

Keith Leonard's

THE PHOEBE

CHRONICLES

Art by: Jose Varese



AMEROTICA

MyMentaigaller

THE PHOEBE CHRONICLES

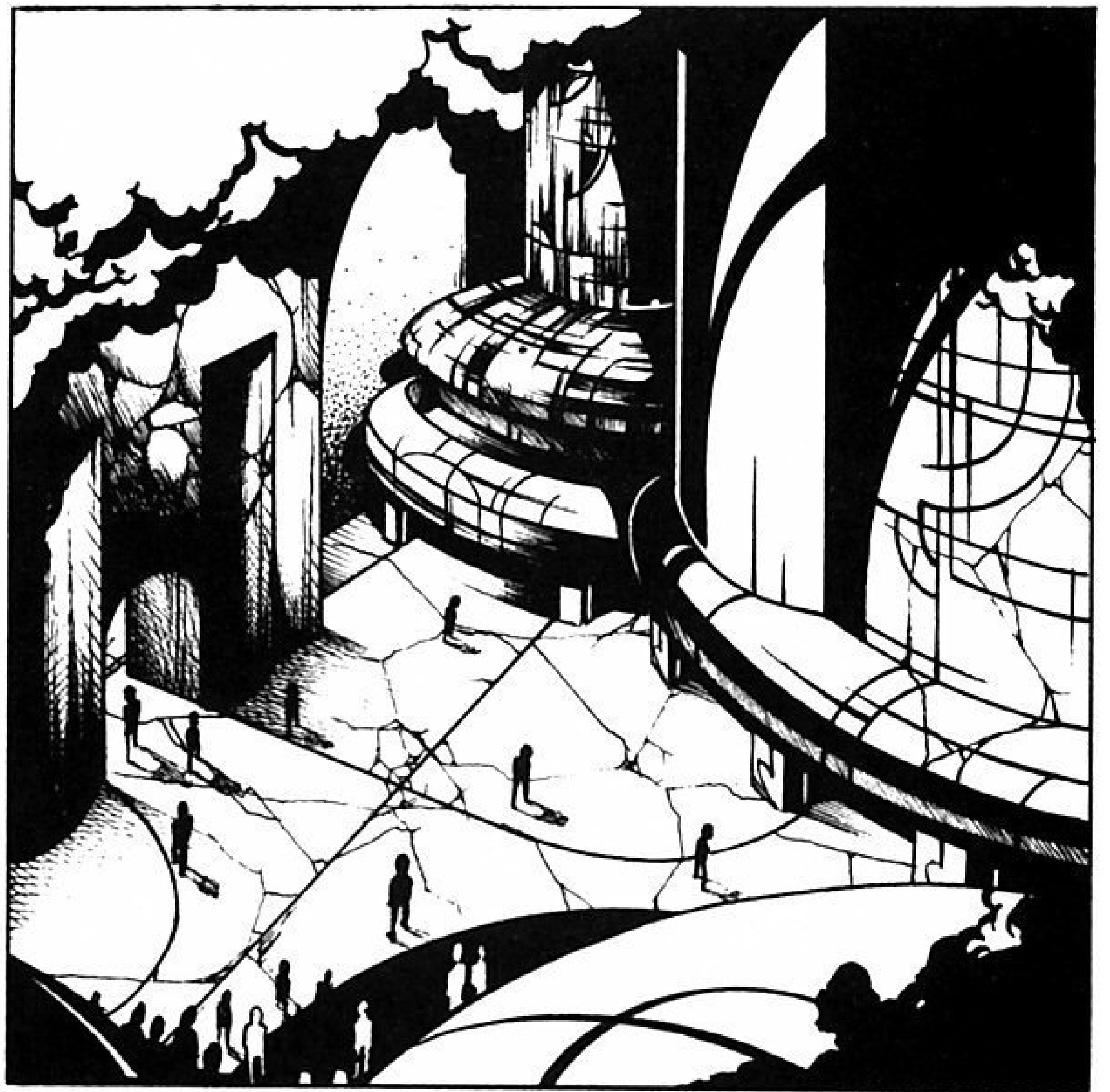


Listen, gentle ones as I relate the tale of Fabulous Phoebe of Phinias Phree. Yes, yes - fear not, I know that the tale has been restricted from public viewing for the last 3,000 years, however what I am about to reveal will startle and titillate even the most jaded of our audience.

It all began 12 years ago when a young guardian of the sacred plates did the unpardonable and opened the Vault of Safety one night. Curiosity overcame the young guardian and being a wizard of numbers he, in a matter of minutes, had deciphered the combination and slipped inside undetected. When he emerged 7 hours later - staggering, bleary eyed and with a large wet spot undecorously adorning his uniform - he nearly fell into the hands of his replacement yammering things like "no one could have done so much, to so many, with so little".

