

To Serve A Princess

Chapter 01

The Princess stood in the mirror for a long while and observed her reflection in its polished face. The dress was beautiful, accenting her full breasts and bringing out the beauty of her hazel eyes but it couldn't erase the sadness from them. These days were to be the last fun ones of her life because in a few weeks, she would have to wed Sir Roger Gaufrette, the most eligible of all the local bachelors. She should be happy; indeed, she should be jumping for joy to be honored to be offered for but she could not. Because she held a secret. A secret so dear that she could not even speak it.

Princess Rosebud liked girls.

"Are you ready to go to the market, my darling?" Her mother, Queen Rosamund swept in, breaking her thoughts.

"Yes, mother."

"You must buy some things to take with you tomorrow. Oh, isn't it so exciting!"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, don't dawdle! Let's get going!"

Even in the carriage, her thoughts flew back to girls. There wasn't just one thing she loved about girls. It was everything. Soft lips, full curves. She would sneak downstairs and watch the handmaidens wash themselves, nearly swooning as the soapy lather clung to tasty nipples and delicious thighs.

"Rosebud?"

"Wha – What?"

"I was talking to you."

The Queen continued her talking, weaving tales of other royal weddings and how grand the Princess's nuptials would be. Princess Rosebud's heart sank as the burgeoning spring foliage sped by. She did not want to marry a man. She wanted a woman!

Thankfully, the market was bustling with activity. She begged her mother to be allowed to wander and since there was no threat of danger to her, the Queen agreed. So Princess

Rosebud set off alone. She searched the kiosks, accepting congratulations on her upcoming marriage as she looked over the merchants' wares. Then, she saw her.

Her skin was the color of milk chocolate, smooth and beautifully oiled with her sweat as she struggled to move a bale of hay. Her arms were muscled, but not overly so; her hips were slim, her breasts pushed nicely against a low cut top and the harem-style pants she wore showed the sleek muscles of her legs. But what caught and held Princess Rosebud's attention was her face. The girl was breathtaking with kohl blackened eyes and pink lips.

Their eyes met and a thrill coursed through her. The girl nodded in reverential acknowledgement and turned to move a heavy wooden drum. The princess moved closer, her mouth suddenly dry and her silk-clad pussy suddenly wet.

"Excuse me."

The woman turned and deep brown eyes gazed into her hazel ones. "Yes?"

The princess just gasped at the deep sound of her voice. Her skin pebbled with goosebumps at the sexy timbre. "I – I ..."

"Velvet!" A harsh voice intruded. "Have you moved that drum yet?"

"Almost!" The girl replied to her potbellied boss, who stood in the doorway of the store but her eyes did not leave those of the princess.

"Well, get it done! I have more work for you inside!"

"Okay!" Velvet turned back to the beautiful girl standing before her with a deep sigh. "I must go."

"No, please ..." Rosebud heard herself plead. "I have need of a handmaiden."

"Talk to Mrs. Morris just over there. She has several girls that might meet your needs."

"But I want you."

Those words spoke volumes about what was in Rosebud's heart and the two women just stared at each other. Then Velvet's eyes moved down to Rosebud's pursed lips and the alabaster tops of her breasts, returning to her eyes. "But I am a laborer."

"I don't care." Rosebud said, imagining her head dipping between those muscled legs and mmmm ... "I need someone that can help protect me as well as aid me in my daily tasks." And those hands. Nice firm fingers that would plunge into my wet slit ... "And you certainly look strong enough."

"Oh, that I am." Velvet boasted, drawing close, whispering, "And that's not all I'm good at."

Heat flared between them, coloring Rosebud's delicate features and making the sweat shine on Velvet's skin. Her heart thundered in her ears as the tip of Velvet's tongue lazily slid across her own lips, knowingly ensnaring her in the web of sexual tension. That tongue rimming my asshole ...

"Call your boss." The princess took a deep breath to clear her mind and moved closer to Velvet. She couldn't resist quickly running a fingertip across her own puckered nipple, a motion that the other woman did not miss. "You belong to me now."

