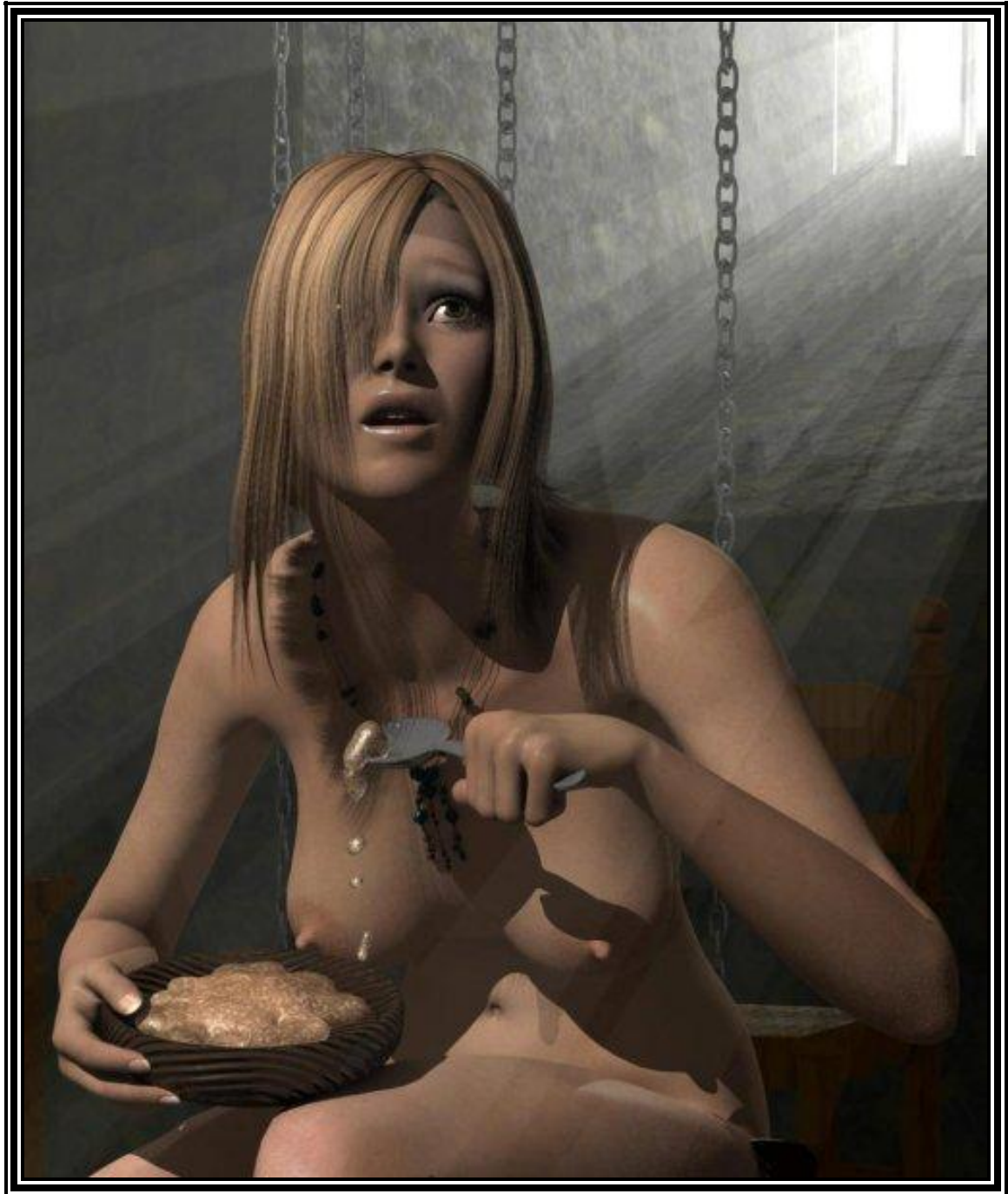


# Cinderella

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When her stepmother entered through the cottage door bearing the news, Cinderella was sitting exactly where she always did. And that was in front of the blazing log fire, the ash and cinders dappling her deathly pale skin; naked as always, as clothes were a vanity wasted on one who never ventured beyond the kitchen hearth, the stack of logs and the coal scuttle. Cinderella's stepsisters, for whom no luxury was too great and no expense too excessive, were slumped in their armchairs: a red leather one for Ursula and a green one for Ermintrude. There was also a rocking chair for their mother, but Cinderella had only bare stone on which to rest her naked buttocks.

