



Jack X. Faber

**Inside
Mom's
blooming
Rose**

Volume XI

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In the Enchanted Forest

Milla, whose real name was Camille when she was still a maid at the court of Queen Marie-Antoinette, is now a banished angel in the magical forest, the legendary forest of Brocéliande. Saint Peter had caught her in a minor transgression and condemned her to a few hundred years of exile in the enchanted forest near Douarnenez in Brittany; he could have clipped her wings or worse. But Saint Peter had become very old and very wise; he knew that the little banishment for this young angel was punishment enough.

When she was still a new arrival in Heaven, Department XXXVX, she came to Versailles fresh from the French royal court. She was one of the beautiful queen's intimate servants and if one of the queen's admirers wanted too aggressively to get into her underwear, Camille would step in, that was her job. Today she actually no longer knew what she was doing with each gentleman; these memories had been taken away from her at the gates of heaven. She entered the kingdom of heaven like an astonished child entering the room where the Christmas tree was. She got real, beautiful floor-length wings, snow-white, without the slightest flaw. The blemishes with which the wearer had stained herself could be recognized by the whiteness of the wing. The first male angel she ever saw was named Robert. Robert Bruce. And she politely introduced herself as Camille, Her Majesty's lady-in-waiting.

Robert was very, very friendly. He said he was from Scotland, he was someone there. She curtsied politely, but Robert, who was probably 30 years older than she, just laughed. "On earth, in Scotland, your court curtsy to the king would be appropriate, Camille. But here I am an ordinary angel, no longer a king." It was also he who taught her that here in heaven you only greeted and said goodbye with a kiss on the cheek. Milla had no memory of kissing him, but when his stubble tickled her cheeks, she laughed. Getting kisses felt good.

Milla asked him why he already had a few brown feathers on his wings. Robert looked puzzled; that was common knowledge. Nevertheless, she continued to look at him questioningly. "I smuggled a little of my sexuality through the gates of heaven, Milla, and

sometimes this happened, sometimes that.” Milla said she didn’t know what sexuality was. Robert scratched his head of hair. “Oh, girl, here there are almost 6,000 female angels for every male angel, I said almost 6,000 female angels for every one angel, you can’t help but slip occasionally if you know what I mean.” Milla didn’t understand what he meant, but nodded politely. She was a good angel, Camille, who came from the Queen’s court and didn’t know what a man was, except that he sometimes wanted to get into her underwear, that had been her job, to stand in for the Queen. But she didn’t know that anymore either.

Robert, the Scottish angel with the brown spots on his wings, took her by the hand. He led them through the golden halls of heaven. The angelesses sat on banks of clouds and knitted or spun golden threads, but Robert drew them further, to a more remote part of the sky, where the clouds were thicker and there were fewer angels about. He sat down on a soft cloud and pulled Camille to him. “I have to show you, otherwise you’ll never understand,” he said, his voice deep and rough. He placed his hand on her breast, over the snow-white robe. Camille winced, it was a feeling she didn’t know. Warmth spread from his hand, flooding her entire body. She felt her nipples harden, like little pins beneath the sheer veil.

“See?” Robert whispered, his fingers finding the tips of her teats. He kneaded her gently, but with a firm hand. Camille moaned softly. It was an inexplicable feeling, a mixture of shame and budding lust. “This is just the beginning, Camille,” Robert said, his other hand going under her robe. He found her belly button, drawing circles around it as his lips sought her neck. He kissed her, not like the cheek kissing she knew, but with open lips, his tongue entering her mouth, exploring, dancing with her own. Camille was overwhelmed, her head was spinning, her heart was racing.

His hand moved lower, between her thighs. Camille was caught off guard when his fingers found the wet pussy lips. She screamed, but Robert held her tight. “It’s okay, my angel, it’s okay,” he whispered. His fingers found her clit, the little treasure that even she didn’t know about. He massaged her, rubbed her, and Camille felt a wave of pleasure rush through her body. She was shaking, moaning, her breath coming in short gasps. “Yes, that’s good,” Robert

said, his fingers going deeper into her. He found her hymen, the little membrane that made her an untouched virgin.

But the sky watchers had heard them. Saint Peter himself appeared, his face dark. "Robert Bruce, you tried again!" he thundered. "You tried to seduce an innocent angeless!" Robert retreated hastily, straightening his robe. "She wanted it, Saint Peter, she asked for it!" he defended himself. But Peter was adamant. "You are a seducer, Robert, and you will be punished. You will receive another dark brown feather, you slave of your loins. And you, Camille, you will be banished to the enchanted forest near Douarnenez in Brittany. There you will learn what it means to be a good little angel."

Camille cried, but it was too late. Peter grabbed her hand and pulled her with him. They flew through the gates of heaven, down to earth. The enchanted forest was dark, mysterious, full of moss and old trees. Peter put her on the ground. "You will stay here until your punishment is over," he said and disappeared. Camille was alone, an angel in the forest, exiled, with a premonition of lust in her heart and a longing for more.

The days in the enchanted forest were long and lonely. Camille wandered through the forest, ate berries, drank from the streams. But she felt empty, without the touch of a man, without the fulfillment she had sensed from Robert. She longed for him, for his touch, for his cock. One evening as she sat on the shore of a small lake, she heard a rustling in the bushes. A man stepped out, tall and slim, with dark hair and deep brown eyes. He was naked, his skin shining in the moonlight. Camille froze, but the man smiled. "I am Dianasson," he said, his voice like honey. "I am the lord of this forest, I am the hunter in the enchanted forest."

Camille stared at him, his body perfect, every muscle defined, his cock semi-erect, hanging limply over his thigh. She felt her vagina becoming moist and the desire building up inside her. "I'm Camille," she said, her voice shaking. Dianasson stepped closer, his hands finding her body. He took off her robe, letting it fall to the floor. Her snow-white wings spread, shimmering in the moonlight. "An angel," Dianasson whispered, his eyes shining. "I haven't had an angel here in a long time."

The days in the enchanted forest were no longer lonely. Dianasson was often with her, he showed her the secrets of the forest, the hidden springs, the glowing mushrooms and brought her animal meat and animal skins and furs, so that she would sleep softly upon them at night. He was a serious, clever man and taught them to talk to the birds and the animals. He never touched her like Robert Bruce; a kiss on the cheek was appropriate as a greeting and a farewell. Dianasson was also banished here by the magician Merlin because he had secretly mounted and mated the shy Queen Guinevère night after night while she was dreaming.