Velvet hefted her pack on her back and crested the last hill. The castle arose like a white slab of granite, nestled between rolling verdant hills and flowering fruit trees. It looked like a dream and seemed very fitting for the dream her day had become. She felt her pussy twitch and gush a bit as she remembered the princess and her hazel eyes. Such a beautiful woman ... and she wants me! She could hardly suppress her enthusiasm as she packed her things and left the store. Her boss had required that she finish her day of work and was begrudgingly happy for her good fortune but he didn't know how she really felt. How she longed to kiss Rosebud's fingertips. How she longed to taste the warm expanse of Rosebud's mouth. How she longed to lick the downy hairs along the crease of Rosebud's ass.

Now here she was, standing nearly upon the drawbridge with only a portcullis separating her and the woman that she had fallen in love with. Did she really say that? She paused, examining her thoughts. Yes, I am in love with her! As she continued across the bridge, she secretly hoped in her heart that Rosebud was in love with her, too.

Up above, Rosebud stood on the forward parapet, a single yellow rose clutched in her shaking hands. She had been standing outside for the last half hour, searching the landscape for Velvet's figure. The Queen had not been happy with her daughter's wishes, but could not fault her logic. Rosebud would be in a strange household, and while she would be assigned handmaidens and ladies-in-waiting, it would be prudent to have someone close that she could absolutely depend on. She had given tacit approval, demanding that the woman be brought to an audience with her and the King first.

Ah, there!

She saw Velvet's form, trudging up the hill and disappearing under the apple trees. Her heart set to thumping uncontrollably again, the shaking in her hands intensified and she swallowed past a lump in her throat. It was several minutes before she saw Velvet again and the lump in her throat was joined with tears. She saw that Velvet had taken the time to assemble a bouquet of apple blossoms and was securing them with the leather thong

she had used for her hair. The thick black hair swung free, crowning her glorious face. She could stand it no longer. She left the parapet at a full run, leaping down the stairs and startling chambermaids and guards alike.

Velvet approached the portcullis and spoke to the guard. Within moments, the heavy structure lifted upward and she strolled into the outer bailey, accompanied by a guard who escorted her into the downstairs solar with words that she would be attended to shortly. She dropped her pack in the corner and took in the burnished wood and jeweled stained glass opulence of the room.

Suddenly, the door burst open.

Gasping for breath, Rosebud stood frozen in the doorway, her heart leaping in joy. She knew by the look on Velvet's face that the other woman was feeling the same thing she was. The door closed silently behind her and she forced her legs to move, propelling her toward the advancing woman. They met in the center of the room.

"Welcome." Rosebud's breathy voice rolled over Velvet like the rays of the warming sun. She saw, with great joy, that the princess was offering her the rose she had been holding and she thrust her fragrant bundle forward.

"For you, my princess."

My princess! Rosebud melted inside as she heard the words and gasped loudly as their fingers met during the exchange of flowers. Her reaction was echoed by Velvet and the princess trembled as the chocolate brown fingers brazenly stroked her pale ones.

"I like that you called me that." She whispered.

"But you are my princess." Rosebud nodded dully. Perhaps she had read something in her words that really wasn't there. Velvet's fingertips stroked the sensitive skin between her thumb and index finger as she moved a little closer. "But I will make you my Rosebud and I will be your Velvet."

Velvet felt the woman tremble at her words and she ached to press her lips against the woman's soft palm to seal them but the heavy door squeaked open and their hands quickly separated. A guard stepped into the room, bowing to Rosebud.

"They will see Mistress Velvet now."

"Thank you, Rolf." Rosebud dismissed him with a nod of her head and turned back to Velvet. "Come on. You have to meet my parents." She grabbed Velvet's hand and paused when she felt the woman's fingers intertwine with hers, pulling her to a halt.

"A kiss first."

"We can't keep the King and Queen waiting."

"Please," Velvet moved close, looking down into her hazel eyes, licking her lips in anticipation. "My princess."

Their lips met and both women groaned, Velvet's slightly rough lips pressed against the soft, perfumed ones of the princess. She pulled the woman's body against hers with an arm around her waist while the other supported her back, the fingers stroking her neck and sliding into her hair at the base of her skull. She ran her tongue along the seam of Rosebud's mouth and whimpered as it opened, the sweet softness extending inward as her tongue gently sought to merge. She crushed her against her, suddenly overheated and sucked the princess's tongue into her mouth.

