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# *A Twisted Bard's Tale*

*By Selena Kitt*

Lady Capulet heard her daughter's footsteps fading down the hall. Fair Juliet was going to marry Paris. It was settled—her husband had decided the match. He had left for town to brag this morning, leaving it to her to bring news to the girl, and she had done it as well as her own mother had delivered the news to her at such a tender age. She could still remember her mother's hand against her cheek, imploring her to consider. "Elizabeth, he is a fine match!" She had been Juliet's age when she had married into the house of Capulet and she knew what it was to be given into such service.

Although, Juliet was a great deal more headstrong than she had been at that age, she thought. Her daughter was young, and would outgrow it, but her heart led her now. Her heart—and the steady, throbbing pulse beating between her gentle thighs! Lady Capulet smiled. Ah, to be that young again! But no, she wouldn't trade it. She was a lifetime away from the young girl who had lain trembling beneath her husband's sweaty, thrusting body on her wedding night.

She shuddered at the memory, hearing the old nurse knocking at her door.

"Anon, m'lady!" the woman hissed, knocking again. "She is arrived!"

Lady Capulet stood, straightening her gown. She was not so different from her daughter, she realized, even now. She still led with her heart. "Enter."

The old nurse was giggling and smiling, her eyes bright as she opened the door. A woman whose radiant beauty rivaled Lady Capulet's, a bright sun to her dark, full moon night, swept into the room wearing a smile, her eyes burning with something warm and rich.

“Catherine,” Lady Capulet murmured, taking the woman’s hands and leaning in to kiss her cheek.

“Elizabeth.” Lady Montague turned her cheek slightly, so the kiss found the corner of her soft, smiling mouth.

“Montague and Capulet will be joined anon.” The nurse giggled again.

“Leave us, pray.” Lady Capulet nodded toward the nurse, still holding the other woman’s hand in hers. “We do not wish to be disturbed.”

“Years upon years I have kept you both aloft, with no man to find you, your secret mine alone to keep.” The nurse sniffed, crossing her arms over her ample bosom.

“Enough,” Lady Capulet held up her hand. “You have done so, sweet nurse, with gracious goodness in your heart, and I beg you to do so now—with much haste.”

“Yes, m’lady.”

When the door closed, the two women looked at each other and smiled. It had been wholly near a season since they had had occasion to meet. It was treacherous enough, a Montague being seen within a Capulet’s walls, but for the lady of the house? They both knew what risks they were taking. And still, nothing could keep them apart. No man-made walls—no man.

“Nurse sent word your husband was to town for the day,” Lady Montague lifted the other woman’s hand and kissed her palm. “I heard about Juliet and knew I had to come hence.”

Lady Capulet shivered, her breath catching. “He is gone and you are here, as I wish it were so always.” She pulled Lady Montague close to her, rubbing a soft cheek

against hers. Their breath mingled as the two women sought and found the sweetness of each other's lips, their kiss a tender re-exploration after months long apart.

The Lady Capulet still wore only her dressing gown in the early morning hours. The Lady Montague had come dressed for an outing—her long gown sweeping the floor, her full breasts pressed up as an offering in the tightly laced bodice. Their hands found one another, the thin material of the dressing gown giving one greater access than the other, to which Lady Capulet's moans could attest.

"These damnable garments." Lady Capulet pressed her cheek to her lover's bodice, her fingers groping along her back. "Turn."

Lady Montague turned and leaned against the bedpost while the other woman began to unfasten her gown. "Oh, Elizabeth... hurry," she whispered, aching to be skin to skin with her lover. Her gown fell to the floor in a bright puddle of color and she couldn't wait any longer, she turned and they kissed again, less clothing between the heat of their bodies now.

"Catherine, it has been longer than I can bear!" Elizabeth Capulet, mother of Juliet and wife of the House of Capulet, sank to her knees before the wife of Montague and worshipped at the only temple she had ever known to move her completely.

Untying her petticoat at the waist and wiggling it down her hips, Catherine Montague bent for a moment to kiss the other woman, breathing in her scent as she stood, leaning back against the bed post for support and spreading her legs wide. She was wearing just her corset now, her blonde curls tumbling over her bound breasts. Catherine moaned as Elizabeth's mouth met her flesh, parting it with a gentle, side-to-

side tonguing, and she reached behind her to grab onto the bed post, her knees weak at the sensation.

