

The Magical Trees

Once there was a man who was a good husband. He had a wife and they lived together happily. His wife was good to him, and he was good to her. When one day his wife began to get very annoying, and she said to him:

"Husband, you either be a man or I'm getting out of here!"

"Fine, we will get to the bottom of this."

The wife ran away and left him. She found a man who was more suitable. The husband set off to find her. While he was going along a mountain, he comes upon a pear tree, he eats from the pear tree and becomes a donkey.

"Ai," he said, "and now this misfortune has come upon me. I've become a donkey! A donkey!"

The donkey was grazing along the road, finds an apple tree. It eats from the apple tree and it becomes a man!

He turns back and gathers a large sackful of pears, one of those woven village sacks, like they used to make them long time ago. He fills another sack with apples. He goes a little farther up and eats from a small apple tree, and he sprouts horns. He goes on and comes upon a fig tree. He eats from the fig tree, and the horns fall off!

Fine. He takes the sack and fills it with figs and with apples from that little apple tree, and then he heads straight for the king's palace. He changed his clothes and dressed himself up like a merchant.

He calls out:

"Pears for sale, apples for sale!"

His wife came out to look at the apples. She didn't recognize him. He recognized her, his

wife.

"How much for the apples, for how much are you selling them?"

"Well now, I'll sell them, but just take a bite, only a bite, and then we'll agree on a price."

"Please, the queen sent me. How much do you want us to pay you? These are very good apples!"

"Fine, just give me a few dinars, whatever you want to give me, it doesn't matter."

And she immediately paid him and took a kilo of apples. And she carried them upstairs.

When the queen saw them, they were something to see: beautiful apples! The time came for lunch. They washed the apples, and ate them, not knowing what would happen to them. As soon as they ate the apples, after a short time, they sprouted huge horns, and the horns began to chase them something awful! Oh, there was nowhere to turn; they chased the king in the garden, the queen in her room. His daughter, too, was caught up. They moaned. And even the damned servant had eaten from the apples.

"Oh Lord, let there be an end to this!"

Quickly the king orders a doctor to be found somewhere to remove the horns. Doctors come from the surrounding area; only they can't find a way to do it, they couldn't figure out what it was all about.

Then man heard everything.

"Now some money will fall this way too," he said to himself.

And he goes out and buys a white coat, dresses himself up, shaves. Just like a doctor, he took a nice stethoscope and went off to the king's palace.

"Hey now, are you a doctor?"

"Yes, I'm a doctor. I'm looking for the king. I hear that he has some sort of serious

illness."

"Come this way, the poor king's about to give up the ghost if someone doesn't cure him."

They got to him. When he sees him, there's something to see.

"What is this, King?"

"Oh, God, we've eaten some sort of devilish apples. The horns are growing clear out the chimney. We haven't been able to find a cure all this time."

"Don't worry, King! I'm here. Everything will be all right. Don't worry."

"Listen here, Doctor, if you can cure me, my wife and daughter, I will give you half the kingdom."

"I won't even take a dinar from you. It is important that my name be celebrated, that I cured you. Money is no big deal, give me whatever you want to give."

That evening he eats and drinks his fill. All the while he looked at his beautiful wife.

"Just you wait, I'll show you," he said to himself.

The following morning he took some of the figs, he pounded them up, strained them, and poured them into a bottle. He goes to the king, grabs him by the horns, shakes him, knocks him down.

"Ooooooh!"

"Don't moan, don't moan! I have taken care of more serious things than yours. Time will pass, and all this will pass. Here you go. Come on now, King, taste the stuff I'm going to give you."

He pours a little of the figs into him. Hup! The horns got smaller, they come down the chimney, come down. Aaah! The king began to turn his head.

"Please, I beg you, Doctor."

"Whatever happens, happens. Your headache will go away."

Again the next day he went to him, he took a hammer. He bangs to the left, he bangs to the right. He battered the king this way and that. And finally he gives him a little more of the figs. The king swallowed them. Hup! The horns came off. The king was in a fine state, now he was very happy. He runs to show his wife what has happened to him. She sat in her room completely pinned down, she couldn't move because of the large horns. The king said:

"Oh Doctor, I beg you, cure my wife, too!"

"Uh-huh, I'll do it, King, I'll do it. Didn't I cure you? Take it easy! God willing, it'll happen. God makes people ill, but he also gives them medicines."

On the following day he went to the wife, and looked at her. The king's wife, you know what she's like! And he started in on her, he caressed her and stroked her. He did it once, and again, he did it as much as he wanted, took his pleasure. Then gave her a little of the figs. Hup! They loosen up a little. And again he takes a little more pleasure, a little more. The figs again. He fucked her for three days. Finally he cleaned off her horns.

"Lord, oh Lord, God give you health!" she said.

"I beg you, now cure my daughter!"

"Do you have a daughter, too?"

"My daughter is also messed up, Doctor; she has horns."

"Don't worry, don't worry! It'll be ok, it'll be ok!"

When he walked in and he saw her, she was something to look at. If she dribbled on your cock you'd lick it off. She was that beautiful! He took her, he got undressed, he drilled the hell out of that poor little pussy. He stayed with her five or six days.

The king asked:

"But is everything going to be ok?"

"It'll be fine, your Majesty! But she's young, strong roots have taken hold, the horns can't be removed so quickly. They come off more easily with you old people!" After six or seven days he removed the horns from her, after he had fully satisfied his desire. And now they asked him to cure their servant, the doctor's runaway wife.

"Well, good evening, how are you, what are you doing?"

"I'm ok, Doctor, but I'm very sick with these horns. A doctor came, he made fools of us, may he be damned forever!"

"Hey, when you tasted everything, even if you taste three hundred dishes, they all taste the same. But a husband, you had a husband, too, why did you run away from your man?"

"But, how do you know this, Doctor?"

"What do you mean, how? Woman, I know you, I am a doctor. I know everything."

"Here now, Doctor, come on and cure me of these horns, don't talk so much!"

"I'll cure you, I'll cure you!"

He grabs her, holds her, hits her with the hammer. Bang, bang, bang, and she faints. When she moans, even the house groans. So he gives her a little of the figs, which lessens the pain. The horns drop a little. And again, he strips her naked. He fucks her. Again he gives her a little of the figs. After three days he cured her, too, and then he goes to the king.

"Your Majesty, everything is in order!"

"Bravo, bravo, Doctor! If you wish, stay in my kingdom, if you don't wish to, I won't keep you by force. The kingdom has been promised to you."

"Thank you very much, Your Majesty, thank you very much. I don't wish anything, but for all the work I have done for you, I beg you, if you wish, to give me only this servant for my

wife, since I like her very much."

"Oh, granted! Take her immediately. You go on, Milka, the man wants you for a wife. C'mon, servants, give him a load or two of lira here."

They loaded up some gold for the man. While they're going along the road homewards, he gives his wife a pear. The wife becomes a donkey. He jumps on her. He rides and rides, and travels along the road. When he feels like something else, he would give her some figs. She would become a woman. Hop! Then he would take the woman and screw her. When he grew tired of walking on foot, he would turn her into a donkey, and would jump on her. And so he tormented her for three days and three nights.

"You, woman, don't you recognize me?"

"No, I don't recognize you.

"But I am your husband. You ran away from me, you thought that I wouldn't find you. I would have found you wherever you went. So be smart and pay attention next time. Wherever I go, I'll come home for you. And now, this was a punishment for you. The next time you do this, a greater punishment awaits you."

You know, many times when women act smart they get screwed! Brother, that's for sure!