

Jack and the Magical Beanstalk

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Dedication

To those who aspire to overcome an inferior self-image with awkward but redeeming efforts.

Once upon a time, there was a poor widow named Lorene who lived on a reclusive, neglected farm with her frail son, Jack, and their dairy cow, Pearly White, a prime Guernsey. They also had several other milking cows which were Pearly White's offspring. The poor widow raised Jack the best she knew how. They survived by selling milk at a distant farmer's market each day to buy small amounts of food. While her handsome, masculine husband, Bill, was alive, she had been a real beauty. Bill, a strong six foot two man, had managed the crops without any help.

Bill and Lorene met at the county fair after a couple of rowdy, uncouth men made crude comments to Lorene regarding her beauty. Bill stepped in, discouraging any further catcalls. "Excuse me, Miss, are these men bothering you?" He had asked.

"I don't appreciate what they have been saying, it's true." Lorene blushed at their vulgar behavior.

"Okay, you cowards, it's time you're on your way if you know what's good for you."

The men immediately fled. Bill's tall stature, muscular build, and commanding baritone voice left no room for argument.

"How can I repay you?" Lorene smiled at Bill. "May I offer you one of my pies?" She had entered her award-winning pies in the county competition.

"You needn't repay me, Miss. Any gentleman would treat a beautiful young woman such as you with respect."

Lorene not only gave him one of her blue ribbon peach pies but invited him for Sunday dinner. During their brief courtship, Bill wooed Lorene with beautiful love songs, serenading her with his smooth, baritone voice. They married that November.

They started their farm with a prize milking cow, Pearly White, and planted crops. Bill bred Pearly White over the years, her offspring providing more milk. In the evenings after they had eaten dinner, Bill would sing songs of love to his wife. Afterward they would make passionate love. Two years later, Lorene gave birth to their son, Jack.

Bill's son brought a sparkle to his eyes. When Jack was three, he began taking him along while doing the farm chores. Jack idolized his parents, drawing pictures of them. For such a young boy, he was quite talented. His parents encouraged him to pursue his art, allowing him to draw and paint whenever and wherever he desired.

Bill died when Jack was only five. He was struck by a lightning bolt during a severe thunderstorm while trying to brush his horse and fetch Pearly White after she broke through a fence and ran off in fear. Jack remembered that day vividly. He had not feared the continuous lightning flashes, the loud booming thunder, or the rising water of the ensuing flash flood. He feared only the expression on his mother's face when they found his father, his body singed from the heat of the lightning. His eyes were open, frozen with the undeniable pain. His mother's face had always radiated peace and serenity, until that moment. She screamed with rage at the heavens above. Never seeing his mother like this before, Jack grasped hold of her leg through her rain-soaked dress and held onto her. Momentarily, the widow realized Jack was hanging onto her and picked up her son, squeezed him tightly, and cried uncontrollably. Even as a child, Jack understood the gravity of his father's death, knowing he would never talk to or hold him again; he was gone forever.

After her husband's death, the young widow not only looked older than her years but was also haggard from toiling on the farm with Jack, planting crops that continuously failed, and going to market to sell the milk each day. Jack had inherited his father's sense of humor and good looks; beautiful blue eyes, clear, like the sky after a blustery storm, auburn hair, soft and feathery to the touch, milky skin, a pleasing smile, and a sturdy frame. Unfortunately, as a teenager, he was still awkward and gangly. Each day at the market, when the poor widow and Jack sold their milk, the townsfolk laughed at Jack, calling him a wimp. The boys in town teased and bullied him, but he tried not to let it bother him. Jack was very talented, often reciting stories he had imagined, soothing the poor widow's sorrows. Jack painted beautiful pictures of his father, reminding Lorene of her husband. One picture, the widow blushed over but fancied, was her husband naked, his muscular body glistening, and his large penis fully erect. Jack had another talent; he arranged their meager belongings and furniture to make the house appear more like a rich man's home. One talent Jack lacked, however, was his father's beautiful voice. He wrote beautiful lyrics but couldn't sing the range of notes his father had.

