

CUPIDEROS

CAMSATHOME.COM STORIES

© CUPIDEROS, Saturday, March 05, 2005

[Revise Edit 02.05.2025]

WWW.CUPIDEROSBOOKS.COM

Dedication:

These 32 short
stories are dedicated
to

The Great Goddess
in Heaven,

And:

Allison, Nikita,
Vanessa, Monica
whose beauty, grace
and personality
inspired the idea for
a story collection.

and

Also to the girls in
these 32 Erotica
Stories

and

Those beautiful girls
who have entertained
at

www.camathome.com

.

Table of Contents

PART I. THE FAR PAST	6
TRAINING OF CUPIDON	7
<i>(For Romanian Swedish)</i>	7
PRINCESS ARWEN OF THE LONG HANDS	15
<i>(For Romanian Arwen)</i>	15
GOLDEN DUTCH GIRL SHOES	27
<i>(For Dutch Sabrina)</i>	27
LA PRINCESS AND THE VIBRATOR	49
<i>(For Belgian Kelsey)</i>	49
GLADIATOR FUCK GAMES	58
<i>(For Czech Dalida)</i>	58
LA MONA ALLISSA	65
<i>(For Romanian Allissa)</i>	65
Jocelyn Ghost Hunter	77
<i>(For British Jocelyn)</i>	77
PART II. THE PRESENT	86
LA CAMSATHOME OVERTURE	87
<i>(For Czech Axela)</i>	87
MOTIVTING MIRANDA	95
<i>(For Romanian Miranda)</i>	95
BLUE SATIN ROBE	102
<i>(For Hungarian Jolieke)</i>	102
LA SWEET TONGUE	110
<i>(For Czech Sweet)</i>	110
TULSI PEDESTAL QUEEN	119

<i>(For Czech Tulsi)</i>	119
THE VAMPIRE STORY	125
<i>(For Romanian Allynea)</i>	125
THE LINGERIE MODEL	136
<i>(For Czech Evita)</i>	136
MY AMSTERDAMLIVE ARCH RIVAL	143
<i>(For Czech Aphrodite)</i>	143
LA COMMITMENT	146
<i>(For Czech Sbeena)</i>	146
KRYSTAL'S EROTIC LINGERIE	153
<i>(For Czech Krystal)</i>	153
THE SKETCH MODEL	157
<i>(For Hungarian Marcelina)</i>	157
CALLISTA'S ALIEN MARRIAGE	164
<i>(For Romanian Callista)</i>	164
LAFONTAINE'S GRAND PRIZE	177
<i>(For Romanian LaFontaine)</i>	177
DIARY OF A CAMGIRL	190
<i>(For Czech Novella)</i>	190
BERNEEN FLOWER GIRL	199
<i>(For Hungarian Berneen)</i>	199
THE RISE OF DONA OCTAVIA	210
<i>(For Czech Octavia)</i>	210
MISTRESS OF CEREMONIES	226
<i>(For Romanian Marilyn Monroe)</i>	226
PART III. THE FUTURE	238

LA BOLERO WOLFWOMAN.....	239
<i>(For Czech Capri).....</i>	<i>239</i>
DR. SEEME AND THE SPOTTED PANDA.....	250
<i>(For Czech Seeme).....</i>	<i>250</i>
PARAPSYCHOLOGIST & THE PROM QUEEN	260
<i>(For Hungarian Selma-Jane).....</i>	<i>260</i>
LA DILDO QUEST.....	260
<i>(For Romanians Jinx and Silvana).....</i>	<i>271</i>
LOVE TALKER AND THE WATERY FAY Error! Bookmark not defined.	
<i>(For Romanian Daisy).....</i>	<i>292</i>
BLONDY-CAT SEVEN OF NINE Error! Bookmark not defined.	
<i>(For American Blondy-Cat)</i>	<i>304</i>
GODDESS SAVE THE KING Error! Bookmark not defined.	
<i>(For Czech Cammie).....</i>	<i>313</i>
THE MARRIAGE	323
<i>(For Allison).....</i>	<i>323</i>
END CAMSATHOME.COM STORIES	328

8. A CAMSATHOME OVERTURE

(For Czech Axela)

The Netherlands. Amsterdam. A stark white room in a police station. Axela, 22, a voluptuous curly blonde bombshell, sits at a white table wearing a little black dress and light-pink mid-heel peep-toe pumps. Her petite purse matches her dress perfectly. Across from her, an empty chair stands in front of a closed manila file folder. Axela's defiant, lovely green eyes glare at the folder as if they could set it ablaze.

