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WICKED

Piers Anthony



Knave by Piers Anthony

Knave

By

Piers Anthony

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Knave

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Editor: Brandi Loyd

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Jack stared at the ad. All it said was KNAVE WANTED, with a picture of the Queen of Hearts card and a phone number. She was stylized, with a lovely face and ornate robe merging into the inverted image below.

But when he moved his head, the image shifted, and the queen's nether section manifested. The robe was cinched at the waist to show off her silhouette, which was phenomenal. She would make an hourglass clog its sand in shame.

He refocused, and lo, it was a three dimensional image with a different scene beneath. The queen was nude. She was even more breathtaking that way, perfectly formed, her glorious red hair descending almost to her luscious breasts, her waist slender, her hips tantalizingly rounded. In fact she was the most beautiful woman Jack had ever seen or even imagined.

In another moment he saw her gentle breathing, which enhanced her marvelous, full breasts further. She looked at him, smiled, and made a subtle beckoning gesture.

Jack blinked, and suddenly the ad was back to the original stylized card, clothed and still. He must have imagined it or suffered spot eye fatigue from staring. Three dimensional pictures existed, and ones with several spot variations, but this was beyond that. Her gaze had met his.

Well, it was enough to verify. He refocused and saw the wasp-waisted figure. Then the nude.

She caught his gaze and mouthed a word. "Come."

Jack shut his eyes, and the picture reverted again. Was he losing his

mind? Jack was twenty, in good health, two years in college with the summer break starting, no specific future yet in mind, and horny as hell. To that extent, normal. But his face was politely described as homely, and he was no athlete, so his romantic life was nil. He was probably letting his rampant hormones affect his vision in a wish-fulfilling manner. No real woman of such splendor would give him a second look, let alone desire him. He was fantasizing about a playing card.

Maybe he should just enjoy it. What else offered, after all?

He focused again, and got the nude Queen of Hearts. This time she spread her arms and made an impassioned kissing gesture. "I want you," she mouthed. And was gone again as he reacted.

"I'm a fool," he told himself. He dialed the number.

It was of course a mechanized application form, establishing his name, age, health, marital status, availability and so on. He gave the information, curious just what position they were offering. What did a knave do, aside from being next down in the deck from the queen? Why couldn't they draw a card that fit the role? And why did they run the ad with such a luscious creature?

This was suspicious. There were a thousand reasons to be wary of such an oblique come-on. Maybe it was a trap, setting him up for identity theft. Good luck on that; he had no bank account to swindle, no identity worth stealing. Still, he should break off the contact, lest they be out for something more devious, like live body parts.

"Your application has been cleared," the phone voice said. "Your boarding pass is awaiting you at Gate Four. Five-thirty-one flight. Be prompt. Travel light. Your needs will be provided."

Huh? "But I haven't even—"

He stopped, because the connection was dead.

He looked at the ad again. The queen met his gaze and gave a slow nod. She expected to see him soon in person.

Maybe it was a trap. But it would have been easier to mug him in an alley. Why go to this much trouble, for so indifferent a prospect? And that Queen of Hearts—he was already smitten with her. Just thinking of her made him stiff. He had to find out, even if it was destined to be a

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severe disappointment. It wasn't as if he had anything better to do this summer.

* * * * *

The flight was two hours, and it was first class with no other passengers in the section. Jack was served a very nice dinner. He had no idea where he was going; somehow the boarding pass hadn't said. He wanted to ask the stewardess, but she was always busy elsewhere. What would he say, anyway? "Duh, where am I going?" He would find out soon enough.

The plane landed, and he disembarked. There was a cabby with a placard bearing Jack's name. He followed that man to his vehicle. "If you don't mind my asking, where—"

"Soon," the man said, his tone gruff. And that was it.

The cab had opaque windows, showing nothing outside. Jack still had no idea where he was or where he was going. As job interviews went, this was mysterious.

When the cab stopped, the cabby opened the door, and Jack got out. He was before the deluxe edifice addressing a spacious golf course. "I didn't come to play golf!" he protested. "I don't even know how!"

"Just get your ass over to the first hole," the cabby said. "She's expecting you." He got into his car and drove away.

Jack, feeling weird and out of sorts, skirted the building and found the marked first hole. It was in a pretty glade, a verdant green surrounded by manicured bunkers. A woman stood there, her expression expectant. Her luxuriant hair was black, fastened in place by a small black crown, and her robe was worked with elegant designs of clubs. Golf clubs.

"Ah, you are the knave," she said. "Right on time."

"Uh, I guess I'm applying for the position, yes," Jack agreed. "But I don't know—" He broke off, because he recognized the woman, in a manner. Except that her hair was not red. "You're the queen! Only—"

"The Queen of Clubs," she said. Now he saw that she held a golf club and had several golf balls. She was practicing shots.

"But it was the Queen of Hearts I was supposed to—I mean—the ad—"

"All in good time," she said. "First I must interview you."

"Uh, yes, of course. But I don't even know what the job is. They didn't tell me, just set me up for a journey here. Wherever here is."

"To be sure," she agreed, not taking the hint about location. "There are things we need to know about you."

"I answered all the questions they asked."

"Some questions must be asked face to face. Are you ready for the interview?"

"I guess so. But—" He broke off again, because she had just stepped out of her robe. She stood before him naked, a regal figure of a young but mature woman. He noticed incidentally that her pubic hair was the same shade of black as her head hair, and just as appealing.

"Remove your clothing," she said.

"But—"

She frowned. "Are you refusing the interview?"

"No! I just... What is this job?"

"You're shy, aren't you," she said as if remarking on the timidity of a child.

