

ANYTHING but
ANDERSON'S
FAIRY TALES with an ADULT ATTITUDE

A Phaze HeatSheet by

TYSCHIE DWAI



Cincinnati, Ohio

Tysche Dwai



6470A Glenway Avenue, #109
Cincinnati, OH 45211-5222

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The Gilded Girdle

Long ago, in a far distant land, where standards of conduct rather different than our own applied, a handsome, dark-haired prince with eyes like midnight lounged at the window of his lonely, domed tower, chin in hand. As he studied the road beneath him with a jaded eye, he spied a golden lady in extreme distress running towards him.

Bemused by the sight, he studied the approaching figure with more than casual interest as she raced toward him. *What could be the cause of the lady's evident misery?* the prince wondered idly, curiosity piqued by the mystery. He resolved to find out—it could brighten up an otherwise dull day.

Leaning further out of the casement, he called out, "Mistress, whither away?"

The lady froze, dropping the edges of the flimsy ripped bodice she clutched closed before her bosom and revealing a golden girdle, which shimmered in the midmorning sun. The girdle held in place a filmy iridescent skirt that merely accentuated rather than concealed the form of her lower limbs—particularly with the sun's impudent glare shining from behind her to erase all shadows.

"That's the magical Jeweled Girdle of Ecstasy!" exclaimed the prince, his cock twitching at the very thought. "It is said that it bequeaths on its wearer superior sexual powers!" He looked with renewed amazement on the mysterious lady, wondering if he could coax from her a taste of the girdle's magical properties.

"My lord," she cried tearfully, the bare flesh of her heaving bosom quivering with emotion and tantalizing his delighted eyes, "are you Prince Malecom? For 'tis said that only he can break the spell of this voracious belt, which I must feed with sensual encounters, else it will rip me in twain! If you indeed be the much-vaunted prince, please relieve me of this wretched torment!"

"Malecom?" snorted the prince, as he greedily eyed the lady's ample charms. Wicked thoughts of fleshly delights were beginning to jostle for ascendancy behind his narrowed eyes. It was as if she was a carnal smorgasbord, and he was about to feast.

"Malecom is nothing but a rascal, my dearest lady. Your true salvation lies with my humble self, Count Smirnoff of Belgravia, at your service." The prince bowed with a flourishing sweep of his plumed hat and a well-aimed smile at her exquisite face.

Unfortunately, the effect was rather spoiled by his position in the tower high over her head, but it did offer him a rather interesting perspective. He took greedy advantage of the opportunity to study her.

"But, my lord, you don't understand!" she wailed, her plentiful chest heaving mightily. "Only Prince Malecom can stop this egregious girdle from splitting me in half—look you here!" She lifted aside her filmy skirt, and the prince could see a broad band of mottled bruises encircling her creamy waist above a pair of gently rounded hips.

The prince smacked his lips in eager anticipation. It was an unconscious reflex. When the lady lifted her gauzy garment, she inadvertently displayed to him the secret treasures not meant to be seen by the casual eye of man. He could not help staring at her creamy white skin—and the jewel-like strongbox of her cunt

hidden away in its dense, golden forest.

"My lord, I beg thee," she moaned piteously, resorting to the High Speech in her extremity. "This torture is more than I can bear! Thou needs must tell me where to find the Prince before it rips me asunder!"

"But, my lady," he answered smoothly, resting his forearms on the broad windowsill and staring his fill, "if indeed 'tis only Malecom that can quench thy desire and end thy torment, then I will admit to thee now that I am indeed he!" exclaimed the prince. "I was merely testing you to make certain that you were not the evil wizard Frigi Diti in disguise. Tell me, poor dear lady, how can I free you from your bonds?"

"If you truly are Malecom, you must unlock this fearsome belt," she whimpered, lovely hands moving restlessly about the ever-tightening girdle as the prince watched with mounting enthusiasm. "It is said that only Malecom has the equipment necessary to penetrate its evil mechanism."

Seeing the lady's pale quivering flesh undulating below him, the prince could no longer hold himself calm. He burst out, "I know not what magical key I am purported to own—but I have one key that is even now thrusting forth from my loins and demanding use!"

Saying this, the prince sprang upon the windowsill and drew forth from its confinement the key of which he spake. His cock waved in the air before him, as if sniffing out its prey, then stiffened to full attention, homing in on the lady beneath it.

