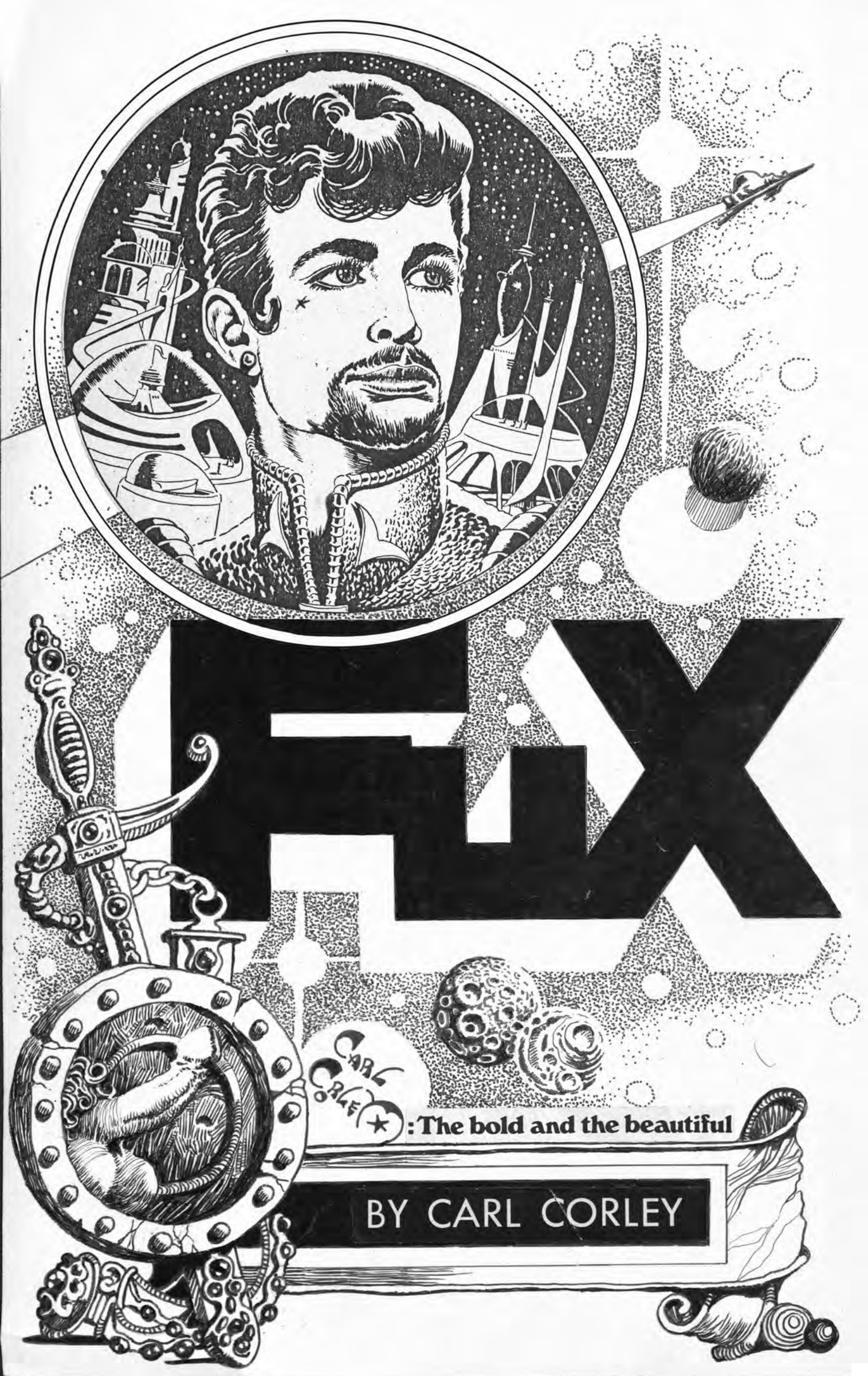

FUX
CARL CORLEY
: The bold and the beautiful
BY CARL CORLEY

The Sex-Fox

a New World of Thrills!

By Carl Corley



SOMEWHERE ON THE REMOTEST FRINGE OF THE STAR DELTA GEMINORUM, A TINY SPACE CHARIOT, NO LARGER THAN A DRAGON'S EGG, DIPS AND SWAYS RECKLESSLY AS IT APPROACHES LANDFALL TO THE PLANET ROK, SO NAMED FOR ITS HARD VOLCANIC SURFACE, A PERFECT SPHEREOID GUARDED BY TEN SCARLET MOONS.