Andy Bad Cop enters, dressed like a private detective. A silver badge hangs from his shirt pocket. Getting into his role, he scans Axela with a sneer. Moments later, Allison Good Cop enters, wearing a blue jacket and a regulation white shirt and blue skirt, her legs bare and stylish in black Chanel pumps. Of course, she smiles as if she and Axela are best Sisterhood friends.

Andy picks up the manila folder. "We know all about you, Axela. You've been working at www.camsathome for five years. You've risen quickly from camgirl to tech girl to Director of Video Productions. Your preferences: Bi; Height: Average; Build: Slender; Hair Color: Blonde; Hair Length: Long; Eyes: Green; Metric Measurements: 94-62-93; Ethnicity: White; Special in da House: BIG TITS; Leo born July 26—"

"Don't say the year?"

"What difference does it make?"

"Andy," Allison interrupts.

“Okay. As I was saying, we’ve observed you for years. You’re a Leo, specializing in everything,” he says with a lewd expression. “You do anal, fisting, toys, fetish, double penetration. You heat up with horned-up guys, thinking about great sex; you detest men who don’t think about sex nonstop; you’d try just about anything with a smile for a buck.”

Axela sits, coldly staring at Andy.

“Your favorite color’s not hard to guess—red; you enjoy pizza, thriller movies, and Pure One perfume. This is my favorite, Axela. Any kind of music turns you on. Born in the Czech Republic.”

Axela shakes her bright yellow curls back from her pretty green eyes. “You didn’t mention my secret. Every girl in da house has one.”

“Your secret little treasure—?” He turns to Allison.

“Her clit, Andy. Gee.”

“He wouldn’t have guessed that in a million years.”

Allison picks up a few surveillance photos of Axela shopping. “No, he wouldn’t.”

“The only secret I want to know from this whore is where it is.”

“Where is what, Axela?” Allison asks calmly.

“You know what IT is?” Andy shoots back.

“Yeah! Tell me. I’ll let you know if I know!” Axela replies angrily.

“You interrupt my shopping to ask me mystery questions.”

“Ms. Claudia is aware that IT is gone, slut! So, fess up! And I might go easy on you.”

The look Axela gives Andy speaks volumes, “I don’t have to take this kind of language from you. I know my rights. I am not a whore!”

"You use your body to make money!"

"So do soccer players!"

"You're not saying soccer players and whores are on the same level!"

"I am! My girlfriends and I get together every other weekend. We drop our dresses, skirts, tops, and pants in a big pile in my bedroom. We go into the living room, turn on the soccer match—preferably an EU match. I love the look of those German and Italian boys. Then we all sit around, pounding our pussies and clits with our fingers, dildos, or stuffing ben—wa balls up our cunts, watching hour after hour of soccer!"

Andy is silent for a moment. "That's disgusting!"

"It's sex!"

Allison interjects, "Andy." Axela and Andy are in a heated debate over whether men make money using their bodies. "Andy!" Allison yells.

"What!" Andy responds.

"I'll handle the investigation."

Andy looks taken aback and shakes his head in defeat.

"I'm Andy's superior, Axela. Let's start over," Allison says as she sits down at the table.

Axela calms down. "I was about to undress and go to sleep with Schubert's Serenade playing. Cupideros calls and hears the music and wants to come over. I let him."

"You sleep in the production room sometimes."

"Uh—huh. So Cupideros has me in his arms. We're dancing to Schubert's Serenade."

Andy accuses, "Where the auditions and strip videos made?"

"Yeah!"

"Back off— Andy. I'm handling this." Andy leans against the door, pulling out a cigarette.

"Go on, Axela. Tell me what happened next."

"Like we're slow dancing to Schubert. I'm feeling all girly and giddy and, frankly, aroused by his style, his grace, and his need for me."

"His need?"

"Some men impress you with their passion. You get swept off your feet." Axela's big green eyes lock onto Allison's smaller blue ones.

"Being in the sex business, I never thought it could happen to me.

I've seen it all—the leers, the lust, the love that's too good to be true, poured onto these camgirls from men around the world."

Axela reaches into her purse and pulls out a photo. "This is what he looks like." CupiderosBooks.com

Allison takes the photo and scrutinizes it. "A black Lothario type. Small, cozy eyes. A rather playful nose, not as flat or big as most black men. A bald head. That smile—"

"Yeah." Axela scoffs. "He could use that smile to make any girl do anything he wanted. He called it his bad-boy smile."

"Hmph," Allison fights off a slightly aroused feeling from the photo and story combination. "Ahem. He's got a bad-boy's face, alright."