Dianasson said, “You are a beautiful, untouched angel, Camille. The last angel banished here was named Lucrezia Borgia — an old, withered crone. Her once-white wings were streaked with many brown and pitch-black feathers. Though she was ugly as night, she constantly wanted to be fucked, and she wrung me dry to the very last drop.” Milla, who did not yet know the word “fucked,” nodded amiably as if she understood. “Ah, so you had to lay with that Lucrezia Borgia, is that it?” and he nodded very dejectedly. Milla murmured that it was evidently important to mankind for men to lie down to the girls. He nodded again; that’s how it is. “Many years ago, I used to secretly lie with our Queen Guinevère every night; I would fuck her repeatedly and fill her deep with my seed while she lay in a profound slumber, dreaming of coupling, mating and fucking. The wizard Merlin grew furious at this and banished me here, allowing me to take only my youngest sister along to be my wife. Merlin married me to my thirteen-year-old sister according to ancient custom, and he smirked, for he had bewitched her so that an insatiable fire burned in her ass and an unquenchable volcano seethed in her cunt. He gave her to me as a parting gift — a horny little wife who would keep me on my toes, allowing me to gradually forget the beautiful Queen Guinevère. For that — honestly — I remain grateful to him to this day.” He paused thoughtfully. “I see, Camilla; you are still untouched and surely have no desire to fuck, do you?” Milla shook her head, understanding nothing. Dianasson regarded her naked body with approval after removing the veil Saint Peter himself had wrapped around her hips. The hunter was very taken with the angel; she was nearly two meters tall, with a flawless physique and skin of beautiful, unblemished whiteness. She had lovely, full breasts, womanly rounded hips, and a fine, dark down above her cunt. He asked if she had ever lain with a man or an angel. She blushed.

“Yes, perhaps, Master Dianasson. Saint Peter sent me here because I had lain with my friend Sir Robert Bruce; like me, he is an angel, though an old one. Robert would have me lie down before him and spread my legs; then he would stare at my cunt, rub himself vigorously, and let his juices rain down upon Scotland like hail. That was something Saint Peter could not abide. That is why he merely banished me here instead of hacking off my wings.” Dianasson nodded understandingly. “Don’t be afraid, Camille; I certainly won’t fuck you — is that okay?” Milla nodded, even though she didn’t know exactly what fucking was. He continued, “I have plenty of women at home for fucking. My wife and my seven daughters — except for the youngest; she’s still too young to be fucked.” Milla was glad he had such a large family. He gave a rough laugh. “It’s a lot of work, though; it usually takes all day to properly fuck and impregnate my wife and our six daughters. After all, I’m the only man for miles around.”

He asked if she would lie there as a model while he relieved himself. Milla nodded, a bit uncertainly. “Like with Sir Robert?” Dianasson nodded. “Yes, lie down here on the soft moss and spread your legs; I want to delight in the sight of your cunt and relieve myself, but I certainly won’t fuck you. I promise.” Milla still didn’t know what the word “fucking” meant, but she lay down in the moss and let him look at her cunt. He brushed the downy hair aside, and his fingers parted her labia. Milla’s heart was pounding in her throat; Robert did exactly the same thing. Dianasson stared at her exposed cunt and rubbed his cock. Just like Robert, he pulled his foreskin all the way back until the little red tip emerged. Then he rubbed his cock for a good ten minutes; the tip touched her labia and danced upon them. “It tickles so nicely, Hunter Dianasson,” Milla whispered, her cheeks flushed pink. But when he came, he didn’t aim his cock at the clouds to make it rain in Scotland; instead, his seed spurted over her labia and onto the moss. Milla found this game fascinating and truly beautiful. From then on, whenever he came by, they played this lovely game.

One day, she asked the hunter to explain the meaning of the word “fucking.” Her eyes went wide and round as he described it to her in detail. “And do people do it because it’s fun, or because they want to make babies?” she asked. He nodded. “Both. It’s not just about the fun; that’s how Mother Nature ensures we have babies and don’t die out.” Now Milla understood it all. She whis-

pered, asking if he had ever fucked angels, too? He laughed and slapped his thighs. “Oh, Camille, of course I’ve fucked all the fallen angels — there must have been hundreds of them, some even over the course of many years. Except for the virgin angels; that was forbidden to me by the wicked Merlin. I never got to deflower a single virgin with snow-white wings.” He added, “But only like can mate with like — dwarves with female dwarves, hunters with human girls and human women, and female angels with male angels. That way, there are no ugly hybrids; everyone keeps to their own kind. That is the divine order.” At that moment, Milla decided she absolutely had to mate with the next male angel she met! Fucking — oh, how wonderful it sounded now! The hunter mated with his wife, his sister; not only did they have a tremendous amount of fun, but he also gave her babies. He mated with his six daughters; they all had a great time, and he gave them babies too. Milla closed her eyes and pictured it all in her imagination. Oh, how wonderful it was!

One morning, as Camille was wandering through the forest collecting edible mushrooms and berries, she found something. It was no animal, no wingless human like Dianasson. It was more like a bundle of rags, frozen rags. But it had a face and a big hooked nose and it was sleeping. Or was it dead? She listened and heard the faint sound of the heartbeat. So it was still alive. She grabbed it and ran to her driftwood hut. It was frozen, so she had to warm it up somehow. Behind their hut ran a stream fed by the volcano. At the very source the water was so hot that it burned your skin. If you walked just 100 meters it was still hot, but bearably hot. Another 100 meters further it was nice and warm, this was also the part where she bathed every morning. She put the bundle of rags in the water, half submerged it and took a few steps back; the little person in the bundle of rags was supposed to be thawed out. That was completely logical. She probably waded for an hour in knee-deep, hot water, just being careful not to submerge her nose, as she didn’t want to drown. She looked around for help, but Dianasson was nowhere to be seen; he would have known what to do.

She noticed that the little person in the bundle of rags had opened his eyes, large, round, light blue eyes. She unpacked the whole face, it was obviously a small child, but somehow old, very old. It had no hair on its head, a large hooked nose and smooth

skin. She wet his trembling blue lips with warm water on her fingers, she smiled because the little guy looked around, orienting himself.

“I’m Milla, actually Camille. I live here in the forest. And who are you?” And lo and behold, the lips were no longer blue, but deep pink. “I’m Jack, Jack van der Meer, from Pinguitoles. “.... can I live on or am I already dead?” Milla wondered about this question. It was these ice-cold, frozen rags that made him freeze to death. “If I take the rags off of you, you’ll feel warm straight away, Jack from Pingui-Dingsda. Don’t be ashamed of your nudity. little man. I can also tie some rabbit skins around you if you’re cold.” He nodded. “Please take away the rags, they carry a magical curse. “Yeah, the rabbit fur thing, that would be nice.”

Milla realized it was the rags that kept making him cold. “I’m going to bathe you naked in the warm water for a while until you’re really warmed up, Jack von Dingsda. Then we’ll go to my hut, well, to the shed I cobbled together out of driftwood. There are plenty of hare skins and rabbit skins there. The hunter Dianasson sometimes brings them to me when he goes home from hunting to his family.”

She peeled Jack out of the rags and threw them onto the bank, where they hissed into dust. The curse was lifted. She let little Jack float naked in the warm water for half an hour, she stroked the little naked boy with the big cock until he said he was warm now. They went to her hut and she picked out two rabbit skins for him. He wrapped it around his shoulders and was soon very happy.

Camille placed some pieces of wood in the stone circle, made the sign with her hand and the wood flamed up. So they sat comfortably around the campfire and she questioned him thoroughly. They sat facing each other, the crackling fire dancing between them, casting long shadows on the walls of the hut. Camille leaned forward, her face curious and open. “You have to tell me everything, Jack from Pinguitoles. Why did you end up here in the enchanted forest in rags that could freeze someone? Did you escape? Were you cast out?” Her eyes studied him, and there was not only curiosity in them, but also a spark of the old angelic lust she had learned in Dianasson. Jack was no god, no powerful forest spirit, but he was a man. A small, strange man, but a man anyway. She

could see his bare arms beneath the furs, his skin was smooth, but there was a weariness in his eyes that seemed far beyond his age.

