

The Apogee Amulet

Bradley Stoke



A horse's penis is a very different proposition to that of a human or even of a dog, but Kate was in great need, the hunger she felt for semen so intense and a horse's penis such a fine provider, that only the call of her mistress, Candice, could drag her from her efforts.

The horse stood, curiously motionless, while with both her hands and her mouth Kate pummeled and squeezed and twisted and bent and chewed and licked the penis of Firebrand, the noble steed upon which her mistress and the Princess Cordelia rode, while Kate, as befitted her status, would walk behind.

However, perchance for not much longer would Kate need to suck dry the semen of the ever-obliging mount to sate the hunger that the warlock of Lower Drizzledown had bestowed on her as a punishment for that occasion when she was too eager to partake of the seminal fluids of the warlock's young sons. Soon, Candice would wrest the Golden Knot from the guardianship of the fearful cockatrice and she would once again have more normal appetites.

And then, perhaps, her hunger for Firebrand's semen would be subsumed by her desire for it to penetrate her cunt and she would know again the pleasure of a horse's monstrous member inside her.

But, for now, no such pleasures. This morning, as it was every morning, her craving was at its most acute and her need most great to swallow the considerable volumes of sperm the horse so reliably provided: a well of supply that should surely never go dry. And at last, the black penis, as dark and mysterious as the rest of the mighty stallion, gave generously of its wealth and Kate gathered as much as she could to her mouth as it splattered forth, placing her lips to its vent to swallow every

precious last drop. And then to relish its rich taste, which filled her mouth and scented her nostrils.

Alas! Not every drop of Firebrand's prodigious outpouring made its way directly into Kate's mouth. She greedily licked what she could from her fingers, her lips and the tip of her nose. Then she sucked and nibbled the drops of goodness off the horse's still massive cock, so as much as was possible might fill her belly. And all the while that massive penis swayed and swung with its post-orgasmic release, a few more drops of precious semen still to make its way along the cubit length of the steed's proud member to be caught in Kate's ravenous open mouth.

She knelt in the grass beneath the horse's flank, anxious to catch every trickle, her knee besmirched by mud and the horse's earlier faecal outpourings, a hand holding the penis while her other hand supported her weight. Behind horse and servant was the tree to which Firebrand was tethered, over the branches of which was slung his golden saddle and the questing pilgrims' provisions. The early morning sun shone through the gaps in the Kankun Mountains that surrounded the valley through which they had advanced these last few days. The trees were sorry, scraggy things, no longer the lush green colossi that had sheltered them only last week in the Dankwater Forest, but where the nights echoed with the howling and gibbering of unseen sprites and demons.

Kate sat cross-legged beneath the horse, whose penis steadily shrivelled to a more normal size and who would not again be fit for milking for several more hours. She felt at last the contentment that her gorging on semen had bestowed on her, but was already contemplating when she might next feast upon such a meal. The mountain

birds croaked and cawed their songs in the slopes that rose on either side of the flat, broad valley. A mountain monkey was yelping over the top of the valley rim, and Kate fancied she could hear a wolf's answering howl. Or maybe it was the snarl of the vicious cockatrice.

But prominent amongst all the sounds were those of Candice, Kate's mistress, whom she adored and loved, especially when she privileged her servant with the yield of her penis, and the princess they had rescued from the ogre in the Valley of the Dead Manticore. They were at it again, Candice and the princess, the fucking that, to preserve the princess's virginity, could only be performed in her arse. But so worn now was that arse from incessant buggery that surely it matched the dimension of an unregal woman's vagina.

Kate smiled to herself. She could tell from the urgency of her mistress's cries that she would soon have need to ejaculate and now, so soon after milking dry sturdy Firebrand's penis, Kate would have the taste of her mistress's penis, sullied though it was with the faecal flavour of Princess Cordelia's arse. But, although Kate had not gained a true appreciation for the taste of shit, she would never let a little thing like that, however fresh or messy, in any way divert her from her desire to swallow sperm.

And, indeed, there it was! Her mistress's cry. So much more urgent as she came close to ejaculation. And the echoing cries of Princess Cordelia, who, needless to say, would never permit a drop of semen to touch her flesh, let alone seep inside any of her three orifices.

