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*Cyndy Storms The Castle*



*A  
Bedtime  
Tale by  
Michele Innola*

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Bedtime Tales by Michele Imiola  
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# ***Cyndy Storms The Castle***

***by***

***Michele Imiola***

**T**hat bitch, thought Cyndy, hanging up the phone with Scarlet Red. How could she find the perfect man when she couldn't even find the perfect shoes? How indeed! Hell, the last time she had a glimpse of a good-looking man was in the third grade when she went to swimming lessons. She doubted if the strong, buff instructor had waited twenty years for her.

"Cyndyyyyyy!" a female voice shrilled from the first floor of the three-story house she shared with her step-sisters and their evil mother. *For the love of God*, Cyndy thought. She wondered if those two idiots shared a brain between them. They didn't know how to cook, clean, let alone pick out stylish clothing. Nor did they have any manners. If it wasn't for her, they'd be up Shit Creek without a paddle. She could only imagine what they wanted now.

Cyndy glanced at the story she was reading. It was her only pleasure in the world after losing her father to an orgasm. Her step-mother was a raving sexual lunatic and had put her father in an early grave. Cyndy suspected that was always her intention. While she fought the battle over the monetary gains from her father's demise, she was forced to live in a household of one sexual deviant and two sexually repressed daughters. Such was her luck.

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*“Cyndyyyyyyyyyyyy!”* the voice yelled again. She didn’t know which was which. They looked alike, being identical twins and went so far as to wear the same clothing even at the age of thirty. Though Cyndy dropped hints that the fad of wearing identical outfits and looking like teeny-boppers had gone out in the eighties, Dixie and Trixie never quite got it.

“Get down here now!” one of them demanded. Cyndy was sick and tired of being told what to do, when to do it and how to do it. She often thought that if those two morons could take the time to come up with all the steps on how something should be done, they could save some oxygen telling her all the details and do it themselves. However, Fiona, her step-mother, wouldn’t allow her precious twins to even lift a finger. She swore her daughters were fit for royalty. Cyndy thought they were a royal pain in the ass.

Cyndy closed the story she had been reading and logged off her computer. No one knew she read erotica. It was her secret and it was the only place she could truly be herself. She walked down the flights of stairs to the first floor and saw a sight she wished she’d never seen: two twins doing a bump and grind in excitement, acting like teenagers.

“We’re invited!” one of them screamed as if she was a cheerleader, jumping up and down, the fat on her legs wiggling. Cyndy winced at the assault on her ear drums and stared at a thirty-year old woman act like she’d just been invited to the prom.

“We’re going to a party,” the other one chimed in as she gave a butt-check to the exact replica of herself. Cyndy couldn’t tell the difference. Each should be wearing a shirt that says ‘I’m with stupid’ with an arrow

pointing to the other.

"Great," Cyndy replied. Maybe she'd get an evening to herself. She was tired of carpooling and babysitting these two overgrown teens.

"You can't go," one said quickly to her, holding the invitation to her chest, hiding it as if it was a national secret. Cyndy thought this one might be Dixie but the serious pout on her face made her think it could be Trixie. Who gave a shit? She didn't want to go to a party anyways.

"Great," Cyndy replied again.

"I'm telling mother you're trying to go," the other said. *Was she Trixie?* Cyndy rolled her eyes. Here we go again.

Trying to limit the amount of stupidity she had to witness each day, she said, "You two have fun." Cyndy said as she turned to escape.

"Wait," they both screamed at her, rushing to her side as her foot hit the second step of the staircase. "You have to help us get ready."

Cyndy looked at the girls, since women couldn't possibly act this way. Their bright shiny faces glared up at her. She didn't believe that anything she did would help these two. They were clueless.

"Check your closets. I'm sure you have some retro seventies clothes that you haven't worn yet."

"No," one replied and Cyndy looked from one to the other, trying to figure out which one said it. "We need to look extra special. We need you to make us something." Cyndy let out a laugh. She'd make them something all right. She'd like to make them dead.

"Sorry, girls," she said, the emphasis on 'girls.' "I just don't have the time with all my other chores." It

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was true. She took care of the house, from top to bottom, and the outside which consisted of an in-ground pool, tennis court and several gardens that needed tending. After a day of driving these two around, cooking three square meals and playing nurse maid, she was usually too tired to even masturbate when she got to bed, and Lord knows she needed some release after babysitting two Barbie replica's all day.

"But..." One started to pout and Cyndy was sure the tears would start flowing and then Fiona would intervene and shit would hit the fan and Cyndy would end up doing whatever it was that they wanted in the first place. It just wasn't worth it.

Yeah, the tears started to fall on one face so the other joined in. There was no outdoing one another in this family. Everything came in pairs.

"What's all the excitement?" Cyndy heard Fiona ask as she entered the foyer where her two grown daughters were crying. "What did you do to them, Cyndy?"

"Jesus," Cyndy said under her breath.

"Don't you use that word or take that tone with me, young lady," Fiona snapped.

Cyndy recalled many times Fiona taking the Lord's name in vain as some young stud fucked her brains out late at night. She couldn't win.

"What's the matter, my precious," Fiona cooed at her adult children taking them in her arms. Dixie and Trixie both started to talk, holding out the invitation they'd received. Cyndy looked on. It was the same old crap, just a different day. She knew she needed a new life and one day she'd get it. But for now, these two helpless females were her wards.

"Splendid," Fiona said. "I knew the prince would

recognize excellence when he saw it. We saw him at the country club just the other day, Cyndy, and I got us an audience with him. I could tell he was quite taken with my two girls.”

