

THE TALE OF
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS

AS RE-TOLD FROM THE BROTHERS GRIMM

BY KATE BORNSTEIN

FOR TANIA AND RACHEL

I.

The mayor of Seattle sighed deeply and looked out over her lovely city. It was a beautiful day, the mountains were out.

“Good morning, old girl,” the mayor whispered. She was talking to Mount Rainier. “Got a baby for me yet?”

The mayor sensed the quivering of her own lower lip. People always told her she had a pouty lower lip. Well she did, and she knew it. All that does, she thought to herself, is it makes you feel your lip more when it’s quivering. But those darned tears were springing up in the corners of her eyes. And suddenly, there came a profoundly deep rumbling voice, a voice as deep as the earth herself.

“Well baby girl,” the deep voice said teasingly, “today could be your lucky day.”

The Mayor’s eyes flew open in astonishment. She could feel the vibration of that powerful voice—down to the soles of her awfully cute pumps. The Mountain had never talked back before! For the last thirty years, each and every day the Mountain came out of her cloudy back room, the Mayor had posed the same question.

“Got a baby for me yet?”

Of course, it was a silly thing to do—ask a mountain if two lesbians could have a baby together. What nonsense! But the Mayor had always wished deep in her heart that she could bear her lover’s child... her lover with the sweetest pussy in the Pacific Northwest. Well, maybe with the exception of her own yummy pussy.

The Mayor had a very sweet pussy, indeed, and she knew it. All that does, she thought to herself, is it makes you feel it more when it’s quivering, and that’s a GREAT thing. The Mayor truly enjoyed the delights of her own sweet pussy, and her lover knew how to play her pussy like a tenor sax. But two pussies had never brought about a baby together, at least not that the Mayor knew of. But today, the Mountain had answered back.

“My... lucky day, your ladyship?” The Mayor spoke with the deepest respect.

“Get your tail down to The Wet Spot right now and take a bath,” chuckled the Mountain.

"I... huh... wha-a-a-a," choked the Mayor. The Wet Spot was the women's bath house up on the Hill. Long ago, when she was first elected to City Council, the Mayor had stopped visiting that hot, steamy collection of Seattle's best girls.

"Your Mountainship," she stuttered, "I'm the MAYOR. I can't go there."

But the Mountain was silent, and the Mayor only screamed just a little when the red phone her desk began to ring. Composing herself quickly, she tapped the button for speakerphone.

"Hey, Yeronner, it's Madge down at Town Hall Safety & Security. I'm just callin' to say don't you worry your pretty little head. It was just a small quake just now, a 1.7."

Wait a minute, The Mayor thought to herself. Earthquake? Madge had gone on talking.

"...so the only reason we felt it in the city at all," she was saying, "is that the shaker was centered out by Rainier. It's rare, but the Old Girl doesn't seem shaken by it." Madge chuckled at her own joke.

"You are a dear thing for calling," sighed The Mayor. An earthquake. That's all it was. An earthquake.

"It's my job," grumbled Madge, but she was pleased that The Mayor was pleased.

Madge was one of The Mayor's oldest and bestest friends. They'd been lovers in high school. Madge all shyness, butch, and strong. The Mayor-to-be all femme and fierce. They'd stayed friends all these years, often having dinner at each other's house.

"Nothing rattled up in your office, Sugar Pop?" That name still made The Mayor blush. She laughed.

"Nothing rattled but my brains, you dear, mad thing," laughed The Mayor. "I swear I just heard Old Lady Rainier talking to me."

"What did she say," asked Madge without the slightest bit of surprise or suspicion. Madge was a wise Wiccan lesbian—which is why The Mayor always called her a mad thing. But Madge knew that the Old Lady could talk. They'd had many a conversation, Madge and The Mountain, but that's another story entirely.

“Well it’s kind of embarrassing, really,” The Mayor was saying.

“What did she say,” barked Madge. “The old girl doesn’t talk unless she’s got something earth-shaking important to say.”

So The Mayor blurted it all out, the part about the Wet Spot part and the bath part and even the right now part.