“Catherine!” Elizabeth gasped between her thighs. “You are like heaven’s own scent.”

Elizabeth’s tongue was as familiar with the other woman’s body as a fruit-bearing tree was familiar with the sun. She drank her in as if she had been winter-starved for her, her own body ripening like fruit against the heat of her lover’s radiant light.

Catherine’s gasps and moans filled the room, her juices flowing thick and copious, soaking the front of the other woman’s gown, her knees growing so weak she began to sink to the floor.

“The bed,” Elizabeth offered, pressing their bodies together and her mouth to Catherine’s, letting her taste her own sweetness. There was the matter of their clothes, and they both paused, smiling as they unfastened one another, freeing their bodies to the cool air and to each other’s warmth.

The Lady Elizabeth Capulet was a dark-haired beauty and while her daughter was a growing likeness, this woman was no bruised or withered fruit. She was still a ripe plum, with a fleshy, juicy center, and a firm, supple skin. She was only eight and twenty this year, and although she had been a wife and mother long that time, she felt to be still fully blooming open.

The Lady Catherine Montague was her bright twin, and though others rarely saw the woman smile and laugh the way she did here, in these chambers, there was no mistaking the golden beauty she once was and the still glowing beauty she was now. A sweet, ripe peach—she was slightly older than the other woman, and had been wed

and bed before her as well. It wasn't too long after they each had their babes in arms, Romeo toddling at Lady Montague's feet, Juliet suckling at Lady Capulet's breast, the women had met and become fast friends.

"Do you remember?" Catherine slid her body along her lover as they found their way under the coverlet. "Do you remember the first time?"

"Yes." Elizabeth smiled, cupping the other woman's face in her hands and kissing her mouth, her cheeks, her chin. "And I have long since thanked the stars for that day."

"And I," Catherine closed her eyes as she remembered watching the young Juliet suckle her mother's breast, just as Elizabeth was suckling at hers now.

Oh, the memory of how she had felt a wet heat between her thighs as she watched the fat, pink bud of her friend's nipple wet with milk and saliva! How Elizabeth had given her babe to the nurse, her eyes dreamy and half-closed in that sweet, pleasant after-nursing trance.

That early morning, when Catherine had watched Romeo toddle off, holding the nurse's hand, and had somehow found her mouth latched there, suckling the other woman's breast, lifting her skirts and touching her between her legs.

It had been the first time, but it would never be the last. She would move heaven and earth to be with her lover now. Oh, how hungry they had been then. Two young women, wed to older men who seemed to know or care nothing for how a woman was meant to bloom open in delicious pleasure.

How hungry they still were.

Elizabeth's hands knew her body well, after long years of delightful exploration. There was no hesitation, no fear, no holding back. They were eager still, greedy, but



each knew just how to please the other, and they did, as often as they could, as many ways as they could find. Catherine moaned and spread her legs, rubbing herself as Elizabeth dipped her tongue into her navel, teasing her way downward. She was wet and ready and wanting.

“Yes.” Catherine felt her lover’s fingers probing inside, her tongue exploring the soft, wet folds. There was nothing quite like this—Elizabeth’s full breasts pressed against her thighs, her tongue tracing soft, rounded patterns again and again over the tender bud of flesh between her parted lips, her lover’s hand cupping her breast and pulling at her nipple, making her writhe and moan. Nothing could compare to the soft, gentle, tender lapping lusciousness of the two of them together.

“Oh!” The Lady Montague’s thighs spread wide, trembling and quivering with her impending orgasm, and the Lady Capulet knew it. Elizabeth’s mouth worked faster, her tongue a relentless urging, her fingers a rhythmic encouragement. There was no stopping it, and they both wanted just this. Catherine’s hands curled against the coverlet, her cries filling the room as she came, flooding her lover’s mouth with her juices. Elizabeth moaned, too, eager to taste more, and lapped at her quivering flesh.

They collapsed together, their cheeks flushed, and Catherine kissed Elizabeth’s mouth, licking at her chin, tasting herself, her body still riding the wave of her climax, a dreamy, slow-moving rush.

