



THE FROG PRINCE (FROM PLANET MARÉCAGE)

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Warning:

The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. THE FROG PRINCE (FROM PLANET MARÉCAGE) has been rated BORDERLINE NC17, erotic, by three individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic file in a place where young readers not meant to view this ebook are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...

Part One

Planet Marécage

Princess Shari gave a very unladylike curse as her private spaceship, the *SS Marissa*, hit a zone of turbulence due to a small, magnetic storm. Not that she couldn't handle turbulence. Shari, an ace pilot, could fly anything from one of her father's intergalactic warships to the half-rusted antiquity called a shuttle that brought the grain in every morning for the castle's weir-cattle. No, she cursed because she hadn't dressed for piloting. She'd hardly dressed at all. That morning, out of sheer boredom, she'd gotten into a huge fight with her nanny and then had stormed off and climbed aboard the *SS Marissa*.

Her nanny, arms folded across her chest and a mulish look on her face, had called after her "You'd better be back in time for dinner!"

"Huh!" Shari had snorted. Then she'd zoomed off into the vastness of space, and for some reason, headed towards the Bud sector—a part of space that not too many tourists ventured into...for good reason. The Bud Sector had no fabulous planets or stunning sights. Planets abounded, but they were mostly uninhabitable being devoid of atmosphere, swathed in poisonous clouds, or covered in ice thousands of meters thick. Only a few, horrid planets supported life in that sector.

Shari cursed again as the turbulence shook the small craft.

"Serves you right," said the spaceship. Endowed with an artificial intelligence, the *SS Marissa* could talk, sing, and even tell jokes on occasion. Her voice was high and fluty, but with a definite metallic twang.

"Up yours," said Shari, one hand on the control stick while her other hand tried to restrain her breasts—the turbulence made them bounce like melons on a trampoline.

"Are you sure my golden space ball went that way?" Shari added, peering at the navigational data *Marissa* called up.

"Of course." Marissa sounded miffed. She was never wrong.

Shari uttered a whole string of curses and Marissa said in a prissy, "told you so" voice, "I told you not to launch your ball so close to that sun. Its gravitational force caught it and drew it in, and now that little planet seems to have captured it. You'll never get it back."

"The hell I won't!" Shari said furiously. Her golden space ball was worth a fortune, but more than that, she truly enjoyed playing space tag with it. The rules of the game were simple: launch the ball into space—preferably where no planet or sun could affect its trajectory—then it was just a matter of catching it. Once you did, the ball became "it" and tried to catch you. Made with advanced technology, the space ball was small, but a homing device kept it in touch with the spaceship. Other devices kept it from hitting the ship as it shot through outer space, and still others made it weigh little more than a silk cushion. Her father had given it to her for her eighteenth birthday, and she adored it.

She'd had endless hours of fun, zipping across the galaxy, twisting and turning her maneuverable little spaceship. And now she'd gone and lost the ball. Furthermore, her breasts hurt from all the bouncing around. The whole day seemed pretty much ruined.

"Let's go and see if we can get it," said Shari, frowning at the huge swaths of cloud covering the planet. "What is this place called, anyhow?"

"Planet Marécage," said Marissa. The spaceship gave a delicate little cough. "Ahem. This from the *Galactic Dictionary* compiled by explorers Desjardins and Wirber, published in the year 46-776. Hmm, it's a bit outdated. I'll have to download a more modern galactic dictionary. Let's see, page three thousand and seven, paragraph..."

"Just read about the planet, you stupid heap of tin," snapped Shari.

"Excuse me!" Marissa sniffed. "Our little highness is in a bad mood this morning."

"If you don't hurry, I will rip out your memory with my bare hands," snarled Shari.

"Oooh, I'm scared. Well, if you insist. Planet Marécage. Three quarters unbearably smelly swamp water, one quarter horribly stinking mud. No solid land, vegetation includes a variety of skunk cabbage and marsh weed. No spacefaring life, but the

natives—a sort of amphibious life form, are semi-intelligent and practice a type of low magic. See ‘Appendix C,’ page...”

“Enough already. No solid ground. Fine. We’ll get as close to the ball as possible, and you’ll hover while I go get it.”

“Sounds like a plan,” said the *SS Marissa*. The ship hummed a bit as they descended, and then they hit the clouds.

“I wish you’d gotten your in-ship stabilizers replaced,” moaned Shari, cradling her breasts.

“They should have been replaced this morning, but Miss Royal Highness was in a tearing hurry to get away from her nanny.” The ship sounded smug.

“Oh, blow it out your propulsion tubes,” muttered Shari.

The ship had come to a complete stop, and Shari stood up, stretching a bit. Outside, nothing but deep mist could be seen. The ground beneath them, just barely visible, was effectively nothing but one colossal, humungous swamp. Shari rubbed her breasts and sighed.

She caught sight of her reflection in the full-length mirror by the portside door. Her long, dark red hair fell in a tousled cascade to her waist. Her hairdresser hadn’t had time to comb it. She was still dressed in her nightie—a sheer, lacy number that showed everything.

Well, of course it showed everything. She never wore underwear to bed, and her enormous breasts lifted the front of the nightie higher than the back. Her curly auburn pubic hair peeked saucily from the front, and her ample buttocks, well—Shari bit her full lower lip—she was quite sure that the smooth, round and delightful globes would have driven any male crazy with lust.

The whole fight had been about that. Shari—as Princess Royal of the House of Teres—would never be allowed to see, talk to or even think about a male. She would have to wait to be married until she reached the ancient age of one hundred and fifty, because she could never legally have any children.

The House of Teres, by tradition, was ruled exclusively by a king—a *male*. Shari had three older brothers, and the House of Teres did not marry its women to other houses. Teres males governed the Teres solar system—their planet and *all* the planets of the solar system. The Teres males married powerful women from other houses, and thus the Teres kingdoms thrived.

Raised in luxury, spoiled, and kept in the nursery until past childbearing age, Teres females inspired curiosity and pity, but no one had ever tried to change the rules. When the Teres princesses passed childbearing age, they could marry and leave the kingdom if they wished.

All this had been drummed into Shari's head since birth, and for years she'd been the docile princess, bounced on her mother's and father's knees—the king was the only male she would ever be allowed to see!—and raised by an endless stream of nannies. Hairdressers, manicurists, and stylists groomed her, and tutors taught her all about math, history, poetry and astronomy. Swimming instructors and piano teachers made sure she could swim and play music. But they were all women, and Shari was now twenty years old and in the prime of her physical life.

Every part of her screamed, "Take me!" but only her own hands ever touched the auburn brush between her legs when the peculiar, aching sensation overcame her. And when she tried to appease that ache, someone would always rush in and pull her hands away from her throbbing body. "No, no!" someone would chide gently, and read her a story about three bears or some poor child lost in the woods.

Even the *SS Marissa* had been carefully programmed to watch her. She couldn't even enter the atmosphere of a planet where there might be males. So, while Shari stared at her image in the mirror and longed for a warm hand to stroke her breasts or nestle in the rich curls between her long, shapely legs, she kept her hands to herself and only clenched her bottom a little in frustration. The fight had been epic—but just one in a long line of many, and Shari supposed she'd best resign herself to getting old, fat, and staying single—like all the royal princesses in the House of Teres.

Her aunts and great-aunts sat around dressed in pink and lilac pastel silks, stuffing themselves with sweets while listening to soft music. They loved when Shari visited their quarters, but it gave Shari nightmares for weeks when she saw her fat aunts lying like beached whales on their beds. She thought bleakly of her fate, then turned her gaze back to the mist outside the spaceship. The one game she loved, chasing her space ball, kept her spirits high.

She'd get her golden space ball back. Her love of space-sports had set her apart from her sluggish aunts, and she meant to keep it that way.

Sighing deeply, she cursed again, but without much energy, and opened the hatch.

"The golden ball is somewhere in a fifty meter range." Marissa's metallic voice came from behind her.

"Oh, just perfect," said Shari.

"Do I detect a bit of sarcasm?" asked Marissa primly.

The spaceship—too heavy to land on the surface—hovered carefully just above the mud. Stairs unfolded from the hatch and lowered to the ground. Shari stepped off the ladder and promptly sank to her knees in muck.

Schluff, schluff, schluff, went her feet, as she lurched through the deep mud. The explorers Desjardins and Wirber hadn't been exaggerating. The murky air was so thick she could barely see a yard in front of her, and the mud was unbearably vile. The stench made her stomach heave, and she was grateful she hadn't had time for her usual, abundant breakfast. Of course, just the thought of the abundant breakfast brought on a bout of dry heaves—she had to stop and let loose a string of loud expletives until her stomach settled.

That's when the skunk cabbage on her left rustled.

Shari let out a shriek.

A small head popped out from between two leaves. Two, globe-like yellow eyes stared at her from within a round head. The creature looked a bit like a cross between a frog and an elf. Shari had a book with elves in it—the only male creatures allowed in her fairy tales. All the pictures of the various princes charming, for example, had been

carefully excised. Frogs she knew from the swamp near the palace. She'd caught enough of them, kissing them in hopes of finding out what a prince charming looked like. But she'd grown out of that habit. Now she and the creature stared at each other.

"Do you understand Confederate speech?" Shari asked. She didn't actually expect an answer.

"*Oui, Mademoiselle,*" the creature croaked. It had an incredibly huge mouth—wide like a frog's mouth.

Shari blinked. "That's French," she said, feeling her eyebrows lift in surprise.

"*Oui, Mademoiselle.*"

Shari rolled her eyes. Obviously Desjardins had spoken French to these creatures and they had copied him. No real intelligence, just mimicry. She took another step and sank into mud to her thighs. As she got deeper, the mud in the swamp stank even worse, if that were even possible. She gagged, and tears filled her eyes as foul-smelling gas rose from the muck. She'd never in a million light years find her space ball.

Well, she would have to try to communicate somehow with the stupid creature. "Have you seen a lovely, golden ball? About this bog—I mean, big?" Shari held her hands roughly twenty inches apart.

The creature's eyes opened wide. "*Oui, Mademoiselle.*"

Shari felt about to cry. "Please, I'll give you anything—I swear—anything. Just give me my ball and let me get out of this horrible place!"

Now the creature looked interested. "Anything?" it croaked.

"Yes, *anything*. Just, find the ball. Fetch the ball. There's a good, um, creature. Fetch—*apportes! Apportes,*" she cried, remembering a bit of her French.

The creature sprang out of the cabbage and sniffled about. Now Shari got a good look at it. It had webbed feet so it didn't sink into the mud, and green legs just like frog's legs—long and muscled. No hair covered its body, but it was not scaly. Its hands and arms were cream-colored like its chin. Its belly was cream-colored too. When it blinked, its oversized eyes popped out a bit, and its huge, wide mouth was set in a

permanent grin. In fact, it resembled nothing so much as a huge frog...except for its clothes.

It wore a little shirt and shorts. The shirt had three big buttons, and the whole outfit looked very quaint and old-fashioned. Shari concluded that the frog-creature came from an extremely primitive society.

For a minute it hopped about with great agility. Then suddenly it croaked hoarsely and disappeared into a deep fern bank. All sound ceased. Shari waited for a few minutes, peering into the heavy mist, and then decided the creature probably had forgotten what she'd asked it to do. She tried to turn around, but found herself firmly stuck in the mud.

It took her nearly an hour to get loose, with much thrashing and cursing and wishing she were anywhere but on Planet Marécage. She finally made it back to the stepladder and she looked upwards towards the ship, still hovering patiently in the air. There, in the hatch, sat the creature. It clutched her golden space-chase ball in its little hands.

"Oh! You found it! Thank you!" Shari cried.

"Oui, Mademoiselle," the creature croaked. Then it hopped right up into the ship.

"Oh, no you don't," Shari said. She scrambled up the lowered steps and into the hatch. She looked around the narrow hallway, but it was empty.