“Well,” said Madge when the mayor had finished. “Get your sweet pussy down to The Wet Spot right now and take yourself a bath.” As if in affirmation, the earth rumbled once more.

And that’s how The Mayor ended up in The Wet Spot at three o’clock on a sunny Tuesday afternoon in Seattle.

II.

The Mayor lay naked in the cedar wood tub, her arms resting on the cool wet ceramic tiles. She'd been lying in the tub for over fifteen minutes now, and nothing had happened. What the fuck, she thought to herself.

It was just half an hour ago that she'd pulled her BMW into the parking lot. She could have sworn it was her sweet lover's lavender Prius pulling out of the lot at the same time. But no, that couldn't have been her, thought The Mayor. And that's when she spotted the froggiest girl she had ever seen in her life—standing right in front of her in the tub.

For starters, she was green. No, REALLY green—lots of greens, in fact, many shades of green tracing the girl's well-toned body in beautiful patterns of swampy camouflage. The girl's skin was wet with water and something else that looked slippery. Big eyes, she had. No, REALLY big eyes, like a froggie. Only that somehow made her SO pretty. The girl had long, webbed fingers and long webbed toes. Now she was opening and closing her webbed hand... slowly, flirtatiously.

Yes, thought The Mayor to herself, this is the froggiest girl I have ever seen in my life... but oh my gosh, she is turning me ON! Whatever must her TONGUE look like? She quickly found out.

The beautiful froggy girl had dropped to her knees so that she was now face to face with the naked Mayor, who was now breathing a whole lot more quickly. Froggy girl smiled a big wide, froggy smile and before you could say "I hope they get to fuck," Froggy girl's tongue was deep inside the Mayor's mouth, and they were locked in a tight, wet embrace.

For her part, The Mayor was sucking delightedly at the wet tongue that was lapping the inside of her mouth. She tasted like the most perfect seafood you've ever eaten. The Mayor gasped as that long red delicious tongue lapped it's way down her throat. Her hips rose and met Froggy girl's slippery hard thigh. The Mayor opened the back of her throat really wide and took that tongue deeper and deeper and deeper. And still she rode Froggy girl's perfect smooth and hard thigh.

For the second time that day, The Mayor's eyes flew open in astonishment. That froggy tongue was still filling her throat deliciously, but it hadn't stopped moving downward through her body. Her eyes flew quickly to the tub. No blood. That tongue was magically snaking it's way through her tummy and now... now it was starting to poke out her sweet swollen pussy!

"Oh!, Oh! Oh!" squeaked The Mayor in three very un-mayorly squeaks, for Froggy Girl's tongue not only pulsed deep within in throat, the very tip of it was stroking her sparkly clitoris JUST RIGHT! As soon as The Mayor was able to put together a rational thought, it came out something along the lines of: This is a magical day indeed.

Ah, but the magic had not ended. Not by a long shot. For now, that Froggy tongue deep in her throat and wedged up tightly between her darling pussy lips—that same tongue was working it's way into the perfect rosebud that was her asshole! May Mount Rainier strike me down where I stand if I am not telling you the very details of that magical day.

The Mayor was writhing in waves of ecstasy. She was swallowing, and she was clenching, and ow, ow, ow... she was opening on up. And up, and up, and up! And the water shook in the pool as the third earthquake of the day hit Seattle. And The Mayor screamed in perfect joy.

Later, she lay in Froggy Girl's perfectly slippery warm arms.

"Thank you," she murmured.

"The pleasure was all mine," replied Froggy Girl earnestly. "And now I have something to tell you."

"What's that," laughed The Mayor, for NOTHING could top the events of the day.

But Froggy Girl put her face close to The Mayor's face and said quite solemnly,

"Your wish shall be fulfilled. Before nine months have gone by, you shall bear your lover's child, a daughter."

"I... huh... wha-a-a-a," exclaimed The Mayor for the third time that day.