Rosebud had never felt so loved, so wanted. Her knees turned to water when Velvet sucked on her tongue and she pushed her pelvis against the other woman's, wanting to feel their soft mounds rub together. A moment passed and she moaned into Velvet's mouth as she felt the woman's hand cup her twitching pussy through the gown. A finger searched for the crease and rubbed against her growing clit, eliciting another trembling moan. Suddenly, liquid heat flooded her pussy and she came violently, her mouth still attached to Velvet's.

Velvet pulled back, holding her limp princess gently. She was amazed that the princess had cum so quickly and was happy that Rosebud trusted her enough to give herself over to that magic. "My Rosebud." She murmured, kissing her ear. "We should not keep them waiting any longer."

Rosebud nodded, taking deep breaths and trying to compose herself. She could barely look Velvet in the eyes because she was so embarrassed. How could she have cum so quickly? She must think that I'm a whore, she thought secretly. She clutched the bouquet of blossoms to her still spasming abdomen and said, "Follow me."

Velvet watched her open the door and start down the hallway, confused at Rosebud's sudden change. As she followed, she only hoped that she would have an opportunity to talk to her later.

The audience with the King and Queen went smoothly. She was questioned about her past and work experience. King Simon was happy to find that she enjoyed playing chess and promised to be a worthy opponent while Queen Rosamund was overjoyed to find that she could cook. Velvet had promised to make a small raspberry bombe for the Queen's afternoon tea in two days' time. She was released into the temporary care of the seneschal, Sir Gordie, to be taught the machinations of castle life and subtleties of life at court.

Not surprisingly, Princess Rosebud had remained quiet during the audience and remained behind to speak with her parents once Sir Gordie was assigned as her escort. She avoided Velvet's eyes as she departed from the chamber and worked her way through her parents' tedious questions. In the end, both were well satisfied and it was agreed that Velvet would become Principal Lady-In-Waiting and would receive her own suite of rooms adjacent to those of the princess. She would also receive a handsome stipend and would be granted run of the property.

Inwardly, Rosebud sighed with relief, now knowing that Velvet was welcomed into the household but her stomach quivered as her thoughts flew back to the kiss in the solar. Velvet's mouth was so warm and her tongue so gentle and dominant that it hadn't taken long for her pussy to start gushing and even less time to reach a glorious climax. But she felt like such a whore! How could Velvet touch her again, without remembering that? And she couldn't endure the disdain she felt sure that she'd see in Velvet's dark eyes. She was no better than the animals in the field, fucking and not giving a damn who saw.

Gods, please help me! She prayed. I love her and I don't want to lose her!

For the next several days, the princess avoided Velvet and it wasn't too difficult. When Velvet wasn't playing chess with the King, she was teaching Cook how to make hazelnut tarts or exploring the castle with Sir Gordie. Each night, she would knock on Rosebud's door and each night, Rosebud would pretend that she was asleep, sobbing in agonized silence.

She was wandering around in the upper bailey when Velvet grabbed her, pulled her into an empty chamber and shut the door.

"What's wrong with you?"

"N-Nothing!" Rosebud stammered, rubbing her arm where Velvet's leather gloves had chafed her.

"Bullshit! You've been avoiding me!"

"No, I haven't. You've been busy!"

"Why haven't you answered your door?"

"Because I was sleeping and didn't hear your knock."

"More bullshit! You weren't sleeping if you heard me knocking!" Velvet marched over to where Rosebud stood staring out of the window. She wanted to put her hands out and embrace her, but her sensibilities told her to wait. She had to know why Rosebud was acting so strangely. "You welcomed me so warmly, just days ago, and now, you're treating

me like a leper.”

“I didn’t mean to.” Rosebud choked out before dissolving into tears. Velvet enfolded her in her arms, sitting on the window seat and drawing the princess into her lap.

“What has you so sad, my princess?” Velvet asked, stroking her hair.

For a long moment, Rosebud could not speak as she wept. “You think I’m a whore.”

“What?”

The princess sniffled, standing up and dabbing her eyes with a previously hidden handkerchief. “Because of what happened in the solar, you think I’m a whore.”