Dripping mud on the carpeted floor, she strode into the ship. Her temper boiled as she looked in the tiny but well-stocked galley, under the marble navigation counter, and peered into the small chrome-lined sonic shower stall. Hands on her hips, she whirled around. She felt her eyes narrowing in displeasure as she searched the small, round ship's interior. The polished wood and bright gold trim didn't calm her nerves. Neither did the feel of the soft, hand-woven carpet beneath her feet nor the sight of the luxurious, leather pilot seat. Where was that frog? Something moved in her pilot's seat. Shari's eyes widened in shock.

There! The creature had the gall to be sitting in her pilot's seat!

"What is that stench?" cried the *SS Marissa* in a scandalized tone, as Shari passed in front of a sensor device.

Shari grimaced in disgust. Black, stinking mud covered her right up to her thighs. Her arms and face had suffered the same fate. "Me, I suppose," she said. "I'm going into the sonic shower right after I get rid of our unwanted guest."

She marched over to the chair and said, "You'll have to go back to your planet now. It's time for me to go home."

"*Oui, Mademoiselle,*" it croaked. But it stayed put.

Shari made a face. "Out!" She pointed to the door. "Out you go!" In a minute she would lose her temper, lift the slimy frog by his collar and toss him right out of the ship.

"You promised," said the creature.

"Wha – what did you say?"

"You promised anything I wanted." The frog creature looked suddenly very stern.

"I did?" Shari blinked. "Well, maybe I said something sort of like that, but only because I was in a temper and wanted my ball back. So, thank you, and you can go now."

"You promised."

"I did not!"

The spaceship *SS Marissa* gave a little cough. "If you'll excuse me, Your Highness. I recorded your entire conversation. I'm afraid you did promise him anything. As a matter of fact..."

"Stay out of this!" cried Shari.

The creature gave a little croak and said, "A promise is to keep."

Shari put her hands up in the air. "All right, you win. What do you want? Gold? A new hovel—I mean, house? Some decent clothes?"

"I want to live with you for a while."

Shari stared at the creature. "You have to be out of your little amphibian mind," she sputtered.

"A promise is to keep," it said stubbornly.

“Especially a promise made by a royal princess. You are bound to fulfill his wish,” said the SS *Marissa*. There was definitely a note of triumph in her metallic voice.

“Listen, Marissa,” said Shari desperately, “I’m sorry I said I wanted to rip out your memory. I was just teasing. You know that! Look, why don’t you erase that recording and I’ll give you...” she hesitated. What could one offer as a bribe to an imperial private spaceship? She already had weir-leather seats, green sea-wood paneling, premium quality fuel, tinted ports, and mechanical servants that washed and waxed her every day.

“Forget it. You made a promise. You’ll have to work things out with your father, the King. Now, let’s leave this stinking atmosphere and go home.” Marissa’s voice held a note of finality.

Shari knew better than to argue. Marissa was programmed to return to Teres before dinner, and it was getting late.

The hatch closed with a loud clank and Marissa said crossly, “Can you do something about that dreadful smell?”

Leaving the creature sitting in her seat, Shari went into the sonic shower. Soon squeaky clean, including her negligee, she went back to the pilot room and attempted to convince the creature that she should be the one to drive the ship. “Look,” she said, “I think I know my ship better than you, besides, your legs aren’t long enough to reach the floor.” Shari thought she was being very reasonable, especially since all she wanted to do was strangle the creature, then junk Marissa, and then maybe scream for a little while.

“But I want to steer!” the creature croaked, its mouth curled in a wide grin.

“No, you sit here!” Her hands shaking a bit with disgust, Shari strapped it into the passenger seat.

The creature stopped arguing and clutched her golden space ball. When his seatbelt was fastened, it croaked, “*Merci, Mademoiselle,*” and then fell asleep.

Shari gritted her teeth, charted her course for home, and hit the accelerator.

Part Two

The Royal Nursery

Shari stared at her unwanted guest. It had the most revolting table manners. It sat at her table and slobbered all over the dishes. As Shari watched, it gobbled up all food on its plate, then with its tongue, it reached out and snagged a fruit from the centerpiece for dessert. Afterwards, it grinned at her, burped, and leaned back in its chair. "Delicious," it croaked.

Shari's appetite vanished. Wincing, she clutched at her head, which had been aching ever since she'd floundered into the slimy bog. "How did I get myself into this mess?" Shari moaned.

A deep voice answered from the doorway. "You made a promise."

Shari whirled around. "Sire!" she gasped, then she sprang out of her chair and made a deep curtsy. The creature, apparently unaware of the importance of the king, stayed put in its chair.

"Creature, I order you to bow before King Hari, high king of the House of Teres," Shari said in an imperial tone of voice, still in her position of a deep curtsy.

The king looked at the creature. "What is your name?" he asked it.

"My name is Lesally the thirteenth, of the largest mudflat on Marécage," it said in its croaking voice.

Shari tried not to shudder. Mudflat indeed. And she'd waded through half of it. The stench still hadn't quite left her nostrils.

"Lesally the thirteenth, what wish did you make, and what did the princess promise?" the king asked.

"I wished to live with the princess a while and see her lovely kingdom. The princess said I could have anything I wanted," it added.

“Well, you shall be welcome here in the royal nursery for three days and three nights – after which you shall be escorted back to your mudflat on Marécage.”

“Fine,” said the creature, and it gave a huge grin.

Shari’s stomach turned. But her father’s word was law. So she bowed her head and curtsied a little lower, and bit her lip hard so that she wouldn’t start to cry.

Her father left after a minute. He never stayed long any more. Ever since Shari reached puberty, her father wouldn’t even touch her. He just stayed in the doorway and said a few words every once in a while. Her mother, as usual, spent her time on some imperial mission or other – she had been a member of a powerful house, and she’d been trained as a diplomat. Shari wished *she* could be trained to do something useful, but that would never be. Her fate was written, and now she had to spend three days entertaining a frog.

She rubbed her forehead. Maybe it would like to see the swamp in the back garden? “Come with me, um, what is your name again?”

“Lesally,” it said with another deep croak.

“Right. Well, shall we go for a walk? I know of a place you might like.”

“*Oui, Mademoiselle.*”

Shari led the way. She’d changed out of her negligee as soon as she arrived back in the palace. Now properly dressed in thigh-high boots, a pleated mini skirt that just barely covered her buttocks, and a tight fitting, sleeveless shirt that showed every curve of her tremendous bosom, she felt a little better. Sexy styles suited her curvy figure.

Shari received the latest fashion catalogues and could order anything her heart desired. Of course, her beautiful wardrobe was wasted on Miss Vert, her blind piano teacher, or on Nanny, who simply rolled her eyes and said, “What a waste of honest, taxpayers’ money.”

Nanny had three dresses. Shari had three hundred, but none of that really mattered. She wore them a few times then donated them to charity, and so saved her conscience. She was almost glad to be showing the frog around the gardens. Her wardrobe would be put to some use, finally.

No one else noticed her clothes. Her swimming teacher made her wear an unflattering one-piece suit and a swimming cap that pulled most of her hair out when she removed it. Her tutor, Ms. Keenee, looked as old as a dinosaur, and it seemed a miracle she even lived to the next day. When she spoke, it sounded like dry leaves rustling on cement.

"Do you like my dress?" Shari asked the frog hopefully.

"Great," said the frog. Or at least, she thought he said great. It could have been just another croak.

Shari shrugged and led the frog to the swamp. Once there, she pointed, and to be polite, said, "*Voilà*." She figured its French would be better than its Confederation speech.

The frog looked shocked and said, "This is a swamp."

"Yes, I thought you'd like it. Remind you of home—you know."

"I want to see beautiful sights," said the creature in a mournful voice. "I see swamp every day." He sat down and put his head in his hands. He looked miserable.

Shari blushed. Her protocol and manners lessons had been for nothing. She hadn't been thinking. She should have asked the creature what he wanted, not just assumed what he'd like to see. "I'm so sorry," she said. "What would you like to see?"

"Can we go to the beach?" the frog said, looking up at her. "I've never seen clear blue water."

"The beach?" Shari's brows drew together. "Where did you hear about beaches?"

"We are not without some learning," said the creature. It grinned, stretching its mouth wide.

It looked awful. Shari felt her stomach heave, but she took a deep breath and said, "We can go to my private beach."

"Private? How lucky for you!"

"No, not at all. I wish I could go to a public beach, but because I'm a Princess Royal of the House of Teres, I'm not allowed to go to anyplace where there might be males around."

“Males?” The creature looked puzzled.

“Male—female. You know, mating and having babies. Um, in your case, eggs maybe?” Shari frowned. She didn’t know anything about this creature. It might even be a male! She hadn’t thought of that. “Are you a male or a female?” she asked.

The creature ignored her and gave a great jump into the air. When it came down, Shari saw it had a dragonfly in its mouth. It crunched it up and burped. “Yum. Good,” it croaked.

“Ew!” Shari cried, closing her eyes. “How could you eat that? That’s disgusting!”

“It’s very delicious,” said the frog. “You should try something before making an assumption about it. Just because you don’t like dragonflies, doesn’t mean they don’t taste good to someone else.”

Shari sighed. “You’re right, I never tasted a dragonfly. But I don’t want to try one,” she hastened to add, seeing the frog eye another dragonfly hovering nearby.

“Let us go to the beach now,” said the frog, ignoring her question about males and females. It probably had no idea what she was talking about.

Princess Shari nodded, and led the frog to her room in the palace.

“Pretty princess,” said the frog, sitting down in front of her and tilting his head. “Thank you for letting me stay with you.”

“You’ll have to thank my father,” said Shari, digging through her drawer for her bikini.

“Oh, I will,” said the frog seriously.

It was a nice enough creature. She was getting fond of it, and might even get used to his crunching up insects. But it didn’t have to sit and stare at her with those big eyes all the time. “Turn around a minute while I get dressed,” she said.

The frog just sat there, so after a minute, Shari shrugged and took off her boots, her stockings, her skirt and her shirt. She stood a minute, naked, in front of her looking glass, then turned, admiring herself from all angles. She hadn’t had time to get fat yet like her aunts—though traditionally the royal princesses grew enormous, thanks to

nothing to do and wonderful cooking. But she was definitely as her French teacher would have said *en chair*, 'in the flesh'. Fully in the flesh.

She had big breasts and long, dark pink nipples. She had a nice waist, then her hips flared out into an hourglass shape. Her buttocks were her favorite part of her anatomy. She turned and admired them, leaning over a bit to show off their splendid curve. She lifted her breasts in her hands and weighed them. Heavy and round as ripe melons, their sensitive nipples grew even longer and hard when she stroked them.

"Princess Shari!" Her nanny came in and scolded her. "You'll catch a cold! What are you going to wear, child?"

"My bathing suit. I'm going to take the frog to the beach."

"Where is that horrid creature, anyway?" Nanny asked, looking around.

"Right here a minute ago. Oh look, there he is, sitting on the windowsill. He's probably looking for flies."

"Yuck! Now, get dressed." Nanny's voice brooked no argument at all.

Shari took her sexiest two-piece suit and squeezed into it. It was a string bikini, and she loved how it fit into the crack of her butt. The bra barely hid her nipples.

"That looks disgustingly uncomfortable," said Nanny, pointing to Shari's buttocks, her mouth twisted in an expression of censure.

"You shouldn't make an assumption about it until you've tried wearing one," said Shari haughtily.

"If you think I'd put something like that on, you're very much mistaken," snapped Nanny. "And it makes you look ridiculous."

"Oh thanks very much. It wouldn't suit you anyway," said Shari, exasperated. Nothing she wore found favor with Nanny. She was tired of arguing though. What difference did it make? "I could go around stark naked for all it mattered," she said stormily.

"You ought to be spanked," cried Nanny.

Shari stuck her tongue at her. "Just try it. You never spank me any more."

"You naughty girl," Nanny stormed. "Just wait until I tell your father."

"Come on, let's go!" Shari said to the frog. She fumed as she walked down the long hallways. When she was younger, she used to get the strange, aching feelings in her nether regions. When that happened, she discovered that Nanny's spankings made the feeling so intense it would burst inside her and then go away. She used to provoke Nanny terribly, just to get a spanking. When Nanny discovered this, she stopped touching her altogether. No one touched her anymore, except the royal doctor when she got her once a year health exam. It was bitterly frustrating, but just one more lesson she had to learn as Princess of Teres.