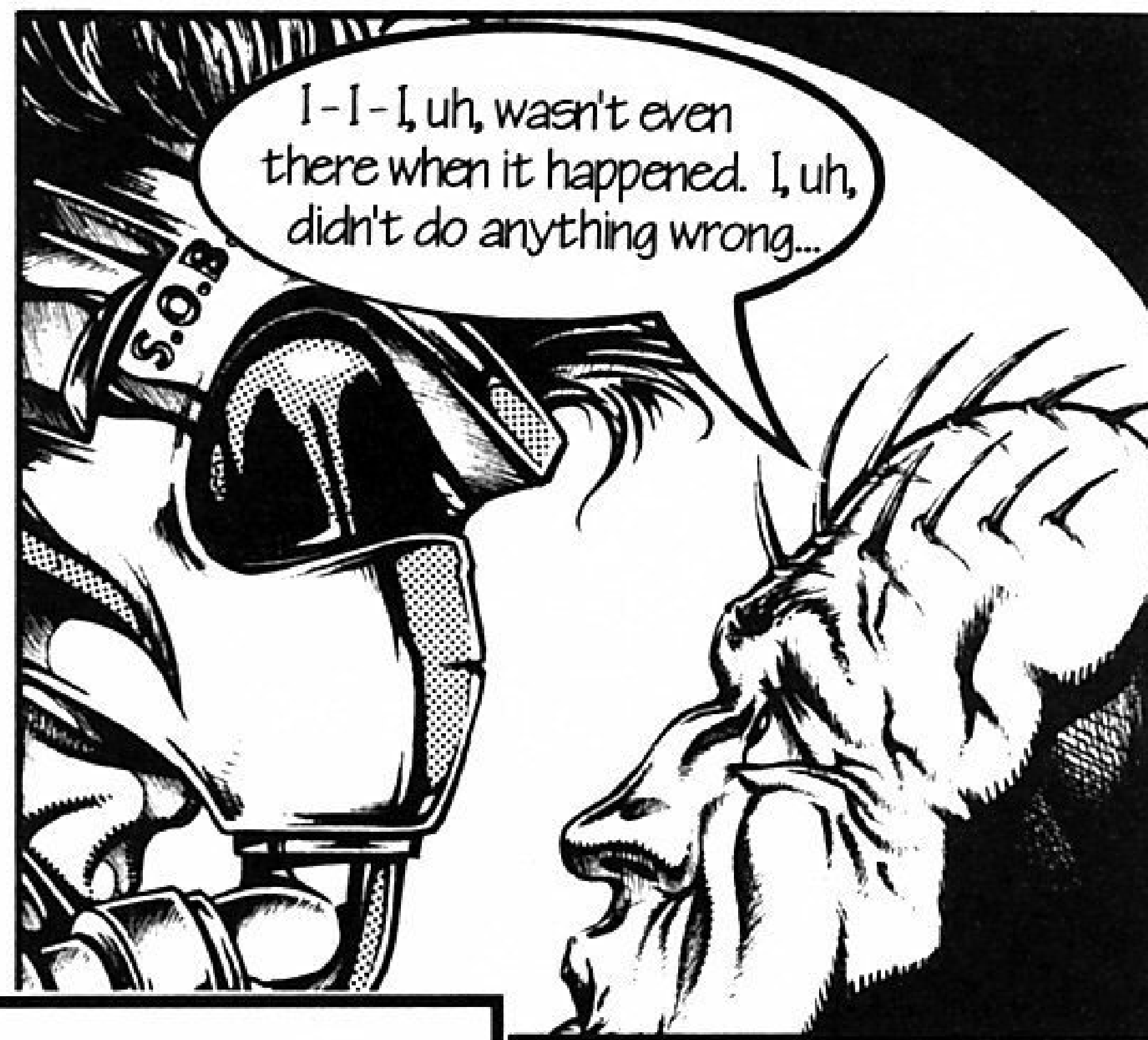
How Phoebe, that gentle soul, could have sprung from the loins of such a hateful person as the tyrant Swag-Gert - may his genes be praised, and his body roasted - is still a mystery. Suffice it to say that his warped purity plan failed due to the beautiful Phoebe.

On that fateful night - Phoebe's body and soul could no longer endure the relentless chastity imposed by her father the High Swag-Gert - ruler of the planet Tam-O-Fey, and Senior Minister of the Purity League that ruled half of the planets of the then known galaxy. As she stole from her chamber of penance into the bleak night (nights and days were bleak on this passionless planet) she almost retreated back, but the Universe must not have wanted it for as she pushed open the door to the outer city, her pulse tripled and the sweet agony of loins seeking relief drove her on...





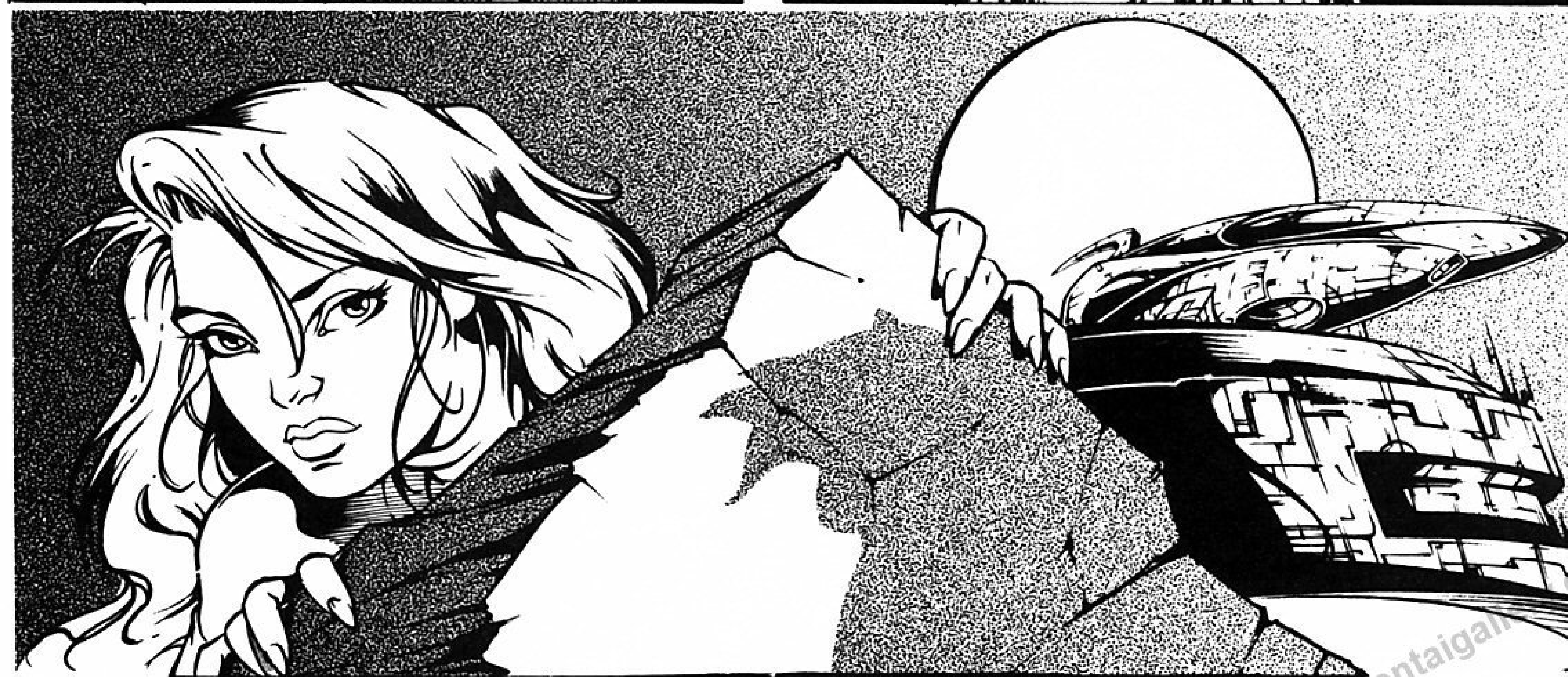
You!! Citizen, unless you wishes to test the temperature of a fusion drive with your face, TALK!



I-I-I, uh, wasn't even there when it happened. I, uh, didn't do anything wrong...



I don't give a damn about your pitiful existence, I'm looking for this girl,
Have you seen her !!