"Cupideros is kissing my neck. The Serenade flows through my body. My senses are igniting with mating tingles, and we lay down on this bed— a four-poster bed with red satin sheets. A picture of Degas's bathing beauty hangs on the wall. He asks me, 'Axela,

what is love?' Like any girl, I begin to sweep myself off my feet into his arms. I'm thinking... I don't know—What was I thinking."

"You wanted to fuck," Andy bluntly states.

"I did not!" Her green eyes shoot daggers at Andy.

"Andy, shhh."

"What I wanted was some—validation—appreciation, affection."

"I don't understand," said Allison. "You're a pretty girl."

She laughs. "Oh, I am. I'm lusted after, pawed at, and offered huge sums by photographers and filmmakers if I sleep with them.

Cupideros didn't want that. He wanted—me for me!" Axela breaks down into sobs.

Allison reaches into Axela's purse and hands her a tissue. "Go on."

"Cupideros knew all these things about me: my metric 94–D bust size, cherry red being my favorite color, the kind of double–crust pepperoni pizza I like with extra vegetables on one side. He even knew I adored animal–print vibrators and my fetish for Schubert."

"Schubert's Serenade."

"Yeah. I was overwhelmed with love for Cupideros. So, when he removed my black tank top and black skirt—when he had my white panties hanging from his mouth—"

"What?" Allison's eyes twinkle.

Axela blushes. "He's pulling you in, Allison," she says, sniffing. "I can see it in your eyes." Then Axela blows her ivory nose.

"Cupideros believes a woman's scent is more—I can't say it."

"Why not?"

"It's embarrassing."

"Silence."

"It's a compliment, though; believe me. I was all his after that praise. He lay on top of me. He kissed me for three minutes. His," she laughs coyly, "Captain Standstiff nudged between my cheeks. Just kisses, is all. After, I was making this huge wet spot, and he humped downward." Axela looks up with astonished green eyes. "I don't know how Cupideros did it. He didn't even use his hands! He entered my pussy, just like that." Axela pulls out her lipstick and sticks it through a finger hole made by her index and thumb. "I swooned and came right then."

"You did?"

"Oh, come off it! You're easy!" Andy exclaims. "I could make you cum."

"Like hell you could! You're an insensitive brute!" Axela hurls her lipstick at Andy's head, and he ducks.

"Police brutality! I could write you up for that."

Allison waves Andy back. He returns to lean against the door. "Go on."

"So afterward, we're talking about the business—the productions. He says he loves the strips and auditions. He logs in just for those. Then he pops the question?"

"Marriage?"

"No. About the—Camsathome Overture."

"Aha!" Andy boasts. "He used you, Axela!"

"Yeah." Axela replies softly, "Cupideros used me to get the Overture."

"What does the Camsathome Overture sound like?"

"Allison, we heard it in Teresa's audition."

"Is it in Teresa's audition?"

"Yeah. Lots of auditions: Lidka's audition, Jane-D's audition."

"Where do you keep it?"

"I kept it locked away because it's so famous. People expect us to use it for auditions and strips from time to time. It's kept in the basement, in a locked file cabinet. The cabinet is in a secret room, with the door covered by a poster of Ms. Claudia with her jeans half down her thigh."

Allison sits down in the chair. "He had you go down there, get the Camsathome Overture, and then stole it while you were asleep?"

"Oh, no! I'd never have given Cupideros the Overture!"

"How did he steal it? How did he get the key?"

"I have the key. I always keep it in my pussy when I sleep."

"But you had to take it out," Allison says, rubbing her forehead, "to have sex."

"No. That's just it. I was so excited, I forgot all about it."

"I can't take this—" Andy says, throwing the cigarette down and stomping it out.

"It must have slipped out when..."

"It slipped out with your lubrication." Allison apologizes for Axela.

"Yeah."

"The key slipped out. He got it, then stole the Camsathome Overture while you slept."

"That's how it happened, Allison."

"We got him!" Andy sneers.

"But where is Cupideros now, Axela?"

Axela takes a deep breath. "He's in France. In a small house by the Seine."

"What 's he doing there?"

Sobs erupt from her. "THAT PERVERT IS MAKING A PORN VIDEO!"

"Allison, why would that upset you so much?"

"IT'S A PORN VIDEO OF FLOWERS!"

Andy says sorrowfully, "Is Flowers a buxom blonde like yourself?"

Axela leaps up, arms rigid at her sides and gripped the interrogation table angrily! "THEY ARE FUCKING FLOWERS—ROSES, HONEYSUCKLES, VIOLETS, AND PETUNIAS! OKAY? THAT FUCKING BLACK LOTHARIO DUMPED ME FOR FREAKIN' FLOWERS!"

