

SLEEPING WITH GRETA

by

Monica M. Martin

WHISKEY CREEK PRESS

www.whiskeycreekpress.com

Published by
WHISKEY CREEK PRESS
Whiskey Creek Press
PO Box 51052
Casper, WY 82605-1052
www.whiskeycreekpresstorrid.com

Copyright © 2005 by *Monica M. Martin*

Names, characters and incidents depicted in this book are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental and beyond the intent of the author or the publisher.

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

ISBN 1-59374-406-4

Credits

Cover Artist: ESCORPIO

Editor: Chere Gruver

Printed in the United States of America

Dedication

My Wonderful Readers. Enjoy!

MY THANKS

To Jan Janssen and Chere Gruver. Thank you both!

Prologue

The Spell

Once upon a time, in a kingdom called Erotica, there lived highly sensual beings who dedicated their leisure time to giving and receiving pleasure. From the lowliest peasant to the most exalted of the royal family, each being knew how to sexually gratify their partner or partners. Beings from neighboring kingdoms flocked to Erotica in droves and married the natives.

Princesses Lucia and Jenna hailed from the kingdom of Enchantra, the land of magic and dreams; both married the ruler of Erotica, Leopold. Princess Lucia was a powerful witch. King Leopold fell in love with her, married her, and she remained his only wife for one hundred and sixty-four years. When it was realized she couldn't produce a much-needed heir, the king married Princess Jenna, with whom he promptly fell in lust. She bore him a daughter, Princess Greta, and he guarded her well.

As reward, Jenna wanted King Leopold to make her his main consort, but he refused. Disillusioned, she left after barely two years of marriage, finding love in the arms of a warlock from a dark kingdom far beyond called Obsidian. She left her daughter behind and Lucia reared her.

King Leopold died, bequeathing the kingdom of Erotica to Princess Greta when she came of age and married. Upon this day, Lucia would have the choice to stay, living on

Greta's goodwill, or she could return to the kingdom of Enchantra with ten thousand gold pieces, her compensation for one hundred eighty-seven years of service.

Greta grew into an exquisite beauty and was the envy of princesses in many kingdoms. Being tall with an hourglass figure, she had glittering emerald-green eyes, high cheekbones, a retroussé nose and a rosebud mouth, all set in an oval-shaped face, covered with flawless peaches and cream skin and framed by silky black curls.

Upon Greta's twenty-first birthday, the kingdom of Erotica celebrated. The late king's sister, Princess Joanna, invited every eligible male from kingdoms near and far, hoping to snag the perfect husband for her niece.

Noble beings gathered and the ball got off to a highly erotic beginning. Princess Greta tried out many adoring suitors, endeavoring to find the perfect husband. Before the celebrations ended, she planned to sit upon the throne as sole ruler, her husband as consort, in spite of her late father's wishes... She also made her plans apparent to her stepmother.

Lucia had not intended to return to the kingdom of Enchantra and feared for her position in Erotica. She cast a spell on Greta, making her grotesquely ugly so no man would marry her, and as a precaution, put the princess, and most of the palace's occupants, to sleep. She dared any worthy prince to kiss the princess into wakefulness, marry her, and live with her grotesqueness for the next nine hundred odd years. Since most of the guests slept, and the other available princes lived in kingdoms far beyond, she was confident no one would bother. She then took what she considered her rightful place as queen of Erotica.

Pitying Princess Greta, her aunt Joanna cast a counter spell, making Greta the opposite of what she was before the curse, and although she was just as grotesque, her personality

was more endearing. Any male who awakened her with his kiss, bonked her three times and made her beautiful, would receive five thousand pieces of gold after he'd also slain Lucia and completed this task.

To break the spell, Greta's rescuer would have to adhere to the rules: He would be required to have sex with her the way she desired it upon the first night of her awakening. The second occasion of intercourse would have to take place after she professed to like him. For the third time, he had to reciprocate her feelings and like her, thereby breaking the spell. After that, he would have the right to marry her...

With a protective spell cast over her, Greta slept peacefully, awaiting her valiant rescuer to awaken her with his kiss and more...

However, Greta has a secret, far more astounding than anyone could ever imagine, and those who were privy to it were no longer alive to speak of it...

Chapter 1

Making New Acquaintances

Alexander stood in the entranceway and scanned his surroundings. Faint sunlight beamed through the wooden blinds, catching blue smoke that swirled about the room, giving it an eerie look. From somewhere in a chamber beyond came the desperate sounds of a fledgling goth band. He cringed. A litter of yowling cats would have executed the number with greater success. Beings of all description filled the small space, their chattering not enough to drown out the torturous shrieking.

He moved into the room and sat on a wooden stool by the window. Glancing at his watch, he noticed it was five p.m. He scanned the room again. Too many warlocks frequented the joint for his liking. He sincerely hoped Rafe would show before nightfall.

A tall, white-haired being, dressed in a white doublet, stripy pantaloons, white hose, and a short white cape, swept into a deep bow before him, doffing his beret. "I am gazing upon Obsidian's youngest, Prince Alexander. Do I surmise correctly?" Although the creature's brow was raised in query, Alexander knew he wasn't asking.

"Ah, yes. A-and who might you be?" Alexander inhaled and the scent of peppermint oil almost knocked him out. He

visibly shuddered, unable to control his reaction. Fortunately, the other being was too busy getting to his feet to notice.

I've heard of breath freshener, but this is ridiculous! It surprised him that a mist of vapor didn't hover around the creature.

"I am Jonas, a white warlock from the east..." His mouth split into an easy grin, causing deep lines to furrow his aging face. He didn't look much like a warlock.

"Just plain Jonas, from the east?" It was Alexander's turn to raise a brow.

"I was only given one name."

"I see. And you're from the kingdom of Enchantra, I bet."

"Then you lose."

"Ah, nothing new to me." He cringed at the thought of the five thousand gold pieces he'd borrowed from Rafe and lost.

The warlock cleared his throat noisily, rubbing it at the same time. "I am from the kingdom of Erotica. I haven't been there since that distasteful incident one hundred fifty years past."

"Oh." Alexander had wondered about the incident ever since he could remember. "And you were there when the *incident* took place?"

"Indeed."

"I thought all the beings in the palace were put to sleep."

"Only the non-magical beings."

"I see."

"Many are confused about that."

"And Princess..." Alexander thought for a moment, trying to remember her name. "Rita? No, Greta."

"Yes. Princess Greta was once a great beauty, but is now grotesquely ugly. One hundred and fifty years of sleep and

from what I hear tell, all who have gotten past the stepmother and laid eyes on the princess couldn't bear to kiss her."

"Poor dear." Alexander tried to imagine how he'd feel in such a predicament and gave up. "It's inconceivable."

"A terrible state of affairs indeed."

"And you were her friend?"

"Her father's." Jonas motioned to the vacant stool beside him. "Might I sit for a moment? Least till your companion arrives."

"Huh? How did you know?"

"Well, 'twas rather obvious." The warlock looked pointedly at him, his hooded blue eyes piercing.

"Yes, of course." Alexander waved at the stool. "Please sit."

He sat, sweeping his cape over one shoulder. "Thank you." He extended his left hand and ran his long, bony fingers down Alexander's cheek. "Such a beautifully sculpted face. I am partial to golden skin."

Alexander pulled away. *All I need is to be stuck in some shit hole with an amorous magician!*

"My apologies." Jonas plucked at his white goatee. "Your look contrasts with the typical Obsidian being and drew me, is all."

Alexander didn't consider his six foot frame and average muscle tone anything out of the ordinary here in Obsidian. What was unusual, though, was his long silver-blond hair and magnetic blue eyes, a legacy from his Enchantrian mother. For most of his two hundred fifty-six years of existence, females and males frequently flocked to him, making him aware of his charismatic presence and extraordinary appearance.

"I trust you're not too upset."

“Not at all.” Alexander cleared his throat. “Each to his own. I don’t have intercourse with men, as the notion doesn’t move me. Point of fact, it leaves me cold. ”

Jonas shrugged and motioned to a barmaid. “And what of her?”

A hollow clip-clop sound preceded a pair of four-inch stilettos as their owner strutted across the dull timber floor. All other sounds fell away as Alexander drank her in. Her long white skirt belled out with every step she took, revealing the most stunningly gorgeous, dark-chocolate legs he’d seen that year. Her voluptuous body would have any man imagining fucking her from every conceivable angle, while priming her impressive pair of tits. His cock hardened at the thought of pressing it between her heaving mounds and sliding it back and forth until he creamed.

Her dark brows rose and her full mouth curled up into a glowing smile as she stopped before him. The look in her dark eyes told him she found him attractive. “What would you like?” She openly looked him up and down.

It was on the tip of his tongue to say to her on his dick, right now, but instead, he said, “Water, thank you.”

“Water?” She gave him a disbelieving look.

Alexander nodded. “Uh-huh.”

“And?”

“That’s all, thank you.”

Her pasted on smile faltered momentarily. “And for your *friend?*”

“Nah, nah, nah, nah, no.” Alexander shook his head and waved his index finger back and forth. “We’re not together.”

“Oh.”

How did I go from a potential screw to attached man lover?

“He’ll order his own drink.” She nodded.

Jonas reached out and patted her hand. "'Tis perfectly alright, I like him. So, you're half correct." She looked relieved.

"Now, what would you like to drink?"

Jonas pointed to a blue colored cocktail a warlock was sipping at the table to their left. "One of those."

"Done." She turned and moved away, her hips swinging from side to side and Alexander couldn't help wondering whether the extra effort was for him.

"Now, back to the incident."

Alexander studied the warlock carefully. "It has made an impact on you, Jonas. I can't help wondering why."

"As I said, I was her father's friend. She was a charming creature."

"Hmm. Had she already chosen a husband, or was that added over the years to glamorize the tale?"

"Many things have been, but not that. She was in the process of making her announcement when Lucia cast her malignant spell. Her intended fled once the spell was cast, not willing to break it."

