



# A MYSTERIOUS KNIGHT

by

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“No!” Princess Esmeralda stamped her silver shoe on the precious Persian rug and clenched her fists.

“No,” she repeated. “I’m not going to marry. You cannot force me, father.”

King George straightened his back, looking at his wife Queen Leonore, who was sitting on the golden throne next to him. Leonore shrugged and King George turned his face back to his rebellious daughter.

“You have to, my child,” he said, pity in his voice. “This kingdom needs an heir.”

“I’m your heir,” Esmeralda snapped. “I’m the Princess Royal here.”

“That is why you have to take a husband,” Queen Leonore explained. “Your father is getting old and....”

“I’ve heard more than enough of that crap, mother.” Esmeralda spit the words into her parents’ faces. “I will never marry. Period. I don’t want some dirty man to ... to....”

She grabbed her long skirts and rushed out of the throne room. She even tried to slam the heavy oak wooden door behind her, but that didn’t work.

“She is so stubborn,” Esmeralda heard her father say. Pricking up her ears, she bent her head toward the door.

“She’ll be eighteen tomorrow,” her mother’s voice toned. “Prince Arnulf of

Scotia doesn't want to wait any longer."

Esmeralda bit her lower lip. They wanted to coerce her into that rotten marriage. But she didn't want a husband. A man entitled to ... to touch her whenever he pleased.

Her belly cramped in agony.

She'd better take a ride to cool down and think it over.

She turned, walked to the stables, and saddled her black-and-white Appaloosa with quick and agitated moves.

Swinging herself into the ladies' saddle, she left the low building and spurred the horse into a slow trot.

The air outside was scented with blooming roses and purple lavender.

"Highness, stop!" a stable boy called out. "It's not safe to ride out alone. There are tramps and outlaws all over the woods."

"Outlaws." Esmeralda pouted her mouth. "I can handle them. I'm a big girl."

She knew the stable boy didn't hear her reply, but what did it matter? She needed to ride alone. She must think about this scary situation.

Okay, she was going to like the wedding day. Being dressed up in the most beautiful gown she had ever worn. That was fun. She loved long, romantic gowns, and dancing until her feet hurt. But after the party, terror would come.

A man, her husband, would tell her to take all her clothes off. Everything, including her undies. She would stand in front of him. Naked. And he...

A shiver crept up her spine and she eased her stallion onto a narrow sandy road framed by huge pine trees. It smelled of fir cones and blooming heather. She took a deep breath and shivered again.

She knew very well what would happen next. She had seen it happen, a few years ago, somewhere back in the herb garden. Her chambermaid Annabella

lying down in the grass, her legs parted, her gaze fixed on the huge red *thing* down at the belly of an unknown man. Esmeralda swallowed. He was well-built and handsome. He looked so nice. But he wasn't. Without any warning he thrust his swollen hardness into Annabella and the poor maid screamed. In agony, of course. Why else should she cry out if it weren't for pain?

Esmeralda's nether lips cramped at the memory, and vague feelings of shame filled her chest. Instead of helping the poor maid, she'd run away as fast as she could.

Her restless hand wiped over her nose. No, she was not going to allow anyone to touch her body in such a horrible way. Never.

"Now, look at that," a man cried out next to her. "What a nice little chick. And so alone in the woods." A sun-tanned hand grabbed the reins and forced her horse to stop.

Another hand seized her arm. A dirty, unwashed hand with black fingernails.

"Get down, sweetie," an uncivilized voice ordered. "Let's have some fun."

Esmeralda felt her heart miss a beat, then it began hammering in her throat. Oh my! There were at least six men around her. Soldiers. Soldiers from Greenland. Her mortal enemies.

"Get down," the soldier repeated.

"Leave me alone, you bastard," she hissed. She pulled her foot from the stirrup and kicked him.

A sharp pain flashed through her toe, when it was almost crushed on his iron armor. "Ouch!" she moaned.

The soldier grinned. "It's no use, little wild cat. Come down." His other hand grabbed her waist and before Esmeralda could do anything to prevent it, he lifted her from the saddle and pulled her close. The iron armor was hard,

unyielding, cold. And the man within it smelled of sweat, bad fish, and rotting molars.

“Put me down,” she snapped. “You’re hurting me.”

“I will hurt you a lot more if you don’t cooperate,” he promised. “I’ll even kill you if you don’t obey.”

“Obey?” she said indignantly. “You? Never! And if you dare touch me, you’ll die on the scaffold.”

He burst out laughing and put her down. When her feet reached the ground she immediately began to run. But since she was surrounded by six heavily armed soldiers she didn’t go far.

“Okay, tie her to that tree and undress her,” the soldier ordered.

Smiling lustfully at Esmeralda, he moved his hand between his legs and rubbed over the bulge in his trousers.

“I’ll give you the best fuck ever,” he promised, licking his lips.

She swallowed, desperately trying to free herself from the hands that grabbed her, but they were too strong.

Without listening to her loud protestations, they dragged her to a tree, pressed her against the solid trunk, and used a rough, stinking rope to bind her.

The soldier stepped in front of her, squeezing the bulge in his pants. “Let me show you what I have in store for you,” he announced, his voice hoarse.

Then, pointing at the other soldiers, he continued, “And after I’ve had my way with you, they’ll give you the same.”

He laughed loudly, and taking his dick in his hand, he showed it to her. The shaft was big, red and hard. A transparent, white drip trickled from the little hole on top of the swollen head.

Esmeralda’s blood turned into ice as panic whirled around in her head, like hundreds of bees in a hive. This was a bad dream! This couldn’t be real. What

did he intend to do with that red *thing*? The same horrible act as that man had performed with her chambermaid? That couldn't be true. She bit on her lower lip, shaking her head in disbelief and despair.

As if he could read her thoughts the soldier said, "Yes, I'm going to thrust this big, hard cock into your tight pussy. I'll fuck you as hard and deep as I can."

"No," she whispered, "please no."

The soldier pulled at her bodice. Three buttons came off and fell on the ground. He shoved the fabric aside, grabbed her nipple, and squeezed it.

"You're hurting me," she complained. "Let me go. I'm not a peasant girl."

"A pussy is a pussy," the soldier replied, a big grin on his unshaven face.

He was disgusting. She must try to get free. She must!

"My parents will pay a ransom for me. With that you can buy every woman you want."

"Ha, ha, do you really think we believe that nonsense? No, girlie, prepare yourself for my cock."

He pulled down her skirt and his hand slipped into her panties.

"Open your legs, honey. Let me feel your sultry lips."

She pressed her legs together as tightly as she could.

"No!" she shouted. "Help me. Someone help me!"

"Not a single chance, sweetie," the soldier said. "We're all alone in this...."

"What is happening here?" a deep, male voice suddenly toned from the brushwood.

"We've found a wild cat," the soldier replied, without looking. "We're going to teach her some manners. Want to join us?"

"Leave her alone," the masculine voice ordered.

The soft rustling of crackling twigs sounded, and a man jumped into the middle of the open spot. He was dressed in a black suit, a bloodstained sword glittered in his fist. She couldn't see his face as it was covered by a mask.

"Get lost," the masked man ordered, "all of you."

The soldier removed his fingers from Esmeralda's lower belly, turned around and clutched his weapon.

With his other hand he tried to pull his trousers over his erect cock, but he didn't manage in time.

The athletic man in black put his sword on the soldier's throat. "Get lost," he repeated in a threatening way, "or I'll cut you to pieces."

"It's the *Black Knight*," a soldier next to Esmeralda said. "Let's get the hell out of here."

He ran away and his companions hurried after him. Including the soldier that had threatened her. Holding his trousers together he hobbled after them as fast as he could.

The Black Knight walked to Esmeralda and raised his sword.

"Oh, no please," she whispered. "Don't harm me."

He smiled. "I will cut your ropes," he explained and he did.

Esmeralda rubbed her sore wrists. Then, realizing that she was exposing her nude legs to him, she hastily lowered her skirt and tried to straighten her bodice.

With trembling knees she sank down, leaning her back against the hard bark of the pine tree.

"You saved my life," she whispered, out of breath.

He sat down next to her. "My pleasure, lady." How masculine his voice sounded!

“My name is Esmeralda.” She turned her head to look at him, and her breathing increased even more.

He was a handsome figure of a man--well-built, and his eyes behind the mask were as blue as the sky above them. They were so bright that a shade of green reflected deep inside. The green of the pine tree needles. She could also see her own reflection--very small and miles away. As if she lived deep inside those eyes.

A twinkle came to life, and his mouth curled into a swashbuckling grin. “I know,” he said.

“You know? What do you mean, you know?”

“I know you,” he replied. “You’re Princess Esmeralda, the most beautiful woman in this kingdom.”

“But... How....”

“Do you never leave the palace? Your picture is almost everywhere.”

