alone with the prince, and I will also need....” Willie paused, and then hurried on. What else could he do? “I will need the assistance of a beautiful young maiden” He closed his eyes, held his breath, and waited, sure that the king would be furious at such a request.

The king misunderstood completely. “Of course, I should have thought of it myself. It is time the prince took a wife.”

Willie had been thinking more in terms of an experienced harlot. He lifted his head. “A wife, Sire?”

The king continued, “She must be young and beautiful.” Before Willie could think of a response to that, the king added. “And she must be pure of heart.”

Willie opened one eye. “Oh, yes Sire, indeed she must.”

The king declared, “The prince must go on a journey to find his heart’s desire.”

Willie’s other eye popped open. He swallowed his sigh of relief. “Oh, yes Sire, indeed he must.”

“And you, good prophet, must accompany him on his journey.”

Willie almost choked on his surprise. The last thing he wanted was to

leave the palace and give up his plush lifestyle for the rigors of traveling with a punk prince. “I am sure that there are others who are much better qualified than I to attend the prince on his journey.”

The king was swift to disagree. “You are the authority on matters of the heart. Is that not so?”

Willie knew better than to back down now. “Oh, yes, Sire. I am, most definitely.”

“And the maiden my son chooses must be pure of heart, true?”

Willie didn’t dare disagree. “Oh yes, Sire; pure of heart, most assuredly.”

The king raised his scepter. “Then I so decree. And you must travel incognito. How else can you be assured that the maiden my son chooses loves him for himself alone?”

Maybe a journey wasn’t such a bad idea after all. Now that he had shown his face in court, it was possible that he’d been recognized. “Your majesty’s wisdom outshines the sun.”

“You begin your journey with the first breaking of tomorrow’s light.”

Willie sighed, and then he smiled. This hadn’t turned out so badly after all. “I am most honored to do your bidding, Sire.”

Chapter Two

Prince Evander and Willie Wraskel traveled for many weeks disguised a poor peddler and his son. They left Aviator far behind as they climbed craggy mountains, crossed burning deserts, and forded wide rivers. Many times Prince Evander, who at the behest of his traveling companion had dropped the title prince and the last part of his name to become simply Evan, wondered why they did not enter some of the larger cities they came near. “How can I hope to find my heart’s desire if we never go where the people are?”

Willie remained insistent that they stay off the beaten path and travel only byways and stop at out-of-the-way villages. “We are searching for a maiden pure of heart. You won’t find one of those in a city.”

“At this rate,” Evan replied. “I don’t think we’re going to find a maiden at all.”

“Oh, but we will,” Willie assured him.

Evan was becoming impatient. “When and where?”

“When the time is right, and where we least expect to find her.”

To Evan that seemed to be what Cadian had often referred to as faulty reasoning. But he was a dutiful son, and his father had instructed him to follow Willie’s orders so he didn’t argue.

Late one evening, a full two months into their journey, Evan and

Willie scaled a high hill. At the top of the steep incline was a huge oak tree. Beneath the tree a withered old crone was laboriously filling a sack with sticks and stones. Each time she dropped a stick or a stone into her sack, she chanted: “Work and worry, toil and strife, such is the curse that afflicts my life.”

Evan’s young heart was touched. Rushing to the old crone’s side, he cried, “Good mother, this is too much of a task for one so old and weak. Pray let me assist you.”

The old crone straightened to stare at Evan and Willie. Before she could speak, Willie intervened. “Good dame, do you live far from here?”

The old crone pointed a long skinny finger in the direction of the setting sun. “My humble cottage is just over the hill.”

Willie smiled his most winning smile. “We are weary from much traveling and sore from sleeping on the hard ground. Perhaps my son could carry your sack home for you in exchange for a night’s lodging.”

The old crone placed her withered hand on the small of her back. “You are welcome to a night’s lodging but alas, I have no food or drink to offer you.” Reaching for a walking stick that leaned against the trunk of the tree, she motioned with her free hand. “Follow me.”

Evan slung the bag of sticks and stones over his shoulder and followed after the old woman. “We have food and aplenty. Tonight you will dine with us.”

Willie was almost stepping on his heels. “This is no time to be

generous. We have scarcely enough food for ourselves.”

For the first time ever, Evan asserted himself. “We will share what we have with this unfortunate woman.”

Willie quickened his pace. “Now look here, boy, I--”

Evan set the heavy bag on the ground and turning faced his traveling companion. “Enough, I have spoken.” Once more he hoisted the bag over his shoulder and followed the old woman as she made her way down the hill toward a small cottage nestled in a grove of sycamore trees.

A grumbling, complaining Willie trailed along after him.

When they reached the doorstep of the cottage, the old woman took a key from her apron pocket. “Welcome to my humble abode. Enter, and rest for a spell.” Stepping back, she waited for them to go inside.

Evan put the bag on the front stoop and followed Willie through the small portal. The old crone entered last and shut the door behind her.

The moment that she stepped across the threshold of the modest cottage, marvelous transformations began to take place. The unpretentious little house was immediately transformed into a magnificent palace. The old crone altered to become a beautiful young woman dressed in a flowing robe of richest silken hues and wearing pale pink flowers in her long midnight-black hair. Her lovely face shaped into a beautiful smile. “I am the Lady Elnora. Welcome to my castle. You have broken the spell that has held me captive for many years. By offering to share what little food you possess, you have proven that occasionally good triumphs over evil.” She clapped

her hands twice and a long, food-laden dining table appeared. “Please, come sit and sup.”

Willie didn’t need a second invitation. He was at the table and heaping a plate with goodies before Lady Elnora had finished speaking.

Evan was experiencing hunger of another kind. His body tightened. The part of his anatomy, that had for the past year given him reason for much consternation, stiffened and grew until it pushed painfully against his cod pad. Bowing his head, he mumbled, “Thank you, My Lady.”

Lady Elnora leaned nearer. “What did you say?” The scent of her made Evan’s blood tingle and fired his mind with lecherous and impure thoughts that made him blush with shame.

“I said, Thank you.”

“You’re most welcome....” Lady Elnora faltered. “I don’t know your name.”

Evan doffed his plumed cap. “Evan, ma’am. My name is Evan, and this man,” he pointed to Willie who was wolfing down half a baked chicken at break-neck speed, “is my father.” The well rehearsed lie slipped from his lips with amazing ease.

Elnora took Evan’s hand causing his stiff member to spill enough liquid to spot his cod pad. “Come and dine.”

The meal was a sumptuous one, and Evan enjoyed it immensely. As he ate, Lady Elnora, who seemed to have no appetite at all, sipped her wine and asked, “Where is your home, Evan.”

Evan replied, "In far away Aviator."

"That is a long way indeed. And why have you traveled so far? Do you journey for pleasure's sake, or are you on some noble quest?"

Willie tried to speak, but his mouth was so full of pastry that his words came out a series of jumbled and indistinct sounds.

This time Evan told the truth. "I am seeking my heart's desire."

Elnora arched an eyebrow. "Oh? Perhaps that is why you were sent to break the spell that has held me for so long. Could it be that I am your heart's desire?"

Evan was sadly lacking in firsthand knowledge about desire, but he thought that if the way he felt when he looked at this lovely lady was any indication, she well might be.

Evidently Willie thought otherwise. He swallowed the last bite of an apple pastry and rudely butted into the conversation. "Ah, dear Lady Elnora, that is not possible."

Evan's many conflicting emotions made him wonder if maybe Willie was mistaken. Still, he reasoned that Willie was a learned prophet, and he was only a young prince, so he kept his mouth shut.

Lady Elnora was neither polite nor respectful. "How, old man, can you be sure?"

Willie's eyes blazed as he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Show a little respect to your elders. I'm sure because I'm sure."

The lovely Lady Elnora smiled a knowing smile. "I'll wager that I

can prove you wrong.”

Willie’s interest was whetted enough for him to forgive the insult about his age. “Wager?” He stroked his long beard. “You want to make a bet?”

Lady Elnora nodded her pretty head. “I do.”

Willie rubbed his hands together in anticipation. “And what are the terms of this wager?”

Lady Elnora smiled at Evan. The promise he saw in her eyes filled him with strange and disturbing sensations. “Give me one night with your son. If at the break of day tomorrow he chooses to stay with me, you will go on your way and leave us in peace. If, on the other hand, he chooses to continue on his journey with you, I will give you a magic box that when opened will bear you along, as swiftly as a whirlwind to any destination you choose.”

Willie seemed unsure. He kept stroking his beard and shaking his bushy head. Finally Evan could stand no more. He spoke with conviction and authority, “We accept.” Under his tunic his heart was beating double time. Alone? All night? With the beautiful Lady Elnora? His mind crowded with countless erotic fantasies.

Willie held up one hand. “Just a minute. How do I know that I can trust you alone with the pr--my son? How can I be sure that you won’t put a curse on him or turn him into a frog or something?”

Elnora asked, “Would you like to watch what happens while I am

alone with your son?”

Willie strangled and sputtered. Finally he choked out, “You mean in the same room?”

Lady Elnora laid one lily-white hand across her firm bosom. “Of course not. You are a nosy, lecherous old man. You would intimidate Evan and annoy me.”

Willie bristled, “Watch how you call me old.” As his curiosity overrode his indignation, he questioned. “How can I watch and not be present?”

Lady Elnora reached into space, retrieved from nowhere a beautiful crystal sphere and sat it on the table before Willie. “You may watch by looking into this.”

Willie was visibly impressed. “Gadzooks, a genuine crystal ball.” He ran his hands across its smooth surface and stared into its depths. “But I don’t see a damn thing.” Looking up suddenly, he demanded, “Is this a hoax?”

Lady Elnora shook her head in negation. “I swear by the great goddess Isis that I speak the truth, but you must only look into the crystal ball. You must not touch it.”

After another spate of silence, Willie said, “All right, you can have your night with my son, but if at any time during the night you and Evan fade from my view, the deal is off. Agreed?”

Evan and Lady Elnora said in unison, “Agreed.”

Willie waved one hand in a dismissive gesture. “Then let’s get it on.”

A sudden pang of doubt seized Evan. Lady Elnora seemed so knowledgeable and assured, and he, on the other hand, had never been with a woman. What if he failed? His stiff prick told him that wasn’t likely. His confused mind argued that it just might happen. “Your ladyship, I wonder if maybe I could have a few words with Will--my father before we retire?”

Lady Elnora frowned. “For Isis’s sake what for?”

Willie came to Evan’s rescue by saying, “For a little father-son talk before Evan goes off to get laid for the first time.” He smiled his best please-humor-me smile.

Lady Elnora’s eyes rounded in surprise. “For the first time?” She licked her red lips. “Oh, my.”

Evan’s face flamed as heat infused his neck and climbed up his face to the roots of his flaxen curls. He bowed his head.

Willie pointed to the embarrassed prince. “See how even now he blushes? He is in dire need of my advice and counsel.”

Lady Elnora was doubtful. “I can teach him all he needs to know.”

Willie said, “It’s a tradition in Aviator that before a son gets laid for the first time, he and his father have a man-to-man talk.”

Lady Elnora relented, but reluctantly. “I am not one to break traditions. I suppose it’s all right if it doesn’t take too long.” She fanned her long slim hand in front of her eager face. “It has suddenly grown very warm in here.”

Evan ran his finger around the neck of his tunic. “I was thinking the same thing.”

Her Ladyship stood and gracefully walked toward the end of the long dining hall. At the arched door, she paused. “Evan, my love, I’ll be waiting for you down the hall behind the first door to the right.”

As her beautiful backside disappeared down a dark passageway, Evan turned to Willie. “You have to help me. What am I supposed to do once I’m alone with Lady Elnora?”

Willie pulled at his long beard. “Unless I miss my guess, that lady is no lady.”

Evan wasn’t sure what Willie meant. “How so?”

“Don’t worry about it. Just be glad she’s not.” Leaning back in his chair, Willie folded his arms across his chest. “Relax, old Willie is going to give you a lesson on female anatomy. But first you have to make me a promise.”

Evan was doubtful. “What kind of promise?”

Willie shook a skinny forefinger in Evan’s direction. “Just remember that this is a one-night stand, so don’t go getting any ideas about staying past daybreak tomorrow morning.”

Innocently, Evan asked, “But what if Lady Elnora proves to be my heart’s desire?”

“Trust me, boy. She won’t. So get in there, get your piece of ass and get out so I can get my magic box, and we can be on our way.”

Evan stammered, “You said you’d tell me what to do.”

Willie was immovable. “Only if you promise not to stay here past tomorrow morning.”

Evan considered his options. He could either agree to Willie’s terms or do it on his own with Lady Elnora. After some deliberation, he said, “All right, I promise. Now tell me what to do.”

“That sounded awfully weak, but all right--here goes.” Willie scratched his bushy head with his long fingernails. “I’m not sure where to begin. Have you had lessons in anatomy?”

Evan had. “Doctor Galen taught me much using charts and drawings of the human body.”

Willie groaned. “You can’t study a woman’s body like it was a map or a blueprint. A woman has moving and mysterious parts that must be tasted and teased and tickled, like her tits. What you have to know, what to taste, when to tease, and where to tickle. And then there’s her cunt. That thing has lips and tips and a slit you wouldn’t believe. When working with a woman’s cunt, timing is of the essence. You have to know the optimal moment to kiss the lips, when the time is right to please the tip, and recognize that prime second to slip into the slit.”

Evan’s mouth fell open. His face was flushed and hot, but this time not from embarrassment. “Tell me more.”

Willie replied, “Only if you swear on your father’s life not to stay past tomorrow morning.”

Evan's skin was on fire. His prick was as hard as a padre's prick at a wedding supper. "I promise."

Willie nodded. "Okay. Now listen carefully. The first thing you do is...."

Chapter Three

Willie positioned the crystal ball directly in front of him on the long banquet table. Waving his hands over the magical orb he uttered the enchanted words that Lady Elnora had told him to say. “Oh, crystal ball, I now implore, reveal what’s beyond yon bedroom door.” The chant worked. The crystal ball clouded and then cleared to reveal the silken interior of a magnificent bedchamber. The picture clouded once more before focusing in on Lady Elnora. She was beautifully bare. Her white skin had taken on a pearly glow. Her voice was low and seductive. “Come to me, my love.”