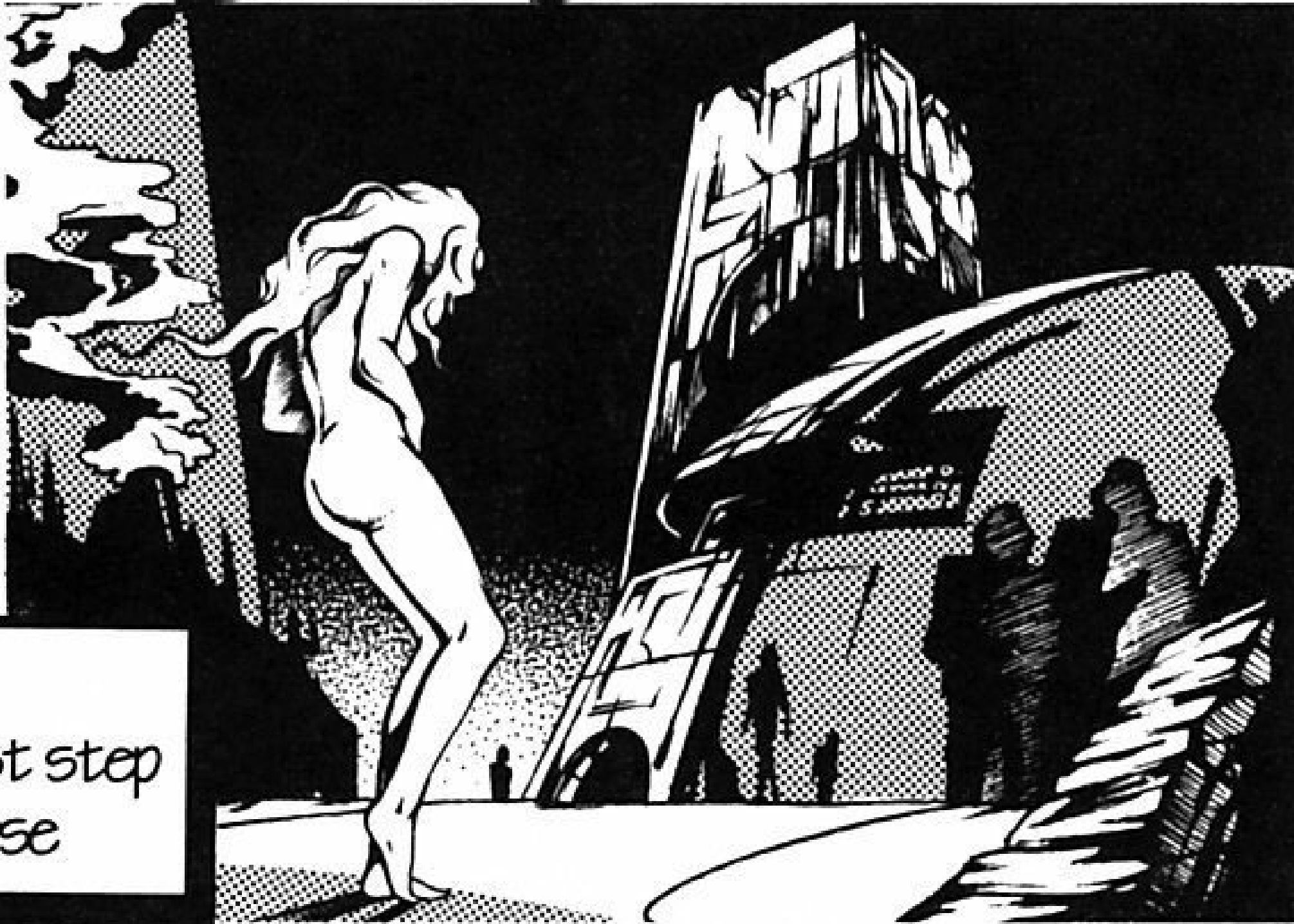
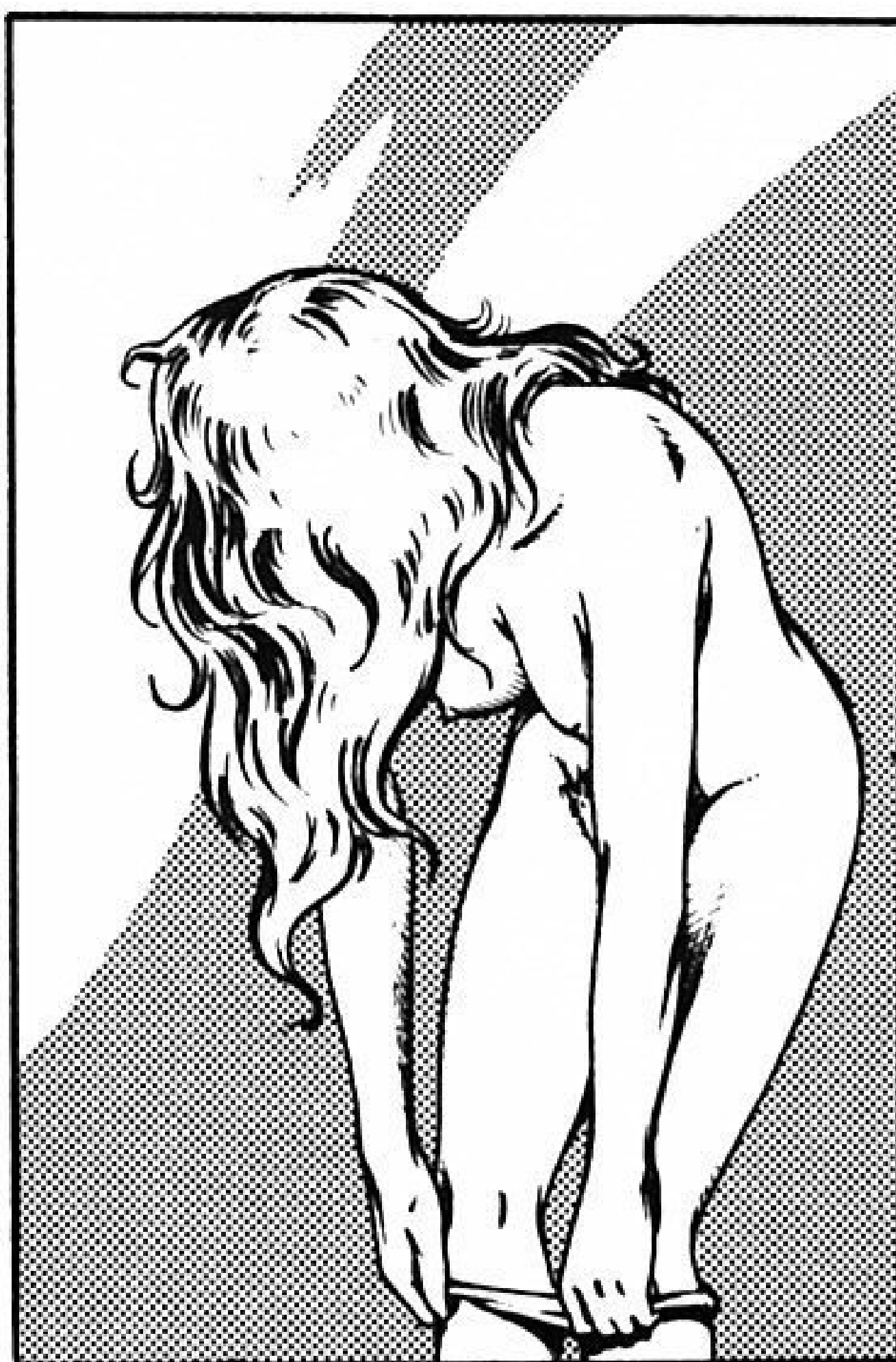
Here, am I, to see you go
where you wiiiiiiiiish.....

