



Prince Charming and His
LADIES IN WANTING

By

Vivi Anna

© copyright February 2004, Tawny Stokes
Cover art by Eliza Black, © copyright February 2004
New Concepts Publishing
5202 Humphreys Rd.
Lake Park, GA 31636
www.newconceptspublishing.com

CHAPTER ONE

Once upon a time in an enchanted land far, far away, lived a prince. He was a handsome and noble man. Running the lands with a kind and gentle hand. His name was Prince Charming.

Now Prince Charming, although a potentially great ruler and quite the dancer, had a tragic flaw. To some, this flaw seemed like an asset, a strength to hone among men. You see, Prince Charming had a weakness for women, all women. He loved them. He adored them. He cherished them. And as of this moment, he was involved with three of these lovely women, Cinda Rella, Snowden White, and Sleeping Beauty, otherwise known as Princess Borealis, AKA Rose Briar.

So, our story begins on one bright and sunny summer day deep in the forest, where Prince Charming meets with his latest love, Snowden White.

A flock of birds followed Snowden as she stepped carefully through the woods. They chirped gaily with each collective swoop of their wings.

“Would you please shut up? I can’t even hear myself think,” Snowden yelled at the birds.

They immediately shut their beaks, their beady black eyes glaring down at her. They all perched high on an old gnarled tree branch. Tail feathers hanging over the edge. One by one, they pushed out white drops of shit.

Snowden looked up just in time, and stepped out of harm’s way.

“You’ll pay for that. You’ll all be bird soup by the end of the day.” She picked up a heavy rock and threw it at the chirping birds. She missed and they flew away peeping gaily to themselves.

“Damn birds! I’ve always hated them.”

Snowden continued her walk through the heavy woods. She stepped over rotting logs and brushed by prickly bushes. Sweat popped out on her pale face.

“Jack! Jack! Please come out. I’m in no mood to play games today. It is much too hot,” she called out into the trees. She glanced around her. Saw no movement, except the swaying of the leaves.

A branch snapped behind her. She turned quickly. Saw nothing.

“Boo!” Jack jumped out from behind a large tree.

Snowden jumped back and fell backwards into a prickly bush.

Jack rushed to her aid. “Are you all right? I didn’t mean to make you fall.” He had a difficult time hiding his amused grin.

She slapped at his hands as they tried to right her. “You ass! How dare you jump out at me?”

“I’m sorry, my love. I was just playing.”

She softened at the sound of his endearment. She held her hand up so he could help her out. He gripped it tightly and pulled her out of the bushes.

Jack began to brush at her dress. Flicking off the moss and leaves. His hands became bold as they brushed at her bodice. His hand stilled on her breast as he flicked away a piece of moss. He could feel her nipple through the cotton. It was hardening.

Snowden pushed his hands away. “I’m quite all right, thank you.”

Jack smiled sheepishly. He bowed to her. “You are more than all right, my love. You are a beauty unsurpassed by anything or anyone. Even Mother Nature cannot compete with you.”

She blushed at his compliment. “Thank you, kind sir. And you are forgiven for frightening me.”

He straightened and stuck out his arm for her to take. She wrapped hers around his.

“I have something lovely to show you today,” he said as he began to walk slowly with her.

“Everything you show me is lovely, Jack. Today, I’m sure, will be no different.”

He smiled down at her. From this angle, he could clearly see down her bodice. Her ample breasts bounced freely inside the dress. She was a commoner and had no need for corsets. He knew that underneath her simple sheath, she wore nothing else except her exquisite femininity.

From the moment Jack saw Snowden White, he was captivated. She had been picking wildflowers and berries when he happened upon her. He had been out walking in the woods alone for the first time in his life. His father, the King, had always provided him with a guide. But this day, he had defied his father and sought refuge alone in the thick woods. He had been instantly attracted to her. It wasn't just her beauty, it was her innocence. It shone from within her pale blue eyes.

She was ethereally beautiful. Her hair was black as ink, her skin as pale as porcelain, her lips as red as rubies. She was curvaceous, as women should be. He hadn't seen her naked. But he was sure to rectify that. She was careful with her virtue. That enticed him even more. Jack loved a worthy conquest.

"Why do we always meet here, Jack? In the woods. Why can't I come to the castle? I want to meet the King and Queen."

Jack patted her hand. "I love the woods. It is the only place I feel free. And it is you that has freed me, Snow."

She smiled and batted her eyes. "I understand. But they do know of our relationship? The King and Queen do know of our love?"

"Of course."

They stepped into a green clearing. A crystal blue lake surrounded by immense cliffs spread before them. A waterfall cascaded down from the cliffs, bubbling the water.

Snowden gasped. She put a hand to her heaving breast. “It is beautiful. After all this time, I didn’t realize it was here.”

“I found it a week ago, after our visit. I couldn’t wait until this time to show you.”

Snowden walked to the lake’s edge. She slipped off her shoes and dipped a toe into the rippling water. She sighed. “Oh, it’s warm.”

Jack stepped beside her. “It is positioned so that the sun hits it at its highest and warms the water. It’s as if Mother Nature herself made this lake just for us.”

Snowden turned to him, smiling. He stared into her face. He searched it for signs. He could see the desire in her blue eyes. He smiled.

“I would give up this whole lake, if you would kiss me.”

Snowden’s smile faded. She shook with excitement as Jack neared her. She could feel his body heat radiating out. It warmed her. It sent delicious desire shooting down her body. It welled up deep inside her. Between her legs.

Jack could see her body quiver. He nearly groaned. He gently put his hand on her face, and brought it up to his. He lowered his head slightly and pressed his lips to hers. He kissed her gently.

It was her first real kiss. She nearly fainted from it. She could hardly breathe as his warm lips covered hers. She could taste his hot breath in her mouth. She wanted to suck more in.

Jack broke away and stepped back. He gazed down at her. She was blushing.

“I dreamed many nights of that kiss. You have fulfilled all of my dreams, my love.” He stepped into her again. He bent down and pressed his lips against hers. He poked his tongue out slightly and wet her lips. She parted for him on a sigh. He dipped his tongue in her mouth teasingly.

His tongue was in her mouth. She could taste him. She never knew a man could taste so delicious, so wanting. She ventured her tongue forward. She pushed into his mouth. She reeled at the pleasure of it. Need burned deep between her legs. She could feel desire dripping inside her.

Jack sighed at her response. He smoothly brought his hand from her face and placed it gently on her shoulder. He squeezed and kneaded. He moved it down slowly to her breast. He could feel her heart hammer under his hand. He moved it slowly over her bodice. He molded her breast in his hand. He could feel her nipple jutting out, begging to be touched, tasted.

His hand moved over her breast. Snowden could feel her nipples burn for his touch. But she wasn't ready. The feelings were too much. They were too intense. She pushed his hand away and broke from his mouth.

“I'm sorry.”

Jack sighed. He took her hand in his and brought it to his chest. “Don't be. I am sorry. You drive a man to want. Sometimes I find it hard to reign in my desire for you. Your beauty possesses me.”

She could feel his heart race. Did his heart beat for her that much? Was she driving him mad? Snowden had no idea that a man could want her that much. She blushed at the thought, even as her sex throbbed painfully for his touch.

Jack released her hand and stepped back. He looked up at the bright sun. "It is such a hot day. We should go swimming."

Snowden reeled at the change in tempo. She was disappointed in the ease of his retreat. One moment he was crazy for her, now he wanted to go swimming? Maybe he didn't desire her as much as he proclaimed?

He eyed her. He could see the confusion furrowing her lovely brow. His seduction plan was playing out nicely.

"I'll turn away as you disrobe. I won't even peek."

Jack turned himself away from Snowden. She looked over the lake. It would be pleasant to swim on such a warm day. Then maybe she could wash away the lust that wet her sex.

She quickly untied her bodice and let her dress slip to the ground. She stepped out of it and quickly walked into the water. She was disappointed that Jack did not even try to peek.

"I'm in. You can turn around now."

Jack turned back. He smiled as she bobbed in the water. "How is it?"

"It's glorious. I'll turn around so you can disrobe."

"No need, my love. I am not shy." Jack quickly pulled off his blouse, and stripped off his trousers.

Snowden gasped as Jack stripped. His body was pale and lovely. He was trim and lean like a man bred for action. She only got a quick peek at his penis before he dived into the water. She was not disappointed. She knew what a man looked like naked, for she often spied on the dwarfs when they showered. But she never knew how large a man could be. Until now.

Jack emerged near her, smiling. He had his eyes open while he was under water. The water was clear enough to see Snowden's body. Jack was not disappointed. She was round of hip and trim of waist. And the hairs at the vee of her legs were as dark as those on her head.

"The water is magnificent. I feel so alive!" Jack yelled into the sky, arms held up high.

Snowden laughed. He looked so boyish and full of glee.

"Swim with me, Snow. Race me to the waterfall."

"Okay. Go!"

She tread out in front of him. She was a fast swimmer. She had strong arms and legs. He lagged behind, enjoying the view. Her buttocks would bob out of the water with each stride.

"I'm going to get you," Jack laughed.

Snowden gasped as Jack neared her. He reached out and grabbed her. She could feel his hand on her calf, then up on her thigh. She kept swimming even as she felt his fingers brush the underside of her buttocks. He was nearly next to her as she felt his hand brush her breasts. Lightly stroking her nipples. She shuddered at the sensations.

They reached the rocks by the waterfall at the same time. They were both breathing heavily, but not because of the swift swim. They gazed into one another. Snowden could feel the water around them heat. She could feel her own heart beat through the liquid.

Jack moved closer to her. He desperately wanted to take her. If he didn't, he would die. He couldn't allow her to brush him off again. It was time for her to feel his lust for her. For her to surrender to him completely.

"You are so beautiful, Snow. I want you desperately." He closed the gap between them. "Can you feel how I want you?"

"Yes," she breathed out.

He pressed himself against her and took her mouth with his. He was not gentle this time. He parted her lips with his tongue. He wanted to taste her every orifice.

She kissed him back with just as much force. She could taste his desire for her in his mouth. She could feel his lust pressing against her belly. He felt hard, swollen and hot, even in the water. She swallowed the saliva pooling in her mouth as she thought of him entering her. Of stretching her open for the first time.

Jack moved his hands down and cupped her bum. He squeezed the firm flesh. He was getting tired. It was difficult to tread water and do what he wanted to. He glanced behind them. Past the waterfall, he noticed a mossy bed.

"Come with me," he said as he pulled her closer to the waterfall.

Water sprayed their faces. Jack pushed himself up and onto the rock. He stood up and bent down to offer his hands to Snowden. She let him pull her up onto the rock. She looked down at him. His erection stood stiff and proud.

They walked through the waterfall. They came through in seconds to discover a dry mossy bed. Jack knelt down. He put his hand up to her.

“Lie with me, my love.”

Snowden let him lie her down on her back. He lay on his side beside her.

Jack gazed into her eyes. He held her there while she gained confidence. He let his gaze travel lower. He watched the rise and fall of her breasts as her breathing labored. He looked at the valley of her navel and traveled lower to her sex. She was breathtakingly perfect.

“Do you love me, Jack?”

He looked up at her beseeching eyes and smiled. “Of course I do.”

“Then take me, Jack. I am yours.”

He pressed a kiss to her mouth. She grabbed onto him. He kissed her lips, and her chin. He pressed kisses to her neck. He traveled lower to her breasts. Her nipples were pebbled. They stood erect and proud. He lowered his mouth and took one in. He sucked on it gently, drawing out the pleasure. He went to the other and sucked on it equally.

