



# His Bound Bedmate

**Author:** *Caroline Lee*

**Category:** Romance, Adult, Historical

**Description:** I am Prince Findlay, the third—and one might argue, completely superfluous—son in line to the throne of the Kingdom of Faencairn. The thought doesn't bother me, however, because I have my library and my work in the castle archives to keep me busy. I could brush off Father's instruction to marry, except I have in mind the perfect candidate. But what will she think of the special room in my chambers? Millicent is a quiet bibliophile, just like myself, but I suspect the shy exterior hides an adventuresome bedmate. Will she understand the freedom in allowing someone else control, and the pleasure to be found in bindings? There's only one way to find out...

**Total Pages (Source):** 20

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

## Chapter 1

Millicent

I love my job.

In today's world, there weren't many women who can say that sort of thing.

In today's world, the goal of most women was to not be employed at all, but rather to marry well and start making babies.

But I always knew I was different.

It wasn't that I had no interest in men or marriage...not at all. But from a young age, I had been determined to make my own way in the world. Not to subsume my own interests for the sake of appealing to a man.

Thanks to my family's connections, I'd been able to attend an all-women's college in Massachusetts, where I studied the classics. Though I hadn't been permitted to go up to university—the small sticking point of my sex being insupportable to the men in long gowns themselves—I had instead traveled Europe seeking the best masters in history, art, and literature. Eventually, I found a place I could belong: Faencairn.

The little island off Scotland understood a woman's mind could be just as lively as a gentleman's, and so here I was. The sole librarian for the Royal Archives.

Our archives didn't have patrons—as other libraries must—because researchers had

to be heavily vetted before they could even step into the locked rooms. We did not have inventory problems because none of the documents were allowed to leave. And we definitely didn't have building issues I needed to care about, because we were housed in the lower levels of a centuries-old castle, and there was an entire squad of people in charge of the building's upkeep.

Soooo...yes.

My occupation was fairly wonderful. Wonderful enough to pull me across the Atlantic from my native America. I'd actually discovered Faencairn during my studies on the Swedish Empire, and had become obsessed with learning all I could about the tiny island nation which had stood independent for so long.

My father was a relatively successful banker in Boston, who approved of my passions and agreed to fund a research trip to Faencairn. Once here, I had learned of this open job position, applied...and I had been in love with the place since then.

That was more than a year and a half ago, and I still thought this position was the most perfect opportunity for a woman like me. I regularly handled medieval documents relating to fascinating social history—birth and death records, pay ledgers, bills—and I was allowed to sit quietly in locked rooms and not have to interact with demanding patrons or difficult library staff.

Because down here in the Royal Archives of Faencairn, it was just me.

Just me...and the Head of the Archives.

I suppose here, he would be called my “superior”, but that was a far drier term than he merited. He was definitely one of the bonuses of the position.

Today I was in a good mood, humming to myself as I considered my good fortune. I

was finishing filing a series of castle wage records from the 1790s which I had finished transcribing on sturdier paper.

It had been mindless work, once I'd finished studying the numbers and contemplating inflation, and I was looking forward to something a bit more...exciting to read.

One of the benefits of being a librarian was having access to all sorts of books other women might not know about, and I had recently come into possession of the most fascinatingly illustrated works I'd ever encountered:

*A Harlot's Guide to the Forbidden and Delightful Arts.*

As much as I adored my position here, today I was looking forward to returning to my small suite allotted to the librarian and reading another few pages of the book. That morning I had begun my day rather rapturously by reading all about *The Swooping Hawk*.

My cunny was still a bit sore, truth be told.

I had to be rough, in order to capture the sensations I loved.

Recently, I had learned something valuable about myself. Books such as *A Harlot's Guide* had unlocked a part of myself I hadn't been able to name before. The sexual positions described made me long to try them with a partner—someone more skilled than just my fingers.

I'd come to realize I love the idea of a man taking charge of my body like that, of being totally in control of me. I'd even experimented a few times with hot wax and tight clamps on my nipples, just to make sure I wasn't mad.

The good news is, I was not mad, in case you were concerned.

Just the thought of such experiments could make me breathless, made me squeeze my thighs together beneath my simple black skirt.

I slammed the filing cabinet shut and spread my fingers across the smooth wood, forcing myself to breathe deeply.

Over the years, I'd taken a few discreet lovers...but they'd all fallen disappointingly short. They were just so nice.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

Perhaps reading those books had ruined me for nice gentlemen, but I didn't want that sort anymore. Now I was looking for a man.

A man who could touch me and make me scream in pleasure. I wanted a man who commanded respect and obedience and who would know exactly what to do with my body. A man who would own me completely.

Oh, who in damnation was I fooling? It wasn't the books which had ruined me. It was my superior.

The lock on the main office door clicked and my gaze went right to the door. So few castle servants had the key that I found myself holding my breath, hoping—

Yes.

Prince Findlay—my superior—stepped into the front office of the Royal Archives, and I couldn't help the appreciative smile which lit my face.

The man was just perfect. Tall and dark with a perfectly smooth jaw, so different from other men and their messy mustaches and muttonchops. He wasn't skinny, but didn't have his brothers' bulk, either. Sometimes I found myself staring at his lithe fingers, imagining what they could do to a willing woman...

"Millicent," he acknowledged with a nod, short on conversation as always.

I thrust myself to my feet, curtsying deferentially. "Good morning," I greeted him. "Findlay."

Last year he'd given me permission to call him by his first name, rather than his title, while we were working because "Your Highness" could get tiring after a while. I had eagerly grabbed the opportunity, smug in the knowledge that everyone else called him "Your Highness".

Oh, I knew it wasn't like he'd given me permission because I was special. It was merely because I was his underling, but it still was nice to pretend we had some kind of connection. Lord knew I'd love the chance to become his underling for real. Or his overling. Or his sideways-ling. Or his upside-ling. Or his tied-up-and-spanked-ling. Or his any-way-he-wanted-me-ling.

Oh yes, I had it bad for Findlay.

He hummed as he crossed to the main desk where he usually worked. "Ye finished this correspondence already? I was dreading those."

Findlay was in charge of the Royal Archives, a perfect job for him. He was just as much an academic as I was, and could swiftly lose himself in these old documents. He definitely had the most arousing brain of anyone I'd ever met, and it was wrapped up inside the most arousing body I'd ever seen.

I swallowed, reminding myself he was my superior, and forced the muscles in my inner thighs to relax. I slid back into my desk chair and cleared my throat.

"I know replying to all of the requests isn't your favorite thing, so I took care of it."

Were his lips curled just slightly as he gave me an approving nod? "And what are ye working on now?"

I couldn't help but sit taller, thanks to his approval. "I finished transcribing the pay records, although I had to design a new filing system to keep them all straight."

His head was cocked to one side as he studied me. “Remarkable.”

“Your Majesty?”

He shook himself. “I mean, is there anything I need to ken?”

God, he had a brogue which made my toes curl. I mean...everyone in Faencairn sounded like that—their accents weren’t quite Scottish Highlands, but close enough—but Findlay’s voice always made me want to tear open my blouse and squeeze my own nipples.

I swallowed, reminding myself to be professional.

“There was another request from Oxford University, Your Highness.” I was definitely flustered. Perhaps I shouldn’t have touched myself this morning while thinking of him. Occupational hazard. But really, what was a girl to do after seeing the illustration of the woman restrained, at the man’s mercy? The thought of being in such a position with him...“I—I placed it there.”

Humming, he picked up the letter and scanned it, as I tried to get my arousal under control.

It was his job to handle all the requests from researchers around the world, and I was glad of it; the man spoke four languages fluently, and could read and write two more well enough to make himself understood. Besides, the responses looked more impressive signed by “Prince Findlay of Faencairn”.

When I next glanced at him, the letter was sitting, ignored, under his hand as he tapped a long finger against the desk. He was staring at me, really studying me, those gorgeous blue eyes of his caressing my face...and lower.

My thighs quivered at the realization. The man of my dreams was staring at my breasts! Unconsciously I sat straighter, although I knew my small bosom—I barely needed a corset!—was unlikely to attract a powerful man like him.

Still, this was definitely going to be fodder for a hot and messy self-pleasuring evening. My lips quirked at the thought.

My reaction must've pulled his attention back to my face. He blinked and frowned, almost as if he were irritated at himself.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

“Millicent, ye’ve worked here almost two years, aye?”

“Nineteen months, Your High—Findlay.”

“And in that time, have I ever asked yer opinion about a woman?”

My throat closed up. Woman? He wanted to talk to me about his love life?

His perfect lips curved into one of his rare grins. “Judging from your lovely wide-eyed stare, I’m assuming I never have.”