“You are the most beautiful woman who has ever been alive,” Elizabeth murmured against her throat, her dark hair falling over them like a curtain. “I am ever going to love you, no matter what tries to come between us.”

Their eyes met and they both remembered being in this bed chamber so many years ago, verily like this, when Lady Capulet's husband came home early from his journey. It had been a cruel twist of fate, an ill-timed thing, and both women had sobbed at their husbands' feet and begged forgiveness. They had been long separated that first time. Both husbands had put their heads together and had been quite successful in keeping the families apart.

"You are the beauty." Catherine pulled the dark-haired woman onto her and kissed her full on the lips. "My dark beauty."

Their breasts, full and soft, pressed together as they rolled on the bed, kissing and touching each other, all hungry hands and mouths. There seemed no sating their desire for one another. They had tried.

Elizabeth rolled to her belly and lifted her bottom in the air, looking back over her shoulder at her lover. Catherine chuckled, slipping between her thighs and spreading the other woman's lips. Her hair here was dark and curly, her center appearing even more pink in contrast when she was parted like this. So wet! Catherine could smell her, and longed to taste her.

But she knew Elizabeth wanted something else first. Catherine knelt between her thighs, slipping first one, then two, then three fingers into her crevice, making her lover moan and press back against her hand. She began moving her fingers, slowly at first, in and out, putting her hips into the motion, giving them more force. Catherine used her own thighs to spread her wider, working her hips and pelvis against the other woman's bottom as she shoved her fingers deep, again and again.

“Yes!” Elizabeth arched her back, rocking with each thrust, her fingers searching underneath and finding the tender nub of flesh that could send her to heaven and back, rubbing it fast and hard. Her cries and moans grew louder with every push forward, and she met each thrust with her own until Catherine’s hand was drenched to the wrist, her fingers puckered like a prune from the wetness.

“Are you ready?” Catherine plunged her fingers in deep, holding them there with her hips.

Elizabeth groaned, nodding, whispering, “Yes, yes, yes!”

Without removing her hand, Catherine wiggled beneath her lover, who spread her thighs wider, enthusiastically opening her lips up with her own hands, eager for a tongue. Catherine groaned when Elizabeth sank down against her mouth, rocking her hips, forcing the fingers still buried inside her to move back and forth.

“Oh!” Elizabeth moaned and rocked, rocked and moaned, her hands cupping her full breasts, her thumbs rolling over her nipples. Catherine held onto her hip with one hand, using the other to push into her flesh, again and again, as her tongue made fast little circles between her thighs.

“Oh! Catherine!” Elizabeth shuddered and moaned, slipping a hand beneath her lover’s head as she came, grinding herself into the tongue and face between her thighs, riding it, each wave more delicious than the last. Catherine slowly slipped her fingers out, hearing Elizabeth sigh.

The two women found their way back under the coverlet again, their foreheads pressed together, breathing in each other’s scent, tasting each other in their mouths.

There were no words for a long time, just the soft, rounded press of their bellies together, their breasts rising and falling with their breath.

“He will come home this night for the feast.” The Lady Capulet opened her dark eyes and saw Catherine’s blue ones looking back at her. She brushed a golden curl from her fair cheek. “I wish you could stay and celebrate with us Juliet’s forthcoming wedding. I so wish for us to be as we once were.”

“I cannot,” the Lady Montague replied, her eyes sad. “You know as well as I that this feud between the houses keeps me from coming here most days, even disguised and veiled.”

“Yes.” Lady Capulet kissed her, swallowing hard, feeling tears stinging her eyes. “It is you and I, my love...we *are* the feud between the Capulets and the Montagues.”

“I will not be parted from you.” The blonde woman’s eyes blazed with love and lust, like a blue fire.

“We will long love this way, if we can.” Lady Capulet closed her eyes, thinking of her daughter’s new life with Paris. She hoped for great happiness, great love between them. She wanted more for Juliet than stolen moments like these.

Lady Montague touched her lover’s cheek. “Love will not be denied, no matter from whence it came.”

“Never where it is bidden, it seems.” Lady Capulet sighed, pulling the other woman close.