Kate raised herself off the ground to leave Firebrand snorting and whinnying while she scampered over the broken ground, naked as she always was since she'd

surrendered her clothes to the goldwright who guarded the Broken Back Bridge when an exchange was necessary to secure the passage. She remembered too well the extent of that shyster's villainy as he exceeded the bounds of their bargain. She was lucky to escape with her body intact after the bugging he and his demented nephews had met upon her. Her mistress comforted her that evening, but even then the demands of the irascible princess outweighed those of a petty servant.

And here was that princess who reluctantly allowed Candice to remove the penis from inside her anus, where it still twitched and trembled in the morning sun and just about to release its precious semen. Kate pounced to her mistress's feet, knelt on her knees and applied her lips to that penis which more than any other in the world she loved to distraction, and, even now, mindful though she was of her mean and lowly status, she occasionally resented the princess's more privileged access.

"Thank you, sweet Kate!" exclaimed a grateful Candice, as her servant and whore swallowed the last trace of semen down her eager throat. "Do you wish also to drink my piss?"

"I would be honoured to do so!" agreed Kate, grateful for her mistress's show of affection, eager to relish again the rich taste of her urine, which when they marched through the dry desolate plains of the Grunhilde Plateau had been all there was to quench her thirst on many a parched day.

"And after that, your servant may lick clean my arse and vagina," haughtily added Princess Cordelia, speaking, as always, only to Candice. It was so far beneath her dignity to directly address a mere servant that there was no law of decorum known for that exchange.

“I’m sure she will be delighted to do so, your royal highness,” replied Candice, smiling at the princess, before letting loose a torrent of piss into Kate’s mouth, the force of which nearly choked her. “You shall assist the princess, sweet Kate, will you not?”

“Happily!” Kate said at last, urine trickling out of the corner of her mouth and down her chin, where it gathered in a small pool on her chest above her bare breasts. It was, of course, unnecessary for the princess to have reminded Kate of her duties. Each day, taking care only to address her mistress, she would perform the same duty. She would ask Candice whether the princess wished to be cleaned, and after Candice had passed the message to the princess, who pretended otherwise not to hear Kate’s words, Candice would repeat that her royal highness would be so desirous, sweet Kate.

And so it was again today, after wiping away the traces of urine from her face with some leaves from a tree, that Kate applied her tongue and fingers to Princess Cordelia’s anus and vagina, cleansing it of any trace of shit, urine or, very rarely, semen, and in the process bringing the princess to an orgasm which was always expected from the naked servant.

And all the while, Candice watched, her penis once again fully erect, an indulgent smile on her face, perhaps content that the two most frequent fuck-partners of her life, of which only one she had the pleasure of knowing vaginal penetration, could be in such pleasurable union. But for Kate, this was a union rather the less equal, as Princess Cordelia evaded her gaze from the servant busy at her lower regions and never deigned to thank her for her services. Nor to apologise when, as she did on several occasions, let loose a turd, which Kate would have to midwife into the world

and then dispose of discreetly, not having learnt to appreciate its full meaty taste, although she might savour that of the princess's rather sour piss.

"I think we are less than a league from the Golden Knot," Candice announced, after donning her cloak and ragged clothes. "Perhaps tomorrow we shall reach the object of our quest. And then at last all will be well. I will be released from my curse, Kate from hers and your royal highness shall once more have sway over your rightful birthright."

"And not a day too soon, Candice!" agreed the princess, as Kate enrobed her with her gown, parted fully at the front to reveal her proud full breasts and the vagina from which Kate had extracted every errant hair. She pulled up the princess's long golden tresses, and then combed them with the ivory and golden comb, which along with all the princess's other possessions, had remained unblemished, while every last one of Kate's own had been pawned to that deceitful goldwright. "My stepfather, the Duke, will soon feel the wrath of my vengeance. And then I shall be crowned Queen of my realm."

"But sooth, your royal highness, there is but one more delay. We must obtain the Apogee Amulet from the giant, named Gorgaroth, who lives in this valley. And a most formidable giant he is too!"

"Will it be meet to slay this giant?" speculated the princess, regarding Candice's trusty Sword of Valour, which had made such short work of the Hounds of High Bunion and had decapitated the vile marsh goblin who dared block Candice's path.

"That may not be necessary, your royal highness. The giant is an awesome

fellow I am told, some eight feet tall, but he is a kindly soul who may be persuaded to bargain for his wares. But only, I fear, if we keep him mindful of the penalty of being less than compliant.” Candice placed a palm on the sword’s handle, but Kate knew, as perhaps Princess Cordelia did not, that her mistress was genuinely loathe to bring harm to beast, fowl or human that was not morally justified. As she had told her servant, blood spilt without good cause was blood for which the perpetrator would need answer on the final Day of Judgement.