Cyndy was pretty sure the prince was probably quite taken ill after meeting ‘the girls.’ She knew she couldn’t take much more herself. As for the country club, she wouldn’t know. She’d never been invited though she was sure her father’s probate account was funding it.

“Great,” Cyndy said. “I’m sure you’ll have a wonderful time.” She was ready to be excused and had gotten quite good at doing it herself. Most of the time they hadn’t realized she’d disappeared until they noticed they were talking to air.

“The girls will need outfits, Cyndy. You will help them.”

As if that was shocking news! “Sure. I’ll hook these two right up,” Cyndy said, starting to think of the possibilities of making these look like the asses they really were. Since they hadn’t a clue of what was in fashion right now, she would take extra measures to make sure they stood out and got the attention they really deserved.

“Come with me, Dixie,” she said as she looked at the one who sort of crossed her eyes. “Let’s go, Trixie.” It didn’t matter what she called them. They were like dogs and would follow her anywhere to get a treat, and Cyndy would give them a treat they wouldn’t forget.





Her head was down, her mouth holding pins as her hands hemmed a peasant skirt she was turning into a mini-skirt. She'd raped their closets, picking the most hideous articles of clothing, determined to mix and match items from three decades and tell them they could be on the cover of *Vogue*. A few stitches and they'd be out of her hair. Then she could have some quality time with her dildo, and get fucked for the enjoyment of it for a change.

"Alright, Dixie," she said as she patted the over-large calf of her ward.

"I'm Trixie," the girl said.

"Yeah, whatever. Now go. You don't want to miss your first dance with the prince, do you?"

"I get him first," Dixie said quickly.

"NO! I do. I saw him first. I've been in love with him my whole life. I'm his number one fan," Trixie said.

Cyndy rolled her eyes as she looked at their faces. She made them up like a Pat Benatar wannabe's, the eye-shadow smeared every where. Their hair was a miss-mash of chop-sticks, hair gel and rubber bands and they both looked like rejected punk-librarians. She wanted to laugh at her handy work.

"Go," Cyndy prompted. Both skipped from her room without thanking Cyndy for her hard work. It didn't matter. She would pay money to see the looks on

people's faces when the two of them walked into the prince's mansion. Maybe she'd read about it in the morning paper.

Cyndy cleaned up the mess she'd made. She added a few touches that the twins wouldn't notice until later, like when they went to use the ladies room. She put a fair amount of super-glue onto the outer ridges of their panties, telling them it was important their panties didn't move. They didn't want any visible panty lines showing so both agreed, telling her it was a good idea. Cyndy thought they could always use the panties as a method of birth control since they weren't coming off without ripping out a lot of pubic hair and causing quite a scene.

"While I'm gone," Fiona said, entering Cyndy's room, "I don't want you riffling through my drawers. I noticed my favorite corset missing and I have yet to find it." Fiona had accused Cyndy of stealing it and she wanted to laugh. She wouldn't be caught dead in that cheap department store garment. The twins however, wore it around their bedroom, imitating Fiona and her sluttish ways.

"I won't concern myself with you inviting friends over since you don't have any." Cyndy kept her face neutral. Little did the witch know she had plenty of friends in all kinds of places, living in different fantasies. She'd just never been stupid enough to invite them to her home.

"But I'll remind you not to bring any men back here. Do I make myself perfectly clear?" Cyndy looked around the room, wondering who the hell Fiona was talking to. She was twenty-eight years old and if she wanted to invite the entire NFL to her room, by damn

she was going to.

“Crystal,” Cyndy said. There was no sense in arguing. There wasn’t a man to bring back here anyways. She never went out, and the only man she talked to was some dude name ‘Limp Dick’ in an internet chat room. And with a name like that, he was probably the last guy she’d invite over. She wanted sex but she wasn’t desperate.

“Be a good girl,” Fiona said. “Remember, your father is watching you.” Cyndy almost busted a rib containing the gut-wrenching laugh wanting to escape. Her father was probably watching Fiona from wherever he was, holding his heart at the slut-of-a-woman he married, cursing the day she drove into town in a Ford Pinto with two whining children in tow.

“Ditto,” Cyndy muttered, glad to see the back of Fiona’s body. She let out a laugh. Fiona had severe panty lines.



Cyndy slid up and down the dildo attached to a stool. Being a true homemaker and handy-woman, she’d learned how to make all kinds of stuff, the fucking stool being one of them. The dildo that leapt up at her was a good ten inches and very durable which is what she needed tonight. She wanted a truly fantastic fuck and she was taking it in both holes. She wore a harness, a vibrating dildo held inside her pussy, her ass exposed for the ten-inches to drive home. In her right hand, she

held a vibrating butterfly against her engorged clit and her body was ready to explode. At times like this, she thought of Limp Dick, wondering if he was really 'limp' and if she could make him hard by offering him her ass. She didn't think any man could resist a nice, firm ass to fuck. She looked up, ready to close her eyes as a climax started to course through her veins, when she saw an older man standing in her room.

She froze quickly, glancing around to see if he was a hallucination from the approaching orgasm or a joke somebody was playing. The three vilest people she knew were at a party and she knew no one else who would play a cruel joke on her in the throes of an orgasm.

"Who are you?" she asked, no longer bobbing up and down. Her climax was on hold, the edge still there waiting for her to continue.

"Well, I'm your fairy-godfather," the old man said. He was rather tall, his body lean and muscular. His hair was cut short, his dark locks going grey at the temple. His eyes were a purplish shade and they were glued to her crotch where he saw the dildo impale her ass. "Does that hurt?"