“Who said that? Did someone tell you that?”

“No.” She replied in a small voice. She went to the window and looked out again. “But I – I ... so quickly ... ”

“Because you came so quickly?” Velvet moved behind her, inhaling the perfume of roses that wafted from her hair. “Are you kidding? I was flattered.”

Rosebud turned to Velvet, falling into her dark eyes. “Flattered?”

“Hell, yes! Do you know what a gift you gave me? To respond to me without restraint and to entrust me with your intimacy?” Velvet put her hands on Rosebud’s hips, moving her closer. “You made me so happy! I barely made it through the first day because all I could think about was making you cum again.”

Rosebud felt like crying again. She felt like such an idiot. She should have followed her instincts and listened to what her heart had been telling her. But she had ignored it. She was so afraid that Velvet wouldn’t want her that she couldn’t see how much Velvet did want her. She could see it now, shining brightly in those dark eyes. She leaned forward and pressed her open mouth to Velvet’s lips.

The contact was electric again. Velvet felt a lightning bolt travel down her spine where Rosebud’s hand lay and sizzle right into her pooling pussy. She reveled in the absolute softness of the princess’s mouth and gave her control of the kiss. She pressed Rosebud’s body more firmly against hers, one hand sliding up to trace the underside of one heavy breast before circling the nipple.

Rosebud moaned into Velvet’s mouth, feeling her nipple instantly harden under her ministrations. Velvet’s fingers crept up to the neckline of her dress and her warm fingers dipped down under the fabric to find her aureole, tugging the milky breast out. The

princess could only gasp as Velvet's questing mouth found her freed nipple and her body arched in Velvet's hands as her lips pulled and suckled, her teeth raked and her tongue laved in earnest. She could only moan as her pussy answered in juices that threatened to run down her thighs. As if she had read her mind, one of Velvet's hands moved downward, finding the hem of the dress and moving upward to the juncture between her legs.

Velvet enjoyed the feeling of the pebbly nipple on her tongue as her fingertips enjoyed the feel of Rosebud's soft thighs, just above her stockings. She could imagine how that flesh would taste, soft and smooth, but what she hungered for lay just a tiny bit away. Her fingers met Rosebud's panties and she moved them out of the way to slide her fingertips into the weeping slit. Rosebud shivered in her arms, her eyes glazed as she gave in to the passion she was feeling. Velvet continued to rub the slit, feeling the juices continue their leaking and she sunk her middle finger into that hot hole.

The effect was immediate. Rosebud's mouth opened in a silent scream, her breath caught in her throat as an orgasm flashed through her. Velvet's knowing finger moved in and out and she shook as the addition of a second finger brought on another orgasm. She couldn't breathe and her heart sounded like a drum in her ears. Velvet began to suck her nipple hard in time with the fingers plunging in and out of her princess. Rosebud's skin tingled continuously now and she felt a deeper heat gathering in her stomach, something that was building from the soles of her feet and traveling towards her pussy. Oh, Velvet ... I want to scream your name! Oh, fuck me!

Velvet sensed that she was going to orgasm again and she replaced her two fingers with her thumb, sliding her slick middle finger right into Rosebud's puckered asshole. She barely had time to clamp her mouth over Rosebud's as the woman bucked in the throes of a huge orgasm. She sucked Rosebud's soft tongue into her mouth as she gently slowed her movements down, bringing her beautiful princess down from the lofty peak of her climax.

Rosebud shuddered, not really feeling when Velvet's digits were pulled from her still spasming pussy and asshole and let herself totally melt into the kiss she was sharing with her lover. I love you! She wanted to scream. I fucking love you!

Velvet finally pulled her lips from Rosebud's sweet mouth, straightened the princess's dress and adjusted her hair. Then she looked down into her eyes and the love she saw made her heart skip a beat. How she wished they were in a bed together, lying naked in the midst of crisp cotton sheets and warm fur.

"Rosebud! Rosebud, where are you?"

The Queen pushed the door open and surveyed the scene. Princess Rosebud was standing at the window, smiling as the spring breeze ruffled her flowing locks and her guardian, Velvet, stood near the door, bowing as the Queen moved into the room.