She shrugged. “My parents are always afraid that... that something will happen to me. I’m not allowed to go out on my own.”

“Until now.”

“No, I ... I just rode off. This is our private park. How could I ever suspect that....”

“There’s a war going on, Princess. These are dangerous times for a beautiful girl. Murderous soldiers are everywhere. Even in your own backyard.”

She pushed a curly strand of hair behind her ear. “You saved my life, mister. Mister...?”

“They call me the Black Knight,” he replied.

“But I want to know who you are. What’s your real name?”

“What’s in a name?” he returned.



“You deserve a reward. How can I compensate you if I don’t know who you are?”

“I don’t need anything. It was my pleasure.”

“But of course you’ll get something.” She realized that her voice sounded excited. “Ask me whatever you want. It will be yours.”

“Whatever I want?” he repeated slowly, a smile in his words. “That’s a dangerous offer, my Princess.”

“Dangerous? Why should it be dangerous?”

“I might choose something you don’t want to give.”

She pressed her fingers to her lips. What could he mean? Was there anything she couldn’t afford? She was rich.

“As long as you don’t want my entire kingdom, I can give you anything,” she said.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I give you my word to that. Now, what will it be?”

He grinned, and his glittering blue eyes pierced themselves deeply into hers. “I would like to see your pussy,” he said.

“*What!?*” There must be something very wrong with her ears. Did he really ask to ... to see her ... pussy? But....

“That’s a ridiculous request, mister.”

“Why should it be? You offered me anything I wanted. This is what I choose.”

“But my p... You must be kidding.”

“Nope. I’ve never been more serious in my entire life.”

“I ... I cannot show....” she stuttered.

He stood. “It’s okay, my Princess. It was my pleasure saving you.” He stretched out his hand. “Come, I’ll bring you home.”

“But....” She was a princess. She had given her word that she would give him everything he asked for. She’d never ever forgotten about a given promise. *Noblesse oblige*. But....

How would it be? If she pulled down her panties and...

A weird flash ran down her spine, ending in the soft sultry spot between her legs. Her nether lips swelled. A strange and exciting feeling.

She took a deep breath. “Okay,” she whispered. “You’ll get what you want. Tell me what I have to do.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t want to force you to do things you don’t want to do.”

She stood, and while her skirt protected her nakedness, she lowered her panties, dropping them on the ground.

She looked at him, her eyes narrowed, her knees quivering, her blood pulsing below the little triangle of hair between her legs.

“Wh ... what should I do now?”

“Sit down and show me your little pussy.”

She sat down, her skirt still protectively around her naked skin. And now she must shove the fabric aside and....

Her nether lips swelled even more by the simple thought of sitting in front of him, naked, exposing her most intimate parts.

No! She couldn’t do this. This was too much. This was terrible!

‘*You have given him your word,*’ a soft voice toned inside her head. ‘*He saved you from danger, but you didn’t listen. You have no choice, but show him.*’

She closed her eyes, as she pulled up her skirt.

“Now, open your legs,” he said. It was as if his voice came from very, very far away.

She clenched her fists and relaxed them. Then, in a quick move she spread her legs and immediately pressed them together again.

*‘You coward,’* the little voice nagged, *‘at that speed he hasn’t seen anything. Open your legs. And keep them that way.’*

“I can’t,” she whispered. “I simply can’t.”

*‘You must! You have given him your word.’*

“I can’t do this,” she whispered in despair.

“It’s okay, my Princess,” he said, “I shouldn’t have asked.”

It was okay with him that she broke her promise. She sighed in relief.

*‘Coward!’* her conscience nagged.

She bit her lip. What would she see if she looked into the mirror this evening before retiring to bed? A woman who kept her promises or ... a low-down liar?

She realized she was chewing on her little finger. Inhaling all the air she could get, she took it out of her mouth and parted her legs, exposing her femininity to whoever looked.

Peeping through her eyelashes, she saw him look at her. His gaze was fixed on her face and then slowly it went down. Lower, and lower, until he reached....

She suppressed the enormous urge to close her legs and sat still, giving him the best view she could.

“Please, open your lips for me,” he asked.

She opened her eyes. “I’m not allowed to touch myself—*down there*.”

“Why not? It’s your body.”

“It’s a dirty thing to do,” she said.

“Who told you?”

“My nanny did.”

Her nanny had slapped her when she’d caught her. She was five and she’d slid her hand into her panties, her finger exploring the little piece of flesh on top of her nether lips.

“And you believe she was right?”

“Of course. Good girls never touch themselves *there*.”

“So, no one told you about the pleasures your pussy can give you,” he continued.

Pleasures? She shrugged. “I don’t know what you mean.”

While she said the words, a strange tingle of excitement pulsed through her nether lips.

“Shall I teach you?” he offered.

She looked at him. “Teach me what?”

“The things of love.” There was a tone of promise in his voice. As if ... as if he knew all about the most wonderful secret.

*The things of love.* Another arousing wave flashed through her body. This was so exciting. Her pussy felt so ... so strange and wonderful at the same time. Yes, she wanted to know about those pleasures.

Slowly, she nodded. “Okay, teach me.”

He put his finger into his mouth, moistening it with his tongue.

“Lick your finger,” he said.

She licked it.

“Now, touch your pussy,” he said.

“But...”

“Do you want me to show you what I mean?”

“Well, yes.”

“Will you look at me then?”

“I am looking at you,” she muttered.

He shook his head. “I don’t mean my face. I mean my....” He softly tapped on his trousers, and his bright eyes narrowed in passion as he whispered, “My cock.”

“I’ve seen a *cock* today,” she said. “That soldier showed me. He was disgusting.”

“That man was disgusting, yes. And so was his dick.”

“You mean, yours is different?” She took a breath. “I ... um, well, maybe I would like to see it. I mean....”

He smiled at her. A gorgeous breathtaking smile. Then, very slowly he unbuttoned his trousers and lowering them, he exposed his prick. It was hard and big. On top of the sultry head she discovered a little brown birthmark. A birthmark that looked like a heart.

Gasping for breath, she chewed on her nails. He looked great. How could that be?

“I think I like your ... your *part*,” she whispered in confusion. “How can that be?”

“There are all sorts of men in this world,” he explained. “Some are good-looking, others are the most ugly creatures you’ve ever seen. And the same counts for dicks.”

He swallowed, then he moistened his finger again, and softly rubbed the head of his swollen penis.

“You do the same,” he suggested.

“You mean you want me to stroke your....”

“No, caress yourself. Begin with your little clit.”

“My clit?”

“It’s between your lips.”

“Where?”

He kneeled in front of her, pointing at her body. He was so close and he smelled like heaven.

“Finger me,” she begged him. “Please.”

He shook his head. “No, my Princess, not today. You must do it yourself.”

She looked down between her legs, discovering the little pea of flesh on top of her lips. She wet her finger and reached for it.

“Oh,” she moaned. “This feels ... so ... so strange.”

“Move your finger up and down. Rub it. Softly. Very softly.”

She did as he asked, moving up and down over her clit, rubbing it, caressing it, licking her lips at the sensation.

“You like it?” he asked.

She looked at him, at his gorgeous face, at his eyes, at his erect cock. He was stroking that cock, softly squeezing the sultry head between his thumb and his forefinger.

“It feels wonderful,” she panted. “I ... I can hardly stand it.”

“Touch your pussy with your other hand,” he suggested. “Try to get a finger in. Tell me how it feels.”

She forgot all about the *good girls* who were not allowed to touch themselves, caressing her lips and clit, looking at him while she did it.

His hand moved up and down along the shaft of his penis, softly squeezing the head, stroking his balls in rhythmic circles.

“Put a finger inside yourself,” he ordered. His voice was hoarse, his breathing quick and shallow. His hand moved faster along his dick, squeezing harder.

Little waves of lust flowed through her body as she pushed a finger inside. She cuddled her pussy, stirring it, moving her finger in and out in a passionate cadence, while her other hand continued caressing her clit.

“I’ve got to come,” he panted, closing his eyes.

*Come?* But he was already here. He....

He groaned as a white fluid squirted from the hole on top of his penis. His face looked so distorted. As if he were in pain.

Looking at him, an enormous lust overwhelmed her, and all she could do was moan. Moan, until the pulsing pleasure softly ebbed away.

“I don’t know what happened to me,” she whispered. “I... What happened?”

“You had your very first orgasm,” he said, kissing her cheek. “And Lord forgive, you know how to arouse a man, my Princess.”

“I didn’t do anything, except....”

He grinned. “Except please yourself. Darn! It was so hot to watch you. You’re just like I expected you to be.”

“Oh?” There was surprise in her voice. Surprise mixed with confusion. “How did you expect me to be?”

“Beautiful, hot, horny... Just like you really are.”

“But I....”

“Highness? Princess Esmeralda? Where are you?” a voice called out from very near.

The stable boy. The stable boy was searching for her! In a minute he could be here and....