Follow me, little one.

Ms. Phoebe, I presume, I'm Capt'n Eddie,
your guide to offworld. We've not much time,
the Guardian Angels aren't far behind -
Please disrobe, Now!!







Standing naked to the stars...Phoebe takes the first step to true conquest of the universe



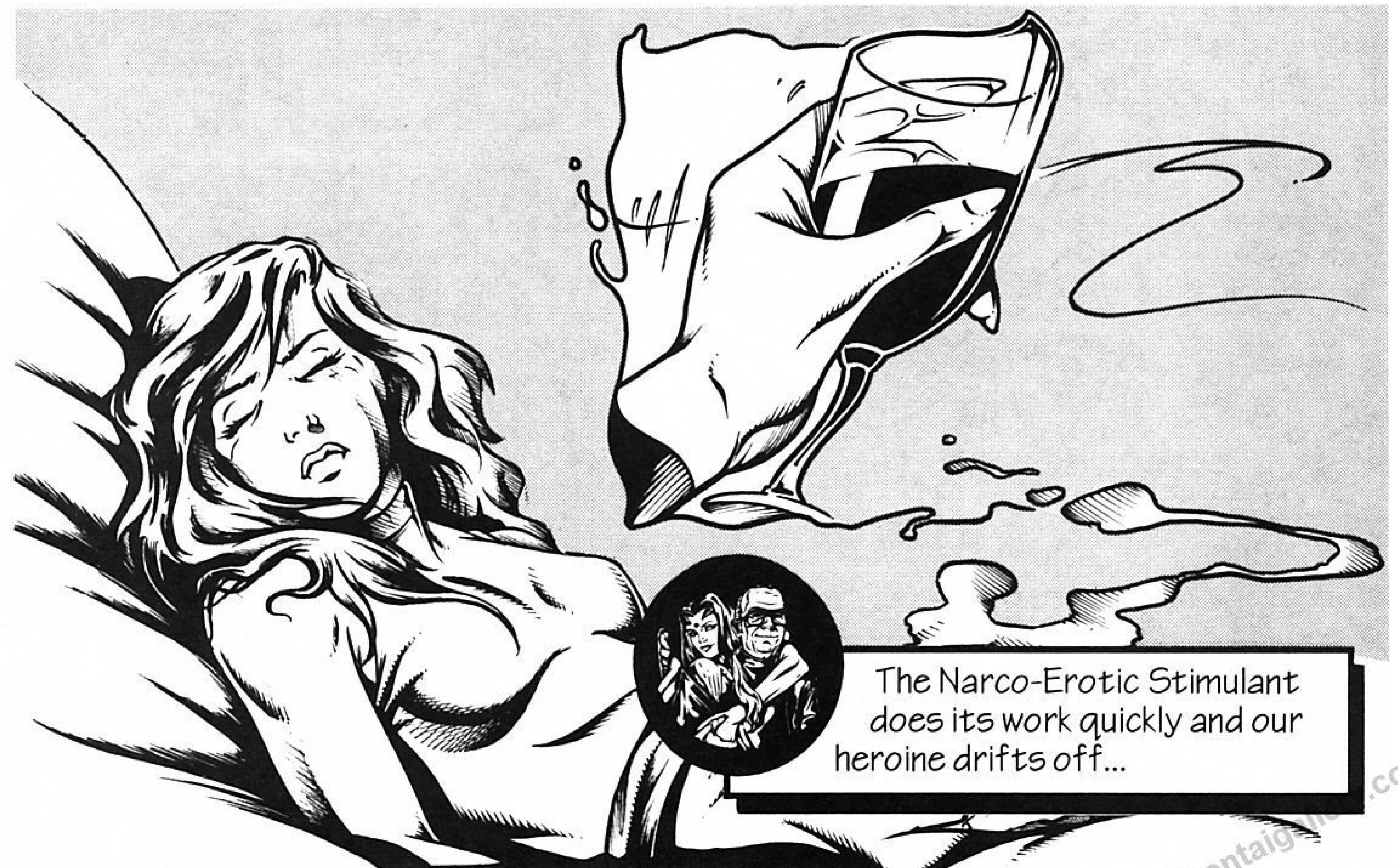




...I see you're awake. Had us worried there for a moment. Must have been quite a shock.



Here, drink this - it'll relax you...



The Narco-Erotic Stimulant does its work quickly and our heroine drifts off...