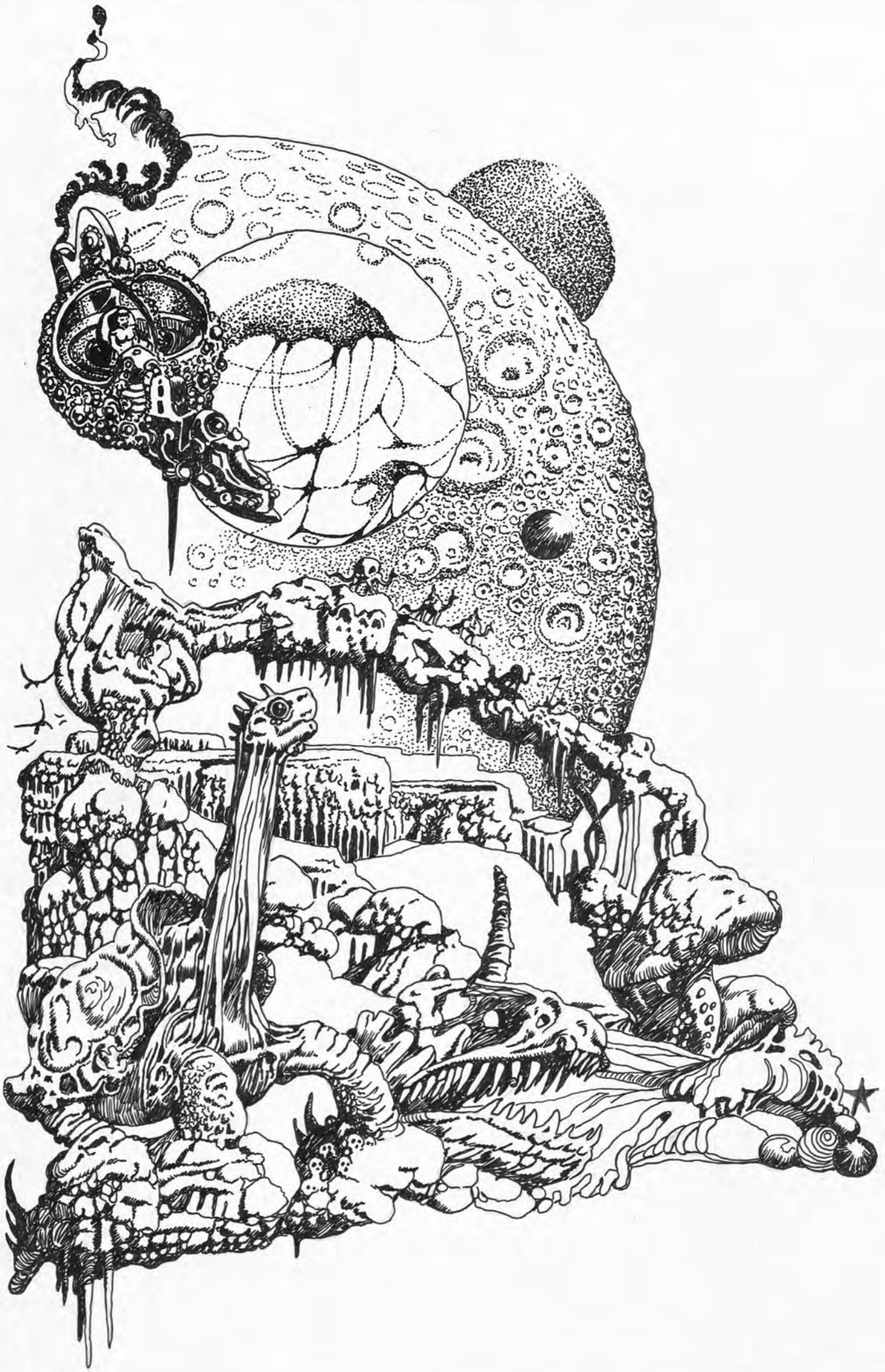
THERE IS A LONE PILOT, A YOUTH OF STRAPPING VIGOR AND A LUST FOR LIFE, WHO IS HARDLY OUT OF HIS TEENS. HE IS CADET FOX, ABSENT WITHOUT LEAVE FROM THE ASTRAL CADET ACADEMY OF ASTRA-LEIRS ON THE PLANET XSTAR -- WHICH PLACES THE BRIGHT-EYED YOUTH IN A QUICKMIRE OF TROUBLE. IF HE IS APPREHENDED AND TAKEN INTO MILITARY CUSTODY FOR HIS PLAYFUL CRIME, HE WILL BE SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT ON XSTAR'S SINGLE MOON. THIS MEANT A LIFE WITHOUT THE SEDUCTION OF FEMALES. IT IS FOR THIS PRECISE REASON THAT FOX HAS PLAYED HOOKY FROM THE SPACE ACADEMY IN THE FIRST PLACE -- OUT ON A SEXUAL LARK OF THRILLS, WITH EXOTIC FEMALES FROM STRANGE, NEW WORLDS --

* NOTE: TO PUBLISHER
SINCE MOST PUBLISHERS LIKE TO USE THEIR OWN TYPE-FACES, I DID NOT BOTHER TO HAND-LETTER THIS WORK.