As a teenager, Jack had frequently asked his mother questions concerning his father since he had died when Jack was only five. Although the poor widow's eyes welled with tears, she described her husband with every poignant detail from the time they met until the day he was taken from them in the storm.

The year Jack turned eighteen, no rain fell for six months. Crops withered and died, leaving the farm with fields of brown stubble. The cows became thin and lethargic; all but Pearly White failed to give milk. And then one morning she had also gone dry. No matter how hard Lorene and Jack tried to coax her, there was no milk to sell.

“What are we to do?” the poor widow wept. “We have no milk to sell for food today.” She cried and cried and cried.

“Mother, Mother, please don’t cry. I will go to town and find work,” Jack pleaded, trying to ease her woes.

“No one will hire you, Jack. You’ve tried before. They always call you the wimp,” the poor widow said. “Take Pearly White to the market. We must sell her. The other cows aren’t fit to sell. She is the best milking cow around. With the money, we’ll buy food and start a shop. You are eighteen now, and your talent with words will convince someone to buy Pearly White for a good price.”

They had named their prize cow, Pearly White because she was completely white with no shades of pink on her teats or udder. Jack looked into Pearly White’s big brown eyes, full of sorrow. Jack tied a halter onto her and led the cow down the long, dusty road to market. He walked and walked and walked until he came upon a man wearing only bright red bikini underwear. Jack had almost reached the market but stopped to chat with the peculiar looking man.

“Good morning, Jack. You’re a young, handsome lad,” the strange man greeted him.

“Good morning, sir.” Jack wondered how the man knew his name.

“And where might you be going with that fine cow?”

“I’m off to market to sell her,” Jack answered.

“Ah, but you must be a smart and cunning young man,” the strange man offered. “You look like the intelligent sort to sell cows. Can you tell me how many beans make five?”

“Oh, sir, that is too easy. It is five. You have one bean in each hand, one in your mouth, one in the crack of your butt, and one in your crotch.”

“Oh, you are right. You are truly gifted and have smarts. You will go far, my handsome young man. The beans are magical. I dare say I would trade you my five magic beans for your cow.” There was a twitch in the strange man’s crotch.

“But I would be a fool to trade Pearly White for your beans.” Jack laughed lightly. He was amused by the twitching under the man’s bikini. He liked the man, especially the way he was entertaining him, but knew better than to trade his cow for just the beans.

“These aren’t ordinary beans. Like I said, they are magical. You don’t know what these beans can do. If you plant them by nightfall, they will grow right up into the sky, past the clouds by morning.”

“Really? So you say?” Jack responded in disbelief.

“It is the solid truth. If their magic doesn’t work, I’ll refund you your cow. You will become rich and attract every man with your wit and fine looks.” There was more movement in the man’s crotch. The man’s dick was moving.

“Oh, sir, that is indeed a very fine offer for Pearly White. My poor mother will be very pleased.” Jack handed the tethered halter on Pearly White to the man.

“Kiss me, and you can have the first bean.” The strange man leaned toward Jack.

Jack leaned forward until the strange man’s lips touched his. Jack’s tongue then explored the man’s mouth until it curled around an odd shaped bean. He stepped away and placed his hand to his mouth. To Jack’s astonishment the bean was shaped like a small penis.

“Put that bean back in your mouth and find the one in the crack of my butt with your tongue.” The strange man turned around. “I’ll warn you, I’m ticklish there.”

Jack lowered the back of the man’s bikini and bent down. His tongue explored the man’s crack with the slightest caress, causing the man to giggle with delight. Jack finally found the penile-shaped bean buried beneath the skin near his balls.

“Now find the bean in my crotch. I hope you spend a little more time there. Your tongue is mighty nice.” The strange man rotated, dropping his underwear.

