



MALAKOS

by
Anonymous

Dedicated to the ones who stayed until sunrise

„This is the brilliant story of a man searching for sexual freedom. Sheer hunger for meaning and truth leads him to conquer new territories. It all starts with one man disgoosted by the limitations that modern times set us but it leads to a whole new civilization based on the quintessence of life -- Focking!!!“ -- **Foockooda Yamato**

„There surely is more were that came from... We're waiting for it!!!“ -- **The Focking Standard**

„Brilliant...One of the looveliest stories ever written!!!“ -- **Malakos Post**

„Exactly what we were waiting for...Malakos history at its best!!!“ -- **Colossus Tribune**

„All there is to know about Foockology!!!“ -- **The National Foockographic**

„It beats the Encyfoockedia Malakia!!!“ -- **Malakos Review**

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Once upon a time there was a man from the Greek island of Naxos who worked as a fisherman catching squid for the traditional Greek taverns. As it had been like that for nearly 25 years of his life catching the octopus...beating them like hell at the harbor and at last selling them to the traditional tavernas of Naxos he became disgusted of the whole business and wanted to lead a new life.

After he had been thinking about what to do with the fucking rest of his life he decided to become a Muslim and gathered a harem of 12 horny women. He thought it would be foony fucking them for the rest of his fucking life but he did not consider that 12 women were too horny for one man alone and as he was in his 40s and growing older every day he locked them oop in his cellar for fear he could get raped by his horny women. He definitely needed some help to get the job done. Exactly!

As he was sitting in front of his house pondering on the question of what to do with all these supernatural superhorny women whom he could hear screaming from the

bottom of his house he decided to keep two women for himself... he could manage this difficulty alright... and for the rest he needed ten strong Greek men...only Greek men could do so difficult a job...Exactly! So he went on his search for crazy Greeks wanting to fuck ten lovely women and so left Naxos at sundown. And right on the ferry by the name of Golden Vergina (Agapitos Lines...not to forget the details!!!) he met his first man...Our man was sitting on the upper deck staring at the milky sea thinking about how he will ever get together ten crazy Greeks...which should not be too difficult if you really think about it...when he noticed a young man...tall and muscular with black hair and a moustache that almost covered his whole face...standing at the railing..."This guy", our man thought, "looks really exhausted and fucking tired". So he went up to him and talked to him. His name was Dimitri, he said, and he was working on the ferry as a machinist...He told our man that he never gets to see the sun except for a quick smoke (not the foony ones though) once a day...After a while when they warmed up Dimitri revealed the story of his oogle

live...which is really disgusting but wait and see...„Every day seven days of the week I get foocked in the ass by the whole crew“, Dimitri confessed to the friendly stranger, „and to keep me eveready they drown me in diesel oil so I have to walk around all greasy and slimy and each time...he nearly cried now...I have to bow down to get my tools or something I get foocked oop by one of the crew members real fast“. So now you can imagine why this man Dimitri did all the things that make life worthwhile like eating and sleeping while standing...Exactly...On hearing Dimitri's story our man...the searcher...the believer in foony things...felt pity for him and asked him to foock a superhorny woman for the rest of his oogly life...Dimitri said „YES“ right away and they decided to jump off the vessel immediately and to swim back to Naxos which turned out to be not foony at all, the season being already fall with all the storms and all...but that is a different story...Exactly!!!...You may ask now: What about the other 9 men?...Well, our man very optimistic now, seeing that there are crazy men in Greece indeed went on long journeys from the Yugoslavian border to the small island

of Athos, in other words throughout the whole of Greece and so as not to disappoint you- his search was successful...And now for the other nine men...

His second man was called Nicolai who happened to be the Prime Minister of Greece in those times. He was all corrupt and unable to do his job as the leader of the Greek nation. He was a lousy PM but what he was really good at was foockin his secretaries so he was kind of prepared for the job the secretaries being all horny and so he took the job when he was offered to become the second man for the harem.