(HAS BEEN PROOF-READ BY PROF. AT LOUISIANA STATE UNIVERSITY)

STORY AND ART
BY
CARL CORLEY

INSIDE FRONT COVER



CADET FUX LOSES CONTROL OF THE STOLEN SCOUT CHARIOT AS THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE PLANET ROK DRAWS THE CRAFT TOWARDS THE SCABROUS SURFACE. THE MOORING PIN, ON CONTACT, STABS THE VOLCANIC DUNES LIKE A CUTLASS INTO A BUCKLER. THE JARRING IMPACT HURLS FUX OUT OF THE CRAFT, AND ONTO A BOULDER LITTERED WITH DRIED SKULLS. THOUGH SHAKEN FROM THE FALL, FUX IS YET AWARE ENOUGH TO DETERMINE THAT BONES MEANT PEOPLE, CIVILIZATION, FEMALES, SEX!

THEN, HE LOSES CONSCIOUSNESS. EVERYTHING BEGINS TO SPIN AROUND HIM. BEFORE HIM, OUT OF NOWHERE, ILLUSIONS OF BEAUTIFUL FEMALES APPEAR VIVIDLY, THEN BUT VAGUELY. FINALLY, AS LIGHT DARKENS, THEY DISAPPEAR IN A SHIMMERING HAZE. IN HIS DELIRIUM, FUX FAILS TO TAKE NOTE OF A DESERT CARAVAN CREEPING ACROSS THE SAVANNA LIKE A WREATHING SERPENT, AND OVER THE NEAREST STEPPE.



CADET FUX IS NOT AWARE THAT THE CARAVAN MAKING ITS WAY TOWARD HIS WRECKED SPACE CRAFT IS FROM THE AWESOME JAFA RACE, NO DOUBT OUT ON A SAFARI IN SEARCH FOR RUNAWAY SLAVES. ONE OF THE TRIBESMEN, NO DOUBT THE CHIEFTAIN, DISMOUNTS FROM HIS DOMESTICATED DESERT CHAMELEON AND MAKES HIS WAY TO WHERE FUX LIES UNCONSCIOUS AMID THE HUMAN RUBBLE. MIRACULOUSLY, HE BRINGS FUX TO LIFE BY THE SIMPLE GESTURE OF TOUCHING HIM ON THE NAPE OF THE NECK WITH HIS FEATHERED TROUNCE. FUX RISES, STRETCHES, AND ARRANGES HIS MUSCULAR PHYSIQUE IN A SITING-POSITION. THE CHIEFTAIN SMILES, NO DOUBT PLEASED AT WHAT HE SEES.



THOUGH CADET FUX IS STRIPPED OF HIS WEAPONS AND BOUND, THE TASK IS ADMINISTERED WITH GREAT CARE AND CAUTION. THEY HAVE A PURPOSE FOR HIM IN MIND, AND THIS CAUSES HIM CONCERN. HE IS THEN ESCORTED TO AN OASIS NEAR-BY WHERE THE TRIBE HAS MADE ENCAMPMENT, AND PERSENTED TO A PERSONAGE OBVIOUSLY OF HIGH NOBILITY AMONG THE JAFAN PEOPLES, WHO HAVE BEEN DESERT DWELLERS FOR UNTOLD CENTURIES BEFORE FUX'S TIME. THIS BEAUTIFUL AND EXOTIC CREATURE IS FEMALE -- MUCH TO FUX'S RELIEF -- AND THE SILVER FIRE IN HER SABLE EYES TELLS FUX IN THAT ONE TORRID GLANCE SHE HARBORS NO ASPIRATIONS TO INFLICT HARM.



SAVORY PLATTERS OF DELICIOUS FOODS ARE LAID BEFORE FUX IN ABUNDANCE, AND A CORTEGE OF SERVANTS BECKON TO HIS EVERY WHIM. BY THIS TIME, FLATTERED BY SO MUCH PERSONAL ATTENTION FROM ONE OF SUCH HIGH RANK, HE HAS GUESSED THE LUSCIOUS FEMALE'S BRASH INTEREST IN HIM, AND IT IS NOT HIS SPLENDID BE-JEWELED UNIFORM.



THE JAFAN TONGUE IS ALIEN TO THE INHABITANTS OF XSTAR, CADET FOX'S NATIVE PLANET. THEREFORE, HE IS UNABLE TO COMPREHEND THE BEAUTIFUL FEMALE'S CHATTER, A WORD HERE AND THERE UNDERSTANDABLE THROUGH THE GLEAM IN HER EYES, EVER CHANGING, AND THE LANGUAGE OF HER BODY -- WHICH SAID MANY TANTALIZING THINGS TO HIM. FOX DID LEARN THAT HER NAME IS SCHARAH. BUT..WHAT'S IN A NAME? THIS PROVOCATIVE SIREN OF THE DESERT WAS TELLING HIM MORE WITH HER LENITIVE BODY THAN ALL THE WORDS IN THE UNIVERSE.