"Hop over here and give it a try," she replied. "Fairy-godfather?"

He paused, a slight blush appearing on his cheeks as he checked out her breasts. Cyndy had placed two clothes-pins on her nipples to give her some added pain and her peaks were tight and engorged.

"Yes, fairy-godfather. It seems all the fairy-god-mothers are out on taskings. There are a lot of fantasies going on, you know."

Cyndy could understand that. She had plenty of

them herself. The biggest one was where she didn't have to take any shit from three helpless bitches.

"What do you want?" she asked. If he had nothing important to say, she'd rather get back to fucking herself.

"I'm here to help you get ready for a party."

"Yeah, well, you can see I'm kind of busy, so check back with me later." She pushed down on the dildo and groaned.

"Are you sure that doesn't hurt?" he asked, his voice loaded with concern but also a bit of something else. Perhaps excitement?

"Only in a good way." And she wanted all ten inches of goodness rammed up her ass. She'd had a hard day.

"Well, you'll need to hold off on that. We've got work to do."

"I've don't have time for a party, Godfather. I've got a stool to fuck and then I'm going to bed. Tomorrow's a new day and the shit isn't getting any better."

"All the more reason to attend the party, Cyndy. It's time to change your stars."

Change her stars? She'd never heard it put quite like that. She expected the estate court to one day, if not in the distant future, grant her the deed to the property and every asset her father had, if the three bitches didn't run the well dry.

"How can I change my stars? I do know that if I keep fucking myself, I'm going to see stars, so bug off."

"I can't 'bug off' as you say. I've got an assignment and you're it, so let's get ready." Before Cyndy could tell him to fuck off, she was standing fully dressed, her dildo's and clothes pins sitting on top of the stool

looking for a home.

“What the...?” she replied incredulously. She glanced down at her clothes. She was wearing a tight muscle T-shirt that was adorned with beads around the low-cut collar. Her breasts were firm and she could see her nipples poking through the sheer white material. Her legs were incased in leather pants, cut so low she could see pubic hair. On her feet, she wore spiked-heeled sandals that were just too cute. Even her toe nails were painted.

“You look great,” Godfather said as his eyes gazed at her tall frame. Cyndy looked in the standing mirror and noticed she did. Her long blond hair still fell but no longer in waves. It was poker-straight, a slight puff around the face as the shorter tendrils turned inward. She wore make-up, done perfectly. She had to admit she looked like that chick on Melrose Place.

“So, what’s the party and why is this outfit acceptable?” she asked, turning around to check out her ass in the mirror. She could see the crack between her cheeks and was glad she wasn’t carrying any extra weight, like the twins who carried twenty extra pounds, each. The leather pants made her look slim and hot and definitely fuckable.

“You’re going to a Caribbean BBQ,” Godfather mentioned. “What you have on is more than acceptable.”

“Okay,” Cyndy said. “Who’s having the party?”

“Prince,” the Godfather answered. “Do you have any mice and a pumpkin by chance?”

“Not the way I clean this house, bud,” she replied sharply. A mouse wouldn’t be caught dead in her home. As for a pumpkin, she never saw a need for them except to scare the crap out of the twins at Halloween which

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they still dressed up for each year.

Grabbing her vibrating butterfly and waving a stick over it, he said, "I'll have to make due. Check outside."

Cyndy walked to the window and looked down three flights to see a Porsche Carrera sitting in the circular driveway.

"Cool," she said. "I love black convertibles."

"Okay, you better get going."

"Where?" she inquired.

"The prince is having the party at his mansion. The car knows how to get there."

"And the prince's name is?"

"Well...it's 'Prince.' He went by a symbol for a while but now he just goes by 'Prince'."

"So it's 'Prince Prince'?" she asked.

"Or just 'Prince' which is probably easier. You're invitation is also in the car."

"Alright," Cyndy said, ready to go. She'd never been to a party. It would be cool to finally check one out.

"There is one thing though. You've got to be back by midnight," Godfather said. Cyndy looked at him surprised.

"Another stipulation? First I've got Fiona telling me I can't invite any men to my room and now you're telling me to go out there and have fun but be back by midnight? Good God, man, that's when the fun is just getting started."

"I know. I know. It's just that I've got to return those leather pants by midnight. Cher needs them."

Okay, midnight would do. She didn't want this 'Cher' chick to have to go out partying butt-naked.

"Midnight it is. What's your name, by the way?"

she asked.

“Don,” the Godfather replied. “Don Corlione.”

“Catch you later, Don, and by the way, thanks.” She didn’t care about changing her stars as much as going out for a night on the town.



Cyndy entered the mansion, handing over her invitation to a man who looked like Lerch from the Addams Family. The house was decorated like it was stranded on a deserted island, covered in palms and fresh fruit. She heard music coming from the back of the house, and wiggled her way through groups of people who were drinking what looked like punch. Cyndy grabbed a glass as she moved, taking a healthy swig and noticed very little fruit juice and a whole lot of alcohol.

*Splendid*, she thought, standing at the French doors as they opened on a wide expanse of partying. She stood there, checking out the scene, searching for her evil step-sisters and the equally, if not more so, evil step-mother. They were going to shit a fit when they saw her here. At least Fiona hadn’t told her she couldn’t come to this party. She just said she couldn’t invite any man to the house and there were plenty of those here. Oh, well, she seemed to be breaking all the rules tonight.