Kate cleansed the princess’s neck and face with water from the stream and soap from the bag of royal cosmetics, taking care to pluck any stray hairs from her long swan-like neck and rub the shine off her long pointed nose. The princess’s face remained impassive, although moments ago it had been contorted with ecstasy as Kate plied the regal clitoris with her tongue.

It was more than a league that they had to march. It was rather several hours tiring slog over the rocky path, Kate following behind Firebrand’s tread, her bare feet now immured to the cuts and bruises of the uneven ground, whilst ahead Candice held Firebrand’s reins and the princess clasped her arms around Candice’s waist, her long fair hair blown behind her and her gown trailing on the horse’s flanks. But there it was, hidden in a coppice, between two towering pillars of granite: the stone manor house of Gorgaroth, the giant who had possession of the Apogee Amulet.

Candice slapped her heels into Firebrand’s majestic sides, hastening the horse forward, Princess Cordelia’s long golden tresses lifted up by the extra spurt and Kate left behind, trudging wearily, her red hair tangled with brier and earth, her feet sore and filthy, and over her shoulder those of her mistress’s provisions that could not be

carried on the horse's saddle. Finally, perhaps ten minutes later, Kate arrived at the manor house, built of stern grey granite, at the front door of which Candice and the princess were in heated discussion with a monstrous tall man, Firebrand tethered against the well.

Kate knew that her best place was behind, so she knelt down by Firebrand, wondering whether now was the time she could savour more of the horse's semen, the beneficence of Candice's own seminal outpourings two hours before just a distant memory. But she could be called on at any time to provide service for her mistress and she could ill afford such tempting distraction.

Kate looked around her. Where the sun's rays squeezed past the tall conifers and the looming granite heights, the manor house shone in greens, blues and emerald, while exquisite flowers and green shrubs bejewelled the gardens. But where there was shadow, the estate had a gloomy aspect. And most of it was in shadow. Kate felt low, as she so often did these days, as the burden of her servility and the cruel dispassion of the princess deflated her once buoyant spirit.

And then her heart leapt with joy and she sprung up to her feet. Was that not the whimper of a dog she heard? And, yes, she heard right. Two German Shepherds lay head down, their eyes scanning about them, just by the entrance to the manor house, keeping low, perhaps fearful of their master, and so well hidden by the long grass and a trestle of herbs. With luck, Kate would know the bounty of the two virile dogs' seed. A pleasure she had been yearning many a long week since they rested that night with the swineherd and his huge wolf-hound.

The discussion between Candice and the giant had got more heated, at one

occasion prompting Kate's mistress to part her cloak and reveal her erect penis, but no doubt also her Sword of Valour. Whether it was the steel or the fleshly blade that persuaded the giant, Kate knew not, but almost immediately he became more cooperative. At this point, Princess Cordelia turned around, and ruffled up her dress to display her full buttocks, spread wide enough, no doubt, for Gorgaroth to see the full capaciousness of her anus.

The discussion continued but with a different urgency, the princess herself making heated and haughty comments, her voice shrill on the afternoon breeze, while Kate sat cross-legged, her fingers gently agitating her clitoris, as her gaze drifted from her mistress and the haggling to the placid dogs, one of which had risen to his feet to reveal a truly handsome penis beneath his belly. How long would it be till Kate would have the taste of it? And then the giant himself lowered his britches, and Kate returned her gaze to the concerns of her mistress and her regal companion, wondering and indeed fearing how huge the giant's member might be. If it was of a proportion to the rest of him, then it would surely be a monstrous thing, as huge even as noble Firebrand's.

Kate sighed in relief, knowing full well that at some stage in the evening she would be impaled upon its length. The giant had a handsome member, as Kate could clearly see, and although it was still limp or, at least, nothing like as erect as Candice's proud organ, it was but an average greatness, perhaps only of a dimension equal to that of Candice. And maybe, generous though that would be on a normal-sized man, not even of the same magnitude.

The discussion seemed to be over, for the giant entered his door with the

princess in attendance, and Candice strode over to her servant, a broad grin beaming across her face.

“This has truly been an effortless bargain, dear Kate. I know not whether the threat of my trusty blade or the temptation of her royal highness’s arse was the deciding matter, but Gorgaroth has agreed that for a few gold coins and the honour of carnal knowledge with the Princess Cordelia, he will bestow us with the Apogee Amulet. On condition, of course, that we should return it to his safekeeping once we have secured the Golden Knot and slain the frightful cockatrice. For the sake of her realm, the princess has given assent. Is she not most dear and magnanimous?”