AFTER A PALATABLE MEAL OF DESERT MORSELS, FUX IS SHOWN SCHARAH'S SUPERLATIVE PRIVATE QUARTERS, A SUPERFICIAL PALACE UNDER-GROUND, HE IS GIVEN A SPRIGHTLY BATH TO RELIEVE HIS BRAWNY BOOY OF DESERT GRIME, HARDENED BY SWEAT, AND TONSORIAL PERFUMES AND FRAGRANCES ARE THEN RUBBED INTO EVERY SINEW, MUSCLE AND VEIN UNTIL HIS SKIN FAIRLY GLOWS. CADET FUX'S PREVIOUS INSIGHT REGARDING FEMALES VALIDATES HIS MALE INSTINCTS THAT PLAYING HOOKY FROM THE SPACE ACADEMY HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN. ENTHUSIASM MOVES STONES, AS WELL AS CHARMING BRUTES OF LUSTED LUST.



AFTER THE INVIGORATING SAUNA, CADET FUX TAKES A MENTAL NOTE THAT SCHARAH'S MOOD SWITCHES TO CHILDISH FROLIC. SHE IS ALSO SEEKING BIDS FOR COMPLIMENTS, POSING HER SEDUCTIVE FIGURE TO BEST ADVANTAGE. ALTHOUGH THESE PRELIMINARIES TO SEX ARE ENTERTAINING TO FUX, HE IS FROM A RACE OF MORE SAVAGE MALES WHO CONSIDER PLAYFUL PETTING SUPERFLUOUS, AND A WASTE OF TIME. HE IS ANXIOUS TO GET ON WITH IT, AND CANNOT KEEP HIS ANXIOUS GAZE FROM HER FORK AND THE SLIT THERE NESTLED IN A PATCH OF RAVEN HAIR.



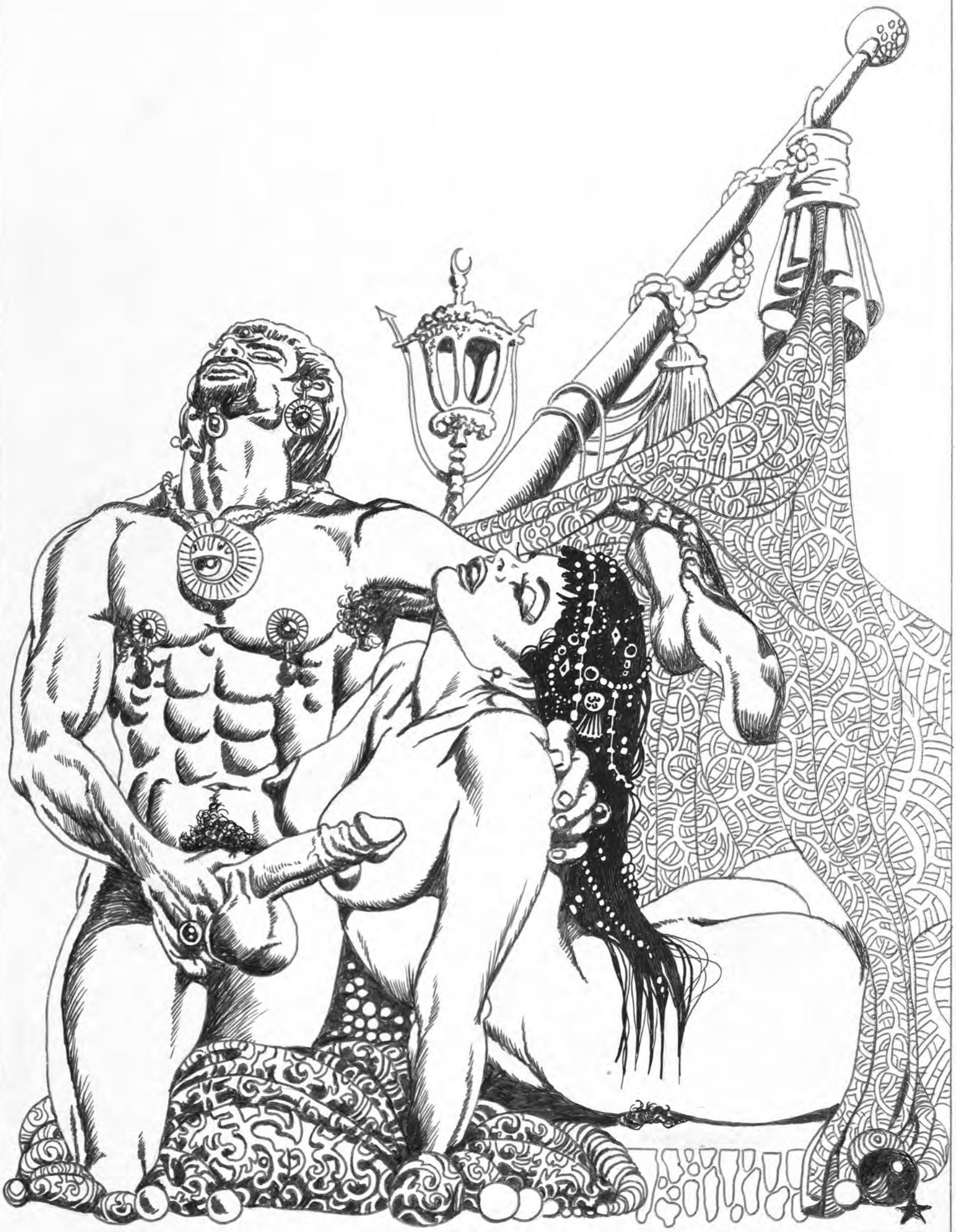
SCHARAH'S ROOT TEASING IS FAST BECOMING FRUSTRATING TO CADET FUX'S EROTIC EMOTIONS. HE IS BEGINNING TO BELIEVE THAT SHE IS A TEASER BY NATURE, AN IMPERFECTION NOT TOLERATED BY XSTARAN MALES, OR HAS BEEN EMPLOYED AS SUCH AS A RUSE TO THROW HIM OFF-GUARD, A MILITARY TRICK TO CREATE HOSTILITY AMONG RIVALS. IN EITHER CASE, FUX PUTS A REIGN ON HIS USUAL YOUTHFUL SEXUAL ADVANCES, AND ALLOWS HER THE FREEDOM TO PLAY OUT HER NERVE-WRACKING ROLE. IN THE MEANTIME, HE EMPLOYS AN OLD ACADEMY COUNTER-MEASURE TO SLOW HIS SEXUAL URGE: A FORE-FINGER THRUST DEEP AND UP ~~AND~~ INTO HIS RECTUM.



