

The Palace Guard

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An adult novella inspired by erotic fairytales. Princess Elena has been raised to be the perfect bride and kept away from the public eye in chaste innocence. But when she becomes aware of one of the Palace Guards, her future and his life are in jeopardy. I listened to Ingrid Michaleson's song, 'Soldier', a lot when I was writing this.



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Chapter 1: Princess Elena

Once there was a Princess who from birth had been raised with all the necessary graces with which to attract an exceptional match. She had been born with beauty, with flaxen hair and eyes as blue as the sea, but her ability to dance, speak three languages and play the harp had been taught by the best tutors in the land. Her parents spared no expense to prepare their daughter. Not only did she have the best tutors, but she also wore exquisite gowns and bathed in the most luxurious essential oils. She was precious and she would save the kingdom from conflict and strife.

Princess Elena reached her 18th birthday still unbetrothed. She had been kept in the Palace's private quarters, away from the public gaze, awaiting the opportunity for the perfect political match. A pampered Princess such as this was surrounded by servants, the tutors being the most respected and best paid. Then there was the lady in waiting (a distant cousin), the seamstresses, the handmaidens who dressed and undressed her and the lowly chamber maids who kept her quarters.

The body guards were outside this hierarchy; they followed the orders of the King and swore loyalty and obedience to him alone. One body guard in particular was highly regarded and had been protecting the Princess for five long years now. He had watched her turn from spoiled child to elegant woman. At least he had seen her change physically, emotionally she had far to go. Emotionally she was still a child in many ways; moody, often petulant, always an open book. Physically, she had already reached mature perfection. She had become a dangerous distraction.

The body guard was a proud professional. He had come from a long line of soldiers and secret agents. He had fought in battle himself and had been wounded seriously enough to require a less strenuous posting. But even though he was a professional he could not help watching her for reasons other than protection. He would watch her sitting in her chair sewing, and his eyes would be fixed on the outline of her luscious breasts under the silky bodice of her gown. Occasionally he would catch a glimpse of a slender ankle as she changed position. He would watch her glide down a corridor and be transfixed by the gentle sway of her bottom beneath the silvery folds of her skirts. He would gaze on her tiny waist and the milky nape of her neck when her hair was up. He would hear her lilting voice in another room and long to have her in his view. Before long his dreams were invaded with disloyal visions of naked royal flesh spread out for his guilty pleasure. He was in a constant agony of longing that he could never hope to satisfy, and did not want to satisfy because that would mean committing close to treason.

What he did not know was the Princess had recently noticed him too. For years, he had been a constant background presence that she took for granted. He had arrived when she was thirteen and too young to regard the servants as anything other than instruments for her comfort and safety. She had spent her time with her tutors, most humourless middle aged men, the only young one being short and sickly with a weak chin. The bodyguards had been a constant but unobtrusive presence, no more interesting than the wallpaper or the curtains. But over the years her perspective had changed. She had always been thoroughly bored with the tutors and now refused to see them, insisting to her dotting parents that she no longer needed their services. Instead she drew company from the gossiping handmaidens, all of whom found the bodyguards far more interesting than the curtains. They would sneak surreptitious looks at these silent untouchable young men and when away from the royal chambers would indulge in giggling and sighing over their handsome objects of affection. It was no atmosphere for a virginal Princess to be raised but her naive father had faith in his guards sworn loyalty.

The Princess had particularly noticed this one body guard who had been watching over her for five years now. He was tall, as they all were, and filled his black uniform with what she imagined to be rippling muscles such as she had seen on white marble statues. His head was closely shaved as was the custom, but what made him

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stand out was his face. His eyes were dark brown and rimmed with long black lashes. A scar cut through one eyebrow. His nose was slightly large but elegantly shaped. His chin wore a permanent shadow as if he found it impossible to hold back his stubble. His lips were full and she imagined his teeth to be white although she never saw him smile. When she was busily occupied with something such as embroidery she would try to secretly watch him at his post by the door, and sometimes she would think there was a certain look in his eyes, a heaviness, a heat. Lately she had begun to sit in a certain way, move her hips more rhythmically, let her gown cling to her curves, in the hope that he was watching. It excited her to think that he might be aware of her. It made her insides feel hot and molten. She lay in bed at night wanting to touch herself but not daring to. She imagined what his strong hands would feel like if he touched her.

She became more daring. Sometimes she would brush past him, letting her skirts skim his leather boots. Sometimes she would deliberately drop something so he would have to bend down and retrieve it for her and then she would let her fingers just touch his as she took it from him. Sometimes she would run her tongue along her top lip or suck the tip of her finger when she suspected he was watching.

Of course this Princess had led a sheltered, chaste life and these actions did not arise from knowledge. She knew nothing of what men and women did in the bed chamber. She was completely ignorant of matters carnal even though she had been raised to be a perfect mate. All she knew were the physical reactions she experienced when looking at this particular guard, or indeed when thinking of him. That, however, changed one day when she would make a shocking discovery in her father's library.

Chapter 2: The Library

Usually she was confined to her own quarters but her father did allow her to visit his library, accompanied of course by one of the guards who would station himself outside for the duration of her visit, ensuring that she remained alone. One day she made her customary visit, as always shadowed by a Palace guard. She thought she had explored every nook and cranny of her father's vast library but on this day she discovered something new. It was a hidden compartment behind a shelf that she had never seen before as it was obviously meant to be locked. However someone had carelessly left it open. Inside were several innocuous looking leather bound volumes. She took out one of the books and gasped as it fell open and she saw what was on the pages. It was several sketches of a nude male body but instead of the leaves she had seen on statues there was something long and thick sticking out from the man's crotch. It rose into the air at an angle and had a bulbous head. She quickly turned over a page and this time was confronted with a very detailed sketch demonstrating exactly how this object was meant to be used. The man was now between the legs of an equally nude woman and he was pushing his thing into her secret place. It looked horrifying but then she noticed the face of the woman; she was smiling as if in ecstasy. There were more and more sketches on every page. Some showed the woman on all fours like a dog with the man entering her secret place from behind. In one the woman was straddling the man and he had his mouth on her breast. And in one the man was pushing his thing into the woman's mouth. As the Princess flicked through the pages her shock began to subside to be replaced by a different feeling all together, one of excitement and a tingling in her own secret place. That night she guiltily touched herself in that forbidden place for a few minutes remembering the look of ecstasy on the woman's face and the proud angle of the man's thing.

The next day, to her delight, her favourite guard was back on duty and he accompanied her to the library. She was especially aware of his presence now as he walked behind her at a respectful distance. She could feel his eyes on her as she swayed down the corridor and it made her secret place tingle all over again. She wondered if beneath the black wool of his trousers he also possessed a proud weeping member. She licked her lips at the thought of it.

This time someone had remembered to lock the secret compartment. She sat in front of the shelf for a moment and then as if controlled by mischievous spirits she called out 'Guard!'

He immediately appeared across the room, on full alert. She stood up and walked towards him.

'Are you in danger?' he asked. His voice was deep and husky as if he was unaccustomed to using it.

'No,' she said. 'I need you for something.'

He raised one dark eyebrow before remembering his station and saying, 'Your Highness?'

'Lock the door.'

He remained where he was, seemingly unable or unwilling to carry out her orders.

'Lock the door,' she repeated more forcefully and he did so, turning back to her, not meeting her eyes.

She ran her gaze over him, from broad shoulders down to the crotch of his pants, and settled on the bulge which was now visible. She took one step nearer.

'Your highness...' he dared to say in a warning tone. His hands were curled into fists.

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She reached out one tentative shaking hand and touched the fabric of his breeches with her fingers. He curled his own fingers tighter. She took a step nearer and she stroked the bulge. He groaned and she could feel him grow and harden under her fingers.

'Your highness...' he croaked, 'Please stop.'

'I just want to see what it looks like,' she said.

'Your Highness, this is dangerous,' he said slowly, 'You are in danger.'

'Show me. And that's an order,' she said petulantly.

He took a deep breath and slowly undid his jerkin, took it off and dropped it to the floor. He then eased the leather braces over his shoulders and finally undid the buttons down the front of his trousers. The Princess watched eagerly as he pulled his member out of his cotton under-drawers. It pushed out of his fist, as proud as in the sketches, the bulbous head glistening. He stood on guard, thing in hand, long lashed eyes fixed to the middle distance, as if on parade. To his evident discomfort, the Princess sank to her knees and examined it more closely. It grew even harder in his hand. She tentatively touched the glistening head which caused him to cry out loud.

'Oh God, don't!'

She smiled with pleasure at prompting such an unprofessional reaction, and stuck out her tongue and firmly licked it.

His knees nearly buckled and his hands suddenly rested on the back of her head. She licked again and it bounced against her tongue. It tasted salty. She then licked the full length of the shaft which was as hard as marble but soft and warm. He groaned loudly and his fingers dug into her hair. Then she clamped her lips around the head and sucked it into her mouth. He cursed and tightened his grip on her hair almost pushing her further down his cock. Her tongue massaged his shaft, as her lips slip up and down, up and down. Suddenly, he pulled her face away from him, gasping as if in pain, and she saw a thick white liquid pumping out of the head of his member.