“Indeed she is, mistress!” agreed Kate. “I hope the giant will treat her with the consideration and kindness she deserves.”

“That he will. And to ensure that this is so, I have agreed to accompany the princess and our host in their lovemaking, making it a more rewarding experience for all. On the princess’s order, we have seen the tool by which the giant means to penetrate her royal anus, and for such a giant it is no threat at all. After we saw how huge was the member of the Bleakdale giant and, of course, recalling your suffering on the shaft of the satyr’s phallus in the vineyards of Marmalade, I am pleased to report that her royal highness will suffer only a moderate amount of pain. And maybe even gain some pleasure.”

“And what shall I do, mistress?”

“Well, virtuous Kate, the giant has invited us to feast with him. He will prepare a goat to be slaughtered and roasted for our pleasure, while you wait outside. However, I have observed, as no doubt have you, that our monstrous host has two fine

dogs, both male, which I have gained his permission should be at your disposal. You may fuck and suck the two of them to your utmost delight, whilst Gorgaroth entertains us within.”

“Am I not to accompany you?” wondered Kate, lowering her eyes, hoping that her disappointment would not be too obvious.

“Not in the feasting and imbibing of ale, sweet Kate, as well you know. Her royal highness cannot share a table with an underling such as you, but I shall ensure that you are well-fed and have as much ale to drink as you wish.”

“Thank you, dear mistress!” cried Kate, grateful for Candice’s boundless generosity.

“You may accompany our host in our lovemaking later, for when he releases his seed it is only fair that he should release it into your mouth...”

“And not just the giant’s seed, mistress...”

“Think you that I should forget my good and faithful servant and whore, Kate,” laughed Candice good-naturedly. “I will bestow my seed on you too. I just hope I have energy enough after fucking the giant and her royal highness that I can fuck you too!”

“That I hope too, mistress!” agreed Kate.

“But in the meantime, Kate, to the kennels with you! There are two eager dogs who I am sure will love to fuck you as much as I do. And whose semen perhaps exceeds that of even proud Firebrand!”

Kate nodded gratefully. Was there ever a servant more fortunate than her in having a mistress so kind, generous and mindful of her needs?

And as Kate was to find, the giant's dogs were two fine beasts, well trained and eager, both anxious and willing to penetrate and thrust into Kate's willing cunt, and both generous with outpourings of canine semen into Kate's open waiting mouth. And even when one penis was locked in place, the knot as secure as a knot could be, Kate could feast on the other dog's penis, its shape so much unlike that of a human or even of a horse, but so copious in its emissions. And when not sucking on a canine member, Kate was served by her mistress with goat meat, vegetables and ale. So unselfish was her mistress, that even before the dinner was prepared she came to piss, which was only possible after Kate had milked her mistress's penis so that its stiffness was no longer an obstacle to urination. And then she pissed full down Kate's throat diluting the familiar taste of semen with sour urine, flavoured by strong ale.

Kate's energy and stamina was fully in demand this evening. Only after several hours could she nestle down with the two dogs, themselves sated from their furious fucking and Kate's thirsty sucking. She lay there, her naked body kept warm by the dogs' fur, her thoughts wandering, as they were wont, to considerations of her hunger for Firebrand's own rich flavoured semen and her desire for more from her mistress. But she knew she needed the rest, the more so as she heard the coital cries from within the giant's stone manor house.

Then, one of the giant's domestic servants appeared, an elderly woman in a dark widow's dress and shawl, and approached the kennel where Kate rested with the two dogs.

"You are Kate, I trow?" asked the old servant. "The freakish maiden's whore and maid? Your mistress has bid me call you without delay. Your services are needed

directly.”

“Thank you, ma’am!” said Kate, leaping to her knees and standing naked and earth-splattered in front of the woman. “I knew that the call would come. I’m sure my mistress will reward you for your kindness in attending her needs.”

She playfully ruffled the ears and muzzles of the two dogs, understandably reluctant to see their indulgent fuck-partner leave, and hastened after the domestic servant as she strode back into the house.

The manor house was dark inside, lit only by candles along the hallway, but Kate knew exactly where to go from following the shrieks and cries of the princess, so familiar now, and the less recognisable ones which could only come from the giant. And indeed, when Kate was led into the dining room, there in front of the fireplace, on a huge woolly rug, the pelt of a truly monstrous beast, was the trio of her mistress, the princess and the giant Gorgaroth.