The frog followed her to the transport room, which looked like a little elevator. Buttons on the wall said, "Beach," "Forest Path," "Flowery field," "Mountain view," "Geyser," etc. Hundreds of them dotted the wall. Shari couldn't say that she didn't have some very nice places to visit. She despaired though, because each of the places was deserted and extremely well guarded. She could go to anyplace, but would always be alone. When she pushed "Beach," the transporter gave a little jolt, then a flash of light, and the door slid open.

"Here we are!" Shari cried. "Last one in the water is a rotten egg!" She dashed across the hot sand, her breasts rising and falling with each stride. She hit the water and dove into the surf. Thanks to her swimming instructor, she swam very well. She ducked under a wave, and then swam out to calmer water. Next to her, the frog ducked and dove easily through the waves.

It pointed to a shimmer on the horizon. "What is that?" it asked.

"The force-field. It keeps intruders out while I'm here. When I leave, it disappears. It goes all the way around, see? Even overhead. No one can get near me."

"How sad," said the frog. "You're alone forever."

The thought depressed her, so Shari, to take her mind off it, took a deep breath and dove under the surface. She opened her eyes and vaguely saw the white, sandy ocean floor beneath her.

Darn, she'd forgotten her goggles. She loved to snorkel. Well, next time.

She was about to come up for air, when a sight made her gasp. Of course, when that happened she swallowed a lungful of water and ended up choking and flailing back to the surface.

She barely made it back to the beach, where she collapsed on the sand. The frog joined her a few minutes later.

“What happened?” it asked.

“I don’t know.” Shari coughed up some more seawater and then for some reason, started to cry. Maybe it was just nerves. After all, the day had been rotten all along and she’d rarely fought so much with Nanny.

“I saw something incredible. A male—I think,” she said, “I’ve never actually seen one, but I’m sure that’s what I saw.” Wiping her eyes, she tried to remember what exactly she’d seen, but the image had been too fleeting.

She shook her head. “It must have been a hallucination. I’m not supposed to think about males and I guess my brain is playing tricks on me. A male can’t live underwater.” She sighed and looked out towards the indigo sea. Nothing moved except the waves. Not a sign of life to be seen—and she knew that if, by any chance, someone did outsmart the force-field, its sensors would pick up the life form and a deadly ray would make whoever or whatever it was toast.

That had actually happened one or two times. First came a puff of smoke, then a robot guard—sexless, of course—appeared and ordered her back to her room in her father’s stern voice.

Shari wiped away her tears. The horizon mocked her. Her nursery might be vast, but it was a cage from which she could never, ever escape.

The creature seemed moved by her tears. It drew nearer, and reached up to touch her cheek. Its fingers were not slimy, as she’d feared, but its touch felt alien and she flinched.

“Sorry,” it croaked, hopping backwards.

"It's not your fault." Shari lay down in the warm sand. Her whole body ached. The day had been long and harrowing. She wanted nothing more than a cup of hot chocolate, then maybe she would listen to some soft music, and crawl into her bed.

"Shall we go, Princess?" The frog's voice held a note in it that Shari had never heard before.

She got to her feet and nodded. "It's time for dinner anyhow," she said. They stepped, well, she stepped and it hopped, back into the transporter. From the beach, or anywhere outside, it looked like a door standing by itself in thin air. Shari pushed "Castle," and there came a bump, a flash of green light, and the door slid open with a soft hiss, letting them out into the transporter room.

"Bath?" croaked the frog.

Shari looked at her sand-covered body and nodded.

She had a vast bathroom, and her sunken tub—made of green marble to match her green eyes—could easily have held a group. As if she would ever be allowed company. Shari filled it with warm water and added jasmine-scented bubble bath so that the tub filled with white, fragrant foam. She took off her bathing suit and slid into the water.

The creature sat on the edge of the tub, and then asked, "Me too?"

Shari nodded. "Whatever." She watched as it jumped in and disappeared beneath the foam. At that moment, Nanny walked in.

"A bath so early?" she asked.

"I was covered with sand," said Shari. "I just want to lie here and relax a while."

"Well, I'll just sit here and wait until you're done. Put your hands on the edge," said Nanny.

Shari did as she was told without comment. After all, she'd heard those words every time she'd had to take a bath since...forever. She closed her eyes to better relax and hopefully chase away the depression that threatened her mood. It did no good to dwell on things she couldn't change.

"Where is that frog?" Nanny asked.

Shari's eyes flew open. She'd forgotten about him. The water in the tub didn't move, and she couldn't see beneath the foam. Where had he gone?

At that moment, a little spark of rebellion flickered in her mind. It flickered, but for once, it didn't fizzle away. For the first time ever, she decided to lie. "I'm not sure. Last I saw him, he was in my room on the windowsill again. Why don't you go look for him?"

Nanny's eyes narrowed. "No, I'll stay here."

"Whatever." Shari put her head back down and let the water buoy up her body.

Something under the water touched her. She jumped, but remembering Nanny, kept her eyes closed.

"Anything wrong, Princess?" asked Nanny.

"No, nothing," said Shari. She squeezed her eyes shut. A light touch slid across her breasts. What was that little frog up to?

Whatever it was, she loved it. It stroked her breasts, and then something fastened onto one of her nipples. After a slight pause, a sort of suction began. Shari stifled a gasp. Her nipples hardened so fast they ached.

The sucking went on, while the light touch traced a line down her hips, and reached towards the place between her legs. It was just at the place where her body sometimes felt odd, where pangs of yearning shot through her at times when she thought about males and why she'd never be able to marry. Sometimes the feelings made her feel like screaming. This evening, the feeling tingled into her belly and bloomed upwards and downwards, and made her feel like singing.

Shari opened her legs wide. She also opened her eyes a crack, to see if she could see anything, but the bubbles were still high and thick, and the water only trembled a bit. If Nanny knew what the frog was up to under the water, she'd make a big fuss. Shari wondered briefly if what she was doing was terribly wrong. But it felt so wonderfully right. Her whole body was shivering with delight.

Something reached between her legs now. It found the two lips of flesh around her slit and parted them, teasing them gently as it did, and then there came a soft pressure on a part of her that she'd never dreamed she'd owned. A little nub—and when the

touch reached it, an electric shock shook her whole body. She felt an unbearable aching within her. It felt as if her insides all swelled and wanted to burst.

Something smooth kept fondling her nub, and the gentle suction never let up—first one breast, then the other. Shari's breath came faster, and she opened her eyes to check that Nanny hadn't noticed anything. But Nanny's eyes remained fastened on her hands, and she couldn't see Shari's body. The edge of the tub rose too high. Thank goodness for that.

Shari arched her back a little bit, not enough for Nanny to notice. Something had to give—a terrible pressure had built up in her belly. A sort of electricity coursed through her body and breasts; her head spun now and sweat beaded on her upper lip. The light touch quickened, and something kept on rubbing the nub. It was driving her crazy. She wanted to move, to writhe, to cry out in pleasure, but she didn't dare. She kept her body still, although her heart was hammering so hard her belly throbbed with each beat. And then something began to penetrate her, something velvety yet hard, and far too big to belong to the little frog.

What was happening?

Shari couldn't care less at this point. Whatever the object touching her, she welcomed it. She arched her back higher and opened her legs as wide as she could, begging it to push harder against her aching center. And then she uttered a moan.

"What is it, Princess?" asked Nanny, standing up and leaning over the tub.

The spell shattered. Whatever had been touching her in such a wonderful manner vanished. Shari's heart still hammered, and her body felt as tightly strung as one of her piano wires. "Nothing," she managed to say, and then she reached her arm out. "Bathrobe please," she said.

She stood, putting on her bathrobe, and her knees, she noticed, actually shook. When she walked, her nether regions seemed engorged. Her slit felt inflamed and the swollen lips rubbed against each other. Each step only heightened that full to bursting impression in her body. Her nipples stood so stiffly at attention that she had a hard time

pulling her nightgown on. Even the soft brush of the fabric against them made her stomach contract.

Though she tried to appear calm and collected, her heart still beat hard and her body tingled. She had no idea what had happened to her body. To further confuse things, doubts assailed her. Had she been bad? Why did she feel so hot and cold at the same time? Perhaps she'd caught some sort of illness. All of a sudden she just wanted to be alone.

She looked at Nanny and said, "I'm exhausted. I think I'm coming down with a cold. Send my hot chocolate to my room. I'm going to turn in."

Nanny felt her forehead and frowned. "You do look a bit flushed."

"Tell Cook not to bother with dinner," said Shari.

"Very well, Your Highness." Nanny looked undecided. "Where will the creature sleep?"

"Have the maid make up a pallet in my room near the window. That way it can jump outside if it wishes."

"Right away."

Nanny left, and Shari pulled the plug in the tub. The water drained out, but she saw no sign of the creature. The maid came in with a spare mattress and bedcovers, and Shari showed her where to put the bed. She wandered back to the bathroom to put her face cream on, but the frog seemed to have disappeared. When she went back into her room, however, there it sat on the windowsill, staring at the garden.

She was in such a state of excitement that she didn't think. She walked to the frog and said, "Touch me again."

The frog looked shocked. "What are you talking about?"

Shari took its hand and placed it on her breast. "Please," she begged.

The frog pulled away and hopped to the pallet the maid had fixed. "I think I'll sleep now," it said. "You'll do well to do the same." It cuddled in the covers and soon Shari heard little snores.

Stunned, she stared at the sleeping amphibian. How dare that little frog fall asleep? How dare that creature touch her so intimately and a minute later, forget it had ever done it.

She felt her face burning. She'd certainly made a fool of herself. The little frog had probably just been exploring or brushed against her by accident. What should she do? Wake it up and apologize?

Her hot chocolate came before she'd decided what to do about the frog. The servant put the steaming mug on her table—just like she did every night, curtsied and bid her sweet dreams.

Embarrassment made Shari want to crawl under her covers and hide. How could she think that the frog had anything to do with the bath? She remembered her vision at the beach. It must have been another delusion, a tactile hallucination this time. Tomorrow she'd go see the royal shrink. Maybe she could help.

Shari sipped her chocolate and made a face. She didn't want anything—her stomach hurt. She decided to dump it down the sink, and brushed her teeth. She put a light lavender fragrance on her skin to help her relax and sleep, and then she slid under her covers. She kept her hands on the outside. That way, when Nanny stuck her head in at intervals during the night, she'd be reassured that the Princess Royal wasn't giving herself any sort of pleasure.

Nanny didn't want her to touch her own body. That Shari knew. But right now, she longed to reach under the covers and touch the place that had given her so much pleasure. Just thinking about it made a strange wetness appear between her legs. Her nipples stood up again, lifting the sheet, and Shari moaned softly. If she reached beneath the covers, Nanny would come rushing in and scold her, and probably read her some silly bedtime story. That would annoy her so much that the wonderful feeling growing in her belly would vanish. She gritted her teeth in frustration. What could she do?

Just then, she felt a touch between her legs. Gasping, she looked over at the pallet. The little frog had gone. Was he under the covers?

She lifted them, and there, between her legs, was a hand. Attached to the hand was an arm, and her amazed eyes followed the length of the arm to a shoulder, then up to a neck and a face, hidden by shadow, and then down again to a smooth, muscular body, wildly different from her own. Whereas her body was all plump roundness and soft hills and curves, this body looked hard and flat and hairy, with muscles that moved like water beneath its green skin.

Green skin?

Shari blinked, but the skin stayed green. Or rather, it was tan and had a faint greenish tinge to it. The face grinned at her. She could see a flash of white teeth. Oh no. Her hallucination had come back and it was incredibly gorgeous.

"What are you?" she whispered. "Are you real?"

"Hush. Nanny is coming. Close your eyes and pretend to sleep."

Shari did. But she left her eyes open a slit to see. Nanny peered in, and then lifted the empty cocoa mug. "Ahh. She's finished it. She'll sleep like a baby until morning. Take this to the kitchens," said Nanny to the maid standing behind her. Nanny gave one last look at Shari, then left, closing the door.

Shari sat up. "What was that all about?"

She lifted the covers and peered below, but the hallucination had gone. She felt her eyes fill with tears. "I am losing my mind," she whispered.