Jack sighed and pulled one of the furs closer around himself. The warmth of the fire seemed to return him bone by bone. "Pinguitoles... this is a village that you can't find if you look for it. It's a place for the... special people. For dwarfs, for witches, for those who don't fit into the normal world." He laughed bitterly. "A refuge that becomes a prison. My mother... she is a hunter. But not for deer, no. She hunts men. Rich, powerful men. She seduces them, takes their money, their power, their reputation and leaves them as broken husks. I was her tool, her little spy. With this nose," he poked his hooked nose, "I could smell every lie, sniff out every secret. With my..." he hesitated, "...with my special talent I was able to get men to do everything my mother wanted."

Camille nodded slowly. She didn't understand the game of power and seduction from the human world, but she knew the raw, animal attraction that one body could exert on another. "And the rags?" she asked gently, glancing at the shore where only dust remained from the cursed rags.

"A parting gift from my mother," Jack growled. "She betrayed me. Her latest victim was more powerful than she thought. He didn't break her. So she sacrificed me. She wrapped me in these rags that carry a cold curse and left me in the forest to freeze to death or be eaten by the wolves. A sacrifice to save her own skin. 'You've always been just a tool, Jack,' she said." He looked into the fire, and the light blue eyes seemed to glow for a moment. "But I'm not just a tool. And I won't die. Let her believe I'm dead. I'll hunt on my own, on shy and chaste women and their little daughters. They'll all cry and scream under the force of my cock." Milla looked at him with wide eyes, looked at his cock and, to be honest, didn't understand a word.

Camille felt a wave of compassion, but also something else. It was the excitement of the new, the unknown. This small, fragile-looking man had a strength within him that fascinated her. She stood up and sat next to him, so close that their thighs touched. "You are not alone, Jack van der Meer. You are here. And here," she stroked his cheek with a finger, "there are no mothers who sacrifice their children. Here there is only the forest, the animals, the

hunter Dianasson... and me.” She leaned in, her lips just a touch away from his. “And I, Jack, know how to drive away the cold. Not just with fire and furs.”

Now Jack told her his life story as they roasted the mushrooms over the fire and ate them with berries. A delicious meal, all in all. “My mom is my mom, I won’t say anything bad about her. She’s a magician, she bewitched men, made them taste her body and then took all their money and power, pocketing it like a skilled thief. She trained me as a spy and I’ve been her lover since I was 12. I always pretended to be 18 or 19, but I’m only a skinny 16. When mom was having fun with the men, I did the same with his poor wife or his daughters, because I liked it very much and they loved my cock. And now Mama got the wrong person. I warned her that the guy was a fake, but she ignored my warning. He was the most powerful magician around and he gave her the choice: she or I had to put on the rags and freeze to death. That was his saying Heart-breaking, but she wouldn’t trade her life for mine for anything in the world. So that magician left me in the forest to freeze to death in the curse of the rags. And you saved me, Milla. I’ll thank you for that until the end of my life.

Camille stared at the naked gnome standing so confidently in front of her. His words echoed in her head, a mix of raw, dirty truth and a strange, almost absurd logic. “So your mom bewitches men and makes them do bad things to her body while she steals and robs it? And in the meantime you’re having fun with their wives and daughters and your hose?” Jack stared at her in disbelief, yes for heaven’s sake, did she really have no idea? “Yes, that’s exactly how it is, the wives and daughters have a lot of fun with my hose, Milla!” Her gaze traveled from his hook-nosed face, to the strange hump on his shoulder, down to the thing he called his ‘cock’. It dangled limply between his thighs, a good-sized wrinkled tube, nothing that she found particularly powerful or threatening. Male angels also had such tubes. And yet, his words had touched something inside her, a deep, forgotten switch.

“Fuck,” she repeated the word quietly, as if tasting a strange, new mushroom. “So this is the most important thing? This is what makes your hearts race more than life itself?” She stood up, her snow-white wings spreading slightly as she leaned over the little gnome. Her fingers, delicate as spring petals, brushed his shoul-

der, gliding over the hump he so openly displayed. “And this... cunt, as you call it... it’s just for a man to put his cock in? To make babies? That’s all?” Her voice was a quiet whisper, but her eyes told a different story. They glowed with a new, hungry curiosity.

Jack nodded, a proud smile on his lips. “That’s the beginning and the end, Milla. Everything else is just talk. My mother’s power, the poor women’s tears, it was all about fucking. About that one moment when a man loses all his reason because he only wants one thing: to fill her cunt with his seed.” He grabbed himself, his little cock, and pulled at the skin. “See? He’s small, but he’s relentless. He knows what he wants. And he wants you, Milla. He wants to drive into your angel cunt and fill it to the brim with his juice.”

Camille laughed, a deep, bell-like laugh that echoed through the forest. “You’re a strange little man, Jack van der Meer. You talk about power and reason, but all I see is a little gnome playing with his own toys.” But as she laughed, she felt the tingling sensation again. The moisture that pooled between her thighs, a warm, enticing scent filled her nose. It was the smell of the earth after the rain, the smell of Dianasson, but also something new, something... perverse. She knelt in front of him, her face level with his big cock. “So if fucking is so important, then show me, little gnome. Show me how your cock has the power to break a queen. Show me how it steals a poor woman’s reason. Prove to me that your words are more than just the boasting of a little man with a big nose.”

Jack said his nose could smell if a woman was ready to conceive. He didn’t impregnate a single poor woman, that would be a disgrace for every married woman over 40. But he had already impregnated this one or that one of their little daughters, at least those who accepted it as a blessing from God. Camille pondered why it was a shame for one and a blessing for another.

Camille stared at his erect thing, which seemed somehow frightening up close. “No, Jack, I’m going to say NO to fucking, because now I’m sure that’s what Saint Peter meant. Please don’t think about fucking me anymore. I’m an angel and I can send fire from my fingers to the wood to keep the campfire burning merrily. But if I need to, I’ll set you on fire, Jack of Point-Things. I’d have to burn you if you tried to force me to fuck you.”

Jack nodded and pulled the rabbit fur back around his waist. But his cock didn't allow itself to be restricted, it burst out, it wanted to stick out its little head and look at the world curiously with its one eye, yes, that's what it was, his cock!

Jack grinned. "He won't give in, I'm afraid." Milla smiled at him. "Is there only fucking in this world, Jack? You fucked your mom, you fucked the poor wives and daughters while your mom hexed the fathers? And they in turn fucked your mom? All I hear is fucking, fucking and fucking, Jack."

Jack shook his head. "Of course not, there's something other than fucking, there's also jerking off, you stupid!" Milla looked at him wide-eyed, "Jerking off? What's that supposed to mean?"

Jack couldn't believe it. A real angel with real wings, a girl maybe 25 to 30 years old, and doesn't know anything? He called himself to order, to patience.