She rushed up, grabbing her panties from the ground, straightening her clothes as quickly as she could.

“I must go,” the Black Knight said. “There’s a price on my head.” He kissed her hand. When his warm lips touched her sensitive skin, she shivered.

“We’ll meet again,” he promised. “One day.”

“Tomorrow,” she replied. “You must come to my birthday party tomorrow—in the palace.”

“Highness! Highness, where are you?”

She took the little pearl earring from her earlobe and pushed it into his hand. “It’s a masked ball. Put on a fancy costume and no one will recognize you.”

“Highness!”

“Show my earring to the guard at the entrance, and he’ll let you in. Eight p.m.”

“I’ll be there,” he promised. He winked at her and disappeared in the brushwood.

Only seconds later the stable boy reached the meadow.

“Highness,” the boy said. “We were all so concerned about you. Your horse came back alone.”

Esmeralda opened her mouth to tell the boy that she was attacked by hostile soldiers. No, that would be stupid. If she told the truth the Royal Guard would search the woods. What if they caught her gorgeous Knight?

“The animal got scared and I fell off,” she explained. “Now, take me home, will you?”

“At your service, your Highness. Please, follow me.”

\* \* \* \*



“Tell me Annabella, have you ever heard of the Black Knight?” Princess Esmeralda asked. She was sitting in the precious chair in front of her dressing table, while Annabella was busy pinning up her long fair hair for her birthday party.

In the mirror Annabella’s image slowly nodded. “He is an outlaw, with a price of fifty thousand gold coins on his head.”

Esmeralda tried to sit still, suppressing the urge to touch her cheek. He had kissed here there, the gorgeous Black Knight. She, the Princess Royal of the Kingdom of Snowwhere, had not only allowed an outlaw to kiss her, but she’d also pleased herself in his presence. Was that despicable? Was she a naughty girl?

Her nether lips swelled at the memory. She had fingered her pussy while he looked at it. And he had showed her his cock and done the same.

She moved her tongue over her teeth, then opened her mouth. “What did he do to become an outlaw?”

“He is a rapist and a murderer.”

“Oh, is he?”

Annabella put down the golden hair comb. “No one knows who he really is,” she said. “He seems to wear a mask all the time, but they say he is a darned Greenlander.”

“A Greenlander?”

“Yes, all Greenlanders are rapists and murderers.”

“I see.” Esmeralda nodded. It was clear that her maid didn’t have any knowledge of the Black Knight. He couldn’t be a rapist. He would have raped her, wouldn’t he?

“Why do you ask, Highness?” Annabella’s voice toned.

Esmeralda shrugged. "I heard someone talk about him. I was just wondering."

"There is also another story," the maid said.

"Oh, tell me."

"Well, some say that his real name is Duncan. He seems to rescue people. Especially women, in distress."

"Duncan." It was as if Esmeralda tasted the word with her tongue. *Duncan*. It meant 'warrior', and it felt good. It suited him, that name.

"Duncan who?" she asked.

"I have no idea, Highness. They say he's a tramp. They say his mother abandoned him just after he was born."

Esmeralda nodded. "So, he is either a Greenlander or an abandoned child," she concluded.

"Or both," Annabella stated.

Esmeralda smiled at her maid's mirror image. "Annabella?"

"Yes, Highness?"

*'Tell me about the things a man and a woman do when they are alone. Tell me about a man's finger penetrating your pussy. Tell me about a big hard cock moving between your lips.'*

No, she couldn't ask her maid about those *things*. What if the woman told Mom and Dad about the questioning? So shortly after she had made inquiries about a masked outlaw? No, that would be stupid. Perhaps he would come to her birthday party. She could ask him. Maybe ... maybe he would teach her tonight.

She stood. "It's almost eight," she said. "The party is about to begin. Help me with my dress."

Annabella bent her head. "Of course, your Highness."

The maid rushed to the cupboard and took out a wonderful red gown.

Esmeralda caressed the red velvet with her forefinger.

"Your Highness will look great. I'm sure you will please Prince Arnulf."

"I have no intention of pleasing that dull prince. I don't want to marry. She stopped talking. "At least...."

"At least what, Highness?"

Esmeralda pressed her fingers against her lips. How funny. She suddenly wanted to marry. But Arnulf wasn't Mister Right. He could be her grandfather with his bald head and that black front tooth of his. Not to mention that ugly goatee.

She shivered. What if they forced her to wed that aged grandpa? Those old hands would have every right to touch her. Grabbing her nipple, fingering her pussy, penetrating her with his ... his dick.

A sharp pain flashed through her sultry nether lips. She didn't want to feel Arnulf's prick stabbing into her!

"You don't like Prince Arnulf, do you?" her maid whispered.

Esmeralda snorted in a very unladylike manner. "Maybe I do want to marry some day, but not ... not this...."

"This old-timer," Annabella finished the sentence for her.

Esmeralda shook her head. "No doubt there are more princes in the world. He can't be the only candidate."

"I um...." Annabella hesitated. "I'm not supposed to tell you, Highness, but...."

"But what?"

"You aren't the only candidate either."

Esmeralda felt her eyes narrow. “What do you mean?”

“Prince Arnulf has his pick between you and Princess Emma from The Higherlands.”

“Is that so? Well, I don’t mind if he chooses her.” On the contrary, it would be a relief.

“But your parents do,” Annabella stated. “They desperately need an heir for this kingdom. So, they’ve promised the Lord Chamberlain a lot of money if he’ll trick Prince Arnulf into the marriage.”

An icy hand grabbed Esmeralda’s throat and for a moment she could hardly breath. Maybe she could resist her parents, but was there a way to escape from the Lord Chamberlain? The man was malicious, evil, and wicked.

“How do you know?” she asked, her voice trembling.

“I’ve overheard their conversations.”

Esmeralda nodded. Eavesdropping was very customary in the royal palace. “What else did you hear?”

“The Lord Chamberlain will serve the prince a strong love potion, then lure him to your bedroom.”

Annabella swallowed, pointing at the four poster in the corner of the palatial-furnished room. “You will be waiting for him, over there. And when the prince is taking your virginity, the chamberlain will come in, catch him in the act, and make a terrible scene. Prince Arnulf will then have two options. Either the scaffold or a wedding ring.”

“But I...” Esmeralda stuttered in disgust. “There’s not a single hair on my head that will even think of waiting for Prince Arnulf here ... in my bed.”

“You bet you will be there, Highness. Tied up of course. Naked, your legs parted widely, your pussy sultry and inviting. With that love potion whirling around in his veins the prince will thrust his cock into you before he even

realizes what he's doing."

Annabella paused to take a breath, then continued, "They say, the prince is very well endowed. His dick is huge and big. Too big for my taste."

Esmeralda wanted to say something, but her dry tongue couldn't form the words.

"You have to face it, Highness. Before the clock strikes twelve you'll be a married woman."

*A married woman.* Esmeralda shivered in disgust. "There must be a way out of here," she whispered.

Looking at her maid, she shouted in despair, "It will hurt so much! Such a monstrous prick in my tight pussy. I'm a virgin."

Annabella studied her finger nails. "I um ... I can get you a big carrot if you want. Or a cucumber. We might try to widen you a bit before Arnulf..."

"Widen me a bit? Annabella, are you out of your mind? I don't want a giant prick stabbing into me. You must help me run away."

Annabella examined her shoes. "I can't, Highness. The Lord Chamberlain will skin me alive. We all know how he treats female prisoners."

An icy chill crept up Esmeralda's spine. The palace staff always tried to hide unpleasant things from her, but even she had heard about the torments condemned prisoners had to endure in the caves below the palace.

Of course, the executioner never tortured anyone without a sentence. All those villains deserved what was done to them. But it was a public secret that the Lord Chamberlain loved to watch when women were flogged. And he seemed to enjoy it tremendously to grab the whip and personally take care that the job was done properly.

Esmeralda shook her head in desperation. This very sadist was hired to force her into a marriage she didn't want. And when her maid spoiled his evil

plans by helping her escape, he wouldn't hesitate to beat poor Annabella to death.

"You had better take my advice about widening your pussy, Highness. You can press a wet finger into it. When that feels comfortable, you can try something bigger."

*A wet finger.* The Black Knight had asked her to put a wet finger inside. And it felt great. However...

Esmeralda bit on her lip, staring at a precious King Louis chair without even seeing it.

"I can give you my vibrator. It will massage you inside. You'll like it."

"Oh Annabella, stop the nonsense."

Annabella didn't seem to hear her. She proposed, "I can ask a male servant to very carefully penetrate you with his dick. In that case Prince Arnulf's prick will be second. He will never notice the difference with that huge member of his."

Esmeralda bit on her fingernail. Annabella believed that the wicked chamberlain couldn't be stopped. But her parents had offered the creep money. What if she did the same?