WHATEVER THE REASONS FOR SCHARAH'S FICKLE PERFORMANCE, CADET FUX IS NOW AWARE THAT HIS RELUCTANCE TO TAKE THE AGGRESSIVE SEX AMBITION BETWEEN THEM IS TAXING THIS ROYAL FEMALE'S HIGH-BORN PATIENCE. SHE CANNOT RESIST HIS YOUTH, HIS SINEWY PHYSIQUE, THE ENORMOUS BULL AND SEEDS SWELLING IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS MUSCULAR THIGHS A FATHOM LONGER. SHE HOVERS ABOVE, AS IF TO MASTER HIM... OR TO SURRENDER TO HIS SEXUAL ADVANCES FORTHCOMING. OR— WHAT HER FEMININE INSTINCTS TELLS HER ARE FORTHCOMING. FUX HAD NEVER ENCOUNTERED ONE DAMSEL IN ALL THE KNOWN UNIVERSE WHO DID NOT CONSIDER HERSELF SEXUALLY DESIRABLE. IT SEEMED ONE OF NATURE'S ORDERS.



CADET FOX LIKENS HIS AND THE EXOTIC ALIEN OF ROK TO THAT OF A GREAT FEAST IN PREPARATION, WITH SAVORY DISHES IN ANTICIPATION TO BE TASTED. THEIR FOREPLAY IS TURNING INTO A LITTLE GAME, OF WHICH MANIFESTS ITSELF INTO THRILL UPON THRILL. BUT THE ANXIETY IN HIS BURNING LOINS IS BEGINNING TO CONQUER HIS LOGIC. THE FIRE IN HIS YOUTH IS CRYING OUT FOR SEXUAL SATISFACTION, AND HIS RESTRAINT IS LIKE A TIME-BOMB READY TO GO OFF AT ANY SECOND. HE IS BEGINNING TO FEEL NOW THAT HIS EARLY CAUTION AMID THESE DESERT INHABITANTS, THEIR CUSTOMS AND LAWS STRANGE AND FOREBODING, WERE BUT SHADOW SHOWS OF HIS OWN MANIFESTATION, AND THAT THIS GORGOUS PRINCESS OF THE LAVA SANDS IS BUT A HOT WITCH WHOSE FETISH IS YOUTH AND BEAUTY. AS HE, SHE CRAVES TO TASTE --- AND TO BE TASTED!



THE HUNGER FOR SEXUAL BLISS ONE MOMENT MORE AND THEIR MOLTEN BODIES, LIKE TWO MAGNETS, COLLIDE, AND BECOME SERPENTINE AS THEY WREATH AND COIL IN LUSTFUL FRENZY. CADET FUX'S LETHAL ROOT FINDS ITS TARGET, AND ONE MIGHTY THRUST PUTS THE HEAD OF IT IN THE DEEP HOT RECESSES OF THE DESERT VIXEN'S BELLY. THAT ONE MADDENING LUNGE CREATES A MUTUAL BONDAGE BETWEEN THEM, AN ENTHRALLMENT NEITHER POSSESSES THE BLUSTER TO BREAK. THAT THRILLING ENRAPTURE MERELY GALVANIZES THEIR LUST-CRAZED BLOOM, WHOLLY TRANSFIGURATING THE BUD OF THEIR SEXUAL UNION INTO FULL FLOWER.