"Well, I suppose—"

She put her hands on him and started removing his clothing. He just stood there, letting her do it, not knowing how to protest further.

"You seem reticent." She set aside his shirt.

"But suppose someone comes?" he blurted as she loosened his belt.

"No one will come."

"But this is... This is a golf course! There must be other players lining up."

"You forget I am the queen. This is my golf course. All golf clubs are mine, and this one is reserved for me alone."

She meant clubs as in the whole courses, not just the sticks to hit balls. She was indeed the Queen of Clubs.

"Sorry. I guess I misunderstood." He let her draw down his pants.

Sure enough, in moments she had him bare, with his stiff penis

standing tall. She inspected it closely. "This will do," she decided. "Is it experienced?"

"You mean...sex? With a woman? I never—" He stopped yet again, blushing. What a thing for a young man to admit!

"So you are clean and malleable. That's good. Sit down. We must talk."

He was glad to join her sitting on the plush turf. It helped mask his embarrassing condition. "I don't think I understand," he said. "The ad said they wanted a knave."

"Precisely. Knaves are hard to find and keep, especially for the Queen of Hearts. Very special qualities are required."

"I'm not qualified for anything," he said. "I have no training, and I don't know what any of this is about."

She leaned forward and kissed him on the mouth. He was half stunned; no woman had ever done that to him before. "Your very naivety is a qualification," she said. "We prefer to break in our knaves without an undue burden of prior experience."

Wary, he asked, "Break in?"

"Perhaps a demonstration is in order. Observe." She parted her thighs, showing her open cleft.

Jack almost freaked out. "I wish you wouldn't do that," he said, afraid his eyeballs would bulge.

"Why?" She seemed genuine and curious.

"It makes me, makes me want to..." His glance strayed helplessly to his standing member. A dribble of ichor coated its tip.

"Naturally," she agreed. "And we shall get to that. But first I must clarify the rationale."

"Rationale?" he asked. What he craved right now was straight unmitigated sex. To plunge into that beckoning crevice and spurt. If she let him.

"The king does not provide me all the attention I desire. He has too many mistresses. This annoys me. But I am a woman. I am not free to take masters as I would like. So I use the knave."

Was she about to clarify the job? "The knave," he repeated.

"Exactly what does he do?"

"His one desire is to get into my pants," she said. "He is my servant, and must obey me in all things, so he is mine to play with. But the forms must be honored."

"The forms?"

"I am allowed to masturbate, but not to have sex with men other than the king. So I compromise. I have sex with my balls."

"Balls?" He remained numb.

"So." She picked up a golf ball. Its surface was smooth, rather than dimpled in the normal manner, but it looked serviceable.

"A golf ball," he agreed.

"A sex toy." She used her fingers to spread her vulva wide and put the ball against it. She turned it around, so that it picked up moisture from her cleft. When it was thoroughly coated and slick, she pushed, and the ball slipped into her open vagina, a slow glide.

Jack stared. He had had no idea she was going to do that, and less idea that such an object would even fit. But the act was excruciatingly sexy. His penis was dripping. "A sex toy," he agreed. He was almost panting, though he had done no exercise.

She closed her vagina around the ball, making it disappear inside. That turned him on even more. If only *he* could do that!

She got to her feet, proudly standing. "It is within me, as you can see."

"Yes," he breathed, fascinated. The way she held the ball inside suggested that she had good tight closure. How would that feel around his penis?

"I am having sex with my toy."

"Yes." Oh to be such a toy!

She put her hand down, tensed her belly, and the ball squeezed out. "Now it is your turn."

"My turn?" His member was drooling.

"Get on your hands and knees."

Bemused, mystified, still taut and erect, he obliged.

She stood behind him. She put her hand to her slick cleft, wetting

her finger, then touched his rectum, wetting it. She poked her finger in, lubricating the inside. He was afraid he was about to jet onto the turf. "Now relax," she said.

"I can't relax!" he protested.

"Where it counts." She pressed the moist ball to his anus.

Oh. He obeyed, unable to deny her. She worked the ball around and in slowly as his sphincter relaxed. In due course the object passed the constriction and slid farther in.

"Now close on it," she said. "As I did."

He clenched his rectum, feeling the ball slide farther in. He had never before experienced such penetration, but it excited him ever further.

"It was in me," she said. "Now it is in you."

"In me," he agreed, awed.

"Stand."

He got to his feet, standing in more than one sense.

She stepped up to him, lifting one leg, guiding his turgid member. "Thrust," she said. She raised her face to kiss him.

Nature guided him. He put his arms about her, holding her close, and thrust. He climaxed in an instant, explosively. He had never done it with a woman before, but knew that this was a supremely potent effort. He spurted repeatedly, and felt her clenching in her own orgasm, matching him. It pleased him that she was as turned on as he.

Then somehow they were on the turf, embraced. "Well done, Jack," she said. "You were an agent of my ball. I have not violated the forms, but rather found another application for my sex toy."

"I'm a sex toy," he gasped. Somehow it made sense; she had put the ball in herself, then in him, and the ball had sought to enter her again, with him carrying it. So she had not committed adultery. Not exactly.

"Now I need to recover my ball," she said. "Spit it out."

He tried, but the thing was now in him too deep. It wouldn't come. His violent orgasm must have shifted it upstream, as it were. "I can't."

"Then I must help. Hands and knees."

He assumed the position. She stood, pulled the head off one of her clubs, inserted it deep into her well-lubricated vagina, rotated it, and

brought it out dripping. Then, with care, she inserted it into his rectum. He feared it would poke him and cause pain, but it seemed soft, almost flexible. It twisted around, probing deeper.

“There,” she said, as there was a click.