"Girls jerk off their clits and boys jerk off their cocks. But it's much nicer when you don't do it yourself, but when a girl does it to a boy or when a boy jerks off or licks a girl." Milla's eyes widened. "Licks? Like to lick icicles to drink the water?"

Jack nodded. "Yes, exactly. Only an icicle is ice cold, but the clit is hot, sizzling hot like mushrooms over a campfire."

Milla looked down at him curiously. "Are you saying that we angels have clit too? I've never heard of it."

Jack leaned forward, spread Milla's thighs a little and pushed his small hand inside, feeling her cunt. Milla's clit was exactly where it was supposed to be. He tapped it. "That, dear Milla, that's your clit . All right?" Milla looked at him with wide eyes. "That's exactly where it burned and bubbled when I was allowed to take Robert Bruce's cock in my hand, when I was allowed to take the Dianasson's cock in my hand, Jack." She listened to herself, listened to the voice of her clit, where Jack's finger was resting. "And you lick it like an icicle?" she finally asked.

Jack took his finger away again. "Milla, I'm not kidding. If you like, I can masturbate your clit very delicately. I can then lick your clit just as delicately as an icicle, and you will be thrilled. All you

have to do is say it, all you have to do is wish it, and I will do it. But force it? No, I won't force you to do anything, I don't want you to set me on fire like firewood. — Damn it! Mama wanted to let me freeze to death, you want mercifully set me on fire — yes, do you stupid women only have destruction and murder in your hearts, in your souls?"

Milla stared into the burned-out campfire. "Jack, it's already night. Come on, let's go to sleep. I want to think about it. I want to think seriously about whether I should ask you. I'm irritated, upset and unsure. Let's go to sleep."

She went into the hut and lay down on the bed made of animal furs that the hunter had given her. Jack lay down very close to her; he had to press his body against her so as not to fall down.

"Milla, do you mind if I do it myself?" Milla was breathing very shallowly. "Okay, Jack, but please leave me out of it. What you do with your cock is your business and yours alone."

Jack nodded, even though she couldn't see it in the darkness of the cabin. A quiet "Thank you" escaped his lips. He moved his hand under his rabbit fur and found the hard, bulging shaft. He closed his eyes, thinking not of his mother, not of the poor women, but of the snow-white wings that glowed in the darkness next to him, of the warm, soft skin of the angel who lay so close to him. His hand began to work on himself, slowly and rhythmically, up and down. The sound was quiet, a wet, smacking sound in the stillness of the night. It was the sound of his loneliness, his greed.

Milla lay next to him, motionless. But she wasn't sleeping. Her eyes were wide, staring at the driftwood roof. The sound of Jack's hand on his cock filled the small cabin, reaching her ears, her soul. It was the sound of sin, the sound of what Saint Peter had forbidden. And yet... it awakened something within her. The tingling between her thighs returned, stronger than before. She felt a heat coming from within that threatened to consume her. Her hand twitched, wanting to satisfy herself, wanting to calm the pain that curiosity caused in her. But she held back. She was an angel. She had to stay pure.

Jack's breathing became faster, a soft moan accompanying the movements of his hand. He thought of Milla's wet cunt, her innocent look, the way she had tilted her head when he had mentioned 'licking'. He imagined his tongue sliding over her hot clit, her screaming in pleasure, her wings beating in time with his thrusts. His hand moved faster, harder, until his body stiffened. A small cry escaped his throat and he felt the hot juice shoot out of him, onto his rabbit fur, onto his hand. He shivered, a small, exhausted man in the dark.

Milla had heard everything. Every breath, every moan. She could feel the smell of his seed in the air, a salty, male scent that almost drove her crazy. She rolled over onto her other side, facing her back, and closed her eyes. She tried to think of her queen, of the court of Versailles, of the safety of the clouds. But all her thoughts revolved around the little gnome next to her, around his cock, around his promise. About the word 'licking'. She knew she wouldn't sleep. She knew she had to make a decision. And she knew that this decision would change her entire life.



Milla breathed into the darkness, "Jack, my clit is raging, it's bubbling like a volcano. Can you do something about it? Please?" Jack lay still exhausted from his outpouring. "Milla, I can jerk your clit, it will explode and then give you a rest, guaranteed." Milla half turned to him. "Okay, Jack, make the jerking off to stop it!" His hand felt its way forward over her butt cheek, slid into the fluffy down, parted Milla's labia and hit her clit precisely. It was hot, rock hard and protruded like a small spur, a few millimeters long. His finger began the game, the game he had practiced since his early youth. Milla sighed and her fingers clawed at the animal skins on which they lay. "Jack, what's happening to



me? I'm hot and cold at the same time, I want to jump out of my skin or pee all over your hand!"

Jack grinned without his finger stalling. "Milla, your heart, your soul is running up a hill, and at the very top, your clit will explode and you will throw yourself down into the embers of the volcano, right here in my arms. You will twitch, you will shake like a leaf, but you are safe in my little arms, I will hold you tight, and you can let your soul fall without hesitation. It will fall softly, into a lake or a bed of moss, and your soul will find rest. Here, in my arms. Because I'm your friend, maybe your only friend, without us having to mate like coots."



And Milla ran up the hill, she didn't have time to look around. She saw the river of lava, her clit exploded and she let herself fall. Yes, Jack was true to his word, he held her as she fell. She landed in a lake and a carpet of moss. Was she twitching and shaking? She couldn't have said it, she just felt the little boy's strong arms hugging her and holding her tight. And so her soul fell into his arms, she fell straight into his arms. It quickly subsided, this strange rush. Deep

peace spread in her heart, in her soul. “Jack, yes, you are my friend, my only friend!” she breathed, letting her tears of joy flow. Yes, that was him, her boyfriend.



Jack felt her tears on his skin — small, hot drops falling onto his chest. He knew how he would bring it to a close. He stroked her clit again and again, making her leap from one wave of ecstasy to the next. At first, she had been afraid: would he make her explode over and over until her feathers turned completely brown and black? But Peter had no time for such trivialities. Her wings remained snow-white, as she noted with astonishment. He held her close; his small body was a rock amidst the surging tide of her emotions. He said nothing, simply letting her weep, letting her release all the confusion and pain that had built up inside her over the centuries. He knew she wasn't crying because of the pleasure, but because of the sudden clarity — because, for the first time in her long, infinite life, she had truly felt; not served, not obeyed, not loved out of duty, but simply felt.

After a while, when her tears subsided, she pulled back a little from his embrace. Her eyes were red and swollen in the dim light that filtered through the cracks in the hut. "I... I never knew such a thing existed, Jack. I always thought love was what you feel for the queen. A sacred, pure feeling. But this... this was different. This was... wild. This was real." She stroked his hump, a gesture that would have been unthinkable just a few hours ago.

Jack smiled softly. "That was just the beginning, Milla. Your clit was just giving away a little secret. It was showing you that you were a woman. A woman with needs. With hunger. And I just helped you taste a little of it." He took her hand, which was still shaking, and led it to his own. He placed her fingers on his already hardening cock. "See? He's hungry too. But he's patient. He waits until you're ready to discover the next secret."