'What was that?' she asked.

'My seed,' he managed to say.

'Did it hurt?'

He laughed, 'No your highness, it did not.'

She stood up as he tucked himself back into his pants. They stood for a moment as his breathing slowed.

'You mustn't do that again,' he said when he had regained his composure.

'Why? Didn't you like it?' she asked moving closer to him and gazing at him with her clear blue eyes. He took a step away from her.

'I shouldn't have let you do it. It puts us both at risk.'

'Why?'

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'Your virginity is a valuable commodity. If you lose it, your life and mine will be in danger.'

She was beginning to understand what this concept of 'virginity' actually meant.

'Believe me, if you come near me again, you could lose your...'

'You will put your thing in my secret place,' she interrupted, realisation dawning.

'It's called a cock,' he said, and then wished he hadn't when she repeated the word in her soft girlish voice.

'And what's worse is that you may bear a child. That's what my seed is for.'

Her eyes widened and she reached out to him. 'You are scaring me.'

He pushed her hand away from him, 'I don't mean to, but you need to know how dangerous this situation is. Men cannot always control themselves with women as tempting as you. I might not be able to control myself.'

She blushed, and she secretly liked the idea of driving him wild with desire. It was a powerful skill, being able to make a man groan as he had done.

Chapter 3: A Lesson

After that day in the library he returned to being an alert, uncommunicative, impersonal guard. She hated how he would not meet her gaze, no matter how hard she tried to catch his eye. It was as if he had totally shut off all emotion. At night, she would writhe in bed tormented by the memory of his pulsating cock

It was almost as if he ensured they would never be alone and he had obviously fixed it that other guards would accompany her to the library. She had no interest in the others, only him. Then it came to her. Maybe she could make him jealous.

The next day, she made sure that he saw her smiling at one of the other guards. She picked the youngest one, a man not long out of boyhood, one of the handmaid's favourites. Later that day, she loudly ordered her new target to take her to the library. When she returned an hour later she tried to look a little flushed and disheveled. Her real target was standing by the door of her day room and he looked her straight in the eye as she passed him. His face was grim. She felt triumphant. Then her lady in waiting was called away on an errand and the moment she left, he came into the room and closed the door behind him.

'What are you doing?' he asked coldly.

'Nothing,' she said coquettishly, picking up her sewing and failing to disguise a smile.

'Did you tempt him?'

She feigned innocence, 'Who?'

'You know what I mean.'

'How dare you speak to me in this way,' she declared putting down her sewing. 'I will tell my father of your insolence!'

He frowned. 'Why would you do that?'

'I will, if you refuse to do what I want.'

'You would blackmail me?'

'Yes.'

'And what do you want?' he asked tentatively.

'Well first, I want you to kiss me.'

'And second?'

'That can wait,' she said thrusting her pretty chin in the air and fixing him with a determined look.

'Remember what I warned you about.'

Her face suddenly fell, 'I cannot sleep at night,' she cried. 'It's like a fever. All I can think about is you! You have to help me.'

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'There is something I can do, but afterwards you must at least try to leave me alone.'

'OK,' she whispered.

He pointed at the door of her anti chamber, 'Does that door lock?'

She nodded.

'Then we'll go in there.'

When they were in the tiny room and he had locked the door, she flung her arms around his neck, the force of her embrace pushing him against the wall, but before she could kiss him he peeled her hands away from him and held her at arms length by the wrists.

'You must do as I say,' he said, 'And do not touch me.'

She nodded, too desperate to disobey him.

'Lie down on the floor.'

She stared at him astounded that he would tell a Princess to lie on the floor, in a silk gown!

'Lie down on the floor,' he repeated firmly.

She meekly lay down on her back and gazed up at him.

'Raise your skirts,' and she did as he said, this time with a rising excitement.

'Higher. Until they are round your waist.'

He knelt down beside her and took hold of her fine linen under-drawers, pulling them down her legs, exposing her secret place to his gaze. She blushed and her hands instinctively moved to cover herself but he brushed them away. Moisture glistened on her exposed lips and he smiled and ran the top of his finger down the cleft, 'You are wet already,' he murmured. She squirmed.

'Open your legs,' he said more firmly and she did. 'That's a good girl,' and he knelt between them. He ran his finger down her cleft once again and then lay down and lowered his head towards her. She gasped as she realised what he was going to do.

'This is called a quim,' she heard him say just as his tongue made contact.

The heat of his mouth and the friction caused by his lashing tongue created sensations beyond anything she had experienced before. Her insides melted into hot lava as he sucked and stroked her. When his fingers added to the maelstrom of sensation by slightly pushing inside her, she felt a wave of contractions start to build and he had to hold her down as she tried to gyrate against him. The contractions built in an unstoppable force as he continued to lather her with his tongue. What was happening to her? Wave upon wave of release took hold of her as she cried out again and again and he didn't stop until the last wave broke and died.

He licked his fingers and stood up. She gazed up at him, her eyes unfocussed, completely spent.

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'Stand up,' he said and he helped her up onto wobbly legs. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes bright. They gazed at each other for a long moment, and then he said in a strangled voice, 'I have urgent business to attend to,' and unlocking the door he was gone.

Chapter 4: A Boundary is Crossed

She slept deeply that night but she woke feeling empty and bereft. Her low mood continued for the rest of day not helped by the fact it was the guard's day off. For the first time ever she found herself wondering what he did when he wasn't here. Where did he go? Maybe he had a lover or even a wife, but that was too painful to contemplate. He knew everything about her and she knew nothing about him, not even his name.

That night two of her maids bathed her in rose scented water which was painfully sensuous and did nothing to lift her mood. They dressed her in the finest of linen nightgowns and helped her get into her warmed bed, but sleep alluded her and after an hour of tossing and turning she got up. It was cold and she needed the fire lighting. One of her maids usually slept in the chamber with her but no one was here. She was alone which for her was an unusual and strange sensation. She opened the chamber door thinking she would be able to call out to someone but jumped when she was faced with the figure of a man sitting on a chair. Her heart nearly stopped. It was him. Without thinking, she grabbed his arm and pulled him into the room.

"Night shift," he stammered, but she pushed him down onto the bed and pulling up her long nightgown straddled him. His hands involuntarily went to grasp her bare buttocks. He looked down and he could see the outline of her erect nipples through the thin linen. He was already painfully hard too. He had to put a stop to this but then she moved against him and he closed his eyes.

'Elena, stop,' he said without conviction.

'It's OK, I just want to feel you against me.'

He opened his eyes and her lips were an inch from his.

'Just want to rub against your hardness,' she said sleepily as she did just that, her hot breath on his face.

He gritted his teeth and squeezed her buttocks harder as she moved against him. She began to unbutton his jerkin. When she had finished she roughly pulled it off followed by his braces and his undershirt. She ran her hands over his bare muscular chest as she continued to gyrate against him. He felt like his brain had melted.

His cock was too hard to be confined any longer so he mindlessly undid his trousers and sighed with relief as he released it to the cooling air. But now her hot bare quim was making direct contact.

'Oh yes,' she sighed.

'No, this is too dangerous,' he muttered, as she reached down and grasping his cock rubbed it back and forth over her wet folds.

His head rolled back. His hand came up and cupped a breast, his thumb rubbing over a hard nipple. He looked down at what she was doing.

'No, no, no,' he whispered as his cock dipped into the entrance of her quim. 'Your father will have me executed.'

'I just want to see what it feels like,' she said. 'You don't need to go in all the way,' and she lifted herself up to settle fully onto his cock. She sank down onto him with a sigh but he desperately gripped her thighs stopping her from going any further than the head of his cock. It was exquisite agony. Every cell of his body was crying out to sink into her and thrust. She gyrated her hips and he bit his bottom lip, drawing blood.

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'I can't take it,' he said, 'We have to stop.'

And then she kissed him, her soft lips moving against his, her tongue tracing his top lip and pushing into his mouth, and before he realised what was happening she had sunk down onto him and he was buried in her up to the hilt, her tight hot quim gripping him like a glove. She gave a sharp cry and he knew it was too late so, still buried inside her, he spun her round onto her back and drove into her with wild abandon, not caring if it hurt. If she was going to play with fire she had to deal with the consequences. When his rough relentless pounding had driven her to screaming with pleasure and clawing his back, he managed to pull out just in time and shoot his sticky seed across her soft belly, not in one go but in several pulsating, shuddering loads.

Chapter 5: Another Lesson is Taught

'If you had stopped when I told you to,' he said to her later, 'I could have shown you another way to fuck, one that would have preserved your virginity. But it's too late now.'

She stopped exploring his bare chest with her tongue. 'I don't understand. What other way is there?'

'Those tutors wasted their time on harps and French, they should have been teaching you the ways of the bed chamber,' he said. 'I could have stuck my cock in your little arse.'