"Calm down, Axela. Every girl gets dumped by a guy every now and then. Although, I admit, it's pretty hard to lose out to—flowers!"

Andy says, "We'll get that sicko nature freak, Axela."

"Just confiscate any porn flower videos using the Camsathome Overture."

"We'll do that, Axela." Allison closes the file folder. "You have my word."

--THE END--

22. BERNEEN FLOWER GIRL

(For Hungarian Berneen)

CupiderosBooks.com

I'm from Cincinnati, Ohio, and I have a deep love for flowers. Each year, Eden Park hosts an annual flower show featuring exhibits from growers all around the world. This year, I attended and was captivated by some stunning red poinsettias that made my heart flutter. Curious to find the grower, I asked the director for her contact information, and she kindly provided me with the address.

When I arrived at the Hyde Park address, I was greeted by a large, flourishing greenhouse that rivaled the Eden Park flower show. I stepped inside and called out, "Is anyone home?" but received no

response. I ventured further into the greenhouse until I finally met her—the loveliest girl I had ever laid eyes on. It was love at first sight, mutual and electrifying. She had youthful brown eyes and long, straight dark brown hair, and she wore a white dress adorned with a green smock. We laughed and talked about her beauty and the flowers, our connection growing stronger with each passing moment. I kissed her, and she whispered, “I want to show you something before we make passionate love, Cupideros.”

With that, she removed her green smock and white dress, revealing white panties and a well-fitted Bali bra. She performed an awkward little dance, yet I was enthralled.

“You’re beautiful,” I told her. She then took off her delicate lingerie and wandered to the back of the greenhouse to gather flowers. For a moment, she stood there, naked, behind a bouquet of blooms. She playfully rubbed a flower over her breasts and intimate areas before stepping forward to toss me a striking red poinsettia. Her innocent smile and vibrant personality resonated with the scene, and I found myself completely in love with her.

As she repeated the gesture, rubbing the flower over her body and tossing it to me, her beauty seemed to transform with each passing moment. I lost track of how many times she did this, wishing for a picture—perfect memory to hold on to. Finally, she held both hands behind her back and stepped forward, revealing a handful of red flowers that she scattered all over me. In a surge of passion, I embraced her, and we sank slowly to the floor amid the floral splendor, making love.

Just as we were nearing the end of our blissful encounter, a strange commotion broke the tranquility. I rolled off Berneen and propped myself up on my elbows, watching in disbelief as an

elderly woman with long gray—white hair ranted in a foreign language. To my surprise, Berneen started shouting back in the same unfamiliar tongue. Then she explained in English, “He’s a good African—American boy.”

The old woman continued to barrage her with incomprehensible words, until finally, she slapped Berneen. Startled, Berneen rushed to grab her clothes and pleaded, “My mother says you are sexually harassing me. I told her I love you!” Tears streamed down her face as she added, “I wanted to have sex. She doesn’t believe me.”

More yelling ensued, and Berneen fled the greenhouse, leaving me stunned. My glowering stare at the old woman expressed all my heartache, and I left feeling utterly heartbroken. A few days later, I returned, hoping to make amends, but the greenhouse stood empty, devoid of any flowers. Falling to my knees in the barren glass structure, I wailed, “Bernennnnnn! Where are you? My LOVE!”

CupiderosBooks.com

Outside, a small flowerpot caught my eye, holding a note that read, “We appreciate your business. Hope your success continues in Hungary.” The note was unsigned. “Hungary?” I murmured to myself, clutching the note tightly. “I’m coming, Berneen.”

I traveled to Hungary, wearing casual brown loafers for easier walking, a white poet’s shirt, and black pants. I searched high and low for Berneen, day after day, exhausting three—quarters of my savings. Defeated, I found myself at the one place I adored—another flower show, this time at the Hungarian National Park.

As I walked through the park, my heart ached with memories of her until I spotted the red poinsettias again. I plucked one from the

ground and lay back on the short green grass, my business—casual attire feeling all too heavy. Inside, my heart wept; outside, my sad eyes revealed my sorrow as I pulled off one petal after another, repeating, “She loved me, her grandmother loved me not.”

A woman with an hourglass figure and long dark curly hair approached me. Though I wasn't attracted to her, she could see my sadness. She introduced herself as Eos, and I shared my tale of lost love with her. She encouraged me, saying, “I've heard that girls from Hungary sometimes work in Amsterdam. Maybe she has gone there.” With renewed determination, I tossed aside the stem and boarded a plane to Amsterdam.