"I've been looking all over for you!"

"Sorry, Mother. I wanted to show Velvet the old nursery and I got caught up in enjoying the lovely weather."

"Well, come on. The milliner is here and he has several hats for you to pick from. You know we have to make up your trousseau!"

"Oh, Mother, must we?"

The queen did not like the way that her daughter rolled her eyes. "Yes," She barked angrily. "We must! Now, come along." She paused at the door to turn to Velvet. "Velvet?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Thank you for providing my Rosebud with some much-needed companionship."

Velvet fought to hide her smile as she bowed. "It has been my pleasure, your majesty."

Chapter 02

Dinner that evening was an event. Velvet had insisted on preparing the meal and the King, the Queen, the Princess and the Seneschal found themselves in culinary heaven. The first course was stuffed mushrooms that had been grilled over a smoky flame. The earthy mushrooms had been marinated in garlic-laden oil and fat chunks of sweet crabmeat swam in a creamy cheese filling. The queen couldn't stop talking about how perfect they were.

Velvet watched as Rosebud put on a clandestine show for her, licking the juice from the rounded bottom of a mushroom cap, dipping the pink tip of her tongue into the filling to retrieve a chunk of crab and closing her eyes in ecstasy, reminding Velvet of what her face had looked like when she came.

Next came a delicious garden salad, loaded with sweet carrot curls, apple slices and garden greens. Again, Rosebud played the mischievous nymph, sucking on the tines of the fork and throwing her a knowing wink. Sir Gordie commented on how well the sweet apple slices matched with the tart, tangy vinaigrette.

The main entrees were next: a perfectly grilled haunch of young lamb, sizzling with rosemary and basil and a whole broiled red snapper that the Cook's son, Jervis had caught, which was stuffed with sliced lemons and capers. Velvet had made pit-roasted baked potatoes, their fluffy innards riddled with sweet butter, corn on the cob and broccoli in a delicate white cheese sauce. The King had three plates, mostly of the lamb and belched with a silly grin on his face and to the horror of his lady wife, actually wiped his greasy chin on the sleeve of his shirt, then laughed about it.

This time, there was no show for Velvet knew that Rosebud's favorite dish was roasted lamb. She just stood aside with a huge smile as the princess sliced into her portion and chewed with her eyes closed. When her hazel eyes found her, tears were brimming in them and she mouthed "thank you".

To finish the dinner, Velvet decanted some icewine and served it with a savory cheese-crusted cherry pie. There was silence around the table as everyone dug into the dessert and contented sighs when the plates were empty.

Sir Gordie stood up, turning to Velvet, who was collecting the dirty plates. "That was, by far, the best dinner I have ever had, Miss Velvet. Thank you for inviting me to partake such a fantastic feast." With a nod to the rest of the party, he took the main hallway to the outer parapet, heading for his nightly meeting with the guards.

"Wow!" The king said, patting his belly. "I've never heard Gordie say anything like that before!"

"Well, he's never had our Velvet's cooking before!" The queen smiled, wiping the corners of his mouth. "Velvet, that was truly wonderful!"

"Thank you, ma'am." Velvet bent to collect Rosebud's plate. "And you, miss? Did you enjoy my pie?"

Rosebud nodded, sipping her wine. "I just *adore* cherries." As her parents fussed over each other, she whispered, "And I haven't had *your* pie yet."

Velvet was suddenly glad that she had dark skin or else she would look as if she'd been out in the sun too long. She took Rosebud's plate and threw her a sweet smirk as she whispered back, "I bet your pie's sweeter."

"Shall we have a sherry in the solar?" The queen queried and her husband and child agreed. Velvet bowed as they all stood and turned toward the kitchen. "Wait, Velvet, you must join us also."

Rosebud graced Velvet with a brilliant smile, then turned to lead the way. As she stepped into the solar, she flushed, remembering their first kiss and went to the sideboard to serve the liquor while her overheated flesh cooled. Velvet took the tray from her and served first the King, then his wife, then the princess, reserving the last glass for herself. For the next hour, the foursome talked about politics and life and Rosebud was surprised to find that Velvet could hold a conversation with her father. He seemed impressed, too, to her delight. When her mother began to snore, the king declared the night over and Velvet moved to the Queen's side.