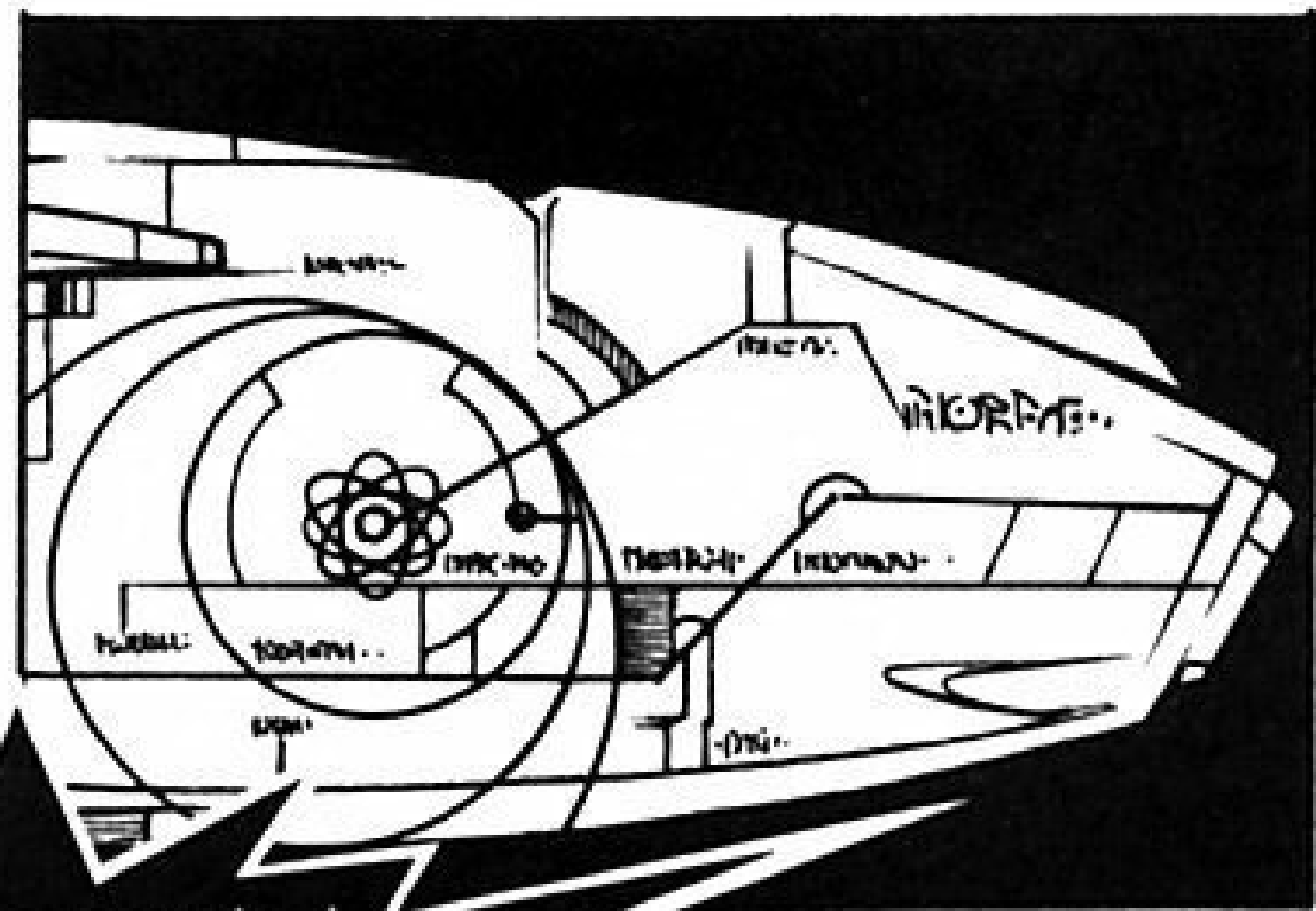


Awakening from her drugged
-erotic dream state, Phoebe finds
herself alone in the Captain's cabin ...

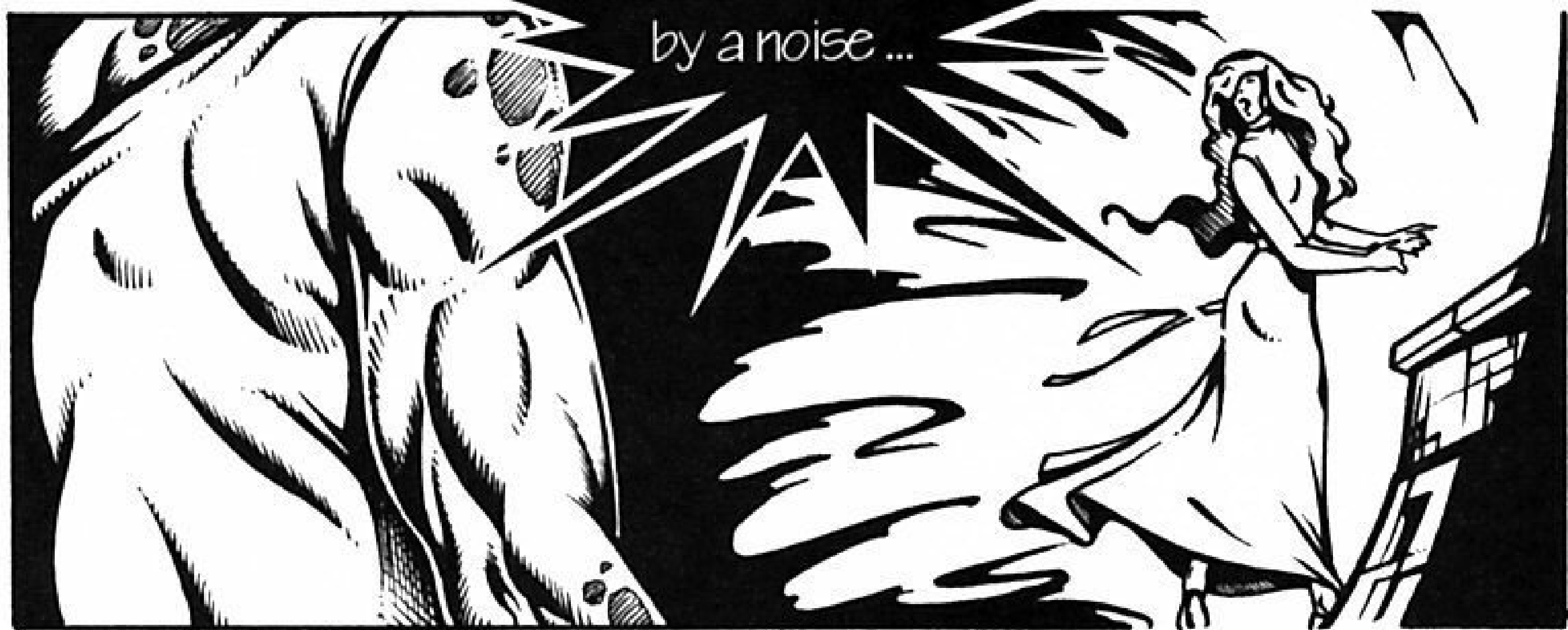




Stumbling through the passage, feeling naked in the clingy dress, Phoebe locates a ship's directory...