"You'll never believe what I've heard!" Cinderella's stepmother announced. A broad smile spread over her podgy face, as she set a pannier of provisions on the kitchen table, the contents of which it was expected that Cinderella would assemble into a meal for the three other women. Only the uneaten scraps would be left to her. "It's the King. His Royal Majesty. He is hunting through the whole of his kingdom for a girl, a single girl, with whom he has fallen in love and whom he wishes to take as his concubine."

"So?" sniffed Ursula, who was tall and thin, with a nose long and aquiline, and a permanent sneer on her thin upper lip.

"Why should we care about the King?" echoed Ermintrude, an altogether plumper girl than her sister, resembling much more her mother.

"My daughters! My daughters!" exclaimed Cinderella's stepmother. "Have I not cared for you from the time of your birth? Lavished you with every groat bestowed me by your late father? Ensured that you have never been in want of a dainty shoe or an ermine cloak? Now, it is time for you to repay your mother who loves you so

dearly. Would it not be a deserving reward for your mother for one of my beautiful daughters to be a doxy for His Majesty?"

"Concubine? The King's whore!" Ursula sniffed.

"You cannot be serious, mother!" agreed Ermintrude.

"Are you not beautiful women, my daughters?"

The two girls nodded, while Cinderella gazed at them, her hand holding a turnip and the other the knife with which she was peeling the turnip. Indeed, they were two very attractive women, made the more so by the bounty of daily bathing, exotic perfume and luxurious dress. Ursula had a cruel face, but her neck was arched and curved like a swan. Her slender body, with its slight bosom, was elegant and handsome, and attracted many admirers. Those admirers, that is, not more taken by Ermintrude's more voluptuous beauty: a buxom woman with a luxury of curves and a wealth of overflowing white flesh. Cinderella's own beauty, which she had in great abundance, was hidden by the smudges and smut of her daily kitchen chores. Her thinness, unlike that of Ursula's, was one determined more by an impoverished rather than a fastidious diet.

"How can we become the King's courtesans, mother?" Ursula asked.

"Not both of you. Just the one. The King has proclaimed that he is seeking one girl, a special girl, with whom he has fallen in love. But he knows not who this girl may be. All he knows is that when he fucked her, he discovered a special bond with her. That in his amorous thrusts, he experienced more pleasure from a woman's cunt than he had ever done before."

"More even than that from his wife, the Queen?" wondered Ermintrude.

“Much more. More even than his late queen, brought down by plague. But kings never marry queens for the sexual pleasure they bring them, my dear daughters, but for reasons of state and the need to bear children of noble blood. And for this reason, the king has many whores, many courtesans, many mistresses and a Royal Concubine, who is almost like the Queen in wealth and luxury, but excused the obligations of regal duty or the necessity of constant childbirth. The King knows not who is this girl whose fucking was so memorable, but so besotted is he that he hunts her down, across the entire kingdom, in the home of every person of property and estate. Each girl he finds who says that she is the one, he fucks to know for sure whether it is indeed she who had given him so much pleasure.”

“All he knows of her is how she fucks? Not of her looks? Not her name, her lineage or her reputation?” Ursula asked, aghast. “How can the King be so ignorant? How can he fuck someone so unforgettably and know so little?”

“It was at one of the King’s Royal Orgies, my dearest,” Cinderella’s stepmother continued. “The flickering candle-light is not bright enough to distinguish one wench from another. All the girls wear a mask over the face, although the rest of the body be bare. And it was at this Royal Orgy, just one month ago, on the very day that we all went to darling Goneril’s debutante ball, that the King fucked this mysterious girl.”

“So, if she was such a good fuck, why didn’t the King learn her identity there and then, mother?” Ermintrude asked.

“Apparently, just after the King had given his all, bestowing more sperm on this wench than he had ever before been capable, she vanished as suddenly as she arrived,

leaving the King with only a memory of the best fuck of his life. A fuck so spectacular and wonderful that he pines like a young boy, hoping only that he may fuck like that once again. And now, although his mistresses and odalisques and the royal retinue of whores assail him constantly, massaging the royal penis, applying lips of both the mouth and vulva to its majesty, and however well and often he fucks, all pales to him in comparison to the fuck he has known. And..."

Cinderella's stepmother stopped, picked up a wooden spoon that lay on the table and flung it angrily at her stepdaughter, glancing off her forehead. Cinderella yelped and lowered her head.