Snowden sighed at the pleasure of Jack’s hot wet mouth on her bosom. She wanted more. She wanted him to please her everywhere. The

sensations pulling at her nipples tugged at her sex. She was nearly in pain with the aching.

Jack sensed her need. He pressed his mouth lower onto her belly. He could smell her sex. She smelled of salty water like the ocean. He neared her pubic mound. He inhaled her scent deeply.

Snowden could feel his hot breath on her. It tickled yet throbbed intensely. She was unsure of what to do.

“Please. Please don’t hurt me,” she whimpered.

“I won’t. You will only feel pleasure. I assure you.”

He pressed his palm down on her mound. She writhed under him. He groaned at her response.

“Part your legs. I want to see you. I want to smell you. I want to taste you.”

His words inflamed her. She spread her legs slowly.

“Wider. Bend your knees.”

She did as he asked. She could feel the breeze and water droplets on her sex. She’d never felt so open, so exposed. She nearly fainted from the pleasure of it. She never knew that feeling so wanton, so lustful, could feel so incredible.

Jack knelt down between her spread legs. Her sex was wide open to him. He gazed down at it, mesmerized by its innocent beauty. He bent forward and gently spread her labia with his fingers. He could see her clit.

It swelled as his hot breath floated over it. He gently pressed his thumb against it.

Snowden bolted up. His touch sent electrical shocks up her spine. Her breath left her lungs. She had never felt such a thing.

Jack continued to just press her clit. He didn't want to overload her with too much. It was best to break her in slowly. He started to move his thumb. He rubbed her nub in circles.

Snowden could feel a tightness deep inside her belly. Her thighs started to vibrate. Her breathing came in short bursts. The sensations at her sex were driving her over the edge. She bolted again when she felt pressure at her opening. She cried out as Jack inserted a finger deep inside her.

Jack groaned as he slid his finger into her. She was tight around his finger. He would need to loosen her up if he was going to slide his cock in her. He slid his finger in and out slowly. He moved it around in circles. He could feel her juices run. He gently slid another finger in.

Snowden felt herself stretch as he pumped his fingers into her. She was a little uncomfortable at first, but now her body relaxed and gave over to the pleasure. She wanted more. She knew she could take more.

"More, Jack, please," she begged.

Jack jammed in another finger as gently as he could. He could feel her stretch. He continued to rub her clit. She was going to come any moment. He could feel it as her sex slurped at his hand, contracting on him with its fleshy grip.

Snowden closed her eyes as her orgasm rushed out of her. Her whole body tightened. She ground her teeth as a bolt of electricity sang up her spine. It felt like her sex had exploded.

Jack's hand was trapped inside her as she climaxed. Her whole body bolted, and her legs nearly crushed him. He continued to rub her clit, but slowed as her orgasm ripped through her. He felt her come wash over his hand and down his arm. As she quieted, he slid his fingers out and stopped rubbing at her nub. He glanced up at her flushed face.

A wide satisfied grin spread across Snowden's face. She felt glorious. She never knew that sex could feel so empowering. She always felt that having sex robbed something from the woman. That the man took from her. In actuality, it was a gift. Sex was a magical gift.

"Oh, Jack. I had no idea it could feel like this."

He leered at her. "It only gets better."

"How so?"

Jack knelt before her and put a hand on either of her knees. He pushed them apart. He took his cock in hand and guided it to her opening. She was hot and sopping wet. He pushed in gently. He slid in easily.

Snowden watched in amazement as Jack entered her. She could feel his wide girth filling her. She felt a little pain as he slid his length in. The pain was overcome as wave after wave of pleasure swept over her, dragging her down to the depths.

Jack nearly exploded just sliding into her. She was so tight, but accommodating. He nearly wept with the pleasure of it. He lay down over her. He wanted to cover himself in her ample bosom as he completely submerged himself in her.

She wrapped her arms around him as he came down to her body. She could smell the sweat in his hair, and feel the dampness of their bodies as they lay together. He started to move in her. Pump a rhythm into her. She held onto him and let it consume her.

He rocked into her, as she dug into his back. He was lost in her. He searched out her mouth. He found it and dived in. He ravaged her mouth, darting his tongue in and out. He could feel his climax building. He buried his face into her sweet smelling neck and plunged deep into her.

Snowden cried out as he came. She could feel his seed spew into her in short hot spurts. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed his damp forehead. She never knew sex could be so wonderful. Or a man to be so giving.

After Jack was spent, he rolled off Snowden and onto the mossy bed beside her. He felt her nuzzle into his side. He lifted his arm and pulled her close. They nuzzled together until they fell asleep.

As the sun was setting, they woke, found their clothes and dressed. Jack walked Snowden back into the forest to her humble shack where she lived with seven dwarfs.

Light shone from inside the dwelling.

Jack smiled. "I am surprised they are not waiting outside for you. The last time I came to call, Grumpy nearly clubbed me over the head with his hammer."

"They worry is all. But they know I'm a grown woman and do as I please." She laughed. "Besides, I threatened them with pain if they did not comply with my wishes."

Jack laughed. He took her hand and pressed his lips to it. "You are quite a woman, I'd say."

She blushed. "Jack, now that we've consummated our relationship, when will I be moving to the castle?"

Jack choked. "Um, we will have to wait, my love. There is much to do first."

"Can I come to meet the King and Queen then? Surely, they are interested in meeting me."

Jack smiled and quickly grabbed her around the waist and pulled her to him. He pressed a kiss to her frowning mouth. She softened.

"Of course, my dear. When I come for you next week, we will talk about making plans."

He released her and bowed to her. "Now I must bid you a fond farewell. Good night, my sweet angel."

She watched him walk back into the woods. She watched until she could no longer see him in the thick foliage. She could feel the first swell of bitter tears in her eyes.

CHAPTER TWO

Prince Charming whistled happily along the path back onto the castle's gardens. He wound his way through the sculpted bushes and into the courtyard. An armored guard perked up at the sound of his approach.

“Who goes there?”

“Prince Charming.”

The guard bowed. “I’m sorry, your Majesty. I did not know you were out in the gardens.”

“Nor does anyone else. And we shall keep it that way, won’t we, Edgar?”

The guard perked up at the sound of his given name. “Certainly not from my lips, your Majesty.”

Jack smiled and patted Edgar on the shoulder. He liked his servants, enjoyed them even. They rewarded him richly with just the utterance of their given names. Jack knew the power of the name. He used it often to

get his way. As did he compliments and gifts. They did not call him Prince Charming for nothing. His real given name was Prince Edward “Jack” Constance III. Only the bourgeois called him Prince Edward. He was Prince Edward to the kingdom but Prince Charming to the people he meant to rule one day.

The palace was quiet as he entered. The only sound was the soft footsteps of the servants lighting the torches in the passageways. A soft glow emanated through the great hall. He would make his way to his rooms and retire for the evening. Snowden White had worn him out. It had been a tiring chase, but well worth the fatigue. She had been everything he hoped her to be. She was an eager lover. She would be a pleasure to teach and train.

He made it to the base of the grand staircase.

“Edward? Where have you been?”

Jack turned to see his mother nervously wringing her dainty hands. He smiled and bent to kiss her well-pampered cheek.

“Mother. You look radiant this evening. Have you been out strolling in the moonlight? The night air does your skin wonders.”

She blushed like a girl at her son’s comments. He was the charmer, just like his father. “No, I have not. Or I surely would have seen you coming from the woods.”

He raised his eyebrows. He didn’t realize his mother knew of his outings. “I like to walk in the woods. It rests my mind.”

“It’s not your mind I am worried about, dear Prince. Be sure to remember that you meet your betrothed in a few days time. It would not be prudent to have rumors about your indiscretions flying around the kingdom before you are wed. After you are wed, you may have as many indiscretions as your body desires. No one would be able to challenge you then.”

“You need not worry, my Queen. I am very discreet. As I am sure you are also.”

She nodded her head and continued on her way through the palace. Jack watched her leave then bounded up the stairs to his rooms.

He pushed open the ornate doors and entered his lavishly decorated bedchamber. He closed the doors and lit a candle on the table.

“You’re late.”

Jack turned abruptly toward his bed. A grin spread across his face nearly splitting it in half. This night could not get any better.

“I did not realize you would be coming tonight.”

“You should learn to always expect me, dear sir.”

She rose from the bed and walked to him. The candlelight played over her body. She was dressed in a sheer dressing gown. Her long silky hair draped over one shoulder. Her rosy nipples jutted out from her pert breasts. He could clearly make out the golden vee of hair between her long shapely legs.

“You are right. I’m sorry.”

She stood before him. A slender hand on the flare of her hip. She brought up her other hand. She held a horse riding crop. She slapped it down smartly on the table.

“I’m sorry what?”

Jack bowed his head. “I’m sorry, Mistress.”

She smiled. “That’s better. Next time I will not be so forgiving, and you will feel the sting of this crop across your flesh.”

Jack shuddered with desire at the thought of his pain. Mistress had been coming to his bedchambers for a month, but this was the first time she brought an instrument to dole out her delicious punishments.

He remembered the first time he had seen her. It was at a grand ball that his parents had put on so he could choose a bride. All of the wealthy and well to do had been invited. Jack had miserably scanned the meager offerings of ladies in the crowd, when his eyes rested upon a vision in blue.

She stood at the top of the stairs in a glorious blue gown, her hair swept up, and dainty glass slippers on her feet. They had danced all night without conversation. There was nothing to be said.

At the stroke of midnight, she had disappeared. Jack retired to his bedchambers that night to find her comfortably tucked under his silky sheets. She had spanked him with the strength of her long hand that night.

“Can I get Mistress a drink?”

“Yes. I’ve been waiting here for far too long.”

Jack went to his serving table. He poured amber liquor into two glasses. He came back and handed her one.

“You were not seen?”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “Of course not. What do you take me for? I’m not one of your stupid servant girls.”

“Of course. I’m sorry, Mistress.”

Jack took his drink and sat down on the bed. He had better watch his mouth. Mistress did not like to be reminded of her other life. He knew she came from riches, but instead had endured a life of service for her stepmother and two stepsisters. Her father had died when she was just a child. Her stepmother quickly took over his house, his fortunes, and his daughter.

“Are you hungry? I will call a servant to bring whatever you wish.”

She pounded back her drink and placed the glass firmly on the table. “I am hungry for only one thing.”

Jack swallowed. He knew he was done for. She looked like she’d eat him up whole.

“Yes, Mistress. Whatever you want.”

“I want you to get undressed and lay on the bed with your arms out. I don’t want you touching yourself indecently.”

Jack did as he was told. He stripped off his clothes and lay on the silk covered bed. He could still smell Snow White on his flesh. He wondered if his Mistress could.

Mistress watched as Jack undressed. His body never failed to please her. He was lean but strong. His skin was smooth and well washed. And his cock. His cock was thick and long. He was just the right size for her. For her lust.

She looked down at him stretched out on the bed. Already his cock had stiffened. It was standing straight and tall like a little soldier boy. Mistress smiled as she trailed the riding crop over his body. She started at his face and made her way down to his swollen member. She trailed it up and down the length of him. He quivered with each stroke. She was sure she could bring him off with just this subtle stroking. She stopped moving the crop. She was not ready for him to get pleasure. She wanted hers first.

Mistress untied her dressing gown and let it slide to the floor. She stepped out of it and kneeled on the bed. She straddled Jack. She slowly moved up his body inch by inch. She was soon straddling his face.

Jack looked up into her open sex. She was already dripping wet. Her scent was strong and cloying. He knew what she wanted.

“You will lick me until I am satisfied. If you do not obey, I will not hesitate to inflict pain on that which you hold most dear. Your cock.”

She turned herself around so she was facing his hardened cock. She wanted to see it quiver with each stroke of his tongue on her own flesh. She wanted to watch it ache for release.