"No you're not." The hallucination stepped out of the shadows in the corner of her room. Standing in a ray of moonlight, the vision looked even more real than in the water or under her covers. He smiled. "Your cocoa is a sleeping draught. They'll leave us alone until morning."

"Us?" Shari's mouth went suddenly dry. "What us? You're not real!"

"I am." He sat on her bed and touched her cheek. "See? I'm real." He had dark hair, slightly wavy, and his skin was a smooth and warm.

There was a soft tingling on her cheek where his fingers had traced a line. Shari clapped her hand to her cheek and tried to think, but her thoughts clashed and whirled.

Fear and curiosity warred with each other, and finally curiosity won. "Who are you?" she managed finally. "Where is the frog creature?"

"I'm Lesally of the Grand Marsh." He gave a wry smile. "This is my real body. That," and he nodded towards the frog's pallet, "was an illusion. As is the mist, the marsh and the mud. It's handy. It keeps people away from our planet. We have no weapons but our illusions."

"An illusion?" Shari shook her head, trying to clear it. The swamp, a figment of her imagination? What did he mean by that? She gaped at him. "Are you a male fantasy?"

Lesally laughed softly. "So, the stories I've heard about the princesses of Teres are all true. You've never seen a male?"

"Well, except my father."

"He wears voluminous robes," said Lesally.

"I've never seen a male otherwise," said Shari. She lowered her eyes, suddenly shy.

"Look at me," said the stranger, tipping her chin back up with his hand. "Never be afraid to look at me. Do I frighten you? Do you like what you see?"

"I love your body," said Shari. She smiled timidly. "May I look?"

"Of course." He lay back on her bed. "My body is your body," he said, his eyes twinkling.

"Are you an elf?" said Shari. "I have this book with elves in it, and they look a little like you, although I'd assumed an elf would be much smaller, and have pointed ears."

Lesally laughed. "No, I'm certainly not an elf. You need a lesson about males," he said.

Shari's heart started to pound. "Only if you'll be my teacher."

"Of course I will be your teacher." Lesally pointed to her breasts. "Those are the most magnificent breasts I've ever seen."

"Where are yours?" Shari asked.

"Men have flat chests, like me." He reached out and brushed his palm lightly over her breasts.

Shari shivered. "When you touch me there, I feel the strangest longing."

"It's not strange, Princess. It's called desire."

"Please, teach me some more about desire."

"No."

"No?" Shari sat up straight. "But, I thought you told me you would teach me all about desire!"

"That's not what I said." Lesally shook his head and then took her chin in his hands. "I want to teach you about love," he said. Then he drew her to him and kissed her.

Shari had never been kissed. When his mouth touched hers, she pulled away in surprise, but he held her chin in his hand and turned her head back towards him.

"Don't be afraid," he whispered. Slowly his mouth took possession of hers. She hardly dared breathe. His soft lips pressing on hers tickled and soothed at the same time. She closed her eyes to better concentrate on the sensations she was experiencing. Rough whiskers rasped softly on her skin as their chins touched, but his lips were satin-smooth. Delight filled her as he deepened the kiss, nibbling on her lower lip, his teeth pulling at the sensitive flesh.

Shari gave a tiny gasp, and a shiver ran up her body. His mouth pressed harder on hers, and then he stopped and whispered in her ear. "Did you like that?"

"Yes." She didn't want it to ever end. Putting her hand on his cheek, she slid her lips over his face, pressing them chastely against his cheeks, his eyelids and his temples.

He let her explore, then he stopped her and pressed his mouth to hers once more. This time, his tongue gently parted her lips, and his mouth opened. Surprised, she opened her mouth to protest, and he clasped her head harder to him, so that his tongue invaded her mouth. Her own tongue met his, the sensation akin to another electric shock. Her breathing quickened as she grew used to his lips and tongue.

She decided her tongue wanted to explore, so she sought out his teeth, discovering a delightful little notch in one front tooth. She'd thought that she'd never tasted anything so fascinating and sweet as Lesally's mouth. Then, far too soon, he drew back. His eyes seemed very bright, and she noticed his chest rising and falling quickly.

She noticed something else, and instinctively, her whole body quivered. "What's that?" she whispered, pointing.

"What does it look like?" he replied, shifting his hips so that she could see it better.

"It looks like an ivory tower with a dark coral tip, growing from a forest of dark, curly hair. It looks smooth, soft, and yet it looks hard at the same time. There are some...*things* behind it. They are round, covered with soft hair, and seem extremely soft. May I touch?" she asked.

"Of course." His eyelids lowered. "It's called a penis, or a cock if you prefer, and those are my testicles. A Princess Royal should know the proper name for everything and know what it represents and for what it serves."

"What does this cock serve?" whispered Shari, running her fingers up and down the velvety shaft. Her fingers tingled at the touch. Such a fascinating mixture of soft and hard, of smoothness and texture.

"This will serve you," said Lesally, drawing his breath in with a hiss. "Oh, Princess, this cock will serve you well."

As she touched him, she felt her nether regions getting inflamed again. They'd grown so wet, she feared something went wrong. With a little sob, she let go of the fascinating penis and lay back on the bed.

"What is wrong, sweet one?" Lesally asked, leaning over her and taking her into his arms.

No one had ever held her, and she stiffened in shock. "I don't know," she sobbed. "I feel so hot, and cold at the same time, and down there..." she pointed shyly. "Is all wet."

"That is called a vagina, and it exists only to be served by my penis." Lesally's voice held no teasing note. He spoke so seriously and softly that Shari felt herself melting into his arms. "It is wet with desire, for it is but a passage to pleasure. Has no one ever showed you or told you the wonders of your sex?"

Shari shook her head. "No one."

"Then I, as your teacher, shall." He kissed her once more and stroked her breasts. His hand moved slowly as he traced circles around her nipples.

Her sensitive nipples hardened and he teased them with his thumb until she trembled and mewled with desire. Nothing she'd ever felt could compare with this. Another wave of heat made her feel faint and she swayed, holding tightly to his shoulders.

"Are you all right?" he asked, cupping her breast in his hand.

"Yes, oh yes," Shari said, her voice ragged.

Then he sat and pulled her up next to him, right onto the edge of the bed, facing the dressing room mirror. "Open your legs," he ordered.

She did, hesitantly. Every time she'd tried this before, a maid or Nanny had come running.

"They think you're drugged and asleep," said Lesally, as if he read her thoughts. "Open wider. I want to show you everything."

She spread her knees wide apart, and her auburn brush came into view, along with the shiny, coral-colored interior.

"Now, I will show you your wonders," said Lesally. "Look. I call the whole a pussy, but it's got different parts, all magnificent."

He parted her pubic hair with one hand, and gently traced the two lips surrounding her slit with one finger. They were slick and swollen. "These are labia. Outer lips," he whispered. He parted them, and she saw more lips, smaller and narrower, but also bright coral and covered with dewy juice. "Inner lips," said Lesally, "Surrounding your passage which is that little hole." He dipped the tip of his finger into it, making Shari jump.

But when he withdrew his finger, she could only think that she wanted more. She longed to take his hand and press it hard against her pussy. As if to agree with her, her pussy suddenly clenched a bit, and a rush of hot liquid moistened her passage.

Lesally smiled at her. "You like this." It was a statement, not a question, but Shari nodded anyway.

Then he showed her a small protuberance, higher up. "A clitoris, or clit for short, is so sensitive, that one must touch it gently, and it's best touched with a velvety tongue," he told her. Then he lowered his mouth to her body and kissed her there. "Ambrosia," he said.

His tongue darted out and he touched her clit. Shari felt a now familiar pressure building in her lower body. When he tongued her clit, she could hardly breathe. Her heart started to pound, and her hips lifted off the bed by themselves, pressing her body harder against his mouth. She never dreamed her body could be so complex and beautiful, or that she even had a secret passage that she could now see as well as feel. It throbbed, tightening then gaping, opening like her mouth, seeking...something.

His tongue drew circles around her clit, and at the same time his fingers stroked her, coming nearer and nearer her center, then, one entered her passage, and she moaned in relief.

Shari fell backwards on the bed, spreading her knees wide. She raised herself on her elbows so she could see her body reflected in the mirror, and she could see Lesally as he lapped at her pussy. The sight made another rush of heat flood her passage.

With one hand, Lesally reached up and took hold of her breast, and with the other, he penetrated her, softly stretching her. Her juices covered his hand, and she could see how shiny and slick she was in the mirror. His finger disappeared into her passage. For a minute he held it still—and then he moved it gently back and forth. Tickling aches spread through her. Heat rose from her belly. She felt a wave of pleasure rising from her belly, and now something extraordinary started to happen. Her heart pounded so hard she thought she might be dying. A hard, strange pulsing grew and grew deep inside her, and she couldn't stop her hips from rising off the bed.

In the mirror, she saw Lesally's finger working in and out of her tight passage. The feeling in her pussy was building to a crescendo. Little spurts of electricity ran through her legs. Her nipples tightened and beads of sweat pearled on her upper lip. She grabbed her covers, the soft sheets bunching in her clutching fingers. Under her buttocks the bed moved—or perhaps her hips moved the bed, she wasn't sure of

anything right now. Lesally's fingers plunged deeper, searching inside her, setting her on fire.

"What's happening?" she cried.

"Hush, it's called an orgasm. Let it take you. Let it shake you. Don't worry, I'm here to hold you."

And he did.

His fingers delved into her, his tongue worked on her clit, and Shari felt waves and waves of contractions suddenly shake her belly. Her vagina started to pulse; it contracted on Lesally's fingers. She uttered a cry of sheer delight. Arching her back, she drove herself further onto his hand. "Harder," she begged.

He rose up above her, lowering his body onto hers. Using his hand, he guided his penis to her passage, slowly sheathing himself within her. For a minute she tensed as his hard penis made its way into her tender body.

"Relax. I won't hurt you, I promise," he murmured in her ear.

His voice soothed her, and her body, already on the pinnacle of some kind of release, opened. He slid in to the hilt, his stomach coming to rest on hers. They joined together.

Joined! Shari's head spun. There was a man inside her, his hard penis buried in her vagina, all the way in. He rested there, then, slowly, he moved, sliding back and then slowly pushing back in again.

The movement intensified the frantic throbbing she felt. Her legs opened, her back arched, and she clutched his body to hers. The feeling overwhelmed her. She couldn't begin to describe it. His cock, wonderfully alien, pushed inside her—long, thick, and incredible hard. Heavy, its weight rested against her insides, filling her completely.

For a long time she shuddered, her body shaking beneath his. She sobbed as the contractions grew, and then in a starburst of light, her body seemed to explode. Crying out, Shari flung her head from side to side, her hips bucking, her breath coming in gasps.

"Hush, it's all right." Lesally said when it was finally over. He cupped her face in his hands and tenderly kissed her lips.

"It was incredible," she said, laughing weakly. "Is it done? Is that it?"

"No, not at all." His chuckle tickled her ear.

Then, Lesally started to move again. Slowly at first, then faster, he penetrated her. His shaft moved within her body, and she met his thrusts with little cries of delight. Again, she felt herself getting swollen, and again the feeling grew in her chest and belly until she burst, once more, into an explosion of mad pulsing, into a spiral of pleasure.

And this time, she felt Lesally start to tremble in her arms. His face, pressed into the crook of her neck grew damp with sweat. He drove his hips into her, and low moans came from his throat. He wrapped his arms around her, and suddenly he gave three massive thrusts, driving himself into her deepest depths, and she felt something spurting inside of her. He uttered a loud cry.

"Are you all right?" Shari asked. "Did you hurt yourself?" Fright made her voice high. Had he burst something? "It's all wet!" she cried.

He gave another mighty shudder, and collapsed against her. "It's all right," he gasped. "My pleasure made me cry out. Don't worry, it..." he gasped again and then gave a soft laugh. "It is a man's pleasure to spill his seed. It is a bit wet," he said apologetically.

Afterwards, they lay in each other's arms. Shari's hands roamed over his body, and over hers, gently exploring, touching, feeling her now tender breasts and the satisfying soreness between her legs.