Cyndy spotted the twins next to the long lines of tables that offered a wide range of food, and both sisters



were going to town, packing their plates high. She thought they might as well paste the food onto their thighs because that was exactly where those chicken wings were going after they ate them. Cyndy was prepared to show herself when something stopped her. Groups of people were coming up to the twins pointing to their outfits and at first, Cyndy thought they were laughing at them. She started to feel a sense of pride, knowing how embarrassed they would be at the humiliation, but the smiles were genuine and the hand gestures friendly. Could these people actually like the outfits she made?

“Hey, want to dance?” she heard from behind. Prepared to fall in love with the deep sexy voice, Cyndi turned to face a geek, a very tall geek.

His dark brown hair was cut short, the bangs pushed to one side. He wore glasses and she could see the deep blue behind them. His clothes were too big; his polo shirt hung loosely on his frame, and his khaki pants needed a belt. He wore moccasins on his feet. Other than towering over her by a good five inches, which she liked, she wasn’t that much interested.

“I like your shoes,” the guy said.

Cyndy’s eyes narrowed. “Are you gay?” she asked.

He seemed surprised, and it occurred to her that she might have offended him. She didn’t have anything against gay men. She just wanted a straight one to ask her to dance and after that? Who knows? The possibilities were endless.

“Gay? No, I was just making conversation. You wanna dance?”

“Check back with me in a bit,” she said as she turned and walked towards the twins.

Coming upon them, she heard the two being complimented on their outfits, about how original they were. Cyndy smiled to herself. She had taken the ugliest of clothes, put them together and people were really digging it. *Not bad*, she thought.

"Hey?" she said to the twins. "Remember me?"

Both Dixie and Trixie looked up at her, their faces still full of complimentary smiles. Their make-up had started to run, the Pat Benatar eye shadow dripping hilariously.

"Have we met before?" one of them asked. Cyndy knew she should know which was which. She'd actually put them in two completely different outfits. She wondered if either of them knew who they were. "I don't believe we've met."

"Sure we have," Cyndy said. She wondered if they were being purposely obtuse but realized they didn't know the meaning of the word, so she chalked it up to them just being dull.

"No," the other said. "I always remember a face and yours I would have remembered. We've never met."

Cyndy stared at them in shock. How could they not know it was her? She looked the same, granted the tight braless top she wore was new. The leather pants that had drawn cat-calls along her travels through the mansion were definitely hot and noticeable, but she was the same old Cyndy.

"Girls, you remember Prince, don't you?" Cyndy heard Fiona say, coming up behind her. Cyndy was sure Fiona would recognize her, so much to the point that she would throw a fit that she was present during the introduction to the 'Prince'.

Both girls quickly put down their mounds of food

and looked past Cyndy who turned. Oh, it was the geek guy again, glasses perched on his nose, staring at her.

“Prince, these are my two gorgeous and available daughters, Dixie and Trixie,” Fiona cooed. He gave a short nod in their direction and then his eyes focused on Cyndy’s.

Cyndy looked at Fiona, prepared for an onslaught of verbiage to dribble from her mouth like foam, but Fiona acted as if she’d never seen Cyndy before. This was too strange.

“How about that dance?” Prince asked Cyndy.

She glanced at the group, Dixie and Trixie practically salivating over Geek Boy, and Fiona standing like a proud momma, showing off the fatted calf. Cyndy decided if the outfits didn’t get the girls laughed out of the party, dancing with the Prince would surely piss them off. “Show me what you got,” Cyndy said, watching the faces of the twins fall. Fiona’s went tight, her mouth pinched as her eyes narrowed and Cyndy could see the lines deepening on her face.

Prince held out his hand and Cyndy put her glass in it, passing by him towards the dance floor. The music was a Caribbean mambo with a relentless beat. She merely found a spot and started moving, knowing somehow the Prince would find her. Coming up behind her, he placed his hands on her hips. Turning quickly to stare, she decided, *He isn’t bad looking*. Maybe get rid of the Clark Kent glasses, put in some hair gel. She reached over, running her hands along his shoulders and down his arms. He was hiding a lot under here. He definitely needed to tighten up his clothes because he had some serious muscles bulging under there.

The Prince pulled her closer, his cock pressed

against her leathers tightly. He was definitely hiding something valuable under here, also.

"I haven't seen you around before," he said over the music. Cyndy turned, rubbing her ass against his erection. He pulled her back tightly, rubbing against her just as hard.

"I don't get out much," she answered as she turned again, twisting her body to the floor and back up, running her hands along his body as she moved. When she stood at full height, she wrapped her hands around his neck and ground her pelvis against his.

"You should. What's your name?"

Cyndy thought for a brief second. No one recognized her here. She could be anyone she wanted to be. It was her night out, a secret no one would know about.

"Call me Shaka Khan." She recalled the name from the '80's and couldn't really remember who the person was. She thought it was from a *Star Trek* episode she'd seen. She always thought it was a cool name.

"*Shakakhan*," Prince said, trying it out. Cyndy liked how he said it fast, riddling it off his tongue quickly. She rubbed her pussy against him, her breasts firm as they pressed into his chest.

"And you're Prince." He smiled and Cyndy saw a dimple indent on his left cheek. For looking like a geek, he was turning out to be rather cute.

"I used to be," he said, waving his hand frantically. Cyndy raised an eyebrow because he looked like he was having a fit. "But now it's just 'Prince'."

"Suits you better," she said,

Her compliment was graced with another smile. "I go by 'Limp Dick' in chat rooms," he commented.

Cyndy grinned. This was too priceless. She ran her

hand over his erection; there was nothing limp about his cock. It was hard, firm and by the movement her hand made, pretty lengthy. This was going to be fun.