“There?” he asked.

“It found the ball and fastened on it. Now hold steady as I draw it out.”

He remained in place, while she drew on the shaft. He felt the ball moving. It pushed by the prostate, stirring his penis back into erection despite its recent performance. The ball came up against the sphincter, then squeezed through and out.

There was the ball, hanging from a thick cord. How had that gotten in there?

“Flexible shaft,” the queen explained. “Firm when I want it, limber when I need it.” She shook it, and it snapped firm, then went limp again.

Well, she was the Queen of Clubs. She could make them do her bidding.

Jack got back to his feet, his erection resurgent. The queen noticed. “Poor boy! I worked you up again, didn’t I?”

“Yes,” he said, half ashamed.

“Then we had better fix it. I’m no tease. Down again.”

He got back down on hands and knees, and she worked the ball back into his rectum. It remained attached to the cord; he could feel the drag, and saw the club handle behind him. It was a weird sensation.

The queen slid under him. “Down,” she said, taking hold of his member.

He lowered himself onto her, and she guided his penis inside her. Then he thrust, and thrust again. It took several, but soon enough he ejaculated satisfyingly enough.

“Youth is wonderful,” she murmured, kissing him. “Twice in fifteen minutes.”

“I guess so,” he agreed.

When he ebbed, she rolled him over and off. She pulled on the cord and drew the ball out again. “But I think that’s enough. We have golf to

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play, so the king won't be suspicious." She smiled, indicating that there was an element of humor there. The king surely knew all about their liaison, and anyway, she wasn't cheating on him according to her protocol. Just testing a new sex toy.

"To play?" Jack echoed, somewhat confused.

"This is a golf course. We'll play nine holes."

"But I never played golf!"

"You will do well enough. We're not keeping score."

They played, both naked, teeing off from the correct spot. It took him nine strokes to complete a three stroke hole, but she was patient.

By the time they completed nine holes, he was tired. But horny again. It showed.

"We'll go clean up," she said, to his disappointment.

The disappointment did not last long. She put him in a huge tub and joined him there. She produced another golf ball, this one with a cord of several inches attached, and fitted it into her cleft and vagina. "Now it is in me," she murmured. Then she removed it and worked it into him. "And in you." Then they had great sex in the hot water.

She treated him to a banquet for two and ushered him to her bedroom for the night. There they did the routine again, and he slept. It had been the greatest day of his life.

The last thing he remembered before he drifted off to sleep against her warm breast and hip was her fond conclusion. "I believe you will do, Jack. You are virile and amenable. I regret I can't keep you for my own."

* * * * *

He awoke in a different environment. He was on a golden mat on a mound of coins, naked. As far as he could see there were more coins.

A woman appeared. Another queen, with a red crown fastening down her riotous red hair, and fancy red royal gown. Her sleeves were embroidered in diamond patterns.

"Hello, knave," she said, smiling.

He organized his thoughts as fast as he could. "The Queen of

Diamonds.”

“To be sure. I manage the king’s finances. It’s a full-time chore, so I have to import entertainment. Clubs reports you are naïve and potent.”

“Uh, I guess so. I was looking for the Queen of Hearts. There was an ad.”

“Of course. You handled the first interview well. This is the second.”

Things were starting to fall into place, in an obscure sort of way. “The Queen of Clubs—she—”

“And so shall I,” she agreed in a brisk tone. “Shall we proceed?”

He looked around, daunted. “Here?”

“Naturally.” She shrugged out of her robe. She was every bit as luscious as the other. He noticed her perfect, round derrière in particular. Not that he was any experienced judge, but it made him eager to get closer to it.

But there was that other aspect. “She—”

“Yes. The same rule applies.” She lifted a smooth-shaped diamond rod with a swollen bulb. “The royal dildo.”

“Uh, yes,” he said dubiously. The thing was much larger than a golf ball.

The queen sat on a large bag of coins, spread her legs, and slid the dildo into her vagina, working it around. He was amazed that she could do it, for the bulb was large, but her hole turned out to be capacious. It expanded slowly around the bulb, absorbing it fraction by fraction, until the whole of the bulb was out of sight. “Now it is in me,” she said. “My sex toy.”

It certainly was. Watching her play with it, imagining how it must be stroking her internally, turned him on almost painfully. It was as though an invisible giant was probing her, distending her anatomy for his brute pleasure. That marvelous bottom of hers was built for action. The juices of her arousal leaked out around the shaft and dripped to the mat. The juices of Jack’s own arousal echoed hers; his penis and scrotum were bathed in slippery flow.

When the dildo was very slick, she drew it evocatively out,

savoring every nuance of its pressure. She positioned Jack and nudged him with the bulb.

He knew the routine, and desired the culmination, but had some doubt. "I don't think it will fit," he said.

"Nonsense. We shall make it fit," she said with confidence. She increased the pressure, but his sphincter resisted. The thing was just too big. "I don't think—" he started to repeat.

She tickled his scrotum. Caught completely by surprise, he laughed. His rectum flung out with the heaving of his stomach, and was half impaled on the bulb. "Excellent," she said. "Now bear down."

He bore down on the firmly held target, and slowly his anus yielded until the bulb navigated the tight sphincter. She slid it into him until she judged it was deep enough, requiring him to clench on the shaft. He felt full, but rose to the challenge and closed around it. He could feel the pressure against his prostate, stimulating it to urgency. He was so ready.

"Now it is in you," she said. "My sex toy."

"I am your sex toy," he agreed. He was more than happy to go along with the protocol, knowing it was leading to phenomenal sex with a remarkable woman. The kind who would never look at him in real life, let alone allow him into her.