Froggy girl laughed, and for a long moment she curled her tongue round and round The Mayor's breasts until The Mayor was purring like a deeply satisfied kitten. Then Froggy Girl slid her tongue back into her mouth and spoke once more.

"Your lover was here earlier, and we had a lovely time in the tub together. When we did, I took something from her, and I gave it to you. Really, you're gonna have your lover's little girl. Yay, you!"

Froggy girl laughed at The Mayor's startled expression, and they spent the next two hours together in the tub celebrating the good news.

III.

What the Froggy Girl had said came true, and The Mayor gave birth to a little girl, her name was Rachel. And little Rachel was the spitting image—and therefore as beautiful as—The Mayor’s lover. Rachel was in fact the most beautiful baby born in the entire Pacific Northwest that year. Everyone who saw her agreed. Her smile was magical, even as an infant.

Well, The Mayor could not contain herself for joy, and she ordered a great feast be catered at the mayoral mansion. She never used the place all that much. It seemed far too over the top elite for a progressive elected official. But The Mayor had invited not only her family, friends acquaintances, but also her constituents. Only the mayoral mansion could hold that many people!

The guests of honor were the wise women—the matriarchs of Seattle’s lesbian community and the ladies who were the political leaders of the Pacific Northwest—in order that they might be kind and well-disposed towards the child. There were thirteen of them in the city, but the staff at the mansion had informed The Mayor that there were only twelve golden plates for them to eat out of. So one of the matriarchs had to be left off the guest list. The Mayor decided it would be Sarah Palin who wouldn’t get to come to the celebration.

It was a good choice. Sarah was a cranky thing. She was anti-porn, anti-penetration, and anti pretty much anything that’s kind and decent and generous and fun in the world. One did not speak of dildos with Ex-Half-Governor Palin. No, no, no. Plus, The Mayor was a vegetarian—vegan even. She and her lover did their own gourmet vegan cooking together, and there’d be lots of delicious food, but there would be nothing that ever had a face on the menu for the banquet. No. Sarah Palin would go off on a wild streak about that! She’d demand moose meat or worse, she’d bring her own kill to the banquet. Better not to invite her—even though she was in fact a lady as witchy as Madge.

IV.

The Mayor's vegan feast was held with all manner of properly humble Pacific Northwest splendor—the mayor's mansion was after all completely green. Well, course after course of great vegan dishes pleased the assembled guests greatly. Dinner came to an end with a particularly scrumptious dessert of dairy-free, egg-free, soy-free red velvet spelt cake with creamy vanilla gluten-free frosting. Oh, everyone was so happy!

And then it was time for the giftings from the wise women and the strong women, the twelve invited guests who seemed to be having so much fun with each other over at their table, all set with twelve golden plates. They'd laughed and laughed through the entire meal. But now, each rose in turn to bestow her magic gift upon baby Rachel.

Surely, there were the usual gifts of virtue, beauty, and riches. But this was a really fun group of old ladies. One of them gifted little Rachel with the ability to shift genders, however grandly or subtly she might want to do that. Another gifted the baby with a future of great sex with the partner or partners of her choice. There were magical dildos and enchanted fur-lined handcuffs. Goodness! There was no end of lovely gifting going on that evening. Oh, what a lucky little child!

When eleven of the wise and strong women had made their promises, suddenly the back door to the banquet hall burst open. It was Sarah Palin! And yes, she was carrying a shotgun. And sure enough, the bloody carcass of an entire bull moose hung heavily over her right shoulder. Damn, she was pretty but damn she was weird. The Ex-Half-Governor wished to avenge herself for not having been invited, and without greeting, or even looking at anyone, she cried with a loud but oddly sexy voice,

"The Mayor's daughter shall in her eighteenth year prick herself with a spindle, and fall down dead." And she flung the moose carcass to the floor at her feet and further addressed the assembled.

"Eat it, you freakin' vedge-head dykes," snarled Palin, "It'll put some blood in your cheeks."

Without saying a word more, she turned round and stormed out of the room. Several guests—those sitting closest to the moose kill—ran to the ladies room to be sick. All the assembled guests were in shock.