Jack brought his hands up and spread her apart. She was dark red from lust. Her clit jutted out at him, like a miniature penis. He gently licked the length of her slit.

Her hips gyrated as he lapped at her. She met him stroke for stroke. She loved the feel of his hot wet tongue in her. It gave her great pleasure for him to serve her.

“Harder. Faster. You are disappointing me.” She ground her sex into his face. She could hear his muffled protests. She lifted herself up.

“I will try harder, Mistress.”

“See that you do, or I will be forced to discipline you.” She trailed the riding-crop over the head of his cock.

Jack groaned at the contact. He could feel himself tighten. He was close to coming. But would hold it in. Mistress would be angry if he came first.

He wriggled his tongue around her slit. He used his fingers to pry her wider. He stuck his tongue inside her as far as he could. He darted it in and out quickly. He moved his thumb over her clit. She moaned her delight. He continued his assault. Gaining momentum with each stroke, each rub.

Mistress could feel her climax building. She moved her hips in time with his mouth. Her breath labored. Her belly tightened. Her legs quivered. She rammed herself down onto his tongue and face. She ground herself over him as the orgasm slammed into her. She cried out.

Jack continued to lick at her cunt. He could barely breathe but knew he'd be punished if he stopped. He licked and sucked as she came. Her juices ran down his face. She tasted tart but pleasant.

She stopped moving as her orgasm quieted. She could still feel Jack's tongue in her. He had done a good job of pleasing her. He would be rewarded.

She lifted herself off of his face. She unstraddled him, and kneeled beside him on the bed. She looked down at his face. It glistened with her come. She leaned down and pressed her lips to his. She tasted her own lust on his flesh. She licked his lips savoring the flavor.

"You did well. I will reward you."

"Thank you, Mistress. I love to serve you."

She smiled down at him. She trailed a finger down his sternum to his belly. She circled his navel then traveled lower to his scrotum. She fondled his sack lightly, careful not to squeeze too hard. He moaned loudly. She trailed her finger up his shaft over the tip of his cock and down the other side. She did this repeatedly. Jack writhed on the bed at the feathery touch.

Mistress leaned down and lightly trailed her tongue over the tip of his penis. She could taste him. She growled low in her throat as she took him into her hot mouth. She slid her mouth up and down on him. She gripped the base of him in her long hand. And continued to fondle his scrotum with her other hand.

Jack nearly fainted from her contact. Mistress was always able to get him off quickly. She had immense skill at sucking him. She seemed to really love the act. He loved to watch her slide him completely into her mouth. He could feel the back of her throat. Could feel her hum, tickling the tip of his cock. This always made him come hard.

Jack's cock stiffened in her mouth. He was about to come. Mistress stilled her mouth, and squeezed with her hand. The hot come spewed into her mouth. She swallowed it down in two lusty gulps. Her ability to swallow his seed gave her another sense of power. The power to please. That power was just as entertaining as the one to demand pleasure. With an equal balance, Mistress felt loved.

She slid his softened penis out of her mouth. She wiped her lips clean with the silk from his bed. She crawled up his body and pressed her mouth to his. She liked that he kissed her even after having his own seed in her mouth. Some men refused. But not Jack. Jack would do anything to please her.

He moaned into her mouth. "I love you, Mistress."

She broke from his mouth and gazed down at him. It wasn't the first time he spoke those words. She wanted to believe him. She wanted to believe that he loved her and her only. But she suspected that it wasn't true. She could taste another woman's desire on his cock. He had been with someone else before coming to her in his bedchamber. She had also heard the rumors whispered among the kingdom. Rumors of a sleeping princess,

fairies, and dragons. Could be just stories told to children for entertainment, but she felt deep in heart that they were true.

“Stay a little longer. I want to pleasure you again. Mistress can never have too much pleasure.”

She smiled down at him. He was like an eager schoolboy arriving early to his class desperately wanting to please his teacher. “What will you do for my pleasure?”

“Anything you want.”

“I want you to stand up.”

Jack pushed himself off the bed and stood before her.

She let her eyes travel up and down his body. She could see his cock already beginning to twitch.

“Now I want you to watch me.”

She moved around on the bed so she was facing him. She leaned back on her back and spread her legs wide. She trailed a finger over her open slit. She rubbed it over her clit.

Jack’s hand moved to his cock. He wrapped a hand around it.

Mistress took hold of the crop and brought it down hard across his thigh. “I did not say you could touch yourself.”

The bite of the crop made Jack cringe. But the hot sting made his cock stiff. He quickly removed his hand.

“You may watch me diddle myself until I tell you to take me.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

She continued to rub at her clit. She brought up the riding-crop and rolled the edge over her sex. She loved the unyielding feeling of the polished wood. It was hard and cold against her intimate flesh. She turned it so the handle pressed against her. She rubbed it up and down her gash, until it pushed its way into her. She slid it in and out of her wet gushing hole.

Jack's cock hardened to steel as he watched her slide the crop into her body. He desperately wanted to touch her, to shove his own sex into her. But knew he would have to wait.

Mistress could feel another orgasm mounting. She wanted to ride it out. She wanted to draw the pleasure out for as long as she could stand. She needed Jack's cock to do that.

“Now! Ram it in me now!”

Jack jumped at her voice. He grabbed both of her legs and spread her wide. He rammed into her in one hard thrust. They cried out together at the intense sensation. Jack continued to slam into her. He went so deep his scrotum slapped against her buttocks. He could feel every velvety inch of her on his cock.

Tears sprang to her eyes, as pain melted into pleasure. She cried out with every violent thrust of his cock. She could feel him in her belly, pounding at the gates of her womb. Her climax was explosive. She shut her eyes as it tore into her. She could see nothing until white light exploded in her brain. She thought she'd go blind from it.

Jack came moments after her orgasm. Her vagina contracting around him tightly. He could feel shock after shock course through her. He felt every drop of his come seep into her. He had never felt so aware of his cock before. Every feeling intensified. Every feeling multiplied while he was inside her. And as he slipped out of her, his entire mind and body felt numb. He could no longer put coherent thought together. He collapsed face first onto the bed. He could no longer move.

Mistress let her legs drop to the bed. She could not lift them any longer. She was sore and shaking from exertion. She finally could feel her heart beat, for she had thought it had stopped. She opened her eyes and turned toward Jack. He was face first on the bed, with his eyes closed. Slowly a smile crept across his sweaty face.

“I think I have died and gone to heaven.”

“Then I have met you there at the pearly gates.”

Jack opened his eyes and looked at his Mistress. This was the first time she had expressed any feelings for him. He knew she loved him, but had never heard it from her lips. He knew it cost her plenty to open herself this way. He would not push her.

“When will you come to me again?”

She smiled at him. He knew what she had almost done, and what it could have cost her. “When it suits me.” She got off the bed and dressed.

Jack watched her.

“You best be better prepared for me next time, dear sir. I won’t allow another slip on your part.”

“I will be, Mistress. I would not wish to make you angry.” He grinned sheepishly.

She laughed. “You lie. My anger makes your cock twitch does it not?”

He laughed with her. “You are right as always, Mistress.”

She put on her heavy cloak. She put up the hood. She walked to the window and opened the doors. She turned to him once more.

“Before I come next time, be sure to wash yourself well. I do not wish to taste another woman on you again.”

With that, she swung over the balcony and into the dark night.

Jack frowned, gathering the silky covers to his shaking body. She knew. She could taste Snow White on him. He did not know what she would do with that knowledge. He knew she could not tell or her own position would be compromised. Surely if her stepmother found out about her escapades, she would be beaten severely, probably maimed. That woman knew no mercy, and she would imprison his Mistress forever.

Maybe she would devise her own revenge on him. As Jack curled into a warm ball under his covers, his cock twitched at the thought of her imaginative ways.

CHAPTER THREE

For the next two days, Prince Charming floated around the castle in a lustful fog. He did his duties mindlessly, while he thought of his loves. He desired to be with his pure love Snowden White to revel in her passionate learning, and he burned fiercely for the unexpected arrival of his Mistress, Cinda Rella. He was constantly, feverishly on guard for her. He slept with the window shutters open, just in case.

But as the days moved on, he smoldered desperately for another. His little vixen would soon be arriving at the castle.

She loved her nickname. Every time he muttered it, her eyes would glaze over in lust, and she would go wild for him. The scars on his back were not caused by the painful whippings of his Mistress, but by the sharp talons of his little fox.

When the day came for her arrival, Jack could hardly contain himself. He rose early and jogged around the gardens to pump his heart and sculpt his muscles. He ate heartily and dressed in his royal best.

The King and Queen noticed his excitement and patted themselves on the backs for choosing so well. It was good for the kingdom if their future King burned brightly for his future Queen. A passionate marriage meant a

passionate ruler. A passionate ruler would reign in glory for his kingdom and his people. Great wealth and prosperity could be expected.

They all gathered in the grand ballroom as the royal procession entered the castle walls. Jack vibrated with desire as the royals were announced.

The herald stood at the entrance of the great ballroom. “Your Majesties, let me introduce, Sir Roderick and Lady Sarah from Worthington, and their daughter Lady Gwendolyn.”

The Prince rose as the procession entered. He smiled and bowed gallantly as they neared the thrones.

The King and Queen watched their son. They were surprised at his actions.

Jack stepped down the steps and greeted the group. “Sir Roderick, it is a pleasure to meet you.”

The gentleman looked shocked at the Prince’s greeting. He bowed. “The pleasure is all ours I’m sure, your Majesty.”

“Nonsense.” He stepped up to Lady Sarah and took her hand. “Lady Sarah, your face is like the sun rising on this kingdom.” He kissed her hand.

She blushed and giggled. “Your Majesty, you flatter.” She curtsied.

He stepped up to Lady Gwendolyn. She was in a full curtsy. Her head bowed down demurely. “Please rise, my Lady. For you are well received in my kingdom.”

The girl rose, and lifted her head to meet his gaze. Jack smiled sweetly. She was not a pretty girl. Her face was gaunt and her nose was too

prominent for her thin face. But she had the most luscious mouth he had ever seen.

He bowed to her. “You’re more beautiful than I ever expected, Lady Gwendolyn.”

She blushed. “And you are more than I ever dreamed, your Majesty.”

He took her gloved hand and kissed it. “Please call me Prince Edward.”

The King and Queen glanced at each other and nodded their approval. They were right in agreeing on Lady Gwendolyn. She was not the most beautiful girl, but she had spirit and ambition. Two qualities a Princess should always possess.

Jack let Lady Gwendolyn’s hand go. He stepped back and turned his attention to the young woman standing respectfully behind them.

“And this is?”

Lady Gwendolyn turned to the woman behind her. “Prince Edward, may I introduce my cousin, Princess Borealis from Devonshire county.”

She curtsied to him. He bowed to her. “Princess Borealis, I do believe I know your husband, Prince Philip.”

“Yes, my lord. He speaks often of you.”

“And I think often of him.”

She smiled sweetly at him. Her blue eyes twinkled mischievously.

Jack smiled back. He could hardly contain himself with her in his presence. She was a stunning woman. When she walked in a room, men fell to their knees and women turned green with envy. Her eyes blazed

coldly like blue flame and her hair shone like spun gold, silky to the touch. She was tall for a woman. She could meet most men eye to eye and not just in height. Her body was long, lean, with high pert breasts, and thin hips. She was very agile, he knew. She had the body of a dancer or a gymnast.