He thinks I’m lovely?

“I need yer help.”

I forced my voice to work. “Anything, Findlay,” I whispered. “Anything for you.”

“I want ye to help me choose a wife.”

## Chapter 2

Findlay

I loved the way her dark eyes widened further and her lips parted in the sexiest “oh”.

In the almost-two-years I’d worked with Millicent, God knows I’d wanted to flirt with her. To feel her out, to find out if she’d be a good partner for me. But she was

my inferior, technically, and a damned good librarian...I couldn't afford to fook up that situation.

But now that Father demanded we marry, I was looking at all the women in my acquaintance a little differently. The problem was, I couldn't just find a female who was compatible with me emotionally and mentally...I needed to find one compatible with me sexually.

One who understood my little peculiarities, who embraced them.

And there was something about Millicent which told me she might be the one.

I knew her as well as anyone might know their librarian, and I respected her. She was a true academic, as I was, and managed to constantly surprise me with her knowledge of obscure social history. I could never be happy with an empty-headed woman interested only in the latest fashions...and Millicent was anything but.

Also, she was—as far as I was concerned—physically perfect. Tall, slender, with hair as dark as mine, and skin pale enough to make her blue eyes glow. I'd always found her beautiful, but now I examined her with thoughts of forever in mind, I had to admit she was stunning.

I smiled slightly as my eyes raked her from head to—well, I'd say 'toe', but honestly I didn't get much further south than her tits. Over the last year I hadn't let myself indulge in just staring at her, and judging from the way she shifted in that chair, the way she couldn't meet my eyes...she wasn't unaffected by my gaze. A flush crept up from the high neckline of her blouse, an obvious sign of her reaction.

My lips twitched again, and I liked the way she stared at them.

"Findlay?" she whispered again, and I was suddenly quite glad I'd given her

permission to call me by my true name. It was going to make the next steps easier.

When I stood and crossed the room to her desk, I made sure to move slowly so she could see all of me. I was wearing my typical all-black, and had enough control over my body that I didn't have a raging cockstand in my trousers...but surely she could feel the sensuality in the room.

The air was thick with it.

“So... Ye'll help me, Millicent?”

I let my tongue caress her name, and she finally glanced away to her desk.

“Y-Yes, Your Highness. I would be happy to help you,” she said quietly.

“Good.” I nodded towards her notebook. “I could use a woman's perspective. If ye'll take notes?”

I didn't have a secretary, male or female, and of course Millicent knew that. She didn't appear irritated when she swiveled in her chair and flipped to a new page, which she labeled—without any prompting from me—“Choosing Prince Findlay of Faencairn a Wife”.

I hummed in appreciation of her competence.

Her fingers—with their pale pink nails—dipped the pen in the inkwell and held it above the paper, in an almost anticipatory way, as I stood behind her. I wanted to touch her, touch the long black hair she'd pulled into a simple bun.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

Instead I locked my hands behind my back. “What do you think is the most important aspect in choosing a wife?”

Without hesitation, she began to write in her beautiful, efficient hand. She dictated as she did. “Primary consideration should be intelligence. You wouldn’t be satisfied without a wife who could challenge you intellectually, who enjoyed the same things you did.”

“Ye ken me well,” I complimented her, adoring the way that blush crept up her stately neck. “What sorts of things do ye think we should both enjoy?”

Again, her pen scratched across the page. “Books. Reading. History and world events. Learning new things and enjoying that learning.”

I hummed in agreement. “Sharing such pleasures is vital to a successful partnership. I require a wife who wouldnae bore me. Education is important.”

“What level?” The pen lifted, as if waiting for my requirements.

“I would expect a learned wife. Although higher education isnae possible for most women, I would expect a woman who has studied extensively in her area of expertise.”

She made the notes, but hesitantly. Then, still staring at the notebook, she licked her lips. “Ah...Faencairn is a small country, Your High—Findlay. Requiring a college decree will severely limit your candidacy pool. I was only able to attend because Americans are more advanced when it comes to women’s education.”

Out of her line of sight, I smiled slightly. Aye. I ken. I knew which candidate I wanted, but needed to see if she was...amenable. "We'll deal with that later. What's next?"

She hesitated again, then began to write, but slower this time. "Appearance. As a princess of Faencairn, she needs to be poised and attractive—"

"Nay," I cut her off with a bark, and liked the way she didn't flinch, but immediately lifted the pen, gaze demur. "My wife's appearance matters to nae one but myself."

"Yes," she agreed, subdued. Dragging the pen's nib across what she'd just written, striking it out, she asked without looking up at me, "What are your preferences for her appearance?"

Excellent. Millicent could understand my reasoning, and adjust accordingly.

"She must match me in height, so I dinnae need to lean down to address her." To kiss her. "I have a preference for darker coloring."

Millicent's writing became slower as I dictated, and I assumed it was because she was realizing I could be describing her.

"And her—her build, Your Highness?"

Yers. "Thin, but not waifish. Lithe. I have nae need for a big arse or big tits." Knowing I was being deliberately crude, I hid my smile as the pen skipped across the paper. "In fact, as far as I'm concerned, more than a handful is a waste."

She made a slight choking noise as she wrote, and I knew it was in reaction to my words, in realization that I was describing her. From where I stood, looming over her, I could glance down the line of her blouse. I knew her tits were small and perky and

just begging for a man's mouth.

I leaned down, one hand on the back of her chair and one hand beside her notebook, ostensibly to peer at what she was writing, but really so I could inhale her scent deeply.

And what I smelled pleased me. She was wearing one of the plain skirts she preferred, and I could see that her knees were pressed tightly together beneath the petticoats. Very tight.

Still, that didn't help mask the indisputable scent of arousal. My Millicent was turned on by my nearness, and her cunny was sending out the pheromones to tell me so.

I couldn't wait to taste them.

Oh, this is going to be worth the wait.

"Education and appearance," I muttered, pretending great interest in what she'd written already. "But compatibility should be next."

"Co—compatibility?"

"Aye."

I dragged out the word and saw her shiver slightly. I leaned closer until my lips were only inches from her ear and my breath skimmed the small hairs at the base of her neck. I kept my attention on the notebook, where she was writing "Compatibility", but watched her from the corner of my eye.

"You see, Millicent... I have certain requirements when it comes to a sexual relationship, and I expect my wife to understand them."

Slowly, she wrote “Requirements?” and I could smell the sharp tinge of desire rolling off her.

Aye, she was attracted to me. But was she ready for everything I would demand?

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

I allowed myself a grin. We were about to find out.

“I require a wife who is adventurous. Who is willing to experiment, to allow herself the freedom to look beyond what others do, and find the pleasure—the incredible, intense pleasure—in the unexpected.”

With each word I leaned closer, until I was breathing in her ear, reveling in the small shivers I saw on her neck.

“The pleasure in allowing me to open her body to new levels of erotic joy, in reaching orgasmic heights she’d only dreamed of.” I lowered my voice to a whisper. “The pleasure of trust. The pleasure of being bound.”

The pen jerked in her hands, blotting over the “B” in the word she hadn’t written yet, her breathing shallow and her attention focused on the page.

I straightened quickly, satisfied. “Ye signed a privacy contract when you came to work for my family, Millicent.” I knew damn well she had. “So I feel comfortable sharing something with ye.”

I watched that gorgeous throat of hers—where I wanted to place a diamond collar to scream to the world “She’s mine!”—work as she swallowed, and felt my cock thicken. So much for my iron self-control.

Her gaze still on the page of her notebook, she whispered, “Anything, Findlay.”

At her willing and immediate obedience, I offered her my hand. When she took it

without hesitation, warmth shot up my arm. Judging from the way her eyes widened, she felt it too. My lips quirked. I pulled her to her feet, noting the way she kept her knees pressed together.

Oh, it's not going to help, my soon-to-be-princess. I can smell yer dripping pussy from here.

Knowing how much she wanted my attentions just made my cockstand harder.

"Come with me," I commanded. I needed to see if she was as adventurous as I'd guessed.

## Chapter 3

### Millicent

My heart was pounding as he led me out of the Archives' front office towards the main staircase. Could it be because I'd just spent a delicious ten minutes with him hovering behind me, my skin tingling at his nearness and practically panting at his scent?

Very likely.

Could it be because he was trusting me, speaking to me as an equal, asking my opinion and valuing my intellect?

Almost assuredly.

Could it be because he was still holding my hand, which he'd tucked into the crook of his elbow, and was now tracing little circles across the back of with his thumb?

Well, obviously.

Try as I might, I couldn't recall him ever touching me before. He must have, surely?