"He was a mystical being then."

"Oh, yes."

"Couldn't he have reversed the spell?"

"No. Once a spell has been cast, it can only be altered, not reversed. Joanna, the king's sister, cast a counter spell, and so there was no need for him to..."

"He didn't love her enough to try and break the spell?"

"Oh he did love her and he did try, but he just couldn't bear to touch her."

Alexander cringed. "That grotesque?"

"Hideous. 'Tis why her rescuer receives five thousand gold pieces of gold for awakening her and restoring her beauty."

Alexander whistled. "That's a rather large sum."

"One that will ultimately be deserved."

"So how does one break the spell?"

"Haven't you heard that part of the tale?"

"He has to couple with her three times. Yes?"

"Indeed. Of course, there are rules for how and when."

"Oh, really?"

"They say the rules are at her bedside. They also say she mustn't discuss the curse until the spell is broken."

"I thought most of the details about the incident were fairytales."

"No, Prince Alexander, they are real."

"Just Alexander, please."

"As you wish."

The barmaid returned a little while later, handed them their drinks and Alexander a piece of paper. "Call me if you're interested in meeting for drinks after my shift."

"I am indeed, but I'm meeting a friend."

"Oh." She looked disappointed. "A date?"

"No. *He's* just a friend." They both laughed.

Jonas sighed and rolled his eyes. "I'm very sensitive."

"I apologize."

"Me, too." Her dark eyes held a vibrant twinkle.

"Forgiven." Jonas slurped down the electric-blue concoction.

Tucking some errant ringlets behind her ears, she smiled self-assuredly. "And after you see your friend?" She lifted a brow. "Your name?"

"Ah. Alexander de Varian."

"Oh."

"Alex or Alexander will do fine."

"What is an exalted member of the royal family doing here? Slumming it, I presume?"

“Errr, no.”

“Ha. Wanted to see how the other half lived, Prince Alexander?” Her beautiful face took on a cold, hard edge. “Do tell...” She leaned forward, her cleavage inches from his face. “You heard the rumors about how sexually liberated the underlings are in the sack, and wanted a performance, perchance?” She pulled back. “You didn’t get that?”

“Ah, well—”

“Wanted to pickup a bit of fluff for a tango?”

“No. You offered, remember?” He allowed his eyes to slide over her curves. “I’ll bet you’re an expert *dancer*.”

“Oh, honey, you’d never forget me in a hurry.” Her eyes moved over him with renewed interest.

“And you are?”

“Dana Barton.”

“Well, Dana Barton, I’m interested in slumming it with you, and expect the tango of my life. Can you accommodate me?” He let his gaze drop down to her highly fuckable tits.

She leaned in and her lips brushed his ear. “I don’t fuck fledgling bed partners.”

“I’m prepared to prove you wrong.”

“Oh?” She grasped the lapels of his leather coat and sank her teeth into his earlobe. He heaved a shuddered breath when she released it. “Call me and we’ll make arrangements, Prince Alexander.”

“You’re too kind.”

“And you’re too condescending.”

“What a hypercritical statement.”

“Ha. If you’re worth my while, I’ll reassess my opinion of your exalted family.”

“Again, you’re too kind.” He paused. “I’d enjoy some company later tonight.”

“You have my number.”

"I'll be in the games' room after dinner. Meet me there."

"*Call* me." She turned and scanned the room. "I'll have to get back to work now. No rest for the underlings, you see."

Alexander watched her gorgeous ass sway from view. "Now, that's a fine-looking ass."

"A pity she finds your station in life so distressing."

"Oh, I like her fire." Alexander's cock pressed painfully against his leather pants.

"Unless you see yourself in a collar, I'd be forgetting her."

"No, she's not quite that harsh."

"And you know?"

"Of course, it's the only thing I am any good at..."

"Change of subject."

"Great." Alexander clapped his hands together.

"Now, tell me who you are meeting."

"A warlock named Rafe."

"And he's a friend or yours?"

"As much a warlock can be."

"Oh?"

"I can't really discuss the matter with you."

"I understand."

"Tell me about yourself. Why are you here?"

"I was passing, decided to freshen up and have a drink."

"You liked the seedy look of the place, right?"

"She's right, you're pompous."

"Oh, I have no right to act so."

"Do I detect a note of shame in your tone?"

Alexander nodded. "You do."

"But you can't talk about it."

"Indeed."

“I enjoy how gritty and modern your world is; everything in Erotica is more romantic and sexual, 'tis a refreshing change. I admit to liking Erotica more, no offense intended.”

“None taken.”

The room suddenly went quiet and Alexander looked around to find Rafe making his way through the crowd toward the bar.

Chapter 2

Talking of Rodents

Six foot two inches tall, dark-haired and olive-skinned, he looked impressive in his open, priestlike coat and boots. His two henchmen followed in his wake, both mimicking him and doing it badly.

Rafe leaned over the bar, his elbows resting against the timber top. He smiled at Dana and she returned it before supplying his drink.

“Well, that’s Rafe.”

“Oh.” Jonas’s blue gaze held concern, which Alexander found alarming.

“I’m doomed,” Alexander whispered, more to himself than to Jonas.

“Not everything is as it seems. There’s always another path.”

“It’s too late.”

“’Tis never too late, Alexander.”

“I wish I had your philosophy.”

“’Tis never too late to begin.” Jonas held out his hand. “I’ll leave you to choose your fate, fair prince.”

Alexander rose and took his hand. “A pleasure to meet an Erotican. One day, I might pay a visit to the land of your birth.”

Jonas placed his free hand over Alexander’s. “Be well, and may the gods smile upon you.”

“Thank you.” Alexander turned and made his way through the crowd.

“Alex, you’re looking well, considering.”

“Rafe.” Alex nodded at him. Rafe raised his glass, drank the contents and slammed it down on the bar. “Wench!” he called.

“Yes?” Dana turned, a stiff smile on her mouth.

“Another two of these.” He turned back to Alexander, his black eyes appraising. “Traffic was heavy this afternoon.”

“I see.”

“Have you got it?”

“I want to explain—”

“I understand Queen Vivian sided with you when King Dorian disowned you over the recent gambling debts you acquired. Haven’t you caused your father enough public humiliation for one lifetime?”

“That’s between my father and me.”

“He is a dear, dear friend of mine, and the only reason I allowed you to borrow outrageous funds from me. However, since he’s decided not to pay your losses, it leaves me in a precarious position. I had hoped you found another benefactor.”

“I-I didn’t.” Silence.

“If I was to give my earnings to every needy creature who walked through my door, what would I be left with? Hmm?”

“I apologize. I understand your frustration a—”

“I don’t believe you do. Have you ever considered leaving town and taking that mother of yours with you, boy?”

“My father loves her more than his other wives. The others avoid him. They won’t tolerate his sudden tantrums and childlike manner. No other woman would endure his behavior and love him the way Mother does, and he knows it.

Therefore, you can forget about trying to herd her out of town, Rafe."

"Your two brothers disagree with your deduction."

"Gregory and Stephen would."

Rafe waved a dismissive hand at him. "Drinks now and business later."

"As you wish." Alexander vainly hoped Rafe would be more understanding, but inevitably, he wasn't.

Rafe pointed at Dana. "You like her?"

"Huh?"

"The bar wench."

"She's beautiful."

"I seem to make her uncomfortable. I think I'll get her to sit in on our meeting, and help her relax a little."

Alexander didn't like what Rafe was suggesting, but he wasn't in a position to do anything.

"She has lips made for sucking cock, and by looking at her, I'd guess her pussy's cock-hungry." The two cronies behind Rafe laughed at that. Alexander had the urge to drive his palm into the nearest one's nose. That would shut the imbecile up for a while.

"To be honest, I asked her out for a date earlier."

"Well, I don't mind sharing."

"But I do." The look in Rafe's eyes was enough to make his cronies back away.

"Are you laying claim to the wench, boy? Is that what I'm hearing? You have to forgive me, my hearing's off today."

"Yes..." Alexander steeled the urge to cringe and stood tall. "Yes, I am."

"So you don't want me dipping my big wick in your ebony hole?"

"I-I wouldn't put it like that."

“Don’t get uppity with me. You can’t afford to be, *boy*.” Rafe tapped his cheek several times. “She’s a whore. You can’t afford to pay me, let alone a whore. I might allow you to lick my leavings off her face if you’re lucky.”

Dana leaned over the counter. “I’m not for sale, warlock.”

“Everyone’s for sale, wench.”

“You are mistaken. I choose who I bed. And you have no chance of getting your ah, *wick* inside my,” she rolled her eyes, “ebony hole. To be frank, you lack sensuality and class, two things the bed partner I choose must have.” She looked at Alexander. “He has both.”

Alexander gave her a beaming grin and Rafe scowled. “Outside, or be humiliated right here, Alex.”

“Although he’s disowned, I doubt his father will be happy if you harm him, warlock.”

“Remember your place, whore, or I’ll put you in it.” She was about to say more, but Alexander shook his head and tried to communicate his concern through his gaze. She nodded at him and turned away.

How do I get myself out of this one?

Alexander followed Rafe from the bar, his two associates behind him. He caught sight of Jonas and nodded at him. Once outside, Rafe turned and flicked his wrist, sending him through the air and into the timber wall.

Oh, crap, that hurt!

Rafe motioned at the towering white fortress situated on the mountain beyond the city. “Your father has given me leave to do what needs to be done to get you to repay your debt to me.”

“I don’t have the gold. I thought Father would aid me...”

Alexander picked himself up off the ground and dusted himself off. His shoulder ached. He rubbed it and winced

when raw pain shot through it. "I-I will acquire the funds, I promise you. I just need some time."

"You should have thought of that before you gambled away my five thousand pieces of gold, Alex."

"I was so close." Alexander squeezed his fingers together. "I was sooooo damned close. You were there, and you saw."