"Ma'am?" The queen awoke with a snort. "We have finished our discussion. May I escort you to your chamber?"

"Yes, please."

Rosebud watched Velvet escort her mother from the room and blushed when her father caught her. "You seem to get along quite well with Miss Velvet."

"Yes, sir."

"Are you taking her with you after you are married?"

Despair washed anew over Rosebud but she did her best to mask it. "Yes, sir."

"Roger may not permit it."

"Why?"

"He may be" The king pulled on his beard, searching for the proper word. "Jealous of your ... friendship."

Rosebud noticed the emphasis on the word *friendship*. "If he is jealous of my lady-in-

waiting, then he is stupid.”

“He may be, but he is also very observant.” She sensed that he was giving her some kind of warning as he arose to go to bed. He gave her a warm hug, pressing a kiss to her forehead. “Keep her close, Rose. If he has any hint of your closeness, he will surely seek to separate you.”

He turned away before she had a chance to search his eyes, but she now knew that she had been given a warning.

After dinner and discussion, she did not return to her rooms right away. She went to her favorite place, the western balcony, where at this time of the year, the moonlit air was fragrant with apple blossoms in full bloom just yards away. She felt Velvet’s presence long before her soft lips brushed against the nape of her neck.

“Are you all right?”

“Yes.” Rosebud nodded. “Put your arms around me.”

“Not here, my princess. Too many eyes can spy. Let us repair to your rooms. I have a bath waiting.”

To say that it was a bath was an understatement. The second interior room had been converted to a shrine of sorts. Candles covered every available surface and the scent of rose petals permeated the air. Two thick towels rested on a chair nearby and one the seat of a chair was a square of unfolded satin, a bowl of white cream, a knife and a whetstone.

“It seems that I have been remiss in my duties, my lady. I was informed by your Queen Mother that one of my duties was to attend your bath.” Velvet flicked the lock closed, ensuring them the utmost privacy. Her breath, hot and sensual, was welcome as it caressed her neck and shoulders. “I intend to set that right.”

Rosebud closed her eyes and leaned back against Velvet’s strong body, trembling as her lover’s fingers traced the veins in her neck, following the path with her warm, moist lips. Whenever Velvet touched her, her heart leaped in her breast, her nipples hardened to painful points and a wet warmth began to ooze from her pussy. And it wasn’t just physical. She felt as if Velvet was hypnotizing her with her attentions; she forgot about the impending nuptials, she forgot about the warning her father gave her and blissfully fell head-over-heels into a world of perfect love.

She felt cool air touch her skin as Velvet loosened the buttons of her gown, then sighed as Velvet’s fingers encircled her fat, puffy nipples. She was turned around and the fingers

were immediately replaced by Velvet's eager tongue, which swirled around each nipple until they were hard. She was so enraptured that she didn't feel Velvet's fingers unhooking the soaked silken panties and drawing them to the floor. But she did feel Velvet's lips sliding from her tingling breasts to just above her navel.

Velvet tried to spend as much time as she could kissing her way down to Rosebud's furry patch. She so wanted to lick the princess clean but she resisted. Not yet. The exciting scent of her musk filled her nostrils and her mouth watered at the chance to taste her sweet juices but she arose quickly, her eyes sweeping over Rosebud's naked body.

"Into the tub."

Rosebud pouted for a moment, hoping for the feel of Velvet's tongue on her clit, but stepped into the steaming tub and settled against the back. Then the most amazing thing happened. For the next twenty minutes, Velvet spoke to her as if she were a suitor. She asked questions about Rosebud's hopes and dreams and shared her own. They compared their past relationships and past sexual experiences and the entire time, Velvet gently rubbed the back of her hand, feeding the sexual tension and keeping the physical connection alive and sparking. Rosebud thought that she had never had such a wonderful bath as this.

Velvet felt Rosebud's pulse beating beneath her fingertips as she unloaded her painful past: the mother that died when she was a child and the father that didn't want her. Being shuffled from home to home and escaping molestation by running away and surviving on scraps stolen from dogs. Her first real relationship with a woman led to her birth as a laborer and when the woman decided to rent her out as a sexual laborer, she left.