The prince pounced to the road beside her, led by his straining member. His reaching hand ripped free her gauzy skirt in one sweeping motion, and he began showering her throat and shoulders with lust-filled kisses.

Having jumped from the top of the tower, he bore her to the springy turf under the force of his lunge, knocking her

unconscious. Seeing the drastic consequences of his hasty action, the prince shrugged and grinned wickedly. "No matter. I believe I can find the correct keyhole for this eager tool of mine without instruction." And with one mighty thrust, he drove his rigid iron key home within the keyhole of her pussy.

Grunting with exertion, Malecom twisted and turned his sturdy key this way and that, in a valiant effort to open the magic girdle. Then, in one orgasmic rush, the prince heaved mightily, and the lock gave way. Instantly, the girdle split open, allowing the lady's bountiful charms to burst forth unchecked at last.

Spent, the prince fainted and fell forward, burying his face in the lady's alabaster bosom. The sweat from his fevered brow dripped into the lady's face, and she came to her senses with a start. The two halves of the girdle lay to either side of her, and she began to shower the slowly recovering prince with rapturous kisses of her own.

"Oh, my beloved Malecom! Thou hast done it! And I have finally induced thee out of thy wretched tower! Do thee not recognize me? It is I, thy long-lost fiancée Cunnygoode—and I have—"

"W-what art thou saying?" The prince lay stunned, shocked beyond movement. He couldn't remember ever having had a fiancée—although looking down at the lady's shapely body and delicate features, he realized he could do much worse. "I am sorry, my lady, but have you mistaken me for someone else?" asked the prince politely, forswearing the High Speech because it was difficult to keep the archaic pronouns straight—and besides, he thought it sounded rather silly. "I do not recall ever having a fiancée, and I quite fancy my ivory tower, actually."

"You mean you really aren't...? Oh, no!" she cried. "Isn't this the Kingdom of Hardcoreia? I—I beg your pardon, sir!" Hastily she gathered the halves of her girdle and snapped it back

into place, face crimson. "I really didn't mean—oh, God! I can't believe...shit!" And with that, she picked up her scattered clothing and fled down the road.

The prince watched her go in amazement – the land was indeed Hardcoreia, but he had lived a solitary life in his ivory prison for longer than he cared remember, held captive by the dread Frigi Diti, and allowed by the curse to wander no further away from his tower than Furst Base, a stone marker scant yards distant. The lady was nearly to Seacund Base already and he could not follow her, even if he wished. "What a day," he sighed, shaking his head and turned back toward his tower.

Suddenly, with the strength of a cannon ball caroming into his chest, long-forgotten memories of unrequited lust resurfaced in the foggy marsh of the prince's brain. He remembered the days when he had been free to rove the entirety of his kingdom, and a day spent gamboling in the shade of Thurd Base with a flaxen-haired wench before he was captured by the mage Frigi Diti and confined within his prison. He remembered vague promises that she would rescue him, and then—like a dam bursting—he remembered all!

"Wait, Cunnygoode—my sweet lady, please stop!"

The prince spun on his heels and raced after Cunnygoode. She had paused before Seacund Base, and at his hail, she started back toward him. As they met beneath the shadows of Furst Base, he slipped and inadvertently grabbed her ample breast as he pitched forward. The shock of sinking his fingers into the soft, pliant flesh instantly banished the last vestiges of the spell of impotence that the evil wizard Frigi Diti had cast upon him so many moons before.

"It is you, my darling, Cunnygoode!" he cried. "Curse that vile wizard who was able to wipe the memory of your loveliness from my heart!"

He gathered her into his arms and nipped lightly at her shell-like ear, whispering softly, "Come into my parlor, beloved, and let us investigate further the wonders I have been studying in my isolation for too long."

The prince gently led Cunnygoode into the low, round-roofed cottage squatting at the foot of the upthrust spire of his tower, explaining that visitors were not allowed to enter his hallowed ivory place of study. It was there that the mage Frigi Diti had plied him with exquisite tortures—forcing him to study the ways of love without being able to experience any of the lessons he had learned firsthand. But Frigi Diti's plan had backfired—for now Malecom knew better than any man alive the ways to pleasure a partner in the throes of passion—and he longed for the opportunity to put those skills into practice on someone else.

