

**Cynthia Steadywyck
of
Pu'uaka Kaha'a Beach
by
Morgana Feldstone**

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

**SEX OR SOMETHING
LIKE THAT SOON BE AT
HAND**

WARNING! WARNING! WARNING!

**I have no concept of what is decent, indecent, obscene,
pornographic, artistic, sophomoric, stupid, or simply inane.**

**If you are under 18, not looking for porn, believe that anything
can be obscene, or reside in a jurisdiction that has laws
regarding same, please close this document, and do not read
any further.**

Of course, if you are looking for porn, you most certainly will be disappointed. It's more art than porn in my opinion. Still, I've read so many warnings in my life, I feel the need to post my own. Rest assured that soon enough there will be plenty of sex play at hand for those who know how to read the lines, at least. Make of it what you will. Or how does the saying go? Do as thou whilst is the whole of the law. But for Cynthia's sake, I pray thee be gentle...

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this is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
series

Morgana never did finish this story.
And neither shall I.

Likely, Cynthia surrendered: body, mind, and soul. So, there was little point in continuing. But then, I wasn't there. So, what do I know?

Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.

Like what you see?
Want to finish it?
Or transform it into something else?
Let's work out a deal.
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...and after a page and a half of redundant boiler plate...
...here now, the story...

} } } } } **Steady on Steadwyck** { { { { {

Close the circle.
Leave your will behind.
And follow along where I lead.

} } } } } Steady on Steadwyck { { { { {

Open your eyes.
Slowly.
But do not look around.
We will get to all that in a moment. For now concentrate on the cup of hot liquid which you cradle in your hands. It is a small

cup -- no bigger than a shot glass -- and though it is not terrible important, notice that it is one of those small ceramic vessels that the Japanese use for sake, and that it is plain and green, like the shell of a turtle.

Hold the cup. Feel the warmth, and inhale the vapors. It has a sweet sour smell about it, almost like citrus, but then not quite. It is lilikoi, and I for one, am a great fan of the fruit.

Slowly take a sip. Enjoy the novel flavor, the indescribable uniqueness of something new.

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

When you are done savoring the drink, put the cup down next to the small pot that simmers over a candle, and now look around. You are in Hawaii. This thought is paramount in your host's mind. She is in Hawaii. After thirty years she can still hardly believe it.

“I'm really here.”

Let the thought creep through your mind, find a place in your heart, and settle in your soul. If you have done nothing else in your life, you have moved here, and lived here.

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

But I told you to look around. Take in the small room in which you sit. Look to the ceiling and note the rotting two-by-fours which just barely support the rusting corrugated metal. Any storm might be the structure's last, and the wind blows constantly here. The windows are open. They have no screens. The door is ajar. It cannot close. And the walls... and the floor... the holes are too numerous to count, but it is home. It is yours. Thirty years ago you bought it. And it hasn't changed a bit.

Of course the twenty grand you paid for it is now worth 1.5 mill, but money isn't everything.

It is a sentiment that is shared by the geckos which crawl on the walls, the birds which sing in the yard, and whales which croon

to their mates in the none too distant ocean -- just across the street and down a short path.

I suppose it should be mentioned that if you had bought on the other side of the street your shack would be worth five or six million more, but then you would have had to come up with an extra ten grand for that, and at the time it hadn't seemed worth it.

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

No doubt this is my distraction, my obsession.

Forgive me.

Return to the moment. Return to Cynthia Steadwyck, for that is the name of our host. Real estate agent, conservationist, and aging hippy, not that you would know any of that from her body. It hasn't aged a day. In fact, quite the reverse. With every passing moment it becomes grander and grander.

I like to think I had some small part in that... and well the candles... and the chants.

I suppose you know them, or you wouldn't be here, so I hope you will understand my tight lips and closed mind when in comes to such things.

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

But there I go, dancing away again.

Let me take a moment to focus.

Take a deep breath with me.