But never—never—in the sensual way he'd taken my hand and was holding me now; far enough apart to be formal, but entirely too close for a prince to dally with a mere librarian. Part of my brain was screaming "He's your superior, Millicent, is this allowed?" but the larger part screamed back, "Quiet, you want this!"

I was listening to that part.

Because holy hell did I want this. I wanted it badly. I had wanted him to touch me like this from the moment I'd laid eyes on Prince Findlay, and the current damp state of my bloomers proved how ready and willing I was to do anything to help him right now.

Anything.

Even if that meant helping him chose a bride.

As we walked together through the main halls of the castle, nodding to passing servants like everything was perfectly normal, I couldn't help but think of his list of requirements. The ones he'd dictated to me. The ones which had sounded an awful lot like...me.

I wondered how much courage it would take to say, "You know, I meet the standards you've laid out, Your Highness."

To my surprise, we started up the main staircase, towards the upper floors and the royal family's living quarters. Was he taking me to his bedchamber? Why?

My heart managed to double-time, somehow.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

Oh my, he was. When he opened the double door to his suite, my eyes widened.

The room we were in was full of shelves, and enough books to rival the Archives three floors below our feet. The carpet was lush and a dark red, there were comfortable chairs spread throughout, and a little dining area under the large windows which looked out over the mountains.

If I had thought about it, I would've pictured Findlay in a room finished in leather and dark wood, utilitarian and elegant in its simplicity. But this room? This was essentially every female librarian's dream.

At least, I assumed that, until he led me across the thick carpet to one of the doors leading off the room.

I had assumed they led to a bathroom and bedroom and the like, but this third door was smaller than the others...and locked. He pulled a large, ornate key from a chain around his neck, proving this was a very secret room indeed.

Now I knew what my wet dream was—being shown a secret room by my dream prince. Yes! My heart was pounding so hard I couldn't believe he couldn't hear it, and my arm tightened around his.

When the door swung open, my heart's frantic pounding ceased. Just—ceased.

After a long moment it started up again, slower and more sedately, just like my breathing. I pulled away from Findlay's arm and stepped into the room, peering around as if in a dream.

Whereas the outer room was stuffed to the brim with books and coziness, this seemed more the room I would've imagined him in. Besides the bed—a queen-sized one—draped in black velvet, the rest of the room was leather and wood. Even the headboard was a black-leather monstrosity, with...with padded cuffs and chains dangling from it.

There was a large wooden “X” propped against the corner, a dais standing under a set of cuffs dangling from the ceiling, and a large leather armchair in front of both. On the other side of the bed was some sort of swing hanging from a series of hooks, and something which looked like a medieval stock and pillory.

The academic part of my brain was cataloging all of this intellectually, inspecting each device as if I could understand its purpose and use.

Which was all to the good, because the rest of me had melted into a wet, sloppy pool of oh God yes please at the sight.

“Do ye ken what all this is?”

Findlay's low voice caused me to spin around, and there he was, lounging against the doorframe as if he had all the time in the world. I nodded—recognizing some of the devices from *A Harlot's Guide*—then paused and rethought my response, and finally shook my head.

His lips curled slightly and my knees went weak. If my cunny hadn't already been dripping, it would've been by now.

“This is my special room. Few women get to see this, and fewer still get to experience it.” He straightened and moved into the room, languidly trailing his fingers along the top of an armchair in a way which made my throat tighten with longing. “This is where my most powerful, most intense sexual encounters take place,

and it's vital my future wife be not just willing to join me here, but eager to."

I forced my voice to work. "T-Tell me," I managed to choke. I was worried I sounded judgmental or offended, when really I was one step away from stripping off my clothing and climbing up into that swing.

He stared at me with those gorgeous blue eyes for a few moments, then nodded. He crossed to the large X-shaped piece of wood, and I saw the cuffs dangling from the ends. It was obviously intended to keep a person spread-eagled, for whatever purpose...

"This is called a St. Andrew's Cross," he said in that erotically low voice of his. "Can you guess why?"

Please. I'm a librarian in a medieval castle. I lifted my chin. "Because Andrew the apostle was crucified on an X-shaped cross. In heraldry—such as on the Scottish flag, where Andrew is their patron saint—it's called a saltire."

He smiled. Not his usual lip-twitch, but a full-on smile which was filled with pride. Instead of making my bloomers wet—as most of his expressions did—this one made my heart swell. I was proud of making him proud, proud of pleasing him, and his reaction warmed me.

God help me, I was in love with my prince.

"Good," he said with a nod. "I kenned ye would know that. It's why I love yer brain."

My brain?

I should have been offended, but I knew how much intellect meant to a man like him, so instead I was...flattered. Pleased. I ran my hands down my sides and over my hips,

wanting to make him proud again. And when his eyes followed the movements, I saw how.

“Show me more,” I whispered. Commanded.

He was still staring at my hips—could he tell how wet I was already?—but nodded and dragged his attention away. “This,” he said, crossing to the small dais, “is the simplest of the devices in this room.”

He settled himself into the leather armchair, but didn’t lounge. Instead he stared at me intensely. “This is where a person learns if she is willing to trust her partner. Trust me. Standing here” —he gestured to the dais without taking his eyes from mine— “bared for my eyes only, willing to completely submit herself to my will and desires...” He took a deep breath. “It’s what I expect from a wife, and it’s something I am willing to offer to do for her, in turn. I want a wife who will not only trust me like that, but who enjoys that level of trust.”

Me me me pick me! Me! I wanted to scream, but the intensity and—dare I label it?—longing in his gaze made me hold my tongue.

I needed to show him I was the woman he was looking for...even if we were never to be married, I wanted to be one of the few to experience this room. To show him I could trust him. To give him my everything.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

### Chapter 4

#### Findlay

When Millicent stepped up onto the dais and lifted her hands above her head to grab the cuffs dangling above, I nearly smiled again. I'd been hoping this would be her response, but hadn't been willing to bet on it.

She stood there, looking down at me where I sat, and God was she beautiful. Made me want to pull out my cock right here and jerk it a few times. She was so proud and nervous and brave all at once, and I couldn't wait to show her how things could be between us.

How they would be. If only she would trust me.

"Like this?" she whispered.

My cock jumped in my pants. Fook, aye, like this, sweetheart.

But instead I said calmly, "Almost."

I stood up and went to her. Since she was standing on the six-inch dais—designed to make the person feel like he or she is the center of attention—she was actually a little taller than me.

I had to reach up to brush my fingers across her chin, and I loved the way she shivered.

“Ye see,” I whispered, dropping my fingers to the top button of her shirtwaist, “this is about baring yourself. About giving yourself over in trust to your partner. I would require my wife to bare herself to me.” I popped open the button. “May I continue?”

Her pink tongue flicked out from between her dark lips. She didn’t say anything, but nodded, eyes wide.

I unbuttoned the next one, and the next. Her breathing was quickening and I could smell her arousal again. She shifted her weight from foot to foot, but I pretended as though I couldn’t see or understand the reason why.

When I finished with the buttons, I reached up to her neckline again and gently parted the two sides of the material, pretending like it was her pussy lips as I did so. She sucked in a breath—not startled, but pleased, I thought—as my gaze dropped to her tits.

She wore a corset, of course, but was slender enough that I encountered no trouble in popping open the clasps. The material fell aside...

And we both sighed in unison, her chest heaving. Beneath her sheer chemise, I could see her small breasts; perfect handfuls, the nipples the same dark pink of her lips.

What I had in mind required her tits to be bare, but that was impossible in this position. So I delicately—so delicately—tore the neckline of her chemise, and ripped it slowly down the middle, until it gaped open, revealing her breasts to my gaze.

I felt my mouth fill with saliva, desperate to taste her.

But that’s all I did; I looked. I stared at her, standing there on the dais, gripping the straps above her head, and inside my chest felt light, knowing she was offering me everything I’d wanted.

When the muscles in her forearms clenched, I knew she was anxious to begin.

I met her eyes once more and she swallowed suddenly. I watched her throat work, and knew which part of her I wanted to taste first. Her neck was even with my lips, so I stepped forward and pressed a kiss there, to the side of her jaw.

She stiffened. "You're a prince. We mustn't—"

"Millicent," I whispered against her skin, then lifted my head. Holding her gaze, I murmured, "Here, I am Findlay. You are Millicent." She didn't seem convinced. "Do you trust me?"

Her nod was immediate, and made my chest lighten.

"Good lass," I whispered, lowering my mouth to her throat once more. When my lips grazed her skin this time, lower and lower, she leaned toward me...and when I placed a kiss in the hollow at the base of her throat, she actually moaned and thrust her head back, pushing those tits closer.

I managed to rein in the impulse to cup them, to squeeze them. Instead I kept my hands by my sides and allowed my tongue to do all the work.