In Amsterdam, I searched everywhere but soon realized how foolish I had been for not asking Eos where to find the girls. The city was far larger than I had anticipated. I decided to consult the Fates and visited a psychic named Allison.

She told me, “So many girls and so little time to see them all.”

I nodded vigorously, grateful that she seemed to understand.

“Well, there's a place called camsathome.com. Sometimes Czechoslovakian, Hungarian, Polish, and even Hungarian girls work there. I worked there long ago, and they only had one Hungarian at that time.”

After paying her a \$50 fee, I asked, “Do you think it's worth a shot?”

She said, “I'd give it a try.”

Dressed in dark blue pants and a light blue dress shirt, I arrived at the address, which turned out to be just an ordinary house. My heart sank; my Berneen couldn't possibly be in a place like this. After knocking, I spoke with the manager, a stunning woman named Ms. Claudia. Had I not been so heartbroken over my lost love, I might have felt tempted by her beauty. Ms. Claudia asked me to describe Berneen's appearance and mentioned that eighty percent of the girls in the house were Hungarian.

"Yes!" I exclaimed, filled with hope.

"But," she cautioned, "you must understand that they come here for a couple of months and then return home."

My heart sank at those words. "It's still worth a try," I said, determined to continue my search.

Ms. Claudia led me into her private office and closed the door. She began loading videos of the Hungarian girls for me to watch. For three hours, I was transfixed, watching audition and strip tapes, each girl more captivating than the last. Just before Ms. Claudia had to leave for a meeting, I saw her—Bernnen!

Tears filled my eyes as I watched her perform that awkward little dance again at the beginning of her audition. She wasn't a great dancer, but her 36–26–36 figure made up for it. Dressed in black lingerie, she gave a flirtatious look over her shoulder as she slipped off her panties.

The sight of her body took my breath away. She rolled around on the silk-draped floor, attempting to act sexy with a silly blue dildo, but it didn't suit her. I would have cut those scenes altogether.

When she stood nude again, her hands behind her back, I eagerly checked the progress bar—halfway! I had time to see the moment I had been waiting for. She produced a red poinsettia from behind her back and began to rub it over her nipples, tummy, and intimate areas as she stepped forward, tossing it toward the camera. "My Berneen!" I thought, exhilarated to have finally found her!

She performed her magical flower trick four times, just as she had in the Hyde Park greenhouse. Her innocent smile and bright eyes captivated the camera as she pulled out a bouquet and filled the lens with flowers.

In a final encore, she approached the camera, bringing a single flower closer and closer, making it seem as if you could smell its scent. She had rubbed her virginal essence on those petals, just as she had done with me. At that moment, I realized I loved her more than ever.

Eagerly, I waited for Ms. Claudia to return from her meeting. "Thank you! This is the girl! My love!"

But Ms. Claudia's expression turned somber. "I'm sorry, she worked here for a couple of weeks and then went back home." She shrugged her shoulders, leaving me crushed.

“Do you have her address?” I asked, desperation creeping into my voice.

“I cannot give that out,” she replied, maintaining her professional tone. “We have to keep the girls safe.”

Defeated, I lowered my head slightly and said, “I understand.” Leaving the office, I watched Ms. Claudia drive away in her pink Porsche. With my funds exhausted, I immediately headed to the airport, knowing I’d never see Berneen again—forever!

On the nearly empty flight back to America, the blonde stewardess escorted me to my seat. To my shock, there sat Berneen next to the window, teary-eyed and wearing a short white dress with black ballet flats. I sat down, venting my anger at her for making a video of our special flower show. She listened quietly, and when I finished, she said, “I made it because camsathome.com is world famous. I thought somehow you might see the video and find me.”

I shook my head violently in disbelief.

“Shhh,” Berneen whispered, calming me. “Be quiet!”

“I can’t believe you did that! I hate you!” I retorted.

Tears welled in her eyes as she struggled to contain her emotions. I knew she was holding back, but I didn’t care as I sat there, thousands of feet in the air. The clear blue sky was so perfect, with

clouds drifting lazily, the engine humming softly—all so dreamlike. But this dream had turned sad.

The stewardess passed by and asked Berneen, “Everything okay?”

She sobbed softly and replied, “Yes. A lover’s spat.”

I scowled, “Let her suffer, just like I did for months searching for her.”

Berneen held her palm out to the stewardess, saying, “He thinks I’m a whore because I worked at camsathome.com.”

The stewardess shot me a disapproving look. “Guys think that about me all the time, just because I wear short skirts and travel to different destinations every day.” She reached inside her airline jacket and handed Berneen some tissues.

“Thank you,” Berneen said gratefully.

“Behave yourself, meanie,” the stewardess chided, returning to the front of the plane.