"I saw you smirk, you whore!" the woman exclaimed. "Why did you smirk, you fucker of pigs and scum?"

Cinderella kept her head low, too accustomed to her stepmother's anger to contradict her. "I'm sorry, mistress. I didn't mean to..."

"You liar! You filthy sow! Your expression intimated you knew only too well what it is to fuck a man. And what man would fuck you, a filthy slut? You are fit only for the savage thrusts of swine and asses. I am tired now, but when I have recovered my energy, I shall apply my switch to your buttocks with vigour."

The stepmother waddled over to Cinderella, spat full in her face and waddled back to her rocking chair. She sat down in it, and rocked back and forth.

"And so, my darling daughters, Ursula and Ermintrude, fruit of my womb and the reward of my own virtuous efforts, you shall inform the King's servants that you were both at the King's orgies and that you had sex with him on that night. And that you are, indeed, the one he seeks with such passion."

“But how will he be convinced of this, mother?” wondered Ursula.

“Both you and darling Ermintrude shall practice in the art of fucking, under my expert tutelage, so that when the King comes and fucks you, he will be so won over by your amorous skills that he will assert that you are the one. And if not you, Ursula, then you, Ermintrude.”

“But, mother...” exclaimed Ermintrude. “As you desired, we have kept our maidenhead intact these many years in pursuit of the perfect husband.”

“Your maidenheads may be intact, but your mouths and your arses have savoured many a youth’s throbbing member, my daughters. I am not a fool, you know. But now, a more rich and bounteous prize may be ours, and so virtue must be superseded by energetic training.”

“And when does this new regime begin?” queried a clearly excited Ermintrude, a hot red flush across her pale, plump cheeks.

“Why! This very evening. After we have dined. But first, my daughters,” she continued, standing up and taking a long cane from where it was supported by nails to the cottage wall, just beneath a portrait of her deceased husband, “I must administer punishment on my smirking stepdaughter. Will you care to assist me?”

Cinderella knew that in addition to the pains of preparing food and being admonished for all manner of shortcomings in its preparation and quality, she would also have to bear the stinging pain of red marks across her buttocks, bruises over her face and, perhaps again, a raw blue swelling above her eyes. And in all the suffering she was to endure, she would needs be heedful not to weep or cry in pain, so as not to further antagonise the three women who, besides being her wards, were also her

torturers and tormentors.

This was not how the women were considered by the yeomen and apprentices of Cinderella's village. Rather, her two stepsisters were known as amiable wenches, who though desirous of maintaining their virtue, did not stint at welcoming men in their embraces. And her stepmother had a reputation as a woman who despite her advancing years was well-practiced and skilled at the art of lovemaking, and was a worthy fuck for any man, whatever his age. And now, when it was announced that the two stepsisters had abandoned the imperative to secure their virtue and would welcome any man's member between their open thighs, the better endowed the more welcome, their good repute within the village soared and the men of the diocese were queuing at the cottage door for a taste of the two stepsisters' fleshly bounty. The women of the village, the affianced and espoused, did not care to express an opinion. And if they did, it would be ignored by their menfolk.

As Cinderella witnessed, nursing her bruises by the blazing fire, a dark swelling over one eye where Ursula had struck her with her fist, and her arse still tender from the vigorous lashings of her stepmother's switch, the first business that needed to be disposed of was the troubling matter of the two stepsisters' virtue which their mother was determined should not be sold too cheaply. The lord of the manor, Squire Lichenstone, was willing to pay handsomely in gold for the privilege of fucking the two at the same time and taking their maidenheads from them. He was also willing to take what he believed was their anal virginity, for which he paid an even more handsome sum not knowing that every fellow in the diocese, except the village idiot, had already had the acquaintance and pleasure of preceding him.

Now, this duty complete, the two stepsisters could pursue their regime in earnest, under the watchful eye of their mother, who had already tasted every man, and was happy to taste them again, while Cinderella was obliged to attend to the men's needs should their penises be too feeble to enter the vagina of either Ursula or Ermintrude. But the stepmother ensured that this tuition, necessary as it was to convince the king that one or the other girl was the one he sought, also turned in a handsome profit, by tempting in each man she could with promises of inexpensive lust-requiting and finding ingenious ways to increase the cost of provision. This inevitably entailed an additional cost for the unlucky apprentice or farmer who needed extra coaxing from Cinderella's tongue and mouth, for which the young girl received not a penny from the recompense demanded by her stepmother.