I reached her nipples, circling first one, then the other with my tongue, until I felt her panting and smelled her juices dripping down her legs.

Aye, she wants this. Wants me.

And the cockstand straining painfully against my trousers made it obvious I was aroused as hell from denying myself the feel of her under my palms.

I drew one nipple into my mouth, and as I sucked and nipped, she squirmed. Finally,

her breath burst out of her all at once.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

“Findlay! Please!” she moaned, rocking back and forth from the cuffs above. “I need...”

I knew what she needed. But I wanted her to say it. “What, Millicent? What do you need?”

“Kiss me.” Her eyes—hazy with desire—met mine, and she begged. “Please kiss me, Y-Your Highness.”

Your wish is my command. I straightened and lifted my face to hers, allowing her to be the one to close the final inches between us and lock her lips to mine.

Holy fook the woman could kiss! I was in very real danger of blowing my load right then and there, and I hadn’t even gotten to touch her properly yet. I forced myself to pull away before I wanted to, and loved the way she leaned to follow me.

“Millicent,” I cautioned, my voice rough from denying myself. “If ye’re going to help me chose the right wife, ye’re going to have to understand everything. Ye see...” I stepped away from her to pull open a drawer in the table beside the armchair. “This lifestyle isnae just about baring yourself to your partner. It’s about trusting him or her to make you feel good.”

I held up the nipple clamps, attached by the silver chain with the hook for the weights...and her eyes widened. But not in fear, as I had been worried they would...but in excitement. She knew what these were, whether from experience or research—God, she was such a studious woman. I wondered what she’d read about them, if she was eager to try them.

I moved in front of the dais again and met her eyes without touching her. Instead I lifted the nipple clamps, and watched her lick her lips again.

“Ye see, there are levels of pain which can bring pleasure. Or levels of pleasure that are on par with pain. You’ve heard of something ‘hurting so good’, aye?” She nodded, her gaze still on the clamps. “That’s what this is about. It’s about stimulating your skin in different and unusual ways. Not all the time—sexual pleasure is perfectly good without it, after all. But I...like to do things differently.”

She dragged her dark eyes to mine, and there still wasn’t any fear in them. Just desire. “Me too,” she confessed with a whisper.

I nodded, pleased I’d guessed correctly. She really was the perfect mate for me, and her being willing to bare herself like this to me, to trust me, seemed to demonstrate that. But I needed proof. I needed to be sure she wasn’t just saying this to get me to fook her—to get me to make her my wife.

I needed to test her.

## Chapter 5

Millicent

Oh yes, my prince.

I knew what those nipple clamps were. I’d read the Marquis de Sade’s works, knew how they pinched a woman’s nipples—if they were connected by a chain, as these were, they could even control a woman’s movements.

I didn’t have a set of my own, but I’d tried to simulate the effect with my hands. Always wished to be subjected to them.

It was possible we really were perfect for one another.

Findlay stepped closer. “Millicent, I’d like to try these on ye. But ye can ask me to stop any time—we’ll use a color code.”

I blinked, suddenly dragged away from my fantasies. “A...color code, Your Highness?”

“Findlay,” he gently reminded me, and I swallowed.

“Findlay,” I whispered, somehow feeling even more vulnerable than previously.

Which was remarkable, considering I was half-nude, holding onto ceiling chains, my legs dripping with my uncontrolled desire.

His lips twitched in approval. “I’ve found it’s easier to remember simple color code, than forcing myself to find words. Especially in a situation where words might be difficult, or thought incoherent. When the pleasure gets too much.”

It was difficult to imagine what situation would make this man incoherent. “What kind of color code?”

“If ye’re enjoying yourself, ye can tell me ‘green’. If ye want me to slow down, to let ye get used to the sensations, ye can say ‘yellow’. And if ye want me to stop whatever I’m doing, nae questions asked, ye say ‘red’ and I will do so. Do ye understand?”

I looked him straight in those blue eyes of his, and told him the truth. “I love that you’re worried about my consent, Findlay. But you should know that hooking those things to my nipples will make me want to—to fook you more.”

It was the first time I'd had the courage to say that—to tell him how much I wanted him. To admit how aroused he made me, standing there in front of me fully dressed, looking at my bare breasts.

But his only acknowledgement was a slight curve of his lips, and a small approving nod. "We'll see," Findlay said quietly.

He focused his gaze on my left nipple, and even though he wasn't touching me, I felt it go hard instantly. It was as though my body knew what was coming and was readying myself for it. He hummed quietly, and in one quick movement, reached out to pinch the nipple in one of the clamps.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

I felt his attention go immediately to my face, but I couldn't see anything. As soon as I felt that sweet, intense pinching on my sensitive nipple, my head fell backwards and I groaned. I almost lost my grip on the cuffs above my head when my knees gave out, but I forced myself upright once more.

When I managed to drag myself back to the present, to wonder why he'd only clamped one nipple, it was to find him staring at me, breathing heavily.

"Red?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Green, green—both of them."

He cleared his throat. "Ye look as if ye need some help."

"Yes." I smiled as sweetly as I could manage. "Do you think you could actually strap me into these cuffs? I'm afraid I'll fall over when you bring me to ecstasy."

The next thing I knew, he was standing beside me on the small dais, tossing my shirtwaist and corset to the floor, then lifting my arms above my head.

He strapped the cuffs around first one wrist, then the other, and I clenched the chains tightly, sure now I wasn't going to lose my footing.

"Being bound like this is different from the clamps. It's no' something ye can experiment with on your own." His voice was low and gravelly. "This is about giving complete control to yer partner. It's incredibly freeing."

“Have you done it before?” Would he maybe—possibly?—consider giving up control to me someday?

He slowly nodded, as if answering both my questions, asked and unasked. I whimpered.

Without breaking eye contact—God that was erotic!—he dragged his palms down my arms and across my back. It felt so good—almost like he was embracing me.

I sucked in my breath and stared at his lips.

“Yellow?” he whispered.

I shook my head again. “Green.”

His hands moved around to my front and cupped my breasts. I knew they were smaller than most, but the attention he paid them made me feel like one of the women illustrated in *A Harlot’s Guide*. He made me feel like a goddess! He pinched and squeezed my right one, while he leaned over to blow cool air across the one still clamped.

Thank God for the cuff, or I would’ve fallen over when my knees gave out on me without warning.

“What do ye want next, Millicent?” His voice had that low timber that went right to my core and made me quiver with need.

“I want...” I squirmed which caused the clamps to tug on my nipple, and the sensation made me gasp. “I want to see ye.” Even though I couldn’t touch him, it wasn’t fair I was shirtless and he wasn’t.

With that fair curling of his lips, he shrugged out of his jacket and tossed it aside. He wore no tie or waistcoat, but popped his braces off his shoulder and reached for the waistline of his trousers.

After untucking his shirt, he began to unbutton it. I licked my lips and watched like a hawk, but he didn't make any ceremony of it. When it was unbuttoned, he merely pulled it off and threw it over the chair where he'd been sitting earlier, with the rest of our clothing.

I stared. God, he's gorgeous. He was just as trim and lithe without a shirt as he was fully dressed, but now I could see the expanse of those perfectly chiseled muscles, rather than merely imagining them...and for the first time, I regretted being tied. My fingers itched to touch him, and I found myself straining against the cuffs.

But when he stepped back toward me and picked up the other end of the chain dangling from my tit, I became distracted again. When he tugged slightly, I began to melt. What is he—?

He hooked the other clamp to his own nipple.

A faint hiss of air between his teeth, then he met my eyes again, and I saw there in his normally stoic expression how aroused he was. I moaned and leaned towards him. We were connected now, linked by the silver chain which ran between our nipples, by the pleasure and the pain and the trust we'd shown.

"Findlay," I managed to groan.

"What is it, Millicent? What do ye need?" he asked gently, in such an erotic tone my wrists strained once again at my cuffs.

"You." I met his eyes. "You, please. Fook me."

“Nae,” he whispered, his palm going to my cheek. I didn’t have time to feel devastated before he followed it up with, “No’ until our wedding night.”

Our wedding night?

So he was marrying— What?

There was too much pleasure slamming around in my mind to process what he was saying—I felt woozy and languid and excited all at once. All it was going to take was one little push and I would fall over the edge.

My first warning was the swish of my petticoats against my calves, and I realized he was hiking up my skirts.

“Red?” he growled as his hands slid up my thighs and reached the waist of my bloomers.

“Green,” I gasped, dropping my head back. “Green, please.”

Maybe he chuckled as he pushed my bloomers down to my knees, but I couldn’t be sure. The next thing I felt was his hand on my core, and the sensation sent me upright again. My gaze slammed into his as he slid a finger along my weeping cleft.