She laid him on his back on the mat spread over the bed of coins, and came down over him. She guided his member into her orifice and squeezed as she had around the dildo.

"Show me your power," she murmured, kissing him with immense passion.

He erupted. This orgasm was even more powerful than the first one with the Queen of Clubs. For one thing, the bulb was pressing against his prostate, urging it to empty itself, and his sphincter was clenching rhythmically against the shaft. He felt as if his semen would jet up ten feet if not confined by her vagina. This was a new kind of sex, and he was discovering he liked it.

She kissed him as he relaxed at last and slid out of her. "Clubs was right. You are potent. It is a pleasure to interview you."

"Interview? It feels like sex."

"That is the nature of the interview."

"But why? Why not just, well, let me have it without the other?"

But as he spoke he remembered; she had to avoid cheating on the king, and this was the way to pretend she wasn't. He questioned it at his own risk of losing what she offered. He couldn't risk that.

"It is not the rationale," she said, her expression serious, as she stroked his buttocks with a delicate yet experienced touch. "It is that the Queen of Hearts is, shall we say, special. We need to be sure you can handle her."

"She will want to put something in herself, and then in me," he said. "I think I can handle that, now that I have learned from you and Clubs."

"Well spoken, Jack! I'm proud of you." She kissed him again.

He had just climaxed, but her assorted stimulations were already arousing him again. When she put her mouth on his flaccid penis and licked off the remaining ejaculate, it responded, lengthening. When she took it into her mouth and gently sucked, it thickened. Oh, yes, she knew what she was doing.

Soon she had him almost turgid again. But that wasn't the same as being able to get another orgasm. "I'm not sure I—"

"Give yourself more credit, Jack," she said. "I'm sure you can do it."

"I'll—I'll try," he said, feeling brave.

She swallowed his member, putting suction all around it, making it swell further. Then, as some faint urgency began to stir within him, she put her hand on the handle of the dildo, which remained fully embedded, and began working it. It pushed and stroked against his prostate, alternately squeezing it and letting it rebound, at least by the feel of it.

"You are rising to the occasion," she murmured around his penis, then sucked harder.

He came. His semen commenced a long slow journey along the channel, pumped by the bulb of the dildo that expertly massaged it. He felt the fluid coursing along inside his member and finally spouting out

into her mouth and down her throat. The sensation was less intense than before, but more pervasive. She had forced a different kind of pleasure from him.

“Oh, God!” He gasped, collapsing.

She lifted her face from his groin. “Actually God is not into this sort of thing,” she said. “This is pleasure for pleasure’s sake, with no procreation pending.”

“Whatever it is, it’s great!” he said. “Oh, Diamonds, you’re even better than Clubs!”

“Why thank you, knave,” she said with a smile of appreciation. “But I have to say that Hearts is apt to be the best of all, if you can handle her ways.”

“Why shouldn’t I be able to?”

She shook her head. “That is not for me to say. But you do show considerable promise. Maybe you will be the knave she keeps.”

“I hope so,” he said. He was by now hopelessly smitten with all four of them, though he had as yet encountered just two. If the other two were even more sexy than these...

“We hope so, too,” she said. “Now I think you’re done, and we must remove my toy.”

That was a job, but he was learning relaxation, and it eased out like the huge bolus it was.

The rest of the day he helped her count assorted coins, as the king required an exact accounting. Then they had a wonderful banquet and a session in her diamond-studded hot tub. This time she produced a long string of a dozen rounded diamond beads the size of marbles, separated from each other on the cord by about an inch, with a gap of about nine inches in the center. They were all colors of translucent, very pretty and surely worth a king’s ransom. “We’ll share these; I think that counts.”

Jack eyed them dubiously. “I don’t think all those would fit in either one of us.”

“That’s why we’ll share. I’ll show you.”

And she showed him. She fitted half the beads into her own rectum, one at a time, lubricated by soap. Then half into his rectum. It was

a leisurely and pleasant process, in part because he knew it was leading up to another good sexual episode. When the last bead was in the two of them, they were close together, connected by the string between them as they half floated in the bubbling water. It was sexy as hell. It seemed these queens had a strong anal interest, but he was coming to appreciate and enjoy it.

“Now come into me,” she said.

He was eager and ready. He aligned his stiff member, being careful because the pull of the cord prevented him from separating any distance from her, and slid inside her. And was surprised. “I feel the beads!”

“Yes, that’s part of it, for both of us. The colon is adjacent to the vagina, and to the urethra, and they can interact. The beads stroke your member, and they stroke me when you move them. It adds to the effect.”

It did indeed. He exploded, jettisoning into her, knocking beads violently about. He was afraid it might hurt her, but she thrust against him joyfully, clenching in time to his spurts, milking him of everything he had to offer. What an experience!

“Oh, that was spectacular,” she breathed. “You are becoming quite a lover, Jack.”

“Thanks to you,” he said gallantly. But it was true; these women were guiding him, giving him an education he knew he could not have obtained elsewhere.

Then it was time to remove the beads. They took turns, after she separated the two halves of the cord at a central catch he hadn’t noticed before. First she raised her bottom and he pulled them out one by one, watching her anus open to emit one, and close after it, leaving just the string. When it came to the last one, he put the prior one in his mouth and pulled on the string with his teeth, kissing her rectum as the bead emerged, then running his tongue into it. He would not have been able to do that, had the cord remained intact. He just loved her magnificent ass.

“Ah, you are learning,” she said.

Then he raised his rear, and she did the same with him. He felt each bead as it slid out, and felt her lips on his sphincter, her tongue exploring. He had never dreamed of sex like this, yet it seemed completely natural.

"I believe you will do," she said. "You seem to have a natural affinity for the necessary."