"I can offer him gold," she said, "he'll keep away from me then."

"Gold? That won't solve the problem, Highness. Oh, he likes gold. But he craves power."

"What do you mean?"

"The Lord Chamberlain is evil. He would sell his own mother if he had to. But he'll never cheat his king. Not as long as your father gives him the powers he wants." She swallowed. "Forgive me your Highness, but you have nothing to offer him."

Esmeralda took a deep breath. “Then I’ll talk to him. He must listen to my pleas for mercy.”

“Ha! That won’t help you. Cries for mercy only arouse him. Like yesterday, when he was....” Annabella stopped talking, pressing her hand against her mouth.

“He was doing what?”

Annabella shook her head, looking at her shoes. “I can’t tell you.”

“Why not?”

“We are not allowed to inform you about the horrible things that happen down in the dungeons.”

“I want to know. I command you to share your news.”

“Last week two twin sisters were sentenced for murder. And he let one sister kneel in front of him while he flogged the other.”

“What is so bad about that?”

“He didn’t listen to her cries for mercy, but he forced her to give him head.”

“Give head? What does that mean?”

“Suck his cock. She had to kneel in front of him to suck his cock and caress his balls. She must swallow his *cum* while he flogged her sister.”

Esmeralda shrugged. “You’re talking about criminals,” she said with a sigh. “A murderess deserves her punishment. However....”

“However?”

“I’ll talk to my father about this. When he learns what the Lord Chamberlain has in mind for me... My father won’t let it happen.”

She headed for the door with determined steps.

“I wouldn’t count on it, Highness,” Annabella muttered, but Esmeralda had already rushed down the corridor.

\* \* \* \*

Esmeralda stormed to her father's private office and knocked on the door.

"Enter," a familiar voice sounded.

King George sat behind his writing desk, and he looked up in surprise when Esmeralda rushed to him.

"Father," she panted. "Father, you must help me. The Lord Chamberlain...."

King George slowly nodded. "I understand your disappointment, my daughter. But he promised to be here tomorrow."

Be here tomorrow? Huh? What was Dad talking about?

"I don't understand," she said.

King George's eyes narrowed. "You don't? But you just told me that the Lord Chamberlain informed you about it."

Did she? Esmeralda swallowed. They must be talking about two different things.

"What was his Excellency supposed to tell me?" she asked.

"About Prince Arnulf's delay of course."

"Prince Arnulf's delay? You mean... He can't be with us tonight?"

King George raised his both hands, then pressed them together. "I'm sorry, my daughter. But your future husband won't be here in time to celebrate your birthday. We'll postpone the announcement of your betrothal until tomorrow."

A tremendous feeling of relief filled Esmeralda's chest. Arnulf wouldn't be here tonight! That meant she was safe from his cock, and safe from the evil schemes of the chamberlain. For the moment, that was.

"I... um... there are so many more princes in the world, father. Why can't I marry a man of my own choice, my own age?"

King George sat straight. "It isn't that easy, my daughter. There's a war going on. This kingdom not only desperately needs an heir, but also a strong



ally.” He pressed his fingertips together and swallowed. “Prince Arnulf will make the perfect match.”

“But he is so old, father. I want a young husband.”

“What’s the use of marrying a young and inexperienced fighter? This kingdom craves a skilled strategist. Prince Arnulf is just the right man for the job.”

“But father....”

King George raised his hand, his palm pointing at Esmeralda. “No, my daughter. No objections. You are Princess of Snowwhere. Your personal needs are of no importance. It’s your duty to serve your country in the best way you can.”

He shoved his chair backwards and stood. “You’ll marry Prince Arnulf for our country’s sake. And now, you come with me. We’ll have supper and open the ball.”

He stretched out his hand and Esmeralda could do nothing but put her hand on her father’s arm. She noticed her hand was trembling, and she softly bit on her lip. She did not want to marry Arnulf. But what was the use of repeating that to her father? He wouldn’t listen. He had never listened to her. Not really.

When she was six they had gotten her a tutor. And no matter how often she had begged her parents to let her go to school and meet other girls, they didn’t let her.

A mournful whispering escaped her mouth. What did all the wealth and riches bring? Nothing. She was a prisoner in a golden cage.

“Something wrong my daughter?”

How could he ask? He knew very well what was bothering her.

“I don’t want to marry an old-timer with a monstrous dick,” she wailed.

Kind George stood. “How dare you use the d-word!” he snapped in anger. “This subject is closed, young lady. You’ll marry the man we have chosen for

you. Period.”

He paced away with large wrathful steps. All she could do was rush after him and grab his arm. Close together they walked over the long corridors until they reached the ballroom.

A colorfully dressed page stepped in front of them, and pounded a large rod on the floor to announce their entrance. He exclaimed, “His royal Majesty King George of Snowwhere, her royal Highness Princess Esmeralda of Snowwhere.”

Bowing his head, he stepped aside to let them pass.

The large square ballroom was splendidly decorated. The brown parquet floor was polished with beeswax and glittered mysteriously in the shine of thousand candles.

The high walls were covered by thousands of flowers and the heavy scent of freshly picked roses filled the room. Precious linen was spread over the wooden tables at the sides and were laid with a porcelain dinner service. The plates had golden ornamental edges. There were crystal glasses, and the cutlery was made of the finest silver.

The people in the room were all dressed up in the most beautiful clothes, impersonating famous and historical people.

Esmeralda’s eyes glided over the guests, who jumped to their feet as if they were one person, bowing their heads in respect.

She discovered Greek shepherds, Roman emperors, witches carrying knotty brooms, sorcerers with pointed caps, ballerinas, and several knights in shining armor. Even a beggar in rags.

But the one person she craved to see wasn’t there.

Her throat went dry as disappointment filled her. He wasn’t there. Would she ever see him again?

The orchestra began to play and all the guests sang, *'Happy birthday, your Highness. Happy birthday to you.'*

She forced her lips into a smile, nodding, waving, pretending to have a great time.

From the corners of her eyes she saw the Lord Chamberlain approach. A middle-sized, perfectly dressed man with brown hair and piercing black eyes. He fell on his knees in front of her father and kissed his ring. Then he stood, bent one knee, and kissed her hand. His head bowed in obedience.

"Please allow my humble person to wish your royal Highness a pleasant birthday," he whispered.

She gazed at the bald spot on top of his skull. The creep! Look at him now. Playing the obedient servant.

There was no need for her to be afraid of him. He was only a servant. No matter how much he might like it to humiliate women, he would never dare harm her. Or would he?

The chamberlain tilted his head and his dark eyes pierced hers. There was no humbleness in his stare, on the contrary. In the short moment before he quickly cast down his eyes she discovered egotism, self-glory, cockiness, pride, and perverse lust. Naked women aroused him, and cries of mercy made him come.

She took a breath. "Go get me a drink, my servant," she ordered.

He bowed even deeper, stumbled to his feet and moved a few yards backwards, before he turned around to get what she wanted.

She felt her father's surprised gaze rest on her face. Turning her head she looked back.

"The Lord Chamberlain permits himself too much, my father," she explained. "There is no need for an errand boy to kiss the hand of a royal prin-

cess.” She snorted softly, then continued, “I’ve even heard he plans a conspiracy against this kingdom.”

“Where did you hear that?” There was a sudden fear in King George’s voice.

She smiled. A mysterious, yet all-knowing smile. “Sometimes, we do overhear things in this building,” she said. “Accidentally, of course.”

“Of course.” Her father nodded, giving the chamberlain a strange, thoughtful look.

Good. She had sown the seeds of discord. She would fight the snot with his own weapons. Gossip, false intrigues, and evil schemes.

She was the Princess Royal and he was just a peasant.

Her father was a suspicious man, terrified by the simple thought of a palace revolution and mean conspiracies plotted against him. And he was even more nervous now because of the war with Greenland.

They might have planned to force her to marry a man she despised, but she was not going to let that happen. She was eighteen, the times of obedience and compliance were over. She was an adult now. She had every right to control her own life!

Yes, she was ready for a big cock. But it wouldn’t be Arnulf’s.

She hoped....

“Your drink, your royal Highness,” the chamberlain’s voice interrupted her musings.

He gave her a glass of champagne and continued, “Supper is ready. Please, follow me.”

Then his piercing gaze met hers. There was hatred in his eyes. Hatred and a passionate urge for revenge. ‘*You will pay for this humiliation*’ those eyes said, and she couldn’t prevent a shiver from running down her spine. The man was

dangerous and she had dared to taunt him. His reprisal would be terrible.

Still shivering she took her place at the head of the table in between her mother and father. The orchestra played another song and servants ran in with bowls of chicken soup.

Esmeralda ate her soup without tasting it. Where could she hide from the chamberlain's rage?

Oh! This very morning she had dreamed about the Black Knight. When she was alone in her bathtub. Covered by the warm water, she had touched herself, cuddled her pussy, pretending he was doing it.