Reach out with your hands -- with Cynthia's hands -- and grab hold of the lead candle. Note that she sits in the pattern reversed. Note that her legs jut out past where the outline would be had she condescended to follow the way and still use chalk. And while we are at it, note those legs.

Can you feel my envy?

Can you feel my desire?

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

These thoughts are, of course, not on Cynthia's mind and so they shall not be on ours. Take hold of the candle. Break the pattern. Open the circle. Lean back. And lay down.

Gaze up at the exposed rafters that make up the ceiling. Look over at the kitchen window -- it is the one over the sink that doesn't work -- and follow Cynthia's gaze towards the vine that grows there. It is lilikoi. You may wish to remember it... and as she mentally goes over her secret -- time honored -- process for preparing her tea, you might wish to commit that to memory as well.

I know I have.

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

Now let your eyes look to the rafters again as you hold the candle high.

Is this what you seek?

Power?

Illumination?

Guidance?

Or perhaps it is the form, the substance, the true nature -- the symbolic nature -- of the waxy phallus, which calls to your heart, and beckons your soul.

Who am I to dictate your pleasure.

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

As you hold the candle high with one hand -- as you subvert your will to your master -- let the other pleasure your flesh. Let your fingers glide across your taunt, well muscled abdomen. I am sure Cynthia could sell a work-out tape or two if she desired.

Let your hands rise. Feel your breasts. They are magnificent. How old did I say Cynthia was? I don't know, but I must be mistaken. Firm. Ripe. Plump. She could not possibly be a day over...

Well I suppose, I should let you work it out.

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

Let your hand rise further to your neck. Feel the lines, the muscles. Run your hands through your hair. It is ridiculously long. I mean, really... and not a tangle or knot in the lot. Gather a bunch in your hand and fling it over your body. Linger in the sensation. Enjoy the moment as you caress your head, ears, and face, and then slowly work your way downwards.

As you do, let the one hand join the other. Move your silken panties aside... and well, I am sure that you know the drill from here. Need I guide your hand stroke by stroke?

If you are going to rule the world, if stars themselves are going to delight in sitting at your feet, if the sun is to rise for your sole pleasure, then you will need to learn to do something for yourself...

Or for Cynthia as the case may be.

}}}} } Steady on Steadwyck {{{{{

Feel free to get a bit sloppy -- caught up in the moment -- and spill a bit of wax here and there. I'm sure it's appropriate, and if not appropriate certainly deserving.

Listen to her plaintive -- pleading -- cries, "Ow! Ouch! Oh. Ooh!" as you do this.

Cynthia is certainly enjoying herself, so enjoy yourself, my darlings.

For you see, there really is no point in worrying about the morrow. It may never well come. And if it does, I am quite certain it can take care of itself.

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When you get right down to it, it's quite tragic really. Such a lovely young girl -- or should I say, such a lovely old girl -- all

alone reduced to wrecking havoc on her own body in a sad, pathetic attempt to satiate her wanton -- base -- physical desires.

Of course, I say this all tongue-in-cheek, for somewhere along the way Cynthia's soul has left her body.

Perchance it would be best if we were to join her, and go where she has gone.

It isn't far, just across the road, down a path, and to the beach.

} } } } } Steady on Steadwyck { { { { {

But I don't mean to rush you.

Take your time with her body, and when you are ready, as one, we will go.

For there is safety in numbers.

And I am all about safety, my children.

Safety. Tradition. And preserving the status quo.

On that you most definitely may rely.

} } } } } Steady on Steadwyck { { { { {

5-9-14

Brett Paufler

I assume at this point that you all know that Morgana is a Witch who casts her spells in prose. Typically she traps her enemies in an endless circle (a repeating story that loops back to the beginning); but then, I suppose sometimes she must work things out with her intended victims, come to some sort of agreement, or otherwise solve the problem at hand (before the circle closes), which in this particular case (and when you get right down to it), may well have been getting into Cynthia's pants; because, Morgana is that type of Witch.