“Mmmmm.” He made a noise low in his throat as he stroked me. “I knew ye’d be ready for me.” When he withdrew his fingers and held them up between us, he inhaled. “Ye’ve been dripping wet for me for a while, have ye no’?”

I nodded, my eyes locked on his, trying to explain the feelings I’d had for him for ages...

Days...

Weeks...

Almost two years...

The trouble was, figuring it out was rather irrelevant at this juncture. What with the cuffs and nipple clamps and being half naked and all.

“Good lass,” he whispered, and my knees went weak again, right before he pushed two fingers into me.

I whimpered and tried to lower myself on his hand. It’s not enough! I wanted to yell. Give me your cock! That was when he flicked his thumb across my clitoris and a jolt of pleasure shot through me. A third finger joined the other two, and even though I knew it wasn’t nearly as good as his cock in me, it felt divine.

Especially when he pressed against my clitoris with the heel of his palm, and began to rub.

I jerked against the cuffs and chains, my eyes widening. How’d he know? How’d he know that pressure was exactly what I needed to find pleasure? I felt the orgasm building behind my clitoris, and I alternated between pressing forward against him, and dropping down so I was impaled on his hand.

God, this felt so good!

“Your cock,” I managed to gasp.

“Will stay right where it is, Millicent,” he said calmly, still finger-fucking me. “This is all about control, remember? And as badly as I want to whip my cock out and shove it inside your hot, wet, remarkably tight little pussy, it’s going to stay buttoned inside my trousers.” He thrust his fingers into me again, his palm rough against my

core. “It’s going to make our wedding night that much better.”

I could barely concentrate. Could barely see. “You want to—to marry me?”

“Aye,” he said simply. “Ye ken my preferences and my requirements. Ye’re my ideal mate. I just needed to see if ye could trust me enough to give up control this way.”

I sagged against the chains holding me to the ceiling, beyond grateful for them. The way he was making me feel—the way he was making me act!—I wouldn’t have been upright without them. He continued to thrust into me, the pressure and pleasure building with each movement.

“Well...” I gasped in time to his thrusts. “Far be it...for me...to go...against a...prince’s orders.”

He smiled again, then stepped close enough that our bare chests touched. His left hand cupped my tit, and our clamped nipples brushed against one another. His fingers in my cunny stroked and cupped and pressed and flicked until the sensations nearly overwhelmed me. I felt them building up, felt them ready to explode...

And then he kissed me.

When his lips touched mine, my orgasm began. I bucked against his hand and the cuffs, but his left hand wrapped around my middle and pressed me against his bare chest. The chain in between us, his fingers in my pussy, his lips on my skin...they were too much.

Too much, all together, that I came apart.

I rode that wave of orgasm forever, bucking against him and his hand. He’d done that to me. For me. He’d shown me how incredible it could be to trust someone, to give

up all control.

If I hadn't been in love with him before, I was now.

As I slowly came back down to earth, I could feel his eyes on me. I opened mine to find him staring at me hungrily. His cock was still a bulge in his trousers, pressing against my hip, but I just smiled languidly. I knew he wasn't going to take it out, not yet. And truthfully, I loved the idea of making us wait, of building the anticipation. I wondered what other tools and devices we could use in the meantime...

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

“Marry me, Millicent?” he whispered, not taking his eyes off mine.

“Yes,” I whispered back. I stood there in my prince’s secret room, cuffed to the ceiling, his fingers still in me and our hearts still linked by the silver chain attached to our nipples, and I knew.

This was the start of a whole new world.

### Chapter 6

#### Findlay

“Ye ken, now would be a good time to smile.”

I grunted in response to my brother’s joke. Wulf was standing up at the altar with me, only because he was the least-objectionable of my brothers. He knew my peculiarities—or at least had guessed them—and didn’t appear to disapprove.

Of course he had his own little peculiarities, and one of them was sitting there in the row behind our brothers, smiling up at us.

Wulf wasn’t even looking at his new wife, though. “I mean it,” he said under his breath, his attention on the door in the back of the family chapel, as was mine. “There’s just as many guests here as there were at Rik’s wedding. Least ye could do is crack a smile while ye wait for your bride to appear.”

He was right—there were a surprising number of guests here. I’d given Mother a

week to plan the wedding, perfectly content with some utilitarian ceremony. After discussing it with Millicent, we decided neither of us needed something big, but I knew it was important to my parents to have some sort of ceremony after Wulf's impromptu one.

Little had we known exactly how much pomp Mother could manage in seven days.

It seemed as though each of our allied nations had managed to send a representative, and that wasn't even counting the people of Faencairn who were present. I hadn't realized I had quite so many cousins.

While the wedding was being held here in the castle rather than the cathedral, Mother had still managed to decorate it tastefully, with some understated swag and simple flowers.

I approved.

"Beowulf," I asked him in a low voice, while keeping my focus on the rear door Millicent would soon walk through, "have ye ever seen me 'crack a smile'?"

My brother hummed thoughtfully. "There was that time at the lake when— Nay. What about when you thought Rik had—? Nay, I guess no' then either. Do you smile?"

My lips twitched, remembering a few times in the last week Millicent had made me smile. She really was a remarkable woman. However, I didn't need Wulf to know that.

"Why should I smile now?"

My brother exhaled a sort of huff. "Because ye're about to get married to the woman

we're trying to convince the world ye love."

"I do love her." And I would tell her. Soon. "But I also haven't cum in over a week and my ballocks are aching right now just thinking about what I'm going to be able to do to her as soon as this damned ceremony is over and I'm desperate to bury my cock in her tight little pussy." I kept my voice bland as I turned to my brother. "So ye'll forgive me if I'm not jumping for joy."

Wulf's smile was huge. Not a I'm-Pleased-For-You Smile, but an I'm-Glad-Someone-Else-Is-Doing-Something-As-Improper-For-Once Smile. "Sounds like ye'd rather be fooking, instead."

I nodded solemnly. "I plan on it, very soon. Oh yes, I do."

He might've replied to my quip—as close as I came to a joke—but the music began and my attention returned to where it belonged: on her.

Millicent stepped through the door on the arm of her father, followed by her sister and mother, and I quit thinking about my brother, or the priest, or the ceremony at all. She was fooking gorgeous.

The gown had been made especially for her. The purple silk hung from her tall frame, the color crisp against her skin. There was a high neckline, but that just meant I could see her tits that much better, those perfect little nipples already hard and pushing against the silk.

She wasn't wearing a corset...just as I'd requested.

When she walked the material pooled in between her legs, and I imagined I could see the faintly darker "V" between her legs, although it should have been impossible.

And when her father placed her hand in mine, I was damn sure I could smell her arousal.

The ceremony was sufficient, that's all I remembered.

I spoke when prompted, and Millicent did the same. But neither of us pulled our eyes away from the other. In those moments, we made promises which had nothing to do with whatever the priest was saying, nothing at all with duty and honor and God.

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

No, our promises were about trust and control and pleasure.

And when it came time to exchange rings, Wulf handed me the jewelry case. I removed the “rings” I’d commissioned that week, and I loved the way her eyes lit up with joy when she saw them. It was a good thing I hadn’t let my mother know.

Instead of her finger, I slipped the gold-and-diamond cuff around her wrist, and said, “With this ring, Millicent, I pledge my love, my life, and my body.”

She took the black leather cuff from Wulf—thin and understated, but perfect—and snapped it around my wrist. “With this ring, Findlay, I pledge my love, my life, and my body.”

When I kissed her she pressed her hips against mine, and moaned against my lips when she felt my cockstand straining for her.

We didn’t make it to the reception. That was one lesson I had learned from my older brother. As we left the rear of the chapel, I didn’t stop to greet any guests. Leave that to my family. Instead, I locked her arm through mine, and walked—not exactly sedately—to our rooms. Over the last two days, her things had been moved in, but no one had touched my—our—private chamber.

“Findlay?” Millicent was breathing a little heavily, but I wasn’t sure if that’s because she was nervous or tired. Or something else completely. I told myself I’d ask just as soon as we got to the rooms. “You seem in a hurry.”

“I am.” I didn’t look at her as we walked, afraid I wouldn’t be able to keep my hands

off her if I did. “I have been waiting far too long to bury my cock in that tight, wet cunny of yours.”

“Oh,” she breathed. Then she placed her other hand on top of mine. “Seven days doesn’t seem like that long.”

“Nineteen months, sixteen days, and four hours.”

“Nineteen—what? Is that how long it’s been since I joined the castle’s staff?”

I pulled to a stop and swung her around to face me. “Nay, Millicent. That’s how long it’s been since I first laid eyes on ye. How long I’ve been wanting to fook you.”