"Liar," she said, rubbing Prince's cock as his eyes flamed with excitement.

Prince's hands rubbed over Cyndy's back and then he turned her around, dry humping her ass as she writhed left and right like a genie. She felt his hands slide along her breasts and her nipples tightened as the leather pants absorbed her dripping wetness. She glanced around, looking for the twins. They stood miserably by the table, shoveling food into their mouths as they watched her sullenly.

She felt Prince's breath on her ear and then heard, "Let's go somewhere."

Inwardly, she smiled. This would push the twin's over the edge. "Lead the way."

Taking her hand, leading her through the dancers then beyond, they entered a maze of greenery. "This is supposed to be my 'find-a-wife' party."

Cyndy didn't say anything. She already felt like a wife and didn't want the real job of being a married one.

Stopping by a concrete bench, he asked with an eyebrow raised, "Interested?" He had a mysterious way of watching her intently.

"No thanks," she replied. Nothing could have interested her less. "But I'm sure there are plenty of women here tonight who would do anything to have you ask them."

"I seem to only have eyes for one tonight," he said. He took her hand and pulled her to the bench with him. He placed her hand on his cock. "I go by 'Limp Dick' because very few women excite me. You, however, are

making this erection very difficult to withstand.”

Cyndy had to admit his cock was impressive. “Listen, Prince,” she said slowly as she sat and rubbed him. “I’ve seen it all, done it all and got the T-shirt on being a domestic. In fact, I’m a wife, psychiatrist, sex-therapist, chauffeur, handywoman and mother-hen. You name it, I do it. If I get in a relationship, I’m in charge. I’ll be the one doing the telling on how it is going to be.”

Prince pulled back from Cyndy and she was prepared for him to walk away. She couldn’t blame him. She had come off rather harsh but after what seemed like a lifetime of doing what everyone else wanted, she wanted people to do what she said.

“Then do the telling,” Prince said. “I’ll do anything.”

Cyndy bit back a laugh of surprise. *Now isn’t this a twist in the tale*, she thought. She crossed her leg, thinking as she bounced her strappy shoe. She wanted to get to know more about the man who was willing to do anything she asked. She said nothing as she thought of her questions.

Prince interrupted her by saying, “I *reaaaaallly* like those shoes.”

That stopped her short. “Are you sure you’re not gay?” she asked again her eye brow raised in question. The light on the path was dim but she could see him as he looked slowly up her body, taking in the spiked heels of her sandals, the leather that was soaked and sliding into the crack of her ass, her breasts that were barely covered by her shirt. Yeah, he liked her shoes all right and he definitely wasn’t gay.

“Gay? No, I’m not gay but those shoes do something to me,” he offered placing his hand over his cock.

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Cyndy lifted a brow. It seemed Prince had a kink going on and she found it very appealing.

Wanting to see the Prince in action, Cyndy ordered, "Lick my slit."

He grabbed her by the waist, pulling her body against his. As his left hand slid under the waistband and rubbed her mound, his right yanked at the zipper. Sliding both hands to her hips, he moved the leather pants away from her skin. It was a struggle, the dampness making the leather difficult to move. When he finally had them pulled down to her knees, he told her to lean against the pillar behind her. Cyndy relaxed her stance.

Prince knelt before her to remove the pants completely, taking extreme care as he slid them over the shoes he obviously loved, and placed them gently on the bench. "As you wish," Prince said. Spreading her legs and licking her from her clit downward, he paused, swishing his tongue around his mouth. "You taste like heaven, *Shakakhan*."

Cyndy almost laughed but instead moaned, loving the way he said her pretend name. She certainly needed more than one lick to determine if he was good at this or not. A wise owl once said that it was three licks to the center. She wanted that, and then a whole lot more.

"Again," Cyndy demanded, wanting that orgasm she'd begun earlier.

Prince began tasting her with fervor. His tongue probed each and every part of her pussy, his fingers dancing in and out of her hole, dragging her juices with them. Cyndy felt her body floating, having someone else give her pleasure instead of doing all the work herself. When Prince pulled back, his face was covered with her

slickness, his glasses steaming up.

She grabbed his glasses, placing them in the side pocket of his pant as he stood, his tongue finding her mouth and giving her a taste of his treat. *Delicious*, but she wasn't done with her test of the Prince.

"I want you," she said between kisses that were robbing her breath, "to lick my ass." Though she'd never had it done before but she'd read erotic stories and it sounded like a fantasy she wanted to try.

A gracious smile crept to Prince's face until she thought he would burst. Without his glasses, his eyes shone brightly and he licked his lips.

"A little rim job?" he asked. She wanted more than a little but she'd take it for starters. "As you wish."

Prince turned her around and pushed her upper body down so her hands were resting on the bench. Cyndy felt her ass cheeks spread wide and heard him say again, "As you wish." Cyndy thought he was enjoying this as much as she was going to when Prince's tongue began to lick around her hole. Tiny fissions of excitement ran through her body as the flat of his tongue took a long stroke upward and then the tip tickled her opening. *So this is what it feels like*, she thought. It was better than any fantasy she'd enjoyed or any story she'd read. And even more so when she felt Prince's tongue wiggled into her ass. She jumped at the contact, the excitement rising. It was much better then she ever thought possible.

After a few minutes, she told Prince to stop. He pulled back, still squatting behind her and Cyndy turned her head.

"Fuck me there," she said as the final test. Prince didn't hesitate as he stood and unbuttoned his khakis.



He pulled out a cock that was close to rivaling the dildo she'd used at home and he spit in his hand, running the spittle over his cock.