He knew her by another name. Rose Briar. It was her commoner name before she took up with fairies and dragons and fashioned a deal with an evil witch named Malificent. He admired her tenacity and her resourcefulness. She was a woman with many ambitions. He respected that. So when he discovered her deceitful plot, he merely laughed and asked to join in. He had helped her in uncertain circumstances, nab the heart of his friend and rival, Prince Philip. And from that day on, they had been keen lovers.

Jack bowed to her again then turned his attentions back to Lady Gwendolyn. He offered his arm to her. She wrapped her hand around it.

“Shall we go to the gardens and have a refreshment?”

Following Jack’s lead, everyone filed out of the ballroom and into the beautiful gardens. Tables had been set for food and drink. Everyone found a spot and immediately dived into conversation. Gossip mostly.

As they ate and drank, Jack stole glances at Princess Borealis. She was seated next to his uncle. She was speaking animatedly with him. Her hands waving around as she spoke, making each point with a motion of her finger.

Jack chatted flirtatiously with Lady Gwendolyn and her mother. By the time he had excused himself, they were both warm from blushing well and often. They each produced a fan and fanned themselves adamantly.

Jack wandered the gardens, drink in hand. He watched at a distance the goings on at the tables. He was glad to be away from it. Although he knew his duties, he often would wish for a different life. A life where he was not expected of anything. Sometimes when his life as Prince interfered with his own manly desires, he would often think of escape.

“A farthing for your thoughts.”

He turned. Rose stood behind him, hidden from view by a tall hedge.

“I’d give you ten gold pieces for yours.”

“And my body? What would you give me for that?”

“Everything,” he growled.

She grabbed his arm and pulled him to her behind the hedge.

“We must hurry. They will miss us in a short time.”

She quickly lifted up her skirts. She slipped off her undergarments with one hand. She bent over the stone bench. Her perfectly round ass protruding up to him.

He gazed at her, his little vixen. She was always ready for him. Hot and wet. Open to him for any moment they could steal. He pulled down his trousers and produced his throbbing cock. It was purple with strain.

He nuzzled behind her. He guided his swollen member into her wet gaping sex. He slid in easily, smoothly. Like she was built just for him. He slid in and out quickly.

She moaned with each thrust. “Oh yes. Oh yes.”

She pushed back into him with each stroke. She wanted to feel all of him inside her. Her every orifice burned for him.

“Pull it out,” she demanded.

Jack slid his cock out. He held it still in his hand. “Why?”

“Put it in my bum.”

Jack looked down at her puckered pink bud. “Are you sure? It is illegal, such an act.”

She grinned slyly through heavy breaths. “I know.”

Jack gulped but was eager to please. He had dreamed of such a thing, but would never have asked for it out loud. Sodomy was illegal in the lands. You could hang for such an act of depravity. Jack’s cocked throbbed painfully at the prospect.

He gently nuzzled the head against her tight opening. He dipped his finger into her wet slit and lubricated the area well. He pushed gently. The head went in slowly.

Rose stiffened as his cock entered her. She could feel her cunt ache at the thought of this act. She had always wanted to try it. Sometimes when she touched herself, she would insert her finger in her anus. She liked how it felt. Decadent and dirty. She came all the harder.

Jack pushed in. It was tight. Squeezing his cock firmly. He began to move gently. Just the little motions sent shivers up his spine. He could feel his orgasm mounting quickly. It would not take much for him to come.

As he moved in her ass, Rose brought her hand down to her tender nub. She began to jiggle it hard. She wished Jack had two cocks to fornicate with. One just wasn't enough.

Jack sensed her need. He inserted a finger into her sex. She was sopping wet. Come dripped down over his hand.

"More. Give me more," she moaned as she pushed back against him.

Jack inserted another finger into her and pumped them. He could feel his cock in her anus against her vaginal wall. He could feel himself thrust.

Rose rubbed her clit faster and harder. She was going to come. It was going to be explosive. She put her other hand over her mouth to stop the scream she knew would come.

Jack thrust hard into her buttocks. He could feel her coming.

It exploded in her. Waves of pleasure burst from her inside out. She screamed into her hand as she pinched her clit hard. Her climax radiated from everywhere. It felt like molten lava had erupted in her body.

"I'm going to come," Jack exclaimed.

"On my bum. Do it on my bum."

Jack pulled out and came over her butt cheeks. The hot white liquid dripped on her pale flesh.

Rose brought her hands to her buttocks, and began to rub the semen into her skin. She smeared it all over. Moaning as she massaged it in. After she had been severely lotioned, she licked the residue off her fingers. Jack got hard again just from watching her.

“I love it when you’re dirty,” Jack exclaimed, his cock still in his hand.

“I know. I love it too.” She smiled. “Help me with my undergarments. We should go back now.”

Jack tucked himself back into his trousers. He helped Rose slide her lacy garments back up her long legs. She smoothed down her skirts and kissed him hard on the mouth.

“Thank the lord my husband is not here. He would surely smell you on my breath.”

“Yes, that is fortunate.”

“He would surely whip me for my deceit.”

He slapped her playfully on the buttocks. “I’m afraid you’d probably like that.”

“Yes, I’m afraid you’re right,” she laughed.

Princess Borealis stepped out from the hedge. She smoothed her hair and curtsied to Jack. “Shall we meet again?”

“At midnight, in the ballroom. I would love to have you on the throne.”

“I would love that, too.”

She walked back into the main gardens. Jack stood behind the hedge and watched her. She was a spirited girl. She would have made a fine wife.

It was too bad that Philip was the one she chose to deceive. And he was sure Philip would be shocked to learn that on their wedding day, Jack had had her inside and out in their marital bed. She had been a willing participant of course. For it was she that sought out Jack. She claimed to have too much passion for one man. Jack could not contradict. She had been wild and reckless when they had sex. Jack dubbed her 'little vixen' without delay. He was looking forward to the night.

For the rest of the day and most of the evening, Jack and Princess Borealis engaged in polite conversation, never letting on their lustful feelings for each other. Not even under the watchful eye of the Queen, could they be accused of anything more than civility. It nearly killed both of them, but that was part of the fun. The anticipation. The built up sexual frustration that they would eventually release on one another.

When midnight came, Jack was practically frothing at the mouth. His cock throbbed painfully in his pants. It wept for release.

He crept from his rooms and entered the darkened ballroom. He gazed around the enormous room searching for movement. He saw none, just the shadows of the royal thrones elongated across the polished floor.

He approached the thrones. He trailed a finger over the blue velvet of his father's chair. One day it would be his. He sat down in it and gazed across the room. He imagined greeting dignitaries and dishing out the laws of their kingdom. He rubbed a hand over his hardening cock. Some he would seek to change.

A hand clamped down on his thigh. Jack jumped.

“You should be more careful, Prince Charming. I could have been an enemy assassin, here to slice your throat.”

Jack grabbed the hand and pulled Rose from her hiding spot behind the throne. He enveloped her in his arms and pressed his lips to her throat.

“I do believe it’s my cock that you’re after.”

She giggled, moving her hand to cup him through his trousers. He was already hard.

“You are right. And I shall have it immediately.”

Rose scrabbled at his pants. She untied his belt and pulled at the material. Soon he sprung free. Stiff and proud. She wrapped her hand around his shaft. She pulled on him playfully.

“So hard. So hot.”

“Only for you, my vixen.”

She looked deep into his eyes. “Are you sure this is only for me? I would be very disappointed to learn that I have rivals for your affection.”

“You have no rival, Princess.”

“What of Gwendolyn?”

“Simply a marriage of politics. Just like yours to Philip. You are the one I love.”

She laughed and steered him to sit in the throne. She let go of his aching cock, and stepped back. She untied her bodice and pushed down her

dress. She let it slip to the floor. She stepped out of it and placed her hands on her hips.

“Am I not the most beautiful creature you have ever seen?”

Jack swallowed the saliva pooling in his mouth. Rose stood before him in a black corset and garter. Her pale bosom spilled forth. Her legs were sheathed in black silk. Her creamy thighs were bare.

“I have not the words to describe your beauty.”

“Do you like my undergarments?”

“Oh yes.”

“They are French. I picked this out last time I was in Paris. I thought of you when I felt the material between my legs.”

He smiled. “The French are very clever. They are the masters in the art of sex.”

“Yes, they are. I learned a few things while I was there.”

“Then come and show me.”

Rose swayed to where Jack sat. He reached up and pulled her corset down. The boned material pushed her breasts up and out. They pushed toward him. Jack leaned forward and took one rosy nipple into his hungry mouth.

Cinda dared not move as she watched the spectacle. She had been watching from the corner of the ballroom, behind the ornate tables and chairs.

She entered the castle earlier to spy on Jack. She had suspicions of him and his fidelity. She had waited in the halls before his room. When he emerged at midnight, she followed him to the ballroom. Her suspicions were confirmed.

She had heard rumors of this woman. It was a fairytale told to servants and peasants about a commoner that cleverly deceived a Prince and became his wife. It gave hope to all that maybe one day with the proper ambition that they too could wear the robes of royalty.

Cinda had also heard of her beauty. The rumors had been plain in their speaking. For this woman was beyond mere words. She felt a twinge of jealousy as she watched the pale goddess.

Jack feasted on her breasts. He squeezed and pulled at her nipples. With every tug, Rose moaned. She reached down between her legs and unfastened her corset. The material gave way.

Jack glanced down to look his fill of her naked sex. She was as golden down there as on her glorious head. He reached down and cupped her. She was sopping wet already. Her desire dripping down her milky thighs. Jack sighed as he slid his fingers over her parted lips. She was soft and silky, hot to the touch. He brought his fingers to his mouth. He licked them clean.

Rose watched as Jack's tongue lavished in her lusty juice. She couldn't wait any longer. Her legs were vibrating with desire. She straddled Jack's lap. She felt his cock fill her up in one quick thrust of her hips as she sat.

Jack reached around and cupped her buttocks. He squeezed them firmly as she began to move. He pressed his face into her bosom, licking at her peaked nubs.

Rose ground herself into him. She could feel his cock tapping at her womb. She ground harder to accommodate the aching in her clit. She reached down and flicked her finger over the swollen nub. Pleasure shot up her spine. She held onto Jack's shoulders and really began to pump. She glanced at the mirror on the wall behind them. She liked to watch herself. Watching the lust cloud her face turned her on even more. She moved faster.

Cinda's breathing grew heavy. She could hear the lusty moans and groans from them. She could hear the liquid movements of their sexes joining. The ache between her legs intensified. She desperately wanted to touch herself.

She reached under her cloak. Her legs were shaking. The insides of her thighs were sticky with her lust. She wore no undergarments. She trailed a finger over her throbbing sex. She was hot and wet, her clit already swollen with need. She rubbed herself hard, and inserted a finger deep inside.

Rose's tempo increased. She was nearing her orgasm. She watched in the mirror, wanting to see herself come. She saw movement in the mirror. She narrowed her eyes to see clearly.

She saw a figure in the corner of the ballroom. A woman. Her eyes were glued to their coupling. Rose smiled when she realized the woman

was touching herself, pleasuring herself. Rose pounded down on Jack's cock harder, faster. She cried out when her orgasm slammed into her. She kept her eyes open. She wanted to see the woman's face when she came.

Jack bit down on Rose's breast as his seed spewed into her. She had been wild again, squeezing from him all he could give her. Her ability to take pleasure selfishly made him come harder.

Cinda muffled her cries when she came. Watching the goddess come, had spurned her own climax. She slid out her fingers, and wiped them on her cloak. She cursed herself under her breath and escaped from the ballroom into the shadows.

Rose saw the woman leave. She wondered who she was. Not a servant. No, the woman had been dressed in a cloak. A cloak designed for invisibility. She was a spy. But whom was she spying on? She had claimed many enemies over the years. Maybe Malificent had finally sent an assassin. Their secret bond could not be quieted forever.