That stunning blush climbed up her neck from under the purple silk, and I almost groaned in pleasure to see it. Holy shite, she was gorgeous.

“Well, then.” She smiled shyly. “Why don’t we get started on our wedding night, husband?”

I scooped her up in my arms, determined to follow the old tradition of carrying the bride over the threshold, even if it was just the threshold to our bedroom. Our bedroom where we were going to finally become one.

Hell. Yes.

## Chapter 7

Millicent

Forget princess; Findlay made me feel like a queen.

I loved the way he wasn't over the top and demonstrative, because that meant when he did something as incredibly sweet as sweeping me off my feet to carry me into his—our—rooms, it was so much more special.

And when he kissed me, I knew he really meant it.

He kicked the door closed and put me down in the center of the room. "Well, wife?" He stared at me with serious eyes. "Which room?"

I knew what he was asking. Should we go to our bedroom, with its beauty and comfort, or should we go to the...secret room? The one with the leather and wood and excitement?

I knew which one I wanted, but first... "I know you are rather desperate, my prince, and please believe that I am as well."

I watched his blue eyes narrow in concern. He thought I was hesitating? I took his hand in mine and tugged him toward one of the bookshelves, where I'd had a chambermaid leave my present to Findlay.

It was wrapped simply, and I found myself blushing as I turned back to him, holding it. His eyes had widened again and I saw one corner of his lip twitch wryly.

"Ye got me a wedding present."

It wasn't a question, but I nodded anyhow. "You've given me so much, and I know you didn't expect anything, but it's not really that big, and honestly, it's entirely possible you already have a copy of it, but it means so much to me, and it helped me open my eyes to be ready for you, so I thought..."

I pressed my lips together, aware I was rambling.

There, between the stacks of books in his—our—room, Findlay ripped open the paper around my gift to him.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

It was my personal copy of A Harlot's Guide to the Forbidden and Delightful Arts.

Dog-eared and well-worn, a testament to how often I took it to bed with me.

I wouldn't need to do that any longer.

His lips slowly curled into a wicked smile, the one he only showed to me. "I've been meaning to add a copy of this book to my personal collection."

"Really?" Breathless now, I leaned over his arm so I could open it, then flip through the pages. "I was hoping—that is, not tonight, since we have plans..." I sucked in a breath when I turned to page twenty-seven. "Could we try this?"

"The King's Gambit," he read in a choked tone. "Ye want to do this with me?"

I glanced up at his expression, worried. "Yes? Is that not correct?"

"Jesu Christo, Millicent, it's more than correct." He closed the book, tossed it onto the shelf, and pulled me against him. "It's going to make me come before I even get ye naked. Have ye made yer choice?"

Choice?

The length of his cock probed at my hip and I squirmed against him.

Oh yes, I remember. He'd asked me to choose which room. Our bedroom...or our secret room?

Grinning, I reached up and curled my fingers through the hair at the base of his neck. When I flexed my hips forward, he hissed.

“I want to give you my trust again, Findlay.”

Exhaling on what sounded like a prayer, he met my gaze with joy in his. “And I want to give ye mine.”

Understanding what he meant, I sucked in an excited breath. “Really? Are you ready now?”

He grabbed my hand, then he was pulling me through the door to our secret room. It was so fast, I missed him unlocking the door, but then we were surrounded by the devices and tools of control.

I was already getting wet. He’d asked me not to wear bloomers—or petticoats or a corset or a chemise—under my gown, and I was happy to oblige...except I was going to ruin the silk if I got wetter.

“How do ye want to begin?”

His low question drew my attention back to him, and I smiled. He was giving me the control, and that’s what this room was all about. Trust.

“Take off your clothes,” I commanded him.

The last time we were here, he stripped me. Now it was my turn. I stepped forward to help him peel off his formal jacket, undo his necktie, unbutton his shirt. We could’ve had fun, teasing each other, but there was no time now.

Now, tonight, was all about gratification and satisfaction. We could relish in strip-

teases later.

When he stood shirtless before me, I took the time to run my hands over him, as he had me last week. I didn't think I'd ever get tired of feeling his chest. I hummed in appreciation.

"I want to try the St. Andrew's cross," I announced. Nothing too edgy; but I liked that he was letting me be in charge.

"As you wish." He crossed the room at his usual languid pace and stood in front of the large wooden X. "Forward or backward?" he asked, as if it were the most natural question in the world.

"Forward," I was quick to instruct. There was no possibility of letting him hide his cock from me. I could already tell it was engorged, and I needed to see it, to feel it. More than just the way I'd felt it pressing against me at the altar, or in the times we'd kissed over the last week.

He strapped his left wrist to one of the top arms of the cross and I stepped forward to do the other. I had to brush his new leather cuff out of the way to secure the restraint, and my fingers lingered on it. "I love this," I whispered.

Those gorgeous blue eyes turned towards me as his chin hit his shoulder. "I hoped you would appreciate the symbolism," he murmured in return. "No matter where we go, we'll wear cuffs for each other."

"Giving control to the other person."

Something flashed in his eyes—approval? Arousal?—and he lunged for me, catching my lips in a kiss even without the use of his arms.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

He was so damned erotic, I didn't think I could stand it.

I was the one who pulled away, who reached for his trousers. I pulled them down, along with his undergarments, in the same motion. I was going to make a quip about him being allowed to wear underwear to our wedding, but my words totally disappeared when I saw his cock spring free.

It was long and straight, nestled in a bed of dark hair, and I shivered. "Well," I managed to whisper, "there goes this dress."

"What?" He sounded as if he was choking.

I couldn't take my eyes off his cock. "I'm sure the silk is ruined by now, from my juices soaking it."

He groaned, I grinned, and I knew I was going to taste him.

I sank to my knees, my hands tracing his abdominal muscles and that sexy "V" leading down to his cock. For a moment, I just stared, allowing my hands to fondle everything from his thighs to his ballocks to the sensitive spot inside his knees. And I listened to his breathing, harsh and fast.

I peeked up at him. "This is The Suppliant Swan. Page twelve of A Harlot's Guide."

His gaze was intense, harsh. Not commanding, not longing...but he watched me as if trying to memorize every breath I took, every motion I made.

Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. I wrapped my lips around the end of his cock and loved the way he groaned.

"Millicent, nay," he whispered harshly.

But I ignored him. I was in control now. I couldn't get all of him into my mouth, but I was excited to have the opportunity to try. Not tonight, but there would be plenty of other nights to practice and practice until I could fit his whole cock down my throat...

"Millicent," he groaned.

I could feel his ballocks throbbing under my fingers, and I grinned against his cock as I licked and nipped. He was so close to coming, and I was doing that to him. I wanted him to come, I wanted to taste him...but I also wanted to feel him inside me. In fact, from where I knelt on the floor between his legs, I could feel the way my liquid need had coated the inside of my thighs.

Yes, I needed him.

"Millicent, for God's sake!" he finally roared. "Red! Red!"

Recollecting the code, I sat back immediately and looked up. His chest was heaving, his eyes were closed tight, and he looked like he was fighting some inner battle.

"Findlay?"

"I am so goddamn close to coming, and I don't want it to be like this. Not on our wedding night."

I immediately got to my feet and unstrapped one of the cuffs that held his hands over out to the side. One day we'd use the legs of the cross too—one of us would be

spread-eagle for the other's enjoyment—but not tonight. When his first wrist was loose, he hurried to unstrap the second, then pulled me into his arms, his trousers still down around his ankles.

“Wife,” he said against my hair as he crushed me to him, “I’ve been wanting to be inside ye for too long to allow myself this kind of sweet torture. I want to fook you.”

I smiled against his skin. “And I want to be fooked by you, husband.”

## Chapter 8

Findlay

Thank God.

I growled low in my throat and pressed her tighter against me, loving that I could feel every bit of her through that silk gown, knowing she could feel every bit of me. There was something so terrifyingly freeing about being completely nude at another's mercy, and having her on her knees in front of me had been almost too much to bear.

But now...now I was going to fook her, just as I'd been dreaming about. And how I'd been dreaming about.

“Do ye trust me?”

She pulled back just far enough to meet my eyes. “Always.”

I nodded once and kicked off the rest of my clothes. Taking her hand, I led her around the bed towards the other piece that dominated the room. “This is a version of a stock and pillory,” I explained, watching her run her hands gently over the dark wood. “It's meant to restrain a person's thighs and neck in an upright position,

allowing access to their ass and mouth.”

## Page 15

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

She grinned at me. Not her usual smile, but a let's-be-naughty grin. I almost returned it. God, I'd been wanting her in here for ages. If possible, my cock got harder. I swallowed, forcing control over myself.