Milla's fingers instinctively closed around his shaft. He was warm, alive, pulsating in her hand. She felt a new wave of heat rising within her, but this time it wasn't panic, but rather a growing curiosity. "And...what secret is that, Jack?" she whispered, her eyes locked on his.

Jack leaned forward, his lips brushing her ear. "The secret to licking, Milla. The secret to sucking an icicle hotter than any fire. The secret to melting a cock without burning it. But that... we'll show each other tomorrow. Tonight... tonight we'll just sleep. As friends." He pulled her close again, his arms wrapped around her, and for the first time since her banishment, Milla no longer felt lonely. She felt safe.

Milla wrapped her white arms around his neck and kissed him right on his lips. "Jack, for a moment I looked into my past. My queen had told the cavalier to lie down in the double bed, she would come right away. The queen loosened the straps of my dress, it fell to the floor and I was stark naked. The queen kissed me on the lips and pushed me a little. "You know, Camille, now you are the queen who lies down with the Count and is at his will." And I went in in the semi-darkness and made myself the gentleman I was at his will, and I think he even fucked me, again and again, until the first crow of the cock." She kissed his pointed ears. "Could this be true, or is it just a fantasy?" Jack didn't answer. He didn't know it either. "Yes, maybe you let yourself be fucked in the

service of your queen. She wanted you to let yourself be fucked and you obeyed, you were happy to offer your cunt, it was for the queen, not for money or precious stones, you weren't a whore in the strict sense."

Milla cried for a long time, her arms around his neck, until they both fell asleep.

They slept almost until noon. Milla stared at his morning boner. Jack saw her look. "You're welcome to touch him, it's definitely not a sin!" Milla's hand came closer, her fingers finally encircling his cock. He explained to her that if you pulled back the foreskin you would see the glans, the central part, the counterpart to the clit. Milla nodded. "I remember the ratio according to Robert Bruce was 1 angel for every 6,000 angelesses. And I've seen it maybe half a dozen times where an angel would straddle the edge of a cloud, rub his cock wildly and let it rain down, maybe that was the hail on Earth." Jack laughed. "How about we go down to the sandy beach by the ocean and you make it rain on my cock?" Milla laughed. "Ha-ha! We're in the enchanted forest, not by the sea!" Jack looked at her. "But my big nose can smell the sea water, without a doubt." Milla became uncertain. "I've been here for a while, but I haven't seen the sea. It's true, the enchanted forest changes its shape every night, but it leaves my hut next to the volcanic stream. Kindly." Jack wrapped the rabbit fur around his waist and stalked off. Milla followed him, floating over the forest floor. And sure enough, Jack's nose led them straight to the sandy beach.



Milla was completely moved; she had never seen the sea before. Jack dropped his rabbit fur and sat on Milla's lap. "So, let it rain now, dear Milla. Do as you saw it back then, as the male angels did on the clouds. And let it splash on your breasts, that will make us both happy." She said that when Dianasson the hunter came passing by, he would have her lie down in the soft moss and kneel between her thighs. He said he needed to look at her while he did it. And then he would do it just like the male angels on the clouds: he would jerk off for a long time and let it spray into the moss — every time he jerked off — until he had done enough. And when he was finished, he would kiss her very gently on her little pee-hole, say thank you, and leave. Milla asked Jack if she could jerk him off just once or several times again and again like the hunter did, and he nodded. "As often as you like, Milla — I can cum a lot of times!" And she did it several times, with growing enthusiasm.



It was the first time for Milla, he was very helpful and initiated her into the art of jerking off. Jack leaned on her upper arm and placed one hand on her full breast, his fingers twirling her teat very delicately and gracefully, so that the fire in her abdomen came to a boil. Milla looked at the eye in his glans with a smile and let her hand dance from her wrist, just as he had said.



And now the eye sprayed, she directed it to her breasts and let him spray long white stripes over them. Jack grunted contentedly; Milla was doing a great job. He told her and she beamed. “You were quite right, now I feel the fire burning and bubbling in my clit, it’s a strange, pleasant feeling.”



Milla jerked off his big cock at every opportunity now, but she liked doing it down by the beach best of all. She got plenty of practice and very soon really mastered the art of getting him to cum all over her breasts. Jack's balls were always bursting full, and he would spray his thick, slimy load onto her breasts. She laughed and smiled proudly, for she loved jerking him off. She said her pussy was seething and churning like crazy! — Jack smiled. “Then I want to show you how I lick a clit; I’m pretty good at that art, and your soul will merge with the waves of the sea.”



When Milla jerked Jack off amidst the dunes, she felt a truly smiling devotion in her soul.



When little Jack stood before her and his come splattered onto her breasts time and again, she would ask worriedly at first if it wasn't becoming too much for him — after all, he was already cumming for the eighth time.



When she knelt before him, she used both fists, for that allowed her to jerk him off really firmly and vigorously. It was obvious that he was having a tremendous amount of fun.



Oh, Milla's heart melted, for she was making Jack so happy with her skillful handiwork.

And there was a bit of a stirring in her clitoris, too.



Jack would grin from ear to ear as he stood before Milla, who was kneeling and jerking him off with a big smile.



Sometimes, after she had jerked him off to the point of climax, she would hold out her cupped hands, and he would aim his stream at her hands and breasts.



When Milla jerked his large cock with both fists, she often thought of Robert Bruce up in the clouds. She understood now what Robert had expected of her to do to him; yet back then, she had been such an innocent soul that the thought would never even have crossed her mind.



After he had squirted, they ran hand in hand to the water and washed the semen from her breasts and his cock. Then they walked back to her favorite spot and she jerked him off again and again. They stopped paying attention to the dark clouds for a long time; the storm erupted over the sea and never over the beach.

Jack gently pulled away from her lap, his small body silhouetted against the infinite blue of the sky and sea. The salt air felt different from the fragrant forest air, it was raw and wild, and Milla felt it tingle on her skin. “Clit licking is more than just a gesture, Milla,” he said, his voice almost washed away by the sound of the sea. “It’s a language. A language that says without words how much you desire a body, how much you honor it. Come lie down, right here in the warm sand.”

Milla obeyed, her heart pounding in her throat. She lay on her back, her snow-white wings spread out on the sand like a precious carpet. The sun kissed her skin and she felt naked and vulnerable, but at the same time liberated. Jack knelt between her thighs, his gaze serious and almost reverent. “Close your eyes, Milla. And just feel. Feel the wind on your skin, the warmth of the sand and then... my tongue.”

He leaned down and Milla held her breath. When his lips touched her pussy lips, she jumped. It was a gentle, wet touch that sent a wave of heat through her body. Then she felt his tongue, a warm, supple muscle, slowly nuzzling her pussy lips. He explored every fold, every curve, and Milla moaned softly. It was a feeling so intense that it almost overwhelmed her. He found her opening, penetrating a little with his tongue, a sign of what was to come. But then he pulled away and Milla sighed in disappointment.