Princess Cordelia was bent down, her arse raised high, her face buried into the fur of the rug, her knees digging in beneath her and her guttural, hoarse coital cries of ecstasy, as behind her, the giant was thrusting his penis again and again into her anus. He supported his weight on his arms, which he was large enough to stretch out ahead of the princess, so that he was like a shelter over her. And behind the giant, her own penis within the giant’s own anus, was Candice, grimly plying away, but as Kate could see, unlikely to achieve blessed relief in the anus of such an unprepossessing gentleman. Although Candice enjoyed sex with men, she preferred the pleasure of being fucked than fucking in such circumstances. And the men she preferred were generally younger, more handsome and covered in substantially less hair than this

forbidding host.

“Thank goodness you’re here, darling Kate!” said Candice, her penis still buried inside the giant’s anus. “We need your cunt for our kind host to relieve himself! I fear his desire might get too great and the princess may be besmirched.”

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” cried the princess, far less heedful than Candice of her own interests with regards befouling.

“Uurrghh! Uurrghh! Uurrghh!” grunted the giant, equally as heedless.

But Kate took her position and her battered and abused cunt took first the giant’s penis, which rammed in hard and firm and throbbing, and then, rather more gently, that of her mistress in her anus. And while Kate knelt on the ground, the two penises thrusting inside her at once, Princess Cordelia stood above her. Observing the duty expected of her, Kate licked and nibbled at the royal vagina and clitoris, swollen even more than usual to the dimensions of a very small but definitely erect penis. And while Kate was surrounded by her fuckers, acting as the trio’s fuck-toy, the domestic servant tut-tutted to herself and cleared away the dirty dishes.

After the fucking was over, and Kate’s face, arse and cunt were full to overflowing with semen, the four of them collapsed on the huge woollen rug, warmed on one side by the flames of the huge log-fire and cooled on the other by the granite chill of the giant’s manor house. This state of pleasurable rest may have lasted as much as a quarter hour, before the princess excused herself, got up and dressed herself again, content that her role in the bargain was now complete.

This was not so for Kate who was to spend many more hours of sex, first with Candice and Gorgaroth together, and then after Candice was bade to accompany the

Princess Cordelia in her bedchamber, alone with the giant, whose enthusiasm for anal intercourse exceeded greatly that which he had for the vaginal variety.

However, the princess's sacrifice, Kate's energy and Candice's negotiating skills were all rewarded the following day when Candice took possession of the Apogee Amulet.

Kate was well sated from her morning breakfast of Firebrand's semen, which she debated whether it should be spiced with that of the canine variety, when Candice approached her, the princess trailing behind, waiting no doubt to be dressed, coiffed and cleaned for the day ahead.

"So this is it, mistress?" asked Kate, looking at awe at the amulet that Candice held out in her palm, her huge penis twitching with excitement, although Kate knew that it had no doubt already been well employed in the princess's anus.

"It is! And is it not a fine thing?"

And indeed it was. It glimmered and glistened and sparkled in the morning sunshine, an ornate pattern of gilt and platinum design, all snakes and demons, angels and chimaera, and in the midst of all this, a huge ruby pearl, perfect and shining, in which could be seen engraved in tiny but perfect letters some runic cast whose content would vanquish the cockatrice and bring to its completion the quest pursued so long for the Golden Knot.

"It is beautiful, mistress!" gasped Kate. "It is more beautiful by far than anything I have ever seen!"

"Its beauty is to be surpassed only by that of the Golden Knot, which this very day we shall have in our possession. And, please Kate, milk dry my cock, for the

pleasure of your lips upon its veiny surface is perhaps the thing for which I shall most grieve when the Golden Knot is ours.”

“And, mistress mine,” concurred Kate, as she placed her pursed lips on Candice’s penis, “when my curse is also lifted and I need no longer partake of seed with such a hunger, the dearest memory I shall have of my curse is the taste of the issue of your own curse.”

“Hurry up, Candice!” barked Princess Cordelia. “Get your whore fucked in good time, so that I may regain my realm with this accursed knot!”

Kate could hardly disguise the flash of annoyance on her face, but Candice made no comment as for one last time her penis was taken into the mouth of her dedicated servant. But Kate was sure this was not the last time the two would enjoy the pleasure of each other’s bodies.