"Anything you want, *Shakakan*." Gently, he bent her over.

Cyndy waited nervously. She'd never had a real cock in her ass and she couldn't wait. Prince slid in easily, her bum-hole well used over the years but this was *so much better*.

He grabbed her hips as he drove in hard. Cyndy groaned in excitement. He knew how to use his dick and she braced herself for a good pounding. "I'll...come," he said, in between strokes, "when... you...tell...me...I...can."

She grabbed the hand gripping her waist, sliding it between her legs to her pulsating clit.

"I wish I had another cock," she groaned out loud, wanting both holes filled. The ass-fucking fantasy was turning out to be a good one. A three-some might just be better.

"If you give me a second, I'll call my man-servant. He would be more than happy to fuck you, too," Prince said. He grabbed his cell phone when she heard the first dong of a clock in the distance. *Shit, shit, shit*. It was almost midnight.

"NO!" she said quickly. "Just fuck me hard.... do it....do it now!" she commanded. Prince needed no other prompting, his hand flickering against her clit as his cock slid expertly into her tight ass. Holding on for dear life, she braced as he pounded hard and it didn't take long for her body to start trembling. It took even less for an orgasm to wash over her, the muscles of her ass clenching hard.

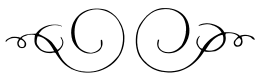
“Can I come?” Prince asked as he pumped. The tenth dong of the clock chimed when Cyndy pulled away, sliding off of Prince’s cock. She turned quickly to see him there, cock erect, his pants around his ankles, his face red from exertion and extreme control.

“Sorry,” she muttered quickly. “I’ve got to run. Here are a few things you should know. Lose the glasses and get contacts. Your eyes are gorgeous. Put some gel in your hair and spike it up. Grow a goatee and get clothes that fit. You’ve got muscles I want to see.” She grabbed her leather pants, sliding her spiked heels in the legs as she bounced along the path towards her waiting Porsche.

“Wait,” Prince said stumbling after her, his pants tangled at his feet preventing any real movement. “Will I ever see you again?”

The eleventh gong sounded. Cyndy started to run. “Yes,” she wailed into the night.

“*Shakakhaaaaaaan*,” she heard yelled in frustration.



By the time Prince got to the valet parking, Cyndy was gone, the lights of her Porsche the only visible sign she’d even been there. He moved toward the valet who held a spiked sandal in his hand. Prince reached over and grabbed it, his cock still pulsing in torment. He was sorely tempted to fuck her shoe.

He pulled out his cell phone, calling his man-ser-

vant, Sergio. "I've got a shoe," he spoke into the phone. "I want you to find the woman who owns it." Prince said nothing else. Sergio was like a blood hound. He could sniff out pussy better than anyone.



Godfather was sitting patiently when she entered her room, naked, the clothes she'd worn disappearing as quickly as the Porsche when she arrived at home. His eyes didn't look away from her nudity. In fact, he was sporting an erection, his hands running over the dildo she used earlier in the night.

"Have a good time?" he asked as his thumb and first finger made a hole that he slid up and down the ten inches.

"You have no idea," she replied. She'd been fucked a whole lot better than she could do for herself. "I could have used another hour, though."

"Good. The mission was a success. Glad to hear you had fun but every fantasy comes to an end." Godfather got up, ready to call it a night. "I'll be off then."

Cyndy stopped and looked at him. "That's it?" she asked. "You just magically show up here, dress me for a party, let me get good and fucked and off you go?"

"You want me to fuck you, too?" he asked with an evil grin.

She rolled her eyes. Maybe another fuck would help her sleep. "No. I'm just pissed because I lost my shoe. I

really liked those shoes.” She always had a hard time getting just the right attire for her feet. “Can you help me find another pair of those shoes? They really rocked.”

“I was just supposed to help you change your stars, Cyndy. What do you from here will be your decision.”

“Yeah, well, I saw some stars alright, so thanks. You got the leather pants back, I take it?”

“A bit damp but Cher won’t mind,” he said with a shrug. He was still holding her dildo. “Mind if I borrow this?”

Cyndy smiled. He was one freaky Don. “Take it, it’s yours.”

He nodded and slowly walked towards her bedroom door, disappearing before he stepped through it.



After a quick shower, Cyndy was in bed sleeping deeply like her best friend Shelby Beauty. Only the twins’ bickering at the crack of dawn could disturb her. She could use a day without them present and she really didn’t want to hear any stories about the previous night. She had a delicious memory and didn’t want it marred by two neurotic wenches. Somehow she didn’t think she’d have a day of rest when her bedroom door burst open, the grown women wearing boxers, muscle shirts and what looked like pom-poms on their feet. Both girls had their hair in pig-tails, their heads looking like antennas and their eyes were still covered in deep blue

eye-shadow.

"Cyndy, get up," one said.

She opened an eye and groaned. They had too much energy, too much make-up and not enough intelligence between them. They were going no where in life, and then Cyndy realized, neither was she.

"We've got so much to tell you," the other said as they both plopped down on her bed. Since when had she become all chummy with these two? For most of her life, these two had shunned, harassed, belittled and teased her. Now they wanted to be friends and share a little girl gossip? *I think not*, Cyndy thought, as she closed her eyes.

"We danced with the prince," one said.

That got Cyndy's eyes open again.

"I danced with him for hours."

Cyndy stared at Dixie or Trixie, and then looked at the other, waiting for her confession since they always came in pairs and they always had to outdo the other.

"And I danced with him the rest of the time." Now she knew they were lying.