"What I saw was an addict, obsessed with winning no matter the cost, or how many times he failed."

"But you advanced me more gold because you believed I'd win." As the words left Alexander's mouth, realization hit him. "You had faith my father would pay."

Rafe smiled. It was a cunning, catlike smile. "Business is business, Alex."

I'm a damned fool! Why didn't I see this before I lost my house, my car, and my family? Why did it take living in a rat-infested apartment and driving a beat-up vehicle to make me appreciate what I once had?

"Instead of trying to fill the hole in your life with purposeless squandering of funds you don't have, why don't you find something productive to do? It's time to get in touch with the real world and earn your keep, wastrel prince."

Alexander thought of the cockroaches and rats and figured that was real enough for him! "I have been looking for employment; it seems no one wishes to hire a down-and-out prince, Rafe."

"Bruce and Mario." Rafe clicked his fingers and pointed to the sleek black sedan parked across the street in front of Alexander's red and gray patchwork sedan. "Bring the car around and wait."

"Yes, exalted one." Mario scuttled away, reminding Alexander of a sewer rat. Bruce was subtler. A four-wheel drive shot past kicking up a cloud of dust, missing the pair by inches.

“Dead, desolate dump,” Rafe muttered, removing invisible particles of dust from his coat sleeve. Rafe glanced around the chaotic street. He muttered something Alexander didn’t catch and flicked his wrist. A leather band surrounded his arm. “Eradicator, come to Daddy!” A peregrine falcon swooped down out of a barren tree in the hotel car park and landed on Rafe’s protected arm. Its beady brown eyes sent a shiver down Alexander’s spine.

What would he want with that creature?

“Daddy is about to reward you for your loyalty. Mario!”

The stocky minion scuttled from the car and halted before Rafe. “Yes, exalted one.”

“Be a rat!” Another flick of Rafe’s wrist and Mario was indeed a rat. “Eradicator, feast.” The bird rose, circled and then dived, collecting the squeaking rodent in its sharp talons. “Ah, magnificent.” Rafe clapped excitedly. “The peregrine is said to be the fastest bird alive.”

“What the—”

“Don’t be alarmed, rats are Eradicator’s favorite food.” Alarmed didn’t quite describe what Alexander was feeling!

“You... Y-you just murdered your lackey.”

“He needed replacing. You should’ve listened to your father and sought help. Now you must learn the hard way.”

“I’ll get the funds.”

“How will you do that? You just stated you’re unemployable, boy.”

“I’ll think of something.”

“Something?” Rafe laughed. “Eradicator’s very hungry.”

“No! No! P-please hear me out!” Alexander held up his hands. “Please.”

“Speak, boy.”

“There’s this princess in the kingdom of Erotica, who had a spell cast on her. Her rescuer receives five thousand pieces of gold for breaking the spell.”

“Princess?” Rafe smoothed his long, dark hair.

“Yes. Princess Greta.”

“Oh...” Rafe began to laugh. “The grotesque princess.”

“Ah, yes.”

“You certainly would be earning your keep awakening her and fucking her beautiful.”

“I could complete the task and pay you in full. Just give me a month to get the funds for you.”

“I hear her rescuer can also marry her after she’s fully restored.”

“I hear so.”

“Now, that’s a reward earned, Alex. The question is, can you do it?”

“One month, and if I don’t succeed, you can turn me into a rodent and feed me to your evil pet. How does that sound?”

Rafe sighed loudly, throwing up his hands. “Agreed. One month. I will visit to see how you’re progressing. I’ve missed Erotica,” he added. Alexander had the feeling Rafe was talking more to himself, than him.

“Thank you.” His heart rate slowed to a more reasonable pace.

“Don’t think to betray me.”

“I-I won’t.”

“See that you don’t, boy.” Rafe held out his arm and his pet peregrine swooped down and landed. He stroked its head, then it flew away. “You have one month and not a day more. You understand, boy?”

“Yes. Yes, indeed.”

Chapter 3

A Case Of What One Can Afford

Rafe turned and made his way to the sleek machine on the curb, his black coat floating about his tall frame, his lengthy mane lashing at it. He got into the automobile and it sped away into the setting sun. Alexander didn't realize he held his breath until that moment. He released it, relief settling in. He rubbed his throbbing shoulder and groaned.

What the fuck did I just do? How am I ever going to pull this off! Oh, crap! Crap! He cupped his forehead and shook his head. *You're alive, numbskull, and that's what matters!*

A clapping sound came from behind him and he turned to find Jonas beaming cheerfully. "You are a man among mystics, Alexander."

"You appear pleased, but you don't know me well enough to be so. You're pleased for your princess, correct?"

"I am pleased, because you are about to restore the kingdom of Erotica to its rightful owner."

"Ah, not quite. The tale says the princess must marry to take the throne, and with the stepmother gone, who'll administer her estate until then?"

"The financial advisor."

"Who?"

"Rupert, the genie."

"I see." Alexander paced back and forth. Jonas sneezed, swishing at the dust cloud surrounding him. "How am I ever

going to do it? How will I get there? How will I get past a witch?"

"I will help you."

"You will?"

"Indeed."

"How?"

"I will give you pertinent guidance."

Alexander stopped pacing and looked at the warlock.
"Guidance?"

"Come back inside and I'll explain."

"Well, only for a moment. My car doesn't have headlights." It surprised him, but the urge he had to sit at the card table had now diminished considerably.

Jonas gave him an odd look. "A moment is all you need. But I will fix those lamps."

* * * *

Dana looked at the car doubtfully, running her index finger over the gray, undercoated guard. "It's better than not having a vehicle I suppose." She tossed her head, ducked, and slid into the worn vinyl seat. He closed the door.

Alexander should have been embarrassed, but for the first time in his life, he considered the emotion useless. So what if he gambled away his fortune, he still had his life and a chance to improve it, and that's all that mattered to him right now. He could live with a few cockroaches and rats as long as he was living, period! He tossed her a beaming grin and went around to the driver's side and got in, slamming the door hard enough so it would stay closed. She was giving him one of those *I regret doing this* looks.

"If you want me to drop you at home, I can."

"No." She tucked some curls behind an ear. "Since you promised not to disappoint me, I'd like to stay the night."

Again, he thought of the cockroaches and rats. "You may not, after you've been there."

"Why?"

"I won't lie to you, the place is falling apart, but it's clean, apart from the rodents and insects."

She visibly shuddered, her eyes widening. "Have you ever thought of exterminating them?" She made a fist and punched the air. "Pesticide does wonders." There was that sarcasm he tasted a few hours before.

"Of course." He shrugged. "I've only recently moved in...and I had a gambling problem."

"Had?"

"Suffice it to say, I'm cured."

Her look was doubtful. "You mean you don't have any gold to lose?"

"No."

"No?"

"I mean, I'm cured."

"Sure you are, Alex."

He turned the key and the engine kicked over and roared like a beast. He pulled the lights on and silently thanked Jonas and wished he'd asked for more, then laughed at his greed. He could feel her eyes on him, but chose to ignore her. He fiddled with the stick until it engaged, clunking into reverse gear. It shot backward and she groaned loudly. He knew he should have the engine idled down and the gearbox serviced. That would fix some of the problem. He mashed the shift into gear and the car lurched off, backfiring halfway down the street. He added a tune-up to the list of things that needed doing before he left for Erotica. She waved as they chugged past a group of revelers from the tavern.

"You do realize this is a mercy fuck, dear prince."

Well, that was a new one on him! He'd never had a mercy fuck in his life! Women flocked to him. Maybe it wasn't his charm, but his wealth which had attracted them. This was the first female he'd picked up since his father tossed him out on his ear, literally. He laughed softly. *Today has certainly been a day of awakenings for me!*

"I see nothing to be jovial about."

"My masculinity has suffered a deep blow, but I'm still alive." He burst into another fit of laughter. "I'm a changed man, and for the better, I might add." He stuck his head out the window and hooted at the passersby and they cheered back, giving him the thumbs up.

"Jonas paid me five gold pieces to sleep with you."

"Oh."

"I'm not always a whore." She fumbled through her bag, pulled out a pack of cigarettes and lit one. The pungent smell of tobacco filled the car, overpowering her rose-scented perfume. She inhaled deeply and then blew rings at him.

"You wouldn't have come with me had he not paid you?"

"Most likely."

"That makes you a whore." He held up his free hand. "A fact, not an insult." She shrugged and blew more rings at him. "Why didn't you take Rafe up on his offer?"

"I'd prefer to starve, than get gangbanged."

"And you need the money?"

"Of course I need the money. My sick mother lives in inner Obsidian and I don't even have a car to visit her."

"Can't she visit you?"

"My father left her for a newer model and took the car with him. Mother's on welfare...she's poorer than I. Your family doesn't give out large sums of gold, as you well know." She blinked rapidly and he knew she was fighting back the tears.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be." She sucked on her cigarette and then flicked the dumper out the window. "They've not been touched by poverty. How could they know? Obsidian is ruled by a tightwad tyrant." She reached out and touched his shoulder. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to... Oh, boy, it just fell out."

"It's okay, I understand."

"You do now."

"Hmm." He pulled the vehicle up beneath a streetlight out in front of the apartment block.

"We're here?"

"Indeed." He nodded.

She looked up at the three-story brick building and laughed. "I live in a palace compared to you. What irony."

"Indeed." He got out and opened her door.

"There are life lessons for us all." She sprang out of the car and waited on the footpath while he locked the door.

He took her arm and they walked the stone path toward the entry. A few oak trees dotted the park to their left and several iron benches graced a small strip of lawn surrounding it. Swings, a merry-go-round and a set of monkey bars stood in its center. As far as parks went, it was one of the better ones.

They began to climb the grimy stairwell. "No janitor?"

"No."

"What floor?"

"Third."

She began to laugh. "I should have known."

"Save your energy till we get there."

"I live on the first floor and whine because my view sucks."

"And your point?"