They closed their eyes and slept together for a while, a Capulet and a Montague, with a plague creeping toward both their houses.

The End

## ABOUT SELENA KITT



Like any feline, Selena Kitt loves the things that make her purr—and wants nothing more than to make others purr right along with her! Pleasure is her middle name, whether it's a short cat nap stretched out in the sun or a long kitty bath. She makes it a priority to explore all the delightful distractions she can find, and follow her vivid and often racy imagination wherever it wants to lead her.

This sassy, outrageous author lives with her husband and children in the rural Midwest, all of whom she thinks are the cat's meow. Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out—this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she isn't pawing away at her keyboard, she loves spending her time belly dancing, attending drum circles, gathering in women's groups, and taking beautiful pictures of everything in her world.

Her e-publishing credits include: [\*Rosie's Promise\*](#) published by Samhain and *Torrid Teasers* #49 published by [Whiskey Creek Press](#) featuring two short stories, *French Lessons* and *I'll Be Your Superman* in 2008. Her stories and poems are in the following anthologies: [Coming Together: For The Cure](#), [Coming Together: Under Fire](#) and [Coming Together Volume 1](#) and [Volume 3](#). Two stories, [Sacred Spots](#) and [Happy Accident](#), have been published by [Phaze Publishing](#), and her novels *Christmas Stalking*, *Blind Date*, *The Surrender of Persephone* and *The Song of Orpheus* are coming soon. She has also been published online in [The Shadow Sacrament: a journal of sex and spirituality](#), [The Erotic Woman](#), and her story, *Connections*, was one of the runners-up for the [2006 Rauxa Prize](#), given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality," out of over 1,000 nominees, where awards are judged by a select jury and all entries are read "blind" (without author's name available.) She can be reached on her website at [www.selenakitt.com](http://www.selenakitt.com) or email [selena@selenakitt.com](mailto:selena@selenakitt.com)

If you enjoyed [A TWISTED BARD'S TALE](#), you might also enjoy:



## **ESCAPING FATE**

By Selena Kitt

**Sam has an unusual interest in humans—well, considering she’s a fairy of fate whose profession it is to determine their futures, it’s no wonder! But it isn’t just Karma she’s curious about... Sam has what her fairy-pal Alex thinks is an inordinate and rather wanton interest in certain biological aspects of human behavior—most notably, s-e-x.**

**When Sam’s job leads her into the path of a handsome man who rocks her world, Sam’s interest becomes obsession. Alex reminds her that fairies get one Christmas wish – will Sam consider using hers to become human to experience one night of bliss?**

**When things become even more complicated—Sam discovers that Drew, the sexy stranger she’s been fantasizing about, can actually see her—Sam finds herself immersed in a complex and tangled web of human experience. She has to make a choice that will teach her a twisted lesson in fate, ultimately change the course of human existence and even reveal the origin of Santa Claus!**

Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.

Excerpt From ESCAPING FATE:

Cats are the worst. It's the wings. They love to play with the damned wings. I can't count how many times, out of nowhere, I've become some feline's personal play toy. You'd think I'd been rolling in catnip, the way they come after me!

One minute, I'm just sitting here minding my own business—okay, so I'm minding someone else's business—perched on the footboard and watching the show, and the next minute—*wham!* Now I'm rolling around on the bed with Anna and her new Beau, except they're having a good old time, and I'm trying to save myself from Fluffy's claws!

"Beau, put him out," Anna begs.

Brilliant idea! The damned cat's got my wing pinned and he's about to pounce on my head! I'm flopping like a landed fish and the cat's tail is swishing like mad when Beau grabs him by the scruff of the neck. Just in time! I stick my tongue out at the cat and shake off my wings while he hisses and spits and sails out the door.

"Where were we?" Beau climbs back into bed and dives under the covers, making Anna giggle wildly at first, until she begins to moan.

Damned comforter! I give her a little "push," and she kicks off the covers, revealing the spread of her hips under his hands and the swell of her breasts with their hard, dark nipples. His face is buried between her legs, and he's making those noises, like he's eating something sinfully delicious.