The third man was Papadopoulos a Naxos bus driver who had found out through years and years of experience how to minimize the bus' vibration by countervibrating himself...so when he quit his job as a bus driver on the oogly roads for the horny harem he became a human vibrator...which is a qualification that cannot be topped...Exactly...

Strong Greek #4 was Apostoli who had been a junior monk on the strictly male island of Athos...Apostoli got sick and tired of getting foocked by all the senior monks one after

another...He didn't mind the foockin' though but what made him really sick were the long and greasy beards on his delicate and youthful skin. So when he was asked to foock a delicate young woman himself he was all for it and accepted the foockin' job willingly...Who wouldn't...but we don't want to digress here...another five are waiting...

#5 was a soldier by the name of Panagiotis who served his time on the Yugoslavian border. The only women one he could have a look at and maybe foock once in a while were peasant women...really oogle to look at by daytime but come nighttime it didn't matter anymore... at least not to our friend Panagiotis...but that is a different story...So the aforementioned nighttime-complex as one might call it turned out to be the crucial point in Panagiotis' story which led...as you'll see...to a severe break in his career. One Night when again like so often during his serving time Panagiotis got very lonely he decided, in order to push his blues away, to have a fast foock with one of the oogle peasant women. It was one of the darkest nights and Panagiotis was happy that he did not have to see the woman but he could

feel her hairy skin and when he kissed her the long moustache pierced his upper lip very hard. Instantly he got the idea of having a fast ride and then cut out as fast as he could. So he foocked like a madman and relieved himself within seconds...he could hear her screaming...What a low voice?! he thought, even for a peasant woman... he switched on the lights to get his clothes and saw...Foock!!! Foockin' Foock!!! The most foocked Foocks of all!!! He saw a man kneeling on his bed crying and cursing. As he took a second look he saw it was his leading officer. Panagiotis got imprisoned without any charges of course but somehow, we don't know how, he managed to escape to Naxos where by chance of course...Of course...he met a man who said he could hide in the cellar of his house...

Strong Greek #6 was Stavros Milos originally from Delos...so we don't have to tell what he grew up with...He had left the small but phallic island of Delos at the age of ten and became a lonesome shepherd on Naxos...We don't want to go into detail here but let's just say he was experienced in foocking and new everything

about wool which is really enough to become a harem's man.

Georgios a waiter at Manolis' Taverna was our number seven. He became a skillful and sophisticated masturbator being all alone after work so that in a way he was also qualified for the job.

#8 was Vassily an eremite by profession who hid in the Naxos mountains. To relieve himself from lust overflow he made holes in the trees...when he could find some...and then foocked them which became more and more painful as Vassily made foocking trees a regular habit...so he had to come down his mountain to get medical treatment for his penis. He met our man at the hospital who felt pity for him when he saw the poor condition our eremite was in. He offered him the job and our lonely mountain hopper was delighted and accepted.

#9 was a watermelon farmer by the name of Artemis who had also problems with his reproductive organs... Artemis...a single(it's the nineties you know)...Artemis foocked his watermelons all the time...he made a hole in them and foocked them as often and as hard as he could. One wouldn't think so but foocking

watermelons bears a few different problems...mainly two...Firstly, if you try to foock watermelons at night so nobody can see what a disgooosting human being of a melonfoocker you are the watermelons are very cold inside so each time Artemis tried to penetrate a watermelon his penis flopped...plop...Secondly, if you foock watermelons in the daytime there are still the seeds in them which will give you, like Artemis, a strange feeling on your penis and lastly foockin watermelons in the daytime probably means you won't have time to sell them...and who wants to buy watermelons that have holes in them anyway. So if you put all these problems together you may guess why Artemis was never seen on his watermelon fields again.