"I'll appreciate what I've got now. I don't have to climb a damned stairwell in four-inch stilettos every day."

"Ah, but there is a positive side to this."

"And what might that be?"

"You get a quick workout morning and night."

She stumbled and grasped his arm. "You're quite likeable, prince."

"And sexy?" She started laughing again. "What?"

"In an absurd way."

"Oh." His rolled his eyes. "Absurd?" Her laughter was infectious.

"Yes, absurd."

"This is devastating me." He fished in his pocket for his keys and unlocked the apartment door. "Come in and make yourself at home, Dana."

She lifted her skirt and swished it. "Don't mind if I do, prince."

He closed the door and turned to find her surveying the apartment. He scanned the mottled whitewashed walls and worn timber floors imagining seeing it through her eyes.

"I see your mother has supplied you with furnishings." She ran her hands over the soft brown leather sofa. "It's beautiful. And the coffee table, too."

"Yes, they are. And yes she did, they were old pieces she had stored." He drew back the lacy white curtains to allow the cool evening air to flow inside from the balcony.

"Very sparse indeed." She continued down the hall and into his bedroom and he followed her. "Oh my. Are you sure this bed wouldn't pay your debt?"

"I detect more sarcasm." The bed was a simple four-poster with sheer linen drapes. It dominated the small room, leaving scarcely enough space to for him to get his clothing from the wall closet.

"It's very stuffy in here." She drew the heavy curtains and opened the one and only window. "I'm thirsty."

"Come. I'll make the coffee and you'll make dinner."

"Sounds like a plan to me."

"Great."

He led her into the kitchen and searched through the dilapidated overhead cupboards and drawers until he came up with the ingredients and utensils to make her a cup of coffee. She explored his refrigerator and plucked out the items to make burgers and a salad. Twenty minutes later, they were wolfing down beef burgers and instant coffee on the balcony, catching the fresh evening breeze.

"I love the evenings. The only nice thing about this kingdom." He reached over and wiped the corner of her mouth with a napkin. "The daylight hours are miserable. I hate to roast."

"The heat of the day has never bothered me."

"Of course, the palace has air-conditioning. Right?"

"Right. But even now."

"Give it time."

"What would I do without your sarcastic company?"

She smiled rather sweetly. "Masturbate."

"I suppose I would. And you?"

"What about me?"

"What would you be doing?"

"I'd be reading a book."

"You don't satisfy yourself?"

"Oh, want to be a naughty boy now, do we?"

"Not yet. Answer the question."

"Oh." Excitement flared in her eyes. "I like to satisfy myself, as men rarely know how. They're too busy reaching their own climax."

"Ah, so we're selfish lovers, too."

“Of course.”

“And have you been proven wrong?”

“Once or twice.”

Alexander leaned over and brushed his mouth over hers. “I guarantee you’ll not be disappointed.”

She rose quickly. “Well let’s get these dishes done. Then we can get right to it, after I shower.”

“Wonderful.” Alexander sensed he’d made her uncomfortable, but he didn’t know why.

After they’d washed the dishes and cleaned up, she showered, alone, much to his disappointment. He went in after she’d finished and left her to fuss with her hair and makeup.

When he finished showering, he found her lying on a deckchair on the balcony sipping wine. Her ebony spirally curls had dried and tumbled loosely about her shoulders, the dressing gown she’d borrowed fell open displaying her bent knee and shapely, chocolate thigh.

Beauty like hers inspired men to paint, to create, to grovel, and beg for the crumbs from her table. If he were Dana, he’d be a full-time whore. No man would get near without at least ten pieces of gold, and that would only get them a straight fuck. Twenty would allow for a blowjob, an anal fuck and maybe a goodbye kiss.

“Do you want to resume the game we began earlier?” she asked, still staring up into the night sky.

His throat went dry and his heart rate pulsed double-time. He cleared his throat. “W-what game?” So much for acting sophisticated.

“The one where I show you how to satisfy me and thank you...when you do.”

“I... I thought...”

“You said you guaranteed my pleasure.”

“Yes.”

“I can only get excited when I’m in control...you understand?” she said, like she’d read his mind.

And there went his idea of showing her what a stud he was! He was beginning to feel like a novice around this goddesslike creature. He remembered her words in the bar and wondered whether they were true. One was only as good as one’s partner, and he’d only tried Obsidian nobility. Maybe they weren’t as accomplished as someone who’d really experienced life. His confidence dwindled, along with his fortune.

“So?”

“Pardon?”

She sighed. “Do you want to play?”

“Oh, yeah. I’m ready.” He swallowed the lump in his throat.

“You might even take something away with you that you can use on Princess Greta.” Her eyes moved over the obvious lump at his crotch. “Nice.”

“Thank you. You are, too.”

You are, too! What the fuck was that?

“Want to see how I satisfy myself?” Her dark eyes locked with his.

“Oooh.”

“Oh?”

“Oh, yeah...”

Chapter 4

Dana's Magic

She undid the sash and he wondered whether he was drooling, because it sure felt like it. The silky fabric slid from her chocolate skin, revealing the treasures beneath. The tips of her ripe mounds were a deep brown. His eyes feasted on her ebony curves, making a trail down her torso and over her flat belly to her curl-covered mons. She opened her legs and he sucked in a breath. Pink petals sprang from the nest of curls, the moisture within glittering like jewels, begging for his tongue's caress. His gaze continued down her superbly honed legs to her slender feet and red painted nails.

"You're beautiful." He barely recognized his own voice.

Dana passed her fingers over her breasts, her red nails circling the tight peaks. She pinched them between her thumb and index finger and tugged. Thrusting up, she moaned, her tongue sweeping over her full lips. She looked at him through partially lidded eyes. "I do so love having my nipples plucked. They get sooo hard." She reached out and took his hand, pulling him down to her. "Caress me the same way, Alex. But do no more."

Alexander's cock jumped. He passed his fingers over her satiny flesh, his pulse skyrocketing. She pressed them against his attentive palms and groaned when he squeezed and pulled at her silky buds with his fingers.

“That’s enough.” He ceased manipulating her flesh. “Remove your hands, Alex.” With a moan, he did as she ordered. “I want you to sit across from me and watch me enjoy myself,” she purred with a seductive lilt in her voice.

“As you wish.” Alexander wanted to ignore her and continue, but knew the deliciousness of what she’d created would end and jerking off wasn’t an option tonight. He moved the other deck chair opposite her and sat. “What a beautiful cunt you have.” He couldn’t help licking his mouth.

“And if you’re really good, I’ll allow you play there tonight.”

Allow? Why did he feel like an adolescent?

She removed a white vibrator from her handbag. It looked about six inches long. Sliding both buttons up at the base, she caused it to vibrate and rotate. She lay back and ran it over her breasts and down her body. She wriggled her hips as it played over her clitoris and vulva. He watched it sink inside her vagina and stifled a groan. “Mmmm. See how wet you’re making me?” She thrust her hips up and down, swallowing the humming device repeatedly, her nectar coating it and her skin. She was so wet, liquid flowed from her. Groaning in frustration, he rubbed his erection.

“Don’t touch yourself.”

“Oh, have mercy.”

“I have none, Alex.”

He removed his hand. *Would she mind if I stroked her hair and kissed those panting lips?*

The smell of her excitement sent him wild. She drove the pleasure device deep inside her, and juices flooded the globes of her ass and the chair. He wanted to take the thing out of her and fill her with his aching cock instead. Her incessant moaning was keeping time with his throbbing penis. If he didn’t get sex soon, he’d end up with blue balls and that

wasn't fun! It didn't take her long to orgasm. He envied the piece of rubber.

She placed the vibrator aside and stroked her flesh. "Would you like to lick me now?"

"You have no idea how much."

A smile played over her mouth. "I think I do. Come on, come closer, I want to watch you caress me with your mouth and hands, beginning with my feet."

Alexander knelt at her feet, took one and massaged it, plying kisses to it before moving to the other. "Oh, you are very good at that." He sucked on her big toe and then released it.

"Oh, I've just begun."

"Mmmm... You have my permission to continue, sweet prince."

"My tongue can't get enough of you." He dipped his head and slid his lips over her ankles and up her lovely calves, paying special attention to the backs of her knees before moving on. Her breathing became ragged when he moved up her thighs, his teeth nipping at her sensitive flesh.

The musky smell of her sex made his mouth water as he drew closer. She squirmed until his mouth covered her wet heat. He drew her clit into his mouth and gently batted it back and forth. "Oooh." He slid two fingers inside her and rotated them, leaving them deep. She raked her nails through his hair and moved her hips up and down. He grasped her hips and held them still.

"D-did I say you could immobilize me?" He raised his head and watched her for a moment. Her mouth hung loose and her eyes remained heavily lidded. "Continue." He dipped his head and sucked at her flesh. "Re... Release me. Ooh! D-do as I say." He forced her hips down and thoroughly loved her flesh. "I'm coming. I'm coming!" Her nectar flowed over

his tongue and her muscles tightened around his exploring fingers. “Oooh, yes!” He released her hips and she pressed herself against his devouring mouth. When she had enough, she freed his hair and relaxed her hips.

He kissed his way up her body and tongued her trembling mouth. She wrapped her arms about his neck. “I knew that mouth would be heaven.” She kissed him passionately. His cock pressed against her hot sex and moisture seeped from the slit at the head as it strained to the bursting point.

She pulled away and sat up. “You poor dear.” She pressed him back against the chair, opened his robe and stared at his engorged cock. “Look at how excited you are. The color’s almost purple.”

Oh, please touch it! I’m going mad!

She moved forward and flicked her tongue over the dripping slit. “Oh, yes! Kiss me. Arrgh.”

“You like that?” He nodded. “Answer me.” She nudged his cock.

“Yes. I like that a lot.”

“Look at how magnificent and proud it is.” She cupped his balls and began to gently massage them. “Spread your legs wider.” She manipulated his anus with a finger and embedded it deeply.