I mocked the stewardess’s expressions, saying, “Why did you tell her all that?”

“Because you wouldn’t listen, Cupideros,” Berneen replied, blotting her eyes once more.

I felt terrible. "Did you really make that video so I could see it?"

"Yes."

"I saw it! It made me realize you were not a dream but a real woman." I paused. "I searched for you in Hungary."

Berneen's tears ceased momentarily. "You did? My mom moved us to New Jersey."

"Yes! I met a lovely young lady who suggested you might be at camsathome.com."

"And you went to find me?"

"I left right away, Berneen."

SLAP! "You went to camsathome.com? How could you?"

Her disgusted expression took me by surprise, rendering me speechless.

"It's one thing to log on," she scolded, shaking her finger at me, "but you actually went there to seek out free sex!"

I nearly jumped out of my seat. "I did not!"

"Yes, you did! You found out, didn't you?" she taunted, crossing her legs away from me. "There's no such thing as free sex at camsathome."

"I did have to become a member before Ms. Claudia let me see your video."

"Don't freaking talk to me!"

"Wha—what?"

"You heard me!" She crossed her lovely arms and turned to gaze out the window.

CupiderosBooks.com

As raindrops began to splatter against the glass, nighttime fell, and the rain continued to pour. The sorrow I felt became overwhelming, and I felt very sad, but refused to cry.

The stewardess returned, saying, "You two ought to start dating." She offered me some tissues.

Berneen interrupted, pushing the tissues back against the stewardess, "Don't hand him anything! He wasn't searching for me, just for free flowers!"

The startled stewardess took back the tissues before I could explain myself. She left for the front of the plane, and for the next four hours, my former love and I sat in icy silence.

Finally, Berneen broke the stillness, saying, "Now you know how it feels to be hurt by the one you love."

"What did you say?"

She leaned in and French kissed me, igniting a spark that melted the tension between us.

When our plane landed in Cincinnati, Berneen revealed that she was attending Xavier University because she was Catholic. Together, we opened a small flower shop downtown on 4th Street in the Art District.

One Saturday evening, after closing the shop, my Berneen went into the back room. She undressed and emerged, handing me red poinsettia flowers, just like when we first met in Hyde Park one year ago.

---THE END---

29. LOVE TALKER AND THE WATERY FAY

(For Romanian Daisy)

CupiderosBooks.com

Daisy slammed the vibrator against the wall. It was the fourth one she had broken this month. This particular one, called The Rabbit, was supposed to thrill her clitoris while pulsating and maddeningly stretching her pussy. "I didn't even cum! Thirty minutes and nothing! I'll never have an orgasm! Never!"

Frustrated, Daisy picked up her flute and began to play a few tunes across three octaves. She sat front and center to the left in the Romanian Orchestra. Even in the nude, she loved music. It was late at night, and no one would see her. The closed drapes and windows blocked out the sounds and views of the woods surrounding her home. What she didn't realize was that music attracted faeries of all types. No sooner had she begun playing

than a Glonconer appeared. His raspy voice cut through the air. "I can help you cum."

Daisy stopped playing and listened intently. Hearing nothing, she resumed her playing. Moments later, a Water Fay appeared. In a sweet voice, she said, "Don't listen to him. Let me help you."

Deciding to put the flute away, Daisy reached for her flute case when a warm, bony hand touched her. The sensation was electrifying! "Phew. I'm still horny," she muttered, glancing at the broken vibrator. "Now it's just a dildo. Great."

The Water Fay, her sweet voice warning once more, said, "He'll love you and leave you, Daisy."

Daisy picked up the vibrator—turned—dildo and sat on the bed. "I'm going to do this." Then she saw him—nude, grayish, and thin, with a waist that seemed impossibly small for his body. He had thin, transparent wings sprouting from his back and wore a mask made of leaves and wood that covered his nose and eyes. He was tall.

Daisy jumped. "Ewwwww!"

But the Glonconer spoke again, his words like honey to her senses. "Listen. Focus on me as you masturbate. When you orgasm, think of me. I'll transform into a handsome man."

Daisy hesitated, considering the proposal. "I am single, after all?"

“He’s not a truthful faery, Daisy,” the Water Fay interjected. She revealed her true form: a stunning lady with long pink hair, a blue body, and beautifully shaped curves. Her black eyes sparkled with sincerity. She had long, transparent pink wings and wore a shimmering, translucent dress.

“Why should I believe you, Lady Fairy?”

“I’m a Water Fay; my name is Allison. Believe me because I’m a woman like you. I know how difficult it can be to relax and let your body experience an orgasm.”