"No one will interrupt us here, beloved, I promise you," murmured the prince into Cunnygoode's neck while he gently massaged her shoulders. With a swift, practiced motion, the prince pushed aside the straps of the tattered dress she had resumed before her flight, and revealed once more to his gloating eye her full breasts in all their succulent glory. He was interested in more of her than just her ample bosom—but the prince contented himself with the knowledge that there would be plenty of time for him to reach his ultimate goal. "For now—foreplay," he grinned to himself in fervent anticipation. In his head, he thought, "and 'twill be worth the wait to savor another plunge of my cock into the hidden depths of her glorious cunt, especially if we both get to be awake this time."

Malecom stepped behind her, discarding the final rags of her dress to leave her clad only in the gilded girdle. He ran his tongue lightly around the perfection of her ear, as his hands gradually massaged their way around her shoulders and down to

a more pleasant perch. Cunnygoode sighed deep in her throat, and let her head fall back against his strong shoulder. He growled softly and attacked the vulnerable throat thus exposed to his ardent gaze with a flurry of burning kisses. Fixing his hot mouth upon her velvet skin, he suckled at her neck gently until he had branded her his own by drawing the fevered blood to the surface in a fiery love-mark.

"My lord," she moaned, "my soul is yours!"

"I take you at your word, my lady!" murmured the prince.

"Take me any way you wish!" she replied, "but do it now!"

He swept her into his sinewy arms and carried her into his innermost chamber, placing her tenderly onto his deep couch. While she lay half-inclined, the prince ran his tongue down the entire length of her quivering body—from her alabaster neck to her deep golden-fringed chasm, alternately licking and delicately kissing the sweet flesh. He teased her clit with his tongue until she moaned and arced toward him then pulled away with a smirk.

Stretching her arms full flung to either side, he lightly ran his fingertips down her limbs, until the sensitive tips of his fingers barely grazed the sides of Cunnygoode's fragrant breast, tickly the stimulated nerve endings with torturous delicacy.

Cunnygoode groaned softly and pushed the prince's fingers more firmly against her heaving chest. "Mmmm," she moaned at his touch, "...make love to me, my darling prince—I cannot bear it any longer. Fill the emptiness of my thirsting cunt with the rigid cock that is the emblem of your desire."

The prince responded to her pleading by teasingly flicking the rough of his tongue against her sculpted nipples. They stood like twin, granite milestones beneath his nuzzling lips.

"Hmmm," he hummed against her breast, sending a shiver rippling through her. He stretched out beside her, his fingers

exploring the forbidden territory of her weeping cunt—and then drawing upward to fetch up against the girdle that she had reattached before her flight. Rumors of its functions flashed through his mind, and he began to trace its contours, searching for the inset controls that were supposed to drive both wearer and partner over the edge of bliss into unendurable ecstasy.

His questing fingers discovered a row of tiny raised buttons. "Hmm," he thought to himself, "let's see what this does, shall we?" And he depressed the first button.

Instantly, he felt as if hands were pushing, kneading, pulling at him from all directions at once. The sensation was strange and he felt disoriented by sensual inputs deluging him from every which way. But it was certainly not an unpleasant sensation. "Cunnygoode, why do I feel so many hands pulling and kneading at me?"

"That is the button known as the 'Helping Hands of Happiness'—it is designed to bring the participants to...the edge of the abyss, and keep them dangling...over that height until...the second button is pushed," she panted, her eyes mere slits of pleasure. "Oh...please...my beloved Prince...push the second button!" She arched against his now reclining form, adding to the building sensations caused by the kneading hands, which seemed to invade his very soul.

He looked down at her desirably naked form, accented rather than hidden by the encircling barrier of the gilded girdle. "One moment, my dear. I am feeling rather over-dressed."

Malecom rose from the couch, and—with a slow, teasing smile, managed to remove his black velvet clothing and arouse her to a fever pitch simultaneously. His prick, released from its bonds, once more stood at attention.

"Oh, *please!*" she cried impatiently, "don't delay any longer! I must feel your hot rod caressing my inner depths. I long to

merge with you into one—"

Malecom's smile widened, and he shook a playful finger at her. "Do not be so hurried in your pleasure, my darling—anticipation is half the enjoyment."

"But you are not the one enduring this torment!" she spat at him, hands fluttering at her waist, where the girdle had drawn forth beads of scarlet blood around her lily midsection. "If you do not remove this cursed object soon, I will be twice the woman for you to love."

He could not help but feel a tad impatient with her complaints. "Well, why did you put the silly thing back on for then?"

