

PROLOGUE

Viewed from the vastness of space Earth is a serene blue world, small, fragile and beautiful. The billions of human beings sharing this planet are blessed with ample water, fertile soil and an atmosphere ideal for supporting life. With such an embarrassment of natural riches Earth should have been an idyllic, peaceful place.

But down on the surface things weren't so rosy. Humanity was divided on many issues. To prove who was right they regularly engaged in bloody armed conflicts, killing millions in an endless, repetitive cycle- slaughter, rinse, repeat. Despite all the hatred and violence there was one thing humanity did agree on. In their hearts they knew the earth belonged to them by divine right, and nothing could take that away. They were wrong.

Humans may be barbaric but they're not stupid. In a mere two hundred thousand years they'd gone from huddling in caves to conquering space. Evidence of their brilliance orbited Earth by the hundreds. Weather forecasts, phone conversations, pop music and MILF porn passed through this network of man made satellites. But the most advanced of these spacecraft focused their attention outward, scanning the heavens in search of new planets, black holes or potential threats.

On March the twentieth at 23:00 hours these orbiting watchdogs detected a small object hurtling towards Earth at twenty five thousand miles per hour. Data zipped between satellites and ground controllers until defense computers surmised it was a common meteorite, barely worth cataloging... the *Huey Lewis* song of celestial events.

The object entered earth's atmosphere, quickly becoming a ball of fire. Ground monitoring stations were about to dismiss it, until the object did something scientifically impossible... it changed course. There was a flurry of activity as experts analyzed data and watched in amazement. Then, to the astonishment of astronomers, military analysts and UFO nuts worldwide the object vanished from radar. Nobody could explain where it was, or predict where it would land. It was a mystery.

CHAPTER ONE

Life in *Poofter's Froth County* was much like any other rural community; friendly neighbors, sprawling farms and endless tedium livened up by the occasional Meth Lab explosion. Despite the monotony it was a nice place to get married, raise kids and worship God in an acceptable Christian manner.

Or, in the case of Peaches and Eustace Purcell, worship multiple gods, as they were members of the county's thriving Druid community. Being the sole members of that community just made them worship harder.

For Druids March 20th is significant, marking the first day of the Fall Solstice, when farmers begin the backbreaking task of harvesting crops. Owning fifty fertile acres Peaches and Eustace were part of that historic farming tradition. But aside from a salad sized vegetable garden and a field of pig corn they had virtually nothing to harvest. Still, whatever they lacked in crops they made up for in holiday spirit.

Peaches raced around their small farmhouse in a frenzy. She'd spent weeks preparing for this enchanted evening, convinced the goddess *Litha* was depending on her, and Peaches wasn't about to let her favorite goddess down. She'd spent weeks crafting her ceremonial headdress, adorning it with feathers, beads and branches all topped off with a set of deer antlers. Peaches hoped using the antlers would help the deer's spirit forgive Eustace for hitting it with his truck.

Eustace eyed his wife with amusement, he didn't share her enthusiasm for the whole Druid thing, but she was just so darn cute when she got excited. The sight of Peaches bouncing around the house buck naked in a headdress was a sight to behold, her long legs and apple firm bottom reminding him how lucky he was.

Peaches carefully wrapped that firm bottom in a shimmering robe inlaid with Druid symbols. Then she polished the mystical Celtic sword she'd purchased on *Kaboodle*. Peaches paused to admire her ensemble in the mirror, knowing the goddess would appreciate the effort.

She turned to Eustace "Aren't you ready yet? We have to start on time."

Eustace undid his official *Nascar* bathrobe and modeled the suede loincloth Peaches had sewn. "Not much to get ready," he said pointing at the loincloth "I just gotta wear this thing and let you do the talking."

Peaches smiled. For a slacker who spent half his time watching cartoons, Eustace looked pretty sexy in a loincloth. "You're perfect tiger, let's go."

Peaches stepped onto the porch and took in the perfect fall evening. The air was crisp, the moon full, it was everything she hoped for. She lit a torch and beckoned Eustace to follow. The couple solemnly marched towards the cornfield behind the house. At the field's edge stood a woodpile she'd prepared for a ceremonial bonfire and a crude wooden altar to hold their sacrifice.

She put the torch to the wood and it instantly erupted into flames, almost igniting her robe. She jumped back, glaring at Eustace.

"Sorry, I thought some lighter fluid might help."

Peaches shook her head and returned the ritual. As the sparks rose she looked into the night sky, chanting a sacred druid hymn. It sounded suspiciously like the intro to *Led Zeppelin's, The Immigrant Song*.

Eustace was still unsure of what his role was in the sacred ritual, so he just stood there, solemnly scratching his balls.

Peaches glanced over and hissed "Eustace stop playing with your self! The goddess hates that."

"Sorry but this suede banana hammock itches like a bitch."

"I swear I'm dealing with a toddler sometimes. Now lie down on the darn altar so we can get started."

Peaches took a moment to collect herself as Eustace hopped onto the wooden altar.

Once again she tilted her head to the sky and intoned, "On this, the first night of the Equinox we honor *Litha*, goddess of the earth who has brought forth this great and bountiful harvest."

Eustace watched nervously as she raised her sword to the heavens. "And we offer this sacrifice unto you who have blessed us."

"Umm, Peaches, when you say sacrifice you're not talking about..."