Jack moaned into her chest. "You are insatiable."

She looked down at Jack's sweaty face. She kissed his brow. "Only for you, Jack."

"Do you fuck Philip like this?"

"No. He is too rigid, and never has time for me. And you, dear Jack?"

Jack looked up at her quizzically. "There are no others, my little vixen. I have barely enough energy for you."

She smiled and hugged him to her breast. She felt his cock jerk again into an iron shaft. She was not so sure.

CHAPTER FOUR

The village was bustling when Snowden arrived. It had been a long time since she'd been there. The dwarfs were usually the ones who came to get supplies. But this time she volunteered when it was time to come again. They had argued with her at first, but had softened when she pleaded her case. She needed to face her past and, unknown to them, her future. She planned to seek out the Prince.

He would be surprised, but pleased she was sure. He would certainly look at her differently. She would no longer be the timid recluse he knew, but the strong ambitious woman she wanted to become.

Snowden walked around the market and smiled. She had forgotten how it could be. She'd missed the interaction with others. When she was a girl and lived at Darkside Castle, she loved to come to the market. All the things she could see. She had been fascinated by everything. But her evil

stepmother had soon crushed that fascination and forbade her to come into the village.

The dwarfs had been her only friends and family for seven years now. She had been a girl when she was forced to find refuge with them. But now she was a woman, and she decided it was time to act as so. If she ran into her evil stepmother, she would deal with her. The woman no longer had a claim over her. She did hope to run into Humbert, the kind and gentle woodsman. She had had a sweet crush on him as a child. He was large like a bear and handsome. He had a deep and soothing voice, she remembered. She wondered if he would recognize the young girl that he helped to escape from the evil clutches of her stepmother.

Snowden passed many proprietors selling their wares. She smiled as she passed them. An old woman held out an apple to her as she neared. Snowden took it. She looked at it then with a smile took a healthy bite. The juices ran down her chin. She loved apples.

“Thank you, kind woman.”

The old lady nodded her head in response then continued on with her business. Snowden continued on her way weaving in and out of the hectic market place.

A bugle sounded. People stopped in their business. They dropped what they were doing and hustled toward the sound. It sounded again.

Snowden followed the crowd curiously. Maybe it was the sound of festivities. She would love to eat and dance with her fellow folk. The

crowd gathered in the courtyard before the mighty royal castle. Snowden's heart raced as she saw the magnificent structure of her true love's home. She never knew it was so beautiful. After the festivities, she would make her presence known at the gates, where Prince Charming could receive her proudly.

The bugle sounded again. A herald stepped out in the bright sunlight. He was dressed in the royal colors.

"Hear ye, hear ye. The good people of Sheffield. It is my honor to make this glorious announcement. Our kindly Prince Edward Constance III, has chosen a bride."

There was applause among the people.

Snowden looked around her. She didn't realize that Jack had a brother. This was definitely happy news. She clapped along.

"It is my pleasure to introduce to you, Lady Gwendolyn of Devonshire, and your Prince Edward."

Snowden clapped as two figures emerged from the castle gates. They had linked hands and waved to the crowd. They were both dressed in their royal best. Snowden's smile quickly faded. Before her was not Jack's brother, but Jack himself.

Her heart fell into her stomach and she felt like vomiting. She had been betrayed. She had been gullible and naïve. He had stolen her virginity and her innocence. She put a shaky hand to her racing heart. She could feel it break.

“Jack!” She pushed forward. She would not let him go. He was hers.
“Jack!”

The Prince flinched. Had he heard his name? Who would be calling his secret name out in this crowd? He glanced nervously over the faces of the crowd.

“Jack!” Snowden pushed aside the crowd. He would come to his senses when he saw her. When he saw his one true love.

“Ja--”

A gloved hand clamped over her mouth. “Be quiet, foolish girl, or I will be forced to rip out your tongue.”

Snowden struggled against the restraint, but her captor was incredibly strong. She was dragged behind a wood dwelling.

Her mouth was released and she was pushed up against the wooden wall. A stunning blond woman stared at her from underneath a hooded cloak.

“Who are you? Why did you stop me?”

“I am a fool just as you.”

Tears swam in Snowden’s eyes. “I don’t understand.”

“Neither do I, but I will with your help.”

She released her hold on Snowden. She produced her hand. “My name is Cinda Rella, and I have fallen under the charms of our Prince, the same as you.”

Snowden took it gingerly. “I am Snowden White.”

Cinda smiled. "A pleasure."

Snowden snatched her hand back. "Are you telling me, that ... that you have been with Jack?"

"Oh yes, in many ways, many times."

Snowden blushed. "You're not a...?"

"A what?"

"A prostitute?" She whispered.

"I do not get monetary rewards for my favors. I give them for free." She grinned wickedly.

Snowden turned from Cinda's blazing eyes. "I am unaccustomed to such brazen talk."

"I see you are embarrassed, little girl."

"I am not a girl. I am a woman."

Cinda looked her up and down lecherously. "We shall see."

"What is it you want from me?" She asked her voice quavering.

"Revenge."

"On who?"

"Our Prince Charming. We are not the only ones he has taken up with. I know of at least one other."

"That Lady Gwendolyn? The one he intends to marry?"

Cinda shook her head. "No, Princess Borealis, the lady's cousin."

Snowden's face reddened as tears fell freely from her eyes. "I cannot believe I have been so foolish."

Cinda backed away from her. She was unaccustomed to another woman's feelings. She had never seen tears from her stepmother or stepsisters. She did not think they could produce them. And she had not cried in many years. But as she watched tears fall down the ivory oval face of this woman, she felt her heart tighten.

"Do not berate yourself. He has many charms. He is wicked with them. Do not blame yourself for falling under his spell. There is not a one that could resist."

Snowden gazed into Cinda's sharp face. She looked like a woman who knew of such spells. A woman that could cast such a love spell on many men. If she had been fooled, then Snowden did not feel as stupid.

She smiled, as she wiped the tears away. "What is it you had planned?"

Cinda grinned. "There is strong stock underneath that pretty exterior."

Snowden blushed. She was not well rehearsed in receiving compliments, especially coming from another woman.

"Firstly, we will need to track down Princess Borealis."

"But why? Surely she will have us arrested for accusing the Prince of such indiscretions."

"No. She is a woman. She has her pride. She will not protect him."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have seen the knowing look in her eyes."

For the rest of the day, Jack jumped at shadows. He had an unsettling feeling that he was being watched. In the courtyard, when he had heard his

name, he felt exposed. Certainly, his Mistress would have heard the news of his impending marriage. But he was sure that she would understand his duties as a Prince. She would know that he would have to marry. Surely, she wouldn't think that he would marry her. She was beneath his station. He had to marry a lady. And Cinda Rella was no lady. By birthright, she might have been, but due to her current circumstances, she was no more than a servant girl. He was certain that she understood that, accepted her fate.

He would still receive her in his bed. They would just have to work around his marriage to the Lady Gwendolyn. He would insist that Gwendolyn have her own bedchambers. They would certainly couple, as was expected of a husband and wife, but he would convince her that she would be happier with her own rooms. Her own privacy. She was indeed a smart woman. She would understand if she wanted to rule one day.

They had a formal supper in the large dining room to consummate the engagement. Lady Gwendolyn sat across from him with her parents, which was customary. Princess Borealis managed to commandeer the chair beside him. It was a dangerous move on her part. He wondered what game she was up to.

The dinner was served and polite conversation emanated around the table. Sir Roderick was questioning Jack about his political ambitions.

“And what of the civil disobedience in the counties? Surely, you will quash that with a heavy hand. You mustn’t be kind with these people. They know nothing of manners and civility.”

“Surely you are correct, Sir Roderick, but I have found that violence begets violence. I’m sure there is another way to extradite loyalty than with a sword.”

Rose nodded her assent even as her hand found its way to Jack’s thigh.

He jolted at the contact. He glanced at her sideways. She was smiling sweetly, hand on her chin enthralled with his speech.

Sir Roderick asked him another question, but Jack did not hear it. All he could do was concentrate on the clever hand that moved its way up to his groin. He quickly stiffened under the firm touch. He nearly groaned as she rubbed him up and down.

“Prince Edward? Are you all right? You look like you’re in pain,” Sir Roderick commented. Everyone stopped to look over at him.

He smiled and waved the thought away. “I’m fine, sir. I think this soup’s given me a little gas.”

Sir Roderick nodded. “I do believe you’re right, sir.” He pushed the soup bowl away and waved to one of the servants.

Jack turned toward Rose. He crinkled his eyes, telling her of his distress.

She smiled and squeezed. He grimaced. She turned her attention to her cousin across the table. “Lady Gwendolyn, you must be excited about your wedding day?”

Gwendolyn smiled sweetly. “Oh yes. A woman should be excited for this day. To become a wife is a worthy duty.”

“I couldn’t agree more. To become a Princess is even better.” She laughed.

Everyone laughed at the table.

“Did you know that in savage countries, a man can marry many women? Some kings have over ten wives, and some even have concubines as well. How do you feel about that, Prince Edward?” She turned her smoky eyes toward him.

“I think those men have more energy than I.”

Everyone around the table laughed.

“Oh, I don’t know, my lord, you seem to radiate energy.” She patted his growing cock.

Everyone chuckled kindly, except Lady Gwendolyn. She narrowed her eyes at Rose.

“Surely that is no kind of talk for a married lady, my cousin. Or a woman of your station,” she chided.

Rose bowed her head. “You are right, my lady. I apologize.” She took her hand away from Jack. She picked up her napkin and dabbed her mouth. “I am sorry, my lord, if I caused any embarrassment.”

Jack chuckled. "You have caused nothing but amusement, my lady."

Rose set down her napkin and narrowed her eyes at Jack. Amusement? She was more than an amusement. He would soon learn that.

Everyone went back to their food and other conversations.

Jack leaned over and talked low. "You will meet me later?"

"I don't think that wise. Besides, my husband shall be coming soon. I would like to be clean for him."

Jack sat back, slighted by her comments. He watched wearily as she took her leave of the table. Surely, she had no jealousy of her cousin. She was the one that suggested Gwendolyn to his father and mother. Planting the seed in them. She knew that they could easily run around the girl. Maybe she had changed her mind?

In was around midnight, when movement near her bed, stirred Rose awake. She sat up and listened intently to the night. Her heart was pounding in her chest. Was it Jack coming to make up?

"Jack, is that you?" she whispered into the dark.

A figure in black pounced on her, pinning her to the bed. Her arms were pinned back, her body immobile by the weight of the intruder.

She was about to scream when one of her silk scarves was crammed into her mouth. She looked up wide-eyed at her captor. She must have been dreaming.

Cinda leered down at Rose. "Hello, my little darling. Sorry, it's not Jack coming to call."

Rose struggled to no avail. Cinda was very strong. She glanced around looking for an escape. Her eyes rested on another woman in the room. She was as pale as porcelain she nearly glowed in the dark. Her hair was like midnight. She looked ethereal even in her dowdy dark cloak.

“If I remove the scarf will you scream?”

Rose shook her head. She had an inkling of why these women had stolen into her bedchambers. She wanted to hear what they had to say.

Cinda removed the scarf. Rose stayed silent. “Good girl.”

“What do you want?”

Cinda smiled. “You know what we want.”

“Jack.”

“Yes. I knew you were smart. A girl like you doesn’t get where she is by being stupid and careless.”

“But I have been careless.”

“You fell in love with him.”

Rose nodded. Cinda let go of her arms, and sat back on the bed. Rose rubbed her wrists and sat up.

“We all did,” Snowden said quietly.

Rose looked at her, then at Cinda. “How long?”