Jack stepped forward, lowering his head to the man’s crotch. Opening his mouth, he placed his lips over the strange man’s flaccid dick, pushing the foreskin back and feeling a magic bean. Jack curled his tongue around the bean and was going to remove it from his mouth when he felt the man’s hand on the back of his head. The strange man took another bean and slid it into the left side of Jack’s mouth, and then did the same on the right. Jack’s mouth was now full; the man’s penis and the five penis-shaped

beans filled Jack's mouth. Jack began to feel the beans jump and shake, causing the man's dick to become erect.

Jack believed in the magic of the beans, but he wondered what to do next.

"Your mouth is so soft and moist. It feels good." The man tilted his head back. "I have by far given you the best exchange for a very fine cow. But if you could give me one last satisfying movement of your lips, our deal will be consummated."

Jack did as requested. He locked his lips around the man's penis, making it even harder. Suddenly, it jolted in Jack's mouth.

"Ah ... that was very good. You'll make some man or maybe two a very fine lover."

Jack removed his mouth from the man's crotch, tasting something very sweet. He spit the penile beans into his hand. "Thank you, sir."

Jack walked back down the road toward his home. He walked and walked and walked. It was dusk before he reached the farm.

Upon opening the door of the house, the poor widow saw he returned without Pearly White. "I don't see Pearly White. That must mean you sold her. Did you receive a good price?" she asked impatiently.

"Yes, and you'll never guess how much I got?"

"Did you sell her for a hundred pounds?" she asked.

"Mother, more than you can ever imagine." Jack answered.

"Two hundred pounds? Five hundred pounds? More?" the widow continued when Jack shook his head at each price.

Jack shook his head. "No, even more, Mother. On the way to the market, I met a peculiar man wearing only red bikini underwear. He gave me these five magic beans in exchange for Pearly White. They'll bring us more riches than we'll ever need." Jack extended his open hand, displaying the five magic beans shaped like small penises.

"Oh, Jack, my stupid son. You're an idiot, a fool. More than that, you're a dolt. You've been bullied and swindled for the finest milk in these parts. Five measly beans for Pearly White! What are we to do? We'll have no food to eat." The widow was very angry. "Go to bed, Jack. You'll have no supper tonight." She grabbed the five magic beans and tossed them out the window.

Jack went to bed but couldn't sleep. He listened to his mother cry. He asked in the silence of his room, "But I knew those beans were magical. I could tell. Have I been swindled and bullied like before?" He lay in bed dreaming about the magic beans until late into the night when he finally fell asleep.

During the night, thunder rumbled the ground and lightning dazzled the night sky. Subsequently, rain came down in torrents, soaking the parched soil. The storm failed to wake Jack from his deep sleep. In the morning, he woke in his room, a normally bright and sunny room, light now barely filtering in. Unusual shadows darkened parts of his bedroom. He sat up and looked out his window. A giant beanstalk had grown where his mother had tossed the beans. The rain had sprouted the beans, their stalks soaring high above into the sky until they disappeared in the clouds. Jack climbed out of the window, looking up the stem of the beanstalk "That peculiar man was right. He spoke the truth. Those beans were magical." He wasted no time. He placed his hands on the beanstalk. It shook. The surface felt warm like flesh but firm. Each time his hands touched the surface of the stem as he climbed the beanstalk, Jack felt a pleasant vibration. He climbed higher and higher and higher. The surface of the beanstalk was hard but smooth. He continued to climb and climb and climb until he reached the clouds. He stepped out onto the plateau of the clouds where a wide road led to a giant castle. He glanced up above, observing the top of the beanstalk. It resembled a mushroom cap, much like the crown of an erect penis. It was swaying back and forth. "Magic," Jack whispered. He touched the stalk, and once again it pulsated. He looked towards the castle, deciding to try his luck there. He walked, then skipped, walked, then skipped, walked, then skipped, until he came to an enormous door.