'That would hurt!' she cried, glancing at the huge erection resting on his belly, reaching almost to his navel.

'Yes a little, but it hurts less given the right preparation.' Now she was intrigued, which had been his original intention. He licked a finger and let his hand wander to her backside, the wet finger circling her arsehole,

'Oh!' she exclaimed in a breathy voice and his cock twitched with anticipation.

His finger pressed inside and eased the tight walls open. 'Does that feel good?' he asked.

'Yes it does,' she said, surprised.

'My tongue will feel even better,' he said moving towards her pert round bottom.

'Isn't this a forbidden thing?' she asked.

'Nothing should be forbidden between a man and a woman,' he said as his strong hands spread her thighs further apart and his tongue licked all the way from her quim to her hole. 'As long as they both consent,' and he greedily licked her full length again.

'I'm not sure you consented to fuck me earlier,' she said making the crude word sound much sweeter than when it came from his mouth.

'You bewitched me, it's true but I could have stopped it.' His fingers sunk into her wet quim and once they were sufficiently coated, he returned one to her tight hole and bathed it with her own juices.

'God, that's sweet,' he groaned and quickly knelt behind her, grasping his cock and rubbing it up and down her damp cleft, coating it with her slippery juices. 'I think we're nice and ready,' and he slowly pushed the head of his cock into the tight hole. She grunted as he pressed it further, she was a brave one this one. She wiggled her arse a little and he sunk in deeper, exhaling slowly. He tried pulling out and sinking in again to see if she could take it. Evidently she could. This one was born to fuck. As he started to establish a rhythm he reached forward and rubbed her nubbin, making her moan out loud. He had the sudden realisation that he was fucking Princess Elena in the arse and she was loving it. 'Mary Mother of Joseph,' he shouted as his release took him by surprise and he pumped into her.

Chapter 6: A Fatal Error

They had been fucking all night and he was completely spent. How she had endured it, when she had been an inexperienced virgin only hours ago he did not know. Not only had he fucked her in the arse, but he had also taken her in the quim from behind, and brought her to a screaming release with both his hand and tongue. She was covered in his sticky seed and still asking for more, playing with his poor exhausted cock determined to make it hard again.

'I'm done,' he muttered as her tongue licked down the shaft of his unresponsive cock and across his balls, 'and the sun is rising.'

He stroked her golden hair and pulled her towards him, 'Kiss me,' he demanded, and her soft pink lips caressed his own, as she squirmed in his arms. He brushed her hair from her face. 'I have to go,' he said, but before I do I need to wash you. You can't let your maids find you like this.'

He soaked a cloth in the bowl on the washstand and gently sponged away the evidence of their union, lingering over his task, slowly realising she was becoming aroused once again. Her nipples were peaked and rosy, her hand was straying towards her over sensitive quim and she stared at his face, eyes glazed, pupils dilated.

'I cannot get enough of you,' she whispered. 'You consume me.'

His balls tightened at the sound of her words and his cock amazingly rose from its slumber. She licked her lips and he fell upon her, possessing her mouth with an urgent frenzy, hands cupping and kneading her full young breasts, hardening cock thrusting against her leg. She moaned and sighed as he covered her neck with wet kisses and she grasped his tight buttocks urging him to take her once again. But he rolled onto his back and pulled her on top of him.

'Fuck me,' he demanded, 'Ride me,' and he was treated to the sight of the Princess Elena riding his thick cock, her long golden hair falling over her shoulders, her beautiful face suffused with lust. She leant back slightly and he watched his rigid shaft disappearing into her rosy quim, as she rocked herself to yet another release. They both cried out as his cock felt the tight contractions deep inside her and he shot his hot seed into her, shuddering and moaning loudly.

They both lay on their backs, muscles slack, a sheen of sweat covering their skin. The Princess's smile was wide and satisfied, her eyes full of the wonder of this new discovery. His were concerned.

'I came inside you,' he said flatly. 'I took your virginity and then I came inside you.' The enormity of what he had done hit him with full force. He had broken every code, he had betrayed his ruler, he had committed treason.

Chapter 7: An Order and a Solution

After a deep but troubled sleep on his narrow bed, he returned to his post the following night. As he walked down the corridor, he could hear raised voices coming from The Princess's reception room. The guard whom he relieved mouthed the words 'The King,' as they seamlessly exchanged places. A moment later, the door burst open and the King swept through it, his cloak whipping through the air, his face fixed in a furious scowl. His court advisor, who was following turned back and said into the room in an imperious voice, 'It is settled. He will not discuss it further,' and followed his master down the hall, both disappearing into the distance.

The guard glanced through the open door and saw the Princess crumple into a heap onto the floor, her maid in waiting running to her. He itched to go to her, but he had no choice but to stand his ground.

'I can't do this!' she cried and then looked up and saw him. She stared straight at him with wide, tearful eyes. He gave her a warning shake of the head.

'It will be all right,' the maid said soothingly. 'This is what we have all been waiting for. Don't you want to marry and start a life of your own?'

The guard's stomach clenched at her words.

'It's too soon,' the Princess said, 'I am not ready.'

'You will have time to adjust. I am sure you will feel better after you have met him,' she continued, walking across the room and closing the door.

The guard was left in the silent corridor, the sounds of his Princess's weeping still audible. He felt her pain in his soul but he overrode it. Maybe this was for the best. Maybe the man she was marrying was an inexperienced milksop who would have no idea that her virtue had been compromised. If she was with child, they would think it was legitimate. It was the perfect solution; he would get away with this. Later, he would find a way to speak to her and counsel her to pretend innocence. He would tell her she must not be too responsive on her wedding night. He would show her how to react with reticence and a little fear. He would push her away and stem her passion.

These rational thoughts were suddenly crushed by one realisation; if she left he would never see her again.

Chapter 8: A Resolution

There was no time to lose. The King was an impatient man and he had waited a long time to complete this contract. The gossip amongst the Palace employees was that the Princess would meet her betrothed in just two days. A banquet was being prepared. Geese were being plucked. Rooms were being cleaned. Dresses were being sewn. And in the Princess's chamber, tears were being spilled.

The maid in waiting had tried everything to console her. She could not fathom why the Princess was reacting this way. For the past few years she had listened to constant complaints about life in the Palace; it was too restricted, too dull, too narrow. She could not wait to leave. She could not wait to marry and have a husband to pay her attention. She could not wait to be a great lady, maybe even a Queen!

Something had clearly changed, because now she was finally marrying she spent her days curled in bed weeping hot tears into the sheets.

What the maid in waiting did not know was that the Princess's tears were partly caused by the dark presence that stood to attention in the corridor outside her room. He was always there, fulfilling his duty, a constant reminder to the Princess that she had been rejected when she most needed him.

The night of her father's order, he had come to her and refused to touch her. She had been ready for his hot embrace, to feel his rough hands over her skin, his firm mouth on hers. She had thought of nothing else as she lay in her feather bed, thoughts of her future husband banished so she could think of her present lover, picture the rippling muscles of his back, conjure his dark eyes, hear his steady voice.

But he had stood stiffly on the other side of the room clenching his fists.

'This is a good thing,' she heard him saying from across a chasm, her head spinning with this unexpected reaction. 'You must marry and please your father.'

'But what about you?' she said and added quietly, 'What about us?'

'That's done,' he said firmly. 'It should never have happened. We will pretend it didn't.'

She choked back tears and he closed his eyes and clenched his fists tighter. He took a deep breath, 'You must be careful on your wedding night.'

She gasped out loud, she couldn't help herself. How could he talk about her wedding night? How could he be so cruel?

'You must act as if you don't know what he will do. Let him lead. Just lie and wait for him to touch you..'

'No!' she shouted jumping out of the bed. 'How can you say these things?' she spat at him crossing the room and pushing his chest with her little palms so that he was backed against the wall, passively letting her pummel him, waiting for her anger to subside. As the rage ebbed away from her, she slumped against him and his hand came up and tenderly stroked her hair. She looked up at him, blue eyes no longer flashing. There were dark shadows under her eyes. Something in him broke and he pulled her up to his mouth, kissing her achingly slowly. She sighed and stroked his face.

'Don't do this,' she murmured. 'Don't let me go.'

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'I have to,' he said steadily.

But he made love to her one more time. He laid her on her white sheets and kissed her in all the places that he would miss, trying to memorise every part of her. When he entered her, he felt every inch of her around him, every lovely cell of her body. When she wrapped her soft hands around his cock, he watched her intently not even breaking eye contact when she brought him to a trembling release.

Then he left her and did not return. He guarded her, stood outside her door but there was no contact. She shut herself in the room beyond the door and cried.

Chapter 9: The Betrothed

The day dawned on which she would meet her betrothed. She had dreamt about chains and being chased, and impenetrable forests of thorns, but strangely she woke feeling coldly calm. All her tears had been spent. There was nothing more to do than follow orders. There was no one to go to if she did not.