"To save my beloved Malecom, you idiot! You told me you were not he, and it was said to be the only way to remove his curse. I would have risked greater to restore him to my side."

"My beloved!" Malecom felt as though his heart would burst at the magnanimity of the gesture. She was willing to endure this for his sake? He hurled himself upon the couch, his rigid rod divining unaided the lip of the shaft it sought. With a simultaneous movement, he forced the iron key of his cock once more into the now well-oiled lock of her cunt, and pressed the second button.

The lovers screamed in unison as the girdle split as expected when unlocked, but then reformed itself to snap closed around Malecom's supple waist. They were now locked together in their entwined embrace. He could not withdraw himself from her garden even if he so desired, and she could not eschew his favors.

"Oh, bother!" he murmured; then the varied opportunities presented by the situation began to occur to him, and he grinned. "Might as well make the best of it." He bent his head and captured her mouth with his, sending his tongue exploring within

her pearl-lined cavern. Her arms clutched him to her more firmly as her own tongue joined the playful thrust and parry for dominance.

Rolling onto his side, so as not to crush her, he let his hands wander up and down her perfect body. By chance, his questing fingers strayed to press against the third button, and a gasp was wrung from him as the girdle against shifted its configuration.

Far from releasing them, it molded them together even tighter, and rounded protuberances snaked forth to thrust into unprotected orifices. Malecom had never felt the sensation of such invasion before, and it both thrilled and repelled him.

Cunnygoode moaned beneath him, and her hands fluttered to his chest, tweaking at his nipples. The girdle began to vibrate its invasive pods within their impromptu casings, and warmth radiated from its golden surface to circle and fill them with heat.

She wound a leg around his waist, pulling him even deeper inside her, if such were possible, and pressed the fourth button. The projected invaders swelled within their new homes until Malecom thought he would surely be split in two by the girdle's invasion, but the sensation, combined with the vibrations coming through her body to hum against his straining prick, was enough to raise him to the brink of release.

"I cannot hold back, my lady—" he panted into her ear.

"Then let yourself come!" she cried, pressing the fifth button.

The girdle shrank to force him to remain motionless, his cock buried to the last hairsbreadth inside the tight sheath of her cunt. He could find no slack even to pump against her, and the other torments did not abate, but rather intensified. He would go mad! The ecstasy was more than he could bear, held at the edge of climax, but unable to generate the push he needed to send him over the edge.

"I am dying," he groaned.

"Not yet, beloved," she whispered, with a wicked little simper, and pressed the final button. And now the gentle vibrations within him became full-fledged thrustings—as violent as any he had ever inflicted upon a partner. His senses reeled as one last, punishing stroke held at its deepest plunge, and a burning flood of molten fire was pumped into him from the cruel girdle.

His own pressing need engulfed him, and he found the strength to push the final fraction necessary to topple him from the crest of his climb into the volcano of climax. White-hot heat bathed him as his iron key melted into liquid and filled her strongbox with his greatest treasure.

Cunnygoode's legs around his waist were vise-like as she arched against him, her hungry nether-lips sucking greedily on their seething treat. Her moans in his ear were supplanted by screams of rapture.

His climax intensified as his mind refused to accept any more data, and his body took over. He didn't even realize that he now had the freedom to thrust naturally into the willing woman beneath him as his instincts continued the onslaught unabated. They worked together now, rising and falling in harmony, and he felt a second pressure building within his groin.

With one final shove, he ground his way deep inside her, his hands behind her curvaceous bottom pulling her against him as if they would indeed become one. Both cried out together as they crested ecstatically—one heart, one soul—fused by the girdle into one being for eternity.

There was a loud snap, and the girdle fell asunder, broken beyond repair.

He rolled onto his back, utterly spent, and then shakily levered up on one elbow. Tenderly, Malecom looked down at

Cunnygoode's lovely face, sated now with fulfilled desire. With a trembling hand, he brushed the sweat-dampened hair from her forehead, and quietly planted a kiss upon the white expanse. She smiled up at him with a radiance he dared not hope was his alone.

"I would say the spell is definitely broken now, my prince," she whispered.

"Aye, my lady," he agreed, tasting the sweat upon her brow with the tip of his tongue. "Frigi Diti has no more hold on me. Will you now become my queen and reign beside me by day and rule over me by night?"

"As you command, beloved. I have never wished for else."