"Quiet Eustace, the goddess'll hear you!" She reached beneath the altar and produced the lovingly prepared cornucopia she'd bought at Costco. Holding it aloft she cried, "*Litha* we offer these fruits and vegetables from our harvest as a sacrifice unto you."

Eustace let out a sigh of relief as she threw the Cornucopia into the bonfire. After a bit of chanting Peaches undid her robe and let it slide to the ground. Wearing only her ceremonial headdress she continued to chant, swaying to her own rhythm.

Eustace couldn't help admiring her body as she moved in the firelight. He never recalled seeing Peaches exercising, but she still kept herself tight and beautiful. He couldn't believe he was married to someone with such a perfect ass, "Sweet Jesus, I love being a Druid!" Eustace mumbled to himself.

She turned away from him, still swaying, hands running across her taut body. Then she whirled around raising her sword, uttering a bloodcurdling warrior's howl. Wild eyed she swung the blade at Eustace, its razor sharp tip snagged his loincloth and with a flick of her wrist she yanked it off. Eustace had seven mini heart attacks and felt his pecker shrinking like turtle's head into it's shell.

She let the loincloth fall to the ground and raised the sword aloft. The sight of Peaches, standing naked in the firelight, sword held aloft made Eustace's penis climb out of its hiding place and stand proudly.

Peaches continued her sword dance, never breaking eye contact with him. Eustace figured Druid rites must have been the Bronze Age version of pole dancing.

She dropped the sword to the ground and gracefully came to him. She pressed her lips against his, her tongue darting into his mouth as her hand moved down his chest. She gently caressed his hard cock, his body quivering with each stroke of her hand.

She looked into the sky once again loudly proclaiming, "We offer our bodies and our passions in honor of the fertility goddess." She slowly began

to kiss his chest, her tongue moving slowly down his body, her hand never missing a stroke on his cock.

It seemed an eternity before her tongue worked its way to his prick, already slick with pre-cum. She paused a moment, smiling. Eustace's cock wasn't huge but it was thick and beautifully shaped. Most women spent their lives looking for a perfect fit, but she'd found it; the seven inch key to her door.

She gently ran the tip of her tongue along the head, felt his body tense with each gentle lick. Peaches knew how to push every one of his buttons. She was driving him crazy and that was making her own body respond in kind.

She felt his hand sliding between her legs, softly stroking her wet pussy, fighting the urge to climb on top and ride him. There was plenty of time for that. Besides, whatever Eustace lacked in charm he made up for in staying power.

He lay there caressing her thigh, feeling waves of pleasure rolling through his body. He loved how the firelight caught the wetness of her pussy. His hand explored further, rubbing her engorged clit, listening to her moan softly at each touch. He tried to slide her over and get his mouth on her sopping wet pussy, but Peaches wasn't having it. When she gave head she wanted to stay focused. To her sixty-nine was a distraction. God he loved this woman!

Peaches ran her tongue up the shaft of his cock slowly while caressing his balls. Then she slipped her lips around the head and lowered down, taking every inch into her throat, tasting the pre-cum that was already flowing.

Eustace almost lost control as his whole cock down slid down her throat, but he hung in, fighting the impulse to release. Regaining control he gently slid two fingers into her sopping wet pussy as his thumb rubbed her clit. A move that always drove her crazy. To Eustace and Peaches foreplay was a battle of the wills. Who would give in first?

She raised her head for a moment, loving the sensation. Panting she cried, "Oh my goddess, Eustace you son of a bitch!"

That just encouraged him to probe deeper, rubbing her clit faster. He moistened a finger with her juices and gently used it to probe her ass, never

going inside, just rubbing her sphincter in a motion he knew made her go ape shit.

She still licked his cock, but became too caught up in her ecstasy to focus. Her breathing became more intense as her second orgasm hit. She couldn't wait another second.

"You bastard!" She yelled, rolling on top and pressing her face to his. "I'm going to fuck your brains out," she panted.

"You just go ahead and try baby," he challenged her.

Peaches raised her hips and lowered. They were so in synch that his cock instinctively found its way into her pussy. She felt his body tense as his prick slid inside her.

She raised and lowered her hips, in a piston action, riding his cock, feeling another wave as she came again. He was breathing like a marathon runner matching her rhythm stroke for stroke. This wasn't making love; it was two people, deeply in love fucking on an awesomely primordial level.

Eustace finally came, his back arching and his cock twitching like an angry King Snake. She felt the glorious sensation of another orgasm, the biggest yet. Her body shook and suddenly the deafening sound of thunder roared in her ears. "Holy shit," she moaned, "You made the earth move baby!"

And a nanosecond later Peaches body soared straight up like a cannonball. She was tumbling through the air screaming in a cloud of dirt, debris and burning corn stalks.

She landed fifteen feet from the altar, the impact knocking the wind out of her. It took a few moments to realize she was alive and unharmed. A massive cloud of dust filled the air and splintered pieces of the wooden altar surrounded her. She had a horrifying realization, "Eustace!"

There was no response. She looked to the sky, imploring, "Oh goddess, please don't take him from me! I know he's shiftless, lazy and semi illiterate but I do love him so!" Tears began to flow, and then she heard coughing.

Eustace, bruised, covered in dirt, erection still at full mask stumbled out of the dust cloud. He looked at her wide-eyed and said "Baby that was incredible!"