But the twelfth invited wise woman whose good wish still remained unspoken, came forward. It was Madge! She shuffled out into the middle of the ballroom, wearing her San Francisco baseball cap. The room went silent around her.

“Um, look,” Madge began, her eyes fixed on the toes of her high-top sneakers. “I can’t undo the evil sentence.”

In the back of the hall, a nice gay man wept.

Madge kept talking.

“But I’m pretty sure I can soften it,” she said. “Young Rachel shall not die... but she’s going to fall asleep for a hundred years.”

From the assembled, a collective gasp.

“OK, OK,” said Madge with a embarrassed shrug of her shoulders. “It could be less than a hundred years...”

“Oh yay!” screamed the nice gay man at the back of the hall.

“Hang on,” growled Madge, “There’s a catch.” For there is always a catch with this sort of magic.

“Rachel will wake up sooner than a hundred years if AND ONLY IF an amazing dyke fucks her silly—everywhere—with this enchanted dildo.” She held up a really big dildo. No, REALLY big, like an arm. This drew a second collective gasp from the assembled.

“Well that could be fun,” mused the nice gay man at the back of the hall.

V.

“Spindle? What the hell is a spindle, anyway?”

The Mayor tapped furiously at her keyboard, and presto! Spindle Wiki popped onto the 27” screen of her beloved iMac, along with a slow-loading hi-res image of a spinning wheel.

“Who the hell uses those today anyway?!” She laughed with relief. “Leave it to Ex-Half-Governor Palin to curse the child with a spell that was SO two centuries old!”

“Honey, we live in the Pacific Northwest,” said The Mayor’s lover later that evening as the two of them lay in bed. “There are gonna be some hippie girls and radical faerie boyz with spinning wheels.”

The Mayor began to protest, but her girlfriend just grinned and slowly twisted her fist—the fist she had way up inside The Mayor’s sweet pussy.

Mmmmm, thought The Mayor.

“All their looms and spinning wheels are out in the woods, hon, out on some island.” She slowly stretched her fist open, and The Mayor began to fly. “All we have to do is keep her out of the woods. Problem solved.”

The Mayor saw stars of nothing but love and good fortune. Like all lesbians, she knew that when you have a vision at the height of a girl-girl orgasm, then that vision is going to come true. She worried no more about Rachel’s future

VI.

It happened that on the very day when she was eighteen years old. What's more, it was the very same day that she and her mom and other mom were moving into the stupid governor's mansion in Olympia—stuffy, full of antiques and far from all her friends. Especially Tania. She was going to be really far away from Tania. (Even though Olympia isn't really all that far from Seattle, people who live in Seattle think it's WAY far.)

Oh, why didn't mom lose the election! No, she didn't mean that. Rachel was proud of her mom being Governor of Washington—as proud as she was of her other mom who worked with Doctors Without Borders.

She had good moms, she knew that. But the governor's mansion? OLYMPIA? Who even knew that Olympia was the state capital of Washington? In Rachel's mind, nothing could be worse than having to move to Olympia. And now she was indulging herself with a bit of righteous hissy fit.

It was her birthday, darn it! She had reached the age of consent, and beyond a lot of great hugging and kissing and sometimes fondling, and well maybe some stroking and okay, some rubbing. Tania was REALLY good at rubbing. But beyond that, young Rachel hadn't traveled very far on her life's journey of sexual exploration.

Okay, she'd played with her birthday gifts. She and that magic vibrator were inseparable. And Tania had once tied her up with the enchanted fur-lined handcuffs. That was fun. Rachel felt her darling pussy twitch with the memory. But now Tania was in Seattle, and Rachel was in STUPID OLYMPIA! T

The last of the movers left the house. With a sigh and a shrug, Rachel set out to explore the empty governor's mansion. She went round into all sorts of places, looked into rooms and bed-chambers just as she liked, and at last came to the three gables at the very top of the mansion. She climbed up the narrow winding- staircase, and reached a little door. A rusty key was in the lock, and when she turned it the door sprang open, and there in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning her flax. She turned to Rachel, and smiled.