He lay back on the couch, and took her into his arms. She rested her head contentedly on his broad chest, her golden hair bright against the dark shadow of his own. They lay in silence for several moments, re-gathering resources strained to the limits.

Then Malecom cleared his throat tentatively and ventured, "Umm... Cunny, my dearest love—"

"Yes, Malecom?"

"You don't by any chance know where we can get another one of those girdles, do you?"

Three Wishes

Once upon a time, long long ago, when it was harder to get a cab, but easier to find a virgin, there was a wicked wizard named Frigi Diti. Perhaps you have read of his exploits before, because he was a very wicked wizard, and he got around a lot. As fate would have it, a hot-blooded young princess willing to sacrifice her charms—and risk possible dissection—to rescue her beloved prince foiled his best spell, and the wizard was still pissed about it. Several years had passed since Cunnygoode had rescued her Malecom and risen with him to rule the country of Hardcoreia.

Their kingdom had grown in fame and fortune, until all the world knew of it, and that pretty well pissed the wizard off as well. The reason he put the spell on Malecom in the first place had been jealousy over his younger cousin's substantially larger endowments. For indeed, Frigi Diti was a member in good standing of the royal house—he just didn't stand as well as Malecom...or as long (if you catch my meaning). It was a clear case of princely penis envy.

And so Frigi withdrew into his cavern fortress after the reunion of Cunnygoode and Malecom with his best soft kid glove and a grudge. He would often sit in his favorite chair before a gently crackling fire and stroke his best friend in his lap until it stiffened to attention, and spat angrily into the night—before leaping away so that he could play with himself. (Oh, you thought I meant... No, silly—I was talking about his cat!)

As the years passed, Frigi Diti grew ever stranger, muttering to himself as he sat before his fire peering near-sightedly (you know what they say about your sight...) at the cat, which began to get more than a little nervous as time went on...

Well, it came to pass in time that the normal consequences of going at it like rabbits, as the king and queen were wont to do, caught up with them and a daughter was born to Cunnygoode. It is said that after the experience her ardor was rather cooled, but that is neither here or there to our tale. And nothing of interest much occurred in the girl's childhood, so we'll skip ahead to the good part.

Princess Purelisexy was a beautiful child, combining all the best features of her decidedly handsome parents. From Cunnygoode, she inherited her lovely golden ringlets that teased about her sweetly swelling bosom and fell well down her back. Her skin was the golden blush of a peach tinged with the most elegant rose about the cheeks, and deepening to scarlet on her full lips without needing to resort to the paints and powders that were increasingly necessary to maintain her mother's illusion of being her "older sister." From Malecom, she inherited her eyes of a blue so dark they looked near black, and her tall stature. She stood nearly six feet without shoes, so she wore them as seldom as possible.

Of course, about that particular castle, no one wore much by way of clothing anyway except for state occasions. But even then, Purelisexy usually wore only flat sandals, which laced up her shapely calves in a most fetching manner.

When Pureli was eighteen, she went for a ride one lovely summer afternoon. Pureli loved horses. They made her feel really happy when she was galloping along riding astride, as she always did, and bareback, as she always did, and unclothed, as she usually did whenever she could get away with it. She rode

along with her eyes closed—as she often did when the horse made her feel happy—for some time, and when she opened her eyes, she found herself in an unknown corner of the kingdom.

"Why, where on earth could we be, Stud?" she asked her stallion in wonder.

He shook his head and stamped his massive forefoot, rearranging his pose to display his generous endowment to better advantage. Stud never gave up hoping that someday after Pureli got to ride him, she would return the favor.

Purelisexy was a curious lass, and afraid of nothing, for she had led an extremely sheltered existence for all the freedoms she had known. Spying the entrance to a cavern through the trees skirting the sloping hill before her, she moved forward to investigate. Silently, on her little bare feet, she stole to the lip of the cavern and peered inside.

Something brushed her ankle, and she gave a little shriek, before she saw that it was a sinuously coiling cat. "Oh, pretty baby!" she murmured, picking it up—which was exactly what the cat had hoped for—and cradling it to her chest like a child.

The cat purred rapturously as she scratched under its chin, and began to lick her bare bosom. "Oh!" Pureli cried again in surprise...and then, "Oohhh..." as the rough sandpaper tongue began to coax the oddest sensations from her tender flesh.