Would he ever touch her? Or was Prince Arnulf's prodigious prick all fate had in store?

\* \* \* \*

The clock struck nine. King George took his daughter's hand, and leading her to the dance floor, he opened the ball.

After that first waltz she danced with most of the important guests, until her feet hurt.

Sitting down on a little chair, she took off her shoes, softly rubbing her fatigued toes between her fingers.

"Will you allow me a dance, my Princess?" a familiar masculine voice said into her ear. That voice.... Could it be true?

She looked up, feeling her pupils widening in surprise. It was the beggar she had seen earlier that night. A beggar? But....

The beggar shoved his hood from his forehead, and two shining blue eyes pierced themselves deeply into hers. Her heart skipped a beat and she forgot to breath. There he was, her Black Knight, in a perfect disguise. He had come, ignoring the dangers and the price on his head. Had he longed for her as much as she'd longed for him?

She closed her eyes for a moment, filling her lungs with fresh air. Who was he? An outlaw, a murderer, a thief, a rapist, a soldier from Greenland? He could be everything. Even a real tramp.

It didn't matter. He was here, and despite the rags he looked gorgeous with his broad masculine shoulders and his muscular legs. This was the man she wanted.

An exciting sensation flashed through her body as she remembered the pleasure he had given her. She hungered to be alone with him, to wrap herself up in his passion. What if she asked him to take her away? Away from this golden jail where she had no life of her own? Away from Arnulf and his horny cock?

Before she could say a thing, a messenger arrived and King George left the ballroom in a hurry. Only seconds later Queen Leonore followed him.

This was her chance to escape!

"Let's go for a bit of fresh air," she whispered into his ear.

He winked, and taking her hand he walked her to the large balcony at the end of the room.

The night was warm and the balcony was empty.

She snuggled herself close to him, forgetting all about the dangers that surrounded her. "I feel so restless," she confessed. "Will you touch me?"

He touched her cheek with his fingertips.

"I mean my...." She grabbed his hand, putting it where she wanted him. "I want you to touch me," she whispered. "I need your fingers everywhere."

He grinned.

Looking at his laughing face, her eyes narrowed in suspicion. "What's so funny?"

“You’ve changed,” he said. “The *good girl* disappeared overnight.”

She shrugged. “Maybe I never was a good girl.” She cast down her eyes.

“Besides....”

“Besides what?”

“I think it’s much more fun to be naughty.”

“Oh, how come?”

“I um ... I was very naughty this morning. In my bath.” A sudden warmth rushed to her face. Oh my. Was she blushing? Because she felt a little bit ashamed of what she had done? No, she was just very anxious to know what he thought about her, about her behavior.

“I want you to tell me everything, my Princess. But not here. People can come here any minute.”

“There’s a little greenhouse in the rose garden. We could go there.”

He nodded, took her hand, and headed for the door.

“No, we don’t have to go back in. We can use the staircase.”

They went down the marble staircase, and after a short walk they reached the greenhouse. Esmeralda opened the door, lit a candle, then closed the door behind them. The scent of fragrant roses and blooming carnations surrounded them.

He sat down on a little stone bench next to her, and said, “Now tell me about this morning, Princess. What did you do in the bathroom?”

“I...” The moment was there to tell him, and she suddenly didn’t have the guts.

“You were lying in your tub?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“You were all alone? Or was your maid with you?”

“The maid had left and I was all alone.”

“All alone in the tub. The warm water caressing you as if it were a fragrant veil. And then you discovered your little tits. And you softly caressed them, didn’t you?”

“I did. How do you know?”

“Open your bodice,” he said. “Show me.”

He wanted to see her breasts. And she wanted to show them.

She undid the buttons and stripped off the top of her beautiful gown.

He licked his lips and she saw him take a deep breath. “Touch your breasts,” he said in an almost commanding tone.

She gasped for air. This was so exciting!

She moved both hands over her breasts, caressing the soft skin, cuddling them with her fingertips. Then she reached her nipples.

This morning she had softly rubbed them between her thumb and forefinger. Would he like to witness that too?

Between her lashes she gazed at him. Yes, he was waiting for it.

Her fingertips touched her nipples and squeezed. A soft moaning escaped her lips.

He bent over and kissed the fingers that petted her breasts. Shoving her fingers aside he touched her right nipple, kissing it, licking it with his warm tongue, nibbling on it with his lips. Then, without any warning, he began sucking.

A strange tingling sensation flashed through her, beginning in the sensitive nipple and ending in the sultriness between her legs.

He moved his lips to her other breast and did the same.

Moaning, she tilted her head back. This was so wonderful. If only ... if only this feeling could go on forever.



But the Black Knight moved back to his spot on the bench. “What did you do next?” he asked. “Finger your pussy?”

Yes, she had fingered herself. But only for a short time. Curiosity had driven her out of the tub. She had searched for her hand mirror and looked at herself.

“I studied it in a mirror,” she confessed.

It looked *special*. Pink lips and a little swollen red pea between them. She’d caressed the piece of flesh, imagining that he was softly rubbing it.

What if she asked him to... Oh my! She was offering herself, her body, her pussy, everything. Was that a wise thing to do? Offer herself to a villain?

She moved her foot over the rough flagstones. He was the most intriguing man she’d ever met, but he was an outlaw, accused of murder and rape. A damned Greenlander. If she let her brains decide about the matter, she would run away from him as fast as she could. But common sense was of no use. She’d fallen in love with him....

She, a princess of royal blood, had fallen in love with an ordinary bandit. He was no match for her! She must leave this place. It was not proper for a princess to be alone with such a man.

On the other hand... What would happen if she stayed away from his touch?

She would be married off to Arnulf. The thought repulsed her, as it always did.

“Take off your gown,” he said, interrupting her unpleasant thoughts. “Sit down on the chair in front of me.”

She pressed her fingers to her lips. This was the moment. If she said ‘no’ he would let her go unharmed and nothing would change. But if she said ‘yes’ she might regret it forever.

Really? What was there to regret? That Arnulf would be angry when he found out she lost her virginity to a desperado? Was she really looking forward to the moment that a middle-aged prince would thrust his monstrous dick into her tight, pure pussy?

No! She had the right to choose her own destiny. She was in love with this man, and no matter what it would bring, she wanted to feel his dick inside her, not Arnulf's.

She walked to the chair and lifting her skirt, she exposed her naked pussy to him.

"That's a good girl," he said, naughtily winking at her. "Now, what did you do this morning? Show me."

She moistened her forefinger and pressing it on her little clit, she softly began rubbing it.

Her eyes closed in reflex as her face twitched into a lustful grin.

"May I touch you?" he asked.

*May I touch you?*

Would a rapist ask for permission? He couldn't be that bad. Maybe it was just gossip.

"Yes," she whispered.

He knelt in front of her, placing his warm hands on her thighs.

He stuck out his tongue and bent his face. What was he up to? He wasn't going to...

His tongue reached her clit. She felt his warm breath on the sensitive spot as he licked it.

"Oh my goodness," she muttered, "what's happening to me?"

He stopped for a moment and looked up. "I'm eating your pussy," he explained. "Want me to continue?"

“Of course!” She realized she was shouting at him and quickly lowered her voice. “Please go on,” she begged him.

He did as she asked. His tongue explored her, licking her, pressing on her clit, nibbling her nether lips, entering her sultry core.

Esmeralda felt the enormous need to move her legs, her hips, her butt, but she couldn't. He held her in a tight grip and there was no escape from his tongue as it penetrated her inch by inch. It felt warm and hot. When he began making little circles inside her, she parted her legs as wide as possible. It was as if her pussy was a huge empty spot, hungry to be filled completely.

“I feel so empty,” she panted. “I need something big inside me.”

He moistened a finger and pressed it between her folds.

*Oh my.* This was great, but not enough.

“Give me another finger,” she whispered.

He put two fingers inside her, moving them up and down, inside and out, circling, thrusting, pressing, stirring, making her hunger for more. His mouth shifted to her clit, nibbling, softly biting, licking.

It was too much to stand. If he didn't stop she was going to go crazy. She...

The door burst open and a loud voice screamed. “Esmeralda! What the heck are you doing!”

An icy shiver flashed up Esmeralda's spine. Her heart jumped into her throat, cutting off her breathing. This couldn't be true!

There was a crowd on the threshold: her father, her mother, the Lord Chamberlain, and some bald old-timer with a goatee. Hell! Prince Arnulf!

The Black Knight rushed to his feet, sheltering her with his body, covering her nakedness with her skirt in the move.

“Get dressed,” he whispered.

Yeah, that was a great idea. But how could she dress when her whole body felt as if it had turned into marble? She straightened her bodice, her petrified fingers wrestling with the tiny buttons.

“Arrest that scoundrel. Put him to death immediately!” King George cried out.

“No, leave him alone!” her own voice shouted.