“Patience, my little angel,” he whispered. “The best is yet to come.” His tongue now found her clit, the small, hard button that was already demanding his touch. He started licking it, slowly at first, then faster, with more pressure. He drew circles on him, drew figure eights, and Milla’s body spiraled out of control. Her hands gripped the sand, her hips lifted to take his tongue deeper. “Yes, Jack, yes!” she screamed, her voice rough with desire. She felt the pleasure rising within her as she climbed to the top of the volcano he had promised her. And then she exploded. A loud scream ripped from her throat, her body convulsed uncontrollably, and a wave of ecstasy flooded through her. It was more intense than anything she had ever felt, a pure, unadulterated rush.



Jack licked her, time and again. She melted beneath his tongue and floated in sheer bliss.



Jack didn't let up. He continued licking her, drinking her juices as they shot out of her, not letting her fall until her cries turned into quiet moans and her body relaxed. He kissed her thighs, her stomach, her breasts before he was above her again, his face glistening with her juices. "See?" he said, his voice hoarse with excitement. "Your soul has merged with the waves of the sea."

“And now... — now I want to fuck into your fuckhole. I want to fuck you, Milla. Not out of greed, not out of power, but because we’re both burning for it.” Jack laid her gently in the sand dunes. “Milla, now you will experience the highest of all bliss, fucking. I will penetrate your virgin cunt with my cock, your hymen will be painless tear with a ‘pop!’, and then I will fuck you deep into the night. If you’re smart, you place a finger at the ready, on your clit, and when you get to the top of the hill, trigger your orgasm, it’s easy. The orgasm will make you reel and twitch, but you will feel safe in my arms, my arms and my cock will hold you securely so that you can confidently fall into the ecstasy, I am your friend and I will hold you tight, you will not fall off the edge of the earth.” Milla’s eyes widened. “Jack, you’re my friend and I trust you with my body, I’m really looking forward to fucking.”



Jack spread her pussy lips with his fingers and slowly penetrated. Her hymen was like a thin sheet of cellophane, it stretched and then it tore with a ‘pop!’ and Jack inserted his cock all the way to the end of her fuck hole. Milla beamed. “Jack, your cock fills me up inside like it belongs there,” she breathed. Now the little gnome fucked her for much longer than half an hour. Milla followed his instructions and used her finger to trigger her clit whenever she reached the peak. And yes, with a scream of joy, she threw herself down into the lava flow and fell into Jack’s short but strong arms.



Jack rose up; this way, he could fuck her much better. After a quarter of an hour of vigorous pumping, his gentle hip movements grew faster and more urgent. “Camille, I need to finish,” the little man panted. “I have to shoot my slime into your cunt, let my seed rain inside— it is a sign of the deep connection between our souls.” Milla, highly aroused and hungry for more, breathed, “Yes, Jack, let it rain inside; bless me with your precious fluids!”



Milla’s eyes flew wide open as Jack’s cock shot its warm semen deep into her fuck-hole, spurt after spurt. She cried out, overcome by the intensity of her orgasm! Tears of joy in her eyes, she clung to him, taking his spurting cock deep inside her. They held each other for minutes, fused in the height of sexual bliss.

Jack's words still hung in the salt air as he leaned over her. The dunes were her world, a soft, warm nest that embraced her. His small body was an unexpected source of strength, his arms, although short, were like steel bands holding them up. "I'm your friend," he'd said, and in that moment she believed it with every fiber of her being. She lay back, her heart a wild drumbeat against her ribs, and spread her thighs, not out of obedience as she had done for the queen, but out of a deep, inner desire. She wanted this. She wanted him.



A deep sigh escaped her as he was fully inside her, buried to the hilt. "Jack, your cock fills me completely — like it belongs there," she breathed, and it wasn't a compliment; it was the pure, simple truth. It felt... right. It felt like a key in a lock.



Then he started moving. Each thrust was a question, an answer, a rhythm that mingled with the sound of the waves and the pounding of her blood. It wasn't a wild, greedy fucking like in her dreams. It was slower, deeper, more sensual. He was a small gnome, but his cock was a powerful tool of pleasure that took her to places she never knew existed. She remembered his words and placed a finger on her clit, which was already hard again and throbbing with desire. Each time the wave of pleasure reached its peak, she squeezed it gently and a small explosion ripped through her body. It was like she was setting off fireworks that glowed inside her.

Time lost its meaning. It could have been an hour, it could have been three. She didn't know. All she knew was that she was floating in a sea of sensations, that she was clinging to Jack like a life-line, and that she had never felt so alive in her life. Her body slid in the sand, her thighs closed around his waist, pulling him deeper into her, never wanting to let him go again.



Then his rhythm changed. He became faster, harder, his breaths coming in ragged gasps. “Milla, I have to cum. I’m going to let it rain inside you, it will seal the union of our bodies and the fusion of our souls,” he groaned, and his words were the last thing she needed to fall over the edge. Her eyes opened wide as she felt his cock stretching inside her, how it twitched. And then he spurted, a warm, steady stream flowing deep into her, shot after shot. It wasn’t rain, it was a flood, filling her from within, marking her with his essence.



A scream of joy escaped her throat, a scream that was picked up by the seagulls in the sky and carried across the sea. She clutched him through tears of joy, taking his spurting cock deep inside her, while her own body convulsed uncontrollably with bliss. They held each other for minutes, melting together in the highest sexual bliss, their bodies mixed with sand and salt water, their souls mixed in the ecstasy of the first, wonderful fucking. It was more than just an act. It was a covenant. A bond between an angel and a gnome, sealed in the sands of the enchanted forest.



Milla lay down in the little warm stream flowing from the volcano. Fucking in the warm water gave her a special thrill. Jack smiled knowingly, mounted her, and made love to her tenderly. Milla looked up at the sky in gratitude and smiled. “Thank you, dear Lord, for bestowing such happiness upon me!” she prayed with a smile.



Sometimes Jack fucked her from the side, his cock like a long hose inside her pussy. Milla smiled blissfully, for there wasn't a single position in which Jack couldn't fuck her to orgasm.



Milla also loved it when Jack straddled her thigh and fucked her that way. The added stimulation against her thigh made her smile and then scream even louder as she reached orgasm.



Milla felt almost maternal emotions when little Jack fucked her from the front. She fantasized about what it would be like if her own son were to fuck her — in a sinful act of incest?



Dianasson, the hunter, happened upon the seashore, sat down on the crest of a dune, and watched the two of them fucking. When they had finished, Milla propped herself up on her elbows. Dianasson said, "I see Jack taught you how to fuck, sweet angel-child." Milla looked at him with misty eyes. "Dianasson, you were the first and only one to come to me in this enchanted forest — to come back again and again. Would it be a gift to you if I let you fuck me?" Dianasson nodded and stripped off all his clothes. "I may have a wife and children at home, but I wouldn't miss this for the world — absolutely not!" He knelt beside Milla, and she lay across his thigh. Her smiling face beamed as Dianasson pressed his long cock gently and lightly into her fuck-hole. Unlike Jack, he fucked her from below while in this kneeling position. Milla was surprised to find that his cock didn't fill her quite the way Jack's did. Still, it was a lovely, long fuck. She nodded when Dianasson whispered that he was about to cum. She smiled in sheer bliss as his semen splashed in spurts into her fuck-hole. They remained in this intimate position for a few minutes until his cock gradually went limp and then completely soft. Dianasson pulled it out with his hand and, stroking himself, ejaculated the rest into the sand. He gave Milla a peck on the

cheek and nodded to Jack, then went on his way.