So our man... the great benefactor...belooved by at least ten Greeks if not the whole Greek nation...our man had all his strong men together...and strong they were as we have

shown. The first thing to do when he had his workers gathered...all hungry to do their work, naturally...was to open oop the door and to let out all the women. As soon as the first horny woman stepped out into the sunlight the great orgy began. They all foocked each other like madmen and women of course. They foocked and foocked for days on end and every other second someone would come and scream. Nothing could be more crazy than the scene that opens up now before our eyes. One could hear the screaming all over the place and that was exactly were the problem started. Screams of joy and sheer happiness could be heard on Maragas Camping as if someone foocked right in the tent next to you which was too much for Petra the wife of the campsite's owner. After several days of foocking going on Petra had enough: „This is not decent!!!“, she shouted, “One cannot hear the loovely goats and the donkey anymore! This is not decent !!!“, but her cries were drowned in a general wave of lustfulness. Petra had to do something about all this foocking. „This is not decent anymore“, she mumbled over and over and every second her hair changed from blond to red to black and

back to blond again. One could tell by her nutty looks that she was foockin angry. Somehow she got the strange idea that only a magician could help her out of this indecent situation. So she arranged for a flight to Timfoocktoo (Yes he does), Africa to search for a spellbinding magician who could end the orgy near Maragas. When she arrived in Africa she had to see that people over there had orgies going on too and that these were even worse. So she returned to Naxos instantly and on her way home on the bumpy road to Maragas she came across a man who was.....different. Petra got attracted by him and somehow found out that he was a professional magician. His strongest spell was to make his pants invisible!!! So when Petra actually saw that he could make his pants invisible she got the idea that “ Maybe, as I can see you have big b----...no I mean...great power, maybe you can make all these indecent people next to my campsite have their pants on again?” The magician saw no sense in making these people have their pants on again but agreed if Petra fulfilled his wishes in return. Petra was so desperate with all these foocking indecent people and the oogly scenes that she

agreed and promised to do whatever he wanted if he only made his spell. So the magician made their pants visible but to Petra's surprise people still kept foocking their brains out. They all looked decent now but the foocking went on and they didn't stop even though foocking with pants on became very painful for all of them except maybe for the tree- and/or the watermelonfoockers among them. So no end to the orgy...one could still hear the screams all over Maragas...Now with the pants on it may have been more decent but it still wasdifferent.

Petra was defeated, one could see it by her hair which was now all black, and she resigned willingly now that she saw there was no hope for a decent campsite anymore. But being clever and a businesswoman she decided, together with her husband of course, to get money out of all this indecent but horny behavior. This was the beginning of a new era on Naxos as you will see within a few seconds.

Petra changed the name of the campsite from **MARAGAS** to **MALAKAS** and things were not

the same from that day on. Knowing that just a relaunch without a change in the product would not help increase her incum Petra invented new and special services such as:

- heated semen pools
- semen shower
- no electricity...which was sad for those who were dependant on dildos but Papadopoulos must have solved that problem because we do not hear of any riots going on in early Malakas times
- electric swordfish...which were put in the sea and gave swimming women a surprising act or penetration
- Foockoozis and all kinds of other things

So orgies bigger and louder than before were going on. Perverts from all over the world came to Malakas to make use of the special services. Party islands like Mykonos and Ios became deserted. And even the travelers adjusted to the new lifestyle on Malakas. Instead of selling their necklaces, earrings and rings they specialized in the craftsmanship of making heavy chains, whips and pearcings or brandings for those who wanted to be different. One can

tell that it must have been a big coming and never going...a screaming and shouting which could be heard on the small island of Naxos. Foocking in the tents...Foocking on the beach...Foocking in the bathrooms...and Foocking in the dishwashing palace... FoolFoockingMoonPartys everyday. In other words all people were foocked oop...literally... Orgies didn't stop at Maragas but spread like a virus all over Naxos. The first thing people saw when they came to Naxos were people foocking in the harbor. Even the ferry people didn't have time anymore to get the ferries towed they just wanted to foock the newcumers right away. Cuming to Naxos in those times was really dangerous one should say. The administratives of Naxos thought that the situation was really disgooosting but having heard about Petra's fate they decided to do everything to please the people of the island. They gave the small Kycladic island a new name...**MALAKOS**