It did not escape the two sisters' notice that their stepsister was an eager and accomplished fellater, but all this earned Cinderella were more blows, although she was allowed the privilege of licking clean the semen from the girls' vaginas, it being undesirable that they become pregnant. Her long tongue and the skill by which she applied it were invaluable in cleansing them, along with the hot water and sponge also used in this essential duty.

As Cinderella sat by the hearth, perhaps peeling swedes or chopping up parsnips, the two sisters were demonstrably their mother's daughters, frantic and vocal in their love-making, as man after man plied assiduously at their cunts, sometimes the two of them entertaining the same man, or several men paying for the opportunity to share a fuck with their fellows, taking the penises, large, fat, slim or slightly curved, one after the other, arse or cunt, although the mouth was now only applied by



Cinderella whom it was judged was better able to cope with the rich taste and flavour of penises that she coaxed towards their full stiffness. And for an extra few groats, the men could relieve themselves on Cinderella, but only in the courtyard, so that their piss would fall on her face, on her knotted blonde hair and on the sunbaked soil.

However, news soon came that the King's entourage was proceeding towards the borough, visiting every wench in the kingdom who claimed that it was she whom the King had fucked on that fateful night. So many women throughout the kingdom lay claim to the privilege of having been fucked by him that fateful night that were it so, he was the most virile man in all Christendom. His progress had been necessarily slow, unable to fuck more than a half dozen damsels a day, and sometimes fewer, especially on the Sabbath where whole hours of his day were dedicated to his duties as God's representative to his flock.

But at last he was in the diocese, a portly man of middle age and middle height, with a full red beard and a huge retinue of ministers, servants, whores, entertainers, courtiers, knights, sycophants, advisers, and a diminutive jester whose japes were as crude as his nose was red and his groin a mass of genital warts. The king rode into the village, looking from side to side at the hovels, cottages and mansions, the dirt-tracked roads full not only of the usual swine, asses, fowl and oxen, but also of his cheering vassals, bidding that he live forever and bless the village with his grace. Although popular with the peasantry, merchants and yeomen, he was less gladly received in truth, although much welcomed in appearances, by the squire and his family who would be in debt for many years to come to pay for the feasting, whoring and entertaining of his majesty and his court.

“The next on the list, your Royal Majesty,” announced the King’s first minister, a tall and elderly man with a wart on his hooked nose and but one tooth left in his gummy mouth, “is the household of Mrs. Abundant, a widow of many years, who maintains still the estate of her late husband,”

“Pshaw!” exclaimed the king, spitting on the soil. “I know for sure that the wench I seek is of tender years. This widow is but a fraud.”

“It is not the widow, your Royal Majesty. It is her two daughters. Both claim that they were fucked by you on that portentous night and are convinced that it was one of them who gave you so much pleasure.”

“This is so? Two wenches! But it was but one I fucked at the time.”

“’Tis true that only one may be the one you seek, but both claim that they were fucked by you and will let you decide if that be true.”

“Well! Let us to their bosom. It is several days now since I enjoyed the pleasure of two wenches at the same time.”

Cinderella’s stepmother’s cottage was a large one for the diocese and sufficient to house a much larger family than just a mother, her two daughters and a stepdaughter. But only a mansion could accommodate the king and his company, and even then only his ministers and most senior knights could enjoy the hospitality of a squire’s bedchamber or, if they were of senior enough station, the pleasures of the squire’s wives and daughters. So it was necessary for Cinderella’s stepsisters to agree to the King fucking them in the courtyard outside the cottage, in full view of the whole village.

Even Cinderella was allowed the privilege of witnessing the King have intimate

knowledge of the two sisters, for which she was allowed to bathe for the first time in many months, revealing a pale freckled skin beneath the smut and soot that had mostly caked her flesh. The tangled knots of hair were tugged apart and her pretty face could at last be seen without hindrance. As she sat cross-legged by the swine and poultry in Mrs Abundant's yard, denied, of course, any proximity to decent folk, she excited comment amongst the men of the village, even those whose penis she had engorged with her mouth or those who had paid a few extra pennies to piss on her face. Cinderella was indeed a more attractive girl than any had known her to be. More beautiful indeed than her stepsisters, who, nevertheless, would never acknowledge this even had they the discernment to see that this was so. And this beauty was evident even though she was naked and wretchedly thin,

Ursula and Ermintrude disrobed in front of the king and the courtiers, so now there were three unclothed women in the yard, including Cinderella. But it was the two stepsisters who lay down on their buttocks on the grass, their legs open wide, as one after the other, the king fucked the two of them: one moment thrusting between Ursula's slender thighs and then squeezing his way between Ermintrude's fuller and fleshier ones. The courtiers and ministers looked on disinterestedly, having often seen their king fuck maidens of all shapes, sizes and age, familiar with his snorting, grunting efforts, his hairy flaccid buttocks thrusting back and forth, his knees resting on the woollen rugs laid on the ground beneath him and the woman into which he was thrusting.