“What the fuck are you doing?”

“Does it feel bad?” He shook his head. Point of fact, it felt good, really good. She slowly pumped it in and out and then added another, stroking until he took them easily and pumped until the action was smooth. “You have a hungry ass, Alex.” She removed her fingers and stimulated his ass with something firm and jelly-like. He groaned deep when the tip penetrated him. She teased and pushed until it was deep and then it vibrated. He squirmed, liking the deep throb it produced.

I have a vibrator up my ass and I love it. Who would've known!
Soon, he was fucking the air, wishing her mouth would take his cock completely. Her tongue intermittently flicked out and licked the juice from the tip of his cock. And suddenly, he began to come, her lips wrapped around his cock and she sucked it inside her heated cavern, drinking in his flowing stream. He'd never climaxed so quickly in his life!

She released his deflating member and pulled the vibrator from his ass. "That was a first for you. I hope you enjoyed it as much as you appeared to."

He opened his eyes and nodded. She kissed his abdomen. "You are one sexy prince, Alex." He laughed.

"You know your stuff, Dana."

She bent her head and licked his balls. "I enjoy sex on my terms, and it shows." She worked her way up his body and suckled his nipples.

"That tickles."

"Mmm." She clamped his nipple between her teeth and he yelped. She released it and moved up his body, straddling his lap. She smiled when he shook his head. "You will shortly, Alex."

"Oh, I wish." He cupped her proud breasts in his hands and gently squeezed.

She began sliding her pussy lips over his shaft and to his amazement, it grew. "Ooh, you are perfect."

"Mmm, don't get too attached." He grinned up at her, tugging on a dark ringlet. She rose up over his cock and impaled herself on it. "Ooooh, I do so enjoy a leisurely ride." Her breasts heaved as her hot satin sheath slid down over him and those tight little muscles of hers were already torturing his shaft.

"Oh, baby, you can ride me anytime." He grasped her hips and moved to her easy rhythm. Her body glistened in the

soft lighting, her tempo mounting, along with the fire in the pit of his stomach. Her muscles clamped his shaft hard and he struggled to remain in rhythm with her, when all he wanted was to fuck her hard and fast.

She bent and kissed him deeply and then nuzzled his neck. "I want to come again. Fuck me wild," she whispered raggedly.

He buried his fingers in her hair. "Oh, baby, you know the magic words." His mouth met hers and they rode toward their ultimate goal.

She lay on him. "I would have slept with you without the money."

"Oh, I'm flattered."

"I'm serious. I like you, Prince Alexander."

"And I like you, Dana Barton. You're one beautiful piece of ass." He slapped her butt.

She pulled back and gave him a haughty look. "I am not a piece of meat."

"Mmm." He nipped at her neck. "You're very tasty." She laughed and he swatted her again.

"This is uncomfortable and I'm aching."

"Let's go inside, where it's more comfortable."

She nodded. "Let's." He followed her inside, closing the door behind him.

They shared the shower and then climbed into bed.

"I've only seen four cockroaches and two rats. The way you explained it, I figured they'd be clinging to the walls."

"No, sweet Dana, that's how you perceived it. But I wonder how many rats managed to climb into the bed?" She squeaked and dived into his arms. "Ah, it worked."

She batted his chest. "Fiend."

"While I've got you, tell me about yourself."

"What do you want to know?"

“Everything.” He nuzzled her neck.

“I was born in inner Obsidian one hundred and fifty-nine years ago. Father moved here to the outer suburbs to work for your father in the diamond mines and brought us with him, one hundred fifty years ago. When I came of age, I left school and moved away from home. I tried to obtain employment in the palace, but apparently, I wasn’t of the right class. I’ve worked in bars ever since.”

“I’m sorry.” He couldn’t see her face, but knew the distinction hurt her.

“Don’t apologize for being born an aristocrat. The gods didn’t smile at me is all.”

“Oh, they did. You’re beautiful both inside and out.”

“You flatter me, Alex.” She kissed his cheek. “When my father left my mother, I whored to pay her way back to the inner city. Now that she’s sick, I whore to pay for her medicine and to buy a car to visit her.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be. My mother is nine hundred fifty-six years old. She’s had a long life. She is happy to leave this world. She never got over my father, you see. The selfish part of me wants her to linger, but her quality of life is poor and in my heart, I know death is the best thing for her.”

“I understand.”

“I have five brothers and three sisters. All are older than I am, and lived with my father while growing up. I scarcely know them.” She paused. “I know what you’re thinking. My mother begged my father and he allowed me to stay with her, on the condition I would never ask him for assistance.”

“I already dislike him.”

“I don’t know him, but I don’t like his type.”

“Boyfriends?”

"I've never had a steady boyfriend. I have Sunday afternoons off. I would like more time to myself. I want to get married and have three children and perhaps live in a greener part of the kingdom."

"Only three?"

"Yes, two girls and a boy."

"I can see them now," he murmured, imagining them with his and her features. He pushed the disturbing thought aside.

She gave you great sex. Your family has ruined her life, now leave her be!

"Now your turn."

"Huh?"

"Tell me a little about you."

Alexander didn't really want to talk about his privileged existence after listening about her struggle. "Well, I have two half-brothers, Gregory and Stephen, and one half-sister, Constance. My father has three unhappy wives a—"

"Since no woman really wants to share the one she loves, I can't fault them." Her tone said it all.

"You really don't like my father. It's something personal. What is it?"

"The only vocation he could see me employed as was palace whore. I turned him down, of course."

"You would have gotten paid more than you do now. So, why was that an awful suggestion?"

"Rafe was one of my potential clients. Group sex isn't my thing, women don't appeal to me, and I abhor pain. Your sort gets rather bored and tries many new and unsavory things..."

Alexander could feel the color rise up his face and thanked the gods that it was dark. "I didn't know father was that way inclined."

"Not just your father..."

“Oh.”

“Now, back to you.”

“Well, I was a lousy student, a superb marksman, a squanderer, and a supposed womanizer. My mother was kind enough to let me hide behind her skirts most of my life and Father was brutal enough to allow Rafe to slay me over five thousand gold pieces. But I can’t complain, at least he cured me.”

“Why?”

“I gambled with my brothers and lost and so it became a challenge to win. Rafe taught me how to beat them and then trounced me himself.”

“Were you happy as a child?”

“No. My father always despised me. No matter what I did, I couldn’t win his favor, and in the end, I ceased to bother. I’m over it now, but there was a time I’d have given anything to gain his approval.” He sighed. “My mother compensated for his lack of affection. Even though he is a boar, she loves him dearly, and in his strange way, he loves her the most. I’ll never have more than one wife, it’s just plain madness.”

“So you agree with me?”

“Hmm, yes.”

“I am surprised.”

“Do I act so shallow?”

“No, charismatic, not superficial. I was surprised when I met you. I figured you’d be taller and... Ah...”

“Yes?”

“Well, more sophisticated.” She started rubbing his cock.

“Oh.”

She thinks you’re a caveman, but loves to fuck you. Now that’s a great way to turn a guy on!

“Tell me about your women friends.” Her hand enclosed his shaft and she started jerking him off. His gut tightened and so did his balls.

“W-well, I’ve had three short-term relationships, one long-term one and many casual associations. We just never connected.” He thrust up. She worked him harder.

“Maybe you haven’t found the right one.”

“Ooh. Yeah...maybe.” His words were spoken between panted breaths.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“Yes.”

“Oh.” She sounded disappointed.

He rolled on top of her and pinned her arms above her head. “You are my luscious chocolate treat.”

“Fill me with your magnificent cock.” She opened her legs and groaned as he slid inside her.

“I should pack you in my luggage and take you with me, Dana.”

“I don’t share.”

Chapter 5

Preparation

Alexander handed his car keys to Jonas. "I want you to give these to Dana. Tell her everything's fixed, but I couldn't afford to have her painted."

"You are very generous indeed, Alex."

"No. I have no use for the vehicle, and since you're sending me to Erotica via a magic carpet, Dana can have it. She needs to see her ailing mother and I don't want her having to suffer pawing assholes to do that."

"Ah, you have a penchant for the lovely maiden."

"And you contrived to awaken your princess, knowing my predicament, genie."

"I know the majority of Obsidian people dislike genies, hence the disguise. I admit, I did take advantage of the situation when I overheard your father discussing your position with Rafe, recognizing you'd want to preserve your hide. I would have awakened her, but I'm rather a coward...and females don't make me erect, you see."

Alexander nodded. "A grotesque princess doesn't turn me on either."

"I apologize for lying to you. It won't happen again. I want us to remain friends after this ordeal is all over, regardless."

"You're a likeable guy, Jonas."

“Moreover, my name is Rupert, not Jonas. I am Erotica’s advisor and Princess Greta’s soon-to-be guardian. I promised her father I’d protect her till she marries, you see. Then my obligation is over.” He let out a sigh. “I cannot wait.”

Alexander leveled a stern look at him. “I forgive you, but you owe me. Understand?”

“I agree that I owe you, and promise to pay up, but only after Princess Greta is returned to her former self.”

“Five thousand pieces of gold and not one piece less.”

“Of course. I don’t want that warlock’s pet eating you.”

“And one favor.”

“I already fixed your headlamps and I’m about to give the keys to your beautiful lover.” He passed his brown fingers over the shock-white braid running down the back of an almost bald head, pulled it over his naked shoulder. Alexander couldn’t help thinking he looked better disguised as a wizard. “I’m a six thousand year old genie; I’m worn out, Alex.” He plucked at the braid.

“I don’t want to be your master, Rupert, simply your friend and friends do favors for each other. It’s a way of life.”

“Of course, then I’m only too pleased to owe you a favor.” Rupert examined the weapon Alexander was cleaning. “What is that strange thing?”

“This, my friend, is a sawed-off double-barrel shotgun.” He held up a cartridge. “These babies are filled with small steel balls and gunpowder. Enough to blow dear stepmother’s balls off.”