She dressed in a gown of silver and gold that sparkled with crystals. Her hair was dressed with soft curls piled high and diamonds glinting. She sat in her reception room waiting to be called to the banquet, sitting still so she did not crease her dress or disturb her intricate hair. She stared ahead trying not to catch a glimpse of the guard, who was standing to attention just beyond the doorway, dressed in his grey and purple ceremonial uniform.

Soon there was a commotion, at the far end of the corridor a man was striding towards the room, declaring to someone scuttling behind him. 'I will see her now! To be damned with etiquette.'

The guard calmly stepped in front of the open door.

'Move aside,' the man said. He was as tall as the guard, tall enough to glare at him eye to eye. 'I am here to see the Princess. She is my betrothed.'

The court advisor had finally caught up on his short legs and he nodded an affirmation to the guard who reluctantly stepped aside.

The man swept into the room and declared confidently, 'Your Highness,' and bowed stiffly.

He was tall, a fact already noted, but he was also long legged and athletic looking, dressed in stylish coat tails. His hair was blonde and curled fashionably over his forehead.

She regarded him with curiosity.

'I wanted us to meet in private before the banquet,' he said looking round at the maids, the advisor, the guards, 'Well, relative privacy.' His voice was refined and smooth.

'Please be seated,' she said, all that expensive training coming to the fore.

Instead of sitting in the seat she had gestured to, he sat next to her on the small couch, his leg brushing against her skirts. One of the maids repressed a giggle. 'Can you dismiss your servants?' he whispered to her.

'I don't think that would be proper,' she said demurely.

'No,' he said, looking at her appraisingly, 'Well then, can I escort you to the banquet?'

And she stood and offered him her hand.

Chapter 10: A Rival

That was no inexperienced milksop, thought the guard as he watched them walk away down the corridor. That was a man of the world. He had looked at the Princess with an appreciative intent. That man would know she had already been taken.

The Princess returned very late that night, her maids helping her to undress. When he looked into her room later, she was sleeping soundly, her maid in waiting snoring quietly in the bed in the corner.

The Prince or Duke, or whoever he was, was back the very next morning dressed in riding gear. The guard watched him approach with gritted teeth. He looked disgustingly healthy considering the rich food and drink of the night before. He walked with a jaunty step, a happy man who had scored a beautiful young prize. The guard wanted to beat him. He wanted to step forward and trip him so he fell to the floor, and then he wanted to pummel his entitled self satisfied face until it was bloody.

He stopped when he reached the guard and stared at him steadily. There was something in his cold grey eyes that made the guard uneasy.

'The Princess is coming riding with me. She will need a chaperone,' he said. 'Do you ride?'

'Yes,' the guard replied. 'But my shift is over.'

'Now it isn't' he said.

And with that he swept into the room and kissed the Princess extravagantly on her hand. Clearly, relations had moved on since yesterday.

The Prince was speaking to her too quietly for him to hear. She was dressed in her riding habit and the guard sucked in his breath. Her waist was impossibly tiny in the close fitting jacket and he was hit with a sudden memory of encircling that waist with his big hands. He dared to look at her and she was looking directly at him with such sad longing that all jealousy evaporated.

He had to protect her while he was still able.

Chapter 11: The Chaperone

It was good to be back on a horse after those long days patrolling the Palace, but the pleasure was ruined by the view. It was torture having to watch her riding so close to this man, watch them whispering to each other, watch him touching her arm and smiling at her possessively. He realized with horror that he was watching a courtship. She seemed relaxed and attentive and not all together reluctant. The jealousy had returned with force and he was occupying himself with violent fantasies once again.

The Prince was a good rider, he had a confident seat and a masterful control of the horse. His strong thighs gripped the saddle and his slender hands guided the reins with ease. Surely, she could not fail to be impressed by this sophisticated man. She had little experience of men, he had an intimate knowledge of that. Was she in danger of being as attracted to this man as she had been to him? Considering she was marrying him, that must be a good thing. But he was having a hard time seeing it that way, especially when she laughed as she did now, and smiled and leaned towards her new fiancée.

As they returned to the Palace, the Prince clearly decided to show off his skills and went galloping ahead. The guard took the opportunity to draw up beside her and speak to her for the first time in days.

'I have to speak to you alone,' he said quickly.

Her laughter died and she merely nodded. 'When? Where?'

'I will wait for you in the ante chamber after supper.'

And that was where he was dutifully waiting when the Princess returned from supper, but to his horror she was not alone. He heard her talking pleasantly to someone. He looked through the crack of the door and saw the Prince sitting beside her on the couch, much too close. His hand was on her thigh and the guard was shocked with his forwardness, hypocritically so as he himself had done so much more to her. Then to his horror, the Prince lowered his head and nuzzled her neck. She sat rather stiffly. She was being passive just as he had told her to be. Oh why had he told her to be passive? He wanted her to slap the bastard round the face.

'Oh Elena,' the Prince groaned and his hand began to pull her skirt up her thigh.

Finally, he heard her say in a tentative voice, 'We are not married yet.'

'We will be soon,' he replied as his confident hand continued to pull up her skirt and his lips moved from her neck to the lovely swell of her breasts above the tight bodice of her dress. Why was she not stopping him? But then he realized why when he heard her breath quicken and saw her squirm slightly in her seat. This was pure torture.

The Prince popped one perfect breast from its bejeweled casing and clamped his mouth over the nipple. 'My Lord,' she cried, 'You proceed too quickly!' She was playing the ingénue well, because the guard knew from experience that she would already be wet and ready.

As the Prince sucked and licked her nipple, cupping the breast in his hand, squeezing its tender flesh, his hand dipped below her skirt and the guard could see from its undulating movement that it had reached its target. The Princess was moaning now, clearly trying to keep herself in check but failing. Her hand strayed to the Prince's crotch and as she touched him, his hand quickened its pace. As the guard watched her slip her hand into the fly of another man's trousers, he realized with disgust that he had an erection too. His disloyal body was reacting to her eager moans, and the sound of another man's fingers slipping through her wet folds. He

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reached down and touched himself, powerless to stop, as he saw her pull out the Prince's swollen cock. He was well endowed, the bastard. The Prince had his hand on the back of her neck and was pushing her head down towards his cock. The guard watched helplessly as she sucked the head of the Prince's cock into her mouth and greedily swallowed it. She held it at its base while she licked up and down the full length and swirled her tongue around the head. The sound of her sucking and licking and moaning filled the room and as he watched her he could imagine her clever lips on his own cock, bathing him in her saliva, her hands cupping his balls.

He had to clamp his hand over his mouth to stop his own moans as his fist closed round his own cock, pumping it so fast that he came almost at the same time as the Prince, who was shaking on the couch his hands full of her young breasts.

The Prince was hardly going to think her a virgin now, the guard thought as he slumped onto the floor.

Chapter 12: Found Out

'You, my darling, are not a virgin,' the Prince said to her that night. He had come to her in her bed chamber. How he had persuaded the maids to leave her on her own, and snuck past the Palace guards she did not know. He was a very persuasive man.

'Who has had you?' he asked as he pulled her nightgown over her head.

'I cannot say,' she said, suddenly embarrassed by how exposed she was. He was drinking in her naked flesh, staring at her soft curves while he quickly removed his own clothes. Her traitorous body was already responding to his lascivious gaze.

'I was looking forward to deflowering you,' he said, roughly pushing his fingers into her quim. She gasped at the pain as he stretched her wide. 'But never mind, there will be others.'

'Are we still to be married?' she asked nervously.

'Oh yes, I plan to keep you and use you for my pleasure. You will make a very pretty ornament,' he said. 'And if you don't do as I ask, I will tell your father that you are spoiled goods. Now turn over so I can fuck you.'

He made her kneel on all fours on the bed, and pushed his big cock into her in one swift movement, and despite the fear his words had aroused in her she found herself writhing with pleasure. As he pounded into her, he uttered obscenities and told her that he would have her in a permanent state of mindless lust. He took hold of her long hair and tugged it roughly as he pulled out and then entered her again. 'You will forget your other lover,' he said, 'You will only think of me,' as her nubbin slipped beneath his forceful fingers and his cock filled her. He pulled out and made her suck him until he shot his seed into her mouth, cursing loudly.

She lay awake while he slept beside her, his hand still covering her breast possessively. She thought of her Palace guard, of his gentle brown eyes and his thoughtful capable hands and she wept silent tears.

Chapter 13: Torment

The wedding was fast approaching. The whole Palace was in a frenzy of excitement. The years of preparation were about to come to fruition. All those people who had dedicated the past 18 years to saving the Kingdom through a fortuitous union were finally going to see their plans succeed. From the chambermaids, to the seamstresses, to the tutors, to the King himself, all were heady with victory. An influential Prince had been secured and he seemed very happy with his Princess. And so he should, she was the most beautiful creature anyone had seen, and she would bear him many children.