"So, how is Prince?" Cyndy asked. Last she'd seen of him, he had a raging hard-on that looked like it wasn't going any where any time soon after fucking her ass. Dancing had to be the last thing on his mind.

"He is so divine," one said and the other agreed. "He asked me out."

Cyndy rolled her eyes. *Not in this lifetime.*

"And when he's not with Trixie, he'll be with me," Dixie declared.

"Maybe he could date you both," Cyndy said sarcastically, "at the same time. That way, *together* you could have him the whole time."

The twins looked at each other, their eyebrows raised in excitement at the idea.

"You've got to make us another outfit. Everyone just loved what we were wearing."

"Yeah?" Cyndy asked. "What's up with that?" She still couldn't get over that a bunch of rich, uptight bitches would want to wear rejected clothing but hey, it did have potential for a lucrative business.

Both women spoke at the same time, their voices rising to outdo the other. Cyndy caught a bit here and there about the newest fad, the angled cuts, the odd mixture of stripes and spots. She let them talk. Other things were on her mind, things like making a business out of destroying clothes by mixing cultures and time.

"Cyndy," Fiona yelled at her doorway. All heads turned quickly for the bitch had spoken. "Why are you still in bed? I've been waiting for my breakfast."

Cyndy rolled her eyes at another lie. She knew Fiona hadn't been waiting for breakfast. The only reason Fiona was up at this hour was to sneak her latest stud down the back stairwell and out the mud room before her two naive daughters woke.

Cyndy did something she'd never done her entire life. "Yeah, well, I just don't feel like making breakfast today. If you're hungry, try finding the kitchen. It's the place you walk through often, demanding food."

Fiona's jaw hit the floor and the twin's heads turned from their mother to Cyndy, waiting to see sparks fly. Cyndy didn't wait. She got out of bed and went to take a shower. Behind the door, she heard Fiona shrill at her to "get out here this instant." But when the shower pulsed with life, the words faded. She wondered how long Fiona would stand there demanding food

before she realized Cyndy had a different agenda today.



“Where do you think you’re going?” Fiona asked when Cyndy’s foot hit the bottom steps. She almost jumped. She swore Fiona had cameras around the house, following her every movement.

“I am *not* thinking,” Cyndy said. “I am *going* to an appointment.” She really wanted Fiona to give her some grief. She really wanted this idiotic bitch to tell her what she could and couldn’t do so she could finally say what she’d wanted to say for years.

Instead, Fiona smiled. On Fiona, it was evil and menacing, even though her father had paid for her nice dental work. “It’s just as well,” Fiona answered, proud to announce: “The prince is out and about today and he’s expected to stop in. I just knew he was so taken with my girls. I don’t want you around. You would only get in the way.”

Cyndy smiled haughtily. Pretty soon she would be in Fiona’s way and the life Fiona had known was about to get ugly. “I wish you luck,” Cyndy said because she was fairly sure Prince would pick neither daughter, especially if *she* was available. However, on some off-chance Prince *did* pick one over the other, Fiona was going to catch hell from the rejected daughter. If he picked neither, Fiona was going to be hell to live with. Maybe she should wish herself luck and then decided she didn’t need it. She was changing her stars.



Cyndy returned to her father's house, driving the Volvo station wagon, looking like a soccer mom. Fiona had insisted Cyndy get this car, wanting to ensure her precious cargo was always safe and Volvo's had the highest safety rating. It wasn't a car Cyndy wanted to be caught dead in but in a few more days, she'd have that black Porsche she drove the other night, along with its GPS system.

She opened the hatch of the car, removing the bags of items she purchased after the meeting with her lawyers. She had bought a pair of leather pants, along with some sexy underwear and several tight tops that showed off every detail of her breasts. Things were looking up. A few more days and she'd have her freedom. She only needed to hang on. She could do it. She was the master of survival.

Walking up the long steps to the front door, she let herself in, prepared to change into her bathing suit and spend the rest of the day by the pool. When her foot hit the tiled floor of the foyer, her flip-flop making a slapping sound, a voice yelled, "You!"

Cyndy turned quickly, her eyes drawn to a man squatting on the floor in front of one the twins. Cyndy noticed they were in matching outfits again and she wondered if the sexy guy could tell the difference between the two.



“Yes?” Cyndy said. The man stood, all six-plus feet of him. His jet black hair was cut short and expertly placed. His green eyes were vivid and clear. His mouth was sensual, his lips slightly parted in a nice shade of red which contrasted with the goatee cut perfectly around those lips. He wore a tight polo top, his jeans looking worn and the bulge at his crotch looking inviting. He was muscular.

Cyndy felt her mouth watering until she saw what he had in his hand. “You found my shoe!” She had gone to the mall with the one she hadn’t lost, hoping to find a replacement. For some reason, no stores carried the design. She wondered if they were last year’s model but she didn’t care. They were the perfect sandals for her.

“This is yours?” the man said as he came forward.

Cyndy noticed the slight European accent and she found it just as intoxicating as his voice. “Yes,” she said as she pulled the other sandal out of her purse. She slipped out of her flip-flops and put the one shoe on, holding out her hand for the other. When she stood, she was almost eye to eye with the hunk before her.

“*Moookooooother!*” she heard one of the twins wail as she stared into the green eyes and felt lost.

“What is your name?” the man asked huskily.

“I’m Cyndy,” she purred.

The man raised an eyebrow in question. “Are you sure you are not *Shakakhan*?” he asked as the fake name rolled off his tongue.

“For you, I’ll be anyone you want,” she said breathlessly. “It was a name I made up last night.”