“Pardon?”

He held up the weapon and pointed at the barrels. “The cartridges shoot, or rather spray, out of there and make holes in things. Preferably in Princess Greta’s stepmother.”

“I-I don’t understand.” Rupert pulled at his thin white goatee, a flicker of confusion in his blue gaze.

"I'll show you when we get to the stepmother's house. It seems we need to adjust our speech, in order to better understand each other."

"Yes, your words confuse me."

"Likewise."

"What are you doing with it?"

"Pardon?"

"The shotgun."

"Cleaning the breech and barrels."

"A consideration..." Alexander waited for Rupert to formulate the question, which he was obviously having problems doing. "Lucia is rather powerful. She even frightens me." His eyes grew wide and Alexander had to stifle a laugh. "Her volatile temperament is renowned throughout Erotica."

"Is that why you left the kingdom?" Alexander finished cleaning the oil residue from the barrel. "You dislike confrontation. Hmm?"

"Yes, I'm somewhat of a coward when it comes to such things."

"And back to your point?"

"Will that weapon be enough to destroy her? I mean to say, if it's that good, why didn't you use it on Rafe?"

"Well, Rafe knows how to block such things, so it's pointless. In Erotica, there is no such technology, ah, creation. The rogue queen won't stand a chance."

"You seem so sure."

"Because I am. Please don't plant doubts in my mind now, genie." He looked up at Rupert again. "I'm a bit of a coward myself. I almost crapped my pants when Rafe offered to feed me to his pet."

"I saw how frightened you were and pitied you."

"How kind, and do you pity me now?"

"As you would say, oh yeah."

“Ha, ha, ha. I’m laughing on the inside.”

“Princess Greta’s aunt promised to come back, once the princess has been awakened.”

“Ah, the kind one who made the princess the opposite of what she was until the spell is broken.”

“She has her bad moments, too.” Rupert cringed.

“I’ll bet Greta thanks her when she’s restored.”

“Something you should never do is bet. Look at where it got you the last time.”

“It was a figure of speech, however, I’ll never bet again. I’ve learned my lesson.” He shrugged. “I’m glad to have had the experiences...”

Rupert pointed to the crossbow. “I know this weapon.”

“Ah, but from what I’ve learned, this one’s a little more sophisticated...”

“How so?”

“The arrows travel more rapidly and explode upon impact.”

“Oh. I like your armory.”

“I prefer arsenal.”

“And ’tis the same?” A white brow rose.

“Yes.”

“And since I’m transporting you, can I have use of that?”

“Oh course.”

“I’m going to deliver the keys, and then we journey to Princess Greta’s stepmother’s house.” Rupert clapped his hands. “I can scarcely wait.”

Chapter 6

The Kingdom of Erotica

They floated over the vast green landscape on a red and gold tasseled carpet. Alexander stared in awed wonder; never had he seen a land so beautiful and fertile. The homes in the large town beneath them had thatched roofs, off-white and brown brick exteriors, large stained-glass windows, colorful gardens with either perfectly trimmed hedges or low-set brick fences surrounding them. The people wore colorful, romantic clothing. The men dressed in a similar fashion to what he first saw Rupert wearing, and the women wore long, flowing gowns, the details a little difficult to see from such a height.

“Tis a beautiful land, Alex.”

“I dreamed such a land existed, but never, for one moment, imagined such wonder.”

“The weather is mild and the beings are highly sexed; one can’t ask for more.” Rupert laughed. “Now you know why so many immigrate here.”

“I can see why.”

The carpet rose, climbing the mounting terrain. At the top of the hillside, the carpet accelerated, stopping at the bottom. Rupert motioned to the white castle on the mountain beyond the plateau. Its blue-gray spires seemed to rise up into the clouds and a white path cut through the rock and wound up to it. “That’s the palace where Princess Greta sleeps.”

“Very pleasing to the eye, my father’s architect could use some suggestions from Erotica’s.”

“I agree.”

“Well, let’s get on up there.” Alexander readied his weapon.

“We can only go as far as the gatehouse by carpet, and then by foot. Those are the rules.”

“Why can’t we fly over the ramparts? It would be much easier.” Alexander shrugged.

“The old witch w—” A blue ball of energy shot past Alexander’s head.

“Fuck! What was that?” The carpet dipped and turned, Alexander went sliding over the edge, shotgun in hand. Rupert caught him and hauled him back onto the frisky rug.

“Hold on tight, Alex!” He held on for dear life, he didn’t need another warning. Several more balls flew by and the rug dipped and flipped, taking his stomach with it. They suddenly landed before the towering gatehouse. Alexander was greatly relieved to be off the dancing ride.

“Duck!” He scrambled for cover, landing behind some shrubbery, Rupert right beside him.

Rupert grabbed the strap of his bag, pulled it over his head, and removed the crossbow and projectiles and loaded it. “I’ve had enough of you, you old hag,” he muttered. He fired the weapon, missing the witch by miles. Another ball followed. It set the hedges afire. “Be damned, witch!”

“Hide behind your rejected prince, you coward!”

“Calm down.” Alexander held Rupert down. “Don’t be a complete fool, it’s what she wants.”

“’Tis not irrational behavior, I know her acts.”

“Allow her to tire herself out first.”

“Ah. A strategy.”

“Uh-huh.”

"I'll get you!" she called from somewhere beyond. "Try to pass through this gate, and I'll toast your ass and fry your lily liver!"

"I doubt you can, you old bag of wind!"

"Shut the fuck up, you fool," Alexander hissed in low tones. "If you don't, I'll pummel you to death myself!" More balls followed Rupert's words. These were made of fire and Alexander felt heat as one sailed by his face.

She suddenly materialized meters from them, a ball in each hand, her gray locks floating wildly about her. "Pass me if you dare!"

Alex noticed the skeletal remains from previous would-be rescuers at her feet. A chill ran down his spine. *We're fucked! We're fucked! Fuck it!*

She let both balls fly and cackled when Rupert hopped around, batting his flaming ass. "Melt some of that lard from your buttocks."

"Hag!"

Alexander used the opportunity to stand and fire his shotgun. She shrieked and flew backward, bursting into flames. He heaved a sigh of relief and lowered his weapon. "You see, that was easy, Rupert." He wiped the sweat from his brow.

Rupert leapt up and hugged him, the smell of peppermint making him lightheaded. "You succeeded, Alex! This is wonderful. Wonderful!" His words echoed across the mountainous terrain.

"Don't celebrate yet."

"You can do it."

"In the dark, maybe." Alexander wasn't quite so sure about the next test.

"We can fly in there now since she's gone."

"Good, let's get this over with."

The carpet unrolled and they got on. They landed on the parapet and made their way down the stairwell and into the dimly lit wing on foot, passing many sleeping nobles along the way. Some were dressed for the party they'd attended one hundred fifty years before. They were colorful indeed. Many naked couples and groups appeared to have been in the throes of passion. Alexander was surprised by the amount of sex toys on public display. Sex seemed to be as open as playing roulette or tennis here in this kingdom. He fleetingly wondered whether Princess Greta was this open and hoped not! He wasn't quite so liberated.

Rupert tapped him on the shoulder and motioned to the open, arched entranceway. "She's through there."

"Time to see how tough I really am," he said, more to himself than Rupert. He tossed Rupert the shotgun, bent and buffed his knee-high boots with his sleeve. He rose, straightened the lapels on his ankle-length leather coat, dusted off the sleeves and smoothed his mane.

"Good luck." Alex nodded, turned and crossed the glossy red timber floor. "And, Alex..."

He stopped, hand bracing the limestone wall. "Yes."

"Remember, the only other choice is death."

"I get it." He heaved a steady breath and stepped into the room.

"And, Alex," came from outside the door.

"What is it now, Rupert?"

"She cried."

"What are you talking about?"

"When I gave her the car keys, she cried."

"Thanks for giving me the incentive to live."

"There's no need for the sarcastic tone. Remember, the rules are at her bedside!"

“Right!” Alexander glared at the paneled door and then turned and gazed about the bright, sparsely furnished bedchamber. The canopy-covered bed was the main feature standing in the center of the timber floor. Its translucent drapery was in soft shades of pink, its frame covered with what he surmised was gilt. He could make out the silhouette of the sleeper, light from the open windows beyond filtering through. He admired the cushion-strewn timber window seat and book-filled shelves in the corner to the left of it. Only one painting hung on the off-white stone wall; he stopped before it and stared at the rendered beauty.

Lush black curls surrounded an oval-shaped face, covered with glowing peaches and cream skin. High cheekbones, a retroussé nose, sultry green eyes and a rosebud mouth were her prominent features.

“Exquisite.” He turned and looked at the bed. “Be a man, Alexander.” Taking a deep breath, he stalked purposefully toward it. He stopped at her bedside and plucked the envelope from the ornate table at her bedside. He broke the wax seal and read.

Dear Rescuer,

Congratulations, you have passed the first part of your test and now you must move on to the second. To wake Princess Greta and the occupants of the palace, you must kiss her on the mouth and once she stirs, you may cease. The palace’s occupants will awaken at this point and will continue as before, having only the recollection their princess is grotesque, and nothing more...

To break the spell, you must have sexual relations with Princess Greta three times, but there are rules you must adhere to. The first time you bed Princess Greta, you must couple with her the way she prefers it. The

Sleeping With Greta

second time you come together with Princess Greta, she must like your person. The third time you have intercourse with her, you must like her person. If you follow the rules, she'll become beautiful upon the third coupling and the spell will be broken. You will be rewarded five thousand gold pieces. Furthermore, you will have the opportunity to marry the princess, if she so desires.

I wish you well.

Princess Joanna ~Erotica Witch

(Greta's loving aunt)

Chapter 7

The Awakening

Alexander pocketed the letter and opened the fine hangings. “Oh fuck!” He stepped back and stared at the ghastly looking creature in deep repose.