What a bod she had, could've boinged her all night



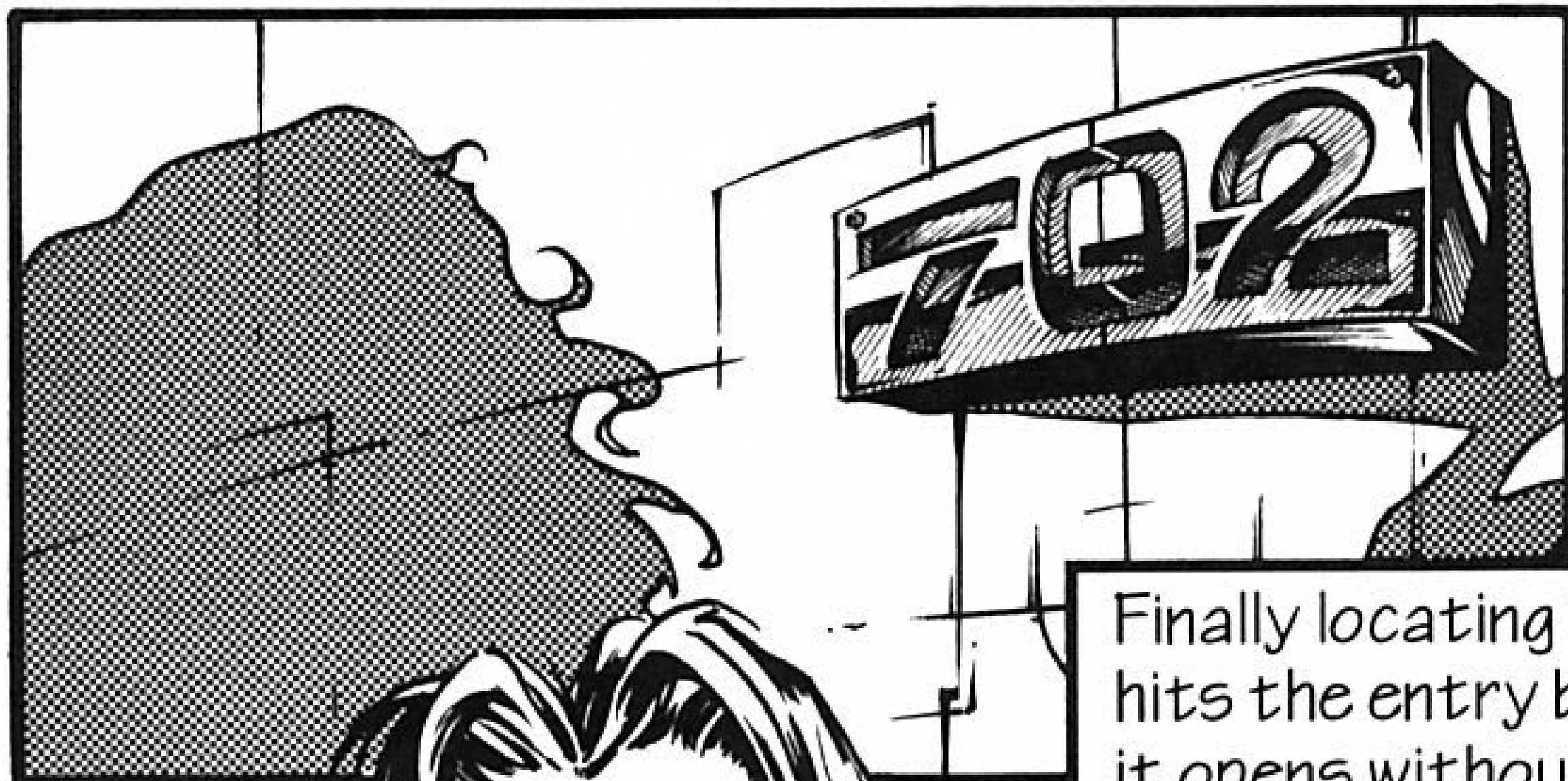
Phoebe is startled by a noise ...



The aliens passed without even noticing her.



Phoebe wanders the ship looking for 702...



Finally locating it ... she hits the entry button and it opens without so much as a warning chime.



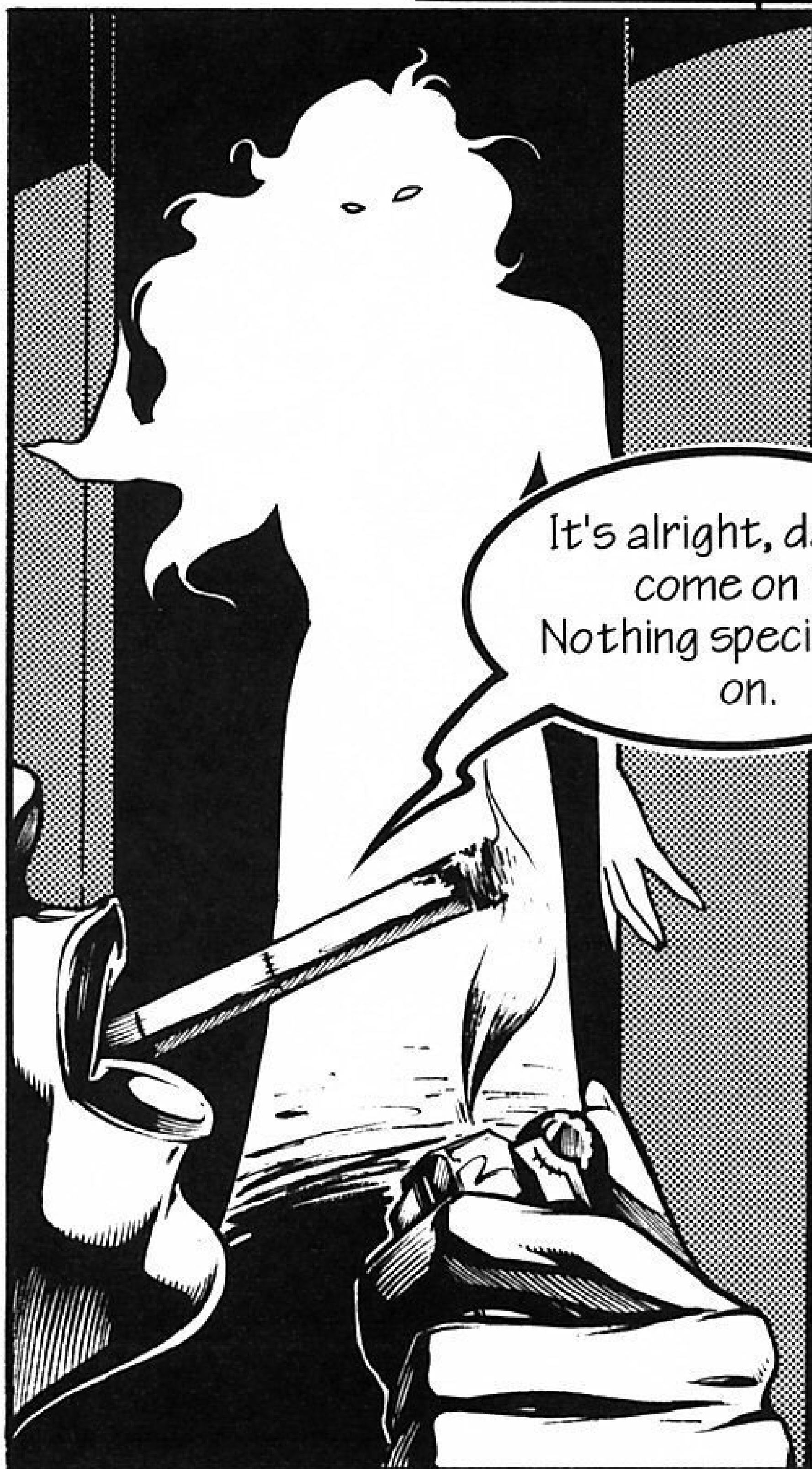


Shocked by what she sees, Phoebe bolts out of the room



Don't be shy, come on in. That's a good girl.