Evan stepped into view, and Willie gasped. The sight of him brought back bittersweet memories of the erotic episode that had gotten Willie thrown out of Unchaste Utopia and brought about his excommunication from the Unholy Order Of Unchaste Utopian Wizards. Even a ninth degree wizard could not be caught cavorting naked in the palace gardens with the prince consort without suffering dire consequences. Shrugging, Willie sighed. “That’s water under the bridge.” With an effort he pulled his mind back to the scene unfolding inside the crystal ball.

Once more he focused his attention on the prince. Naked, the bonny prince was a manly bundle of coiled muscles and silken skin with patches of golden hair in all the right places. “By the beard of the prophet!” Then Evan turned, and Willie salivated. Evan’s prick was big and stiff and very

long. “Who would have thought?” Willie decided then and there that Evan really was a prince, and if he could learn to use that magnificent tool, he’d be a monarch and master of all he surveyed. Willie rubbed his hands together. “All right boy, remember to take it slow and easy.” Willie felt a tightening in his loins. He drooled in anticipation. If watching a bedroom scene through a crystal ball ever caught on, someone was going to make a pile of money purveying pornographic moving pictures.

Evan faced Lady Elnora. She was more beautiful than he had imagined. His eyes traveled from her lovely face to her lily-white breasts, down her firm belly, and stopped at the thatch of black hair that grew in silky curls between her legs. It was becoming increasingly difficult to remember Willie’s instructions. He reached across the short distance that separated him from Lady Elnora and shyly touched her cheek. “You are so beautiful.”

Turning her face, Lady Elnora kissed his hand. “And you are magnificent.” She took his hand, led him to the bed, and bade him lie down.

The prince lay on his back with his legs spread apart. This was a part of the ritual that Willie had failed to mention. He wondered what he should do next. He got his answer when Lady Elnora sat beside him and whispered into his ear, “Lie still, my love.”

She reached for a vial of oil on the table beside the bed, opened it, and poured a small portion of its contents into the palm of her hand. “I’m going to give you a massage.”

Lying still was not possible. Evan's body shook with pleasure as Lady Elnora's smooth hands massaged his chest. He gasped with delight. Then they moved very slowly to his belly and rubbed ever so gently. The oil was warm and sweetly scented. Her touch was fire, sending sparks of pleasure coursing through his body. Just when he thought he might swoon from sheer bliss, her massaging hands moved to his ankles and began a slow climb upward. The effect was mind-boggling. He threw his head back and groaned with delight. Those magical hands crept ever higher, to his knees, his thighs, and then, oh magical moment, they grasped his prick and moved up and down in a sensuously syncopated motion.

Evan had 'done himself' plenty of times, but it had never felt like this. He breathed deeply and gasped in voice laden with passion, "Don't stop, please don't stop."

Lady Elnora was lying beside him. Without missing a stroke she leaned over and ran her tongue around his belly button.

Evan's prick exploded. Come erupted from its head like lava from a volcano as waves of unchained joy ran through every fiber of his being. He was soaring somewhere in space lost in a euphoric haze. Slowly, leisurely, he descended back to the solid feel of Lady Elnora's bed beneath his back. His joy was slowly replaced by a creeping sense of humiliation. Staring down at his flaccid prick, he asked, "What have I done?" Too late he remembered Willie's admonition to take it slow and easy.

Lady Elnora smiled. "You have just stained my satin sheets, but not

for the last time tonight, I promise.”

A feeling of languorous fulfillment soothed through Evan’s body chasing away his shame. “I lost it before we even had time to....”

Lady Elnora lay on her back with her legs spread apart. “We will get around to fucking in due time. Meanwhile it’s my turn. She handed Evan the vial of oil.

Evan stared at the vial and then at Lady Elnora. “Do you want me to give you a massage?” His flaccid prick perked up and began to stiffen once more.

Lady Elnora licked her lips. “Would you like to do that?”

Oh, yes he would! Evan poured oil into the palm of his hand and replaced the lid. “Where do I start?”

Lady Elnora moved restlessly. “Anywhere you’d like to start.”

Evan wanted desperately to touch her breasts. He laid one hand on a taunt nipple. “Is here all right?” He rubbed the sweet smelling oil over the soft mound of flesh and felt a rigor of passion shake him.

Lady Elnora sighed. “That’s perfect.”

Evan found the courage to massage the other breast. As his hand moved to Lady Elnora’s stomach, she asked, “Would you like to taste my breasts?”

Evan’s prick grew a few more inches. “Oh yes, my lady.”

“Then why don’t you?”

Evan dropped his lips to cover one hard nipple. Once more mounting

passion sent waves of desire rushing through him. He suckled gently and felt Lady Elnora shiver. Emboldened by her obvious delight he took the other nipple into his mouth and suckled and tasted once more. His mouth tingled with darts of pleasure that tickled down into his throat. Pulling away, he moaned, “Oh, Great Jove!”

Lady Elnora took his hand and moved it to her belly. “Rub here.”

Evan was happy to obey. By now he was getting some idea of what to do. He slowly rubbed scented oil over every part of Lady Elnora’s body, every part that is except her cunt. His fingers seemed reluctant to go there even though they kept making little forays near and nearer. Finally he screwed up his courage and let his fingers touch the soft curls of hair that grew there. His prick grew to enormous size and became as stiff a stove poker.

Lady Elnora threw back her head and moaned, “Pleasure me.”

Guided purely by instinct, Evan touched the lips of her cunt. It quivered. He put two fingers inside her slit, moved them slowly up and down and felt the muscles inside tighten. The sensations of power and pleasure that jolted him sent liquid dripping from the head of his pick and onto the satin sheets.

Lady Elnora arched her hips to meet his short strokes. “Oh, yes, like that.”

Faster and faster Evan moved his fingers, up and down, up and down, until at last Lady Elnora’s pelvic muscles tightened, as with a cry of delight,

she climaxed and, clutching his hand, cried out, "Yes, yes, yes!" Then her body relaxed. She released his hand and rolled to her side to stare at Evan's enormous erection. Oh, my, look at you." She laughed, deep in her throat. "We can't let that go to waste." Lowering her head she kissed the shaft of his throbbing prick.

Evan's body tightened with delight. "Oh. Lady, Elnora, that feels so good."

Looking up at him Lady Elnora smiled a wickedly seductive smile. "And you taste so good." Once more she lowered her head and licked around the head of Evan's rock-hard prick. "Hmmm, delicious."

Evan almost exploded.

Lady Elnora lay down on the satin sheets and spread her legs. "Would you like to taste me?"

Evan wanted desperately to touch and taste every inch of her. "May I please?"

"Crawl between my legs and have a lick."

Evan scooted to the foot of the bed crawled between her legs and inched his way up to a spot where his mouth was almost touching her twitching cunt. He trembled, not knowing what to do next.

Lady Elnora moved her hips seductively. "Go ahead, it won't bite."

Evan moved a fraction closer and took a tentative lick. A tingling sensation traveled over his tongue and into his throat. He greedily licked again and again as Lady Elnora moved her hips and groaned in ecstasy.

Suddenly, he wanted more. Stiffening his tongue he slid it inside her cunt and rolled it over her hard little button.

Lady Elnora screamed her delight.

Evan couldn't get enough. He kept sucking and licking and sticking his tongue in deeper and deeper. His prick throbbed painfully. He needed to have it inside Lady Elnora. Moving back, he rose to his haunches and crawled atop Lady Elnora. Lowering his lips to her shell pink ear, he whispered, "I'm going to fuck you."

Her ladyship gasped her approval. "Oh, yes, please do. I like it long and stiff and deep."

Evan was more than happy to oblige. He slid his stiff prick into her wet throbbing cunt and began to move in and out.

She lifted her hips to meet each thrust as faster and faster they moved in unison.

Sparks of multicolored lights ignited inside Evan's head. His body shook with wave after wave of rapture. He pumped faster and faster, pushing his prick in and out with the force and power of a battering ram. The nearer he came to climax, the faster he moved and the deeper he thrust. Then quite suddenly and with detonating force, the world exploded as he ejaculated deep inside Lady Elnora's warm cunt. Oh wonder! Oh joy! Sheer sensation took command of his body. His mind was awash with the sensual delights of sexual fulfillment. With a mighty snort of satisfaction he collapsed atop Lady Elnora just as she reached a shattering orgasm.

For a long while they lay with their bodies connected, savoring the aftermath of sexual joys. Finally, Lady Elnora stirred. “You were quite wonderful my sweet novice.”

Evan pulled himself from her and turned on his back. “And you were magnificent.”

Lady Elnora yawned and stretched. “How can you say that when this was your first time?”

Evan smiled. “I don’t need comparisons to know magnificent when I feel it.”

His words obviously pleased her immensely. “This is just the beginning. The night is still young. Sleep, my love, until I wake you with kisses and a demand that you once more carry me to sublime heights.”

Evan was more relaxed than he’d been in years. “Maybe just a little cat nap.” He felt himself drifting as a heavy sleep claimed him.

Someone biting his ear and massaging his prick awoke Evan from a sound sleep.

It took a few minutes for him to find his bearings and know where he was. Oh, yes, he was in Lady Elnora’s bed with the stained satin sheets. And the sexy lady was caressing his prick and whispering in his ear. “Wake up, my love. Elnora needs you.”

Evan’s prick must have awakened before he did. It was already stiff and throbbing from Lady Elnora’s sweet stroking. “Give me a few minutes.”

Lady Elnora was not about to be put off. “Daylight is less than two hours away, and I need you inside me.”

Evan could manage that. He stroked Lady Elnora’s breasts and kissed her moist red lips. This time he moved without hesitation or need for instructions. After much kissing and cuddling, he dared to let his hands drift farther down to her moist cunt. Over the next hour, he used his hands and his mouth to bring Lady Elnora to a fever pitch of need.

She reciprocated by sucking and massaging various parts of his body until he was aflame with wild desire.

They came together in a frenzy of need and want. Just before the first rays of light peeped over the eastern horizon, Evan pushed his hard prick into Lady Elnora’s twitching cunt and lifted them both to heights of blinding bliss. The explosion of his climax thundered in his ears and slammed through his entire body.

As he struggled to find his detached mind, a raspy voice called from the doorway. “Get out of bed, you horny bastard. It’s almost daylight.”

Evan turned over, sat up, and met the angry gaze of Willie Wraskel. “What are you doing in here? Can’t you see we’re busy?”

Willie scowled. “I know how busy you are. I know how busy you’ve been all night. I’m tired from just watching you.”

Evan had forgotten that Willie was watching. “You should be ashamed.”

Lady Elnora sat up in bed. “If it isn’t Willie, the wise father. Did you

enjoy the show?”

Willie tried to sound indignant and missed it by a mile. “That’s a lewd question.”

Lady Elnora laughed. “Is it? How many times did you pleasure yourself as you watched?”

Her question struck home. Willie actually blushed. “That’s none of your business.” He turned to Evan. “Get up and get your clothes on. As soon as Lady Elnora gives me my magic box, we’re out of here.”

Lady Elnora yawned and stretched sensuously. “He isn’t going. Are you, my love?”

Disagreeing emotions tore at Evan. He thought he might like to stay. On the other hand, he’d promised that he would leave at daybreak. He stared first at the lovely Lady Elnora. She was a delicious delight. Then he looked at Willie in his rumpled soiled robe with his hair uncombed and his beard untidy. Despite the old lecher’s disorderly appearance, he was genuinely fond of the old degenerate. “I don’t know.”

Lady Elnora laid her hand on Evan’s bare arm. “Think of what you will be leaving if you go.”

Evan was thinking, and the more he thought, the more he knew what he must do. Gently, he moved Lady Elnora’s hand from his arm. “I’ve had a lovely time, but despite that I know that you are not my heart’s desire.”

Willie came quickly across the room and sat on the edge of the bed. “Okay, Lady Elnora, give me my magic box, and we will be on our way.”

Lady Elnora did not take kindly to rejection. She continued to plead with Evan to stay. After a long while when she saw that she could not dissuade him she very ungraciously admitted defeat. “All right, I’ll give you the box. “She walked naked across the room and retrieved a small jeweled box from a high chest of drawers. “But I should warn you that you are co-owners, and you must agree at all times on all commands you give it.”

Willie bristled. “That’s a dirty trick. You promised that box to me. It should be all mine.”

Evan could get damn tired of Willie’s selfish ways. “No it shouldn’t.” Standing, he began to put on his tights and tunic. “It should by rights, be all mine.”

The pair continued to argue as Evan pulled on his boots and set his plumed cap on his flaxen curls. Finally Willie grabbed the box and held it close to his chest. “We’ll have to settle for joint ownership. Now get a move on, and let’s get out of here.” The unlikely pair bade Lady Elnora a hasty goodbye.

Once they had exited the castle, Evan said. “We must decide now where to go next.”

Willie stroked his beard with one hand as he held the box in the other. “I say we go to Unchaste Utopia. I haven’t been home for a long time, and with this magic box I can easily escape the authorities if the occasion arises.”

Evan had no desire to go to Unchaste Utopia, and he said so and then added, “I should like to go to the edge of the world.”

“Well, you can’t,” Willie told him bluntly. “Because I give the commands, and I’m telling the box to take us to Unchaste Utopia.”

Evan’s night with Lady Elnora had awakened in him a sense of manhood and power. He asserted himself with surprising speed. “The box is half mine. It must obey me, too.”

“We will just see about that.” Willie held the box in the palm of his hand and barked out his command. “Magic Box, heed my plea. To my native country carry me.”

Evan snatched the box from Willie’s grasp and issued a second order. “Magic Box, hear my plea. To the edge of the world carry me.”

Willie grabbed for the box. Evan held on refusing to let go. As they struggled the lid flew open, and the magic box fell to the ground between them. Each was scrambling to retrieve the prize they had worked so hard to acquire when the rushing roar of a mighty wind sounded in their ears. Like a powerful vacuum it sucked the duo into its whirling vortex and in the twinkling of an eye, carried them away.

Chapter Four

Only seconds after being caught up into the heavens the pair was dumped, most unceremoniously, onto a grassy knoll inside an exotic garden filled with plants of unparalleled beauty and tall stately trees that boasted leaves of every color and hue. Willie scrambled to his feet and rubbed his backside as he surveyed the wondrous sights around him. “This is not Unchaste Utopia.”

Evan stood and felt for his plumbed cap. Marvel of marvels, it was still on his head. “Maybe it’s the edge of the world. Maybe I can....”