AS IF IN SOME GREAT AND ESSENTIAL UNIVERSAL EXPERIMENT, FUX AND SCHARAH AUTOMATICALLY EVOLVE FROM ONE EXHIBITIONISTIC ACT TO ANOTHER. FEEDING THE SUCCULENT HONEY FROM EACH OTHERS BODIES AS MOTHS PARTAKING OF A NECTAR-FILLED FLOWER OR PERFUMED BOWER. THE LAPSE OF TIME IS NOTHING MORE THAN ONE PERFORMANCE OF PURE BLISS UPON ANOTHER, THE WILD AND TORRID RAPTURE BLENDING LIKE WARM OIL, THEIR WREATHING FORMS FLOATING IN A THICK VOTEX OF PASSION. CADET FUX HAS NO FANCIES ABOUT PLAYING HOOKY FROM THE SPACE ACADEMY, NOR DOES HE DREAD THE PUNISHMENT SHOULD HE BECOME INTERRIGATED. HE IS TOO MUCH ENTHRALLED WITH THE MOMENT TO ROB RAVISHMENT WITH THOUGHTS. RESTRICTIONS.



NO SOONER HAS FUX SPERTED HIS SPERM INTO THE BELLY OF THE ALIEN TEASE-WITCH, AND WITH-DRAWN THE GIANT ROOT FROM HER PULSATING AND GRASPING VIGINA, THE LIPS TIGHTENING AROUND THE BLOATED HEAD AS IF IN A STRUGGLE TO HOLD ON, THEN TWO DESERT BEINGS, DRESSED IN MEDICAL GARB, DESCEND THE LOFTY STAIRS. WITHOUT A MOMENTS DELAY, THEY SQUEEZE THE LAST DROPS OF VEHEMENT SAP FROM HIS LIMBERING ROOT INTO A TESTING VIGE, THEN DISAPPEAR INTO THE LOFTY SHADOWS, WHILE THE DESERT BITCH, COLD AS A LIZARD NOW, VANISHES LIKE A WISP OF BLUE MAGIC INTO THE CAVERN CHAMBERS.



BECAUSE OF THE LANGUAGE BARRIER, CADET FUX HAS NO METHOD TO LEARN WHAT THE LAVA RACE OF JAFANS ARE ABOUT WITH HIM, BUT BY THEIR BODY LANGUAGE ALL LOOKS FAVORABLE. HAVING A SEXUAL ENCOUNTER WITH ONE OF THEIR BREED HAS BEEN SOMETHING OF A TEST TO GUAGE HIS SEXUAL STAYING POWER, AND TO TAKE SAMPLES OF HIS SPERM'S PERPETUAL PRODUCTION. HOWEVER, BEFORE FUX REALIZES WHAT IS TAKING PLACE, HE IS PLACED ABOARD A VEHICLE DRAWN BY A PAIR OF LAVA DRAGONS AND WHISKED DEEP INTO THE DARK HEART OF THE ROX DESERT. HE HAS NO REASON TO OBJECT, FOR THEY TREAT HIM LIKE ROYALTY, IS WELL-GUARDED FROM FOREIGN INTRUSION, AND CATER TO HIS EVERY WHIM.

AFTER MANY DARKS AND LIGHTS, THE CARAVAN REACHES ITS DESTINATION. AGAINST THE SCARLET SUNSET RISES ONE OF THE MOST GARGANTUAN MONOLITHS FUX HAS EVER ENCOUNTERED THAT BEARS SUCH A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO THE PENIS OF THE HUMAN MALE. IT WOULD NOT REQUIRE THE BRILLIANCE OF A SAGE TO READ THE MESSAGE SO FLAGRANT IN ITS TOWERING SPLENDOR. THESE LAVA-SKINNED CLANS, IN ALL CIVILITY, ARE PHALLIC WORSHIPERS, AND CADET FUX COULD NEVER HAVE BEEN MORE PLEASED. IF HE WORSHIPED ANYTHING IN ALL THE UNIVERSE — RATHER THAN HIMSELF — IT WAS HIS ADORATION AND ADMIRATION OF A MALES ROOT, ~~AND~~ THE RAPSODY OF ITS SEXUAL RHYTHM, ITS MAGIC TO CONJURE ECSTASY, AND ITS POTENT SAP TO REPROOUCE ONE OF ITS OWN KIND. AND AS THE GIANT PENIS TOWERS ABOVE HIM, FUX CREATES A THOUGHT TO JUSTIFY HIS BELIEFS: "A GOD ALONE CAN COMPREHEND A GOD!"