“Happy birthday, young lady. Do, step inside.”

VII.

Rachel wasn't alarmed or even confused by the sight of the old woman in the room. Both her moms had many old hippy dyke friends. It's true, she didn't know this particular old hippy dyke, but she'd learned the correct form of address from her lesbian matriarchs.

"Good day, old mother," said The Governor's daughter, "what are you doing there?"

"I am spinning," said the old woman, and nodded her head about the room. "This old mansion pays for itself by tourists who take a guided tour to visit the older times, the better times."

Oh great, Rachel thought to herself, a home full of tourists to look forward to.

"I'm a deep believer in traditional values," the old woman continued. "Look at this wheel I'm spinning with. Behind a wheel—that's where women belong."

Holy crap, was this lady for real? But Rachel had learned good manners, and she inquired about the spinning wheel. It was quite eye-catching.

"What sort of thing is that, that rattles round so merrily," said the girl. The old spinster paused in her spinning and held the spindle out to the young girl. Rachel took the spindle, because she too wanted to spin.

But scarcely had Rachel touched the spindle when the magic decree began its terrible fulfillment. The spindle had become nothing less than a perfectly yummy strap-on dildo.

But uh-oh... the old lady was strapping the dildo onto... herself!

"Wait," cried Rachel, "I am blessed by wise lesbians that the only sex I'll ever have will perfect, and it'll be with my dream-come-true lover."

"Yes," smiled the older woman, "I know."

And with that she shrugged off her old-lady clothes and stood before Rachel, naked and gorgeous and... Sarah Palin?!?

Oh this can NOT be right, thought Rachel to herself, but she couldn't take her eyes off the dildo twitching between the thighs of the former beauty queen from Alaska. Rachel moaned in longing, and before you can say, "Oh my Goddess, are they really going to fuck?" the surprisingly fit Ex-Half-Governor had undressed the young beauty and lain down atop her.

"This is who I really am," Sarah whispered, "and you are who I really love."

"I... huh... wha-a-a-a," exclaimed Rachel, who had inherited her mother's verbal stress tic.

"Shhhhhhh," said Sarah comfortingly, "My politics won't let me live this kind of life, but right here, right now you are everything I love and I'm going to prove that to you." And with that, she began to rotate her hips and she pushed her cock slowly up into Rachel's perfect young pussy.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," cried Rachel, "Oh, oh, oh!"

The Ex-Half-Governor of Alaska was true to her word, and proceeded to love the younger woman PERFECTLY for the next ten hours. Maybe it was twelve. There are many places you can put a dildo, even one that was made from the spindle of an antique spinning wheel. Maybe it was a day and a half later when Sarah Palin slowly pulled that lovely dildo out of young Rachel's mouth, leaving the young girl with a big silly grin on her face.

"I'm sleepy," was all that Rachel managed to say. For she had indeed been pricked by a spindle, and the curse was about to fulfill itself in a most terrible manner.

VIII.

On the bed, Rachel lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep extended over the whole governor's mansion and to anyone who entered it. The Governor and her lover, newly returned from DC—both of them were asleep. The whole of her cabinet was asleep. People on the street, too, went to sleep. Baristas—hundreds of them in Olympia alone—lay their heads down on their countertops and slept deeply. Dogs in the yards, the pigeons upon the roof, the flies on the wall, even the rain that fell incessantly in Olympia became quiet and slept in the shape of a fog that obscured the city of Olympia from anyone's view. In the kitchen, the cook and her boyfriend were locked in an ardent embrace, but they too fell asleep! Everyone, everywhere, had fallen asleep—even the nice gay man from the celebration fell asleep, and he had been having himself a perfectly lovely orgy on the other side of town.

Round and round about the governor's mansion there began to grow a hedge of blackberries. Years passed, and very year the hedge became higher, until at last it had grown all round the governor's mansion and all over it, so that there was nothing of the mansion to be seen, not even the state flag of Washington upon the roof.