But there was one man who could not share their joy. Luckily, he was used to keeping his emotions in check. A man could not endure the ordeal of battle without learning to suppress his thoughts and desires. A man could not spend years silently watching over others without conquering his own needs. And by day he continued to do his duty, to follow orders, to not speak his mind. But by night he was tormented by the desires he usually kept in check. His dreams were filled with feverish images and memories, and violent revenge.

Soon his dreams encroached on his waking thoughts. There was only so much a man could endure, even a man such as this. He could see the way the betrothed couple responded to each other. In public, these were subtle signs, but he was used to being able to interpret even the most hidden of signals. He saw how the Prince would occasionally lay his hand on the Princess's waist, how she bent her head towards him, how she would do whatever he said without questioning him. A knife twisted in his gut as he watched them grow closer as each day passed. He had thought he had wanted her to be happy, but now she was lighting up for another man he could not bear it.

He had thought the unrequited longing he used to have for her would be the worst thing he had to bear, but now when he looked at her he knew exactly what she looked like when she unpeeled those rich garments, he knew exactly how she sounded as she was driven towards release, he knew exactly how she tasted.

And then the signs became less subtle. He would walk into a room and find them in a tight clinch behind a door, the Prince's hands full of one of her breasts, his mouth loudly sucking on her pink nipple. He would catch them squeezed into an alcove, her head thrown back, her hands grasping his grinding buttocks. And one day he came upon them in the library, her skirts around her waist, her legs spread indecently wide, his tongue eagerly lapping at her quim. The Prince's lack of decorum disturbed him. He had taken this 18-year-old prize and was using it as he wished. At least the guard had tried to resist his desire for her.

The way the Prince looked at him also disturbed him. From the very first day, there had been a tension. Few men were his physical match, but this one was and the Guard sensed he wished to prove his dominance. He would frequently fix the guard with his cold grey stare, seemingly daring him to be the first to look away. And once, when the guard came upon them in the Princess's private garden, wrapped in a feverish embrace, the Prince had stared at him over her shoulder and smiled a silky smile. It had made him want to do unspeakable things.

Chapter 14: A Mission

The guard stood to attention in the King's private reception room. He had been summoned, only minutes earlier and was mystified why he was here. He rarely left the confines of the Princess's quarters and to find himself in this most private of rooms was puzzling and slightly overwhelming, even for him. Only the King and his most trusted advisor stood before him, having dismissed the footmen the moment he had arrived.

The King gravely looked him up and down.

'I have heard good reports about you,' he said. 'You fought bravely in battle, and you have been a loyal servant for many years.'

The guard swallowed his guilt. If only he knew.

'I think you have intelligence too, I can see it in your eyes.' His eyes flicked to his advisor, who nodded slightly. 'I need your absolute loyalty. What I am about to say to you is of the utmost secrecy.'

'You have my word, Your Highness,' he said.

The King paused for a moment, cleared his throat and continued. 'The Prince has requested that you join his household and accompany him and his new wife on their journey home.'

The guard could not help raise an eyebrow in surprise.

'I do not know why he asked for you in particular but I am glad that he did, because I would be able to trust no one else,' and he added, 'I believe you also have my daughter's trust.'

The guard dared not respond.

'This union has brought a certain protection to my lands,' he continued, 'but it is not secure, and to be honest, I do not completely trust the Prince.'

The King was proving to be far more astute than he had ever thought.

'Therefore this request is somewhat fortuitous. I wish you to join the Prince's household, but your loyalty will still be to me. You will watch and you will glean information, and report back to me. In other words, you will act as my Secret Agent.'

All was quiet for a moment as he was allowed time to digest what had just been said.

'Do you accept this posting? It is an important mission and I need your complete commitment.'

The guard did not even need time to consider. He felt that this request had dropped in his lap from the heavens itself. To accompany the Princess, now she was married, would be a painful task. It would test his resolve to the limit, but he was born for a mission like this. Those long hours confined in Palace rooms had not gone to waste.

'I accept, my Lord,' he said, and to himself whispered, 'with all my heart.'

Chapter 15: The Forest

The forest they were travelling through was vast and dark. Even in the daytime, the Northern sun hardly penetrated the thick canopy of trees. They had been journeying for five days, and the men and the horses were weary. Unaccustomed to long days in the saddle the guard's muscles were aching and sore. The need to be on constant alert had left him exhausted, and his senses were dulled by the lack of light and the flickering shadows.

Up ahead the Princess's wagon swayed and jerked on the narrow, pitted road. Beside it, the Prince rode, steady in his saddle, seemingly unaffected by the long days of riding. He had kept his wife confined within the wagon away from the eyes of his retinue. At night he joined her and the guard tried not to think what transpired inside its wooden walls.

That night they set up camp beside a fast flowing stream. He kept guard while the dozen servants and soldiers lit fires, prepared food and then, wrapped in blankets, settled down for the night. When all were asleep, and the sound of snoring echoed through the trees he took a lamp and made his way down to the stream.

He quickly stripped to the waist and taking handfuls of cold water washed his shoulders and chest, kneading the tired muscles. He submerged his head and rubbed his scalp. He sat for a moment, his back to the camp enjoying the quiet of the forest. Then suddenly he felt a presence behind him and a warm hand touched his shoulder. Just by its touch he knew whose hand it was. His breath caught and he froze while a warm cheek rested on his back and slender arms encircled his middle. Her loose hair covered him in soft waves, caressing his skin and to his horror, he felt tears welling up in his eyes.

'You are married now,' he whispered.

'I don't love him,' she said, caressing the ridges of muscle that ran down his belly. Her lips kissed his bare skin.

'This is dangerous,' he said.

'Always dangerous,' she murmured, closing her eyes.

He couldn't speak. He wanted her to leave but he also wanted her to stay. He was torn.

Her hand slipped under the waist of his trousers and he gently clamped his hand over her wrist and slowly pulled her arms away from him.

'Go back to your husband,' he said, and he turned and watched her go, disappearing into the darkness.

Chapter 16: Arrival

They finally reached the castle after a week of almost constant travel. The wagons had taken a beating on the road and limped on wheels repaired so often, they were barely holding together. The men had not fared much better. The soldiers were slumped in their saddles, sometimes sleeping as they rode. Only the Prince and the guard remained straight backed and alert, as their eyes fixed on the grey turrets rising above the trees.

The huge wooden doors swung open to accept them into their new home, but as they limped into the central courtyard even the Guard could tell there was something wrong. The place was deserted. Where were all the people that usually thronged a castle such as this? The Princess emerged from the wagon and as the Prince helped her to step down, they both stood in the empty arena, looking around with puzzlement.

Then a small crowd of people emerged from a doorway above them and hurried down the steps, dignitaries by their rich attire. A short, officious looking man stepped forward and all of them suddenly sunk to their knees in front of the Prince. He looked down at them in obvious amazement. This was clearly not normal behaviour.

'Your Highness,' the man said, his head bowed, almost touching the stone cobbles. 'Did you receive our message?'

'No,' the Prince replied and added impatiently, 'What is wrong?'

'The King is dead,' he said and all the kneeling courtiers replied as one, 'Long live the King!'

The guard's eyes were fixed on the Princess and he saw her face go pale, and her legs start to collapse from under her. The guard shot forward and took her arm, supporting her against his strong body. She trembled under his hand, her head slumping onto his shoulder.

And what of the Prince? He was standing surveying the men in front of him, a look of cold triumph on his handsome face.

Chapter 17: A Distraction

The Princess - he should call her the Queen now, but to him she would always be the Princess - looked older than she had just one week ago. Her robes were heavier and darker, her hair more tightly coiled, and the bloom in her cheeks had gone. She stood on the podium with her husband surveying the courtiers before them, her subjects. The King certainly had a bloom in his cheeks. He seemed to have grown several inches and his strong chin was slightly lifted as he enjoyed the adulation of the crowd.

The guard stood quietly at the back of the room, trying to be inconspicuous, but to his discomfort he had already caught the attention of some of the Ladies. One voluptuous young woman was staring at him intently and smiling suggestively. An older man beside her noticed what she was doing and roughly pulled her away. The guard smiled to himself, it was a long time since he had felt like laughing.

His situation at this castle was far removed from his one at the Palace. When he served the Princess he had lived his days in chaste, silent duty but here he was free to come and go as he pleased, and he was being faced with all sorts of temptations and distractions. From the serving girls to the married Ladies, they all seemed more than willing to help heal his bruised heart. On the very first night he had arrived, a maid had appeared in his quarters and without even speaking had proceeded to disrobe. He had stopped her as she was about to reveal her ample breasts in the candle light, and she had been most put-out, flouncing out of the room in disgust.

He soon realised that here there was a general atmosphere of debauchery. The court seemed to thrive on gossip and sexual intrigue; he had overheard many a conversation that shocked him. Marriage seemed to be a business arrangement rather than a moral one, and the married men and women clearly saw the taking of lovers as an amusing perk.