"But I still may have trouble with the Queen of Hearts?"

"You still may. It depends how tolerant you are."

"I can't imagine anything farther out or more enjoyable than what we have been doing."

She kissed him on the mouth. "You're so sweet. But I can't keep you. I have a knave of my own, not to mention the king."

He joined her in her huge bed. But he couldn't find a pillow. "It's not that I'm a fussy man," he said, "but I can't sleep without a pillow."

"Oh, I forgot! We have no pillows. We don't need them."

"But—"

"I'll show you." She turned around and put her legs up by the head of the bed. "Here are your pillows." She patted her buttocks.

Oh. "If you don't mind..."

"Mind? This is the way the king always sleeps. He says I'm better than any dead cushion. Try it."

Somewhat dubiously he laid his head on her plush rear. It was indeed a marvelous pillow. But her cleft was right there by his nose. "What if I—stray, in the night?" he asked.

She laughed. "You can kiss my ass. I love it. Go ahead, put your face in there. Lick it, if you are inclined."

He was inclined. He had been admiring that butt all day. He nudged his face between her buttocks until his mouth found her cleft. It felt great. He licked it. "I could do this all night," he said, half embarrassed.

"Welcome." She slid her head down beside his groin, and licked his penis. "So could I."

So they settled down, with his cheek against her buttock, his mouth against her cleft. His penis was comfortable in her slowly sucking mouth. Neither of them was ready for another orgasm; it was a mild, pleasurable aftermath on the way to sleep. This was another new and exhilarating experience. The last thing he remembered was kissing the warm wetness of her ass.

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He awoke in a riot of flowers as dawn was breaking. He was naked but not cold. He seemed to be in a warm greenhouse. Climbing to his feet, he looked for a bathroom, but all he could find were plants—potted, shelved, grounded, climbing trellises, flourishing everywhere.

"Hello, knave," a dulcet voice said behind him.

Jack turned to see the Queen of Spades, in a black robe with a black crown binding her black hair. She was regal and beautiful, of course.

He bowed his head, belatedly trying to remember his manners with royalty. "Hello, Your Majesty."

"Oh, don't bother with that," she said, slipping off her robe to be naked. She had the best breasts he had seen so far, full and erect and perfectly shaped. "We have other business."

He tore his eyes from her chest. "Uh, yes, I guess. But I need to—" He didn't know how to express it in this company.

"To pee," she said without even a blush.

"Yes. Is there a bathroom?"

"Don't bother with that either. This is my garden; my plants all love nitrogen fertilizer. Here, honor my royal Poinciana." She indicated a small flowering tree.

With her watching? "But—"

"Here." She took him by the penis with a firm grip and drew him toward the tree. "On the ground beside it, not on the foliage."

Of course the touch and her nudity stiffened his member, giving him an urge of a more erotic sort. "I can't."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! Did I complicate things? How thoughtless of me." She squeezed his penis, which she still held, making him groan with pleasure.

Thoughtless? She had done it on purpose, the conniving wench.

"Maybe if I could have some time alone," he suggested.

"No need. It just needs softening." She angled her head, glancing obliquely at him. "You do comprehend the protocol?"

"I'd rather just...go...first." Although, his mind was more focused on the caress of her hand now than anything else.

She gave him a few more wonderful strokes before letting go to walk over to a vegetable plot where she pulled up a small turnip. "This should do." She rinsed it off under a tap that projected from a rising pipe.

"But, I don't think—" Jack started to protest.

She sat on a park bench, leaned back, spread her legs, and applied the turnip to her opening cleft. Although she pressed on the turnip, it balked, being too big and dry. "Help me, Jack. I need to get it in."

He realized that further protest was useless. She had her agenda. He knelt down before her, his face close to her belly and divine breasts, and put his hands to the vegetable. It was hanging up on the lips of her vagina, trying to pull them in with it. It needed lubrication.

She had put him in this position for a reason, so he got on with it. He withdrew the turnip, put his face to her cleft, and licked it, spreading saliva all around. Her own juices flowed now, responding to the stimulation. Then he licked the turnip before he brought it back to her hole.

"Hold it open, please," he said.

She put her hands down on either side and drew the labia wide apart. He applied the turnip, using firm pressure to wedge her hole wide. He continued to push until it was inside except for the stem and leaves. "Now close," he said.

She released her labia and squeezed her vagina tight around the stem. "That does it," she said. "Now it is in me. Thank you, Jack." She leaned forward, those breasts dangling evocatively, and kissed him.

"You're welcome," he said. Of course his penis was so turgid now it was almost painful. He had never had such contact with female genitalia prior to his encounters with the queens, and the novelty excited him. As well she knew.

She took hold of the stem and gently worked the turnip out. It was now slick with lubrication from her body. "Your turn."

What could he do? He got down on hands and knees and let her lubricate his anus with more of her juice and then press in the turnip. It

was too tight to fit.

"I don't think—" he began, but stopped short when she leaned over him, her breasts tantalizing his back, and held an herb before his nose. Its acrid odor put him into a paroxysm of coughing. By the time he finished his eyes were watering, and the turnip was lodged well within his colon, except for the foliage projecting behind like a tail.

She had known what she was doing, again. "Now it is in you."

Yes, it was. No further words were necessary. There was too much in him. The pressure was intense.

She took his place on the turf, on hands and knees, and then lowered her shoulders so that her bottom was projecting up. He dropped to his knees behind her and jammed his swollen member in, jetting before he even achieved full depth. He continued thrusting, pumping madly, feeling his ejaculation surge past the pressure of the turnip. It was uncomfortable, in respects, but also wild and satisfying.