Don’t be an asshole all your life, Alexander! It’s not her fault she’s so ugly. How would you like to be in her predicament? He shuddered at the thought.

He stepped forward and peered at her blotchy, saggy, hairy, pasty-white skin and coarse-looking, dull, black curls. He leaned over her and lowered his head. The stench of her breath made him draw back. One hundred and fifty years of sleep had done little for her breath!

Kiss her or die, it’s as simple as that!

He took a deep breath, bent and planted his mouth on hers. She began to stir and so he drew back. Her saggy arms came around him and she pulled his mouth back to hers, giving him an open-mouthed kiss. Her mouth tasted rancid! He struggled in her grasp, eventually, pulling away. He drew steadying breaths, fighting the urge to vomit.

“Thank you for awakening me, kind prince.” Her dull green eyes roamed over him and she smiled, producing rotting teeth.

He fought the urge to cringe and returned her smile. “You’re most welcome, Princess Greta.”

She scratched the wart on her bulbous nose and screwed up her hideous face. "I smell dreadful. I'm sorry, I'll bathe right away."

"Thank you."

"Would you like one, too?" He nodded, belatedly realizing she was asking him to join her. "I'll send for towels, a large tub and some water." She pulled the cord hanging to her left, then climbed from the bed and kind of waddled across the floor on her big feet and short legs. She pushed a set of windows open and stared out. The white chemise she wore left little to the imagination, not that he wanted to imagine her bits at all!

A dark-haired, olive-skinned maid, dressed in a flowing white gown with a lace up bodice, the skirt opening at the waist to reveal a pair of silky white panties and shapely legs covered in white fishnet stockings, came rushing in and kneeled at Princess Greta's feet. "I am at your service, Your Highness."

"Fetch water, a large tub and some towels. Have some foodstuffs brought up as well."

"Anything in particular, Your Highness?"

"Hmmm. Mulled wine, water, cheese, bread and roast fowl, thank you."

"Yes, Your Majesty." The maid rose and backed from sight.

"She is a great beauty, I give you leave to bed any being you wish whilst you're here." She turned and smiled again. "I know I'm an unbearable sight, and I thank you for not compounding my sorrow."

"I would never intentionally make you sad, Princess Greta, it's not in my nature."

"I see that."

“We will have you restored to your former self in no time.”

“My stepmother was a covetous woman.” She sighed. “She raised me; I’d never have made her leave the kingdom. A pity she had to die...” She looked sad and he understood her grief.

“Some things are meant to be. My father disowned me and...”

“I must be truthful with you before we go any further.”

“I’m listening.”

“I want to marry another. He will have me once you restore me to my former self. I’m sorry, I know I seem selfish. I-I can’t say who, as I promised him...”

“Thank you for your honesty. I, too, have something to say. I took this challenge, only because I owe a very powerful warlock five thousand pieces of gold, and was privy to the reward offered.”

“I understand.”

“He will turn me into a rat and feed me to his pet falcon, if I don’t pay him by month’s end.”

“Oh, that’s a dreadful thing to do to another being.”

Relief set in. At least she was a kind creature. Alexander flashed her a grin. “I kind of like this woman back in my homeland.”

“And does she know?”

“I believe so. We barely know each other, but I’d like to know her better. Anyway, tell me about yourself.”

“Well, I’m an only child. My mother left me for some mysterious warlock from your kingdom. She wanted to be Father’s favorite wife, but he already had one, Lucia; she was barren is all. He only lusted after mother, there was no love, and so this warlock wooed her away.”

“Do you miss her?”

"I never really knew her. She's dead now."

"Oh, I am sorry."

"As you said, some things are meant to be."

"Yes. I hear tell, she came from the kingdom of Enchantra." She nodded. "My mother did, too. We have something in common. Do you have any mystical powers?"

"No, I wasn't blessed."

"I used to believe I did..."

She obviously got what he meant, because she laughed. "So you're a consummate lover, then?"

"I'm alright."

"There are so many choices, what do you like?"

"What do you mean?"

"Sexually."

"Almost everything. And you?"

He gave her a disbelieving look and she shrugged. "I do prefer to be on my hands and knees or on top. I enjoy kisses and licks. I like three in a bed. Women excite me, too. We'll do it in the dark, as this will help matters." Alexander didn't know what to say and so he said nothing.

The maid returned with several others and they filled the wooden tub with steaming water and scented it with rose oil. Alexander thought of Dana as the scent whirled its way around him. The gods were merciful indeed.

A flash of light signaled the arrival of another gray-haired witch. This one was dressed in a crimson version of what the maid was wearing. "Greta, 'tis wonderful to see you have arisen at last."

"Thank you for all you've done, Aunt Joanna." Greta hugged the horrified woman. "Never fear, I have a bath being prepared."

"You need one, dear." The aging female turned to Alexander. "Greetings and welcome, savior of my niece." Her

green eyes moved over him and her lined mouth creased into a smile. "I am Princess Joanna."

"I am honored to meet you. Thank you for the kind welcome."

"Rupert was right, you are a darling creature."

"You flatter me." He knelt, took her hand and kissed it.

"Because you're worthy of compliments, my dear." She pulled her hand from his and he rose. "I've come to deliver a word of warning to you both." She looked into his eyes and then Greta's. "No discussing the rules, or you won't break the spell."

"Very well."

"I won't press him," Greta added. "We'll work together to make this arrangement as easy as possible for us both, Aunt."

"I will leave you to it." A flash and Greta's aunt disappeared from sight.

"She's not a woman of many words."

Greta laughed. "She is rather reclusive."

Chapter 8

A Wild Time

Greta rose and he dried herself off. She had no breasts, her nipples were big, her blotchy skin hung in rolls, and her hair was dry and brittle. Again, he wondered at the jealousy of her stepmother and pitied the woman, who must have been bitter indeed. Alexander applauded himself for not displaying any of his inner emotions. She made her way over to the bed with only one lit candle and placed it at the bedside. He waited for her to climb into the bed and then blew out the candle and joined her.

He caught a whiff of her perfume and hung onto that, remembering Dana. Her lips moved over his, he imagined Dana's full lips caressing him. She moved over him, sliding her body over his and he felt himself begin to rise. Her heat rubbed against his erection and then took him inside as she straddled him. He began to soften and Dana's face swam inside his mind's eye, keeping him stiff. He let Greta set the pace and moved to her rhythm, his mind far, far away. Soon, she came and he followed moments after. They talked till the early hours of the morning and then he retired to the bedchamber next to hers.

He stared out the window into the darkness. *That wasn't so bad, Alexander.* He scratched his head and sighed. He turned and made his way over to the bed, which was the same as Greta's, the drapery being the only exception. It was deep

green. He climbed into bed and found a warm body there. It was the beautiful maid.

“I was waiting for you.”

“I’m not in the mood. Thank you all the same.”

“You’re refusing me?” She sounded as if she was about to cry. “I was told to come here and please you, or else.”

He rolled over and thumped the pillow into shape. “You can go to sleep, no one needs to know we didn’t couple.”

“Fine.” She dragged the covers from him and rolled herself in them. “Good night, Prince Alexander.” Her tone was huffy.

Alexander awoke to the sounds of giggling. He opened his eyes to find three naked lovelies preparing his bath. “Good morning,” they said in unison.

He stretched and smiled. “I need to urinate.” The maid waved at the door opposite. He stumbled through and urinated into the outdated opening provided and then returned to the sun-dappled chamber. They were all giggling again. He ignored their obvious overtures and sank into the tub.

“Lucy will bathe you while Rosetta and I put on a show for you,” the blonde maiden announced. “And just so you know, my name is Jane.”

The two women climbed onto the bed and Jane strapped on a large black dildo. He watched them kiss and pet each other, while the maid who had climbed into his bed the night before massaged and cleansed his body.

Red-haired Rosetta fell back on her elbows and spread her legs, her hairless pussy open to him. He could see the wetness dripping down her inner thighs and bit his lip. Her dark eyes connected with his as the blonde knelt between her legs and licked her exposed flesh. She bucked and moaned, pulling on her lover’s hair. Jane swatted her thigh and then

turned her over and angled her for his benefit. Jane grasped Rosetta's hips and prodded her with the large rubber cock. The redhead groaned deeply and his cock expanded watching the thing slide into her gushing opening. Jane pumped her hips back and forth, filling the moaning Rosetta with every thrust. The blonde's large breasts and dainty ass bounced as she rammed against the redhead's crotch. He felt a hand circle his cock and groaned. Taking her hand, he guided it, sliding it back and forth beneath the water.

The couple on the bed changed positions and Rosetta was straddling Jane, riding the black phallus, while moaning incessantly.

He rose from the tub and Lucy dried him off, her dark eyes filled with desire. He bent, lowered his head and kissed her small brown breasts, his fingers moving to massage her slick pussy. She panted his name and rode his fingers with abandon until she came over them. He took her hand, led her over to the bed and bent her over it. Her gaping pussy swelled in readiness, nectar dripping from it. He massaged her tight little ass with a lubricated finger and then the glossy petals of her sex.

She turned her head and looked at him. "Take me now."

He slid into her wet cunt and fucked her hard, watching Rosetta bounce up and down on the enormous phallus while he did. He felt himself about to come and pulled out of her heat. He motioned to Rosetta. "Get off, take the strap-on and fill Lucy."

Rosetta got off and unstrapped Jane, who looked pissed. "You, come here and suck her juices from my cock."

"With pleasure."

Jane climbed across the bed, wrapped her arms about his neck, and kissed his mouth. He cupped her ass and stuck his throbbing cock inside her pussy, pumping hard and fast. He

pushed her back and followed her, his body dominating hers as her muscles tightened and she moaned, her hands bunched in the sheets when she came. He pulled from her and motioned to his dick. "Suck on me." She rose and wrapped her mouth around his engorged shaft. He thrust forward and watched as it filled her mouth. Her swollen lips kissed his groin and she sucked madly. He buried his fingers in her hair and guided her mouth along his rod. On the verge on coming, he pulled out of her mouth and came over her lips and chin. Still holding her hair, he gently tugged until her face was level with his. He bent and licked his essence from her chin and then kissed her deeply.