Anna is rolling her hips, her eyes closed, her fingers gripping his head, guiding his tongue. The cat's mewling on the other side of the door, but they're both oblivious, of course. I've got that funny feeling in my belly again, and I'm thinking about what Alex said the other day. I haven't gotten up the nerve to go back...to the man who could see

me. Okay, so I flew by his window and peeked in, but it was dark, and I couldn't see anything.

"Beau, yes, oh God!" She gasps and squirms, spreading her thighs wider and pressing up against his mouth in fast, rhythmic thrusts. Her head goes back and forth, side to side, and she's making this noise in her throat, not unlike the cat outside of the door. When her body stiffens and threatens to buck right out of his hands, he grips her ass, his mouth fastened tight between her legs, his eyes dark and full of lust as she shudders and quakes.

"Oh God, oh God, oh God," she breathes as he kisses his way up her belly. She clutches him tight, reaching between them to find his cock. I can't see well enough, now, and I float down toward the mattress, moving off to the side so I can watch them join together. She strokes him, squeezing, and I watch his face—that look of bliss as she slides him between her pussy lips, guiding him inside.

Their eyes meet, and there it is, that low communication, something passing between them, unsaid but completely understood. It hasn't even been long, a few weeks since they met, but they are deeply connected in this moment. Is it possible, I wonder, watching them move, their hips rocking in a slow-building rhythm. Is it possible to feel it so quickly, to have an instant feeling of euphoria with someone you hardly knew?

The cat's scratching at the door now, still mewling like mad, but they're kissing, completely oblivious to anything but one another, whispering things, urging each other on. His thrusts become deeper, faster, and her nails dig into the flesh of his back, making him arch into her...



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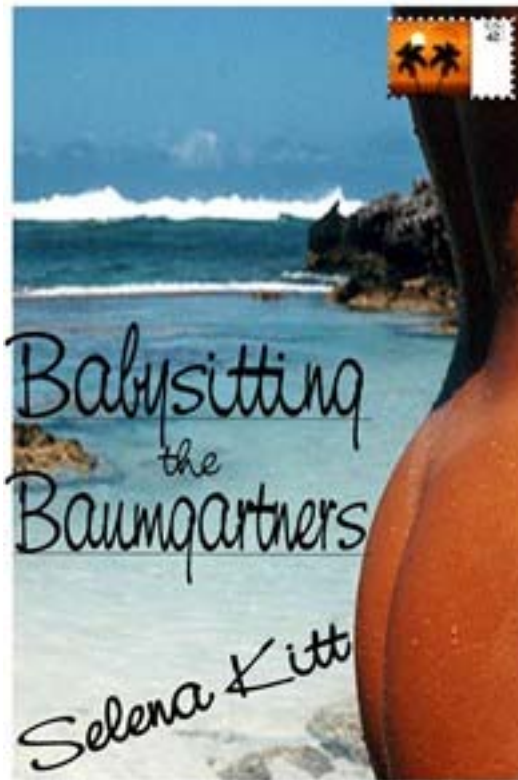


### **NAUGHTY BITS**

By Selena Kitt

**David has been brightening up his gray Surrey, England days with the porn collection hidden in his parents' shed, but when he find that his older sister, Dawn has discovered his magazine collection, things really begin to heat up. Their parents insist that their just-graduated son look for a job, but their daughter has the week off and is determined to work on her tan. Distracted David finds himself increasingly tempted by his seductive older sister, who makes it very clear what she wants. Her teasing ways slowly break down the taboo barrier between brother and sister until they both give in to their lust... but what are they going to do about the feelings that have developed between them in the meantime...?**

*Warning: This title contains incest and anal sex.*



### **BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS**

By Selena Kitt

**Ronnie—or as Mrs. Baumgartner insists on calling her, Veronica—has been babysitting for the Baumgartners since she was fifteen years old and has practically become another member of the family. Now a college freshman, Ronnie jumps at the chance to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with “Doc” and “Mrs. B” under the pretense of babysitting the kids. Ronnie isn’t the only one with ulterior motives, though, and she discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their young babysitter. This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!**