When he was spent, and after he withdrew, he again became aware of his original urge. He lurched to the Poinciana tree and aimed his detumescent member at the ground. Nothing happened.

"Relax," the queen said. She put her hand on the stem of the turnip that dangled between his legs and pulled.

Oh. He relaxed his sphincter, and the vegetable emerged.

At last! With a vocal sigh, he experienced an enormous sense of relief.

"You are an excellent sport," she said as he finished.

"I must be," he agreed, bemused. She had put him through the wringer in her fashion, forcing him into actions he would never have done under normal circumstances.

She stepped up to him close, pressing her fine breasts against him, and kissed him. "There is a reason," she murmured. "One day you will understand."

"So you're not just turned on by strange sex toys?" For of course the turnip was such a toy.

She laughed. "That, too."

"You know, all I did was answer an ad. I thought it was a job."

"It is a role. If you care to fill it, it will be quite rewarding."

"To have sex with the beautiful Queen of Hearts? Why wouldn't I care to do that?"

"She has her little ways."

"As Clubs, Diamonds, and you do? Things in you, then in me? It's weird, but I guess I can handle it. The sex is great."

"Thank you. Now let's do some gardening."

There were myriad plants to water and fertilize, and a number to transplant. She was expert with a spade, by no coincidence. Each plant had its name and nature, and the queen was happy to describe them all. Jack would have lost interest, being no gardener, were it not for the way her full breasts moved as she talked. He wished he could stroke and kiss them.

"You're looking," she said.

He blushed. "I'm sorry."

"Don't be. I love having you fascinated by my assets. It is time for another round."

"But I don't think I can...get stiff, yet," he said. He had had a lot of sex in the past two days, and his body was getting slower to respond.

"No problem. Taste this." She proffered a leaf.

He put it in his mouth and chewed on it. Suddenly blood surged to his penis, lifting it high. Oh, it was a very potent herbal stimulant.

She squatted by the garden and pulled up a sizable carrot. She washed it off, then fitted it into her vagina, which remained slick from their prior effort. He was surprised that she was able to get the whole of it in.

Then she removed it from her vagina and knelt before him to insert it into his anus while he stood facing her. When he clenched involuntarily, barring the way, she gently bit his penis. The sheer surprise caused him to relax, and she slid the carrot in past the resistance. It was not as big across as the turnip but was longer, and he felt its rigidity deep within him. But at last he was able to close his sphincter around its stem.

She lay on the turf, spread her legs, and drew him down to her. The instant he entered her, his turgid member spewed desperately into her.

"Very good," she murmured.

Then he realized that she had not climaxed herself, either time.

"You—you aren't with me," he said.

"Patience, knave. I will get there in my own time and fashion."

Mystified, he let it be. He assumed he would find out soon enough.

He got up and worked out the carrot.

"What, no questions?" she asked.

He set the spent carrot aside. "I figure you'll explain when you are ready to."

She considered. "I like you, Jack. So let's do it now."

"You can't mean sex. I couldn't possibly—"

She held a flower to his face. "Smell this."

He sniffed. The fumes intoxicated him, transported him, empowered him, and in moments he found himself once more entering her as she bent forward over a bench, but this time it was not her vagina into which he thrust. She had directed him to the other aperture. And as he pumped, he felt her throbbing with her own orgasm, longer and stronger than his. It was like plunging into a waterfall, the surrounding turbulence swirling him into further effort.

They wound up on the turf. She lay prone with him on top of her, still embedded. "Oh, that was marvelous." She gasped.

So that was her secret. She liked to climax from anal penetration. Well, he couldn't argue with that, considering how she had obliged him either way. He had discovered that both apertures had their sexual uses, along with the mouth.

They disengaged, got up, and showered together under an outdoor spray. Then he remembered what he had overlooked in the throes of his flower-stimulated passion. "The—in you, in me—we didn't do it!"

"Are you sure?" she inquired, glancing at his groin.

Then he became aware of his tail. He reached down, grasped it, and pulled out a fine black radish. He had been more zonked out than he had realized at the time.

As they resumed gardening, he inquired cautiously. "You—you don't get your orgasm from normal sex?"

"Any mutually satisfying penetration is normal sex," she said.

Oh. "Of course," he agreed quickly.

"But it is true. I have nerves in my ass I lack in my cunt. The king understands. So does my knave."

"And so do I, now," he admitted, taken aback by her particular words. He had somehow supposed that a queen would not even know such terms. "I was just curious."

"And you deserve honest answers," she said. "It is all part of the process."

The process of preparing him for the Queen of Hearts? "She—she likes it that way?"

"Not exactly." And that was all she would say, to his dismay. What was there about the Queen of Hearts?

As the day declined, they cleaned up, dressed, and had a nice buffet dinner on a corner patio. This garden greenhouse seemed to be most of her world, and she was quite satisfied in it. "The one thing I miss most is the sex," she confessed. "When the king is away on business. This time he took the knave with him. After a while, a diet of vegetables gets dull." She glanced down at her crotch, so that he knew she meant sex and not food.

As night came, they settled down together on a bed of pungent moss. "Are you ready?" she inquired.

He remained depleted from the savage double session of the afternoon. "I'm not sure."

"I proffer a trade; do me my way, and you can have all of these you want." She stroked her own breasts.

He was tempted. So far he had had a lot of sex, but mostly of the genital variety. She had amazing breasts, and he wanted to get closer to them for a change of pace. Still, he was cautious. "I'd like to—to have them longer than the few minutes it takes me to climax."

"No problem. Drink this." She handed him a thimble-sized cup of elixir—another aphrodisiac, he was certain.