“Daisy, you need a man, not a woman,” the Glonconer insisted in his oily voice.

CupiderosBooks.com

“I am single.” Daisy examined the broken vibrator for a fix.

“The battery’s not conducting the metal on the bottom,” the Glonconer said smoothly.

Daisy noticed that if she pulled the slip of metal out, it made contact with the battery and hummed nicely. “Hey, thanks! I can use all the money I can save as a classical musician.”

The Water Fay made one last plea. “He only wants sex, Daisy. Then he will leave you.”

Daisy shooed the Water Fay away. "Like if you help me, girl faery, I might end up a lesbian."

"You'll be straight, Daisy. I won't touch you."

"Do you want a woman watching you masturbate?" the smooth-talking Glonconer countered.

"Ah—he wins again," Daisy repeated.

The Water Fay parted, saying, "Dip your face in water three times if you need my help." Then she vanished.

The Glonconer moved closer. "Don't touch me! Not until you change." CupiderosBooks.com

"Agreed. I want to make you cum, Daisy. I want to see you wet the bed with your juices."

Daisy swooned. "You're quite the lover, aren't you?"

"I'm going to suck your nipples and clit deep into my mouth, Baby. I love your brown eyes."

"Oooooo. Go on!" Daisy encouraged.

"When we're together, you'll know what love is. You'll want to run naked in the woods."

Daisy felt between her legs. “Your silky voice has created a pool of desire in just three minutes.”

“I’m good,” the Glonconer replied. “When I touch you—”

“You can touch me,” Daisy said, holding out her index finger.

The gray fairy reached out, and their fingertips met.

“Wow! That felt like being dry—humped for hours!” Daisy lay back on the bed and began to masturbate, shoving the toy deep into her snatch. The buzzing filled the room as the tall, thin—waisted male fairy urged her on. “Show me your naughty side, Daisy. Soak that vibe!” he said in a slow, languorous voice. [fics.com](#)

Daisy moved with reckless abandon, her eyes closing. She hesitated. “Give me a glimpse of what you’ll look like when you’re human.”

The Glonconer raised his leafy mask. Daisy looked into his big black eyes and saw a handsome black man—about her height, with a trim 34—inch waist, a fit physique, and a regal face. Sexy, playful lips framed soft brown eyes. Daisy began to masturbate more frantically, tugging at her breasts.

“Wait, Baby,” said the fairy. “You must think of me each time you cum.”

“Yes—oh, yes—okay!” panted Daisy, breathless.

“Don’t forget! Each time you cum, think of me at that exact moment.” He stood at the foot of the bed, his form nebulous in certain erotic areas, with thin, transparent wings sprouting from the V around his sex. Daisy concentrated, and soon the vibrations and her fingerplay took her over the edge.

“I’m coming and thinking of you, male fairy!”

The Glonconer absorbed the energy. “That’s it. Yes! You did well.” He sighed in happiness.

Daisy opened her eyes to see the fairy’s face transform into the handsome vision she had imagined. He had a bald head, black skin, and a playful expression. She found his above-the-waist form extremely appealing. “I’ve never had sex with a black man before,” she confessed.

“Don’t worry, Daisy. You’ll have fun. You can call me Cupideros in my human form. Let’s go again, because I just want to lay on top of you and show you the heights of erotic love.” He touched her toe, and an electric thrill coursed through Daisy.

“Fuck yes! Your touch—”

“It’s like you came twenty times,” the two-quarter fairy, one-quarter black man said, nodding. “I want your skin to feel my touch on your Venus mound.”

Daisy shoved the buzzing wet toy back into her twat. “Just a second, Faery.” It wasn’t long before she was nearing her peak again.

“I see your goosebumps, Daisy. Remember to think of me when you cum.” He perched on the edge of the bed, his wolf–brown eyes soaking in her naked form. “I love your short blonde hair.”

“You’re so observant,” Daisy said, pushing the vibrator in and out. She stopped, rubbing the toy along the outside of her cute slit. Her thin pussy lips flushed with color as the blood rushed in, engorging her sex. “My clit is so fucking hard, Faery.”

“Do it, sexy Daisy!”

CupiderosBooks.com

“I’m almost there! Oh, I’m riding the big Kahuna wave now! Agggggghhh—O—yes!” cried Daisy in a soprano voice.

“Think of me, Baby. Ahh yes, that’s it.” The Glonconer Faery was now two–parts human and one–part wispy wooden fairy. “Look at me, Daisy.”

“You’re gorgeous. What a nice, friendly penis you have! You’re simply stunning!” Daisy turned over and pressed the vibrator between her ass cheeks, allowing the vibrations to hit her G–spot from behind.