“Months, maybe six,” Cinda said.

“A few months. Not long. I’d only see him once or twice a week.”

Snowden bowed her head as she spoke.

Rose wiped a stray hair from her face. "I've been with Jack for years. He helped me ensure my royal status."

"You mean he served up his friend Prince Philip to you on a royal platter," Cinda snarled.

"Yes, you could say that. Now that you have my audience, what is it you propose?"

"Revenge."

"I assumed that, but do you have a plan?"

"Oh yes."

"What makes you think I will go along with it? What makes you think that I even group myself with the likes of you?" She asked indignantly.

Cinda reached out and trailed a finger over Rose's pouty lips. "Because I have seen the look in your eyes, my lady. You don't like to share."

Rose batted away Cinda's intimate touch.

"I see how you seethe with anger when you look at me and imagine Jack's cock in my sex. He has had it in there many a time."

Rose looked away from Cinda. She glanced at Snowden. "And what about you? How many times did you spread your legs?"

"Once." She lifted her head and met Rose's stare.

"He was just working on her. She was a tougher sale than we were. She has morals," Cinda chuckled.

Rose huffed. She hugged the covers close to her body. “Infidelity is not that strong of a motivator. With one word, Jack would stop seeing the both of you. His loyalty is to me.”

“But I know all of your secrets, Rose Briar. With one word, I could end your life as you know it.” Cinda smiled sweetly.

Rose stared hard into her face. Cinda’s look did not waver. She was not a woman to deal lightly with. She could see hardness and brutality in her angular face. This woman knew of pain and suffering. And would dish it out just as cruelly as she’d received it.

“I will be bound to you by my word. What is it you ask of me?”

Cinda leaned forward eager to tell her plan. “You must act like there is nothing wrong. You must be the same with him. He must not suspect anything. We will need the element of surprise.”

“I will do what I have to.” Rose put her hand out toward Cinda.

“So will I.” Cinda covered Rose’s hand with her own.

Snowden covered their hands with hers. “And I.”

So the three made a pact. A pact to exact their revenge on Prince Charming.

CHAPTER FIVE

Days went by without incident. The kingdom prepared joyously for the impending wedding. Jack went about his duties with a diligence and vigor expected from a Prince anticipating marriage to his Princess. His thoughts about Rose's loss of reason vacated his mind. Her little show must have been a moment of weakness, he concluded. As her hunger for him was as bountiful as ever.

They had coupled voraciously since that night. She met him for a moonlit stroll and they ripped at each other on the grass of the courtyard. She also surprised him one evening in his bedchambers. At first, Jack had thought it was his Mistress. They were both of fair hair. But he soon realized it was Rose who came to ride him hard all through the night hours. She had orgasmed three times that night. She made love with renewed vigor, like she had suddenly stumbled upon a powerful aphrodisiac. Jack did not complain.

He was feeling so relaxed and at ease that he was taken by complete surprise when his Mistress did come to call one dark and stormy night.

Jack lay on his bed covers naked. The window shutters were open and the stormy breeze blew over his skin. He loved the feeling of the night air on his bare flesh.

He snapped awake as the hood was yanked over his head. He tried to lash out, but soon realized his hands were bound together with heavy rope. He felt the cool sharp point of a blade pressed against his lower belly.

“Struggle and you will lose all that you cherish.” The blade slid down to his flaccid penis.

Jack stopped moving. He lay perfectly still. The low voice sounded familiar.

“Now, you will stand up and walk. Any sudden movements and I will run you through. Do you understand?”

Jack nodded inside the hood. He hoped his abductor saw the movement. He sat up and gained his feet. He walked the way he was roughly guided.

From his judgment, he guessed there were at least two captors. One walked in front of him, and one in back. He had a feeling there was a third presence but had no indication of his whereabouts.

They guided him out of the palace and through the courtyard. They were very careful and never once were afraid of guard detection. He suspected that they knew their way around the grounds. His abductors were known to him, of that he was sure.

He walked a long time through the woods. He stumbled once. They picked him up roughly and pushed him forward. They came to a road. Jack could feel the soft earth underneath his bare feet. He heard horses.

They helped him up into a carriage. Only one of them accompanied him as the horse galloped quickly. They were on the road not long, before they

came to a full stop. He was helped out of the carriage. He was shoved through a door. He stumbled onto the wooden floor. He was picked up and sat in a chair. He was bound to it. They tied his hands behind the chair, and his legs bound to the chair legs. Then he was left.

Jack did not know how long he sat there. It seemed a long time before he heard movement in the room. His arms and legs were stiffening. Pain started to radiate in his shoulder from the restraint.

He felt movement behind him. His hood was removed. Jack blinked at the change, his eyes adjusting to the light. There were candles lit around the room, giving it a soft golden glow.

A figure swam into view. He shook his head. He must have fallen asleep and was dreaming.

Rose stood before him in a gauzy white gown. She looked like an angel smiling down at him.

“Rose?”

“Yes, darling. It’s me.”

“What are you doing here? What is going on?”

“We have some unfinished business with you.”

“We?”

“Yes, Jack, we.” Cinda stepped from behind him. She walked over to stand beside Rose.

He shook his head to clear it. “I don’t understand.”

“Sure you do. You’ve been a naughty boy, Jack. And you know what naughty boys get, don’t you?” Cinda smiled. “Punishment. This is your punishment.”

He cringed. “I’m sorry. I couldn’t help it. You know I love you, Mistress.”

Cinda softened. “I know, dear sir. Just as you love Rose, right?”

“Yes,” he nodded. “Yes, just like I love Rose. I love her too.”

“Just as you love me, my lord?”

Rose and Cinda stepped apart. Snowden stepped from the shadows to stand between them. Jack blinked his eyes. It couldn’t be?

She was dressed in a sheer dressing gown. Her inky hair flowed around her shoulders. Her lips were stained red. Her nipples were just as rosy through the material of her gown. She looked like a goddess of the night, not the innocent beauty he remembered.

“Snowden? Is it you?”

She smiled. “Yes, dear Jack. Do you like how I look? You’ve made me into this, my lord. A wanton whore.”

He struggled against his ropes. “No! You are not a whore. None of you are. That is not how I see you.”

“But that is what you made us,” Cinda said.

“I’m sorry. I cherish all of you. I adore you. I love you. Please, can’t you see that?”

“That’s the problem, Jack. We don’t see that. We don’t believe you,” Rose said.

“I’ll do anything to prove it to you. I’ll do anything you want.”

All three of them smiled. “That’s the idea, Jack. By the end, you’ll be begging us to love you.”

Jack stared at them wide-eyed. They looked like a coven of witches. All seductive and deadly with their spells. They were all dressed the same he realized now, their hair all worn down and around their shoulders. He could clearly see all of their bodies through the thin material. Each full bodied and flushed with excitement.

“What are you going to do to me?”

“What you have been doing to each of us time and time again. We’re going to taunt you. Tease you. Bring to the edge of release then bring you back down again. Pleasure you until you want to faint, then take it away, leaving you panting and breathless and so painfully wanton that you could die.” Cinda walked close to him. She brushed her hand over his cheek. When he nuzzled into it, she took it away.

She stood behind him. She bent over his shoulder and kissed him on the neck. She whispered into his ear. “I want you to beg me for it, just like old times.” She stepped around the chair and stood before him, only inches away. Her breasts heaved lustily. “Except this time, I won’t give it to you.”

Jack moaned. He could smell her. He could smell all of them. Their scents were all different but all very female. His cock started to twitch.

Cinda looked down at it. She smiled ferally. “I think Jack’s ready to play.”

She stepped back next to the others. They all smiled knowingly at one another. Their eyes burned in the candlelight. They were all enjoying this. Desire flashed across their faces. Lust dripped between their legs.

They walked up to stand in front of him. Cinda on one side of Snowden, Rose on the other. Cinda put her hand on Snowden’s shoulder.

“Is this what you want? This beautiful innocent flower. She was just budding for you, Jack. She blooms for us.”

Cinda trailed her hand down over Snowden’s breast. She squeezed lightly. Snowden dropped her head back, surrendering herself to the moment. Cinda tweaked her nipple through the fabric. A soft moan escaped Snowden’s cherry lips.

Jack bit down on his lip as he tried to strain forward. His cock was hardening. It swelled quickly at the scene of these women, his women, surrendering to each other.

“Is this what you want, Jack?” Cinda yelled as she tore at Snowden’s gown. The buttons ripped and the flimsy material slid to the floor. Snowden gasped at Cinda’s savagery. She stood naked before them quivering with arousal.

Rose too was shocked by Cinda’s rage. But just as she was offended, she was also excited. Her sex began to ache painfully. She could feel it drip with lust.

“Is she not glorious? Is she not radiant?” Cinda trailed her hand up and down possessively over Snowden’s body.

“Yes,” he whimpered, his cock aching painfully.

“Yes what!” Cinda screamed.

“Yes, she’s magnificent!”

“And do you want her, Jack? Do you want to stick your cock up into her? Feel her warm gooey flesh envelop your stiff shaft?”

Snowden groaned as Cinda talked. Her words were inflaming her. She had never heard such filth come from a woman’s mouth. She never knew a woman could be so forceful like a man.

Cinda put her hand over Snowden's pubic mound. She didn’t move it just left it there as if to cover her up.

“Yes, I want her! I want to fuck her until she screams!”

Snowden flinched at the curse. But her body responded even as her mind repulsed. She could feel desire trickle down the insides of her thighs. Her nipples blushed crimson and reached out painfully to be touched. She could feel Rose’s hot breath on her shoulder. Snowden could see in her face that she was just as aroused.

Cinda pulled her closer to Jack’s shaking body. She looked down at his cock. It was purple. She could see the veins throb with each beat of his heart.

“Take a good long look, Jack. Inhale her musky scent. Because you will never have her again. She does not belong to you any longer. None of us do.”

Cinda pushed Snowden forward. She made her straddle Jack’s lap but without touching. Snowden’s breasts were an inch away from his mouth. And her sex was a breath away from his quivering cock.

Snowden could hardly breathe. She desperately wanted to impale herself on Jack. She wanted to smother his face between her aching breasts. She needed release. Their plan had backfired. She was in more pain than he could ever be. She looked to Rose. She was looking down at Jack’s weeping penis. Her face was as tortured as Snowden’s.

Cinda was oblivious to their pain. She was enjoying this considerably. Her plan had been three-fold. Get revenge on them all. They had all played into it perfectly.

Jack could almost taste Snowden’s flesh. He could almost feel her wrapped around his cock. Drops of her lust dribbled onto his swollen head. His cock quivered for more.

Cinda bent down level with his groin. She breathed in their mingling scents of arousal. She gazed upon his throbbing member and her weeping pussy.

“So close, Jack. Oh so close. Can you feel her heat? I can.”

Cinda’s hot breath played across Snowden’s swollen labia. It tickled her throbbing clit. She nearly climaxed just from that slightest contact. She

couldn't hold on any longer. She wanted release. She started to bend her legs.

Cinda caught the movement. She stood up and pulled Snowden off Jack's lap.

"No, no, no. We mustn't give Jack any fun."

Snowden fell forward grabbing Cinda around the neck. She pressed her face into her throat. "I can't do it. I need to come."

"You will. I promise you. We all will, well everyone except Jack."

Cinda righted Snowden and stepped up to Jack again. "Ready to beg?"

"Yes."

"So soon. I thought you more man than that."

She grabbed Rose and brought her forward. She turned her around and yanked up her gown. She trailed a hand over Rose's buttocks. "How about this? Will you beg for this?"

"Yes! Yes!"