And like magic—for magic it was—Olympia disappeared from mind and memory. Poof! People went on thinking that Seattle was the state capital of Washington and that The Governor was doing a fine job. Someplace.

Over the next ten years, a rose bush fell deeply in love with the blackberry vine that grew round the mansion. The roses and the blackberries joined thorns and roses blossomed everywhere, covering the entirety of the governor's mansion. More years passed, and the story of The Sleeping Beauty had grown to mythic stature throughout the Pacific Northwest dyke underground.

From time to time young dykes came to Olympia. Those who stayed awake long enough to get to the governor's mansion found the blackberry hedge impossible to breach, for the thorns held fast together, as if they had hands, and the young dykes who'd made it that far in their search for The Sleeping Beauty were caught in the thorns of the roses and the blackberries, and they could not get loose again.

Please do not feel sorry for these brave, young, horny dykes. For to be pierced by blackberry and rose at the same time is to be lit afire with the flames of every erotic goddess ever worshipped by witches and lesbians. The young dykes writhed and screamed on the mingled brambles of rose and blackberry—but they were writhing and screaming in ecstasy for all of time to come.

IX.

A perfect ray of Seattle sunshine fell across Tania as she lay back on the bed with a big, silly smile. She knew how to give herself pleasure, and that's just what she'd done no more than two minutes ago. She had no sooner decided to give herself yet another round with her most funnest vibrator, when a knock came on the door.

Rats, thought Tania to herself, but she pulled up her panties and jeans and went to the front door of her little apartment in the U District of Seattle. Force of habit made Tania peer through the peephole. She wasn't expecting anyone. Then again, she wasn't afraid of anyone she might open the door to—so ignoring the warning signs of the crazy-looking old lady standing on her front stoop, Tania flung open the door.

"Good day, old mother, come in and sit. I'll make you tea."

The crazy old lady smiled, nodded her head, and shuffled into the room. Her hand moved hesitantly to the San Francisco baseball cap on her head.

"You can keep your cap on mother, if it pleases you or gives you strength," said Tania with all due respect. The old lady sighed with gratitude, scratched her head through her cap, and settled herself a comfy armchair in Tania's living room. Tania appeared with tea service less than ten minutes later, and the two of them sat in silence drinking their tea for the next twenty minutes. They made quite a pair: the old hippy witchy butch and the handsome young diesel femme. They were comfortable with each other because they were both dykes. Finally, the crone spoke up.

"My name is Madge."

Tania sat silently through the long pause. She'd learned long ago that when a woman has begun to talk, you let her talk until she tells you that she's done.

The two of them drank some more tea before Madge spoke again.

"You're Tania, Rachel's one true love."

"I... huh... wha-a-a-a,"

Tania had picked up the speech tic from Rachel, the one true love she'd held in her heart since the day Rachel had to move to Olympia. Wait. Wasn't Olympia a myth? As if she were reading Tania's mind, Madge spoke again.

“Olympia is a real place, junior. People say it’s all fog. They call it the Bermuda Triangle of the Pacific Northwest,” and here Madge snorted. “I call it a roach motel.”

“Uh huh,” said Tania, not really knowing what on earth the old lady was talking about. But she was determined to let her talk. Madge seemed grateful for her patience.

“Rachel’s in there,” Madge finally blurted out. “She’s the one everyone is calling...”

“Pookie!,” exclaimed Tania. Tears of joy sprang up in her eyes.

“Pookie? No, no one’s calling her Pookie. They’re calling her The Sleeping Beauty.”

“I called her Pookie,” Tania “We called each other Pookie.”

Of a sudden, Tania looked sideways up at Madge and narrowed her eyes.

“Are you witching me, old woman? Are you trying to charm me with fairy tales?”

“It’s no fairy tale,” snapped Madge. “It’s as true as the pussy juice you started to leak as soon as you remembered Rachel. Tania had the decency to blush deeply. Madge snorted, but pressed on and told Tania the story of the celebration dinner.

“And if you don’t want your Pookie to go on sleeping for the full hundred years, you’re gonna have to be her dyke knight in shining armor, buck-o.”