"I want you to show me all your new sexy moves, Baby," rasped the lustful fairy.

Daisy raised her ass up and down on the bed. "I just wanted to do this, too." She positioned herself on her hands and knees. "This feels fantastic and deliciously naughty!"

"Naughty is good. We're going to feel like a total slut-gigolo couple in just a minute." The Faery-man rubbed his chest as he pleased himself, blowing kisses at Daisy from between her spread legs.

"You can see how open I am, Faery."

"It's beautiful, Daisy. I'm going to lick you from anus to clit."

"Ooooooooooooooh!"

"With a flat, slow tongue," the fairy continued. "You're fucking me with your words, Fairy. I need to see you fully human." Daisy closed her eyes, focusing as she moved the toy in and out. She lay her face on the pillow, using her other hand to caress her ass. The area was already drenched, and she used that lubrication to push her wet finger deep into her ass. "I can feel the vibrator inside my tight pussy. I can feel myself pushing and pulling."

"Yeah, Baby," said the transforming energy. "We're going to be riding the fucking roller coaster in just a few minutes." He rubbed Daisy's entire foot, sending her into a nymphomaniac overdrive.

"I didn't think I was a nympho until you touched me," she shrieked. "Touch me again!"

"Cum for me, Daisy, and I'll touch you all night. I'll stick my whole fist up your pussy while I suck your vanishing vibrating clit."

Daisy rotated her hips, putting on a lewd show. Her 36–24–36 figure prompted the Faery to stroke his hard, seven-inch dick at a furious pace. He quickened the pace, then halted, instructing Daisy to open her eyes. He let her see a long strand of pre-cum drop from him. He scooped it up and slicked his member.

"I have to see you fully human! Crescendo, crescendo! My clit's throbbing like mad! I'm coming..." Daisy's voice trailed off like a fading opera note.

When Daisy looked up, the Glonconer was gone. "Fairy? What? No! I know how to cum, and now I'm a nympho. Where the hell is he?" She lay on her side, her legs hanging over the edge of the bed. "What the heck is that large, gray medieval shoe doing here? It's hideous, wrinkled, and the pointed toe bends in a half-circle."

The shoe belonged in a theme park for children—it could have been an amusement ride for five-year-olds. Daisy walked on wobbly legs towards the shoe, her juices dripping down the backs of her thighs. The vibrator still buzzed in her hands. "Fuck! I can't just have a huge, fucking shoe in my bedroom." Daisy tried to move it. "This thing weighs a hundred tons!" A strange laugh emanated from the object.

“Glonconer?”

Suddenly, she remembered the beautiful Water Fay. She rushed to her bathroom and splashed her face three times with water. “This shoe—how did it get here?”

“That’s Glonconer,” the Water Fay replied.

“What?” Daisy exclaimed, feeling a mix of amazement and disappointment.

The shoe laughed uproariously.

“Did you focus on him when you came?”

“I did just like he said. When he came, I focused on what his shoes must look like.”

The Water Fay giggled. “You had to focus on his body, not his clothes.”

The shoe’s laughter filled the room.

Daisy stood, mystified. “How do I get him to turn human or back into a faery?”

"You can't," the Water Fay said, walking over to kick the enormous object in the ankle.

"Ouch!" the shoe cried.

A smug expression crossed the Water Fay's face. "You only get one chance to be with him."

"I have to get this thing out of here," Daisy said, gesturing to the oversized footwear. "I have guests coming tomorrow night."

She fluttered her long, transparent wings. "I can help you remove him."

"Do I have to do anything sexual for you?"

"Nope. Just don't tell anyone he did this."

Daisy quietly replied, "You'll never hear a peep from me."

"Okay, first, put your vibrator in the shoe."

"Done."

"It's the last recorded image of him. That's needed to change him back to his prior form."

“And now what?”

“A Glonconer is a male faery seducer. Glonconer means Love Talker. You have to say these words to prevent him from coming back:”

“I’m ready.”

“Glonconer, go away. Do not come back my way. If you do, turn quickly into a shoe. And may a playful dog whisk you away.”

“That sounds gruesome.”

The Water Fay adjusted her tiara crown of water. “It works to keep him from breaking his word and returning.”

Daisy repeated the words as the Glonconer muttered quiet protests. When she finished, the Water Fay easily lifted the enormous shoe onto her back as if it were light as a feather. “Look at it this way, Daisy; you know how to cum on your own.”

“Yes. I do,” Daisy smiled.

“Have fun!” The Water Fay leaped through the closed window, vanishing into the night and the forest.

—THE END—