“How dare you?” Fiona said pushing her way between Cyndy and the god she spoke with. “Who do you think you are? Those shoes don’t fit you! You weren’t

even there last night. I know! I saw everyone. I checked my lists, twice, and you weren't there. Take those shoes off!"

"Fiona," Cyndy said slowly, turning to look at her step-mother. "If you ever get in my face again, I'm going to rearrange yours. I happen to be talking to..." she said as she looked at the perfect male specimen.

"Sergio," he answered as a smile came to his face. He bowed slightly with his head. "Prince's man-servant."

"I happen to be talking to Sergio," she said with a smile, knowing if she'd had more time last night, this man before her would have fucked her raw. "I'd like you to leave," Cyndy said to her step-mother.

Fiona's pinched face pull tighter as if Cyndy had slapped her. "Fine. We'll wait in the kitchen."

Cyndy thought it was good they'd finally found that room in the house on their own, but that wasn't good enough. "No, I'd like you to leave this house."

Fiona stopped, her body tightening as she clenched her fists. "You have no right to tell me what to do," Fiona started.

Cyndy held up her hand quickly and Fiona backed away fast. "I have every right," she said forcefully. Retrieving documents from her purse, she continued, "I spoke with my lawyers today. You have exactly two minutes to leave or I will call the police."

Fiona and the twins looked wide-eyed, surprised at the change in their stars.

"You can't do that," Fiona said, flabbergasted.

"I can and I am. The game's up, Fiona." Cyndy finally smiled, feeling her own stars beginning to align. "I'm the one doing the telling now."

"I am the step-mother here," Fiona replied. "My daughters deserve to be here."

"Not any more. The free ride is over. My lawyers know about you and your daughters. The judge has given me this house, this land and everything my father owns." She paused to watch Fiona clutch her miserable heart. "They know you're the town whore and that your daughters will soon follow suit since they aren't good for anything else."

"Well... I never..." Fiona sputtered.

"Oh, yeah you did, like every night since before my father died. However, I now suggest instead of paying these men to fuck you, that you accept payment to get fucked because you won't get a dime out of me."

She glanced at Sergio talking into his cell phone and heard him say, "Yeah, I've found the pussy." He hung up.

"So, Sergio, what happens now that I got my shoe back?"

"That was Prince," Sergio said. "He was at the eye doctor getting contacts. He'd already finished with the hair dresser and tailors and is currently on his way over here. He did say it would be a few days before his goatee grew in."

"And I notice yours is already looking good." She wanted to feel that soft bristle brushing between her legs.

"I have a five o'clock shadow ten minutes after I shave," he said with a smile.

He was too perfect. Cyndy turned to the three women who had made her life a living hell, until now. "You're still here?" she asked.

"We'll go upstairs and pack." Each woman turned towards the stairs, their shoulders slumped in defeat.

"I don't think so," Cyndy countered. "In fact, take those clothes off. I'll need them for my new line. I'm going to design clothes for a living and make a killing."

"You can't expect us to leave this house in our underwear," Fiona protested.

"Yeah, I can. Here's the key to the Volvo. Strip and leave." She tossed the keys at Fiona and watched the women begin to undress. When they stood nearly naked, Cyndy started to feel a little regret at her bold action and decided to do one good thing for them.

"Here's some advice. Dixie," she said, turning to one of the twins.

"I'm Trixie," the woman said.

"And I don't really give a shit," Cyndy said. "Lose twenty pounds. You two look like heifers. As for you, Fiona, you're almost fifty-five. You don't have many good years left so I suggest you use that snatch for cash as quickly as possible and teach your daughters well or you're going to be living in that Volvo for a very long time." There -she felt much better.

She and Sergio watched the three women walk slowly to the car. Cyndy wondered if any of them knew how to drive and realized she didn't care. She shut the front door.

"What now?" she asked Sergio who blushed very well.

"Prince said I am to do whatever you ask. I am at your service."

"Those were his exact words?" she asked as she took a step towards him.

"He said exactly, that he was in love with the woman who could wear those shoes the way you do. He knew he wanted you when you weren't afraid to tell him

what to do. He said he would do anything for you as long as you gave him orders and controlled his will. And that I, servant to the Prince, will follow the same rules. I am at your service.”

Cyndy made a *mmmmh* sound, liking the possibilities in those words. “So, he likes me to do the telling,” she said with a grin.

“He is a busy man, running his country, making decisions. He needs a good woman who knows how to dominate him and make him feel alive. He is a very passionate and loving man. He just needs a strong hand to make sure he gets it up.”

Cyndy smiled. Her stars were perfectly aligned. She looked up, thinking of her Godfather and sent him a quick thanks.

“Tell me what you want,” Sergio replied, dropping to one knee before her. “Prince will be here soon.” That thought added to her excitement.

“When he gets here, I want a threesome, but for now I want to see if that golden tongue of yours is any good.”

“Yes, *Shakakhan*,” rolled off his tongue as he stood, picking Cyndy up in his arms and taking the stairs two at a time to her bedroom.

She laid her head against his strong chest, finally having warm safe arms to fall in to. When Prince got here, she’d put his sorry ass in place for being late.

Cyndy laid back as Sergio licked her pussy, thinking of the fantasies she’d had and the ones she would make into reality. She’d have to call Shelby once she had bragging rights on a threesome. She just hoped Shelby was awake enough to be surprised. She was definitely calling Scarlet. Scarlet could be a world class

*Michele Jmiola*

bitch but even she would be impressed. Cyndy *had* changed her stars.

*Cyndy Storms The Castle*