LEFT PAGE OF CENTER-SPREAD PAGE-16



RIGHT PAGE OF CENTER-SPREAD PAGE-17



CADET FUX HAS LEARNED ONE THING FROM THE JAFANS SO FAR. THEY DO NOT SQUANDER TIME. UPON ENTERING THE VAST DOMAIN, HE IS QUICKLY TRANSPORTED TO THE DOMED HEAD OF THE PHALLIC ALCAZAR BY WAY OF A STRANGE REVOLVING ELEVATOR AND INTO AN ELABORATE TONSORIAL SALOON. HERE, A HORDE OF BIZARRE EXPERTS FUSS OVER HIM UNTIL THEY HAVE GROOMED HIM FOR -- WHATEVER PURPOSE? THEY DYE HIS HAIR PLATINUM WHITE, TO ENHANCE THE IRIDESCENT SHEEN OF HIS SAFFRON SKIN, RESTYLE IT, AND REMOVE HIS BEARD AND SYMBOLIC RUBY CLASP, NO DOUBT, CONSIDERS FUX, AN ADJUSTMENT TO EMPHASIZE HIS YOUTH. AND HIS NEW ATTIRE, OR COSTUME, PLAYS ON THE EROTIC SPECTER OF HIS MALENESS. NOW FUX IS MADE AWARE OF HIS USEFULNESS -- COURTESAN TO THIS CITADEL OF PHALLIC WORSHIP!



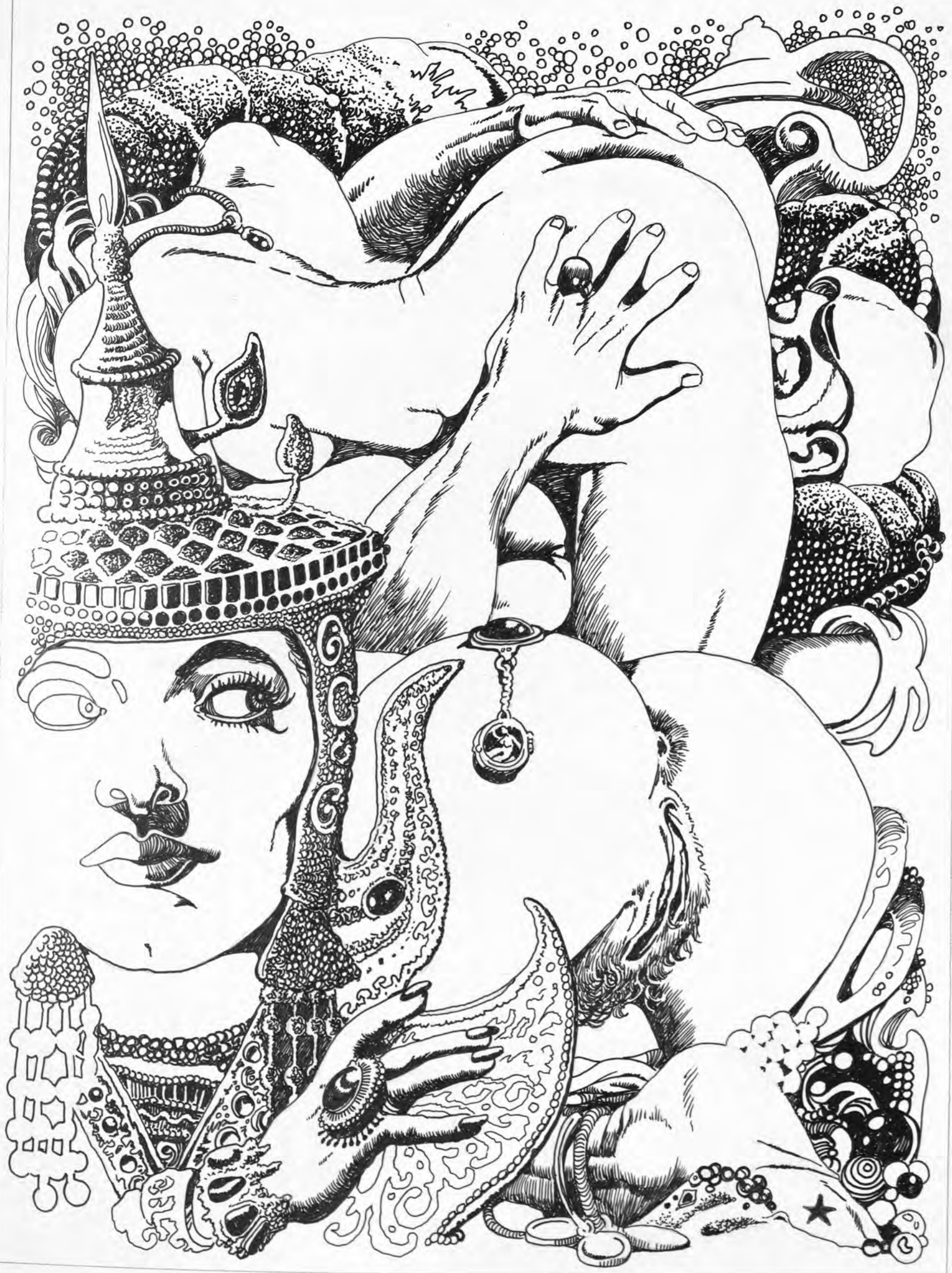
FOX IS PLACED INTO THE HAREM, WHICH IS HOUSED IN THE GREAT PENIS HEAD. AND THE FIRST IMPRESSION HIS OWN GLORIOUS ROOT MAKES AMONG THE FEMALE CONCUBINES IS ASTRONOMICAL.