I'm Barbi - your new bunkmate



It's alright, darlin'... come on in. Nothing special goin' on.





Barbi's frank stare hypnotizes Phoebe and she moves closer



Phoebe gives into the sweet caresses and floats with the sensation.





That's it ... show
Barbi all.
Feel good?





Barbi can't resist
and joins in...



OOOOOH...OOOOH...OH YES...





Enjoy...





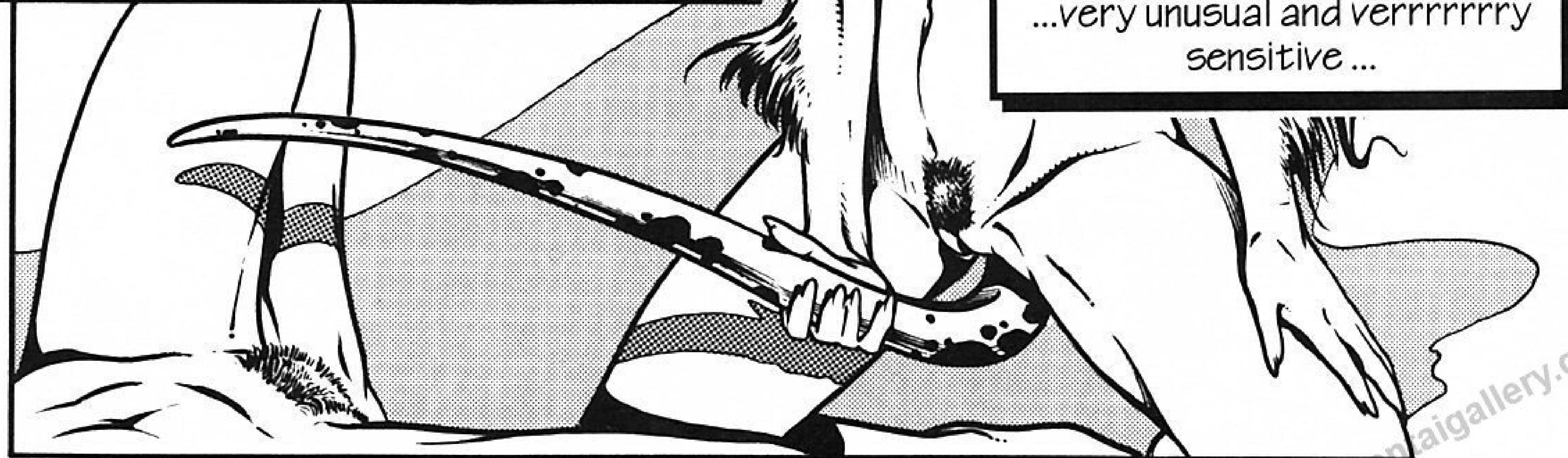
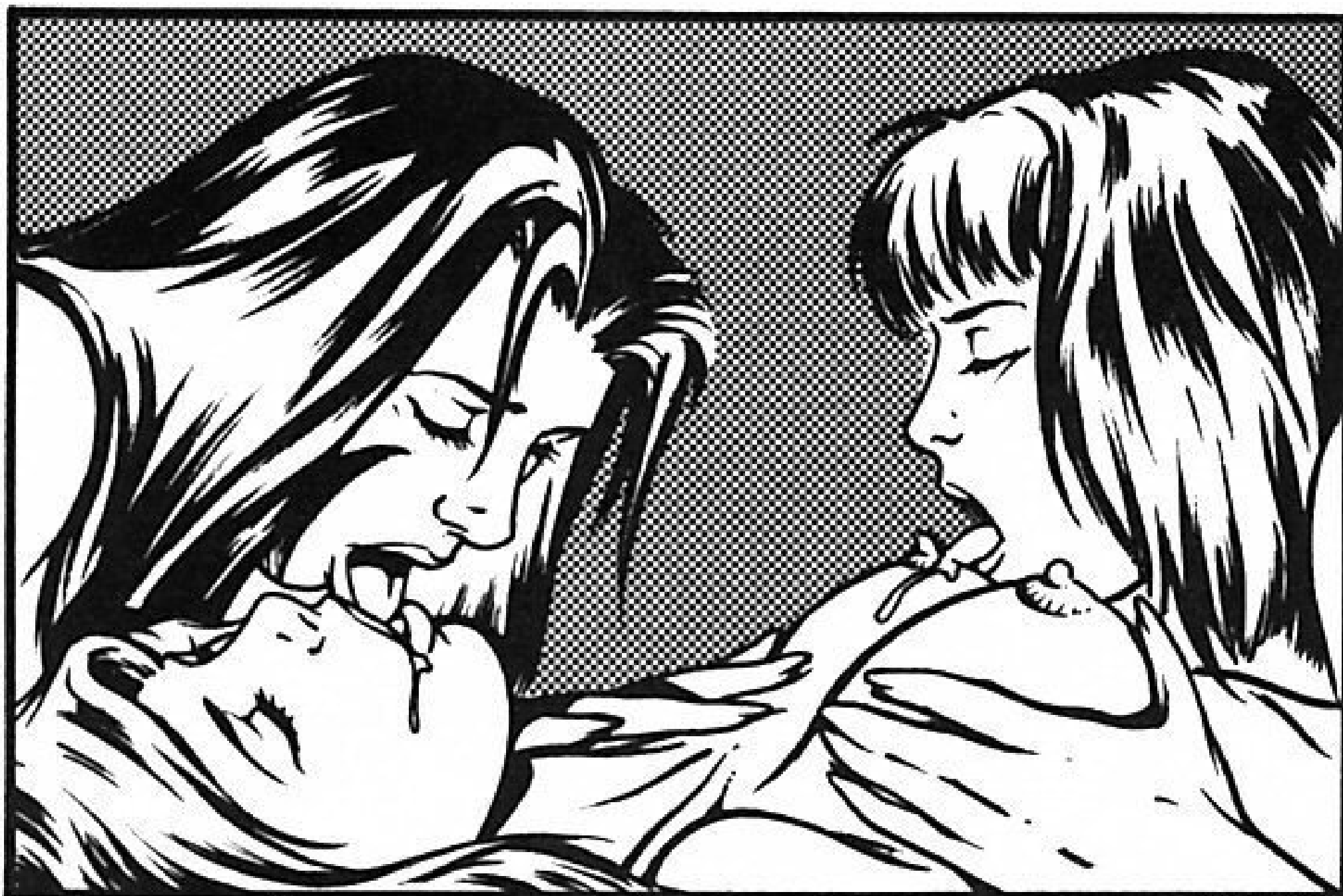
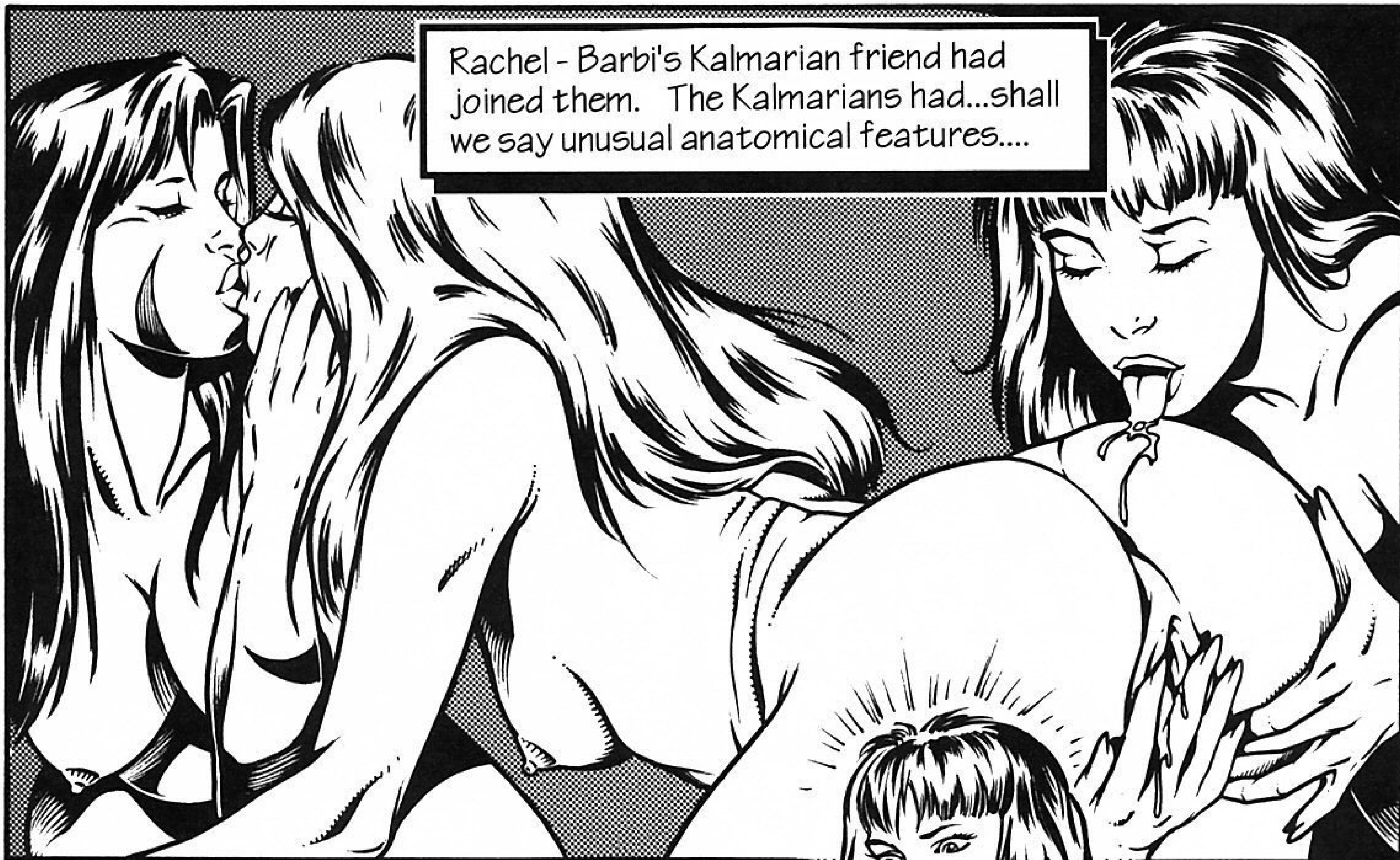