Willie rounded on him. “You can shut up. You’ve done enough already by losing my magic box.”

Evan took offense to that accusation. “*I* lost *your* magic box? Hardly! It was you who--” A sudden noise on the other side of a hedge made him stop speaking and stand on tiptoe to peep over the top. A fat little man with a fringe of hair around his otherwise bald head sat on a stone bench. As he rocked back and forth he repeated over and over, “Oh woe is me, oh woe is me. The wrath of the sultan is my destiny.”

Willie grabbed Evan’s arm. “Sounds like trouble. Let’s get out of here.”

Evan shook his arm free. “We can’t turn our backs on a man in trouble.”

Willie was set to take to his heels. “Watch me.”

Evan grabbed the wily wizard by the back of his long robe. “Come back here.”

With his reluctant companion in tow he walked around the hedge and hurried to the spot where the dejected little man sat. “Good morrow, friend.”

The plump man lifted his cherubic face. “What’s good about it?”

Willie pushed Evan aside. “Good brother, my companion and I seem to be lost. Perhaps you can tell us where we are.”

“You’re in a garden,” The man replied and then added, “I’m not your brother. I’m not anybody’s brother.”

Willie was not easily deterred. ‘Excuse me, good father, we can see that we’re in a garden, but whose garden?’

The little man studied the pair several moments before saying, “The sultan’s garden, to be exact. It is the sultan’s harem garden.” His eyes narrowed. “How did you get in here?” Before either of them could answer he added, “I’m not your father. I’m not anybody’s father.”

Evan stepped around Willie. “My companion meant no offense. We assumed from your modest dress and your simple hair style that you are a priest.”

The man blew his nose on the edge of his robe. “You idiots. This is not a priest’s garb. It’s the dress of a...” Once again he burst into uncontrollable tears.

Willie poked Evan in the ribs. “Damn I hate to see a man cry. Do something.”

Evan asked, “Like what?”

Once more Willie pushed Evan aside. “Never mind. I’ll do it myself.” He extended on hand in the little man’s direction. “Good fellow, I am Willie Wraskel from the kingdom of Aviator. My traveling companion is none other than Prince Evander, son of King Otto The Good.”

The fat little man seemed singularly unimpressed. “So?”

“So if you will be so kind as to enlighten us as to the country we are in, we will be happy to assist you with your problem.”

The fat little man wailed all the louder. “There is no remedy for my problem. Alas and alack, I am doomed. I am doomed.”

Willie offered comfort of a sort. “Nothing could be that bad.”

The fat little man stood. “So you think?”

Willie snapped, “So I know.”

The fat little man raised his robe. He wore nothing under it. Pointing to his maimed genitals, he cried, “I’m a eunuch. Can you remedy that?”

Willie turned a pasty shade of white. Swallowing, he moved back. “Talk to the prince.”

Evan’s heart went out to this little man who was so obviously in terrible pain. “Who did this awful thing to you?”

The fat man dropped his robe and sat back on the bench. “Who castrated me? I don’t remember. It was a long time ago.” He sighed.

“Having no balls is not my biggest problem right now.”

Evan wondered what could be more disastrous than losing one’s manhood. “Then what is causing you such woe?”

“Oh, dear, I’ve forgotten my manners. My name is Bruce. I am Harem Captain for the mighty Sultan of Salacio whose enormous empire reaches from the Plains of Ryman to the vast Sea of Tranquility.” Moving toward the end of the bench, the man patted the space beside him. “Would you care to sit down?”

Willie sat in the space before Evan could respond. “Glad to know you, Bruce. A harem? I must say that’s interesting. I’ve always wanted to see the inside of one of those places. You say you have a problem. How can we help?”

Evan sank onto the grass in front of the bench. “Forgive my companion. Sometimes he gets carried away with the wish to do a good deed.” His conscience reprimanded him for telling such a monstrous lie, but he could not allow Bruce to see what a mercenary scalawag Willie really was. “If you will show us the gate, we will be on our way.”

“There is no gate. The only way out of this garden is through the sultan’s harem. Bruce’s countenance fell. “And you can’t go through there. It’s off limits to all men except eunuchs and the sultan, of course.”

Evan felt a little tingle of apprehension. “Then how can we get out?”

Bruce shrugged. “Maybe you can’t.”

Evan insisted, “But we must.”

Bruce stopped his sniffing. “Maybe I can help you after you’ve helped me.”

Evan stammered, “I r-really don’t s-s-see how....”

Bruce wailed, “But you promised. Now you want to renege on that promise?”

Evan remembered no such promise. He was set to say so when Willie took command of the situation. “Prince Evander, the only son of Good King Otto would never go back on a promise. Tell us, how can we help?”

Evan knew Willie well enough to know that he would not offer help to anyone unless it he thought it was going to benefit him in some way. But this was not the time to dwell on Willie’s shortcomings. They had to get out of this harem garden before someone else discovered their presence here.

Sighing, Bruce folded his hands across his fat little belly. “Let me explain my rather precarious position.”

Willie urged, “Please do.”

Bruce leaned back and stretched his short, plump legs in front of him. “I have been the Captain of the Eunuch guard for more years than I can remember. The Sultan trusts me implicitly.”

Willie nodded. “That’s nice to know, get on with your story.”

A frown creased Bruce’s smooth forehead. “In the beginning it was not a difficult assignment. The Sultan was young and vigorous. He had only one wife and two concubines. Meeting their needs was no problem. The women were satisfied, at least most of the time. That made for

harmony and serenity inside the harem. For the most part I was spared temper tantrums and crying fits. In general, all was well.” Bruce let out a long jagged sigh. “But as time passed the sultan’s harem grew in proportion to his power and wealth. Now he has seven wives and ten concubines, and the sultan is getting on in years. So you can see that now I have a big problem.”

Evan couldn’t see how the sultan having so many women could be a problem for a eunuch. “What kind of problem?”

“There is no order in the harem now. The cat fights and hysterical fits grow worse by the day.” A tear slid from Bruce’s eye. “Tomorrow the sultan goes on his annual two-week pilgrimage to pay homage to the mighty God Phallus Erectus. He has decreed that if I do not have the harem in order and his wives and concubines behaving in a quiet and orderly manner by the time he returns, he will have me beheaded.” Bruce began to cry uncontrollably. “I have offered a great reward to any who would help me, but I can find on one who is willing to accept my generous offer.”

He had said the magic words. Willie sat up and took notice. “Great reward did you say?”

Bruce sniffed, and then pinched his nose with his thumb and forefinger. “Oh, yes, great and wondrous is the reward I offer. It is a gold ring that has magical powers to make its wearer able, at will, to shape shift from one form to another.”

Willie was amazed. “And no one has come forward to help you and

claim your reward?”

Bruce admitted, somewhat grudgingly, “There is one other stipulation. If the person who accepts my offer fails to restore order in the harem by the time the king returns, he must take my place on the chop block, and it is his head that will roll, not mine.”

Willie stroked his long beard. “Perhaps my companion and I can be of assistance to you.”

Evan wanted no part of any scheme that involved the possibility of losing one’s head. “Speak for yourself, wizard.”

Willie took a deep breath. “Hear me out before you go refusing such a lucrative offer.”

Evan was becoming more uncomfortable by the minute. “I fear I will be sorry if I do.”

Willie assured him, “No, you won’t. A sly smile slid across his bewhiskered face. “I have a plan. Trust me.”

Evan knew better that to do that. “No way.”

Bruce rubbed his dimpled hands together. “Shouldn’t you at least hear the plan before you decide?” Once again he reminded Evan, “You did promise, to help me, oh noble prince.”

Evan had done no such thing, but that seemed beside the point now. Against his better judgment he agreed to listen.

Willie leaned back on the bench and tented his fingers. “There must be very simple solution to this problem. All we need do is find it. The

problem has been stated. Now we must discern the reason for its existence.”

“Bruce sniffed indignantly. “I know the reason. The sultan’s wives are all sexually frustrated. Each and everyone of them needs a good fucking.”

Willie nodded his agreement. “That’s putting it a little crudely, but you’re right.”

Bruce jeered, “So what is your answer? Sneak in and give all seventeen of them a good frigging? That might work for a while, but sooner or later you’d get caught. Then you’d lose your head literally, and I’d be right back where I started. I don’t need a temporary fix. I need a permanent solution.”

Willie’s smile was wicked. “And I have one for you.”

Bruce was decidedly skeptical. “Yeah, what?”

Willie stroked his beard. “First you have to promise that you will give me the magic ring the moment me that order is restored in the harem.”

Evan had been down this road before. He interjected, “Give *us* the ring.”

Bruce bowed his head and seemed to be in deep thought. After a few moments he raised his face and smiled. “It’s a deal. Tell me what to do.”

Willie asked, a little slyly. “Have you ever heard of a dildo?”

Bruce wrinkled his nose and frowned. “What’s a dildo?”

“It’s a fake prick.”

Bruce was amazed. “Surely, you jest.”

Willie assured him. “I was never more serious.”

“But where would I get one?” Bruce moved his hands in a defeated gesture. “Who would show the wives and concubines how to use it?” He shook his head. “It would never work. If the women liked it they would fight over it. If they didn’t, one of them would be sure to tell the sultan, and he would have my head anyway.

Willie was at his wily best. “Let’s take your questions one at a time. “First, you will need seventeen dildos. That way each woman can have her own personal toy.”

Bruce echoed, “Seventeen? But wouldn’t that cost a king’s ransom?”

“Not at all,” Willie responded. “I can make the dildos myself. In two or three days, I can have them all completed and ready to go. All you have to do is get the material to me.”

“But suppose the women won’t accept the dildos? Suppose they don’t like the idea and tell the Sultan what I have done?”

Willie reassured him. “It’s all in the presentation. Properly introduced and demonstrated, the dildos will be a huge success. And Prince Evander will be glad to not only tell, but to show your harem ladies how to best use these little toys.”

Evan was only half listening to Willie’s wild scheme. The wizard’s promise that he would demonstrate dildos to seventeen women sank in slowly. He held up one hand. “Wait a minute.”

Willie pierced him with a stabbing stare. “Don’t mess this up, boy.”

Evan argued, “But I don’t have any idea how to demonstrate a dildo.”

“Then you’d better figure out a way,” Willie shot back, “because you have to do something to earn your half of the gold ring.” He smiled as he added, “Unless you can make the dildos.”

Evan had to admit, “I’ve never even seen a dildo.”

“Willie shrugged. “I rest my case. I make the dildos, you demonstrate them.”

Evan had run out of arguments. He asked point blank, “Why can’t you do both?”

“Because a bunch of sex-starved harem women will listen more readily to a handsome prince than they will to a wrinkled old wizard.”

Bruce chimed in, “Your companion has a point.”

Evan took a different approach. “I wouldn’t feel comfortable.”

Bruce drove his point home. “Would you be more comfortable having your head chopped off?”

Evan swallowed as he ran his hand across his throat. “No.” It didn’t seem that he had much choice. “All right, I’ll demonstrate the dildos.”

Willie clapped his hands together. “Captain Bruce, you’ve got a deal. Is there someplace you can hide us while we work?”

Bruce stood and straightened his robe. “You can stay in the garden shed. It’s this way. Follow me.” He waddled down a winding path and toward a long low building that stood at the far end of the garden.

Willie and Evan followed after him.

Once the three were inside the shed, Willie sat on a stool and began to recite the materials he would need to make seventeen dildos.

Bruce listened attentively, asking questions now and then and making an occasional suggestion. When the lengthy conference was over, he waddled out the door, promising as he departed to bring food and materials soon.

He was scarcely out the door when Willie turned to Evan. “We have our work cut out for us. Seventeen dildos in three days in a big order.”

Evan felt a touch of panic, “You do know how to make them.” He tagged his doubtful statement with a nervous question, “Don’t you?”

Willie said, “Of course I do. I learned when I was an apprentice to a wizard who specialized in making sex toys.”

Evan was reassured, somewhat. “All right, I’ll help you.” He thought a little sadly that making dildos for a sultan’s harem was a far cry from the adventure he’d envisioned when he’d first set out upon his noble quest to find his heart’s desire.

Chapter Five

Over the next three days Willie and Evan worked diligently to fashion from the raw materials that Bruce brought to them seventeen identical dildos. For once Willie had told the truth. Each dildo was a work of art standing proud and erect, with intricate details, a smooth finish, and bearing a remarkable resemblance to the real thing. Late in the afternoon of the third day Willie held up the last dildo for Evan to see. “All done and just in time.”

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when Bruce appeared in the doorway bringing their evening repast. “Done are they? The great god Phallus Erectus be praised.” Coming across the room he set the tray he carried on a small table. “The sultan returns when the moon is full. That gives us sixteen days to introduce the dildos to the women of his harem.”

Evan almost choked on his crust of bread. “Sixteen days?” He had been thinking in terms of an hour or so. After all, how long should it take to tell seventeen women what to do with a dildo?

Bruce made a placating gesture with his hands. “I know. One day you will just have to double up and introduce the thing to two women at one time.”

Evan stammered, “C-c-can’t I just demonstrate to all of them at one time?”

Bruce's expression was one of horror. "Oh, dear me no!"

Evan was beginning to feel a little desperate. "Why Not?"

Bruce blew air through his mouth. "I can see that you know nothing about harem protocol. This is a delicate undertaking. It must be handled with tact and discretion."

Willie stopped slurping his soup long enough to say, "He can handle the job, Captain. I've seen him in action. Just lay down the rules of protocol, and he can do the rest."

Evan was flabbergasted. "Sixteen days? I had hoped that we could be out of here by the day after tomorrow."

Bruce told him emphatically, "Well, you can't. No listen to me. I have arranged for you to have a private session with each of the harem ladies except for the twins, Selena and Serena. You will see them together. I've explained to the ladies that you are a physician who will be examining them." He smiled, apparently pleased at the clever scheme he was about to set in motion. "I have borrowed an eunuch's robe from Tall Thomas. He's the largest eunuch in my company. I'll fetch it to you tomorrow. Then I will escort you into the harem, and you can begin your work. Remember, you only have sixteen days to complete this job."

An emotion not unlike panic choked in Evan's throat. He didn't like the idea of going into the harem even once. "Can't you bring the ladies out here?"

Bruce surveyed his shabby surroundings. "To this dump? Don't be

absurd. You will come to the harem, but have no fear--the other eunuchs will think you one of us.”