“I have to go, my Princess. But don’t worry, I’ll be back,” the Black Knight promised.

He took a moment to wink at her, then turned, rushed to the window, and jumped through the glass, disappearing in a veil of crackling pieces.

In the distance the palace clock struck ten.

\* \* \* \*

“How could you? Oh my daughter, how could you?” King George’s accusing voice echoed through Esmeralda’s bedroom.

“You’re a princess of royal blood,” Queen Leonore added in the same reproachful tone. “And you let a *tramp* touch you like that.”

“We are in serious trouble,” King George complained. “Prince Arnulf is shocked. He is on his way to Scotia this very moment. No doubt, he’ll return with an army.”

“If you allow me a word, your Majesty,” the chamberlain’s voice toned from the threshold.

“What is it?” King George asked.

“The prince is still in the palace, your Majesty. He’s having a glass of champagne in the guest suite. The door is guarded, of course.”

“What?” The color of King George’s face turned into pale. “But that means... Oh, you... How could you imprison the Prince of Scotia? It’ll cause the most horrible war.”

The Lord Chamberlain shook his head. “No Majesty, the prince isn’t a prisoner. He has already agreed to marry Princess Esmeralda.”

“He has?” Queen Leonore asked in confusion. “After *this*?”

“He has,” the chamberlain said in a self-assured manner. “There is, of course, a slight condition.”

“Which is?” King George snapped, rubbing his eyes with trembling fingers.

“You’ll renounce the throne, and appoint crown Prince Arnulf as the new King of Snowwhere.”

“But that’s ... that’s ridiculous.”

The chamberlain shook his head. “No, it’s your Majesty’s last chance to survive.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, it’s quite simple. Either you put Prince Arnulf at ease, or Scotia will avenge this humiliation by conquering this kingdom and executing you all by burning at the stake.”

“But....” King George sank on a chair, taking his head in both hands, swallowing, breathing too fast. “And what will it bring you? You unfaithful servant?”

“I’m not unfaithful, Majesty. I’m rational. I’m trying to save your precious life.”

“There’s no need to let a servant talk to us this way,” Queen Leonore said indignantly.

She stood, walked to the door with determined steps and called out:

“Guards! Arrest this man. He’ll be executed on the spot.”

The chamberlain bowed his head in an obedient way, but when he looked up again, there was only overbearing self-glory on his face.

“I’m in control of the Royal Guard, your Majesty. No one will come to your aid.”

“But....” Queen Leonore almost choked on the word. Pressing her lips together, she wobbled back on trembling knees, sinking down in the chair next to her husband.

Esmeralda swallowed. This was all her fault. She had brought the kingdom into terrible danger. She had dishonored her parents. And there was nothing she could do to make up for it. Even if she married Arnulf.... She shivered. Even if she surrendered herself to him, her parents would lose all they had--their kingdom, their royal powers, everything. They would be outsiders inside the walls of their own palace. And she was to blame. Only she.

“I’ll marry Prince Arnulf,” she promised, her voice ever so hoarse. “I’ll be queen of this country. I’ll take good care of you both, my parents.”

The Lord Chamberlain made a grinning sound. “Good, I’ll get a priest and Prince Arnulf. And after the ceremony you can undress and lie down on the bed. The marriage will be consummated immediately.”

“But....” she stuttered.

“In the presence of the necessary witnesses, of course,” the chamberlain interrupted her. He licked his lips, his eyes sparkled with lust.

“You mean ... you mean, you will be watching?”

“Yes, your Highness. And I will personally show the people the blood-stained sheets, as proof of your virginity.”

Esmeralda’s lungs turned into ice. This was a nightmare! What could she do?

“Nothing,” the chamberlain’s cruel voice answered her unspoken lament, “you can do nothing against it. Unless you want to die at the stake, you and your parents.”

He bowed at her and left the bedroom.

\* \* \* \*

“I’m in big trouble, Annabella,” Esmeralda said, looking into the mirror of her dressing room. A beautiful bride in a beautiful white wedding gown gazed back. But there was no happiness in her eyes, just plain horror.

The maid coughed. “I fear you are in more distress than you’ll ever imagine, Highness.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s the Lord Chamberlain, Highness. He....”

Esmeralda shivered, hugging herself with both arms. “I know he will witness us. Arnulf and me, in bed... He told me.”

“That isn’t all, Highness. He plans to....”

“To what?”

“He has made a deal with Prince Arnulf.”

“What deal?” Esmeralda snapped. “Speak up.”

“Prince Arnulf decided to marry Princess Emma from The Higherlands. He doesn’t want to have anything to do with you, after ... after what happened tonight.”

Esmeralda’s shoulders relaxed, as she sighed in relief. “But that’s good news, Annabella. I’ll be rid of him. Why didn’t you tell me before?”

Annabella’s face looked as if it were made of ice. “The chamberlain persuaded him into a marriage with you,” she continued. “There will be a huge wedding party.”

Esmeralda’s jaw muscles tensed in confusion. “A party? But he doesn’t want to marry me, you just told me.”

“I haven’t finished my story, Highness.”

“Oh... Well, go on then.”

“You’ll marry Prince Arnulf tonight as planned, but tomorrow after the festivities....” Annabella stopped talking and gazed at the floor.

“Hurry up, maid,” Esmeralda barked. “Spit it out.”

Annabella cleared her throat. “After the celebrations, you’ll meet with a tragic accident and die.”

“*What?!*”

“The same fate is planned for your parents, and when you’re all dead and gone... Your poor widower plans to marry Princess Emma and become King of The Higherlands too.”

Esmeralda leaned against the cold stone wall, trying to swallow down the upcoming sickness. “This can’t be true,” she whispered.

Annabella raised her hands, as if begging for mercy. “The Lord Chamberlain becomes be Viceroy of Snowwhere in return for his good work.”

A sticky lump crawled into Esmeralda’s throat, blocking her answer.

“It also means....” The maid hesitated. “I’m so sorry for your Highness. Maybe I shouldn’t tell you.”

“What?” Esmeralda managed to utter.

“The Lord Chamberlain intends to take your virginity. As an extra reward. Prince Arnulf will watch.”

“That can’t be. That’s too ... too evil!”

“Yes, that’s wicked, isn’t it?” a devilish voice sounded from the threshold.

Esmeralda spun around, as if stung by a wasp.

The Lord Chamberlain stood behind her, a lustful grin on his nasty face. “I look forward to it. However....”

“However?” she whispered.



“Your maid hasn’t overheard the whole tale.” The chamberlain moved his hand over the bulge in his pants. “Your husband will take your virginity. Of course.” An obscene grin curved his mouth. “The prince is very well-endowed, as you may already know.”

Licking his lips in a lascivious way, he grabbed his crotch once more. “And after that I’m allowed to have my way with you.”

Esmeralda pressed her fingers to her lips. This couldn’t be. There must be something wrong with her ears. This wasn’t real....

“I will thrust my cock into your tight ass as hard as I can,” the chamberlain bragged.

“My....” she groaned.

“Oh yes, you heard that right, *Highness*. I’ll fuck your ass.”

The way he pronounced the word *Highness* was so ... humiliating, so vengeful. He hated her.

“I’ll make you suffer,” he hissed.

Then his mean grin shifted into a practiced, obedient smile. “But now, we’ll have the wedding ceremony. Please follow me, future bride of Prince Arnulf of Scotia.”

He grabbed her arm and dragged her to the corridor.

\* \* \* \*

Esmeralda knelt on the hard wooden prayer desk, next to Prince Arnulf. There wasn’t even a cushion to protect her knees.

He had done that on purpose, that gruesome chamberlain. He really wanted her to suffer.

She straightened her back. She was not going to give this sneaky bastard the pleasure. She would endure all the torments without uttering one sound. It would be hard, she knew. Especially at that dreadful moment when Arnulf

would open her nether lips, and thrust his... She swallowed with difficulty. After that, the chamberlain would force her to kneel on her knees, bend over, and offer her tight ass to him. She tried to suppress a severe shivering, but she didn't manage.

Oh my. She shouldn't think of that now. It upset her, and she needed all her strength to keep her head upright.

From the corners of her eyes she gazed at the man next to her. He was ugly with that devilish goatee, repulsive and old, and definitely not the husband she craved.

Where would he be at the moment? Her Black Knight with the cute little heart-shaped birthmark on top of his gorgeous penis? She could only hope he was safe.

"Dearly beloved," the priest said, "we are gathered together here...."

Esmeralda bent her head. In minutes she would be a married woman. Wed to a man she despised—a husband, eager to kill her and her parents.

It was awful. But there was no way to escape from this heavily guarded room. She must be brave and smile.

"If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together," the priest's voice seemed to come from far away, "let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

The priest was silent and looked around, as if someone really could come in and stop the farce.

She sniffled. What if she said no? If she told the priest about the chamberlain's evil scheme, he might....