He shrugged and drank it. His penis stiffened but did not seem ready to ejaculate. Maybe that aspect took longer.

The queen produced a twisted vegetable and ran it into her vagina, then into his colon. It heated his gut pleasantly. "What is this?"

"Black-hot pepper," she replied. "It will give you mild pleasure as long as you keep it in to match the endurance the elixir provides. Now get in me and reach around for my breasts." She turned her back to him.

He did so and discovered that while his member was metal-hard, stimulation was only mild. When he kept up a slow and steady thrust, there was a surge of pleasure, but again mild. He could do this for a long time before reaching orgasm.

He held her breasts, squeezing them, running his fingers over the nipples, while his hard member massaged her colon. It was very nice. Soon he started kissing the back of her neck.

"Oh, that's sweet," she breathed, her breasts filling his hands pleasantly as she did so. Thus encouraged, he continued.

Her body reacted. Her sphincter squeezed on him, relaxed, and squeezed again, while her breathing quickened. Her bottom started pushing against his groin. She was working into her orgasm. This was interesting, now that he was clear-headed and aware of the details.

He thrust harder, liking the way it made her respond. She drew a little away from him, then pushed back firmly so that his penis emerged part way and plunged deeper. His own pleasure increased.

Then her climax came. She gasped as her anus clenched on him when it pushed to the limit, taking him in as deep as possible. This triggered his orgasm, and he thrust as hard as he could, feeling the fluid surging through, the spurting like a geyser into a sealed cave, distending it. He knew his ejaculate amounted to about a teaspoonful, but it felt like gallons.

"Beautiful!"

"But now it's over," he said with regret.

"No it isn't. Stay put."

He discovered she spoke the truth. He had climaxed with her, but his member remained ramrod stiff, and his colon still experienced warm radiation, endurance, and pleasure; the herbs had not finished.

He stayed in her, resuming gentle thrusting. She moaned with

continuing joy. They started over. He stroked and squeezed her breasts, delighting in their firm softness.

In time they worked up to a second mutual climax. "Oh, you are sheer delight," she exclaimed, this time managing multiple orgasms as she braced against his continuing hardness.

That made him proud, though he knew it was the herbs rather than any genuine prowess on his part.

"No it's not," she said, surprising him by answering his thought. "The herbs do provide the means, but they have to have a willing partner. Not every man will allow a hot pepper up his ass or stay lodged in a woman for hours. You are a dream come true. I envy Hearts."

"Thanks," he said, flattered. But he was tired and sleepy, and before the third climax he drifted off.

He woke up at one point to discover himself still deep in her, still clasping her breasts. She was having another series of orgasms, evidently thrilled with the opportunity, but he fell back to sleep before he could join her. His member was on auto-pilot and functioned with or without him. Or maybe it was having normal nocturnal erections, and these were setting her off. Regardless, he was glad to be of service, pun intended.

* * * * *

In the morning, he was alone in a bed in a room by himself. His penis was soft, and the pepper was gone from his colon. Spades might have loved his long caress, but she had not forgotten to pass him along to the next on schedule. He was almost disappointed.

He realized belatedly that the room was heart-shaped. That figured.

He got up and found the bathroom, determined not to get caught full again. He relieved himself, washed up, then searched for clothing, but there was none. That was of course no accident. He returned to the bedroom.

A nude, red haired woman was on the bed, ravishing and lovely. That face, those breasts, those buttocks—she was the fairest of the fair.

He recognized her. The Queen of Hearts.

"Join me, Jack," she said. "We must talk."

"Yes," he agreed, sitting on the edge of the bed. The three other queens had been outstandingly aesthetic, but Hearts put them all to shame. "I answered an ad."

"You did indeed. You are by far the most promising of the candidates, if you care to qualify. The other queens speak very well of you."

"That's nice. But they said that for some reason I might not want to be with you. I don't understand that. You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and a queen, while I'm just an unattractive nothing."

She did not argue. "This is what we must discuss. Your face and rank do not matter. Your tolerance does. First I must tell you that I love the king, and want desperately to please him. But there is a problem."

"A problem," he agreed. Was she about to clarify the mystery of his summoning? If she loved the king, why would she mess with a knave?

"I love sex, and crave a lot of it, *with him*," she continued. "However he is for the most part impotent."

She had a problem, all right. "I can't help you there."

"Ah, but you can, Jack. The king can be potent in one very special situation. He needs to be with a man."

"He's gay," Jack exclaimed.

"By no means," she said, her tone more severe. "We do not speak that word here."

He had somehow blundered. "I apologize. I misunderstood."

"Not entirely. You referred to men having sex with each other. Men who prefer to love men. That is not the case here. The king loves no man. He loves me. He is just unable to be potent with me alone."

Now he really did not understand. "He needs...a man to watch him?" He was sure that wasn't it.

"He needs a sex toy to facilitate sex with me."

Oh. "Then why not just use it? The other queens use sex toys a lot. In fact they even sometimes refer to me as a sex toy."

"Exactly. A heterosexual toy. That's the only kind that will do."

"You need to put something in you, then in me? I can do that."

"That is precisely what I need. I am glad you understand."

"Okay," he said, still uncertain. "But I don't quite see how this relates to the ad for a knave."

"It's a special ad, crafted to appeal to a certain type of man. The ideal knave."

"A knave," he repeated. "But I still don't see—"

"The proper knave knows his place."

"Uh, not to presume? Not to talk about things?"

"That too," she agreed. "But there is a more literal place."

He was baffled. "A physical place? Where?"

"Come to me," she said.

He got on the bed beside her. His member was rampant, but that no longer embarrassed him, not after his experience with the other queens.

"Mount me." She lay on her back, legs parted.