Since his arrival he had been hounded by one married woman in particular. Her name was Isabella, she had told him this while sticking an agile tongue in his ear, when she was supposed to be watching a performance by the court troubadour. She was a handsome woman, with thick mahogany hair and wide hips beneath a small waist. Her dress was bordering on the indecent. He had never seen a bodice cut so low and whenever she was near him, he found his eyes straying to the bouncing globes of flesh that it barely encased. She noticed, of course, and played on his involuntary lust by moistening her lips and pushing her finger into her mouth in a way that made him hard.

It had been a long time since he had made love to the Princess. He had endured long weeks of conquering his desire. Now she was not only married, but also the Queen which made her even more untouchable. His dreams were still full of her wet quim and ecstatic moans, and he was about to burst with unspent tension. Maybe he needed a woman like Isabella. One that would not demand love. It would help him focus on his task.

So one night, when she cornered him in a dark alcove, he responded to her flirtations. As her hand rested on his chest, he grasped it and moved it down to cover the hardening bulge in his trousers. Part of him was hoping this would scare her off, but she wasn't even shocked. In fact, she was delighted. 'Such a man!' she had smoothly murmured into his ear, 'I knew you would have a big cock.' And his bulge grew even larger, almost bursting through his flies.

He had smuggled her into his room where he had played with her tits for a while before stripping her naked and taking her roughly from behind. She had waved her lush bottom in the air, and he had not been able to resist spanking it until red wheels appeared on her flesh, and then slamming his painfully hard cock into her again and again until she was screaming out in uncontrolled ecstasy and he was spraying thick wads of

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endless juice onto her trembling buttocks.

The following night, he had met her in the dark courtyard and pushed her up against a wall. Biting a nipple that peaked over her bodice, he had shoved his hand between her legs and thrust his fingers up her. She had twisted and writhed like a crazy woman and it had aroused him so much that he had pulled out his cock and fucked her against the cold stone, oblivious to the rain pouring down on them.

He had never before had such aggressive sex bordering on the violent and it left him ashamed, but it slaked a need in him and dampened his hatred for a while.

Chapter 18: The Other Woman

What Isabella failed to mention during her wild couplings with the handsome new Guard was she was also the King's mistress. She had been his mistress since he was a very young man, when she had spent long hours teaching him how to pleasure a woman. The prince professed to enjoy the comely flesh of virgins, but Isabella knew he would always return to her, to her clever knowing hands. For years she had enjoyed a privileged position in the royal court, her poor husband turning a blind eye to her activities. He was hardly going to interfere with the Prince's wishes. The Prince could be a vengeful man when crossed, and he had always been indulged by his partisan father.

But the arrival of a pretty young wife and the ascent to the throne had taken the Prince's attentions elsewhere. It was clear the newly crowned Queen was providing for his needs, at least for the moment. Isabella had no doubt he would tire of her soon, especially if she began to sire children. A man such as him would not compete for attention with bawling babies. He would return to her. He always did.

In the meantime, Isabella had set her sights on the Guard, a man so physically compelling she had almost swooned when she had first seen him. The King was a handsome man, but this man was a perfect physical specimen, tall and dark and restrained. His body was powerful and muscular, his skin marked by scars of battle. And he knew how to take a woman like her. He did not waste time with courtly affectations and pleasantries. He knew what she wanted and he gave it to her, so skillfully she lay awake at night, next to her ineffectual husband, reliving every moment. There was something supremely exciting about seeing a man like him lose control. And the fact that emotionally he remained an enigma excited her even more.

She was determined to keep the Guard in thrall to her, but she was also going to ensure the King noticed. To make the King jealous would be her ultimate goal. She knew from past experience that jealousy peaked his desire, and watching her with another man would bring him back to her.

Chapter 19: The Marital Bed

Queen Elena surveyed the naked body of her husband. He was spread across their vast bed finally asleep, his cock lying limp between his legs. He had demanded many of his favourite things from her tonight, not all of them pleasurable. She winced at the memory, but at the same time she still felt a thrill of sexual desire throb inside her. She hated the way he made her feel. Most of the time she looked at his classically handsome features and felt nothing but disgust. But then he would touch her and speak obscenities and her body would respond as if it had a mind of its own. His drive was insatiable, but so was hers, and he knew it.

Ever since she had seen those pictures in the book in her father's library her body had been taken over by a desperate need that never seemed to find complete satisfaction. She knew she needed a partner who was able to match her, and for a painfully short time, the Palace Guard had unselfishly given her what she wanted. For a moment, she allowed herself to remember his hot touch. She closed her eyes and remembered how it felt to be kissed by him, to have his full lips greedily devour her, to have his tongue possess her mouth and draw desperate moans from her throat. She remembered his strong hands, how they lavished attention on her tender nipples, how they held her tiny waist, almost reaching all the way round, how they slipped into her quim, always slippery with need. And she remembered his cock, his beautiful big cock, how it stood proudly from his thatch of dark hair, how it twitched and grew when she looked at it, how it slipped into her and filled her so completely. As she remembered the sound of his deep groans, her hand strayed down to her slippery slit.

Her eyes shot open as her husband let out a loud growl, and fell on top of her, pinning her to the mattress, forcing himself between her legs. 'Oh my darling,' he grunted, 'You are so wet for me,' and pushed into her, and despite herself she once again felt the arousal building as he roughly shoved her legs further apart and pounded into her.

Later, after he had come inside her for the third time that night, she arose and stood, staring out of the window at the full moon, gloomily wondering how her life had been reduced to this

Chapter 20: A Performance

The Guard was trying to stay away from Isabella. For him, it was enough to lose himself in her welcoming curves once a week. Once a week was enough to lessen the ache in his loins, and keep him alert and focussed. Any more than that would create complications. It would mean his mind would be occupied with reckless sex and not with the promise he had made to his Lord. It would be too easy to spend his days lost in her full breasts and jiggling buttocks. Yes, it would be far too easy to lose himself that way, so he was avoiding her.

He was back to watching and observing, now with a renewed vigour. All he had discovered so far was this court's proclivity for debauchery. Wine and mead flowed freely, Ladies of loose virtue travelled the corridors in the depth of the night, gossip and scandal flowed freely as the wine. All enjoyed flirtations and secret liaisons, all except the King himself who seemed devoted to his new wife. He appeared to spend every single night in their private chambers, and according to his footmen, a great deal of this time shut in the actual bedroom, the sounds of loud lovemaking lasting most of the night.

But lately the King had begun to appear more in public, although not often accompanied by his wife, much to the Guard's disappointment. The Guard had barely set eyes on her since they had arrived. He had almost forgotten what she looked like, almost. And whenever he saw the King, he found himself picturing them both in bed, the King roughly manhandling her sweet flesh, and it hurt him to the depths of his soul, a soul he had almost forgotten he had.

One day he was in attendance in the Prince's reception room. He was keeping to the edges of the room, as Isabella was also in attendance and she was fixing him with a determined and lascivious gaze, her dark eyes burning ominously. It had been a week since their last coupling, a particularly frenzied fuck when he had bent her over the battlements, giving her a view of the rolling hills of the Kingdom, and him a view of his cock slamming into her arse.

The King lounged in a richly upholstered chair, drinking wine from a silver goblet and enjoying the attentions of two of the better looking wives of his Lords. The Queen was nowhere to be seen, and the Guard longed to set eyes on her again, see if her cheeks were still drawn and pale. Instead, he found himself faced with Isabella's seductive lips moving. He hadn't heard what she had just said.

'Not here,' he said brusquely.

She pouted and a hand slipped up his tight wool covered abdominal muscles to his chest, as she sighed indecently. He clamped his hand round her wrist and pushed her away.

'That hurts,' she cried, trying to wriggle from his grasp.

'Leave me alone,' he hissed through lips tightly clamped together, and then she gave a quick sideways glance under her eyelashes. Anyone else would not have noticed it, but the Guard did, and he followed the direction of the glance to find the King staring straight at them over the lip of his goblet.

He stood up slowly and walked towards them. The Guard immediately let go of Isabella. Isabella turned towards the Prince, but stayed standing far too close to the Guard.

'Your Highness,' she purred, pushing out her breasts slightly. The King's eyes went straight to her heaving cleavage.

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'My Lady,' he drawled, and then looked straight at the Guard's crotch and then slowly travelled his body, back up to his eyes and fixed him with a cold stare. The Guard forced himself not to shiver.

'Report to my chambers in one hour,' he snapped at the Guard, and taking Isabella's arm, pulled her away.

Chapter 21: Punished

How had he missed that? He was supposed to be a spy and he hadn't even realised that Isabella and the King were ... close. It seemed obvious now. He was a fool. He should have entertained himself with one of the maids. He should have known that someone like Isabella would be trouble.

Dutifully, he reported to the King's chamber. He did not want to cause any more trouble for himself. Rather shockingly, The King himself opened the door. There were no servants in attendance. The Guard had expected the King to be angry and grim, but he looked excited. His eyes were glazed and his cheeks pink. Probably drunk. This made the Guard more uneasy than if he had been angry.