"Now, Princess, it's time for a bath," said Lesally.

"No, I want to sleep," she said. Her whole body felt like liquid honey.

"I haven't finished my lessons yet," he said.

Her eyes flew open. "There's more?"

"Oh, much more," he told her, a chuckle in his voice.

Part Three

Lessons in Love

Lesally ran her bath. He slid into the tub and waited until she joined him. Then he took some of her soap and gently rubbed it all over her body. She did the same to him, lingering on his long thighs and flat stomach, and over that fascinating part of his anatomy that seemed to change shape and size whenever she touched it.

In fact, his whole body fascinated her. The hardness of his muscles and the dark, curly hair on his chest and legs astounded her. Shari made him stand up so that she could see and touch him all over. His flat, hard chest was soon decorated with her soapy handprints, and then she rubbed her way downwards until she came to his thighs. Hesitantly, she touched the equipment between his legs. So many different things to explore! His cock grew hard when she touched it, yet his testicles remained soft. And when he grew hard, his body trembled a bit at her touch.

He had to sit down after a while, after she'd pushed and pulled, tickled and touched his cock. His face was flushed and he seemed out of breath. "Are you all right?" Shari asked.

He grinned. "Of course. Your touch excites me, can't you see?"

"I do see." His cock was poking like a sea monster out of the water. Shari laughed.

"My turn," said Lesally, and Shari stood while he rubbed soft soap over her body.

Now, both covered with fragrant lather, wherever their bodies touched, they slid. Sensations were different now. Hands and arms felt slick, and when Lesally nudged her legs apart with his thigh, they opened as if buttered. His penis pressed against her belly, and she raised herself on tiptoes a bit so that he could slide into her. It hurt a bit—she was sore and still very tight, but the feeling turned to pleasure under Lesally's skillfully gentle thrusts.

He withdrew and turned her around, so that her marvelous croup faced him. He parted her legs and touched her sopping wet pussy. "Do you want me?" he asked.

"Yes! Please," Shari begged, bending over. He took her from behind, curling over her body, his chest pressed to her back. How could anyone have hidden all this from her? It was incredible. The fullness of his cock entering her, his hands clutching at her waist, the words of love he whispered in her ear—it was breathtaking. Her whole body expanded to meet him, and when his cock plunged inside of her, she never wanted it to end.

He drove his cock deeper inside her, each thrust nearly lifting her off her knees. One hand massaged her breasts, and the other hand reached under her belly to tickle her clitoris. Shari braced herself on the edge of the tub and pushed backwards, feeling the waves of pleasure clenching her stomach and thighs. But Lesally stopped his hard thrusts and withdrew, teasing her, circling her labia with the tip of his penis until she begged him to take her once more. Now that she knew what the outcome would be, her body shivered in anticipation.

"Please, take me," she begged.

"Oh, I will, Princess," he said, his voice thick. "Now I shall show you another passage to pleasure, and then I will let you sleep."

He parted her buttocks, and slowly, ever so slowly, pushed his finger into her butt, all the while rubbing her clit skillfully with one finger, another finger deftly plunging into her throbbing vagina. Shari gasped as her body's senses seemed to go into overdrive. She'd always loved Nanny's spankings, and having her temperature taken was terribly exciting, but this was incredible! Her luscious croup rose and fell, pressing harder against Lesally's fingers. And she wanted more.

For a while he teased her, stretching her gently, making her want to scream with frustration. She tried to gather her thoughts to tell him, but all she could feel was his agile fingers probing her body, touching her in places that both tickled and ached. Pressure built in her belly, a pressure that made her pant, that made her nipples so hard

they hurt, and pressure that made her want to feel something huge penetrate her body. She needed something bigger!

“More,” she managed to gasp, rubbing her magnificent butt frantically against his belly. She felt his erection and caught it between her thighs and squeezed.

Lesally uttered a moan and withdrew his finger. He put more slippery soap on her ass. Then Shari felt the thick head of his penis pushing against her tight muscles. The tickling push of his penis as it slowly moved into her sensitive anus drove her wild. Lesally moved slowly and gently, but it felt all the more exciting for it. Inch by inch, she let him past her tight ring of muscle. As he eased into her body, he softly touched her clit. The sensations threatened to overwhelm her. Her body was at a fever-pitch, she didn’t know anymore where his body left off and where hers began.

Once he’d half-sheathed his cock within her magnificent bottom, he gently moved it in and out, until Shari suddenly bucked against him and started to shriek, her vagina and her buttocks pulsing in unison on his cock and on his fingers. Lesally cried out too, holding her tightly to his chest as he ejaculated into her, his body thrusting and thrusting, his hips grinding into hers.

Shari realized that he’d shared her pleasure. She didn’t worry that he’d hurt himself anymore, even when he cried out. She was also glad that her chambers were soundproofed. The vision of Nanny rushing in and seeing them was disastrous. Lesally would be executed on the spot. She shivered, and pulled away from her lover.

“Your life is in danger,” she said. She didn’t want to say it, but she had to. “You must leave here immediately.”

Lesally got his breath back and looked at her. They were sitting in the tub, face to face now, arms and legs entwined. “How could I leave you now? Your lessons are going so well,” he said, a note of teasing in his voice.

Shari’s hands trembled and she clenched them in her lap. Her heart was breaking, but she couldn’t bear it if the guards toasted him. “Please. You must go. Your life is in danger.”

“No.” His smile grew wider. “I’ll be all right, I promise. You’ll see.”

Her head was swimming from fatigue and too much excitement. She tried to argue, but it ended up as a yawn. She sighed deeply, and leaned against his broad chest. "Promise you'll be careful," she said.

Afterwards, he rinsed her off and carried her to her bed. Shari was vaguely aware of his hands, smoothing the covers over her body, and then she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

* * * * *

Lesally lay next to her, his body sated but his mind too full of what he'd seen and learned to sleep. He'd always heard about the House of Teres—who in the galaxy had not?—but he'd never dreamed he'd be there one day, lying in silken sheets next to a beautiful princess. The princesses of Teres were legendary, their seclusion, their enforced innocence, and their youthful beauty renowned—however, nothing he'd heard had prepared him for his feelings upon seeing Princess Shari. He raised himself on one elbow and peered at the sleeping woman.

Moonlight streamed in the window and cast a faint, silver light upon her face. In repose, her face was as pure as a work of art. When awake, a hundred expressions chased themselves across her face. Curious and intelligent, her forced confinement hadn't made her capricious or whiny. She both accepted and rebelled against her fate.

Accepted because, Lesally sensed, she recognized tradition and respected it by her nature. She also liked to please. He smiled as he thought about that. She seemed anxious to please, and in every way. His penis stirred and he shifted in the bed.

She had a streak of rebellion in her too, though. Her actions earlier in her bath proved it. She hadn't said anything to her nanny about him being in the tub with her. What fun that had been!

He too had a streak of rebellion—it had made him leave his sod-fish traps and go spy when he'd spotted the spaceship. Despite his best friend Brant's horrified protests, he'd donned his frog disguise and hopped out to see the visitor. Brant had tried to stop

him, and no doubt he'd ridden his marsh boat as fast as he could back to the palace to tell Lesally's parents. But that hadn't stopped Lesally.

When the hatch had opened, and Shari's long legs had descended, he'd barely been able to keep his disguise. He'd wanted to leap out then and there and present himself to her. Only the insignia on the ship stopped him. The Royal House of Teres. The spaceship would never have landed if it had suspected a humanoid male in the vicinity, so he'd kept his disguise and played along.

He hoped his parents wouldn't worry too much. They'd know where he was, of course. Right now, they were probably praying that he wouldn't create an intergalactic scandal or war. The powerful House of Teres had weapons that could wipe out his world. That gave him a pause. But only a pause. He was no fool, and he would think of a way to turn the tables in his favor.

His parents often despaired of him. He'd paid far more attention to his magic teachers than his math or history classes. Math bored him, but the art of illusion delighted him, and he adored fun. Now, few on the Planet Marécage could match his skill. He knew that the rest of the galaxy called it low magic, and that amused him. Low magic indeed, as if there could be high and low, or some magic better than other magic. The best magic of all came from the heart though. He knew this instinctively.

He had never ignored his heart, though it often caused trouble. Like the time he'd brought the wounded water tiger home. He'd nursed it to health, hiding it from his parents, and when it recovered, it nearly ate the entire flock of swans in the palace garden—now that had netted him a punishment to remember! But a year later, when he'd been cornered by that savage selkie—who had saved him? Why, the water tiger. It had come roaring out of the swamp, teeth flashing and claws ready to tear the selkie apart.

He grinned at the memory, then leaned over and kissed Shari on the cheek. She stirred but didn't waken.

"I will not put your reputation or my people at risk," he whispered. "But I love you. I loved you from the moment you stepped out of your snooty spaceship onto my

muddy planet. How lucky you came in over my marsh, and that I was out with Brant fishing for sod-fish. My frog form may be an illusion. However, my love for you is real. I will find a way for us to be together, I promise.” He kissed her again, breathing in her sweet, warm scent. Going to his pallet beneath the window, he curled up in the blankets. He stared at the stars and thought of a plan.

* * * * *

The next day, Lesally donned his frog illusion and hopped about the nursery, getting into nanny’s way, slobbering all over his food, and breaking no less than five priceless vases. He croaked his apologies, explaining that he’d been trying to catch the flies near the flowers. The maids, furious, shooed him outside.

Lesally looked around him. He’d been hoping to explore the rest of the palace. The royal nursery, however, had only an extensive garden in the back. The same force-field that kept Princess Shari safe from prying eyes at the beach or on a forest trail acted here too. He could see its faint glow in the sky.

He toured the gardens. The stables housed some sleepy-looking, fat, docile horses. All mares, he noticed. A female cat sat in a patch of sunlight. He bet that in the sky only girl-birds were allowed to fly by. A sudden feeling of anger shook him.

He had to stare very hard at a yellow butterfly to calm his nerves. He could not imagine how Shari felt, being a prisoner for life. He knew she accepted her fate, but he didn’t. The thought of her being forced to live all alone depressed him. He thought of his plan to save her. That helped him regain his temper.

For a second there, he’d wanted to shed his disguise and storm into the royal palace, shouting at the king. That, he reflected wryly, would have gotten him vaporized on the spot. A vaporized frog would be of no help at all to Princess Shari.

He glanced again at the shimmer marking the boundary set by the force-field. He had to be very careful in keeping up his disguise. The same power that fed the force-field made the weapons work here. One flicker of his real identity and *Zap!*, he’d be water vapor. His parents should be glad now he’d studied magic so hard, forsaking

math, for it kept him alive. It would be magic, along with a bit of trickery, which would enable him to save the princess. And he excelled in trickery. Why, just look at his disguise!

In his present form, he stood roughly three feet high. He could appear bigger or smaller, but the smaller he made himself seem, the harder it was to keep up the spell. Bigger would have made him appear too imposing and he didn't want to frighten anyone—he knew he had to appear completely inoffensive and sexless.

The frog was perfect. He knew from fairy tales that frogs often hid princes, and the irony made him grin. He also knew that he had to act quickly, for his three days were almost up and he couldn't bear the thought of leaving Shari behind. He'd fallen completely head over heels in love with her. Her concern for his safety, the sweetness that he saw in her smile and in her eyes, and her respect for duty and tradition had captured his heart. She was everything he'd ever wanted in a woman.

He remembered her uninhibited lovemaking and his cock grew stiff. He had to concentrate to keep his illusion in place. His whole body reacted to thoughts of Shari. He'd always wanted to penetrate a woman's ass. Shari had let him, and she'd loved it as much as he had. The recollection of her tightly muscled anus massaging his cock made him swallow hard and stare some more at the butterfly.

"Pretty yellow butterfly," he chanted, until his raging hard-on subsided.

The gardening staff—three women dressed in overalls, heard him talking about the butterfly.

"What is that creature still doing here?" one woman asked.

"The king has let him stay, more's the pity," her companion answered with a shrug.

"A stupid toad," said another. "Poor Princess Shari, having to put up with that slimy beast."