Ursula and Ermintrude gave the best they could, tutored well in the expression of sexual ecstasy, their cries of passion echoing throughout the village, as loud as the

church bells peal, startling the grazing mule, frightening the squawking pheasants and scattering flocks of dunnocks. However, it was soon clear that the king was not convinced. He let loose his sperm perfunctorily first in Ursula and then a few remaining drops over Ermintrude's face. He slumped in the regal throne that was carried with great effort by three servants of his chamber.

He beckoned forward Cinderella's stepmother who approached warily, perhaps fearful that a disappointed monarch might mete punishment rather than rewards on his subjects.

"Neither wench is the one, madam," he said, brushing his nose with the back of his hand, his semen-coated penis limp on the velvet seat of his throne. "But they have performed well and so shall be rewarded."

"Thank you, your Royal Majesty. My daughters were so sure that it was they who..."

"Yes. Yes," impatiently remarked the king, who had heard such excuses before. He cast his eyes around the company, and spotted, for the first time, Cinderella, crouched naked by a huge hog. He furrowed his brow.

"Hold! Who is this damsel?" he asked, pointing a regal finger in her direction. "She is most radiant. Was it she who gave me pleasure on that day?"

"That is my stepdaughter, your Royal Majesty," remarked Mrs Abundant. "It is most unlikely that she would have availed herself of you. She is just a slut, worthy only of being pissed on."

"I'm not sure. There is something about her. Shall we ask her?"

"Of course, your Royal Majesty," Cinderella's stepmother agreed. She

hastened over to her stepdaughter, grabbed her by her arm and dragged her over to the King. She pushed her rudely to the ground at his feet, where she bowed down.

Cinderella trembled under his eyes, her arms spread ahead of her, and gazed up towards the King of the Realm.

“So, little wench, was it you who I fucked on that night?” asked the King with an amused smile, perhaps expecting a meek denial.

“I cannot lie, your Royal Majesty,” Cinderella said. “It was I.”

“You fucking liar!” exclaimed her stepmother, kicking her ward’s bare back as she lay on the ground.

“Can you be sure, wench?” asked the king.

“I am, your Royal Majesty.”

“And how could that be?”

“On the day you mention, your Royal Majesty, my Fairy Godmother came to visit me, waved her magic wand and spirited me to the Royal Orgy. I arrived in a coach and four, where I was received in great splendour. And it was there, your Royal Majesty, that you fucked me. But I had to hasten away before midnight because the spell would last only to that moment. But I got away before those accursed bells tolled and settled back in front of my hearth to do duty for my two stepsisters.”

The court, the village and, most of all, Cinderella’s stepmother and stepdaughters listened with disbelief and merriment to her account. And when they finished they broke into great laughter.

“You slut! You fucking lying whore!” exclaimed the stepmother. “I shall beat you within an inch of your life for your lies.”

“And I shall force you not only to drink my piss, but to eat my shit!” agreed Ursula.

“And then you will needs apply your tongue to all our cunts to ask our forgiveness, you sow’s cunt!” Ermintrude added.

“Hold, ladies!” the King commanded. “There may be truth in this wench’s remarks. It is certainly worth investigating. I wish to fuck this maiden. And I wish to fuck her now.”

And the truth of his assertion was there to see in the erect penis beneath his overhanging belly and proud against the velvet of his throne.

“I beseech you, your Royal Majesty,” said an evidently worried stepmother. “Cinderella is just a slut of the lowest order. Her cunt has only been visited by swine and ass, her face only fit for pissing on and her flesh meet only for the caresses of fists and whips.”

“My mind is made up!” the king announced.

He stood up in front of the prostrate Cinderella, offered her an open palm and lifted her to her feet.

“Now, dear wench, we shall proceed to the royal rugs where I shall fuck you and we shall discover whether it was indeed you who I fucked on that day.”

“Gladly, your Royal Majesty,” replied Cinderella, who at this moment looked more happy and radiant than any man or woman in the village had ever seen her before.