Phoebe thought she felt Barbi's hands begin to caress her little ass, until she realized that Barbi was busy using them to push her face down into her dripping pussy.



Barbi's explosive orgasm distracts Phoebe from looking around.

Rachel - Barbi's Kalmarian friend had joined them. The Kalmarians had...shall we say unusual anatomical features....



...very unusual and verrrrrrrry sensitive ...

Barbi guides the swollen tail into Phoebe's wet and steamy virgin pussy ... while Rachel positions her aching cunt for some fierce clit grinding.



Hours seem to flow by as two tongues and
multiple fingers probe and caress Phoebe to
her final planet -
shattering climax





haruummmm - ah, excuse me ladies, the door chime seems not to be working!



Oh! Sorry Capt'n...won't happen ag...

Ah, Rachel, we're a little late for our post, aren't we ...



The clothes you requested, Capt'n.

Good! Hoseman - come meet our guest, Miss Phoebe.



Miss Phoebe, your guardian -
Hoseman. Now...please Hoseman,
your arm

Without warning Phoebe and the
Hoseman are inseparably linked with
a subdermal tracking device.

Yeooooooooowww!!

Now, with business over shall
we repair to the lounge ...

Moments later at the lounge...



Here we are my dear, what's your pleasure?



So, what do you think of my little ship, eh?



Quite charming, not what I expected for a freighter, no offence intended.



None taken my dear girl.





Still seems a little tense,
anything we can do to loosen
her up, my dear...?

What do you think we
were doing before you
so rudely interrupted
us!

You know what I mean...



Barbi knew and immediately
sprang into action ...



WHOOOMPH!



Barbi !! Barbi !!

Barbi !! Barbi !!

Disrobe, oh lithe one

*Barbi !! Barbi !! Barbi !!
Barbi !! Barbi !!*