Lesally gave a deep croak and made an illusion butterfly, which he ate with great relish and much crunching. "Yummy yellow butterfly," he chanted, as he hopped back to the palace. He thought of his plan to liberate Princess Shari and gave a loud croak. If he could keep up the deception another day and cast an illusion on...He stopped

thinking about it. Too much thinking could ruin his illusion, especially if it involved Shari's exquisite body.

To cool himself off, he dove into the royal pool.

"Whoosh!" He gasped and swam to the surface then hopped out. "Don't they heat their pools?" He eyed the icy-cold water and sighed. Actually, he needed just that. He jumped back in.

* * * * *

Shari woke up late, so sore she could hardly walk, but the soreness faded after a little while, only to be replaced by a dull ache. She ached with longing, she knew now. Longing for her lover's long, smooth, greenish-tinged body. When she looked at Lesally in his frog disguise, he winked at her, and she felt a sharp tingle in her nipples.

When he accidentally brushed against her, her labia swelled instantly and that made walking difficult. She felt drunk on love. All day long she wandered about, her body tense as a bowstring, her nipples erect, her pussy so excited that if she just leaned against the arm of a sofa it began to pulse madly. When her nanny or the maids spoke to her, she would blink and come out of her trance a bit.

But all she could think of, all she could do, was wait for evening.

* * * * *

"Can we go for another ride in that magic elevator?" Lesally wheedled as they sat down for lunch with nanny.

The Princess blinked and looked at him. "Of course," she said.

"It isn't magic," said Nanny with a sniff. "Only backwards planets use magic. We have technology."

"Of course," croaked Lesally. "Oh mighty House of Teres. I bow to your superior technology." He got off his stool and bowed in exaggerated fashion to the portrait of the king hanging on the wall.

"It's good to show respect," said Nanny.

"You want to go now?" Lesally asked, hopping about like a demented rabbit.

"All right." Princess Shari said, smiling at him. "How about we go to the beach again?"

"No, Lesally wants to go to the enchanted forest!" cried Lesally. He wondered if he were overdoing his silly frog act.

But Nanny rolled her eyes and said, "I told you before, there is no magic here. It is a forest, nothing more or less."

"How exciting. On Planet Marécage, we have great massive swamps. We know nothing about forests," Lesally explained. "You should come and see sometime. I will give you a guided tour," he said to Nanny. "If you stay on the trail, you won't fall into the quicksand."

Nanny winced. "I thank you for your invitation, but I prefer to stay on Planet Teres."

"Well, I need to get my hiking boots," said Shari. She dressed, and soon they were in the elevator with the buttons.

"Where to?" she asked.

"The enchanted forest," said Lesally with a wink. It pleased him to see her blush.

She pushed "Forest" and there came the usual flash of light and jolt. The door slid open and they found themselves standing on a wide, sandy path. On either side of them tall trees cast a cool shade.

"How lovely," said Lesally.

"It is peaceful here. I often come when I need to...calm myself." Shari said, looking at the tall pine trees.

"Princess, are you happy?" He watched her face closely as he spoke. He wanted to rescue his princess, but only if she wanted to be rescued. He would never take her away from her home if she truly loved it here. He did not think she did, but he had to be sure.

"No." She smiled, but it was a sad smile. "I thought I had learned to be content with what I have, but lately, I find myself dreaming of another life."

His heart gave a glad leap. "In what way?"

"I want to make a difference in this world, or in some other world. I don't want to waste my life being a decoration. A princess should help others. I have been taught that Teres is a powerful, wealthy empire. But there are other places that need our technology. My mother is a diplomat and she meets with people from everywhere. She can do things, help others...Why can't I?" she finished plaintively. "I accepted the fact that I was trapped here for so long, but now I'm beginning to hate it."

"Perhaps I can help you," said Lesally. "But we shouldn't speak of this anymore. It might seem strange to anyone listening that you're confiding in a frog."

"There is no one here. You can change," said Shari.

"I dare not," Lesally said, looking around. "I have heard tell that there are always spies and guards—even ones you can not see. The princesses of Teres have always been protected thus."

Shari reddened. "I'm sorry. It's probably true," she said. "I nearly cost you your life with my thoughtlessness." Tears filled her eyes.

His heart ached for her. "No! Do not cry, Princess. Come, let us walk a while."

They did, hiking up the gently sloping path. The forest hardly changed. It had some birds and a few insects, but otherwise it was still. Lesally didn't doubt for a minute that it had a sophisticated survey system there. The same force-field as at the beach also surrounded the forest, and the path curved in a circle, so that eventually they would arrive back at the doorway. When they'd walked for about thirty minutes, Lesally turned to the princess and said, "You can relax here, and if you like, you can lay down in a clump of sweet fern, and I will sit on that log and sing for you."

"Would you do that?"

She lay down in the soft fern, and Lesally concentrated very hard. What he was about to do was difficult, but he had to practice, because tomorrow, it had to be perfect.

He left an illusion of the frog sitting on a nearby stump. He created the pretense of a song, to cover up any loud noise Shari might make. Then he made himself invisible. He sat next to the princess, and all the while keeping the illusion of her clothes intact, undressed her.

Shari's eyes opened wide in amazement. "Where are you?" she put her hand out. "I can't see anything, but I hear your breathing, and I feel your hands. How can I be naked and yet appear fully clothed?"

"It's the magic of my planet. We are masters of illusion, I told you this. I can make anyone see or hear what I want. They won't hear me speak. They will only hear me sing. They can't see me. They can only see the frog. And they will see you lying here, taking a nap, fully dressed."

"What should I do?" she asked.

"You mustn't move or make a single sound that might be heard over the singing. Is that clear?"

"But..."

"Hush! Just close your eyes and pretend I am singing to you," said Lesally. Then he lowered his head and took one of her nipples in his mouth. It hardened instantly and Lesally groaned. This would be some test for his capabilities.

His penis grew so hard it ached. He wanted to thrust it right away into Shari's hot cunt to ease his need, but he knew he had to move slowly. He parted Shari's legs and his mouth left her nipple with regret, then traced a trail from her breasts to her parted thighs with his tongue. He stopped there, getting a firm hold on himself, and kissed her inner thigh. Her flesh felt as smooth as the finest satin. His tongue followed the curve of her thigh to the hollow near her hip, then he slid down to her pussy.

She gave a mew of impatience and thrust her hips upwards.

"Stop!" he ordered, giving her a strong shake. "If you move or speak, I will be vaporized. Do you want that?"

"No," she whispered. Her eyes widened and she stopped writhing.

"If you don't obey, I will spank you," he said, his voice stern.

Shari stiffened. "Yes, Nanny," she whispered.

Lesally nearly lost his illusion. "Did you like it when she spanked you?" he asked a little breathlessly. Did she hate being spanked? Or would she let him do it?

"Sometimes." Shari sighed. "She'd put me over her knees and spank me when I was bad. Sometimes I'd be bad just to get a spanking." She looked archly at Lesally from beneath lowered eyelashes. "Would you ever give me a spanking?" she murmured.

"I'll do just that if you disobey me," said Lesally. He shivered. The thought of bending her over his knees and slapping his hand against her smooth buttocks was making his cock twitch.

"Oh yes, please do," she whispered, arching her back a bit.

Her body gave off a heady scent and her cunt looked slick and swollen with desire.

He checked to make sure the illusion was still perfect, then put his mouth to her pussy, greedily sucking and licking. She bucked against him and he held her still while his tongue flicked over her clit. It grew larger and harder. She writhed against him now, little cries coming from her throat.

"Harder! More! Faster!" she gasped.

"Quiet!" he begged, holding her still.

She tried to stay still, but he could tell his teasing set her on fire. It amused him to be in control of her splendid body. He held her still, leaning on her with his forearms so she couldn't move. Dipping his fingers into her cunt, he watched as her flesh swelled and reddened. He used his tongue to tickle her clit, and her breathing grew labored as she tried not to wiggle. But her heart was pounding madly against her ribcage, and little tremors ran through her arms and legs.

He drove his tongue into her cunt, delighting in her taste and perfume. She was so wet his face was soon covered with her juices, and he knew that in a moment he would explode. He wanted to keep on teasing her, but aching pressure was building in his loins. Soon he would be unable to control himself. His cock throbbed in time to his pounding heart and his head started to feel as if it would fly off his shoulders. The frog on the stump wavered for a minute, as Lesally raised himself on his elbows and guided his cock into Shari's hot pussy.

She came at once, crying his name so loud he nearly had a heart attack trying to overcome her cries with a singing illusion. When she finished, he let himself go,

ejaculating into her body with all the force built up since that morning. All the energy he'd managed to accumulate holding his illusion together made his orgasm explosive. He had to hold onto Shari to keep himself from flying to pieces. For the first time ever making love nearly made him weep. He shuddered against her, his seed spurting out, and he felt each spurt like an electric jolt. Finally his body stopped convulsing and he managed to raise his head.

He knew Shari couldn't see him. He was invisible. But he could see her. With her flushed face and her hair tangled, she looked like an adorable goddess of love. The pale green ferns contrasted with her dark red hair and fair skin, and the sharp fragrance of the crushed plants beneath her mingled with the muskier, sweeter scent of their lovemaking. He kissed her mouth, parting her lips with his tongue, and felt his penis stir once again. As he was still inside her, it was no effort to wait a bit then thrust again, slowly, then more urgently.

"You cried out," he whispered.

"Sorry."

"I am going to have to spank you."

Shari kept her eyes closed, but her mouth curved in a wide smile and her body rose and fell beneath his as she met his thrusts.

"Spank," said Lesally, thinking how much he would enjoy doing just that, the second he had her somewhere her cries wouldn't get him vaporized and he could revel in the sight of her reddened buttocks and in her lusty, pleading cries.

Her body quivered. A wash of heat flooded her vagina.

"Spank, spank, spank!" he said into her ear.

Her eyes flew open. "Oh!" she cried, and he felt a hard throbbing in Shari's cunt. A low moan escaped her lips.

He wanted to make it last, but the sun had started to set. He knew that his energy was flagging and he had to save himself for the morrow. When he felt his orgasm coming, he didn't try to control it. He let it wash over him and he held himself still while his penis twitched madly as he ejaculated. Afterwards, he held the illusion in

place while he dressed her, and he reintegrated the frog illusion. It drained him. So when they regained the palace, Lesally had to lie down for a long nap.

Shari tucked him in, and although he was almost asleep, he whispered, "I love you. See you tonight." She paused, and then whispered, "You owe me a spanking."

His frog illusion shivered.

* * * * *

That night, when her cocoa came, Shari only pretended to drink it, then she poured it down the sink. After that, it was just a matter of making believe she slept and waiting for Lesally to appear in his real form.

He did, as soon as the door closed behind Nanny.

"My princess," he breathed, sliding in to the bed next to her. "All day I've been waiting for this moment."

A rush of heat submerged her, and she nearly gasped for breath. "Me too," she managed to say. She wrapped her arms and legs around him. "Even though the forest was enchanting, I wanted to see you. Now I may. Why do you not fear to be spied upon here?"

"Because, no one would ever think to spy upon you in your own room, Princess. You are prisoner, of course, but that would be invasion of privacy. Even a Princess Royal cannot be treated in such a manner."

"I'm so glad!" she said.

"Me too." He smiled and kissed her lips.

"You still owe me a spanking," she said, looking at him mischievously. She was interested to see that her words had an immediate effect. His cock stiffened visibly.

He swallowed, sitting up on the side of the bed. "Come here," he said, his voice masterful.

Shari felt a rush of wet between her legs. She lay on his lap and didn't try to hide her arousal. She rubbed her breasts against his thigh and moaned in anticipation.

His hand came down on her buttocks with a little slap.

“Harder!” she cried, writhing her body. He complied, and the next slap stung.

His erection was now poking her in the stomach. His cock was getting very hard, and it got harder each time his hand hit her buttocks. Shari cried out in a mixture of pain and pleasure. Her buttocks were getting hot, and the stinging heat was spreading straight to her aroused pussy. She could feel her flesh swelling and moisture leaked onto her thighs.