Isabella was sitting on the couch, clearly a little drunk too, her nipples peeping over her low bodice, her hair in disaray. The King gestured for the Guard to sit next to her, which he did but leaving as much space between them as he could, and sitting stiffly.

The King looked at them both for a long while and finally said, 'You are a fine pair, fucking each other behind my back. I bet you've been going at it like rabbits.' And he grinned slyly. 'You certainly make a handsome couple. It's a shame I'm attempting to be faithful to my wife,' he said, 'or I would fuck the pair of you until you were begging for mercy.'

Had the Guard just heard him right? He didn't know what part of that statement was the more shocking, that the King was faithful to his wife, or the other part which the Guard hardly dared to process.

'You!' he suddenly barked. 'Stand up!'

The Guard did as he asked and the King approached him. He gently placed his palm on the Guard's cheek and then drew a finger over his lips. 'God, you're fine,' he muttered. The Guard was rigid with shock. 'I can't wait to see you naked.'

Beside them on the couch, Isabella giggled. This hadn't exactly been her plan, but it was a very entertaining twist.

The King suddenly withdrew his hand and sat down on a chair opposite them, spreading his legs and laying his hand over the growing bulge in his trousers. 'Well, if I can't fuck you, I can watch you fuck each other!' he declared cheerfully. Isabella's smile was wide and excited. The Guard grimaced and clenched his fists. What would happen if he refused? It wasn't worth finding out, and it wasn't as if he hadn't taken Isabella before.

'Take your clothes off,' the King growled and as Isabella's hands went straight to the laces at the front of her bodice, he snapped. 'Not you, him!'

The Guard closed his eyes and slowly disrobed. Off went his jacket, the leather braces, his trousers, his underdrawers and finally his shirt. There was silence in the room. The Guard opened his eyes and saw the King had pulled out his cock and was stroking it as he gazed at the Guard's naked body. 'You are a very lucky woman, Isabella,' he said in a strangled voice. 'Now do something about that sad object,' he added, gesturing at the Guard's flacid penis.

Isabella eagerly got to her knees and without preamble, licked his full length with a greedy tongue. He closed his eyes again and succumbed to the inevitable. Isabella was skilled at this particular service

'Oh yes,' he heard the King sigh as his cock rose with her touch.

The Palace Guard

He couldn't resist opening his eyes and looking down. Isabella had his balls cupped in her hand and she looked up at him as she ran her tongue up the hard ridge of his cock, to flick it over the head. He couldn't stop himself, he reached down and tugged at her bodice so her tits sprang out, nipples hard and ready.

The King didn't seem to mind that he had taken momentary control of the action. In fact his breathing became jagged as the Guard took hold of his cock and rubbed it against Isabella's nipples, then pushed it between her wobbling breasts. The glistening head pushed out from the creamy flesh surrounding it and her tongue flicked out to lick it.

'Fuck her,' the King gasped as his hand moved more quickly. 'Shove that big cock in her. Make her scream'.

Isabella pulled off her underwear and pulling up her skirts around her waist, sat on the couch and spread her legs so the two men in the room could have a good view of her soaking wet quim. She so loved to be the centre of attention.

The Guard also sat on the couch and pulled Isabella towards him. He was going to make her do most of the work. It was her who had got them into this situation. Facing the King, she impaled herself with a sigh, slowly sliding down the Guard's familiar cock, allowing everyone to savour the moment. The King groaned as she started to pump her hips and gyrate

'No! take her from behind,' he ordered. 'I want to look at your arse as I come!'

This almost made the Guard completely lose momentum, but he was now past the point of no return, and he bent Isabella over the arm of the couch and fucked her until they were all nothing but heaps of mindless groaning. All three of them came in unison, and as the Guard gained consciousness once again he looked up into a pair of wide blue eyes.

The Princess was standing on the other side of the room staring at him.

Chapter 22: On the Battlements

When the Queen had fled the room, the King had followed her, clearly thinking it was he who had upset her. The Guard was left with a gasping Isabella still coming down from her furious release. She had tried to touch him, but he had pulled his clothes on and left without speaking. He was done with her.

The next morning, after a sleepless night, he stood on the cold battlements and watched the sun rise through the early mist. That night he had wanted to leave. He was disgusted with himself for allowing this place to corrupt him. He had wanted to take a horse from the King's stables and steal away into the night, never to see this court, and its monstrous people again. But he couldn't leave her. Even if she was likely never to speak to him again.

Then he sensed a presence behind him and turned to see the Princess standing before him, wrapped in a red wool cloak, her blonde hair loose around her shoulders. His breath caught in his throat. It seemed she had also been unable to sleep.

She stared at him as if she was trying to memorise what she saw, and after what seemed like an age stated simply, 'I love you.'

And then she was in his arms, kissing him, her warm hands on either side of his face, her eyes shining.

'I thought you would never speak to me again,' he managed to say as he cradled her in his arms.

'I know it was him,' she said, 'I know what he is capable of.'

'Has he hurt you?'

'On occasion, but I only have myself to blame. I've allowed him to control me.'

'I rejected you,' the Guard said sadly, 'What choice did you have?'

'Don't blame yourself,' she said stroking his cheek, 'What else could you have done? You didn't know what he would turn out to be.'

'I want to kill the bastard,' he said.

'No, just be patient. We will find a way,' and she kissed him again, a long lingering kiss that touched his soul. He could feel his heart healing at her touch, and his hands pushed beneath her cloak to rest on her waist and pull her to him. He never wanted to let her go.

Chapter 23: Love at last

To be reunited with his Princess was almost too much for the Guard to bear. The months of torment had crumbled away so suddenly that he hardly knew how to cope. It was as if his heart had been resurrected and now it beat wildly in his chest, ecstatic to be alive. He had to constantly remind himself to be careful because on the few occasions they had met in public they had stared at each other, barely stopping themselves from giving the game away. The King was not a stupid man, and his eyes were also constantly on the Guard these days. It was a ridiculously incendiary situation.

And the King never left her alone. It was impossible to meet. They both longed to wrap their naked bodies round each other once again, but the penalty of being found out was just too high.

Then hunting season began and the King announced he would go to his Lodge for a few days. He wanted to take the Queen but she had been ill of late, struck by mysterious fainting spells and a remote Lodge was not the place for her. He considered taking the Guard. A few days confined with that delicious hunk of a man would be entertainment indeed. He even allowed himself to fantasize for a while about what he would do to him, but then he came to his senses and remembered his vow to be faithful. The Guard would be too much temptation, so he took his usual retinue of footmen and sycophantic Lords.

The Queen watched them ride away through the castle gates hardly daring to believe her luck. The next few days would be like old times. At night, she would dismiss her maids and take the Guard to her bed. They would have uninterrupted hours to explore each other and rekindle the mutual desire that had been so suddenly cut off. She quivered at the thought.

But the Guard was still inhibited by her married state.

'You took Isabella and she is married,' the Princess said, snaking her hand under his jacket to feel the tight muscles under his shirt.

'Don't remind me,' he winced and added, 'She is not married to a King.'

'You had me first,' the Princess reminded him, kissing him firmly and slipping her tongue into his mouth. 'I have always been yours,' she murmured against his lips.

And with a groan he gave in and pushed her back onto the bed.

They made love all night. This was no longer just sex; it was a meeting of souls, a silent vow to become as one, a promise to never part. He branded her with his lips. He entered her, and filled her completely. He stroked her until her cries promised him love. And in the morning he tore himself away from her to disappear into the shadows.

But someone saw him leave, someone who knew what he looked like after a night of fucking. Someone who wanted revenge.

Chapter 24: Torn Apart

The Guard woke to the sudden realization that the bed was surrounded by dark figures. Before his eyesight could even adjust he was violently pulled from the Princess's embrace and his arms yanked behind his back.

A familiar cultivated voice hissed into his ear, 'You bastard, you'll pay for this.'

He struggled against the restraints, his thoughts only for the Princess. He managed to jerk his head towards the bed. She was awake now, sitting up, clutching the sheets to her.

The King's angry breath was hot in his ear. 'Have you fucked everything in this castle?'

The Guard kicked out, but the two men holding him were strong.

The King's hand rested on his chest and ran down his straining abdominal muscles, 'She couldn't resist you, could she?' he murmured. 'She couldn't resist a taste of you,' and turning to the bed, 'Feast your eyes, my darling. This is the last time you'll see him.'

The Princess was frozen with shock. She whimpered slightly.

'Get dressed,' the King ordered, throwing his trousers at him, and then to the Guards, 'Throw him in the dungeons.'

The last thing the Guard heard were the screams of his beloved Princess, echoing through the walls.

Chapter 25: Exile

The garden was blossoming with the first signs of Spring. Tiny flowers were pushing through the soil, reaching towards the weak Northern sun. The Queen smiled at her Maid in waiting as she touched their petals gently. She did not know how it was possible to feel happiness, but this place was peaceful and through the cold months of winter, had become a kind of refuge rather than a place of exile.