That statement brought very little comfort to Evan and no assurance at all.

Nevertheless, early the next morning he shed his tunic and tights, removed his plumed hat, and donned the eunuch’s robe that Bruce had brought him. The garment was far too small. It fell just past his knees and the sleeves reached only to his elbows. He decided to dispense with the rope-like belt. At Bruce’s behest he traded his shoes and for a pair of sandals.

On the way from the shed to the harem Bruce gave instructions. “When we get to the door, put your hands in your sleeves and walk with your head down.” He illustrated by crossing his arms and shoving hands into his wide sleeves.

What was easy for Bruce to accomplish was for Evan, impossible to do. “My sleeves aren’t long enough,” he complained.

Bruce shrugged. “If you can’t, you can’t, but do your best to blend in with the others.” He led Evan down a winding garden path, over a small footbridge and toward an elaborately adorned entrance that was guarded by two men wearing eunuchs’ robes and holding tall spears.

The men saluted smartly as Bruce and Evan came nearer. Bruce returned their salute and then hurriedly ushered Evan through the door and into the outer confines of the harem.

Once inside, Bruce made a sharp left turn and entered a wide, dimly lit corridor. “This way.”

Evan followed with his arms crossed and his head down. At first, the tread of their muffled footsteps sounded down the passageway as their feet traveled over the carpeted floor. The farther they traveled the louder became the clamor of dissenting female voices until, at last the tread of footsteps was lost in the rising din.

Bruce placed his hands over his ears. “By the beard of the prophet, this constant quarreling is driving me mad.”

Evan raised his head and looked around him to behold marble walls hung with rich tapestries. He stared up into a vaulted, ornately adorned ceiling. He was a king’s son, and this was wealth and elegance such as he had never seen before.

Near the end of the passageway Bruce paused before a wrought iron trimmed door and taking a ring of keys from his belt, fitted one of them into the lock. As he turned the key, he asked, “Did you bring the dildos?”

Evan patted the pockets on each side of his robe. “Yes.”

Bruce gave the door a shove. “Both of them?”

Evan nodded. “Yes.”

The door swung open to reveal a magnificently appointed chamber. At the end of the room, two luxuriously draped couches stood beneath an arched window that overlooked the harem garden. On each couch reclined a beautiful young woman. Evan stared at one and then the other. They were

as alike as two peas on a pod. A brief transparent top did little to conceal their beautifully formed breasts. Harem pants, also transparent hugged their gently rounding hips and revealed their dark pubic hairs. Their long hair, straight and thick and black as ebony, flowed down their backs like dark manes.

Bruce stepped inside and clapped his hands. “Ladies, may I have your attention please?” He motioned for Evan to come inside and instructed that he shut the door.

Evan obeyed and stood feeling foolish and out-of-place in his short robe and sandals.

Until this point neither beautiful woman had paid the slightest heed to Bruce. When Evan stepped inside, they both sat up and took notice. Their almond shaped eyes lit with interest. One twin rose from her couch as her gaze widened with curiosity. “What have we here?”

Bruce cleared his throat. “This is the physician I spoke of earlier.”

The second twin stood gracefully to her feet. “You didn’t tell us that he was beautiful.”

Bruce shook his head and scolded, “Selena, behave.”

Both girls giggled before the second twin said, “I’m Serena.”

“Serena, Selena, whatever. Mind your manners. May I introduce to you the great physician Evan? He is from a distant country and has traveled far to be of service to you.”

Selena--or was it Serena?--snorted, “Of service? A eunuch? Don’t

make me laugh.” The twins put their hands over their mouths and giggled.

Evan’s anger surfaced suddenly. He spoke in a voice that cracked like a whip. “Enough!”

Much to his surprise the two women stopped giggling and became very still.

Bruce echoed his command. “Yes, enough.” He backed toward the door. As he inched past Evan, he whispered, “I’ll be back in an hour. Good luck.” Then turning on his heel he hurried out the door slamming it and locking it behind him.

Evan scratched the side of his chin with his thumb as he stared at the twin beauties, trying to figure out what he should do next. He was going to need more than luck. Masculine intuition told him that if he was to succeed he must take command of the situation at the onset. Stepping forward, he spoke with as much authority as he could muster. “I am here to examine each of you and to give you instructions in the use of a most unusual ... gadget.” As he spoke, all his fears and misgivings melted away. This was a not task to dread but an undertaking to enjoy. Already he could feel heat coursing through his veins and warmth fusing his skin.

The twins looked at each other in surprise before one of them turned to ask, “What’s a gadget?”

Evan’s chest expanded as he inhaled deeply. “Well Selena....”

The twin interrupted, “I’m Serena.”

If he was going to maintain any kind of order he must find some way

to know which twin was which. “You look so much like your sister. Is there any way I can tell the two of you apart?” Moving closer, he studied the duo more carefully and he liked what he saw; such beautiful ivory complexions, such lovely almond shaped eyes, such soft red, moist lips. His prick responded by beginning to stiffen. How fortunate he was that the eunuch’s robe he wore was loose enough to hide his randy member.

One twin lifted her arms. “There is one way.” She quickly shed her tiny top. Her smooth breasts sprung free. The nipples were hard. She turned. On her back just below her left shoulder blade was a tiny blue star. “I’m Selena.”

Evan’s prick expanded a little more. He swallowed over the lump in his throat. “I see.” And he liked what he saw, oh yes he did. So did his prick. It grew another inch.

Serena stepped deftly from her harem pants. Turning, she stooped over. Her little ass was round and smooth and luscious. On the left cheek was a tiny red star. “I’m Serena.”

Evan’s prick grew to full capacity and stood pushing his robe out in front of him. Reflexively, he moved to cover it with his hands.

Serena’s rosebud mouth formed a perfect O.

Selena pointed. “Look!”

Before Evan could act, Serena rushed to lift his robe and Selena grabbed his prick. Quickly the frenzied pair led him to one of the couches, shoved him down onto it and stripped him of his robe. Then Selena pushed

him onto his back. “Look at the size of that thing.” As Serena was shedding her harem pants, Selena climbed atop Evan. She was set to push her cunt onto his stiff prick when Serena shoved her aside. “Me first.”

Selena pushed back. “No, me.”

Evan struggled to gain control of himself and the situation. Shoving the women aside, he sat on the side of the couch. “There is no reason to quarrel over me.”

Selena sat beside him. “We’re not quarreling over you, we’re quarreling over that stiff tool.” Once more she reached for Evan’s prick.

Evan slapped her hand away. “Stop it, there’s enough to go around.”

Serena had moved to his other side. “The great sultan himself can only manage to get it up once in a night.”

Evan said with some pride, “I’m a prince, and I can manage two hards any night in the week.”

The twins looked skeptical. Finally Selena asked, “Really?”

Evan nodded his assurance. “You’d better believe it.” Suddenly he remembered what his mission here was. This seemed the perfect opportunity to introduce the dildos to the twins. “Would you like to have some fun?”

Serena pouted, “We would like to have a good fucking.” She added emphatically, “Both of us.”

Selena insisted. “I’m first.”

Serena leaned around Evan and gave her sister a dirty look. “No, I’m

first. You were first the last time, and the sultan couldn't get it up for me so it's my turn to be first this time."

Evan held up both hands. "Quiet, please."

The pouting twins stopped fighting with each other and turned their wrath on Evan. They flung insults and threats at him as he reached for his robe. As he pulled the two dildos from his pockets, the twins grew strangely quiet. Finally they asked in unison. "What is that?"

"It's the gadget I was telling you about." He handed one to each twin and then hastened to say. "So you see there's no need to quarrel over my prick when each of you has one of your own."

Selena ran her hands over the smooth surface. "It's nice, but I'd rather have yours."

Serena agreed, "Me too."

Evan could see that there was only one way to solve this dilemma. He instructed Selena to lie down on the couch and spread her legs. She did have beautiful legs, long and shapely and smooth. When she was lying on her back with her legs spread apart, he told Serena to do the same. She too obeyed without question. Evan took one of the dildos and slid it into Selena's wet cunt. She squealed with delight. He moved the dildo in and out very slowly. "This is the way it's done. But wait a minute. I'll tell you when it's time to start."

Selena wriggled her hips. "All right, but hurry."

Evan climbed atop Serena and slid his prick into her hot cunt. It felt

so good. He instructed Selena, “Start now.”

As Selena used her dildo to pleasure herself, Evan pleased both himself and Serena. He remembered what Lady Elnora had taught him and began slowly. His backbone tingled, and his blood heated as deeper and deeper, faster and faster he pumped.

Serena rose to meet each thrust. “Don’t stop, oh, please don’t stop. It feels so good, so good.”

Selena pushed her dildo in and out in rhythm with Evan’s movements. “As she neared climax she shouted, “It’s a symphony!”

Evan was moving nearer and nearer to fulfillment. His prick expanded until it exploded sending him spinning into a world of color and sensation.

Afterward the sweaty trio lay on the couch for several seconds panting and replete.

When Evan could move he shifted to sit beside Serena. “I hope you can appreciate what a dildo can do for you.”

Selena smiled. “I certainly do.”

Serena stretched like a sensuous cat. “I appreciate what you did for me.”

Evan smiled. “It was my pleasure.”

Selena’s face lit in a bright smile. “Let’s do it again and trade places. This time Serena gets her dildo, and I get your prick.”

Serena nodded in agreement. “That’s a splendid idea.”

Evan approved. Evan's prick approved. Already it was growing.
“Why not.”

Serena handed him her dildo. “Put it in for me.”

Evan was happy to do just that. He slid the smooth dildo into Serena's damp cunt. His prick stiffened and grew.

Serena let out a long sigh of satisfaction. “It does feel good.” She began to move it in and out.

“Wait,” Selena admonished as she lay down beside her twin and spread her legs. “It's better when you can see the prince physician fucking me.”

Evan and his prick were both ready to go again. As he climbed astride Selena, he thought that this was a job he could grow to love.

Chapter Six

As the days passed, two, three, four, five, Evan became more and more engrossed in his work. Each morning Bruce came for him and escorted him to the harem. Each day Evan introduced another of the sultan's wives to her dildo, and each evening Captain Bruce accompanied a tired but happy prince back to the shed at the end of the garden path.

On the sixth evening, as they were making their way down the garden path, Bruce stopped and pointed to a bench. "Sit down, I have to talk to you."

Evan welcomed a respite. He dropped onto the bench, leaned back and sighed. Weariness had seeped into the very marrow of his bones. The wife he'd introduced to the dildo today had been especially demanding. She'd also been extremely inventive--so many times and in so many ways. Remembering made him smile.

Bruce sat down beside him. "Wipe that silly smile off your face. We have a problem."

Evan placed the back of his hand over his mouth to stifle a yawn. "A problem you say?" Had he been a little less lethargic he would have been a little more concerned. "What kind of problem?"

Bruce fidgeted like a worm in hot ashes. "The worst kind. I received some most disturbing news today."

After he'd slept a while, Evan was sure he'd be more concerned.
"News about what?"

"Not what, who. The sultan will be returning home early from his pilgrimage."

Evan was suddenly wide-awake and on the alert. He bolted to an upright position. "Are you sure?"

Bruce shook his head and frowned. "I'm positive. The runner who brought the message was most emphatic."

Evan asked, anxiously, "How much time do we have?" The worried expression on Bruce's face was enough to make him grow even more alarmed. "What else did the runner say?"

"He didn't. That's the problem." Standing, Bruce began to pace around the bench. He circled it three times before stopping to face Evan. "All he remembers is that the sultan is returning early, and we should prepare his harem for his homecoming."

This was more serious than Evan had thought. "Have you told this to Willie?"

Bruce admitted, "Not yet."

Evan was on his feet and heading for the shed. "Let's break the news to him. Willie's wily. He will think of something." He raced down the path with Bruce waddling behind him like a scared duck.

Willie was, as usual, fast asleep on his cot. He stirred and sat up as the two burst through the door. "Where's supper?"

“Later,” Bruce assured him. “Right now we have to discuss a problem that has arisen.” Quickly he explained about the sultan’s message and his imminent return.

The unflappable Willie was seemingly undisturbed. “No problem. You simply give us the ring, and we give you the remaining dildos and go on our way.” He added under his breath, “And the sooner the better.”

Bruce was indignant to say the least. “And who, pray tell will introduce the dildos to the concubines?”

Willie was the epitome of indifference. “You, of course.”

Bruce shook his finger in Willie’s face. “Oh, no. I’m not about to get involved with showing those dildos to the sultan’s concubines. I don’t have any balls, but I do have some brains. If this scheme backfires, heads will roll. If you want that ring, you finish the job.”

Willie, wily as ever, suggested, “Why don’t you give us the ring, and then we will complete the job?”

Bruce was too shrewd to fall for that ruse. “You get the ring after you complete the job and not a minute before, and you have one more day to get it done.”

Evan knew there was no way he could do in one day to ten women what it had taken him six days to do to seven women. “I don’t think that’s possible.”

Willie agreed, very quickly. “That’s true.” He pointed to Evan. “Look at the boy. He’s so cunt-weary now that he can hardly move. Have a

little mercy.”

Bruce was adamant. “I can’t worry about some cunt-weary prince. I have my own neck to look out for.” Turning he waddled toward the door. Halfway across the floor he paused and turned, “So, mighty prince and clever wizard, you’d better get the job done, and you’d better have it completed by sundown tomorrow.” With those words he headed for the exit, traveling as fast as his fat little legs would propel him along.

Over the slamming of the shed door, Willie shouted, “Come back here you fat little fart.”

As the sound of Bruce’s feet fleeing down the garden path died away, Evan sighed, “All is lost. This time we’re doomed.”

Willie moaned, “If you’d only held onto that magic box. We could....”

Evan didn’t want to hear about that box. “Worrying about that box won’t get us out of this mess.”

Willie agreed and then brightened considerably. “Be of good cheer my prince. You managed just fine with two women at one time. Why can’t you do the same thing with ten?”

Evan knew the answer to that question only too well. “Because I wouldn’t last that long, that’s why.”

Willie leaned forward and stroked his beard. “Paint me a word picture of exactly what you did with those two women.”

Evan was outraged by such a voyeuristic request. “No!”

“You’d better if you want to get out of this place alive and in one piece.” Willie’s eyes glowed with a lecherous gleam. “And don’t leave out one single little detail.”