Milla sat up and rested her chin on her knees. “It’s such a shame, Jack. For hundreds of years, Dianasson was the only human here in the enchanted forest, and I always loved lying down in front of him whenever he wanted to look at my pussy while he jerked off. It was so simple, and it was fine for both of us. Then I asked him to fuck me, and now I regret it a little. I thought every man fucked as wonderfully as you do, Jack. But Dianasson couldn’t do it, and that makes me a bit sad. Of course, he’ll always be allowed to fuck me if he wants to. But I won’t ask him to again. It wasn’t a good idea; it broke something that used to be so simple and beautiful.” Jack sat down beside her and placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. “Camille, don’t think in such sad terms. I don’t know Dianasson, but he seems like an honest, straightforward guy. He fucked you the same way he fucks his wife and his daughters — once they’re old enough. You’ll get used to it; I’m sure his wife and daughters really enjoy his style. You’ll see that practically every man has his own way of fucking, and you’ll develop your own style, too. Claro?” Milla nodded; that was a wise point. “Yes, Jack, you are very wise.”



One sunny day, a pilgrim came by — a Black man carrying a long pilgrim's staff. He sat down in the dunes and watched the pair fucking, filled with melancholy. He had slain three of his wife's lovers and was now on a pilgrimage of penance. Jack had a vision; he saw his wife's transgression and the murders. He made an inviting gesture with his hand. "Come here, friend Idris, and fuck my Milla. This will absolve you of one of your sins — trust me!" And so it came to pass that Idris lay down with Milla and fucked her. Milla, mindful of Jack's wise words, took a good look at the Black man's long cock before smiling and letting him fuck her. The fucking did her a world of good, even though Idris wept. A shudder ran through him; one of his sins had been washed away.



The next day, Idris returned; he asked very politely, and Milla once again let him fuck her beautifully. Idris was actually a very good fucker, but his sad eyes were full of tears even while fucking.



Milla lowered herself onto Idris's body, and he fucked her from below. He was hitting her G-spot every time now, and she laughed and smiled because the Black man was such an incredible skilled fucker. Idris wept and smiled at the same time, for he felt his second sin being lifted from his soul.



Idris, the Black man with the impressive cock, came on the third day as well. He waited patiently until Jack and Milla had finished fucking and had bathed in the sea. Milla lay on her back, and Idris fucked her with love in his soul. He had no more reason to cry; his third sin, too, had been lifted from his soul. He smiled; now he could return home. He swore to himself that he would fuck his wife thoroughly every single day, right in the middle of the village square for all to see, so that she would have no more reason to cheat on him.

Milla sat in the sand with her knees drawn up, watching the Black man as he made his way slowly along the beach toward home. “You were absolutely right, Jack. Idris fucked me three times — wonderfully — and each time it was a different man; he had a different way of fucking each time. It felt as if they were the three men he had killed. Now their souls can find peace, too.” Jack embraced her and smiled. “Milla, you’re a good girl. You lifted the burden of guilt from Idris, and he’ll look back on that fondly for the rest of his life. His pilgrimage has come to a good end.”



Milla was filled with pride and contentment at having been able to help the pilgrim Idris. Overcome by emotion, she grabbed Jack's cock, and together they jerked him off. For Milla, this was always something special; they rarely jerked him off both at the same time. But she also wanted him to feel that today was a special day — the day Idris's debt was settled. Milla asked if Idris really intended to fuck his wife in the village square, right in front of everyone? Jack shook his head. "I don't know anything about Black people or Africa in general. But Idris seemed to mean it literally, so I think he'll go through with it, really."

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It was something truly special when elves from the enchanted forest appeared. Jack was seeing them for the first time, though Milla had seen them often before. They spoke a chirping language, like birds, so she could never communicate with them. Once, an elf boy stuck his cock into an elf girl's cunt, and another pointed at it and looked at Milla inquiringly. Milla didn't know much about fucking back then, so she shook her head, and the elves lost interest in her. Jack laughed out loud, "Oh, what a peculiar little folk! For the first time, they see a real angel with huge wings, and the first thing that comes to their mind is — fucking!" Milla knew that elf boys and girls masturbated — each on their own — but would never do it for one another. Strictly speaking, the only sexual act they knew was fucking. Jack, on the other hand, believed their physique was similar to ours — perhaps they were just a bit smaller. He stood 1.30 meters tall, while the elves were, on aver-

age, five or ten centimeters taller. But they possessed something humans must have lost millions of years ago: telepathy.



An elf woman ventured closer and marveled at Milla giving him a handjob. She was jerking a man off! Milla had discovered something new: she let Jack cum on her lips, and the fluid then dripped down over her breasts. The elf woman was completely surprised. Yet she took Jack's hand and chirped something affectionate. She lay back in the sand and energetically pulled Jack between her thighs. Naturally, Jack wanted to fuck her. But it was very difficult to wedge his long, thick cock into the elf woman's tiny little fuck-hole. They both really exerted themselves until the deed was done. The elf woman laughed aloud when Jack's cock filled her completely. The actual fucking, however, was just a matter of routine for both of them. Jack was aware that this was primarily a trust-building gesture on the elf woman's part. She had to be either an important figure or someone with great influence over her comrades.



Now that they had an audience, Milla jerked his cock with great enthusiasm — for it allowed her to amaze the elves, and that felt pretty good. Two elf girls watched the stroking apprehensively, chirping softly and gesturing. Jack made an inviting motion; they approached timidly, and he laid them down in the sand. Then he fucked them both, and after just two minutes, the girl was crying out in ecstasy. It was a brief, intense fuck, following the arduous task of stuffing his cock into those tiny, tight pussy-holes with the girl's help. The girls ran off, chirping and laughing. He said to Milla, "They all seem to have such tight pussy-holes — it's incredible! And the speed at which they reached orgasm and finished fucking — barely three minutes — it's fascinating." Milla nodded, for her pussy-hole was by no means that tight, and she rarely fucked Jack for less than fifteen minutes; she needed time to reach orgasm.



The older elf women kept a safe distance but watched with great curiosity nonetheless. When Jack invited the pair of them, sometimes only one would come closer. It made no difference to him; he fucked them with great feeling regardless. The older women's fuck-holes weren't as tight, so he could ram his thick battering ram inside all on his own.



There seemed to be quite a few twins among the elves. A very pretty pair of these twin girls kept coming around, but they would always run off before Jack could invite them to fuck. Then again, perhaps they were simply too young to be fucked. It was very difficult to gauge the elves' ages; they could have been fourteen or just as easily forty-four.



Two elf couples appeared, naturally to witness the spectacle of Milla masturbating with their own eyes. But then, the two male elves proceeded to fuck first one female elf and then the other. They seemed to be a well-coordinated team; Jack watched as one man fucked her pussy while the other came in her mouth. They even swapped positions when they switched partners. Jack refrained from fucking these women as well.