*Warning: This title contains MFF threesome, lesbian, and anal sex.*

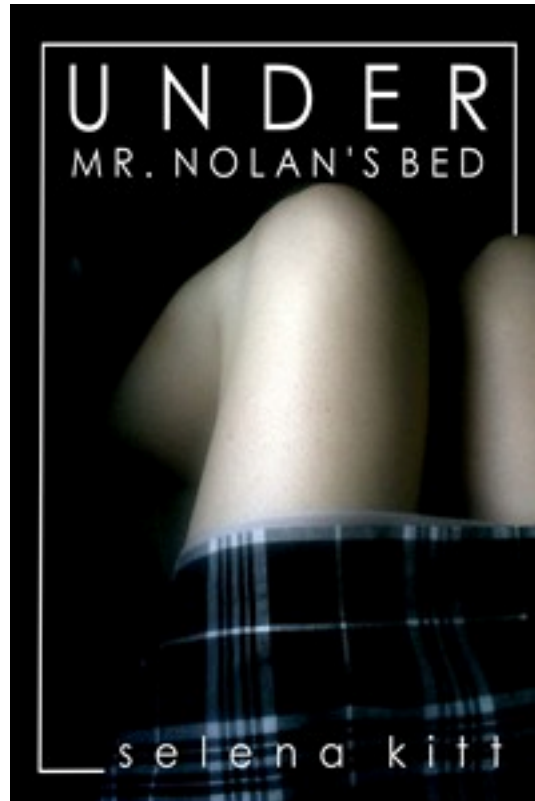


### **BLUEBEARD'S WIFE**

By Selena Kitt

Tara's husband has never shared a fantasy with her, or even masturbated—that she knows of. However, this curious wife discovers a phone bill full of phone calls to sex lines and realizes her husband has been living a double life! Instead of getting mad, Tara's curiosity leads her to begin listening in on John's steamy conversations in hopes of finding out what he really wants in the bedroom. After several failed attempts at bringing fantasy to reality, however, a frustrated Tara turns to her much more adventurous best friend, Kelly, for help. A quick psychology 101 diagnosis from Dr. Kelly marks John as having a classic "madonna/whore" complex, and she quickly sets about making plans to rectify this situation. Tara goes along for the ride, hoping that Kelly may have the answer to bridging the seemingly ever-growing gap in her marriage...

*Warning: This title contains a MFF threesome, a daddy/daughter role play between consenting adults, strong language, minor drug use and F/F sex.*

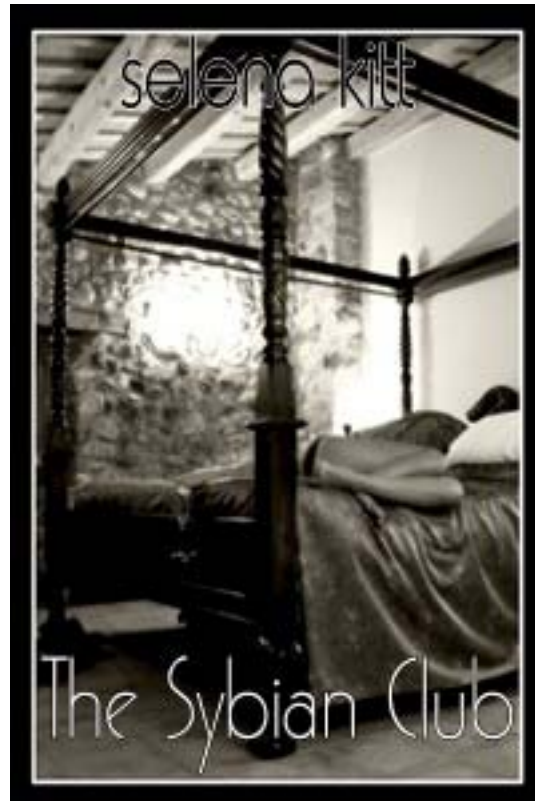


**UNDER MR. NOLAN'S BED**

By Selena Kitt

**Leah and Erica have been best friends and have gone to the same Catholic school since just about forever. Leah spends so much time with the Nolan's—just Erica and her handsome father, now, since Erica's mother died—that she's practically part of the family. When the girls find something naughty under Mr. Nolan's bed, their strict, repressive upbringing makes it all the more exciting as they begin their sexual experimentation. Leah's exploration presses deeper, and eventually she finds herself torn between her best friend and her best friend's father—but even she couldn't have predicted the shocking and bittersweet outcome of their affair.**

*Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian sex and incest.*



### **THE SYBIAN CLUB**

By Selena Kitt

**Tasha convinces her husband, Max, to buy her a the ultimate female pleasure machine – a Sybian – but he only agrees if she can come up with a business plan to pay for it. Determined to keep her promise, she creates The Sybian Club and begins bringing women to the basement room set up just for her new toy. It becomes so popular, she has to enlist the help of new friend, Ashley, to keep up with the demand, and the women enjoy an exciting ride as the business thrives. But Tasha has developed feelings for Ashley, and doesn't know how to tell her husband that she wants to add more to their sex life than just a new toy...**

*Warning: This title contains a threesome, lesbian and anal sex.*



### **STARVING ARTIST**

By Selena Kitt

**Ellie is living the life of a true starving artist in a small efficiency apartment in dangerous downtown Detroit, but more dangerous than her surroundings are the men to whom she pays rent. Denied help by her prosecutor father, who believes his daughter is wasting her life in art school, Ellie finds herself in a precarious position and surrenders helplessly to her predicament. However, a strange twist of fate gives Ellie a chance at revenge. Will she take it?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, nonconsensual and anal sex.*



**ON CHERRY HILL**

By Selena Kitt

**Midwife Anne gets pulled over in the middle of the night on Cherry Hill Road. She's on her way to a birth, but her urgency doesn't sway the unsympathetic officer. When the cop discovers something suspicious on Anne's driving record and insists she get out of the car, she knows she's in real trouble. When he cuffs her and bends her over the hood, things go beyond trouble...**

**But the surprising outcome of this tale gives both Anne and the reader a jolt they never could have anticipated...**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and nonconsensual sex.*





## **TICKLED PINK**

By Selena Kitt

**Who says sex can't be fun - or funny? You'll find more than enough amusing mishaps and uproarious situations to tickle your funny bone—and more!—in this delightfully wicked and delightfully sexy anthology from Selena Kitt.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*



### **PAPERBACK ROMANCE**

by Selena Kitt

**Maya's heart yearns for romance and adventure, so that's what she writes about - but James Reardon, her college creative writing professor, insists she's wasting both time and talent. Determined to prove him wrong, Maya stumbles onto the fact that her professor's been keeping secrets - not the least of which is his attraction to her. Faced with a choice, she will have to decide whether or not to reveal his secret to the world—and her own desire for a man nearly twice her age.**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language and sex.*



## **TAKEN**

By Selena Kitt

**Lizzy’s friendship with her older boss, Sarah, turns into something deeper and much more exciting one rainy day after work, and Lizzy finds herself drawn into a world she never knew existed. Sarah has a dominant streak, and as she leads Lizzy into the role of a submissive, the two women become closer than they ever thought possible. But while Sarah, hurt too many times, wears a ring, and tells guys she’s “taken,” Lizzy knows she secretly longs for a man. Determined to find one for them both to share, Lizzy is just about to give up when a dark, handsome, virile answer shows up right under her nose. Lizzy may think she and Sarah are going to seduce David—but she underestimates their handsome co-worker, and David turns the tables on them both. But will he be able to tame the untameable Sarah?**

*Warnings: This title contains graphic language and sex, a m/f/f threesome and mild bdsm elements.*



## **MERCY**

by Selena Kitt

**Mercy was a typical lesbian in life - at least, that's what her beloved, dearly departed Dee always said - but she's definitely not a typical vampire. Mercy, known as Mary in her former life, is now secretly in love with Angie, her roommate, whose profession as a hospice nurse has taken Mercy on an unusual path in her journey as the undead. Like her acquired name, comes as a dark angel of mercy, delivering eternal life to the dying—but will Mercy's mission of compassion serve to save the one woman she loves most in the world?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, sex and elements of horror.*



### **SILENT NIGHT**

By Selena Kitt

**Justine has left Bruce for another man, left him all alone with their young daughter - while he slowly goes insane. His building, impotent rage leads to sudden, unexpected brutality. But how far will he go?**

*Warning: This title contains graphic language, infidelity, sex and shocking, horrific elements.*