ONCE THE EXCITEMENT OF FIRST MEETING IS OVER, THE EROTIC FEMALES, RAPT WITH HEAT AT THE SIGHT OF FUX'S ENORMOUS BREEDING TOOL, CROWD IN UPON ~~HIS~~ HIM LIKE AN INVADING ARMY. ~~AND~~ FUX SURRENDERS WITHOUT A STRUGGLE, FOR IN THIS EXTREME, DEFEAT IS BLISS.



CADET FUX PITS HIS ALL IN A RAPPROCHE-
MENT TO SATISFY THE HORDE OF FEMALES WHO
CLAMOR FOR HIS EXPERT ATTENTION AND EROTIC
EXPERTISE. EVERYONE WANTS HIM AT ONCE AND
HE REALIZES QUICKLY THAT THIS IS A FEAT
IMPOSSIBLE -- EVEN WITH HIS SEXUAL EXPERIENCE.



FINALLY, AFTER A SEX TUMBLE OF ARMS, LEGS, THIGHS, AND BREASTS, FUX CONVENCES THE DESERT WANTONS THAT ORDER AND A SMALL DEGREE OF DISCIPLINE IS THE KEY TO GREATER SEXUAL STIMULATION. ONE AT A TIME-- PLEASE!



PAGE- 23

- ADVERTISEMENTS -
BOOKS AND VIDEOS
POSTERS, CARDS, ETC.

PAGE - 24

ADVERTISEMENTS

BOOKS AND VIDEOS - ETC.

SEQUENCE

IN DUE TIME, AFTER MUCH SCREAMING AND NERVE-SHATTERING PROTESTING, THE FEMALES CALM DOWN TO A STEADY, SMOOTH-GOING DIET OF SEX. AS TO THE ANCIENT CLICHE: "THEY SHALL BE SERVED WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."



CADET FUX WAS PLEASED TO DISCOVER A VARIETY OF RACES WHO MADE UP THE HAREM POPULATION -- EACH WITH HER OWN INDIVIDUAL STYLE OF SEXUAL STIMULATION.



TO THIS, FUX DID NOT OBJECT. ~~He~~. IN FACT, HE RELISHED THE SPICE, THE FRESH SEASONING ADDED TO EACH DISH OF SUCCULENT FLESH. BUT, NO MATTER FROM WHAT DOMAIN THEY HAILED, THEY ALL HAD ONE THING IN COMMON -- THE WILD URGE TO SUCK A ROOT!



FREQUENTLY, FEMALES FLEW INTO THE JAPAN METROPOLIS FROM NEIGHBORING PLANETS. THESE PROVOCATIVE TRAVELERS AND SIGHT-SEERS, ALWAYS EXTREMELY WEALTHY, BRIBED FUX -- WHOM THEY SOUGHT OUT FOR CARNEL PLEASURES



IT DID NOT TAKE LONG FOR FUX TO ACQUIRE A REPUTATION THAT PLACED HIM IN GREAT SEXUAL DEMAND. FEMALES BEGAN TO REQUEST THEIR SECRET SPECIALTIES, NOBLE, HIGH-BORN ARISTOCRATES WHO DID NOT WANT THEIR PLEASURES ADVERTISED IN HOME CLIMES.



ALL TOO SOON CADET FUX'S EXHILARATING SEX OCCUPATION TAKES ITS TOLL OF HIS STARTLING, LUSTFUL DRIVE. IT IS BEGINNING TO TAKE LONGER TO FILL THE BELLIES OF THE CONCUBINES WITH SAP, AND A LONGER INTERLUDE OF FOOD, DRINK, AND A NAP BEFORE HE CAN FORTIFY HIS LUSTFUL WILL, AND TO REPLENISH HIS LOINS WITH SPERM BEFORE TAKING UP THE SEXUAL BOON.



BACK COVER ART

BUT, AS CADET FUX HAS EXPECTED, THE SPACE ACADEMY SCOUT PATROL CATCHES UP WITH HIM, AND HE IS PLACED IN SHACKLES. HE HAS ONE LAST FLING BEFORE HIS MILITARY SUPERIORS RETURN HIM TO THE PLANET XSTAR FOR TRIAL AND COURT MARSHALL. HIS PARAMOORS MAKE A PILGRIMAGE TO THE WAITING STAR-SHIP—TO SEE HIM OFF AND TO WISH HIM WELL.

BACK COVER ART