Evan rubbed his hand across his throat. “Oh, all right.” Over the next half hour he related in language that was crude but graphic all that had happened between him and Selena and Serena.

When he had completed his bawdy revelation, Willie sat for a few minutes stroking his beard and looking into space. Finally he dropped his hand, smiled and declared, “I have an idea.”

Evan didn’t like the sound of that. Willie’s ideas always meant trouble. “Unless you’ve thought of some way for us to escape, I don’t want to hear it.”

Willie shrugged. “All right, go ahead, get your head chopped off.”

With a sigh, Evan relented, “Tell me what you have in mind.”

Willie spoke in a low confident voice. “We are going to turn your demonstration into a game of chance.”

Maybe Evan was wearier than he’d thought. Always before Willie’s wild ideas had contained some logic. This one didn’t even make sense. “What are you talking about?”

Willie retorted, “I’m talking about saving your neck and my ass.” His tone softened. “Listen and listen carefully.”

Evan reasoned that since he had nothing to lose, he might as well hear the plan that Willie had hatched in that devious brain. “So tell me. I’m

listening.”

“The first thing we do is number the ten dildos; then we assign you a number between one and ten. Tomorrow morning we will go to the harem. When the concubines are assembled each one will receive a dildo with a number on it. The lady with the dildo number that’s the same as the number assigned to you, wins you. The rest of the concubines can watch and use their new toys while you get it on with the winner. That way you only have to perform once, the job is completed, and we can get that ring and get out of here.”

As crazy as it sounded and as risky as it might be, Evan had to agree that this plan just might work. “All right, I’ll give it a try.”

“You won’t be sorry because....” The shed door opening made Willie shut his mouth. Placing one finger over his lips he signaled for Evan to do the same.

Bruce came inside carrying their evening meal on a tray. “I hope you’ve thought of some way to save us all for the sultan’s wrath.” He set the tray down on a table beside Willie.

Willie wrinkled his nose. “Soup and brown bread again.”

Bruce offered an apology of sorts. “It’s the best I could do.” Sitting down across from the two other men, he folded his chubby hands in his lap. “Have you devised a plan?”

Willie tasted his soup. “Cold.”

Bruce’s patience snapped like a straw in a windstorm. “I can always

send the two of you to the dungeon and have you chained to the wall.”

That was enough to loosen Willie’s tongue. “Captain, we have solved our dilemma, and saved your neck.”

Bruce’s eyebrows climbed up his fat little forehead. “You have?” His brows lowered, and he scowled. “How?”

Willie drank from his soup bowl and wiped his mouth on his sleeve before answering. “Tomorrow morning early you must bring me a eunuch’s robe.”

Bruce asked, “Why?”

“So we can carry out our plan, of course.”

Bruce scratched his head and looked perplexed. “Oh.” Then he asked, “What plan?”

Willie took another swallow of soup. “The plan that’s going to solve our problems and save your neck.” Before Bruce could object again Willie hurried on. “Tomorrow morning early you must assemble all the concubines in a large room. Then you bring the robe and the magic ring here to me.”

Bruce balked. “No way do you get that ring until every female in the harem has her own personal dildo and knows just how to use it.” He added the clincher. “And is happy doing so.”

Wily Willy was at his scheming best. “I’ll make a deal with you. You bring the robe and the ring here tomorrow. I’ll go with the prince when he demonstrates the dildos. You can come along too. As soon as the

demonstration is over, you give me the ring, and the prince and I get out of here and leave you free to concentrate on your sultan's homecoming."

Bruce scratched the side of his head. "Well--" He faltered, seemingly unsure just when he'd lost command of the situation. Throwing both hands into the air, he cried. "All right. I'll do it."

Willie smiled, and Evan breathed a sigh of relief. If they could only get through tomorrow they would be free to go, and they'd also be the proud owners of a magic ring.

Shortly after sunrise the next morning Bruce arrived at the shack carrying a eunuch's robe and a breakfast tray and wearing his magic ring. He tossed the robe toward Willie and set the tray on a table. "Eat and get dressed. The concubines are waiting."

Evan was feeling much refreshed after a good night's sleep. He sat on the side of his cot, pulled Tall Thomas's robe over his head and reached for his breakfast of gruel.

As he ate, Willie donned the other eunuch's robe. A more ridiculous sight Evan had never seen. Willie's arms looked like sticks, his legs resembled pipe stems. The noble prince laughed in spite of himself.

Willie pulled his long beard from under his robe and carefully placed it on the outside. "If my plan fails you will be laughing on the other side of your face. Eat your breakfast, and let's go."

Bruce agreed. "My sentiments exactly. This is not laughing matter." He was wringing his hands and pacing the floor. "Oh dear, oh dear, woe is

me, woe is me”

By the time Evan and Willie had finished their morning repast, Bruce was in a nervous frenzy and Willie was as jumpy a cat. Evan was feeling a little edgy himself. His overactive mind kept conjuring up visions of being thrown into a dark dungeon and chained to its dank, cold walls. Or worse yet, his head resting on a chop block as a hooded man stood over him with a double-edged axe ready to swing.

The short walk from the shed to the harem seemed to take hours. At last they arrived at the front entrance. Bruce saluted the two guards and hurried inside. Evan with his head down and Willie with a sack of dildos slung over his back, followed him like two shadows.

The walk down the long corridor seemed endless. Willie kept looking over his shoulder, and Evan was as jumpy as a cricket on a hot hearth,

At the very end of the long passageway was a huge iron door that was locked and bolted. A carping din of disgruntled female voices sounded from the other side.

As Bruce took his keys from his belt, Willie stood on first one skinny leg and then the other. “The task is all but done. Perhaps you should give me the ring now.”

Evan intervened. “You will give the ring to *me* and only after the task is done.” If Willie got his hands on that ring he’d be gone and Evan would be stranded in a harem with a fat eunuch, and ten sex-starved concubines.

Bruce snarled, “Shut up the both of you. You get the ring when the job is done and not one minute before.” He inserted the key in the lock and pushed. The hinges creaked as it swung open.

The tense trio stepped inside, first Bruce, and then Willie with Evan bringing up the rear. The door closed behind them with a resounding bang.

Ten lovely females of assorted sizes and heights were gathered in little groups in various areas of the room. Their voices rose of one accord in disgruntled dissent.

Bruce clapped his hands together and called out, “Attention please, everyone.”

Gradually the hubbub ceased as the women stopped their chatter and turned to stare at their three visitors.

Bruce cleared his throat and pointed toward Evan. “I have the honor of presenting to you the great and noted physician Evander.”

Evan nodded and smiled. He appeared to be calm and collected. Inside he was shaking like a dry leaf in a winter gale. “I bid you good morning.”

Some of the concubines smiled at him seductively; some fluttered their eyelashes. One even winked one eye knowingly. There was no doubt that word of Evan’s mission and of his prowess had been noised abroad in the harem.

Bruce elbowed Evan aside and with a wave of his hand, pointed to Willie. “And this is Willie Wraskel, his noted and respected assistant. He

will be aiding the honorable physician in making his examinations and arriving at his diagnoses.”

Willie set the bag of dildos on the floor and leaned forward to whisper into in Bruce’s ear, “Enough already. Get on with it.”

Bruce stopped his harangue and turned to go. Willie called after him, “One moment, please. I want to shake the hand of the most noble eunuch captain it has ever been my pleasure to know.” He grabbed Bruce’s hand and shook it vigorously. In the process he slipped Bruce’s magic ring from his finger and held it tightly in the palm of his hand.

Bruce screamed, “Thief! Thief! Guards! Guards! Arrest this man! Drag him away to the palace dungeon!”

Before the guards could move to obey his command a loud trumpet blast suddenly rent the air.

Bruce turned as pale as a ghost. “Oh dear, oh dear, the sultan is coming! The sultan is coming! Bolting across the room, he sped out the door. His movements were amazingly swift and adroit for one so short and obese.

Wily Willie slipped the magic ring onto his finger.

Clever Evan grabbed the hem of Willie’s borrowed robe and not a moment too soon.

In the wink of an eye Willie and Evan shape shifted into gray rats, Willie became a scraggly mangy one with a scabby tail and long white whiskers. Evan became a sleek shiny one with a glossy coat and a tail that

was long, curling, and fine. As the sultan and his entourage approached they scurried between the legs of guards and attendants, ran out the front door of the harem, scampered over the footbridge and escaped to the outside world through a hole in the garden wall.

Chapter Seven

Just outside the garden wall, Evan and Willie encountered a huge black cat with yellow eyes and viciously long claws. They ran for their lives as he snarled and sprang at them. Soon they were far into the deep dark wood that surrounded the sultan's stately palace. Only then did they dare to stop and catch their breath. Winded and too tired to run another step, they scurried under the root of a huge oak tree and collapsed.

Their hiding place was warm and dry. Happy to be safe, at least for the moment, they nestled into the dead leaves around them and fell asleep.

When Evan awakened the sun hung low in the west. Long shadows were falling across the forest. With wakefulness came the realization that he was now a sleek gray rat instead of a tall handsome prince. That was not to his liking. Evan used his front foot to nudge Willie. "Wake up, wily wizard and use your ring to shape shift us back to being human again."

Willie stirred and wiggled his long white whiskers. "What? Where?" As wakefulness came, he squeaked, "The ring, oh, yes, the ring. By the beard of the prophet, the ring rolled from my finger as I shape shifted from a man to a rat."

Evan's long black tail switched dangerously. "You lost the ring?"

Willie the rat was every bit as wily as Willie the wizard. "It's not lost, it's on the harem floor back in the sultan's palace. Why don't you run

back and fetch it? I'll wait for you here."

Evan's fur crawled. "And chance meeting that cat again? Not on your life."

"But you must," Willie argued, "Unless you fancy being a gray rat for the rest of your life."

After much arguing, debating, and blame placing it became clear that neither Willie nor Evan was about to go back to the sultan's harem, not even to search for a magic ring.

Willie peered from under the tree root and out into the inky darkness that had fallen like a mantle across the deep forest. "If we can't go back then we must move forward. But to where?"

Evan wasn't sure where. He was positive about one thing. They must find someone with magical powers who could be persuaded to help them. "You are a wizard. Don't you know someone who can change us back into human form?"

"Not really," replied Willie. "But I know someone who may know someone. The great master wizard Ajax who resides in the kingdom of Eleycia knows every wizard, magician, alchemist, and charlatan in seven kingdoms."

Hope stirred inside Evan's furry breast. "Then we must go there at once."

Willie agreed. "Well said, friend but how can we go to *there* if we don't know where *here* is?"

Evan had to agree, Willie did have a point. “Then we must find out where we are so we can go where we want to be. Tomorrow we shall begin by journeying to the nearest big city.”

Willie’s pointed little ears lay flat against his scraggly head. “Which direction is that oh, noble prince?”

Not to be outdone by a rat wizard, Evan replied, “East.”

Over the next few months Willie and Evan learned that a gray rat’s life is not a happy one. During their long journey through the wood they subsisted on bugs, roots, and leaves. Occasionally they were fortunate to find a scraggly berry bush or a decaying pile of acorns. They slept in hollow logs, under rotting tree roots and in deserted burrows. After many long and arduous days of travel they came to the outskirts of a large and busy city.

As they crouched on a hill looking down, Evan declared. “We are in luck. Yon city has a seaport. We must go to the docks and listen for information about incoming and departing ships.”

For once Willie agreed. The two took up abode the kitchen of a waterfront bar. They soon discovered that life in the city was even more dangerous for gray rats than was traveling through the countryside. A rat must always be on his guard. There were traps to avoid, cats to outrun and poisonous tidbits of food to shun, not to mention brooms that swatted with brute force and boots that stamped on tails if an unfortunate rat ran between the legs of some unsuspecting cook or bartender.

Willie and Evan had been living in the bar's kitchen for some weeks when at last Dame Fortune decided to smile on them. One night while huddled beneath a barrel at the end of the bar they overheard a drunken sailor boasting that his ship that was about to set sail. "Aye, mates," he bragged, as he set his mug of grog on the rude bar. "The good ship Tarwater sails for Eleycia at sunrise tomorrow morning."

The moment Willie and Evan heard those words they scurried out the back door of the bar and raced as fast as their respective four legs would carry them to the docks. After some searching they located the Tarwater and what a sad sight she was with her leaky hull and torn and tattered sails and her sides covered with barnacles. Even in her disreputable condition she was a welcome sight to Evan and Willie.

They hid in a hole in a post on the dock and the next morning as soon as the gangplank was lowered they scurried aboard and took refuge in the ship's galley. Once there, they celebrated their good fortune by raiding the galley pantry. Willie sat on a table with his scraggly tail hanging over the edge and nibbled at a piece of rancid cheese as he sang, "We are off to see great master wizard, the wizard of Ele-yc-ia. We're off to see the great Ajax. Hoorah! Hoorah, Hoorah!"

Two days out of port Willie was singing a different tune. Being aboard the Tarwater was not a cause for celebration. The vessel was leaky. The captain was lean and mean. There was scarcely enough food for the disgruntled crew. Water was a scarce item indeed, and he found, much to

his consternation, that even gray rats can get seasick. The third night out he told Evan, “Sometimes I get the urge to jump ship and swim for shore.”

Evan curled his long black tail around his legs. “Be of good cheer. Sooner or later the ship will reach the port of Eleycia.” Those sagacious words were scarcely out of his mouth when a mighty gale blew from nowhere and struck the ship with the force of a tidal wave. Bells rang. Men shouted, and sails were hoisted, all in vain. By the time Willie and Evan had scurried from below deck to topside, the ship’s hull had begun to split and splinter. Only seconds later it began to sink into the raging waters of an angry ocean.

Just in the nick of time Willie and Evan climbed onto a piece of wood that floated by and hung on for dear life.

As the ship sunk beneath the surging waves, Evan looked back. A few wretched sailors were hanging onto debris and calling frantically for help. He asked Willie, “Should we return and try to save those unfortunate men?”

Willie wrapped his scraggly tail around the plank and shouted against the fierce wind. “It wouldn’t be proper. Rats are supposed to desert a sinking ship.”

After what seemed a very long time the storm subsided and Evan and Willie were left floating on calm seas. As dawn broke over the far horizon, Willie shouted, “Look! Land!”