Sometimes an elf girl would approach, accompanied by three elf lads — feeling less afraid thanks to their superior numbers — to watch Milla's spectacle from up close. Meanwhile, the three lads took turns fucking the girl, one after another, literally at two-minute intervals. It was impossible to figure out how pairing worked among the elves; apparently, both polygyny and polyandry were the norm. A girl who had been fucked in rotation by three suitors — not exactly to Jack's taste.



And while Milla offered up her artistic tribute, “triplets” — an elf woman with two lovers (or husbands?) — would sometimes show up. Before long, the men would get hard; one would fuck their shared wife’s pussy — and the second would fuck the first in the asshole! Well, why not? Jack let his cock lead the way with them; if it wanted to, he’d invite the woman to fuck while the men fucked each other in the asshole. Jack, not a fan of men fucking men, simply looked away, whereas Milla’s eyes would go wide and round. It gave them something to talk about around the evening bonfire as they roasted mushrooms on sticks over the flames and ate berries. Sometimes they also roasted a skinned rabbit that the hunter had left in their hut.



Sometimes a taller elf man would stand next to Jack and boldly motion to Milla to jerk him off, which of course Milla did. But this elf insisted on cumming into Milla's open mouth, which she didn't like very much. The man left with his chest puffing out with pride, he had done something unseemly!



There was also a very interesting quintet among the elves. Two women and three men — nothing unusual there, at first glance. But there were four cocks for one cunt! For the first time, Jack and Milla saw an elf woman with both breasts and a cock! That was something special. The three men took turns fucking the woman in an orderly fashion. And finally, the woman with the cock fucked the other woman just like a man. Jack and Milla paused, struck by how truly unusual yet highly erotic it was to watch the two women fucking. To the elves, however, it was obviously nothing out of the ordinary. She has a cock like us men — so what?



And then there was the elf-girl, who wanted so badly to fuck Jack. Jack stood on Milla's thighs, and she dutifully jerked him off. The girl looked over his shoulder — no, she would never jerk him off the way Milla did. But once he had come and Milla ran down to the water to wash up, the girl would grab Jack's wrist and pull him into the sand with sweet, chirping sounds. Jack smiled; as always, they would struggle together to get his cock into her tiny tight pussy, and then the happy fucking would begin. Of course, he realized the girl was in love, but he remained calm and composed. The girl was in love with his cock — perhaps in love with the way he fucked — but she knew nothing, absolutely nothing, about him, and therefore could not love him. He was fully aware of that.



Another couple came often, too — he with the obligatory shaved head, she with long blonde hair. They would wait patiently until Milla had finished rinsing him off; then she would lie on her back in the sand and let him give her a good fucking. Jack would have bet that the two of them were brother and sister. Jack walked quickly over to them and fucked the girl too, for she was a magnificent fuck.



Oh, it was always confusing when an elf girl showed up with two male elves of different ages. Were they brother and father? Or was it just her lover and an older man who had sought and found some company? It was never clear; both of them fucked the girl after Milla's performance — first the young man, then the old gentleman.



And often, two men and a woman would arrive separately. They clearly didn't belong together. Once Jack had ejaculated, the men would retreat into the dunes and fuck each other in the ass, one after the other. Jack, however, would beckon the lone elven woman over and have a lovely, satisfying fuck with her. But such gay male couples were rather rare.

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But then the elves stayed away again for a long time. Jack mumbled that he wanted to keep fucking her, again and again. She nodded in agreement, her breathing shallow with excitement. He fucked her face-to-face and from behind too, they fucked in the jungle hut and then again on the sandy beach, changing at every round. His hands gripped her hips tightly, fingers pressing into her soft flesh as he continued his rhythmic, deep thrusts. His small body was a marvel of strength, each thrust a precise, hard hammer blow that shook her to her core. His cock, a taut,

pulsating piston, rammed into her wet, hungry cunt as if he wanted to take her in, to own her to the hilt. Each thrust dripped with pleasure, her own juices mixing with his and running down her inner thighs, a hot, sticky trail of their shared greed.

She remained in the pose, her upper body bent forward, her snow-white wings spread, almost touching the ground. Her hands leaned on sandy rocks, her fingers clawing at the moss. She was his toy, his tool, his holy place of sin. Every thrust was a question that her body answered with a resounding yes. “Yes, Jack!” she screamed, her voice rough with desire. “Fuck me! Fuck me until I break!” Her words were like a lash that made him even wilder. Sometimes it was his finger, sometimes hers, which triggered her orgasms. She was a strong young girl, but at night she was limp and exhausted from those dozens of orgasms.

His thighs slapped against her bottom with each thrust, a loud, dirty sound that echoed on the quiet beach. He bent down, his hooked nose brushing against the base of her wing, his breath hot and hoarse in her ear. “You want it, you sweet little cunt?” he grunted. “You want me to flood you with my seed? Make you the slut of the enchanted forest?” His words were dirty, but they were like nectar to her soul, because it came directly and lovingly from Jack’s soul. She nodded in agreement, her mind was empty, all that mattered was fucking, the animalistic, primitive activity that consumed them both.

His one hand left her hip and moved forward, finding her full, perky breasts. He kneaded them, pulling on the nipples, which were already hard as small pebbles. A scream ripped from her throat, a mix of pain and pleasure. He pulled her up by her hair, her back arched, her wings flexed. He was deep inside her, his cock throbbing — an animal screaming for release. “Now, Milla, now!” he groaned. And then he exploded. A hot stream, a flood of life and lust, shot deep into her, filling her thrust for thrust, marking her as

an experienced angel. Her own body convulsed, a final, violent spasm that brought her down to her knees. They were exhausted, exhausted, fulfilled, one. Her body trembled for a long time as he gently withdrew from her, a last drop of his semen glistening on her pussy lip.

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Milla's eyes widened, and she pulled away from Jack's embrace. "There's someone coming along the beach, right towards us." Jack now also saw the man with the large traveling staff heading toward them. "It's Saint Peter," Milla breathed. Peter, an old man, probably three meters high, whose floor-length wings shone like pure silver. Peter looked mildly at the naked couple from above. "Camille, I banished you here because your behavior, that of Robert Bruce and yourself, was in danger of becoming unseemly. But I learned that you saved the life of a child, a gnome, this one. Then I can lift the banishment, you have done a good deed and proven yourself worthy of heaven." Jack wanted to say something, but he couldn't make a sound. "I know what you want to say, young man. I see that deep in your heart you have a good and honest soul, one day I will greet you at the gates of heaven and remember you. Your soul has remained pure, even though you have a pretty dirty business deal with your mom. The soul weighs more. And yes, I saw your thought. I will now take Camille back to Robert Bruce, he has been praying day and night for her release. Yes, I will give them a special permit, they may unite and mate as they please. And I will not add a brown feather to their wings, a brown feather of misstep. They will receive a golden feather; this bears witness to the goodwill of Saint Peter." He put his arm around Milla's shoulders and they started walking along the sandy beach until, after a quarter of an hour, they were no longer visible.

Minutes later, Jack stood up, wrapping the rabbit fur around his loins. He would also walk along the sandy beach, either to Heaven's Gate or, more likely, to a fishing village.

He just never wanted to go back to the Enchanted Forest.