She had worked steadily on her own terms, looking for love and keeping to herself. She was afraid to open herself to the princess but her heart told her that Rosebud was the one. But she was aware of the wedding and wondered where that would leave her. She didn't want to leave Rosebud, but she was afraid that once she made love to her, she would never be able to leave. This girl was in her blood and Velvet found that she wanted her almost more than air.

"Okay. Time to scrub."

Very methodically, Velvet scrubbed every inch of Rosebud's body, purposely ignoring her pussy. The princess's skin glowed warmly in the candlelight and Velvet allowed her hands to memorize every inch of her body. Last, she washed her hair, wrapping it in a towel as Rosebud stepped out.

"Now sit in that chair."

Toweling her hair, she sat in the bare wood chair and paused as she saw the knife and whetstone. "What's that for?"

"Shaving, of course."

Now she really stopped, again looking at the gleaming knife. "Shaving what?"

Velvet ignored the question as she poured hot water into a bowl and put a small cloth into it. She felt Rosebud's eyes on her as she set the bowl on the floor at her feet and wetted the whetstone. The knife's blade reflected the low light as she drew it across the stone, sharpening it. Rosebud cleared her throat.

"You didn't answer my question."

"Hm?"

"What are you intending to shave?"

"I'll show you without speaking." Velvet leaned forward and flattening her tongue, she licked Rosebud's hairy slit from bottom to top.

After she recovered from the assault, Rosebud spoke. "Really? You're gonna shave my pussy?"

"Mm-hmm." She checked the knife's sharpness and satisfied, she pushed Rosebud's knees apart and grabbing her hips, slid her forward until her pussy was on display for Velvet. "Now, try to relax."

"Do I get a reward if I do?"

Velvet felt her heart swell with love when she looked up into the woman's mischievous smile. "Yes."

It took a while but Rosebud managed to keep her squirming to a minimum and it was the most exquisite torture that she had ever been subjected to. Velvet coated her furry pussy with the cream and very deftly proceeded to shave it bald. The torture came when Velvet had to grip her pussy lips to shave them clean. She could feel the roughness of her skin as she stroked and teased. By the time the hot cloth went on, her pussy was drenched. She tried to steady her breathing as she watched Velvet clean the knife and put it away.

"Did I do good?"

Fire flamed in Velvet's chest as she turned her attentions to the princess. "Yes." She rubbed the fruit oil into her shaven skin as she spoke, smiling as Rosebud moaned. "Let's get you into bed."

Rosebud felt herself trembling as she laid back against the cool sheets. The beautiful

black woman moved about the room, dousing the candles until only a tall trio remained at the side of the bed.

"Are you ready for your reward?"

"Yes."

Velvet knelt at the end of the bed and sucked her right pinky toe into her mouth, her tongue playfully flicking in and out of the valley between. Rosebud closed her eyes and gasped loudly, feeling electrical currents bury themselves into her creaming pussy. "And have you been a good girl?"

"Yes." Velvet immediately removed her mouth and Rosebud moaned. "No, I haven't been a good girl."

Velvet's mouth slid wetly down her instep, then rotated around to her ankle. Rosebud bit her bottom lip, her innards quaking as she imagined that she felt every nuance of Velvet's articulate tongue as it moved to the inside of her right leg, slowly dragging up the calf. *Oh, Gods!* She felt her pussy clench and a flood of warm wetness flowed from her slit and trickled down the crack in her ass. *Velvet, please put your mouth on me.*

Rosebud felt teeth nibbling the sensitive inside of her kneecap, then the broad brushstroke of Velvet's warm tongue and the tingling electricity streaked through her again. "And what have you done, you bad girl?"

Velvet's mouth moved upwards, inching closer to that beautiful shaved mound. Rosebud's thighs were soft and warm, smooth on her cheeks as she paused to rub against them. The woman groaned softly. She nibbled on both sides, taking a moment to slide her tongue into the creases on either side of her pussy and pressing kisses against her belly.

"I – " Rosebud held her breath as Velvet lightly blew against her fevered pussy lips. "I've masturbated almost five times every day since you've been here."