And so it was. They had floated into a tiny cove. A few minutes later

they were washed up onto a sandy beach. Willy shook water from his mangy fur. “By the beard of the prophet, we have reached safety at last.” He stuck his sharp nose into the air and sniffed. “I smell food.” He took off running. “This way.”

Evan sniffed and smelled danger. “At this point caution should take precedence over all else.” Against his better judgment, he followed after Willie, calling as he scurried over the silvery sand, “Beware, my friend. This is uncharted territory.”

Willie was too busy racing toward a spot beneath a waving palm tree to heed the prince’s advice. “Look,” he shouted as he neared a small box propped on its end, “Corn and wheat and morsels of bread.” He ran to the food and began to nibble greedily.

Evan followed and was scarcely under the box when the stick that propped it was pulled away and the two were trapped inside. He moaned, “Caught like rats in a trap.”

Willie stopped his nibbling and dusted his long white whiskers with his front foot. “What do you mean, *like*? We are rats caught in a trap.”

Evan was exploring the possibilities of gnawing his way through a slat and contemplating the feasibility of digging a hole to escape when from behind a swaying palm tree, stepped a tall warrior woman. She was clad only in a tiny leopard skin loincloth. The remainder of her beautifully formed body was bare except for a jewel that twinkled in her belly button. A quiver of arrows was slung over her shoulder, and she carried a long bow

in her hand. She called out, “Hurry, Mother Martha, let us see what we have caught.” Her perfectly formed breasts swayed seductively as she walked barefoot across the sand toward the box.

A shorter and older female wearing a longer loincloth and carrying a drawstring bag stepped from behind the tree and trotted after the younger woman. She too was topless. A silver disc suspended on a heavy chain hung from her neck and nestled between her heavy pear-shaped breasts. “Slow your pace, Sister Celeste.”

Sister Celeste slowed and pointed. “Look, little furry creatures, two of them.”

The women drew nearer and stopping, stared down at Willie and Evan. Sister Celeste observed, “They’re repulsive looking little animals. Do you think they are edible?”

Mother Martha took a moment to catch her breath. “They will make a dandy stew for the men at the brothel.” She opened her bag and, kneeling on the sand, narrowed her gaze to study the two captives. “One is quite plump and furry. The other is a scraggly runt, hardly worth toting home.”

Sister Celeste nodded her agreement as she took an arrow from her quiver. “Raise the box, and I’ll kill the runt as he tries to escape. You put the fat one in the sack.”

Willie scooted to the back end of the box. “Now just a damn minute. I resent your slanderous talk about my appearance and take offense to you wanting to shoot an arrow through me.”

Mother Martha sank down on the sand and stared up at Sister Celeste. “Holy Goddess Clitorous, the runt can speak.”

Sister Celeste slid her arrow back into her quiver and knelt beside Mother Martha. “What about the fat sleek one? Can he speak too?”

Willie answered, “Of course, he can.” He nudged Evan’s backside with his nose. “Say something, boy.”

Evan switched his long curling tail. “Keep your nose to yourself.”

Sister Celeste chortled with glee. “He *can* talk.” She was set to stick her finger through a slat in the box when apparently she had second thoughts about such a reckless move and pulled it back. “Do you think they bite?”

Mother Martha shrugged. “I don’t know. Why don’t you ask them?”

Sister Celeste leaned very near the box. “Tell me furry, repulsive little creatures, do you bite?”

Willie, wily as always, replied, “No, but I am tempted, someone as lovely as you looks good enough to eat, and I mean that in the most obscene sense of the word.”

Sister Celeste giggled, but Mother Martha looked quite sober as she laid her hand over the silver disk disc that rested between her ample breasts. “Stay back, Sister.” She touched the disk. “Vibrations from my Amazonian Amulet are sending me a warning.”

Sister Celeste pouted, “But they look so harmless. Wouldn’t they make great little pets for the men in the brothel?”

“Beware.” Mother Martha rubbed her palm over the disk. “These two are not what they seem.”

Sister Celeste asked, “Then what are they?”

“I don’t know.” Mother Martha took the disk from her neck. “But we shall soon find out.” She held the silver circle over the box and swung the chain back and forth as she chanted. “Goddess Clitorous, I implore; to their former state these creatures restore.”

The box splintered to fragments as Willie and Evan shape shifted instantly to once more take on human form. The two of them stood stark naked with their manly parts on display for the women to ogle and admire.

Mother Martha’s eyes glowed as she whispered, “Thank you, Goddess.” She touched Willie’s beard and then let her fingers move along the side of his face. “He is very much to my liking.”

Sister Celeste was much less restrained. Grabbing Evan’s prick, she caressed and squealed when it responded in a most positive manner to her touch. “Oh, Great Goddess, you have answered my prayers.”

Mother Martha slapped her hand away. “For shame, Sister. Have you forgotten that Amazonian code of honor? An Amazonian woman always shows respect for the weaker sex.”

Sister Celeste grasped one of her hands in the other. “Forgive me, mother. The sight of this beautiful man made me forget everything but my desire to fuck him senseless.”

Mother Martha frowned, “Not only rude but lewd. That is not

conduct befitting an Amazonian warrior woman.”

Evan smiled as he thought that there was something to be said for rudeness and even more to be said for lewdness. His prick obviously agreed. It stiffened and stood erect.

Sister Celeste squealed with glee. “Oh, mother, look! A truly hard one, and he managed it without help or even encouragement. Kneeling before Evan she kissed his hard prick and then took into her moist mouth and sucked greedily.

Mother Martha swatted Sister Celeste on her firm backside. “Get up this instant. You know the rules.”

Very reluctantly, Sister Celeste stood. “Mother please, please let me have my way with him. It’s been ages since I saw a prick this long and stiff.” Her expression was dreamy. “Can you imagine what it would feel like to have him between your legs and *that* in your cunt pumping and shoving and...?”

Mother Martha shook her head as she wiped drool from her mouth. “You know that it is forbidden for a warrior woman to take a man without the queen’s consent.”

Sister Celeste’s breath came in short raspy gasps. “But the queen is frigid, and her rules about men are harsh and stupid.” She moaned low in her throat. “He looks so yummy, and I’m so hot and bothered.”

“You shouldn’t question the queen’s decrees.” Martha wavered. “But still....”

“No one need ever know.” Sister Selena grinned wickedly. “You can have your way with the little runt while I fuck tall and handsome until he screams for mercy.”

“Watch your language,” Mother Martha snapped, “and show a little restraint. A true Amazonian woman would never ravish a defenseless male.”

Willie was looking at Mother Martha’s big breasts and grinning like the cat that drank the cream. “Does not consent negate ravishment?”

Mother Martha looked doubtful. “Even if that were true, lying with a male outside the walls of the brothel is forbidden.”

Evan smiled at sister Celeste. His blood was pounding in his ears, and his prick was as hard a rock. “Good Mother, consider it a service to two members of the weaker sex.”

Mother Martha relented. “Very well.” She took Willie’s arm and pulled him down the sandy beach toward a grove of sheltering palms. “Let’s get it on. I mean, come with me little man.”

Looking over his shoulder, Willie winked at Evan. “Be gentle with my young friend, good sister.”

Sister Celeste was in no position to answer. She was on her knees before Evan with his prick in her mouth. She rolled her eyes toward the heavens, and her countenance took on a lascivious look as she began to suckle and slurp.

Evan closed his eyes and gave himself over to the sheer delight of

scintillating sexual stimulation. As Sister Celeste sucked his prick two of her fingers found their way into his ass hole. His pleasure threshold soared to amazing heights. This woman was incredible. Her mouth was a vacuum, and her fingers were feathery magic. Before he could open his eyes he lost his load in a frenzied explosion of incendiary rapture.

Chapter Eight

Queen Freda the Frigid stood in the inner circle of the main room of the men's brothel. She wore a transparent veil of shining silver mist over her ivory colored body. Banging her long staff three times on the floor, she declared. "Oh, mighty assembly of warrior women, draw near and hear my words."

Evan and Willie had been herded into a huge cage along with the other men. Each man stood completely bare with his hands over his penis and his head bowed. Evan had been a captive for two weeks. In that length of time he had learned the hard way that an Amazon man was submissive and subservient at all times. His early attempts at assertiveness had earned him a sound thrashing on his bare ass. His one attempt at escape had acquainted him with the cruel torture of an instrument aptly dubbed a ball buster.

It was only after Evan had become convinced that brothel life was unbearable and escape was impossible that he had decided to go along with Willie's wild plan. Now, standing, waiting for the queen to read her nightly proclamation, he was having second thoughts about agreeing to such a risky undertaking. Under his breath he whispered, "I must not fail."

The tall man next to him poked his skinny elbow into Evan's ribs and whispered from one side of his mouth, "Quiet, lest we all be punished for

your crimes.”

Since a mere male was forbidden to speak without permission, Evan shut his mouth and hardened his resolve. He would do it. Even if failure would result in a fate worse than death, he would give it a try.

The queen tapped her staff on the floor once more and a stately gray-haired woman stepped forward, bowed low before the queen, unrolled the scroll she held in her hands and began to read. “Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Be it known to all assembled that Queen Freda the Frigid issues this solemn proclamation.”

The group had gone through this same ceremony each night for the past two weeks. By now Evan knew the words of the proclamation by heart. He cut his eyes in Willie’s direction. Willie scowled as he mouthed the words, “Remember the plan.”

The stately woman continued to read. “Queen Freda seeks a man who can give her an orgasm. Great is the reward for such a feat.” She rolled up the scroll and holding it in her hands turned toward the caged men. “Is there one among you who would attempt to thaw the queen’s cold cunt?”

The ensuing silence was deafening.

After an expectant pause, she said, “The man who accomplishes this feat will be given a drink of the water from the well of wisdom, and the queen will grant him one wish.” She raised a scornful eyebrow. “Well?”

When again there was no answer, she added, “Of course if the attempt fails, the foolish male will be castrated and sent to serve as an aide to the

warden of the penal colony far across the island.” It was not her taunt but her sneering laughter that gave Evan the courage to raise his head and drop his hands to his sides. In a clear, ringing masculine tones he announced, “I accept the challenge.”

A rumble of female voices filled the room as every eye turned to stare at Evan. Since it was too late to turn back now, he squared his shoulders and stared back even though his insides had turned to jelly and his knees were knocking together.

The queen lifted her staff, and the voices stilled. Her icy blue eyes seemed to look through Evan. Leaning on her staff she motioned with her other hand. “Come forward, oh, brave and foolish one.”

Evan swallowed over the fear that had coagulated in his throat and made his way toward the stately figure of the queen. Her cold stare was enough to freeze his blood in his veins.

As he made his way past Willie, the wily one whispered, “Trust me. Everything is in place. Look under the bed and then over it.”

Evan stopped. “But you said....”

Queen Freda banged her staff on the floor. “Come here at once.”

Evan did as the queen bade. He walked with quick determined strides until his toes touched the outside edge of the circle where the queen stood. Standing erect and speaking with authority, he said, “I am here, oh Queen.”

The queen looked him over from head to toe before saying, “Bathe him, clothe him and bring him to my quarters.”

Before the last word had left her mouth two extremely tall guards stepped forward to stand on either side of Evan. In unison they said, “We hear and we obey, oh mighty queen.”

Evan wondered as they led him away, if he had made a big mistake by agreeing to be a part of one of Willie’s wily scheme. He was still wondering the same thing when two hours later the guards had bathed him, perfumed him, dressed him in a fine-spun robe, and escorted him to the queen’s quarters. As they turned to go, Evan called after them, “What must I do now?”

The guards laughed and one said, “You must perform or be marked for immediate castration.”

The other added, “Knock before you enter.” With that admonition they hurried down the long passageway and disappeared around a corner leaving Evan to stare after them with his handsome mouth hanging open and his faint heart barely beating. He stood for long uneasy moment before lifting his fist and rapping three times on the heavy wooden door.

A frosty voice called from the other side, “Enter.”

Evan pushed the door with his hand. It opened slowly. He stepped into a magnificently appointed bedchamber. The nude queen lay on a bed that stood on a raised dais in the center of the room. Evan shut the door and looked around him. Never before had he seen such a splendid display of titillating artistry. The walls were painted with provocative pictures of nude men and women in various coupling positions. Attending angels in lewd

and lascivious positions toyed with themselves as they watched with avid interest. The bed was hung with velvet curtains on which had been embroidered pictures of fairies frolicking nude among cunning little animals that cohabited with artless abandon. Evan's courage all but deserted him. If the queen had failed to become aroused in surroundings such as these how could he possibly hope to move her to orgasm?

Queen Freda reclined and spread her legs. "I'm ready."

Evan took heart. Maybe the fault lay not in the cold-cunted queen but in the men who had been her companions. He advanced with manly strides to stand beside the queen's bed. "No, my queen, you are not."

Her cold stare cut through him. "Get it over. I'm tired, and I feel a headache coming on."

Evan remembered Willie's words, *Look under the bed and then over it*. Or had Willie said *Look over the bed and then under it*? He decided that it didn't matter. Feeling under the edge of the bed, he found the bottle of scented oil that Willie had promised to place there. Removing the lid, he poured some into his hands and instructed the queen to turn on her stomach.

She refused. "I'm not into trying new positions. I don't even care if you're on top. Get it in, and get it done."

Could it be that the queen had never been teased and tantalized? Evan gambled on the chance that he had guessed correctly and began to rub the sweet scented oil over the queen's breasts. Its perfume permeated the air. Freda sighed. "No man ever touched me so before."

Suddenly Evan saw very clearly that the queen's problem lay not in being frigid but in being ignorant of her body's ability to give her pleasure. He slid his slick hands to her belly and moved them in a massaging circle. "It is time oh, Queen, that a man did."

Once more, Evan asked the queen to turn on her stomach. This time she obeyed. He massaged her back, her buttocks, and her legs. Slowly the tension drained from her body, and she began to unwind.

Evan spent the next half-hour rubbing and massaging the queen's body. When he was sure she had relaxed sufficiently he laid down beside her on the feather-soft bed. It was then that he looked up and delight of delights, wily Willie had, for once kept his promise. Above the bed hung a wide gilded mirror. Its reflection revealed a prince of a man with a stiff prick and a relaxed queen with her eyes shut tight. Evan whispered, "Open your eyes, oh queen, and behold the wonders of your own body."

The queen opened her eyes and gasped. "Oh, my, where did that come from?"