She bent Rose over. Her bum protruding toward his face. She slid her finger into the valley between her cheeks. She rubbed it up and down. Lubricating it with Rose's lusty juices.

Rose moaned at the touch. She spread her legs involuntary. She needed it. She wanted it. She didn't care who was touching her. It was all pleasure to her.

Cinda stopped her intimate touching. She could feel Rose writhe under her hand. She didn't want her to have her release yet either.

She pushed Rose away. She kneeled down in front of Jack, making her eyes level with his. “You can’t have her either.”

She smiled and leaned closer to his quaking penis. She blew across the head. Jack groaned loudly. She could see him straining. “And you can’t have me. All you’ll be left with will be your Lady Gwendolyn. And I’m not sure if she’ll do the things you like, Jack. No more sex in the forest. No more quickies in the gardens or on your daddy’s throne. And no more sting of my riding-crop. You’ll be resigned to having sex with the lights out under the covers in missionary style. How do you feel about that?”

She trailed a finger lightly over the head of his cock. She trailed her finger down one side and up the other. She continued to blow across the tip.

Jack squeezed his eyes shut. He was going mad. Her words were singeing him from the inside out. Her slightest touch was sending jolts of exquisite pain through his body. He could take no more. He was going to come.

Cinda knew he was ready to explode. She could see his scrotum tighten, and the muscles in his legs bulge. She continued to lightly touch him.

Jack screamed out as he came. His hot seed spurt violently from his cock. It was like shooting fire. He teetered dizzily on the brink of pain.

They all watched as he came. They smiled at the satisfaction. He had come from merely watching them, looking at them, and smelling them. They had the power, not him.

“Shall we release him now?” Rose asked, her face still flushed.

“Yes, I think he’s learned his lesson.”

“What about us? I still need to come.” Snowden leaned against the wooden table. Her breath came in short pants. Her legs were spread provocatively.

Cinda came to her. She leered at her. “I could finish you off if you’d like?”

Snowden tried to back away. She pushed back on the table as Cinda pressed into her. She could feel her body heat against hers. Lust fluttered at her sex.

“No. You are more power hungry than he is.”

Cinda snapped her teeth at Snowden. “No, I’m just hungry.”

Even as Snowden retreated, her body quaked with need. Her sex continued to weep for liberation.

Cinda leered down at Snowden. She looked at her open sex. She could see the sticky residue of her lust on the insides of her thighs. She licked her lips.

Rose came up beside them. “Leave her be. This was about Jack. Our revenge against Jack, right?”

Cinda turned her head to look at Rose. “You’re right, princess.”

She gathered herself and went to untie Jack. But first she reached in the pocket of her cloak and pulled out a small glass vial. She uncorked it and waved it under Jack’s nose. His head started to lull.

Rose looked suspiciously at her. “What is it you just did?”

“Smelling salts. Wakes him up.”

Cinda leaned down and helped Jack stand. He leaned against Cinda. His legs throbbed and his shoulders ached. His mind was still clouded.

“I’ll take the Prince and drop him off close to the castle. You two clear this house and make your own way.”

“Shall we meet again?” Snowden asked.

“What for? Our task is done. There should be no reason for us to ever meet again.” Cinda put the hood over Jack’s head. She helped him to the door. She opened it and they went out into the night.

Rose and Snowden heard the carriage rumble in retreat down the dirt road.

CHAPTER SIX

Rose picked up Snowden’s torn gown and handed it to her. She took it and gazed down at it in her shaking hand. She still quaked with arousal. She slipped it over her head. It hung down, but was ripped at the bodice. Her breasts spilled out between the torn threads.

Rose handed Snowden her cloak. “We must hurry. The sun will be rising soon.”

“I do not trust Cinda,” Snowden commented as she took the cloak.

“Nor do I. That is why we should hurry.” Rose put her cloak on. She put up the hood when she heard movement outside.

She turned to Snowden, who also heard the noise. Horses and heavy footfalls.

“By the order of the King’s guard, you are commanded to surrender.” A deep male voice boomed.

Snowden grabbed onto Rose’s arm. “What do we do?”

Rose bent her head and closed her eyes. “We surrender.”

The door was kicked down. Two large men, swords slung at their hips, entered the room.

Rose raised her head and opened her eyes. She gasped. “Philip?”

“Princess? What are you doing here? We were told that Prince Edward’s kidnappers were holed up here.”

He surveyed the room, taking in the single wooden chair and neglected ropes on the floor. His eyes roamed over Rose and Snowden, taking in their transparent gowns and flushed faces.

“What is the meaning of this? Why are you dressed as a whore?”

Rose flinched at the insult. Anger vibrated throughout her body. She was tired of apologizing for her sexual appetites. If Philip could not handle her desires then he was not worthy of her any longer.

She shrugged off her cloak. She put her hands on her hips. “Do you not like how I look? Is my body not pleasing to you?”

Philip swallowed. He gazed at his wife. “Your body is very pleasing, my lady.”

“Then why don’t you take me?”

Philip looked around. He glanced at his guard, and Snowden. “Now?”

“Yes, now. I want your cock deep inside me.”

Philip flinched. “My lady, your talk is not becoming. It is filth, spoken by whores.”

She smiled. “But does it inflame you, Philip. Does it make your cock twitch?”

“Yes, my lady. Yes.”

“Then come to me, my husband, and be my lover.”

She held her hand out, beckoning him.

“But what of this girl? Who is she?” He motioned to Snowden who stood still beside Rose.

“This is my new handmaiden. She will be coming to live at the castle with us.”

Snowden smiled and curtsied to Prince Philip. “I am honored to serve you, your Majesty.”

He looked at Snowden, lustily aware that her breasts jiggled freely when she bowed down. “I still don’t understand, my lady. Where is Prince Edward?”

“He left. I am not certain if we will ever see him again.”

“Did he leave of his own free will?”

Rose looked at Snowden. Snowden smiled and nodded. “Yes, he did.”

“Very well. I will notify the King and Queen. They will want to speak with you, both of you.”

“That is all fine and well, my dear Prince, but first you will attend to me. It has been far too long since I’ve felt your manly touch.” Rose untied her gown and let it slip to the floor. She stood wonderfully naked before him. She smiled wickedly and trailed a dainty hand over her heaving breast.

Philip eyes bulged. His mouth grew dry. He waved to his guard.

“Leave us.”

The guard started to turn, reluctantly.

“No wait,” Rose proclaimed.

The guard stopped.

“My handmaiden also needs attending to. She has had a long and trying night. What is your name?”

The guard bowed. “Humbert, my lady.”

Snowden perked up. She furrowed her brow at the guard. “Humbert? Surely you are not one of the old guard from Darkside Castle?”

“Yes, my lady. I left that guard many years ago. I now serve Prince Philip.”

She stepped toward him. She smiled. “Do you not recognize me, Humbert? Surely you remember the girl who you saved so many years ago.”

Humbert looked up into Snowden’s face. His brow furrowed in concentration. Recognition flickered across his handsome face. “Snowden? It cannot be you.”

“It is, my dear Humbert. I’m all grown up.”

His gaze lowered to her full breasts and down to the vee between her legs. “I have noticed.”

“Oh how I’ve missed you.” Snowden launched herself at him. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pressed her hungry mouth to his. That was all the encouragement he needed. He grabbed onto her buttocks and lifted her up into his powerful body.

Rose watched the reunion with lust in her eyes. She turned back to her husband. “Now, that that is taken care of.”

Philip crossed the room and swept his wife into his arms. He smashed his mouth down on hers. Their tongues collided violently. She tasted like wild fire and sex. He had never tasted that on her before. She was like a brand new woman to him. Wild, reckless, without restraint.

“You have never been like this before.”

“I have never wanted you as much.”

He laid her on the hard wooden floor. There was no room or time for comforts. He lay beside her and gazed down at her body, trailing his hand over every inch of her writhing body, lingering at her most sensitive spots.

Humbert lay Snowden down on the floor next to them. He lay on her but put a knee up between her spread legs. He didn't want to crush her with his full weight. They continued to kiss, their hands racing over each other. Searching for exposed flesh. Humbert found her breasts. He molded them in his large hand. He circled her hardened peaks with his thumb.

She moaned into his mouth. "More. Go faster. Take me."

Humbert raised her gown and bunched it at her waist. His fingers brushed her sex. She was wet and open for him. He lightly slid his finger into her opening.

"Harder. Faster. Don't be gentle," she whimpered.

Humbert jammed his other fingers into her. He swirled them around inside her, prying her open. Making her sopping so he could ram his cock into her without haste. He flicked her clit with his thumb. Her body rocked at the sensations.

He moved his mouth down to her breast. He sucked hard on her nipple. He reached down and unbelted his trousers. He unfurled his throbbing cock. He guided it into her open sex.

Snowden cried out as he thrust into her. She wrapped her legs around him and held on as he pumped faster.

Spurred on by the sound of their union, Philip released his cock from his pants. He rubbed the tip over Rose's skin. She was soft and silky on his flesh.

"Do you want me to put my cock in you?"

"Yes," she breathed out.

"Will you be a loyal and obedient wife?"

"Yes." Her voice shaking.

"You will fornicate with other men?"

"No. Please, my lord. Please release me from this lustful rage."

Philip rolled her over onto her stomach. He pushed her down onto the scratchy wood floor. He lay on top of her back. He spread her legs with his knee. He reached down between them, and guided his cock into her burning orifice. They moaned together as he slid into her easily. He pressed his mouth onto her back, kissing her tenderly. He reached under her and found his way to her aching center. He pressed down hard on the swollen nub.

Snowden was nearing release. She turned head and looked at Rose. Their eyes locked. Their message sent. Snowden reached over and took Rose's hand in hers. They linked their fingers.

Humbert's hands were pulling at her nipples, pinching them between finger and thumb. She groaned and moaned as wave after wave of pleasure rippled over her body. Snowden reached down and rubbed at her clit. She wanted to erupt. Her insides were melting, like lava in a volcano. She rubbed at it harder and faster, desperate for her release.

Humbert groaned loudly. He sat back and grabbed her legs. He pushed them back toward her breasts. She nearly split in half. He thrust himself forward, burying deep inside her cunt. She could feel him in her throat as his hot seed spewed forth like a geyser.

Snowden came violently as Humbert's seed was spent. Her legs pushed forward nearly knocking him back, but he held on. She bowed her back as the orgasm tore through her. She never took her eyes off Rose.

Shock after shock bolted her. It seemed like the assault would never cease. She clamped her eyes shut, and ground her teeth. She almost passed out as the blood left her head and rushed to her sex.

Humbert held on tightly as the pleasure savaged her. He felt her sex tighten around him and felt her heart bursting in her chest. He pressed his body to hers, encouraging her pleasure to take her under.

As she watched Snowden orgasm, Rose's lust intensified. She bucked against Philip. She wanted it harder and faster. He continued to go slow. He tortured her mercilessly with his long purposeful strokes. She tried to grind her sex into his hand. But instead he tapped rhythmically at her clit with his thumb. He pushed her down with his body, holding her still as he slid in and out lazily. He would slide his cock out until his very tip then slide right back in to the hilt. He did this continually. Every time he did this, he could feel Rose's cunt contract around him to keep him snug inside. From her labored breaths, he knew she was close to climax.

He pressed down on her clit. He rubbed at it fiercely. His pumping quickened. His strokes deepened.

Rose felt her body tighten. She was going to come. She pushed back against Philip, driving him deeper into her cunt. She squeezed Snowden's hand fiercely as she erupted onto Philip's hand.

"Oh, Philip!" She wailed.

He drove into her. His cock ready to explode. "I love you, Rose Briar."

Her eyes snapped open as he spilled his seed deep inside. They came together in a hot wet rush of delight. He continued to move inside her, prolonging the passion.