He stopped spanking, and then she felt his hot breath on her buttocks as he leaned over to kiss her. He slid her off his lap and onto the bed so she lay on her stomach. He then straddled her body and ran his lips over her skin, kissing away the sting. As he kissed her, his hand crept between her legs and his fingers found her clit and massaged it. A bolt of desire shot through her body.

That did it. Shari rolled onto her back, opened her legs as wide as she could, and said, “Take me right this minute, or I’ll scream!”

This time, he didn’t make her wait and he didn’t tease. Shari felt his erection pressing into her pussy, and she opened her legs, using her hand to guide him.

“That’s right,” approved Lesally, kissing her mouth again and whispering in her ear. “Put me where you want me.”

“After last night, I want you everywhere,” she moaned. She took his penis and placed it in her swollen pussy, slipping it between her labia.

Lesally drew his breath in with an audible hiss. “Oh Princess,” he breathed. His hands trailed over her sides and slipped underneath her. One finger started to tickle her ass, prodding gently, slipping in and out as waves of ecstasy washed over her.

“Now, please!” she cried, arching her back to give his hands full access to her body. He thrust into her, slowly at first, and not all the way in.

“Harder!” she begged.

“I don’t want to make you sore,” he answered.

“I can take it!” she insisted.

He went slowly though. Easing his cock into her sensitive flesh then pulling it out again when it had barely penetrated her. She felt her excitement build, felt her flesh

expand and get slicker as he drove himself to the hilt, faster and faster. At the same time, his fingers filled her ass, thrusting in time with his cock. Rushes of electric shocks ran through her, tearing ragged cries from her throat. She bucked against him, holding his hips, digging her fingers into his buttocks, loving the feel of his hard body arched over hers. She felt his belly contract, and his breathing quickened.

“Wait,” she said, panting.

“Wait for what?” He held himself still though.

“I want to feel you.” She closed her eyes, trying to imprint the feeling of his body on her mind so she could recall it later, when their three days were up and he’d left her. She wanted to tell him about her sorrow, and at the same time, she didn’t want to think about losing him just yet. It felt good holding him, feeling him inside her. She never wanted this moment to end.

Her body betrayed her. Her nipples, rubbing against the wiry hair on his chest, tingled and her belly clenched. Her hips lifted off the bed, driving his cock deep inside her. It plunged into her sensitive flesh, stretching her, filling her. His fingers slipped from her anus, and with a strangled cry, she felt herself shatter.

They cried out in unison, their bodies shaking. Shari’s legs opened as wide as they could, as her orgasm shook her. Lesally dug his chin into her shoulder and held her tightly while his seed left him. Shari loved it when he came. She could feel his orgasm inside her. Little spurts of energy seemed to leave his body and shoot into hers. His penis twitched and jumped in her body, driving her right over the edge of pleasure into the deep well of her own orgasm.

Shari breathed in deep gasps. Her body glistened with sweat, and the urgent need she’d felt all day was finally assuaged. Her heartbeat returned to normal, and then she turned to Lesally, lying on his back next to her.

She feasted her eyes on his magnificent body. A male! And a fine specimen indeed!

She let her eyes wander from his navel to the nest of dark curly hair, where his penis lay at rest. She had no basis of comparison, not even photos or pictures, but she knew he had a perfect cock. It brought her intense pleasure, being long and thick

enough to fill her completely. Just looking at it at rest made her want to tickle it so that it expanded. She loved the soft, hardness of it. And she especially loved feeling it plunge into her pussy.

He raised himself on his elbows and kissed her, then trotted off to the royal bathroom to wash. She heard the water running and splashing. He came back a moment later with a soft wash cloth.

“Here, let me,” he said. Tenderly he cleaned her body, and the light scent of roses and lavender filled the air as he drew the wash cloth over her breasts, her belly, and then between her legs.

His hands were strong and capable, and yet they could be so gentle, like now, when he patted the damp cloth over her sensitive skin. He tossed the cloth on the floor and lay back on the bed, stretching his long body out beside her. She admired his sleek midriff.

The rest of him wasn’t bad either. He had a keen gaze, and his light brown eyes crinkled with laughter when they shared a joke, or grew dark with desire when he looked at her. He had a sensuous mouth and a firm chin. He had a noble air, and Shari felt that she could rely on him in no matter what situation. His shoulders were broad and his arms muscular. He had a flat stomach, with the muscles nicely defined. His long legs were perfectly proportioned, as was his whole body. Just looking at him made her mouth water.

A male! She blinked, and a tear rolled down her cheek. He was a male, and she was a Princess of Teres. Tonight they would spend their last night together. Despite the growing love she felt for him, she knew it could never be. Despair threatened to submerge her, but she tried to keep it in check. Tonight—she still had this one night. She would lake it last forever.

To take her mind off her pain, she looked more upon her lover, upon Lesally.

He seemed to be dozing. Emboldened, Shari reached out and touched his penis. It stirred a bit. In her hand, it lay like a tame creature, although she knew just how wild it could get. She glanced at Lesally. He slept on, a faint smile on his lips.

She squeezed his cock a bit, and then touched his testicles. They were so soft and fragile seeming she hardly dared lift them. Instead, she took his penis again and examined it. She remembered Lesally's mouth on her sex, his tongue on her clit, and an idea occurred to her. She lowered her lips to his penis, and slid her mouth over it. With her tongue, she stroked its shaft.

Almost at once, it sprang to life in her mouth. She ended up with just the round tip between her lips, the shaft held in her hands. She sucked on it a bit, stroking him and pumping with her hands. She tried to imagine what would feel best for her lover, what he would like. Did he like it hard, soft, fast or slow? She wasn't sure, but she wanted to try everything.

A sound made her look up. Lesally had his head thrown back, and his hands clutched at the sheets. As she sucked, he arched his back and thrust into her mouth. He dug his heels into her bedcovers, a low moan escaping his lips.

"More," he gasped out.

His excitement was infectious. Shari felt her own body respond and soon she was so wet and slippery that she touched herself to ease her desire. Lesally trembled with the effort of holding himself still. Shari licked and sucked, and rocked back and forth on her own hand.

Shari felt herself for the first time. Her fingers dipped into her passage, and she found that nub of pleasure and rubbed it. In her mouth, Lesally shivered with pleasure. Little spurts of juice filled her mouth, and then he uttered a loud cry and pushed her head firmly to him.

Surprised by the sudden gush of fluid, Shari pulled back slightly. But the taste of his seed was not unpleasant. It was very salty, and had a slight metallic tang. His pleasure filled her mouth and she swallowed it, thinking that now she knew him, all of him. She knew the sight, the sound, the feel, and the taste of him. And she would never get enough of him. Tears of self-pity filled her eyes, but she rubbed them away before he could notice. She lifted her head up and licked her lips.

"Let me," said Lesally, drawing her to him and kissing her thoroughly. His tongue smoothed her lips, dove into her mouth, and lapped up his own seed.

Now she could no longer hold her tears back. They flowed down her cheeks and ran into her mouth. Tears, his seed, all mingled as they kissed.

Lesally drew her close and held her tightly against his chest. "Don't cry," he said.

"Only one more day," whispered Shari. "I won't be able to live without you, Lesally." She hadn't meant to say it. She had decided to be strong. But lying in his arms, so close to him, she had realized the truth. She couldn't live without him. "For the rest of my life, I'll be nothing but an empty shell. I'll have my memories of you, and I'll treasure them, but I will be the most unhappy princess in the galaxy until the day when I can be with you again."

New tears spilled down her cheeks. "When I'm old and wrinkled, will you come and get me? Will you take me away from here?" Her voice broke.

He sighed, his breath warm against her cheek. "I'd have come and gotten you, of course. But I can't live without you either, so I have a plan."

Shari felt a wild spark of hope. "What is it?"

"You'll see. Tomorrow morning. When you wake up, get ready for a bit of a shock. Just remember, I am a master of illusion. Just go along with whatever I say, and you and I will be able to stay together forever."

Shari stared at him. "Please tell me that you're not just teasing me. I couldn't bear it," she said. "You're the first person to ever ask me how I felt. No one else wants to know. When I tell Nanny I'm unhappy, she scolds me and tells me about starving children on far-off planets. She says I have to be glad I'm so well fed and have such lovely clothes. But I don't care about all that."

"Hush, I know."

"I can't hush," she wailed. "I have to tell you this. You're the one I want to spend the rest of my life with. I don't want you to save me just so that I can leave this palace. I want to leave it to be with you."

He took her face in his hands and kissed her. "I love you, Princess Shari. Trust me. We will be together always, one way or another."

"One way or another?"

Lesally sighed. "If I fail, we will both certainly be executed. Do you still want me to go through with my plan?"

"Yes. A thousand times yes," she said. "I would rather die in your arms tomorrow than live a hundred years without you."

He smiled. "Then I shall try."

Part Four

Happily Ever After

A loud scream woke Princess Shari. She blinked, trying to get her bearings. The last thing she remembered was lying in Lesally's arms, her whole body sated. She smiled and stretched, and hit something next to her.

Her eyes flew open. Lesally, in his three-foot frog form, lay in bed with her.

There came another sharp scream, and then she recognized her nanny's voice. She cried, "What has he done to you! My poor darling!"

Shari sat up. She felt fine. But when she glanced down, she saw her stomach was enormous. It looked like a big bump in the middle of her body. She sat up higher, and was amazed to see herself stark naked in bed. Lesally, in his frog illusion, was naked too. He was sitting in the bed, and between his legs, Shari saw a perfect, green penis and testicles. Lesally gave her a wink.

Shari was too flustered to wink back at him. How had her stomach gotten like that overnight? Gingerly, she touched it. It felt like her stomach, only huge. She looked at Lesally, who was grinning widely. He winked at her again, and whispered, "Remember, illusions seem real." That went a long way towards reassuring her, and she managed a shy smile in his direction.

Nanny rushed about, calling for the royal doctor, the royal guards, and the king. Everyone came running at once.

"What is going on here?" The king's voice boomed. He strode into the nursery, and stopped as if he'd run into a glass wall. His face became almost as green as Lesally the frog. "What are you doing in my daughter's bed?" he cried. That he'd brought his courtiers with him—all males—was a measure of the situation's gravity.

"You invited me," said the frog, in a perfectly reasonable voice. "The king's word is law here. You told me to be welcome for three days and three nights."

“But, but...you are a male!” shrieked Nanny. “You should have told us!”

“No one asked me,” said the frog coldly.

Everyone now stared at Shari. She looked at her enormous stomach. It was an illusion, but it felt real. This must be Lesally’s plan, so she would go through with it. She put her hand on her now huge stomach and rubbed. Her nipples, as soon as she touched herself, hardened. Between her legs, she felt a familiar ache. Just the sight of the frog’s penis made her hot. She tried to think of something else.

“What has he done to you?” roared the king.

“I don’t know,” said Shari. “I had no idea he was a male. No one explained to me about males,” she added.

“But I can show you what he did to me, if you like. It’s quite fun, and I think you should try it,” she told Nanny.

Shari reached over and stroked Lesally’s penis. “It gets hard when you do this,” she informed the watching crowd.

“Great Galaxies!” Her mother’s voice pierced the stunned silence.

Lesally the frog, his penis now quite erect and just as large as a human’s penis, stood up and bowed. “I would like to claim the princess Shari as my wife. She will come back to my planet, and we will breed many baby frogs, such as myself.”

Shari’s mother rushed into the room. She hadn’t set foot in the nursery for ten years, but she must’ve leapt into the nearest transporter as soon as she heard the news. “My daughter can’t marry! She’s a princess of Teres!”

“A very pregnant princess. You’d better get a couple more nannies. She’ll be laying her eggs very soon,” said Lesally.

“Oh my poor baby!” screamed Nanny.

Shari pulled a sheet over her body. She didn’t feel embarrassed, but she didn’t like the way the king’s courtiers ogled her breasts. One of them, she saw, had a rather huge erection pushing against his velvet pants.

“We have to do something!” cried the queen.

"I suggest you let her marry me, and that we go back to my lovely planet. I promise we'll send you lots of letters, as soon as we manage to build a spaceport to accommodate the spaceships. Of course, it may take a while. We're still in the Middle Ages compared to you, and the planet is mostly swamp. However, my house is warm and snug, so you don't have to worry about your princess. She will be quite happy there, I assure you."