Evan wondered the same thing. How had Willie accomplished such a feat? It didn't matter *how*--he had done it. "Spread your legs, oh queen, and look at your lovely little cunt."

"But I...."

Evan put his hand on her stomach. "Please."

Marvel of marvels, she obeyed and spread her legs to reveal a cunning cunt with dark hair curling around it.

Evan whispered in her ear, "I am going to perform magic." He slid his hand to her cunt and gently pushed two fingers inside. It was as dry as a desert. That wouldn't do. Evan positioned himself between her legs and put his mouth where his fingers had been. He used his tongue and his saliva to create a moist opening.

The queen's eyes opened in wondrous pleasure as he lapped and sucked until she was wet and ready. As he moved away she said, "Oh, that is indeed magic."

Once more Evan lay beside the queen, and once more he slipped two fingers into her cunt. She watched in the mirror as he moved them in and out. The queen's cold cunt was definitely thawing. Even though she begged him not to, Evan removed his fingers. "Not yet, oh queen, not yet."

Willie's notion to put a mirror over the queen's bed had been a stroke of genius. As she watched with greedy eyes Evan sucked each breast until the nipple was beaded and hard. Then he moved his mouth to her belly button and let his tongue lick the inside. The queen shuddered and sucked in her breath.

Once again Evan shifted his position and lay on his back beside the queen. Taking her hand, he placed it around his rock hard prick. "Feel, oh queen, the magic of passion."

Freda The Frigid was reaching a boiling point. She touched the plum colored head of Evan's prick and squealed with delight. She would have massaged him to orgasm if he hadn't stopped her.

Evan wondered how much longer he could contain himself as he asked, “Would you like to taste me?”

Freda gasped in surprised delight. “Oh, yes. But you must get on top of me. I don’t want to miss seeing what I’m doing.”

Evan blessed Willie for being so inventive as he moved until his prick rested over Freda’s drooling lips. Slowly, carefully, he slipped it inside her mouth. She gasped again and sucked avariciously.

After only seconds Evan withdrew his prick and just in time. One more delicious suck would have been his undoing. Struggling to hold onto sanity, he slid his prick between Freda’s breasts, over her belly and into her hot juicy cunt.

She welcomed his entrance with a lunge upward.

Evan had every intention of making this last for a long time. His fine intent was lost the moment Freda felt the pressure of his prick against her aroused clitoris. She wrapped her legs around his back and move frantically. The nearer she came to orgasm the faster she moved and the louder she cried. “Oh, oh, oh, yes! Yes! Yes!”

Oh supreme moment! The formerly frigid Freda reached orgasm! She spasmed over and over and over again as ecstasy erupted between her legs. Her body twisted and writhed with unchained pleasure. She screamed and cried out and wept until, replete and exhausted, she fell into a swoon.

Evan had been so caught up in his own world of sensual bliss that he was oblivious to the queen’s wild cries of orgasmistic pleasure. He returned

to reality to see Freda lying still and quiet beneath him. Had the rigors of such an intense orgasm been more than she could bear? He pulled himself from her and touched her cheek. “Are you all right?”

Slowly the queen opened her eyes. They were warm with the embers of fulfilled desire. “I am wonderful.”

Evan turned on his back. “Then you were pleased with my performance, Queen Freda?”

The queen sighed and stretched. “Very pleased and no longer will I be called Queen Freda The Frigid. Henceforth I shall bear the name Queen Helga The Horny. The decree shall go to every corner of my kingdom tomorrow morning.”

Evan knew he would never find a better time to ask the question that was now uppermost in his mind. “Does this mean that Your Highness will honor the promise you made and set me free?”

Turning on her side, the queen looked into his eyes. “I will hate to let you go, but a promise is a promise.”

Evan breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you, your highness. When may we depart?”

Helga The Horny frowned. “We?”

Evan sensed impending difficulties. “Yes, Willie and me.”

“My promise was for your freedom. I made no such commitment to anyone with the ridiculous name of Willie.”

Evan remembered the other part of the queen’s promise. “You agreed

also to grant me one wish.”

“That I did.”

“Then I wish that Willie be allowed to go with me when I leave.”

Queen Helga sat up in bed. “I will make a deal with you.”

Evan sat up beside her. “What kind of deal?”

“I will free Willie if you will remain with me long enough to teach the man of my choice to take your place in my bed when you go.”

Evan most readily agreed. “It will be my pleasure, Queen Fr--Helga.”

Evan began the next night to teach the concubine that Queen Helga had chosen to take his place how to make love to a queen. All went well until the concubine, a handsome hunk of a man named Fergus, asked Evan to show rather than tell him the next move. What had begun as a lesson moved quickly to become a torrid threesome with Evan demonstrating and then Fergus following suit by performing what he had seen Evan do.

The queen was delighted with such an arrangement. Now two men were taking turns massaging her breasts, licking her belly button and kissing her cunt. When she discovered that she could enjoy two intense orgasms, one after the other, first with Evan and then with Fergus, she was ecstatic. She decided then and there, that Evan must teach not one, but two concubines how to perform for their horny queen. Evan was detained for a second week while he taught yet another concubine the art of participating in a royal ménage a trios. At the end of two exhausting weeks, Evan once again requested permission to take Willie and leave.

This time the queen agreed to let Evan go and gave him permission to take Willie with him.

Evan and Willie rejoiced as they made preparations to depart. Evan suggested and Willie most readily agreed, that this time their destination would be Aviator and home.

Chapter Nine

On the eve of their departure Helga The Horny called Evan and Willie to her private chambers. She greeted Evan with a smile and a warm kiss on the cheek. Her eyes, once cold as ice now shone with the glow of passion's banked fire. After bidding the two of them to sit at her feet, Helga held up a small golden flask. "This holds water from the well of wisdom. Those who drink it become prudent, astute, and judicious. I must warn you before you imbibe; these are traits that do not fit well into the scheme of human events or always harmonize with the nature of man. The person who possesses these qualities often finds that he is at odds with his peers and at war with himself. That makes the rare gift of wisdom not only a prize to be cherished but also burdens to be borne." She paused for a moment before asking, "Knowing all this, do you still choose to drink?"

With one accord Evan and Willie replied, "Yes."

Queen Helga removed the cap and handed the flask to Evan.

He drank deeply before giving the flask to Willie.

Willie drank the remainder of the water and then gave the empty flask back to the Queen.

The queen put the cap back on the golden flask before setting it beside a scroll that lay on a table next to her throne. Then she took the scroll and held it out to Evan. "This is your map back to Aviator. I have

arranged for a ship to take you from the island to the mainland. After that you are on your own.”

Two days later Evan and Willie landed in the port city of Valiance where they took a room at a local inn. After a hearty meal and a good night’s rest, they rose bright and early the next morning and opened the map the queen had given them.

As they studied the carefully scaled and charted document, they discovered that going home would require many months of weary travel unless they dared make a short but risky trek across the Kingdom of Sincilia, a domain that was ruled by the notoriously wicked Seven Sisters of Smutt. Willie had heard tales of the cruel sisters and how they kept as a pet a terrible two-headed, four-armed monster. After much debate the two decided that they were too homesick and too travel-weary to undertake yet another long and tedious journey. Instead they would risk crossing the notorious Kingdom of Sincilia. Evan wondered, as they left the city and started down the well-worn path that led to the Kingdom of Sincilia, if maybe the water from the well of wisdom had been tainted, and he worried that the dauntless duo had made a rush to judgment and a less-than-prudent decision.

After a week of journeying over rough and rugged terrain, the pair reached the borders of the Kingdom of Sincilia. As they surveyed the underbrush that grew over the path ahead, Willie stroked his gray beard. “Treacherous country lies before us.”

Evan agreed, “And we have far to go to get to the other side.” He stepped over the border that marked the territory of the Kingdom of Sincilia. “The longest journey is begun with one step. Shall we travel on?”

Willie followed his prince and stepped over the line. “Onward to Aviator.”

They trekked for some miles. The sun grew hot, and the way became almost impassable. Still the two pressed onward and downward as the sun waxed and waned. As it was setting behind a bank of dark clouds, a cry coming from the underbrush made Willie stop and look around. “What was that?”

Evan replied, “I have no idea. But it sounded like the call of someone in distress.” He moved in the direction of the mournful cry. “This way.”

Willie followed. They pushed their way through a heavy tangle of underbrush to find an old man sitting beneath a bush and weeping copious tears. Willie asked, “What ails thee, good man?”

The old man lifted his tearstained face. “I am lost and cannot find my way home.”

Evan’s heart was heavy with compassion. “How did you come to be in this terrible place?”

“I am a goat herd,” the man explained, “and one of my little kids strayed from my flock and wandered over the border of my homeland and into the Kingdom Of Sincilia. As any good keeper of goats would, I followed after him. Once over the border, I lost not only my kid, I also lost

my way.”

Willie sat down beside the old man. “How long have you been lost and wandering about?”

“For several days,” the old man replied. “So many that I have lost count, and I have no food or drink to sustain me.”

Evan sat on the other side of the old man. “Where is your home, old lost one?”

The old man stopped his crying and brushed away his tears. “I reside in the Kingdom of Aviator. Even now my daughter Gilda waits for me there and wonders why I have been away for so long.”

“Your home is in Aviator?” Willie cried in amazement as he clapped his hands together. “We hail from Aviator. Even now we are returning there. Would you like to journey with us? You are welcome to share our food and drink.”

The old man was overjoyed. “Yes! Oh yes! I welcome you as traveling companions.” He grabbed Willie’s hand and shook it vigorously. “My name is Paul. I reside in the providence of Eden.”

Evan thought, as he jumped to his feet, that the water of wisdom was working wonders with Willie. “Eden? The king’s castle is in the providence of Eden.”

He helped the old man to stand. “I am Prince Evander son of good king Otto. And my companion is Prophet Willie Wraskel.”

Paul fell to his knees. “Oh, glad day! The king fears that you have

met with foul play. He has sent searchers to all the kingdoms around Aviator trying to discover what was your fate.”

Evander commanded the old man to rise. “No more bowing and scraping. Henceforth in the Kingdom of Aviator, all men are equal and shall live together as brothers.” Why had he not seen before that freedom and equality were the cornerstones of a just kingdom?

The three travelers journeyed on--over arid deserts and across desolate plains. Late on the evening of the fifth day of their expedition they came to the outskirts of a sprawling city. Paul pointed. “Behold, the wicked city Sodomia.”

Willie stroked his beard. “Perhaps we should skirt this place.”

Paul shook his head. “Alas, we cannot. We must travel through iniquitous Sodomia to reach fair Aviator.”

There was a time when Evan would have rushed headlong into the city in his hurry to reach home. Now wisdom dictated that would be wiser to wait until the dead of night and sneak through while most of the residents slept. He posed his plan to the others, and they agreed that indeed Evan had come up with the most prudent and practical approach to their problem.

As the bell in the steeple of Sodomia’s tall Tower of Smutt tolled for the twelfth time, the three began their daring journey through the dark and twisting streets of the sleeping city. They were nearing the outer limits and drawing very close to the border of Aviator when an enormous beast with two heads and four long arms lunged from the shadows to loom before

them. In one scaly hand he held a huge, sharp pointed spear. “Stop strangers and give an account of yourselves.”

The frightened trio had already stopped dead in their tracks. Paul trembled. Willie quaked. Evan shook as he said; “We are passing through your city on our way to Aviator.”

The beast’s roar rattled windows of nearby houses and shook doors on their hinges for blocks around “By whose authority do you roam my streets?”

Evan did his best to placate the miserable monster. “We mean no harm, good sire.”

“No harm, my ass!” The monster used one of his free hands to grab Evan by the neck of his tunic. A second scaly appendage seized Paul. With adroit ease he used his last free hand to tuck Willie under one arm. “You can tell your unlikely story to the Sisters Smutt.” With those ominous words he took off toward the Tower of Smutt running as fast as his two brawny legs would propel him.

The hapless trio soon found themselves facing seven ugly sisters who were not at all happy about being awakened in the middle of the night to preside over the fate of three fugitives. The Smutt Sister who was probably the oldest, and definitely the ugliest, stepped forward and addressed the fire-breathing monster. “By all that is unholy what moves you to awaken us from a sound sleep in the middle of the night?”

The monster pointed to his captives. “I found these three trying to

slip through the city under the cover of darkness.”

The sister, who was not only ugly but also inordinately obese, shook a fat finger in the direction of the three frightened men. “Have you anything to say in your own defense?”

Evan began, “We....”

The sister screamed, “Shut up! Case closed.” She addressed the monster, “Now we must decide their punishment. Shall we hang them? Shall we burn them? Shall we tie them to the rack?”

“I was thinking that perhaps.....” As the monster conversed with the sisters, Evan studied him carefully trying to determine what made him so mean and cantankerous. Despite all his newly acquired wisdom he could find no explanation for such obnoxious behavior. Perhaps the mind of a monster was beyond the understanding of a human being. As the monster bent his middle to bow to the ugly sister, Evan noted a strange irregularity in his physical make up. Nudging Willie, he pointed, “Look, the monster has no anal orifice.”

Willie stared in wonder. “Now I know why he’s so bad-tempered.”

Evan snapped his fingers. “Of course. That’s it.”

Willie was set to ask, “That’s what?” Before he could get the words out of his mouth, Evan lunged forward, grabbed the monster’s sharp spear and took careful aim.

Bull’s eye! The spear hit the circle where the monster’s ass hole should be.

The surprised monster let out a mighty roar of pain. Turning he seized the spear and pulled it from his body.

There followed a loud explosion that rocked the tower and sent a long stream of defecating waste spewing out of the hole in the monster's backside and across the floor. The gaseous discharge emitted a horrible odor that threatened to asphyxiate everyone in the room.

The monster waved his four arms and danced around on his two stout legs. The more he moved the more he defecated. The more he defecated the smaller he became until at last, he was no bigger than a tiny mouse.

Pandemonium broke loose. The sisters ran about and covered their noses. Paul shouted curses quite unbecoming to a man of his age and station. Willie sat onto a bench and held up his feet lest his boots touch the bodily refuse that was now ankle deep on the floor. Evan looked for a way to escape and found none.

When the former monster was reduced in size until he was barely two inches long, he swam in his own feces until he reached a hole in the wall where he slithered through and disappeared from view.

