

The Perfidy Peckers

by Ginnetta Correli

She was a sad angry woman who lost her throat. She traveled to Uranus for help.

“How can I get my throat back?” She asked Uranus.

“Go home and plant my seed inside your garden” Uranus said.

The woman did what she was told. The charcoal colored seed grew into an infant neck. Inside the baby's throat slept a tiny dark cock.

“I will name you Petey Pecker.” The woman said to the cock.

Petey Pecker was a small black cock. He usually slept inside a fat brandy glass under the vulgar woman's bed. The young male cock liked to play war and lived a happy child's life, while drinking plenty brandy wine.

Eventually, Petey Pecker grew large and handsome. The pathetic woman adored him. One evening while the woman snored a jealous rattlesnake slithered up the transparent crystal. The translucent glass of liqueur tipped and broke near Petey Pecker's head.

“Shh...shh... come with me feel so good. No one has to know” The Cognac breath snake whispered into Petey Pecker's ear. A sharp piece of silica hidden under the reptile's rattle. Petey's pecker grew stiff. He and the snake kissed. The reptile and the male began to dance a certain Latin tango... *cha cha cha*.

When the moment seemed *oh so* right, together, they searched the body for a warm, wet hole to hide some of the broken glass. With excitement difficult to contain, Petey Pecker and the snake soon found a dark cave. The couple mounted deep inside her. Relief would

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come slow hot and creamy.

“Oh my sweet Goddess” moaned the cock.

Humping and pumping both would work a ripe sweat. Petey, finally dumping warm sauce and glass into her hot steam chamber *felt so good*. The act done. Time for one last performance.

The snake choked the dreaming woman then slit Petey's Pecker.