I'm no' an animal. I am disciplined. I am in control.

There.

Her fingers were trailing over the little ledges designed to cup her thighs and support her weight, while her cunt and asshole were open for the taking. "So I sit here? And this part?" She fingered the leather pad set between the two thigh-supporting shelves, nestled between their "V," just like...

"I added that last week. After I understood how much ye enjoy pressure on your clitoris."

A giggle burst out of her and I raised my brow. "Ye're laughing at my consideration?"

She threw herself at me, and I happily wrapped my arms around her. "No, you silly man," she said, placing a kiss gently on my lips. "I'm laughing because I love you so much."

Damnation. There went my control.

"Get up there," I growled, my voice harsh. I couldn't wait any longer.

She must've sensed my mood, because she stepped back and raised her hands to her shoulder. When I'd seen the dress originally, I hadn't realized it tied at the shoulders, but with two quick little movements, the silk was loose, and flowing, slithering down her body to lie pooled at her feet.

Holy God. She was a Gainsborough, a dark Venus—mine.

Barely thinking, afraid my cock—and my control—would both betray me and I would shoot my cum across her arse before I even had the chance to enter her, I helped her up into the stocks, and settled her.

Each time my fingers brushed against her skin, each time she met my eyes with that hot, expectant look, each time she sucked her breath in...I knew she was as ready as I was, and I was damn ready.

Instead of hurrying, though, I knew I had to take my time. This was her first time in this device, and she was trusting me. I made sure she was balanced properly, made sure the leather pad was where it needed to be—made sure to brush my thumb across her clit a few times to test, of course—and lowered the top half of the stocks. Then I showed her how to place her neck into the pillory, and how the hand holes were really there for her to have something to hold, not to restrain her, then I slowly closed the top half. Everything had been thought of—and she had been top of my thoughts.

Now Millicent was completely restrained, at my mercy. Leaning forward, her ass presented to me like a prize, her mouth mine for the taking. But I wasn't going to betray her trust that way. Instead, I moved into her vision.

“Are ye comfortable, wife?” I asked, stroking my cock gently, imagining what it would feel like to be surrounded by her heat.

Her eyes were glued on it, and I watched her squirm, pressing against the pad by her

clitoris. “Yes,” she whispered desperately. “Yes!”

“And are you ready for the next step?”

“If that means making love, then yes. Green! Green!”

I couldn’t help it—I chuckled at the reference, and that made her smile too.

“Please, Findlay. Please fook me.”

That’s all I needed to hear.

I moved behind her and stroked my cock while I watched her ass wriggle. She was doing her best to get off with only that leather pad for pressure against the most delicate part of her.

Well, let’s see if we can help her, shall we?

I squatted down, keeping my balance as one hand made the slow trip from the tip of my cock to the base, just enough to keep me teetering on the edge of coming. From this angle, I could see the truth; she was dripping wet. Literally dripping; her dew was no longer constrained by her beautiful thighs, although my cock jumped at the thought of tasting them on her skin. No, now her liquid desire was pooling between her lips and dripping—past the wooden shelves, and onto my floor.

Holy fuck.

Before I could think better, I dragged my tongue across her cunt, from clit to arsehole. God Almighty, but she tasted good.

From this angle, I couldn’t reach her clitoris to suck and lick the way I wanted to, the

way I knew would drive her crazy. But for now...

I flicked my tongue in all the right spots, and worked my way up between her small thatch of curls and that leather pad. As soon as she realized what I was doing, she quit squirming and relaxed into my touch, but she kept up those sexy little mewls until I knew she was ready to orgasm.

Dragging my face away from her pussy was one of the hardest things I'd done; but I kept finger-fucking her as I reached for the drawer.

It was time.

### Chapter 9

Millicent

Look, I'd had lovers.

I knew my way around a man's tongue.

But Findlay's tongue? Oh my God. Findlay's tongue.

Combined with the way his fingers were playing with my clitoris and the pressure of the pad in front of me... Well, in all the naughty romance novels, this is where the heroine starts using metaphors about fireworks and dams and explosions, but me...

I was going to fucking come.

Just like that, though, he pulled away, and I found myself lifting my ass up off the wooden shelf of the stocks, trying to get closer to him again. I wished I could see what he was doing. Not being able to see him—being clamped in his position—made the whole experience more exciting; it was incredibly arousing, and a little frightening.

And I loved it.

“Would ye like to ken what's going on back here?”

Findlay's voice was his usual gravelly tone which I loved so much. It not just sent shivers all over my body, but reached down between my thighs and grabbed a hold of my core and squeezed.

Needless to say, dinner conversation was going to be a little interesting, if I was this aroused by his voice. The analytical side of me wondered if his vocal chords emitted a frequency which was somehow resonating with my cunny, or if it was a more emotional connection because he was now my husband.

Further research was evidently required.

The rest of me, however, screamed "Shut the hell up and enjoy it!" so I did. I squirmed against the wooden restraint and nodded my head with a moan. I did want to know what was going on back there.

"Currently, I'm stroking my cock."

The easy way he admitted it made my stomach tighten. God I wanted him inside me.

"I'm pretending this is your hand, you know. Not too tight, just soft pressure." I filed that away for future stroking-needs reference. "And while I do that, I'm playing with the paddle with my other hand."

The casual reference had my pulse hammering in my ears. "The paddle?" I choked out.

"Yes." He must've slapped it against his thigh or something, judging from the smack I heard which set my heart pounding even harder. "I'm no' going to hit yer ass too hard, but I am about to—"

Without giving me time to tense—and that was probably his intention—he slapped

my left cheek with the paddle. It wasn't too hard—just a light smack. It only made me hotter, want him more.

“Did you like that, Millicent?” Findlay murmured.

“Yes,” I gasped. “Oh, yes.”

“Excellent. I'm going to do it again while I continue to stroke myself.” He slapped my arse a few more times, not too hard, and I moaned. “I love the way ye arch yer back when ye're in this position,” he continued while the paddle made light contact with my flesh again and again.

The sensation itself wasn't particularly arousing, though it did warm my arse...more, it was the knowledge he had complete control. I didn't know when or where the paddle would next strike me, and that had me holding my breath, each fiber of my being focused on the tender flesh of my rear end.

Each time the paddle touched me, I sucked in a surprised, excited gasp, as if discovering a grand new secret.

He continued. “I love the way yer ass is turning pink. It makes me want to shove my cock in your dripping cunny.”

“Yes,” I managed to gasp again. “Please! Green!”

He chuckled, and that did something even better to my clit. He so rarely laughed, or even smiled, and now I knew exactly how much he was enjoying himself.

With me.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

“I’m putting the paddle away now, wife.” I heard the sound of a drawer closing. “Christ, woman, I’ve never seen a pussy as wet as yers is for me. Ye’re ready, are ye no’?”

I moaned. “Please, Findlay. Please fook me.”

“Far be it from me to deny my wife anything.” He stepped up behind me—I felt his heat against my back—and leaned close to my ear. “Are ye ready, Millicent?”

I nodded frantically, and he slowly pushed his long cock into my cunt.

I began to come almost immediately.

He froze once his cock was all the way in, and I felt my muscles tightening around him. For the first time I regretted being restrained, because I wanted—needed—to move.

Luckily, he understood, and slowly withdrew his cock—just slightly—before thrusting it back up into me. I moaned, and he did it again, and again, his tempo building with each thrust. I could feel his hot breaths against the naked skin of my back, and the knowledge he was as ready as I was—that he was filling me from behind—nearly sent me over the edge.

But when it happened, my orgasm took me by surprise. Between one thrust and the next, he slapped my arse cheek, and that’s what tipped the balance.

“Findlay!” I screamed, feeling that white-hot pleasure bursting all over, enough to

make me curl my toes and my calves up against the wood of the stock, and buck as much as I was able to within the pillory.

I couldn't see what he was doing, and I didn't care, I was so consumed by my orgasm. But there was some movement, some noise...

And then I was no longer restrained. His cock was still buried deep inside me, but I wasn't locked into the wooden device any longer. He was pulling me against him, up and out of the stocks, and I was still coming from the way his cock made me feel. We were moving, how I didn't know, because it didn't matter. My body was still cresting the flames Findlay had lit within me.

When I opened my eyes again, I was staring at the ceiling of the room on my back in the bed, and he was leaning over me. He had the most beautiful look of concentration, control, on his face, as he watched me writhe beneath him. But that phenomenal orgasm was ending, and I was coming back from the brink. He was braced over me, still, silent, watching me...and I wanted more.

I reached up and stroked one hand down his cheek. "Come for me," I murmured. "Lose control, just for a bit."