With a loud bang the door cracked open and armed warriors stormed in.

Esmeralda pressed her hand against her mouth, her eyes widened in sudden shock. What on earth was going on? Where did those soldiers come from? They

didn't belong to the Royal Guard.

They looked strange, dressed up in brown and black.

Soldiers from Scotia perhaps?

Looking aside, she saw Prince Arnulf's face grow pale and distort in fear.

No, they couldn't be Scotians.

"Greenlanders!" the Lord Chamberlain shouted. In his voice surprise mixed with rage. "You damned...."

But the soldiers didn't allow the chamberlain to finish his curse. They grasped him, pressed him against the wall, and....

No! Esmeralda swallowed in agony. They were going to cut his throat with that huge knife. These men were enemies. They would kill them all!

Prince Arnulf rushed to his feet, but he froze as razor-sharp, bloodstained swords touched his chest and back. Gloved hands clutched the prince and dragged him to the corridor.

In front of her, the priest sank to his knees and prayed.

An icy chill spread through Esmeralda's body. She felt so strange. Every nerve in her body tingled, but her muscles had suddenly turned into marble. She wanted to get up, but her knees didn't obey.

*'You had better say a prayer before it's too late,'* a little voice toned inside her pounding head.

She pressed her sweating palms together, trying to mutter the familiar words, but her mouth was too dry.

An unyielding hand touched her shoulder, and she closed her eyes. This was it. The end of her life.

"Don't be afraid, my Princess," a voice whispered into her ear.

She shivered. That voice... Could it be true?

She turned her head. It was him. He had come to save her! The Black Knight.

He had changed his beggar outfit for his black armor, and his eyes smiled at her behind his mask.

“What....” she began, but the words didn’t come.

“Let me help you to your feet,” he offered. Then, as she didn’t move, he went on, “Poor little thing. Did we frighten you that much?”

She nodded. “Yes, I... I’m sorry.”

He helped her to her shaky feet and for one moment he pressed her against his warm, masculine body. But when she wanted to snuggle herself closer to him, he stepped aside, waving his hand in an ordering manner.

The soldiers rushed out of the room and silence returned.

He looked at her. “May I ask you a question, my Princess?”

She wiped her eyes, trying to diminish her breathing, composing herself. “Yes, of course,” she whispered.

“Is Prince Arnulf the man of your choice?”

She shook her head, nervously rubbing her fingers. “No, certainly not.”

“Then why this marriage ceremony?” His bright eyes pierced themselves into hers, making her even more nervous.

“They forced me,” she managed to say.

“Who?”

“Everybody. Especially the Lord Chamberlain. But they all want me to marry Arnulf.”

“Why?”

She shrugged. “He wants this kingdom. And the Kingdom of The Higher-lands for that matter.”

The Knight raised an eyebrow. "Oh, does he?"

"Arnulf is the best match for my daughter," King George said. His voice trembled.

Esmeralda swung around. Her father was still in the room? Unharmd?

King George was sitting on the floor, leaning his back against the wall. He held his right arm protectively wrapped around his wife's shoulders.

The tension in Esmeralda's body ebbed away, and she felt her muscles relax. They were both unharmd.

"Bad luck for Arnulf," the Black Knight said with a grin, "I'll marry Esmeralda."

"That is out of the question!" Queen Leonore shouted, "She can't marry a ... a *tramp*."

A tramp? Esmeralda looked at him. He was gorgeous, breathtaking, and she was sure he had the most wonderful cock in the entire world. What did it matter who he was? He was the man of her dreams.

Queen Leonore stumbled to her feet. "You beggar, you are no match for a royal princess," she snapped.

The Black Knight cracked a smile. "You prefer to market your daughter to a horny geezer?"

The queen pouted. "He's a true knight! He has more virtue in the nail of his little finger than you will ever have in your entire body." She took a deep breath and continued, "Prince Arnulf is the only man who can save our kingdom."

Esmeralda pushed a lock of hair aside. "So, you haven't heard yet," she said.

"Heard what?" the queen returned.

"Arnulf planned to take over this kingdom, mother. After killing the three of us, he intended to marry Emma from The Higherlands."

“That’s a dirty lie!” the queen snapped. “Arnulf is the perfect son-in-law. He has given me chocolates.”

The Black Knight raised his black gloved hand. “Be silent, your Majesty. I’ll marry your daughter. Period.”

“But she is a princess of royal blood! You can’t do this to her!”

“Marrying me won’t harm her,” the Black Knight said, removing his mask.

Queen Leonore stared at his uncovered face. “No!” she shouted in despair, “No. We’re lost!” She dropped on her knees, her lips muttering a prayer while tears began trickling down her pale cheeks.

Huh? Esmeralda blinked, as she let her gaze wander between her sobbing mother and the swashbuckling man in front of her. He was so handsome. A gorgeous hero who had saved her life for the second time. There was nothing to cry about, or was there?

“Mother, what’s wrong?”

“How dare you ask such a stupid question?” the queen wailed. “Everything is wrong, of course.”

Esmeralda looked at her ravishing knight and made a face. “Do you happen to know what startled my mother so much?”

“I did,” he said with a breathtaking smile.

“I don’t understand,” she returned. “You mean, you startled her? How?”

“He is Duncan,” King George snarled. “The second son of King Marcus from ... from ... Greenland.” It was obvious he hated to say the word aloud.

Heat filled her Esmeralda’s chest. A comforting warmth that made her relax completely. He was a prince.

“He is a prince,” she said. “So, what’s the problem? I would love to marry him.”

“But he is a damned Greenlander!” her father shouted in restrained anger. “He only wants this kingdom.”

“You’re now talking about Prince Arnulf, father. He is the one who only wanted this kingdom. And the Kingdom of the Higherlands, for that matter.”

She looked at her father’s distorted face. “You must give us your blessing, father.”

“Never,” the king growled, gnashing his teeth. “Those damned Greenlanders have been our mortal enemies for ages.”

“How right you are, your Majesty,” Prince Duncan said, “but once you sign a peace treaty, those days are over.”

“Never,” King George repeated, pressing his lips to a thin line.

“Of course, you’ll sign.” The Black Knight’s voice was suddenly harsh, merciless. “Unless you like to see your wife burn.”

“Burn? My wife? You won’t dare burn a queen, you scoundrel.”

“Why not?” Duncan shrugged in a leisurely way. “We Greenlanders are all rapists and murderers. What difference will one little queen make?”

He turned his face at Esmeralda and winked at her. She saw the naughty light in his sparkling eyes and smiled. He was bluffing.

“You had better sign, father,” she said, increasing the tension. “I’m sure he won’t hesitate to kill us all.”

“How right you are, my Princess. So, it’s up to you now, your Majesty. Either you cooperate, or you’ll regret you were ever born.”

Esmeralda suppressed a happy smile. He was so great, a real masculine hero. He would take care of her and everything would be all right.

Her father bowed his head. “What can a man do?” he muttered.

But the queen shouted, “No, he won’t marry her. Over my dead body he will.”

King George stood and walked to his wife. Taking her into his arms, he whispered, “Your sacrifice won’t make any difference, my Queen. The darned rascal is a Greenlander. He’ll do with our daughter whatever he pleases.”

“How right you are, Majesty.” Duncan grinned. Then, turning his head, he barked, “Priest?”

The priest stumbled to his trembling feet and bowed deeply. “Yes, Highness?”

“Continue the wedding ceremony. I’ll be the groom.”

\* \* \* \*

“What did you do with Arnulf?” Esmeralda asked. She was sitting on the edge of her four-poster bed as Prince Duncan entered her bedroom.

Duncan smiled. “I couldn’t keep him here.”

“Why not?”

“He came as a guest, your father’s personal guest. So, I let him go.” He shrugged. “As for the chamberlain ... that’s a different story.”

Esmeralda looked at the floor. “They cut his throat,” she whispered, suppressing a quiver. It was good that the scoundrel was dead now. He would never be able to threaten her again. On the other hand, this was her wedding day. Would it be a very bad omen when a man was executed so shortly after her marriage?

“He’s still alive,” Duncan announced.

She gazed at him. “He is? But...”

“This is our wedding day. I don’t want to spoil it.”

“So, you let him go.” A vague disappointment crept up her spine.

Duncan sat down on the bed, next to her. “Certainly not. After what you told me about him, I figured he would fear humiliation more than death.”



She tilted her head. "Probably, yes. Then what...."

"He's been flogged and tied up to the pillory in the middle of the market square." Duncan paused for a second and added, "Naked."

Her mouth fell open. "He's standing there in the nude for everyone to see?"

Duncan nodded. "Yes. When I left him five minutes ago people had just begun throwing bad fish and rotten eggs at him."

"Oh my. There must be a lot of folks, right? All waiting for the fireworks to begin."