Shari held her breath. Would it work? Would her father really let her go?

There was a deep silence, while everyone thought about this. The king whispered to his courtiers, noticed the one with the erection, and got so angry he kicked the poor fellow in the shin. The queen went to Shari and stood by the bed, not touching her. No one touched a princess of Teres.

Shari lumbered to her feet, the sheet wrapped around her, and said, "I want to go with Lesally. Post the wedding banns, Mother." Her stomach stuck out in front of her, and her mother, the queen, took one look and burst into hysterical tears.

The king, his temper more or less under control, snapped, "Nanny! Get the princess a decent wedding dress. Post the banns in a public place no one will ever see, and let's get this wedding over with!"

* * * * *

The wedding was hasty. Shari wore a satin sheet with a hole cut in the middle, like a poncho. Lesally, as a frog, wore his little shorts and shirt. Shari felt odd with her stomach sticking out so far. She kept telling herself it was an illusion, but it felt very real! She was afraid it was a dream, and she was afraid she'd wake up. She, a princess of Teres, getting married and about to leave her planet, and not even old and wrinkled yet!

Standing next to her frog, in front of the royal judge, saying, "I do," she thought she was the happiest woman alive.

Lesally croaked, "I do."

And Shari's nanny burst into tears.

Then the king signed the marriage license, and the queen gave Shari a wedding present. A whole suitcase full of gold. The queen, obviously, suffered pangs of regret.

The king had no such pangs. He stood amid his courtiers—one with a cast on his shin—and didn't wave as the spaceship, the *SS Marissa*, lifted off Planet Teres once more.

The ship spoke in a prim voice. "I have orders to leave you on the planet and to depart right away."

"Fine," said Shari. "You don't mind if I make love to my husband, do you?" She parted her knees and scooted her butt down a little in the seat so that the frog illusion could reach her.

The ship gagged. "You can wait until you disembark," she managed to snap.

"I can't wait," said Lesally. He kept his frog disguise, of course. He hopped off his chair and stood between Shari's legs. Her stomach still resembled a huge mound. Lesally lifted the satin wedding dress sheet and slipped beneath it. A moment later, Shari felt an agile tongue touch her. It was a hot, velvety tongue, and it ticked, licked and stroked her clit until she was wet and shaking with desire, then Lesally the frog hopped onto her lap. Or at least, it looked like he did.

"That is strange," said Shari.

"What?" The whisper came from next to her ear.

"I can't feel you sitting on my lap." She kept her voice very low. The *SS Marissa* had electronic ears like a bat.

"It's just an illusion. I'm here, but invisible." Lesally breathed and a touch as light as a breeze stirred her hair. Then his touch descended and Shari felt his fingers parting her labia. One finger drew light circles around her clit, and Shari moaned. Then he penetrated her with a finger and thrust in and out.

She looked down and saw that the frog illusion had introduced his penis into her vagina and was frantically thrusting while crouched on her lap. It looked very strange, even though it felt incredibly sexy. "How odd," she gasped.

"Close your eyes," Lesally said.

Shari did, and when she did, she felt his presence as he stood between her legs. The frog illusion on her lap imitated Lesally's movements.

"That is the most disgusting thing I've ever seen," huffed the *SS Marissa*. "I can't believe you're doing that."

"I hope you're not getting your circuits overheated," said Lesally innocently. He paused, then Shari felt his cock sliding into her tight passage. Slowly he entered her, gently pushing, so as not to hurt her. When fully sheathed, he thrust, and Shari shuddered with pleasure. Her hands gripped her chair's arms and she opened her legs wider so that Lesally could penetrate her fully. He did, his cock filling her completely and hitting her womb with every stroke.

"Yes!" she screamed.

"Yuck!" screeched the *SS Marissa*.

"I love you," Lesally whispered in Shari's ear, and she smiled though tears of happiness poured down her cheeks.

Lesally paused his thrusting, much to Shari's dismay. She tightened her thighs around his waist. "Why are you crying?" he asked, concern in his voice.

"I'm so happy and it feels too good," she whispered.

As the ship made its way through space in an icy silence, Lesally made Shari cry out in delight. While the frog illusion sat on her lap and fucked her with enthusiasm, invisible Lesally held her in his strong arms, and kneeling between her legs, drove his powerful cock into her. Shari wanted to hang onto him, but knew it would look odd if her hands stayed in mid-air. She had to hold herself perfectly still so the illusion would look fine.

If she suspected a trick, the *SS Marissa* would turn around and take Lesally back to be executed. So Shari grabbed the arms of her seat and clutched them tightly, while her invisible lover caressed her breasts. When he pinched her nipples, she gave a little gasp. And when he leaned over and whispered, "I want to spank you so badly," she lost control and a massive orgasm ripped through her.

"I'm coming!" Shari screamed.

"I'm leaving," snarled the *SS Marissa*.

They landed, and the ship, without a word of goodbye, streaked off.

Shari stood in the mud, her mother's suitcase beside her. She looked at Lesally. "You know, I don't care if the planet is all mud, as long as I'm with you."

"I know that," said Lesally, and before her eyes, transformed from frog to his handsome self. He stood next to Shari, naked, and held her hand. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," she said.

The next instant, the mud vanished. The sky changed from gray to blue as the mist disappeared. Grass appeared beneath their feet. It was as if a sheet had been whipped off a picture and what had been hidden, came to light.

The fresh, green scent of pine replaced the smell of swamp, and Shari found herself standing in a large clearing in the middle of a beautiful pine forest. They were on the top of a mountain, and could see for miles. Above her, fluffy white clouds sailed in a pale blue sky. A few silver spaceships flew overhead, and she could see gorgeous cities built in the distant valleys, while rivers wound between lush farmland. Lesally was suddenly dressed in rich clothes, and Shari felt shy and awkward around him. She blushed and turned away, ashamed of her satin sheet and huge stomach.

"What is it, my love?" he asked her.

"I'm so ugly, and you're so handsome," she said.

"Look at yourself," said Lesally, a chuckle in his voice. She looked down, and she had own lovely body back. She wore a beautiful gown made of white satin copiously embroidered with pearls. Then she felt something heavy on her head. She reached up, and pulled off a gold crown. She suddenly noticed that Lesally had a crown as well.

"Is this all an illusion?" she asked.

"The clothes are an illusion. I will have to get some real ones for you. It would be an effort to keep up the illusion for both of us for very long."

"But...but this planet! It is beautiful. Is this an illusion too?" Shari shook with emotion. "Everything is so incredibly gorgeous!"

"No. This is the real Planet Marécage, This is how it really looks. Well, on this part of the planet. We also have deserts and high mountains, oceans and beaches where we can swim together. Hold on, I have to contact Brant." He stopped and waved his hands. A floating screen appeared, a young man staring out of it. "Brant! I'm back!" Lesally said.

The young man in the screen made a face. "Well, it's about time. When I told your father where you'd gone, he nearly had me drawn and quartered."

"You look all right to me," said Lesally. He took Shari's hand. "This is the Princess Shari of the House of Teres. We were married this morning."

"Oh, we know about all that." Brant's face split in a huge grin. "When the King of Teres posted the banns, they made headlines all over the galaxy."

"How embarrassing," said Shari. She felt her face grow red. "So everyone one knows about my disgrace."

"Disgrace!" Brant looked thunderstruck. "Your Highness, forgive me, but we are all rejoicing here. Prince Lesally, tell her that we are honored to have her among us."

"Prince? Prince Lesally?" Shari raised her eyebrows.

He nodded at Shari. "My father is King, and I am sure he is looking forward to meeting you."

"Oh he is," chuckled Brant. "He and your mother, the queen, have arranged a royal wedding." To Shari he said, "King Harold had just about given up trying to get Lesally to marry. No one was right for him, much to the despair of the ladies of the kingdom. I see he was right to wait though. Welcome to Planet Marécage, Your Highness. Oh, and hurry up and get home. We're all waiting to meet you."

"I'll take the meadow route," said Lesally. "Send some flyers to get us at the oak tree." Brant nodded, and the screen disappeared.

"Where are we?" asked Shari.

"On a hill, not far from the capitol city, which you can see over there." Lesally pointed to a large, prosperous looking city in the bend of a wide river. "I wanted to take

you here first, so that you could get used to the idea, and get a glimpse of what the Planet Marécage looks like without its protective illusion."

"Is there a swamp?"

He chuckled. "Oh yes. Your spaceship came right down over our largest one. That was no illusion. I will show it to you one day—it is not as muddy and smelly as I made it seem though, and you'll love fishing for sod-fish. It is a lot of fun. So, do you like it here?"

"It's beautiful," said Shari. "But why did you choose me? Why?"

"When I saw you wading around in the mud, wearing just a sheer nightgown, your lovely body nearly made me faint. How could I have let you go? And when I saw the emblem on your spaceship, and realized who you were, I knew I'd have to be a frog, and not a prince in order to save you...even though Brant said I was a crazy fool."

"I'm so glad you're a crazy fool, and so happy you decided to save me," said Shari. She kissed him, and pressed her body to his. "Do we have to go to the wedding anytime soon?"

He responded by unzipping her gown and carefully helping her step out of it. "I know it's an illusion, but if I rip it, I'll have to call up another one, and I bet I'm going to be a bit exhausted," joked Lesally.

She wore no underwear beneath her gown. The warm breeze lifted a lock of her long hair, and her skin prickled. She remembered their lovemaking in the spaceship, and she felt a rush of wetness between her thighs. She moaned softly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I don't know what it is," she said unsteadily, "but whenever I think of you coming, when I think of your pleasure and how you cry out, I get all wet."

Her prince unzipped his pants and pulled out his erection. "Will this help?" he asked.

"Oh yes!" breathed Shari, and she got on her hands and knees, looking at him over her shoulder. "But hurry, I think I'm going to come with or without you in a minute."

“Never without me,” murmured Prince Lesally. His hands itched to spank her magnificent ass, but his control was already tenuous. He seized her waist, knelt behind her and thrust into her in one stroke.

Shari’s body burned as he filled her, his cock pushing hard right to her womb, his hands clutching at her breasts as he knelt behind her. Shari leaned onto her forearms, on the soft bed of pine needles. As she raised her buttocks higher, she found she could change the angle of his thrusts, making them deeper or shallower.

She was just about to explode, when Lesally withdrew his penis from her pussy. Ignoring her breathless entreaties, he turned her over onto her back and hooked both of her legs over his shoulder. Lying with her legs in the air and Lesally crouching between her thighs, she could look down and see his cock thrusting in and out of her pussy. Her legs held high and spread wide, she had no control now over his movements. It gave him more leverage too, and his cock buried itself to the hilt at each stroke.

He slowed down, drawing his cock nearly all the way out. Then, after hesitating with the tip of it just barely touching her labia, he thrust down again, holding her legs even higher. He slammed into her, and she felt his balls slapping against her rear. Torn between sharp pleasure and pain, Shari gasped as each thrust seemed to reach the very center of her being. Her legs were spread so wide she could see everything. The view made her mouth go dry and her pussy spurt juices. Several strokes later, Shari screamed for release, and when she finally came, her vagina pulsing wildly, Lesally exploded with a great cry.

Shari loved when he came—a part of him went into her body and became part of her. She clasped him in her arms until he’d stopped trembling. Whenever he came inside her, she felt stronger and more beautiful than she’d ever felt before.

The pine needles prickled against her back, and she pushed him off her regretfully. “I think we’d better get going.”

Lesally got up and helped her to her feet. “Your crown is crooked, Princess,” he said with a grin.

“Yours fell off,” she answered, pointing to the ground.

“Shall we go now?” asked Lesally, putting it back on and helping her into her dress.

“Yes, we shall. But you know what?”

“What?”

“I will be looking forward to our wedding night,” said Shari. And she turned around so that Lesally could zip her up. “Now don’t get any ideas,” she said, as his hand touched her bare buttocks.

“I can’t help it,” whispered the Prince. “When I see your body, I can’t control myself. The touch turned into a little spank.”

They were very late for their wedding. And then they lived happily ever after.

The End

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