Tania was about to make a smart-ass remark, but before she could form the words, Madge reached into a deep purple velvet bag she wore over her shoulder... and pulled out the enchanted lavender dildo. The big one. No, the REALLY big one, like an arm. That big.

Well, Tania thought to herself, this could be fun. And she agreed to go on a quest to waken The Sleeping Beauty, her very own Pookie.

X.

The bus and trains had all stopped running to Olympia. There were roads—big, super highways—but no one used them anymore. It was an extraordinarily warm and sunny day, and all the mountains were out to see the next young dyke try her hand at waking The Sleeping Beauty.

Tania stood on a hillside overlooking the sudden cloud of dense fog. Madge had said there'd be a fog. That's where the city would be, she'd said. Inside the fog. Tania set off at a jog down the open superhighway. Into the fog she ran.

"How will I find my way to the governor's mansion once I'm inside the fog?" she'd asked Madge.

"You'll be inside a city."

"So you say." Tania was no one's fool. She wasn't completely convinced this was no fool's errand.

"That's Olympia," exclaimed Madge, slapping her hand down on the table for emphasis. Tania took a deep breath and said nothing. Madge continued,

"Olympia—silent as Death herself, except for the ecstatic cries and moans of young dykes embraced by thorns. Follow their voices. You'll have reached the mansion."

That's how Tania ended up inside the fog—inside Olympia itself! She looked around and sure enough, it looked like a city. And it was silent as death. But as she walked further into the city, the more clearly she heard the cries of young dykes in perpetual orgasm. Holy smoke, thought Tania. If all this is true, that means that Rachel... and with just the thought of the joy she'd experienced with her true love, Tania felt her pussy go all wet and swollen.

When Tania came near to the thorn-hedge, it was nothing but large and beautiful flowers, which refused to part from each other, no matter which way she tried to get past them. The air was heavy with the scent of rose blossoms and the come of scores of girls who've been orgasming every minute of the last dozen years. Tania blinked and inhaled deeply—and she had an idea! She reached into her side-bag, pulled open the REALLY BIG enchanted penis, and held it before her.

“If my Pookie is in there,” she cried aloud, “then this is all magic, and I ask you politely, dear brambles—could you for a moment, cease your embrace and part for me?” Well, all of a sudden and all of their own accord, the rose and blackberry brambles parted and they let Tania pass unhurt, then they closed again behind her like a hedge.

On the roof of each gable, sat pigeons with their heads under their wings. The front door of the governor’s mansion was open, and in Tania walked. She saw the governor’s kitty kats and the spotted hounds lying asleep. And when she walked further still, she saw that the flies were asleep upon the wall. In the kitchen, she saw the cook and her boyfriend fast asleep in each other’s arms and lips and... she blushed to look down and see where else they were joined. All through the mansion, she searched, and all she found was death-like sleep.

XI.

Tania went on farther, and in there in the main hall lay the Governor and her girlfriend—they'd returned home when they'd heard the disturbing lack of news from Olympia, and no sooner had they entered the mansion, then down they went in deep slumber.

Then Tania went on still farther and at last she passed through the small door into the little room where lay before her The Sleeping Beauty. The enchanted dildo twitched for joy in her hand, and she wasted no time at all in strapping around her waste and thighs—and she gasped! She could feel the dildo as if it were a part of her own body. She stroked the length of it between her legs, and gave a groan. That's when she looked down and saw the face of her true, true love. There she lay, so beautiful that Tania could not turn her eyes away, and she stooped down and gave her a kiss.

Nothing happened. The Beauty's lips were warm, but they were lifeless. And then the earth shook beneath Tania's feet, and she heard a voice as deep as the earth itself.

"You've got the wrong pair of lips there, junior," chuckled The Mountains. Well, Tania needed no more coaching. She knew exactly what to do. Still leaning above Beauty's face, she whispered.

"Rachel, sweet love of my life. I know how to wake you from your enchanted slumber... but I'm not going to fuck you silly without asking your permission. So, um, Pookie? Can I please fuck you silly?"