Snowden and Humbert nuzzled each other as their passion cooled. He tucked himself into his trousers and dropped her gown. They kissed tenderly.

Philip pulled out of Rose and rolled off of her back. He tucked himself back in. Rose rolled over to look at him. She pulled down her gown back over her body.

"You know who I am?"

"Yes."

"Who told you?"

"Why Jack of course."

"How long have you known?"

"Since always. Jack told me of your scheme from the beginning. I went along with it."

She sat up and looked down at him, confusion wrinkled her brow. “But why?”

“Because I wanted you. And if that was how I would have you, then so be it.”

“Did you know about...?”

“You and Jack?”

She nodded.

“Yes, but it was what you wanted, so I turned my head.”

Rose placed her hand gently on his cheek. She smiled sweetly. “I thought it was what I wanted, but it is not. It is you that I long for. It is you that I crave.”

Philip placed his hand over hers. He moved her hand to his mouth. He placed a kiss to her palm. “Then the woman was right.”

Rose’s smile faded. She stole her hand away. “What woman?”

“Nothing you should concern yourself with.”

Philip stood up and adjusted his clothes. He wiped at the dirt on his pants. Rose stood up beside him, anger flushing her face. “What woman? How did you know where to find us?”

“Intuition.” Philip tapped his head.

Rose lunged forward and swiped his blade from his sheath. She pressed the point to his groin. “How?”

“A woman. A blond woman, with stormy eyes. She told me of the plan to kidnap Jack. She also told me about my wife’s decadent desires.”

Rose cursed under her breath. She dropped the blade. “I knew it. She betrayed us.”

Philip sheathed his sword and grabbed Rose around the waist. “She did not. She freed us, don’t you see? Did you not find your happiness with me? Is your handmaiden not pleased by her returning hero?”

Rose glanced behind her at Snowden and Humbert. They were joined together. Arms wrapped around their bodies. She turned back and gazed into her husband’s golden eyes. She smiled.

“Then we indeed have our happy ending.” She nestled into his arms. They kissed passionately.

“But what of Cinda Rella and Prince Charming? Do you think they will find their happy ending?” Snowden asked.

“Maybe. It is not for us to know. Cinda will change their destiny.” Snowden hugged her woodsman close. “Just as she changed ours.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

Cinda Rella stopped the carriage on the crest of the hill. She looked to the east. A faint pink glow illuminated the horizon. The sun would soon rise.

She heard a moan in the back of the coach. Her Prince must be stirring. He had slept the past hours, drugged by his spent passion. Best to get him home before he fully revived.

Another low moan came from the carriage. Cinda dismounted the driver's seat to check on her quarry. Maybe he had been injured in the ride. They did encounter a few major holes in the unused road.

Cinda opened the door and peered inside. Jack was sitting up on the seat, eyes closed, head lolling back and forth. He was wrapped in her cloak. He looked fevered.

"Jack?" She reached for him.

His eyes snapped open. He reached out and grabbed her arm. He yanked her into the carriage. She scraped her knees on the way in. He dumped her on the floor. He sat on her, pinning her arms back over her head.

He grinned down at her. "Looks like I have control now, Mistress."

She struggled hard against his restraint. But he was strong. His entire body weight keeping her on the hard carriage floor wedged between the two seats.

He leaned down close to her face. "Struggling just makes me happier."

"You will pay for this."

“I was counting on it.” He licked her across her parted lips. She snapped at him like a rabid dog, nearly catching his tongue between her teeth.

“Careful, Mistress. Wouldn’t want to injure my instrument of pleasure. It has pleased you on more than one occasion.”

“If you don’t get off of me, I will be biting off more than just your tongue.”

Jack laughed. “Now you’re just teasing me. No one likes a tease.”

Cinda could feel him grow hard as he sat on her stomach. She looked down at his crotch and saw his cock quiver.

He saw where her eyes rested. He looked down at himself. “See something you like, Mistress?”

She looked back at his face. “No.”

“Liar. I imagine if I touched you between your legs you would be as hot and wet as a whore.”

“You will never get that chance.” Cinda raised her legs to his head, and brought them together. She smacked his head with her ankles. She continued her assault until she could feel him loosen his grip on her arms.

She pulled an arm out from him and brought it up hard into his sternum. She knocked him back, affording her room to escape. She sat up and scrambled past him, as he rubbed at the injury on his chest.

She was half way out the carriage window, before Jack grabbed her from behind. He wrapped his arms around her chest and pulled her back into him. She grabbed onto the window's edge.

Jack brought his arms back in. He looked down at Cinda. She was in a precarious position. Her upper body was out the window, her lower body still in the carriage. She was bent over, her buttocks protruding seductively toward him. He decided to take advantage of her situation.

He nuzzled into her back end. He pressed a hand on her back keeping her still.

Cinda started to struggle. "What are you doing?"

"Teaching you a valuable lesson." Jack reached a hand under her skirt and raised it up. He bunched it at her waist. She was naked underneath. He gazed down at her pale cheeks. They were firm and soft. He trailed a hand over the skin.

Cinda squirmed under the touch.

"You like that, don't you?"

"No," she said indignantly.

"How about this?" Jack raised his hand and brought it down smartly on her right cheek.

Cinda looked over her shoulder at Jack. He could see the lust in her eyes. The desire flushed across her sweaty face.

He slapped her again on the ass. This time, the left cheek. He brought his hand up again. He brought it down hard across them both.

Cinda moaned at the contact. She writhed under the brutal touch. She could feel her sex weep with delight.

Jack brought his hand down repeatedly across her ivory flesh. The skin became redder with each slap. Hot to the touch. He could smell her lust ripen with each spank.

“You have been a very bad girl, Mistress Cinda. Bad girls must be punished.”

She whimpered with each smack of his hand. Her body quivered as the sting of his slap radiated up her spine. She pushed her buttocks up to meet each whack.

Jack looked down at her red bottom. He grabbed a cheek in each hand and spread her apart. He gazed down at her open sex. She glistened with desire. Her thighs were slick with it.

“You took your punishment well. Now I will reward you.”

Jack knelt down, his face level with her ass. He leaned forward and buried his face in her. He lapped at her juices. He burrowed his tongue deep inside her and sucked out the tangy fluid. He found her throbbing clit with his fingers, rubbing at it.

Cinda clamped her eyes shut as the sensations exploded throughout her body. Her breath came in pants. Her heart thudded fiercely against her chest. She was afraid it would burst.

Jack raised himself. He wiped his slick face with her dress. He stood erect behind her, his head skimming the roof of the carriage. He took his throbbing cock in hand and guided it to her opening.

“Hang on, Mistress. I don’t want you to fall out when I pound myself into you.”

Cinda gripped the window tightly, her knuckles turning white. She felt him enter her slowly, stretching to accommodate his thick girth. She ground her teeth as surge after surge of pleasure washed over her.

Jack moved slowly in her, feeling every fleshy inch of her. He smoothed his hands over her flushed cheeks. He felt her jolt when he touched the tenderness. He slid them over to her hips. He gripped them tightly, as he began to slide his cock in and out.

With every thrust of his cock, Cinda could feel the exquisite pain of pressure on her tender ass. His body slammed into her sore flesh with each stroke. The pleasure and the pain blended into a symphony of sensations singing throughout her body. She groaned loudly with each note.

Jack rammed into her repeatedly. His legs began to quake. He held on to her fiercely, afraid to let go. He pulled her to him, even as he pushed into her. He could tell she was close to the edge. He wanted to drive her over.

Cinda felt it slam violently into her. She cried out as her whole body shook with climax. It was like an earthquake that started deep in her belly and radiated out to the very tips of her toes and fingers. She opened her eyes but saw nothing but white stars flash before her.

Jack kept ramming into her, even as she contracted around him. He desperately sought his own release. Even as sweat poured off him and dripped onto her bare bottom, Jack continued to pump. He squeezed his eyes shut and ground his teeth. He was going to come. They cried out together as he thrust deeply into her. Cinda felt him erupt into her womb.

Spent, Jack pulled back. He sat down, exhausted, on the carriage seat, tugging Cinda with him. She stayed on his lap having neither the energy nor inclination to move. Their breathing slowed. Their minds cleared.

Cinda turned around on his lap so she faced him. She looked down at his half-closed eyes. "Satisfied?"

He grinned and opened his eyes fully. "Very."

She smiled. It turned to laughter. "You were amazing."

"You're not too bad yourself."

She leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss to his mouth. "Do you think they suspected?"

"No. You were very convincing." He kissed her chin.

"So were you."

Cinda covered his mouth with hers. They kissed passionately, tongues mating. Cinda pulled away.

"I still would have left them to hang."

Jack chuckled. "I know, my dear. But Snowden and Rose deserve their happiness. I have deceived them both."

"I suppose."

“Philip had been neglecting Rose for far too long. And she really does love him. She pretends to only be there for the wealth and power, but I know when a woman falls in love.”

Cinda swept her hands through his damp hair. “Do you now?”

Jack moved his hands over her breasts. He pulled the bodice down to uncover her. He tweaked her already hard nipples between his fingers. “Oh yes.”

“I could have killed you when I found out about your infidelities.”

“But I knew you wouldn’t.”

Cinda moved her legs. She squirmed down into his lap. She could feel him start to stiffen. “How did you know I would go along with your plan?”

“The same way I know when you’re going to come. I can see it in your eyes, all over your lovely face.”

“Well, you’re very clever aren’t you, Prince Charming?” She smiled and rubbed her sex over him.

“You’re the clever one, Mistress Cinda.”

“Do you think they will come looking for us?”

“The letter I left will quell any search. My mother will understand my desire to escape.”

Jack leaned forward and nuzzled her breasts. He sucked a nipple into his eager mouth.

“Do you think my stepmother will hunt me down?”

Jack heard the quiver in her voice. He looked up at her. He stroked her cheek with his hand.

“I sent the magistrate to their door before you rescued me. They will not be bothering you ever again.”

A single tear trickled down her cheek. Jack brushed it away with the sweep of his thumb.

“Then we do have our happily ever after.”

Jack lifted her and slid himself in. He rocked her back and forth. “We certainly do.”

Cinda clicked her tongue. The horses whinnied and lifted their heads to the gentle sound. They started to walk pulling the carriage behind them. They walked down the hill and across the green field. The sun peeked over the horizon. The horses pulled Cinda Rella and Prince Charming into the glorious sunrise, to a new chapter where they lived happily ever after.

EPILOGUE

The Queen found the letter on Prince Edward's desk. It was folded neatly and placed under his royal crest. She picked it up and sat down in his chair. She played with the paper, delaying the task, before she opened it up.

Dear Mother and Father,

I am sure that you are puzzled as to my disappearance. You most likely have a search party ready to detach. Save your men. Save your time. I do not wish to be found. I am sorry if you are disappointed in me, but that can not be helped. I do not want to be king of the lands. I do not want to rule over anyone, but myself. I am a man with many wants and desires, and do not believe that I would find them imprisoned by titles. I have stepped out of the boundaries and found my passion. I will not be ashamed by that, but wish to live in peace because of it.

Know this, I do love you both and wish all the passion of life for you. Please find it before it's too late. Please find your happy ending, as I have found mine.

Yours truly,

Jack

A little smile formed on the Queen's lips. She imagined her son, so full of passion. He was a lot like his father. She would have to remind him of that.

She folded the paper again, and tucked it safely in her dress. She stood, pushed in the chair and left Jack's rooms. She went in search of her husband. She would put her arms around him, press her lips to his, and tell

him to call off the hunt. Their son deserved his passion. Deserved to live happily ever after.

THE END