"Go play the man for me while I rest." She laughed and he nuzzled her neck and pulled her down on the pillow with him. She kissed him and moved to suckle Lucy's breasts.

Alexander closed his eyes and rested. He felt himself drifting off when a wet pussy rubbed against his cock. He opened his eyes to find Rosetta filling herself with his penis. He let her ride him for a while and then pulled her up his body until her dripping sex was in his face. He ate her while one of the others impaled themselves on his overworked cock. It didn't take long to make her come with his mouth. When she settled, he worked on pleasing his latest rider, Lucy. He ended up coming before she did and Jane finished satisfying her with the dildo. Exhausted, Alexander and the girls cuddled and fell asleep.

Chapter 9

Friends For A Time...

Alexander and Greta got to know each other well over the next three weeks and became good friends.

She collected all leftover foodstuffs and had them delivered to the poor. She also showed respect to all the servants, treating them like they mattered, instead of like pond scum, which was how his father and brothers treated theirs. He did get frustrated waiting for her to tell him she liked him, because they couldn't break the spell until the third coupling, and she was stopping him. He wanted to scream the rules out to her, but knew that was madness.

Alexander entered Greta's private courtyard. Red and pink roses climbed a trellis and pink and red shrubs created a wild hedge, which separated the arbor from the rest of the world. Alexander found her seated in the beautifully scented garden, reading poetry.

"Good morning, Princess Greta." He took her proffered hand and kissed it. "You deserted me at breakfast."

"Indeed. I needed time alone to reflect. I hope you're not offended."

"Of course not. What seems to be the matter?"

"I am in a dilemma and know you cannot help me."

"Oh." She was referring to the spell she was under.

“You know I like you a lot, as a friend, of course. However, I do like you.”

Alexander heaved a sigh of relief. *She says it at last! Now I can screw her two more times and break this spell!* Excitement filled him.

“I-I know I’m grotesque and it must be difficult to bed me, but if you don’t, the spell will never be broken.” Worry filled her cloudy eyes.

He stroked her brittle locks gently. “That’s not it at all.”

“Oh.”

“Let’s go to your bedchamber now.”

She smiled, revealing her brown teeth. “Are you certain?”

“Of course.”

He helped her up and they made it to her chamber in record time. Quickly stripping down, they pulled the drapes and got on with the bonking right away. Alexander had almost no problems gaining and keeping an erection. Missionary style had them coming half an hour later. Alexander lay on his back, staring at the ceiling. “I like you, Princess Greta. You have a big, kind heart and you’re simply a pleasure to be around.”

She hugged him. “Thank you.”

He closed his eyes and used the haunting images of Dana to gain another erection. Greta climbed onto her knees and he entered her pussy from behind, moving slowly.

Dana’s smiling face floated before him. His salvation over the past three weeks, he clung to her vision. He was dimly aware of Greta’s heavy breathing and suddenly, she pulled away from him.

“Fuck my ass.”

It took a moment to get his erection back and then he prodded her tight hole until his cock squeezed inside.

“Oh, yes!” She pressed back against him and rotated her hips. “Remember, this part of me liked you.”

What are you on about? He found her words strange, but said nothing.

As he fucked her, she began to change shape. He opened his eyes and the transformation was amazing! He stroked her flawless back and behind while he continued to fill her body. He watched his thick cock slide in and out of her well-lubricated ass. His balls tightened, his cock thickened, and he pushed harder, forcing himself deep. She groaned and shuddered, her ass a flexing band around his shaft. He began to come and she milked every drop he had. He collapsed on top on her taut, well-toned body and held her tight till her shudders subsided.

“Take your pathetic cock out of my ass and get off me, you stupid oaf.”

“What?” Her words and tone stunned him.

“You heard me. Now, get off!”

“Fine.” He pulled from her body. Gone was the kind, gentle girl he’d come to know. He guessed that the old Greta wasn’t the one he’d come to care for as a true friend. Marriage was out of the question. Not that he wanted to. He rolled off her and lay on his back, arms tucked beneath his head. She climbed from the bed, turned and stared down at him, her beautiful emerald eyes cold and hard.

Alexander’s mouth moved, but he couldn’t formulate the words. *What the fuck!* played a mantra inside his head.

“Your job is done. If I were the nice Greta, I’d say thank you, but I’m not. She isn’t real, I am the true Greta.”

“Obviously. And you’re fully restored.”

“Of course.” She rolled her eyes. “Rupert will give you the five thousand pieces of gold, and then you can pay your debt to Rafe, and save your worthless hide.”

“Calm your sharp tongue.”

“I’ll be marrying Rafe tomorrow, as he promised.”

Alexander was thunderstruck. “Rafe?”

“He is the one I’ve always loved. Why do you imagine he went to all this trouble?”

“Oh, I see.”

Rafe used my addiction to cheat me out of funds, knowing I’d borrow from him to try and win it back, now I know why! What a conniving bastard! I’m going to strangle Rupert for omitting he worked with Rafe to get me here!

“So, you and Rafe were lovers from the beginning.”

“Apart from the occasional grope in the dark, I’ve never had sex with him.” She smoothed her luxuriant black curls. “I owe him so much for arranging to make me beautiful again. I didn’t know until Rupert told me last night. ’Tis a shame they had to use your addiction against you, but then that’s life. You may attend the wedding ceremony, and then you must leave and never come back. I hope you understand.”

He nodded mutely, looking her over once again. *What the fuck!*, the words once again a mantra in his mind.

* * * *

Rupert looked as guilty as hell when Alexander met him in the courtyard. “Good of you to stay for the wedding.” Rupert bowed his head. “I had to work with Rafe to get you here. I only omitted the fact that I told you the story to aid Rafe as well as myself. I couldn’t tell you of Rafe’s involvement with Greta and you know why.”

“Hmm.” Alexander was still a little pissed with Rupert. “Rafe let me keep the five thousand pieces of gold, said I’d need it, since I was returning to Obsidian.”

Greta crossed the lawn wearing a long white silk gown with tapered arms, which opened out and flowed from the elbow. The bodice laced up and pushed her ripe mounds

together, creating the perfect cleavage. On her head, she wore a diamond-encrusted crown made in Obsidian.

Dressed in traditional Erotican attire, Rafe wore it well. He was dressed in a black and white striped doublet and matching breeches, white hose and black suede shoes. It was the first time Alexander had seen Rafe look excited.

“She is a beautiful bitch,” Rupert whispered.

“And he’s a prick.” Rupert grinned at that.

“Here’s some interesting news for you, Alex. Rafe informed me he told your father to shove his kingdom up his ass, as he’d be ruling his own and didn’t need to work for a worthless parasite.”

“One should never shit in one’s own nest.”

“Indeed.”

“Did you know Greta was a beautiful man?”

Rupert’s mouth dropped open. “No. Are you certain?”

“Oh yeah, his cock is bigger than mine, one doesn’t miss a thing like that, genie.”

“That does explain why the midwife, who proclaimed her a boy, died. Her parents were always protective of her. They were afraid someone would harm her. I guess this was why they made him a her. I guess coming out never occurred to her, err, him.”

“She obviously likes being a woman.”

“Does Rafe know?”

Alexander shook his head. “Greta told me as much.”

“Rafe doesn’t like the touch of a man, I remember him telling me this, not that I found him appealing, but I guess his phobia led him to explain it, even to me.” Alexander shook his head and laughter erupted from him. Rupert joined in.

“He’s going to have a sore ass tomorrow. He deserves it for all his conniving and cheating.”

“A question, was Rafe her mother’s lover?”

Rupert nodded. "Clever young man. Rafe and Princess Greta's mother were lovers, until she angered him and he gave her to his falcon as a meal. He came back to Erotica and ingratiated himself with the princess when he heard she was to choose a husband. I was afraid to tell you the truth about the situation..."

"Thought I'd fall in love with her, didn't you? That's why you paid Dana to sleep with me, hoping I'd form an attachment."

"Yes, and you did. But hear me out. I liked you, and I'm a good judge of character. I didn't want you attached to a narcissistic wench like Greta. However, I needed you to aid me so I could be free, and I used your predicament to accomplish this, as you well know. However, I didn't ask Dana to pretend to like you. "

"She likes me?"

"Of course."

"I was asked to relay a message if you didn't marry the princess."

"Well?" Alexander's heart raced.

"She asked me to inform you she was available for dates, if you were interested."

Alexander hugged Rupert. "You are a gem, even though you stink of peppermint!"

"Really?" Rupert looked confused.

"If it wasn't for your conniving, I'd never have learned a life's lesson, or met Dana. I'll certainly be visiting her. And, Rupert..."

"Yes?"

"You're welcome to visit me anytime."

They both hooted loudly as the bride and groom kissed.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

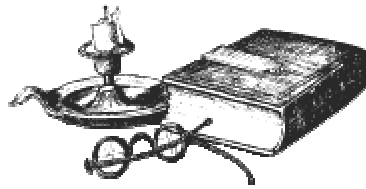
I was born in a small town called Longreach, which is located in Outback Queensland, Australia. I was baptized Holy Roman Catholic and I have five siblings.

I've been married and divorced. I became a mother in 1993, and posed nude for *Australian People Magazine Hot and Steamy Girls of Oz* in 1995.

I began writing in 2000...I write Historical, Contemporary, Fantasy and Paranormal Erotica and Erotic Romance. I write a little poetry, too.

Visit my website: www.monicammartin.com.

*For your reading pleasure, we
welcome you to visit our web
bookstore*



WHISKEY CREEK PRESS

www.whiskeycreekpress.com

WHISKEY CREEK PRESS TORRID

www.whiskeycreekpresstorrid.com