The cat, well acquainted with this exercise, expertly washed the swelling curve of her left breast before concentrating its attentions on the rosebud nipple standing at the center. Pureli's eyes lost focus as the nipple began to harden under the skillful ministrations. Especially when the cat began to purr loudly, the vibrations running through its tongue to trill against the sensitive teat.

Pureli's chest began to heave, and Stud started forward jealously, but a hoarse shout broke the mood. Pureli instinctively

dropped the cat, which cast a baleful glare over its shoulder at the figure in the shadows before skulking over to commiserate with Stud.

"Who are you?" growled the shadowy man.

"I am the Princess Purelisexy," she replied, drawing herself up proudly. The movement did interesting things to her anatomy, and the figure drew in his breath with a sharp hiss.

"I should have known," muttered Frigi Diti—for, of course, it was he. "Who else would be wandering around naked in the middle of February? Come inside, girl, before you freeze your—before you catch cold."

"Oh, no...I couldn't. My father and mother have told me never to go anywhere with a strange man!"

"But you're not going anywhere with me. You're already here."

"That's true...and it is a bit chilly out here." That was evident from the goose—and other—bumps standing out on her lovely skin.

"Come inside," he exhorted again, stepping back from the mouth of the cave.

Purelisexy stepped cautiously into the darkness, squinting as she tried to see into the gloom of the interior. She felt an arm around her shoulder and pulled back slightly.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. I won't hurt you—why, we are related. Did you know that? I am your very own cousin."

"Really?" Pureli relaxed and let him lead her forward. After all, if they were related, what harm could there be in an arm around her shoulder? And if that arm had now slipped a little, and his hand slid under her arm to encircle her waist, what could that matter? And if his hand was lightly stroking her skin, moving toward her—fondling her breast!

Pureli stopped dead in her tracks and politely, but firmly,

removed his hand from her bosom. "I am sorry, sir, but cousin or not, I must protest this impudent behavior!"

To her utter amazement, the man broke into heaving sobs.

"Oh! There, there," she soothed, rushing forward and gathering him into her arms like the tender-hearted child she was.

Of course, this played directly into Frigi Diti's wicked hands. He was not the least upset by her rebuff, but had counted on winning her sympathy with the old "bursting into penitent sobs" ploy. Which, of course, worked.

His head now lay nestled between her firm, young breasts, and she had put it there and so could hardly protest. He smiled to himself and wrapped his arms around her supple body.

Pureli gasped, and he chuckled deep in his throat then nuzzled one of her luscious nipples into his eager mouth, running his tongue over it lightly. Her gasp deepened to a moan, and Frigi took a step forward, not relinquishing his hold on either waist or breast.

Pureli was forced to retreat or be shoved off balance by his advance. As she stepped back, her calf hit against a barrier, and she fell backward onto a low fur-draped bed.

She tried again to wriggle out from under Frigi's grasp, but he held her in place with an expertise drawn from long experience. "Don't fight it, dear one—it is fate that you came to me this morning."

Her curiosity getting the better of her, Pureli asked, "Why, whatever do you mean, sir?"

"I have been so lonely here in my cave, and only a beautiful princess can free me from the hand of that wicked villain, Frigi Diti!" Which, when you think about it, was absolutely true....

"Why, he is the monster who locked my father in that cold ivory tower for so many lonely years! How did you fall into that

horrible man's clutches?"

"It is a long story...surely you don't want to waste these precious moments we have together discussing that vile wretch." Frigi was not adverse to trashing himself if it would get him the desired results...and right now, Pureli was the desired results. "You must free me from my curse as your mother freed your father. My very soul is in your hands!" And he placed something between her little fingers.

"Why, sir! Whatever is this long, limp rope you have given me?"

Frigi gulped as she jerked the "rope." "Gently, my dear, gently...have you ever seen a man undressed, my princess?"

Pureli giggled at the question. "Why, sir...in our kingdom, it is far rarer to see a man dressed than un—"

"Then can you not guess what it is that you hold in your hand?"

"Oh, sir!" She made as if to drop his member, and he cupped her fingers in place.

"Please, beloved princess! Only the willing sacrifice of a virgin lover can break my sad curse and restore me to my full senses." Already he could feel his eager tool beginning to stiffen in anticipation of the delights it would soon taste.

Pureli began to stroke the soft flesh of his rod absently, and his dark-sensitive eyes could see a frown on her lovely face. "In that case, sir..." she bit her lip in a pretty gesture that drove him to distraction. "I am afraid that I cannot help you."