Life in general not only sex life ripened to full bloom on Malakos. But it was around sex life of course that new things had to be invented like soft roads and pavements made off velvet

cushions so nobody would have to foock around with bruises anymore, working hours had to be reduced for foocking hours and all kinds of other things. But the most important aspect of Malakian life was that new questions aroused, like:

- How can one differentiate screams of joy from screams of drowning?
- Is swimming in the semen pool dangerous for women who do not want to become pregnant?
- What's a Coitus Colossus?

Naxos University of Foockology (**NUF**) was erected (sic!) overnight. The first and still the most famous teachers of the NUF were Adonis Colossus and his brother Sophoockles (read: So foock less) who originally was an ascetic believing in celibacy but who changed his mind when he heard about the island of Malakos. Unfortunately he never got away from his name but that is a different story.

Adonis Colossus and Sophoockles are still referred to as the Foockologistes praecoxes

(the early Foockologists) and now with the new university not only sex life was prospering but also mental life had a real cum on. One could say without exaggerating that Malakos became one of the highest civilizations of her times. Missionaries like Marco Foocco who was the uncle of A. Collossus and Sophoockles were send out to spread the holy word of Foockology and there were many in this world of misery who wanted to be converted. But still something was missing. The people of Malakos felt they had to celebrate their achievements in Foockology so what could have been better than a contest of all Malakian Foockologists...The Malakiada was born... Every four weeks all professional Foockologists from all over the island came together for a sex championship. The Malakiada featured contests such as:

- High Frequency Foocking
- Pole Vault...years and years of practice and experience in foocking have made the foockologists' penises very hard and long but also flexible so that they could use them as poles which would take them

higher than Sergej Bubka (once a famous pole vaulter)

- Javelin...which was more like shooting ones semen as wide as one could...minimum qualifoocation started at 0.5 m
- women's 100m hurdles... no need to explain
- and other contests

The Malakiada became so famous that it even replaced the Olympics for a few years. As we said before Malakos had become an island in full bloom, everyone got their satisfaction... „Satisfaction guaranteed!!!“ was one of the most popular slogans used by the missionaries to convert people in other countries almost immediately. Malakos had the most increasing sex industries of the world... Malakians were rich in mind and body...the whole island was a place for mental and physical affluence and wealth. Everybody foocked each other and there was a great agreement never to leave anybody unfoocked...Thou shalt foock thy neighbor was one of the commandments by

Marco Foocco... But somehow like many highly civilized cultures, take the Egyptians or Minoans for example, Malakos had to die.

Why? We don't know yet but on the beaches of Naxos you can still find stonen penises in the sand...witnesses of hornier times...times full of foocking and screaming...when semen was still worth something... Now what's left of all this? Nerve killing foockitoes...creatures which came to life at the peak of Malakos civilization...small flying penises shooting their semen at you... Maybe that's it?... But still questions remain unanswered: What happened to Petra? What was the name of the great benefactor? What about strong Greek number 10?

I think we better leave these questions to the *F-Files*- The answer lies somewhere in there!

The Foocking End

Other Foockin Books[©] by the same author:

The **Encyfoockedia Malakia**-- a stunning guide to Foockology including the distance learning program „How to become an MF (Master of Foockology)“-- Degrees by Mail!!!

Malakos Blues- ten loovely folk songs from ancient Malakos including:

„Foock! I gotta cum!“

„See me! Hear me! Foock me!“

„Hear my man cuming!“ and lots of others

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so that the **World Fooekin Fund** (WFF) can work on the excavations necessary to reveal the rest of Malakian History.