Could it be that simple? He leaned over her, his penis stiff against her belly.

"Kiss me."

He was glad to. He kissed her marvelous lips, and she kissed him back as if she meant it. Her hands felt for his member and placed it at her divine juncture, not yet permitting him to enter. She brushed her fingers through her cleft, wetting them, and rubbed the moisture on his penis and on beyond, smearing it across his rectum.

Then he remembered. "But you haven't put something in you, then in me."

"The king's royal member has been in me, though limp. It needs the sex toy to be firm."

"Uh, yes, I guess...."

"Now it begins," she said. She wrapped her arms and legs about him, clasping him close, giving him a fervent kiss. He couldn't move but didn't want to.

What a phenomenal creature!

Something moved behind him. It felt like a large man. He realized

that it must be the king. He had caught them at it!

Jack struggled to get up, but the queen held him with a vice-like strength, still kissing him. He couldn't get away.

Then the king's huge penis probed his rectum. He was trying to enter!

Jack struggled again, but that only made his anus flex a little, facilitating the king's urgency. The king's member felt the exact same size as Diamond's diamond dildo. As Spade's tumescent turnip.

Suddenly he caught on. The queens had been measuring him for this!

He was the sex toy! He relaxed against the Queen of Hearts who lay beneath him, his mind and body accepting his fate, his position between the royal couple.

The queen still held him in place, although force was no longer necessary. He would be their dildo, entering and being entered. The king's insistent member navigated his slippery rectum, forced wide his sphincter, and rammed victoriously into his colon. The shove caused Jack's stiff penis to plunge into the queen's vagina.

Yes! He was having sex with her while the king was having sex with him, and Jack reveled in the sensations.

Then they were in the full throes of it. The king's member jammed against Jack's prostate, causing it to respond by pumping out semen. Jack thrust hard into the queen, echoing the king's thrust into him. He felt the king's jet of semen as his own pulsed into the queen. It was as if the king were doing it to the queen, with something in between of course. The live sex toy.

Now the queen climaxed, too. Her vagina squeezed his penis with the rhythm of her orgasm. Her lips parted and her tongue darted into his mouth to meet his own tongue. She moaned ecstatically, writhing so that her breasts stroked his chest.

They finished together, all three of them gasping. The queen relaxed, letting her arms and legs fall back to the bed. Jack half collapsed on her, still much aware of her breasts beneath him. The king drew out his long, bulbous member, and then he was gone. Jack had never even seen

his face.

He rolled off the queen, his softening penis falling out. He lay beside her. "May I?" he asked, looking at her breasts and bottom, for they still appealed to him. He had not thought of himself as a parts man, but he had never seen breasts or buttocks like hers. He wanted something by which to remember this encounter. Something to distract him from the overwhelming awareness of what had just happened to him, with him.

"Welcome," she said. She took hold of his head and brought it to her bosom, directing a nipple to his mouth. He sucked on it, delighted, as his hands took firm hold of her butt and his fingers slid into her hot cleft.

"Now you know," she murmured.

"I do," he agreed around her nipple.

"You are perfect, Jack. Will you stay?"

He was the knave, a sex toy to enable the king to have sex with the queen in his own special fashion. By penetrating a heterosexual man, so there could be no misunderstanding about homosexuality. No foolishness about same-sex love. That was their compromise.

"Where will I sleep?" he asked. It was a more relevant question than perhaps she realized.

"Here with me in my bed of course. Now that you have been blooded. In my embrace, if you wish."

"I'd like that."

"You may have anything you want of me, except—"

"Except sex," he finished.

"Only with the king, in a manner. Penal penetration alone is reserved for his participation."

"I can do this?" he asked, kissing her nipple.

"Yes."

"Or this?" He kissed her mouth.

"Yes."

"This?" He slid down to put his face at her cleft, tonguing her clitoris.

"Yes."

"This?" He slid a slick finger into her anus.

“Yes. I enjoy it all and will do it to you, too. I will be your object, your sex toy, but I can’t climax without the king. I can’t derive passion, though I will fake it for you if you wish. You understand?”

He did, now. It seemed like a good deal. Obviously he would live like royalty, as the Royal Knave. With almost free access to the most desirable woman he could imagine. That would be sheer heaven.

Except for the king. That penetration—

Then he realized something that astonished him. He’d had fun when the other queens did it with their toys. The toys had enhanced his performance. And he enjoyed it when the king had done the same.

Like the Queen of Spades, Jack had nerves there. He might not care to admit it any more than the king admitted to any gay desire, but anal penetration was something he would like to experience again. To have his prostate massaged and bathed by hot juice while he jetted into the queen. There was nothing else like that.

The other prospective knaves evidently had reacted with aversion or horror to the denouement and departed. That must be why the position was open. Why the other queens had been so circumspect about that particular detail, while carefully preparing him for it.

But he didn’t have to go. This could be a very nice situation for the right man. He was that man. He smiled.

The queen fathomed his decision as he made it.

“Oh, Jack!” she cried, kissing him with exuberance and joy.

Yes, a very nice situation.

Author Bio

Piers Anthony is the author of more than 135 novels, most in traditional print, ranging from fantasy to historical, though he is best known for his continuing humorous fantasy Xanth series. He maintains a Web site with information about his novels, a bi-monthly blog-type column, and an ongoing survey of electronic publishers. This is intended to help writers find new markets, as traditional print is largely a closed shop that excludes all but a lucky few.

He lives with his wife in central Florida, on a small tree farm they own. He has two daughters, long since grown and on their own, and one granddaughter. He is of retirement age—74—but will never retire. Writing is his life. Chronic rumors of his death are exaggerated; he remains active and feisty.