Frigi froze, his fingers poised above the hidden chasm they had been about to dip into. "But my dearest—don't you want to break the curse? I thought selflessness ran rampant in your family..."

Her lovely breasts heaved, and she sighed, two charming tears rolling down her perfect cheeks. "It's not that I wouldn't

help you if I could...but you say that you need a virgin—"

He was momentarily taken aback. "Uhh...I see. Well...perhaps the 'willing' part can make up for anything lacking in the other area...."

Her face brightened at once. "In that case—" She spread her legs and cocked her head at a coquettish angle. "—What are you waiting for?"

Frigi took a deep breath. This was turning out much better than he had anticipated. "As you say...." He threw off the robe he was wearing and lay down beside her, pulling her onto her side facing him. "I don't seem to be quite ready for the cure yet. How about a taste of the medicine?"

With a wicked little grin, she pulled away from him and reversed her position on the bed so that her impudent little valley was level with his chin and her own rosy lips were close to his half-masted flagstaff. "Taste away," she cooed, slipping his member into the warm wet cavern of her mouth.

Frigi closed his eyes in ecstasy. They were certainly progressive teachers at the castle. He bent his head to lap from Pureli's hidden pool, and the salty sweet taste was invigorating. He could feel a tightening in his groin muscles as she worked her magic on his so-long neglected equipment. Every good tool needs servicing now and then, he reflected to himself...but he preferred full maintenance.

He pulled himself free of her with difficulty and coaxed her to lie flat on her back, his tool now fully charged and ready to function. She arched her back slightly, displaying her breasts to their best advantage, and reached up for him, her knees falling invitingly apart.

Frigi fell upon her, his stiff rod surging into her hidden delights. Her sheath was tight around his dagger, as if custom made for its housing. If she were experienced, she was not

overly used...and the friction was maddening.

Her ankles twined behind his back and locked. She rose to meet his forward thrusts, and slid off his withdrawals like a well-oiled machine. He could feel the inevitable rush gathering within him, and drew back, ready to thrust home one last time and finish it off—but she slipped out from under him with a flirtatious grin and turned onto her stomach.

"There's one place I'm a virgin," she murmured over her shoulder, rising to her knees and leaning forward on the bed.

"That'll do!" Frigi crowed enthusiastically, and rammed home in the new casing.

Pureli moaned a little on his first stroke, but as he found his rhythm, and his hands came forward to clutch at her breasts, she began to meet his thrusts as eagerly as she had before.

With a shriek of triumph, Frigi spilt his offering in this unspoilt shrine. He fell across Pureli's back, exhausted. "You have done it, beloved. I can feel the ice around my heart melting away, for now I can reveal to you that I, indeed, myself, am Frigi Diti, the Wicked Wizard!"

Pureli giggled archly. "I knew that, silly. I have been looking for you ever since Mother and Father first told me the story of the Gilded Girdle. I figured anyone who could think of something so torturous as locking Father in the tower to study the Art of Love with no one to practice on must have a really evil sense of humor and be able to think of lovely little games to play." She pouted up at him. "I didn't want to spend my life playing with the boys when I could frolic with a real man... so I've been out looking for you every chance I got for months now. I knew I'd find you one day."

"What a naughty little girl you are!" he scolded her, with a lascivious chuckle. "I think you need a spanking!"

"Oh, yes," she agreed. "Definitely!" She sprawled on her

stomach on the bed, presenting her perfect backside in readiness. With a leer, Frigi fell to the punishment as enthusiastically as he had to the pleasure...and they lived happily ever after.

But wait, you say—what about the wishes? The name of the story is "Three Wishes"! Where are the wishes?!

All right, greedy! I'll tell you the wishes. The first wish was Pureli's—and it was that this would be the day that she finally found the reclusive Frigi Diti...and we've seen how that one came true.

The second wish was Frigi Diti's, and it was that he would be able to convince the golden-haired goddess outside his cave to sleep with him...and we've seen how that one came true. (Come on, now—they did sleep...eventually.)

The third wish was Stud's (you thought I'd forgotten about him—didn't you?), and it was that if he couldn't have Pureli...he wished that darn cat was a little bigger...and you don't even want to know what came of that wish!

About the Author

Tysche Dwai is new to the world of erotica, but she isn't going anywhere soon. She also has work out from Midnight Showcases, and a piece contracted to eXtasy Books. Visit her website at www.tyschedwai.com.