As the odor subsided and the gaseous vapor began to float away, Evan saw his opportunity and seized it. To the far right of the screaming sisters was a door. He grabbed Paul with one hand and Willie with the other as he shouted over the screaming sisters' call for assistance, "Come quickly. This way." Dragging Willie and pulling Paul along, he waded through the malodorous monster mess as he made his way across the floor and toward

the closed door and possible freedom.

The three escaped through the door with not a second to spare. As Evan followed Paul and Willie across a hall and down a winding staircase, armed men from the Smutt Sisters' personal guard raced after them.

Evan made it to the bottom of the stairs just before the captain of the guard caught up to him. Turning quickly, he used his foot to trip the heavily armored man. The Captain fell on his face and sprawled on the floor. The guard behind the captain tripped over him creating a domino effect that allowed Evan to make good his escape.

The men ran into the dark night and toward the border of Aviator. They traveled through the night, first creeping down dark alleys and later dodging border patrols. As the first rays of a morning sun cast its beams across the countryside they beheld from afar the gilded domes of many-towered Aviator.

With great rejoicing they ran toward home and freedom. They had scarcely set foot across the border when Paul stumbled on a tree root and fell with a thud to the ground.

Willie rushed to his side. "Are you injured my friend?"

Paul winced in pain. "I fear so."

Evan and Willie helped Paul to his feet. It was evident that his injury had rendered him unable to walk, let alone travel. They carried him to a boulder and helped him sit down.

"I cannot complete my journey," Paul told Evan and Willie. "When

you reach your home send a message to my daughter, the fair Gilda, so that she may come and escort me back to my humble cottage.”

Willie tore a strip of cloth from his robe to use as a bandage for Paul’s injured ankle. “Such nonsense you speak. We will see you home.”

Evan silently gave thanks to the gods. The water from the well of wisdom was changing the wily Willie into a caring and compassionate man. He sat beside Paul on the hard rock. “I have a better plan. Willie will stay here with you while I go to your cottage and deliver your message to your daughter.”

Paul protested, “But even now your father searches for you and worries about your safety.”

Evan could take care of that problem in short order. “Even before I call on the fair Gilda I will send a runner from your village to the palace of my father to announce my imminent return.” Evan examined Paul’s injured ankle. “This is a painful sprain, but no bones have been broken.”

Willie wound the strip of cloth around Paul’s injured ankle. “A safe journey, my prince. May the gods travel with you.”

Evan bade his good friends a fond adieu and traveled toward the goat herd’s humble home. He thought, as he wended his lonely way over the dusty trail, that he had learned many things as he’d traveled over land and sea, but the one thing that he had set out to acquire had eluded him. He had not found his heart’s desire.

As darkness was descending he came to the goat herd’s little cottage.

The footsore, weary traveler approached and knocked on the door.

A feminine voice called from inside, “Who’s there?”

Evan answered, “A weary sojourner who brings you news about Paul the goat herd.”

The door flung open, and a maiden fair of face and fine of form stood looking at Evan. “I am Gilda, daughter of Paul the goat herd. Is my father well? Is he ill?”

Evan’s breath hung in his throat. “He is well enough.” One look at Gilda and the hole in Evan’s heart started to mend. He knew when he gazed into her clear blue eyes that she was not only beautiful but also kind of heart and gentle of spirit. “May I come inside?” In one revealing moment he knew he had found his heart’s desire.

Gilda stepped back. “Pray enter, kind sir. Welcome to my humble abode.”

Chapter Ten

Evan stepped inside the goat herd's cottage and closed the door behind him. "I bring a message to you from your father. He wishes me to tell you that he is safe and well but suffers from a turned ankle. He asks that you return with me and fetch him home."

Gilda's flaxen hair was plaited into a long braid that down her back. She wore a simple peasant's skirt, a white blouse, and a dark bodice that laced up the front. Even clad in her simple attire she was more beautiful than any woman Evan had ever seen before. She extended her hand. "Pray sit and rest. I will fetch you food and drink."

As Evan ate the cheese and bread and drank the goat's milk, Gilda served him. Then he told her of how he and Willie had met her father. At her behest he then went on to relate in vivid detail their exciting adventure inside the tower and how they had managed to escape the monster and the notorious Sisters Smutt. At last he narrated how they had slipped across the border into Aviator and at how happy they were to once again set foot on the soil of their native land. Then he spoke of Paul's accident and his injury. "But I assure you that your father is not seriously hurt."

When he had finished his long and exciting recitation, Gilda smiled at him. "I am forever in your debt for all you have done for my father." Evan's healing heart did a flip-flop inside his chest. Over a yawn, he said,

“It was no more than my duty.”

Gilda looked at him with the glow of administration in her eyes. “You are too modest. You are also weary and tired. Come, I will show you to my father’s bed. You may sleep there tonight and early tomorrow we will go to fetch my father home.” Standing, she motioned with her hand. “This way.” Taking a candle from the little table she held it above her head to light the way to a sparsely furnished bedroom. As she entered she set the candle on a rude table near a narrow bed and bade Evan come inside.

Evan followed her into the room and sank down into a chair covered with goatskin. He surveyed his simple surroundings and realized that he would rather be here with Gilda than in a sultan’s harem or a queen’s lavish bedchamber with someone else. It was then that the recently wise Prince Evander knew that he had fallen in love. “Fair Gilda, you are as kind of heart as you are fair of face.”

Gilda blushed beautifully. “You are most gracious, my prince.”

Evan’s heart beat a little faster. His prick stiffened. More than anything in the world he longed to kiss the dewy lips of the lovely Gilda. With a concentrated effort he subdued that urge. “I bid you good night.”

Gilda moved to the bed, stooped and pulled from beneath it a trundle bed. “Good night, sweet prince.”

Evan swallowed and drew a deep breath. “Are you going to sleep in that trundle bed?” He pointed a nervous finger in the direction of the low cot.

“Aye, sire, as always.” she straightened and sent him a questioning glance. “This has been my bed since I was born.”

Evan swallowed again. “Perhaps I should sleep outside.”

Gilda was horrified. “A noble prince sleeping on the ground? Never!” She took a long nightgown from a hook on the wall and hung it over her arm. “I will sleep outside.”

Evan spoke with authority. “Never!”

“But Sire....”

Evan snapped, “I forbid it.” His voice softened. “I will sleep on the trundle bed.”

Gilda pointed out the obvious. “But Sire, you won’t fit. The bed is short, and you are tall.”

Evan was too weary to argue farther. He moved from the chair to the bed. “Very well. I will sleep in your father’s bed. You may sleep in the trundle.”

Gilda smiled at him, and his mending heart did a somersault. “Thank you, kind Sire.” She snuffed out the candle with her fingers. “Pleasant dreams, noble prince.”

Evan undressed and lay down on the bed. His head had scarcely touched the pillow when Gilda said, “I have missed my father every day since he went away, but what I miss most is having him tuck me in at night.”

Perfume from a bower of roses drifted through the open window of

the bedroom. The scent was cloyingly sweet. Against his better judgment Evan asked, “Would you like me to tuck you in?”

There was a breathless catch in Gilda’s soft voice. “Oh, Sire, would you?”

It was then that the newly sagacious Evan learned another troubling truth. Passion can conquer wisdom any day in the week. “I would be most happy to.” He rose from the bed and walked to Gilda’s cot. Stooping down, he tucked the covers under her neck. “Would you like me to kiss you good night?”

He could feel her hot breath on his cheek. “Oh, yes, very much.”

Evan laid his lips on hers and moved them gently. Then he pushed his tongue into her mouth and probed tenderly. His prick jumped to immediate attention.

Gilda pulled him nearer and laced her tongue around his. The kiss lasted for precious seconds until finally Evan pulled his mouth from hers and struggled to regain his senses and some perspective. “I am sorry, fair Gilda.”

Sitting up, she touched her lips with the tips of her fingers. “But you shouldn’t be, noble prince. That is the best kiss I ever had.” She dropped her fingers as her smooth brow wrinkled in thought. “It is the only kiss I have ever had except for the pecks my father plants on my cheek when he tucks me in at night.” Sighing, she added, “Father’s kisses never made me feel so tingly inside and hot between my legs.”

Evan was both elated and saddened. His fair Gilda was as pure in body as she was in heart. He rejoiced that no other man had kissed her lips or touched her breasts or penetrated her virgin cunt. At the same time he felt that seducing her would be a betrayal. She was untouched, and her father, his friend, had sent him here in good faith. His brain argued with his stiff prick and as is often the case, even if a man is both wise and noble, his prick won. He drew Gilda into his arms. "Hot and tingly is only the beginning. I can pleasure you far beyond a tiny tingle. I can bring the hot between your legs to a boiling point and then....." Erotic fantasies were skipping through Evan's mind in rapid succession.

Gilda touched his face with her hand. "And then what, my prince?"

Evan's own body was tingling, and his prick was stiff and aching hard. Lifting Gilda into his arms he carried her to her father's bed and gently laid her down. Then he came down beside her. "First things first. Take off your gown."

Gilda obeyed and tossing it aside lay down beside her prince and waited for further instructions. When none were forthcoming, she asked, "What should I do next, my prince?"

Evan whispered in her ear. "Spread your legs, lie very still, and feel how good I can make you feel."

Gilda obeyed his command. "I already feel even more tingly, and the heat between my legs rises higher and higher."

Evan touched the soft hot place between her legs.

Gilda shivered. “That feels so-o good.”

Evan stroked gently and then put two of his fingers inside and moved them slowly in and out.”

Gilda drew a long shuttering breath. “That is even better.”

It was time, Evan decided, to show this fair maiden the full extend of her cunt’s ability to give her pleasure. He put his mouth where his fingers had been and sucked gently. At the same time he reached for one of her rosy tipped breasts and squeezed and massaged. When Gilda’s very first orgasm was very near, he pushed his tongue inside her cunt and rotated it around on her clitoris.

Sweet Gilda screamed and gyrated as she came and came and came. As she relaxed, he moved astride her body. “Now for the real thing.”

Gilda’s eyes rounded in surprise. “What real thing?”

Evan smiled a secret smile as he showed her his huge prick. “This real thing.”

Gilda’s eyes glowed as her fingers touched its tip. “It feels like nothing I ever felt before.”

Thank the gods for that. “And it will feel even better when I put it in your cunt,” Evan promised as he kissed her sweet lips.

Gilda’s fingers caressed his shaft. “Is that what you’re going to do?”

“Only if you want me to, and I must warn you there will be some pain at first.”

Gilda asked, “Then afterward will I get that great feeling that starts

between my legs and travels so delightfully over my whole body?”

“That feeling is called an orgasm. When you feel it, you’re coming,” Evan explained. “And yes, you will have it again.” Then he added, “And so will I.” Oh, wondrous joy. He could hardly wait.

“That’s what I want,” Gilda rasped. “I want to come and come and then come again.”

Before his very eyes his sweet maiden had turned into a greedy sex fiend. Nothing could have pleased Evan more. He positioned himself over Gilda and very carefully pushed his prick into her moist cunt. One gentle shove pushed it past the thin obstruction. When Gilda winced he stopped and asked, “Are you all right?”

Sighing, Gilda smiled up at him. “I feel that tingle again.”

That was all Evan needed to hear. He began to move up and down, up and down. With each delightful thrust he reminded himself that he must practice control until after Gild had reached climax. As he moved faster and shoved harder, his control was lost in the magic of his sensual rapture. After a while he was driven by instinct and need. The world around him faded, and he was lost in a universe of rapturous sensation that dictated his actions and pushed him nearer and nearer to the edge of fulfillment.

Gilda twisted and moved under him as she cried, “I’m coming! I’m coming!” Just as she reached climax, Evan’s prick detonated inside her. The room shook, stars exploded, colors flashed in a rainbow of sparkling hues, and joy ran rampant through both the noble prince and his fair,

formerly pure, maiden.

As Evan drifted down from some faraway enchanted heaven, he kissed the nose of his true love. He was happy, he was sated, and he was complete. Then he remembered how Gilda's father had trusted him and how he had betrayed that trust. "Oh, woe is me. I am undone."

Gilda moved beneath him. "Oh, no, noble prince you are wonderful beyond words."

In one beat of his healed heart, Evan knew what he wanted to do, what he must do, what he was destined to do. Jumping from the bed, he knelt beside Gilda. "Sweet maiden will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?"

Gilda turned from him. "No! Never! The daughter of a goat herd cannot marry the prince of the realm."

Evan hopped back into the bed and crawled atop Gilda once again. "If you will be my bride I promise to honor you each day and make love you every night." When she seemed hesitant to answer, he added, "Think of it, sweet Gilda. Every night I will lick your cunt and finger it and fuck it until you come and come and come."

A tear slipped from Gilda's eye and ran down her face and onto her neck. "You make it so difficult to say no."

Evan intended to make it impossible to say no. "Where is your sense of duty, your spirit of patriotism? Your prince needs you. Your country needs him."

Gilda smiled up at him. “Put that way how can I refuse?”

“You can’t.”

“And I won’t,” Gilda replied. She caressed his growing prick.

“Make me come and come and come again, and do it now.”

Evan felt his mended heart swell with joy and his proud prick harden with the anticipation. “I will, my love, I will.” And he did again and again and again.

The next afternoon--because they had slept most of the morning-- Prince Evander and his bride-to-be Gilda journeyed to fetch her father and Willie Wraskel.

The next day the four of them traveled until they reached the capital of King Otto’s kingdom. The good king welcomed them with open arms and much fanfare.

The next week Evan and Gilda were wed in a ceremony befitting royalty. Evan the wanderer was elevated to the status of Evander King of Aviator. His subjects loved and revered him. He came to be known as King Evander The Just.

Fair Gilda became Queen Gilda, loved by her husband and admired by her subjects for her compassion and good deeds.

Ex-king Otto retired and spent his declining years playing with his grandchildren and tending his garden.

Paul the goat herd became a respected and esteemed member of the royal staff and the keeper of the of the keys to all supply rooms and storage

halls in the great palace.

Perhaps the greatest transformation of all was that of Willie Wraskel who became William the wise and served King Evander The Just for many years as his chief counselor and advisor.

Because his travels had taught him lessons and brought him wisdom, Just King Evander ruled wisely and well for many years. He was often heard to say, “Knowledge is obtained through diligence and study. Wisdom is a journey through experience; happiness is a gift from the gods, and the heart’s desire is often no further than the seeker’s own back yard.”

The End