Her husband had remained at the castle, visiting infrequently. His obsession with her had waned which had brought her an uneasy peace. She was free to live a quiet life, with her Maid for company. He was still her husband and she was still the Queen but she had other priorities now.

She placed a hand on her hugely rounded belly and smiled again.

The baby came when the garden was fully blooming. The birth was a difficult one, but the Queen was strong and she found physical hardship much easier to endure than the emotional pain of the last nine months. And when he had been placed on her chest, and she had seen his thick black hair, she wept tears of joy.

He grew, happy and strong through the summer, his eyes darkening from blue to brown. The King, she had heard, was overjoyed to have a son and heir, and the Queen thanked God that he had not seen him yet. But despite this niggling worry, her joy was absolute. She had a daily reminder of her first and only love.

Chapter 26: A Visitor

The King arrived as the leaves of the orchard were turning brown. He rode into the courtyard with his retinue of purple clad soldiers and leaped off his horse with his usual agility. The Queen had not dressed yet, and she had been risen early by her maids to be given the news.

She rushed into the courtyard, still in her nightclothes determined to delay his mission to see his son.

"Where is he?" the King demanded, his handsome face cold and determined.

"What has taken you so long?" she asked.

"What business is it of yours?" he said, "You no longer have any rights." And he took her arm and roughly pulled her towards the house.

The baby was standing in his cradle, his little pudgy hands grasping the sides, eager to see his mother.

The King stopped in his tracks and stared at him, his face growing pale.

The Queen rushed towards her child and protectively gathered him up in her arms.

"Put him down," the King said through gritted teeth.

She held onto him tightly, kissing his dark curls.

"Put him down, you traitorous bitch," he hissed.

Tears sprang into her eyes, as he advanced on her. The baby started sobbing as she clung onto him tighter.

"He took your virginity, didn't he?" the King said as he wrestled the crying child from her. "It was him!"

She tried to hold onto the baby, but the King was strong and dumping him back into the cot he pulled her out of the room.

She cried out as he wrestled her onto the bed, pulling at her nightgown. "You will give me an heir, damn it!" he shouted as he tore at his flies. She tried to kick against him but he had her pinned to the bed, and he entered her roughly, making her cry out with pain.

He left immediately afterwards, and stumbling into the nursery, she found her baby had gone too.

Chapter 27: A Resurrection

The Queen was catatonic with grief. She lay in a darkened room, unable to speak or eat. The Maid in Waiting tried to care for her. She sponged her pale face with rose scented water and brought her bowls of fortifying broth, but the Queen lay with increasingly matted hair, staring into space, her blue eyes blank and empty.

Then, one day as the first snows began to fall, a stranger came riding up to the house. The hood of his course wool cloak covered his face, but the Maid could see his dark eyes intensely fixed on her as he dismounted his exhausted horse and strode towards her.

She gasped as he removed his hood and went running into the house.

"My Lady," she cried as she burst into the stale bedchamber, but he was right behind her and the Queen opened her eyes and thought she was hallucinating.

The Guard stood before her, his strong chin unshaven, his cheeks hollow, his long hair reaching his jaw line.

"I thought you were dead!" she managed to say as he came to her, kneeling beside the bed and drawing her into his arms.

The Maid quietly exited as the Queen sobbed into his chest.

"I escaped," he said as he stroked her hair, "Isabella helped me."

The Princess gazed up at him, still unable to believe this was real.

"He told me you were dead," she said as her hands held his face.

"I have been searching for you for months," he said as he choked back tears, "And here you are! I've found you," and his hot mouth enveloped hers, his strong hands cradling her head as their tongues met.

His hands delved beneath her gown and found her breasts and with an ecstatic sigh his lips enclosed her nipple through the thin cotton and his tongue lashed across the sensitive peak. She squirmed against him, desperate to feel him again, her long dormant desire awakening suddenly, a fire growing in her belly. Her hands went to his hardening cock as his fingers found her wet centre. She tugged him free from his coarse trousers, and then stilled for a moment, drinking in his face. Watching his eyes darken, and the long eyelashes lower, she opened her legs and pulled him onto her. He stared into her eyes as he slowly rubbed his hardness against her, then sank into her with one long stroke, sinking up to the hilt and sighing at the joy of feeling her surround him once again. He continued to stare into her eyes as he slowly withdrew and then sank into her once again, bringing a strangled moan from her throat. Her legs wrapped round him as his rhythm intensified and deepened. She grasped hold of his tight buttocks, and his hot mouth once again found her nipple, biting it gently as he drove into her. She threw her head back as he drove into her, again and again and his moans wrung a trembling release from her, all grief momentarily erased by an all encompassing ecstasy.

She lay on his heaving chest and her grief returned with a sudden pain. Tears began to flow once again.

"What is it, my love?" he asked, his gentle eyes full of concern.

"He has taken our child," she sobbed.

Chapter 28: An Ending

The Guard never wanted to go near the castle again, but this was one final mission that had to be accomplished, and he would take the Princess with him. He would never leave her side again.

They waited until she was strong once again and bid farewell to the Maid in Waiting, telling her to return to the Palace and inform the Princess's father of all that had transpired.

They rode through day and night until the familiar grey turrets rose from the trees ahead of them. They stopped for a while looking at the looming grey stone and pondering the danger of what they were about to do and the fact that they may never leave this place again.

The Guard looked at his love, disguised in boy's clothes, her golden hair coiled under a rough hat. Her expression was determined and fearless. He couldn't believe how much she had grown in just over a year, and at that moment, he loved her more fiercely than ever.

The King was asleep in his huge bed, unusually and luckily alone this night. The Guard had skillfully bypassed the King's bodyguards; it took one of their own to know how to trick them. The Princess silently followed him into her old bedchamber, keeping close check on her emotions. She had to remain in control.

The Guard took out his dagger and holding it against the King's pale throat, said clearly and firmly, "Do not move."

The King jerked awake, his grey eyes full of alarm, his legs instinctively kicking out, but he soon realized there was cold steel pressing into his throat.

"Do not make a sound," the Guard whispered.

The King stared into the Guard's eyes and hissed, "It's you!"

"Yes, it is me," he replied calmly. "I want you to take me to my son."

The King glanced at the other figure standing nervously behind the Guard, but it was clear he did not recognize her. The disguise was an effective one.

"What makes you think he is still alive?" the King said.

The Guard gritted his teeth and pressed the knife into his soft flesh, "He better be," he said, "or you are a dead man."

"OK," the King conceded, "I will take you to him, I'm not interested in keeping the little bastard anyway."

In the shadows, the Princess had to summon every ounce of her self-control.

The baby was being cared for by a laundry woman at the far end of the castle. The Guard had to pull the King through darkened corridors, his knife stuck in his back, constantly alert. By the time they reached the laundry woman's quarters, the Princess could hardly breathe.

The woman was startled to find the King and two strangers at her door in the dead of night, but when the King demanded to be let in, she quietly obeyed.

The Palace Guard

When the Princess saw her child she could have wept with relief. He was asleep in a cradle, healthy and clearly well cared for. The Guard's attentions were more occupied with keeping the King in check.

"Take him quickly," he said to the Princess and to the stunned laundry woman as they passed her, "Do not breath a word of this," and then they were out and away, riding through the starry night.

When they were at a safe distance, they stopped and the Guard was able to look at his son for the first time, aided by the moonlight. He lay in his mother's arms, fast asleep, his dark lashes fluttering on his cheeks. The Princess gently moved the blanket away from his face and the Guard stroked his cheek, murmuring, "He's perfect."

But then they heard galloping hooves and before they could respond, a horse appeared in front of them, rearing up angrily. The rider leapt from his saddle and shot towards them, tearing the baby from the Princess's arms.

"You are not going to get your happy ending," the King said, laughing wildly, but the Princess had not let go of the baby and passing him to his father, she grasped the knife hiding in her cloak and thrust it into the King's chest.

He slumped onto the ground, grasping himself, blood pumping into his fingers. The Princess pulled off her hat, letting her long hair fall down. She knelt by the King, blonde hair shining in the moonlight, and said "I am having your baby," as his breaths became laboured.

"I loved you," he managed to say before his breath died and he fell to the cold ground.

Chapter 29: A Happier Summer

August at the Palace was always a happy month. Pleasant breezes blew through the open windows and the sun shone through muslin curtains, shining on the children playing on the polished floor.

The Princess, her hair coiled demurely on her pretty head, stood and watched them push their wooden toys around the room and smiled happily to herself.

The door opened and a tall and elegant man entered the room. He was dressed in fine clothes, simple and plain but beautifully cut. As always, the Princess's breath caught in her throat when she saw him. His dark eyes fell on her and immediately lit up, a wide grin spreading across his lovely face, his hot gaze sweeping over her lush curves.

"My husband," she sighed and curled her arms around his waist, while they both contentedly watched their children. One dark, one fair, both equally loved.

Note from author: I am currently writing the sequel to this story 'Two Princes' Please read and comment!

The Palace Guard

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