It was to the horror of Cinderella’s stepfamily, the disbelief of the King’s court and the incredulity of the village that the fucking when it commenced between the King

and this previously little regarded wench was quite clearly of a nature never before witnessed in the realm. The intensity of the passion, the ecstasy apparent in Cinderella's many orgasms, the tirelessness of the King's thrusts: these were all of an order that none had believed possible. The court was speechless, for once not chattering and smirking as the King's arse commenced its habitual thrusting. The penises of the village men pressed hard against the fabric of their tunics, whilst the women felt a moistness between their legs engendered from witnessing such unbridled lust they were eager to requite as soon as they could. And Cinderella's stepsisters became more miserable than they had ever been before.

But most discomfited of all was Cinderella's stepmother, whose face expressed utter dismay. She sat on the ground between her stepsisters, still disrobed after their recent fucking, angry tears squeezing from her eyes and trickling over her pudgy cheeks.

There could have been no wandering traveller or labouring peasant within many leagues who did not hear Cinderella's coital cries of ecstasy and the almost as loud cries of joy from their regal ruler, not ashamed to give vent to many profanities in the declaration of his pleasure. The deer in the forest were startled and stood still, their ears twitching in wonder. The wolves and bears were themselves too stunned to take advantage of their prey's inertia.

And for so long, for hours of thrusting, the King's balls replenished so soon that after releasing his semen deep within Cinderella's cunt, then up again the King's member did rise, ready again for more thrusts within the moist welcome caresses of the serving wench's hole. And Cinderella's legs clasped around the King's thighs and

buttocks so tightly that an ox would be needed to part the pair from their amorous coupling.

At last, with the sun dipping in the sky, the bodies of the King and Cinderella parted and the two lay on their backs, panting with their exertion, faces to the sky, while the whole village and the King's court burst into a spontaneous applause. No one had ever seen conjugal trysting of such a degree before.

"In God's truth, you are the one!" the King told Cinderella.

And then to the court, the village and the realm, the King announced. "I have found the one who shall now be my Principal Concubine. She will take the crown as Royal Courtesan and the wench who currently has that honour will become once again the mere whore she once was."

"But your Royal Majesty," wondered the King's chancellor, standing by his side with a cloak to cover the regal flesh. "How can you be so sure?"

"It is the wench's tale of a Fairy Godmother. Only one of regal blood and pure inheritance is honoured with a Fairy Godmother. It is one of the lesser known privileges of my station."

The King addressed Cinderella, who was now on her knees, her long blonde hair plastered to her hot sweaty body. "Tell me, sweet damsel, did this Fairy Godmother have blue hair and green eyes?"

"She did, your Royal Majesty. And she was most pleasing plump as well!"

"By Jove! She is the same Fairy Godmother as that bestowed on me!"

The King strode towards Cinderella's stepmother who knelt between her daughters, looking most humble and miserable.



“Madam! You have some explaining to do.”

The stepmother nodded. She gazed up at the King.

“Cinderella is your daughter, your Royal Majesty.”

“My daughter?”

“Your bastard daughter. Not the legitimate daughter of your Queens’ labour. She was the result of a trysting between your Royal Majesty and the first wife of my late husband, may his soul rest in peace.”

“My bastard daughter? And where is the woman who is the mother of this child?”

“She died in childbirth. Only your daughter survived, brought up but much despised by my late husband who blamed her for the death of his first wife.”

“So, Cinderella is my daughter. This is good news. It is known that the most passionate love a monarch can have is with similarly royal blood. Indeed, the smaller the degree of consanguinity the more passionate the coupling.”

And from this moment, the life of Cinderella was indeed such that she lived happily ever after. In fact, she happily enjoyed many more passionate couplings with the King and endowed him with many bastard children, more even than his legitimate offspring, and predeceased the King, her father and lover, by several years, the victim herself of a tragic childbirth, the issue of which was the Black Prince who in later years caused so much grief to the realm.

But that is another tale.

All lived happily ever after, that is, except for Cinderella’s stepfamily. On learning of the extent of his daughter’s misery over the years, as later confessed in the

connubial bed, the King ordained that her stepmother should be clapped in irons and spend the rest of her years chained to a hog sty. And her two stepsisters were sold as whores to Pagan merchants where they would end their days in sodomy and suffering.

And for many generations, the people of Cinderella's village would recount and many a wandering troubadour sing of the tale of the King's coupling with sweet Cinderella.