"Yes, he has the biggest audience ever. But it serves him right. We'll send him into exile tomorrow. He'll never bother you again."

He smiled at her. "And now my bride, let's talk about more pleasant things. Unless of course...."

"What?"

"You might want to take a gander at the chamberlain and toss a tomato or two."

She shook her head. "I despise that man. I don't want to see his dick."

He grinned. "Want to see mine?"

She looked down. "Yes." It was merely a sigh.

He chuckled, and taking her chin into his hand forced her to look at him. "No need to be shy, my Princess. We're married now." She swallowed. Yes, she was a married woman. A virgin about to lose her innocence... Would it hurt? Would it hurt badly when he stabbed his dick into her?

Her maid Annabella had screamed loudly when that unknown man poked his prick between her legs. So, she had to face it, it did hurt.

"Something wrong?" he asked, examining her worried face.

"No, of course not. I just... Um... Nothing." She hastily looked away.

“You’re scared,” he said. “Your eyes betray you.”

He paused, obviously waiting for her answer.

She rolled her shoulders up and down. “Um ... well, maybe just a little.”

He took her into his arms and kissed her cheek. “I love you. I loved you from the moment I saw you for the very first time.”

“In the woods, you mean?”

“No, I saw your picture. I...” He licked his lips. “Let me tell you a short fairy tale.”

“A fairy tale?” She tilted her head. “What...”

“Just listen.” He took a breath. “Once upon a time a prince lived in a kingdom far from here. He was a handsome man....” He stopped talking and jumped to his feet. “Let me show you.”

With teasing, slow moves he stripped off his breast armor, and shirt. Then he stood in front of her, half naked.

Esmeralda gasped. He was gorgeous, broad-shouldered and masculine.

“Well?” he inquired with a teasing smirk. “What do you think, Esmeralda. Was it a handsome prince?”

She pouted. “How should I know? I can judge only half of him.”

He laughed, stripping off his trousers. “The handsome prince wanted to become a king, but he was only a second son.”

Esmeralda’s mouth went dry. His legs were muscular, just like the rest of his body. He looked ravishing, a well-built Roman god in briefs.

Slowly, he turned around, and around again, giving her great view of everything he had to offer. Everything but his cock.

“One day the prince was on a military expedition in an enemy country far away, and then ... he saw the painting.”

His chest became even broader as he inhaled. “It was a picture of the beautiful Princess Esmeralda of Snowwhere. The prince fell in love with her and decided it was worth trying to catch two birds with one stone.”

She blinked. “Two birds? What do you mean?”

“The prince figured out that if he married the princess, he’d become King of Snowwhere. So, he designed the perfect scheme.”

“He did?”

“Yes.” Duncan lowered his briefs, slowly turning around, exposing himself completely.

His buttocks were tight, his cock was erect.

“The prince ordered his soldiers to kidnap the princess, then rescued her from the assailants.”

Esmeralda narrowed her eyes. “The princess was so grateful that she showed him her pussy.”

Duncan nodded. “And the prince fell even more in love with her.”

Esmeralda sniffled. He had deliberately trapped her into marriage. But what did it matter? He loved her. She loved him. He had saved her from Arnulf’s monstrous stabber.

She stretched out her hands at him. “I love you.”

He beamed at her. “Do you like chocolate?”

“Oh yes, I love it.”

He headed to the table and rummaged around, but she couldn’t see what he was doing.

He walked back to her. “Will you suck my dick?”

“If that’s what you want, of course. I....” Huh? What had happened to his cock? It looked as if...

She stood and knelt in front of him. Very carefully she touched the brown skin of his cock, her finger sliding over a slippery surface.

“Taste it.”

She stuck out her tongue and licked him. “Wow, you’ve put chocolate sauce on it. You taste great.”

“Go on then. Suck me.”

“You bet I will.” She grinned. This was fun!

Taking the chocolate shaft into her mouth she nibbled on it, and sucked and licked. Cleaning him with her tongue until his dick was soft pink again. Everywhere, except for the little brown heart-shaped birthmark on top.

She kissed the heart, sliding her tongue over it, taking the sensitive head of his prick between her teeth.

Duncan groaned, as if in pain. “Suck it, suck harder,” he panted.

“You’re doing well, my Princess... Oh... you’re so great... Great...”

As his voice faded away, a thick fluid spouted from his dick, filling her mouth in quick rhythmic waves. She let his cock slip out, savoring the liquid, swallowing it. It tasted different from everything she had ever taken, bitter and sweet at the same time, with a touch of chocolate.

Duncan’s hands rubbed over his belly, circling up his chest. Touching his nipple, he heaved a big satisfied sigh. “That was really great, my Princess.” He stretched. “I could use a drink now.”

“Shall I pour you a glass of champagne?”

“Yes, pour one glass, then give me the bottle.”

Gosh, he must be thirsty, if he wanted the whole bottle.

She walked to the tray where the champagne was waiting in a bucket filled with ice and poured a glass.

“Drink it,” he said, taking the bottle out of her hand.

She took a sip. It was deliciously cold, and sweet bubbles sparkled on her tongue.

Duncan towed off the bottle and put it on the table.

“You have the most beautiful wedding gown I’ve ever seen,” he said.

“Now, take it off.”

She looked at her dress. It was beautiful. And it was a true pity to take it off.

“Come on, my little Princess. You may wear it again, tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Tomorrow, we’ll have the most wonderful wedding party ever. But now I want to see you. All of you.”

He helped her undress, and she stood in front of him, stripped to the buff. His gaze wandered over her, as if he caressed her with his eyes. She crossed her arms over her breasts, feeling naked, vulnerable.

He smiled, pointing at the bed. “Lay down and part your legs.” It sounded like an order.

Her heart skipped a beat. This was it. This was the moment she feared. She grabbed her glass and took another sip of her wine, and another.

“Come on, do as I say,” he commanded.

She inhaled sharply, putting down her glass and walking to the bed. As if in a dream she lay down on her back, pressing her legs firmly together.

“Open them.”

“No, I....” This was so strange. She wanted him to touch her, but simultaneously she longed to hide herself, pull the covers over her head, and seek the protection she suddenly needed so badly. She closed her eyes. “No, I can’t. I’m sorry.”

Two strong hands moved over her body, gently massaging her tense legs, softly forcing them apart.

Wet fingers slipped into her pussy, opening her folds. "I need a drink," he whispered, "and I want a special glass."

"What?"

"I want to drink from your pussy. Now, it might feel a bit cold...."

Ice cold drops of champagne dripped on her nether lips, immediately followed by his hot tongue, sipping them away.

She moaned. "This feels... strange. It's cold and hot at the same time."

"Want more?" He pressed his fingers into her pussy, and widening it, he poured champagne into her. Only seconds later he slurped all of it, thrusting his warm tongue deeply inside.

This was hot, exciting. Her pussy felt weird, empty, burning to be filled.

"Give me more," she whispered, breathing quickly.

He gushed more wine, slurping it immediately, licking her folds, nibbling on her clit with his lips.

"I'm going to make you mine," he announced, his voice dark with desire.

Lifting his body over hers, he pressed his hard dick against her wet pussy, rubbing her clit with his thumb.

Her nether muscles tensed. "Will you hurt me?"

He smiled. "Yes, I will hurt you. But it's a sweet pain, and it'll vanish soon."

"But... I... No, stop. Let's wait until tomorrow, after the party." Why was she suddenly so afraid? Her pussy ached in anticipation. Her pussy wanted him badly. She wanted him too.

"Okay," she whispered. "Fuck me."

She heard him grin. "I'd better be careful." He pushed his dick against her soft entrance until her tight muscles surrendered. Ever so gently he slid inside her, moving deeper inch by inch.

She expected the pain, but it was so sharp and burning that it made her moan loudly.

He kissed her cheek. "It's okay, my Princess. Now, lust will take over."

He lingered inside her, waiting till her soreness ebbed away.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

Nodding, she placed both hands on his buttocks, pressing him deeper inside her, lifting her hips to meet his hard desire.

He began moving and she moved with him, moaning, kissing him, biting him. He moved back a bit, then thrust his dick into her sultry core, making her scream with pleasure. His thumb rubbed over her clit, and she screamed once more.

"This feels so good," he groaned into her ear, "I can't stand it any longer. I have to ... come." Moaning loudly, he shot his hot sperm inside her.

An enormous wave of lust washed over her as the spasms of his pleasure mixed with her own.

"I love you," she whispered, while the waves of her orgasm softly faded away. "I love you so much."

He rolled next to her, taking her with him in his arms. "I love you too, my Princess."

She snuggled herself against his broad masculine chest and whispered, "And the prince and the princess lived long and happily ever after."

He nodded. "And they had many, many children."

Outside the window, whistling firecrackers and crackling rockets exploded high in the air, illuminating the dark sky with the sparkling brilliance of

colorful whirling flowers and glittering silver fountains.

The End