The earth rumbled again—the largest quake yet—and the trembling of the very earth shook from Rachel's lips these very words.

"Ahhhh. Ahhhh yes, please."

Tania threw her head back and laughed. She rubbed her hands together gleefully. This was going to be fun.

XII.

Tania held her enchanted cock as she knelt between the darling knees of The Sleeping Beauty. By now, it felt perfectly natural to her—having a HUGE cock that felt like it was part of her own body! Now, she leaned forward.

If you happened to be watching the two dear dykes from mattress-top level, you would have seen the most marvelous occurrence: As Tania's enchanted cock drew ever closer to The Beauty's perfectly sweet pussy, those two nether lips puckered and reached forward, as if to kiss! And kiss they did as Tania slowly pushed her cock forward, up, and into The Beauty—who was asleep no more!

"Pookie?!" asked Rachel in shock and joy, "Is it really you?!"

"It's me, Pookie. Remember how you loved me to do this."

The "this" so beloved by Rachel took over thirty minutes and left the two of them soaking wet with sweat and everything else a dyke in love and lust might be soaking with. A puzzled frown creased Tania's face.

"Hey! How can you be awake," she asked. "I SO totally haven't fucked you silly EVERYWHERE."

"Huh?" Poor Rachel had NO idea what was going on, and she said as much to Tania. "But I've gotta tell ya," she grinned, "This is the best birthday party a girl could ever wish for!"

"About your age," said Tania as she corkscrewed her hips in such a way as to make the two of them cry out in joy. She she did it some more. And some more after that. Two hours later, Tania continued. "You're not eighteen any more, Pookie." And Tania told Rachel the story Madge had told her—how Rachel had been pricked by the spindle-wearing Half-Ex-Governor.

"I remember that," murmured Beauty. "She said she really loved me. Imagine that, she's a dyke and she can't live her dream. Poor thing." A tear ran down Rachel's cheek, because she really was a very caring girl.

"Can't have you all unhappy, Pookie," said Tania. "Check out a couple of the tricks this enchanted dildo can perform."

Well, I certainly can't list them all here, but I can tell you that Madge's enchanted REALLY BIG dildo could—on cue—expand, contract, pulse, vibrate, spin, undulate, and sort of explode—over and over—into LOTS of warm wetness. So Tania and Rachel put that dildo through it's paces.

Huge as it was, Rachel found that she could take it into her mouth quite easily. It tasted vaguely of avocado and cucumber, and wrestled with her tongue as if it had a mind of its own! Later—when that huge cock was nestled up inside Beauty's welcoming backside—it was Beauty herself who came up with the answer to Tania's question: How could she have awakened before she'd been fucked silly by the best dyke ever in the whole wide world?

"It couldn't be the very best fuck ever if I hadn't been awake to take part in it."

The two lovers nuzzled each other fondly.

Well, now that the spell had been broken, the fog blew off the city of Olympia. All over town, people were waking up and getting on with their lives. All over the state of Washington, people were remembering that yes indeed, their capital city was Olympia—home of the fabled Sleeping Beauty.

"Hey," said Rachel to Tania as they lay in each others' arms, "How's about you give me that enchanted cock and let me fuck your brains out every which way I possibly can."

And she did.

XIII.

The two Pookies indeed lived happily ever after.

As did The Governor and her lover, who'd gone all polyamorous. The Governor had even legalized polyamory in the State of Washington! She and her long-time lover now lived and loved in a triad with the froggiest girl you could ever imagine.

The dykes who'd been pierced by the thorns of ecstasy were given the choice to leave or remain entwined with the roses and blackberries. All the young dykes chose wisely—both those who stayed, and those who moved on.

The mountains went happily back to sleep. Every now and then, they still wake to speak with any witchy dyke who has the good sense to listen.

And Madge had the happiest ending of them all. She and Ex-Half-Governor Sarah Palin had fallen madly in love with each other, which resulted in the complete downfall of the Republican Party and bad people everywhere.

But that's another fairy tale entirely.

THE END