Velvet paused and smiled, running her fingertips over Rosebud's soft thigh flesh. "And what could have made you want to fuck yourself almost five times a day?"

"You."

Velvet knew that Rosebud was ready. She positioned herself so that with one movement, she could reach from Rosebud's swollen clit to her winking asshole. With a reverence borne of love, she began the assault. The fat fleshy pud of Rosebud's pussy was her first target. She placed open-lipped kisses against the now-smooth flesh, pausing to suck and lick. The princess alternately gasped and moaned. Kissing the insides of her tasty thighs, she stuck her tongue out, turning it into a point and ran it slowly down Rosebud's humid slit.

"I kept imagining that you were licking my pussy ..." Rosebud's voice cracked as Velvet's tongue stroked again and again. "Just like you are now." Velvet used her fingers to pull the cum-glued lips apart and the princess nearly screamed as her drenched pussy was swabbed by Velvet's warm, wet tongue. Suddenly, she floated away again, lifted by the sensual lickings of her lover's tongue. She felt it probe every nook and cranny, sliding up to flick her blood-filled clit, then moving down to part her thick lips and delve inside to scoop up her sweet cream.

Over and over, Velvet laved Rosebud's slit, glorying in the taste of her feminine musk as well as enjoying the slickness of her shaven pussy. She lost herself in eating her lover's pussy, drinking in the copious nectar and stabbing Rosebud's winking asshole. It only took a few minutes before her sweet princess was cumming and cumming hard. Rosebud buried her face in her pillow to release a scream as her pussy spasmed and gushed over Velvet's mouth and chin. Velvet drank it all down, holding the princess's pussy tightly against her mouth as she sucked.

Rosebud sank into the pillows, panting and exhausted. Every nerve ending in her body seemed to be shouting and her skin was tingling as if a million centipedes were traveling across it. "Oh, Velvet. Is this what it's like to be bad?"

Velvet chuckled, using the wet cloth to clean her face and dousing the candles. "Yes." She leaned down and captured Rosebud's pouty lips in a deep kiss. "And that's not even the worst punishment." She pulled the covers over the princess, tucking her in and smiling as she curled up sleepily. "Now go to sleep."

"What about you? You didn't cum."

"I didn't?" Velvet knew better. She rubbed her slick, fat pussy lips through her pants, sighing as she felt wetness spreading against the crotch. She smoothed the hair away from Rosebud's forehead and planted a soft kiss there. "I came without even touching myself, love. Now sleep."

She paused at the door, gazing at the moonlit features of the sated and dozing princess. "I love you, Rosebud. Sleep well."

Chapter 03

The morning broke brilliantly across the countryside, striping Rosebud's face with beveled shadows. She stretched and grinned as she moved her fingers down to her sticky pussy, remembering the touch of Velvet's tongue. She wished that she could turn over and see Velvet sleeping next to her, that she could rub her face in her soft black hair, that she could feel the chocolate skin ripple beneath her fingers.

A soft knock at the door interrupted her thoughts and she called, "Come in."

Queen Rosamund swept in, Velvet hovering behind her. "Good morning, dearest." She kissed her daughter's forehead, perching herself on the edge of the bed. "I have some exciting news!"

"What?"

"Sir Roger is bringing his parents for a visit. He and Lord and Lady Gaufrette are due this afternoon and will be staying for a few days."

No wonder Velvet won't look at me. Rosebud's chest tightened as her eyes flicked to her lover, then back to her mother. "That's great."

"I thought you'd think so." The queen arose, smiling broadly and turning to Velvet. "Velvet, make sure that she's properly attired to meet her future-in-laws. I think the royal blue velvet will do."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, the seneschal is waiting for you so get her dressed and report to the yards."

"Yes, ma'am."

Velvet bowed and watched the queen's departure from the corner of her eye, then bent to Rosebud and roughly pressed her lips against her mouth. She felt the princess gasp and moaned as the woman's fingers sought out her slit in the pants.

"I've come to a decision."

"What?"

"I'm going to run away."

"Rosebud, you can't do that!" She fought the urge to tell her that she would go with her. But Rosebud was not made of the same hearty stock as she was; she would not be able to last long in the open fields and Velvet could not subject her fragile sweetness to that.

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