Something beautiful flashed in those blue eyes, and his tongue flicked out across his lips. "Are ye certain, Millicent?" he whispered.

"Green," I replied with a smile.

He began to move.

Chapter 10

Findlay

It was as if I'd just been waiting for her permission. I'd kept such careful control over myself, my instincts, making sure she was the one who came first, and soon, and hard.

But now...? Now that I had her on my bed, now I had her permission to let go...

My cock pounded her, fucking that hot, wet cunny like there was no tomorrow.

I knew I was grunting with each thrust, straining against her, but I couldn't help it; she was so damned good. I prided myself on my control, but this? I was definitely not in control any longer.

Under me, she made an erotic little noise halfway between a pant and a moan, and I just about lost it. I leaned over, braced my forearms on either side of her head, and willed my orgasm to wait just a few more moments.

Just...a few...more...thrusts.

I wanted to see her face when I came inside her. I wanted to watch her become mine, become my wife in every sense of the word. But when her sweet, slick pussy muscles began to tighten around my cock again, I saw the surprise on her face.

"Findlay!" She panted. "Findlay, I'm—oh! Oh God, Findlay, I'm coming again! Oh!"

Next thing I knew, Millicent's legs were wrapped around me and she was bucking under me, and I gave up trying to control the tightness that had built at the base of my cock and in my ballocks.

I came. Hard. I spilled deep inside her—halfway to her womb—and it didn't stop. I hadn't spent this much at once in...ever. She was still latched on to me, still spasming around me, and—Christ!—I'd never come this long or this hard in my life.

I rolled over on the bed, taking her with me, until she was perched above me, straddling my hips, still riding my cock. She bucked and writhed, and God Almighty, I fooked her from beneath.

Even after she collapsed, breathing heavily, against my chest...even after I wrapped my arms around her and held on for all I was worth...I still felt her cunny milking my cock. Demanding more. Dominating our connection.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

Our heartbeats mingled, her long black hair tangling all around my shoulders as we breathed in unison, slowly coming back to earth.

I couldn't ever remember losing control like that, but it had been worth it. She had been worth it.

Millicent sat up slightly, pulling away from me. We were both hot and sticky, and I still wanted to lick her all over. One day I wanted to fuck her arse while she sat in the stocks, but not today. This was our wedding day, and as far as I was concerned, it'd been perfect.

"Oh my," she breathed, sitting up farther. As she did, I stared at the place our bodies were joined, and watched my spend still dripping from her.

"Indeed," I murmured. "That was...magnificent."

She smiled down at me and dragged her palms over my chest, the light catching the diamonds on the cuff bracelet she wore. "I love you, Findlay."

"Ye said that today. At the altar."

"And I meant it. And a few minutes ago, you said you loved me."

My lips twitched at the memory. "I said I loved the way ye arched yer back when ye were in the pillory."

Before she could do more than narrow her eyes at my teasing, I grabbed hold of her

hips, and pressed up into her. She hissed slightly as her lips parted. When she wiggled, I felt my cock stir. When I flicked one thumb over her clitoris, she mewled softly and dropped her head back with a sigh.

My gaze on her tits and the way they strained upwards, I licked my lips. “But what I said at the altar was true, too, Millicent. I love ye. I love yer brain, and yer body, and I love the way ye’ve whole-heartedly embraced this lifestyle.”

She was smiling down at me now, working her hips back and forth in small movements, bracing her weight on her knees on either side of my hips. “Hmmmm,” she said, half-thoughtfully, half in pleasure. “I learned a lot today.”

“What did ye learn?” With the hand that wasn’t currently playing with her clit, I reached up to pinch one of her nipples, hard.

She sucked in a breath, and rocked harder. “I learned that being restrained arouses me more than I’d even guessed. I want to try ropes next.”

“Is that so?” I murmured thoughtfully. I ran both my hands up her torso, over her shoulders, and down her arms. When I reached her wrists—my right palm skipping over her diamond cuff—I squeezed them in a sudden possessive move.

She gasped. “Yes!” she yelled, and began to buck on top of me.

I grinned just slightly and held on, loving how much being bound aroused. Her inner muscles were pulling, sucking at me, and my cock went hard in a millisecond. “Ye seem to be enjoying yerself in this position, wife.”

Her lips curled. “The Clinging Vine, page thirty-two.”

Ah, yes, her gift to me. I looked forward to investigating all the positions in A

Harlot's Guide... But right now, it was becoming difficult to think. Or speak.

“What—what else have you learned today, wife?” I managed to say in between gasps.

“Being restrained arouses me, but I like to be completely free when—” She moaned, then rocked forward again. “When we actually...”

“Fook?” I supplied, amused I still had more control than she did.

“Make love.” She looked me right in the eyes. “I want to be able to move with you or do whatever I want when we’re making love.”

“Deal,” I gasped. Christ her cunny felt good. Was I ready to come again so soon? “So how about this compromise? During foreplay, when I tease ye and make ye pant and get ye pussy dripping wet, I restrain ye and do whatever I want with your erotic, wet body...” I released her wrists and used my hands and hips to scoot both of us closer to the headboard. “But then during lovemaking when yer going to make me cry out in desperation, ye get to do whatever ye want to me.”

I reached up and grabbed the cuffs dangling from the leather-padded headboard, and Millicent's eyes lit up. She leaned forward to strap me in, and her tits came tantalizingly close to my mouth. I stretched forward to take one nipple in my mouth while she worked, and swore she managed to get even wetter as she groaned.

I don't know how long I teased her like that, but I was on the brink of coming again. How was that possible? I didn't think I had anything left...but sure enough, that familiar burn was building behind the base of my cock.

Her nipple popped out of my mouth as I gasped, “Millicent!”

She was bouncing above me now, and when I freed her nipple she rocked backwards to brace her hands against my thighs.

And I had the most delicious full view.

Everything from the long column of her arched throat to those two little tits pointing at the ceiling, her engorged clitoris peeking through her curls...to the thick ropes of my cum decorating her thighs. My wife. My wife was fucking me, and I couldn't be happier.

## Page 19

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

I closed my hands around the chains connecting my cuffs to the headboard, and held on for all I was worth. Apparently my control went right out of the window when it came to this woman...but that was fine. That was what this lifestyle was all about. I was relinquishing control to her, and it was worth it.

When I came again, I yelled her name a second time. "Millicent! Oh God, Millicent!" I felt her clench around me, and she screamed in response as her orgasm rolled over us both.

She collapsed against me, weak and panting. I felt like my bones were made of jelly, so I could only imagine how she felt.

"I love ye," I murmured against her hair, after a long moment.

She sighed and snuggled closer, my cock still deep within her. "And I love you, husband. Thank you for opening my eyes to this."

"This?" My lips twitched. "Lovemaking, you mean?"

"No!" She slapped my chest playfully, then rubbed the sting away. "Lovemaking with you. Control. Trust. Enough pain to bring pleasure." She tweaked one of my nipples. "Cuffs and chains and clamps."

I hummed. "I'm glad ye like them. Verra glad."

"Me too."

She shifted herself off me to undo my cuffs, and I was disappointed to lose her.

As she did, though, I saw the white ropes of my spend dripping down her thighs, and felt...proud. Primitive. She was mine, and I'd marked her, even as she'd been fooking me senseless.

As soon as my wrists were free, I pulled her towards me and rolled off the bed. We'd made a mess, but it would be cleaned later. For now...

I picked her up in my arms, both of us naked except for our cuffs—the pieces of jewelry that bound us to each other. “Come, wife,” I said as I ambled out of our secret room with her in my arms. “Allow me to get ye cleaned up.”

She wrapped her arms around my neck and played with the hairs behind my ear. “And after, husband?”

I growled and shoved my face into her hair. “After, wife, if ye still have any strength, I'll let ye try the St. Andrew's Cross!”

She squealed and squirmed, and I chuckled again, knowing Millicent was going to make me very happy.

Epilogue

Millicent

“Aaaand, there we are,” Findlay muttered as he tied off the last of the rope. I couldn't see what he was doing, because he was between me and the mirror, but I was already breathing as heavily as the ropes allowed, and I knew my core was wet already.

He stepped back to let us both admire his handiwork. I was on my knees—with the

lower rope already tied—in front of the huge mirror he’d had installed in our secret room two weeks ago, so I could “see how erotic” I looked all tied up, as he said.

I had to admit, this new tie was remarkably erotic. I felt... Beautiful.

“Excellent work. I like it,” I told him, trying to keep my breathing steady.

“Like it?” He raised one brow. “I can smell your cunt juices from here, wife. They’re soaking through my hard work.”

I knew I was blushing—I could see myself, after all—but I kept my attention on the ropes crisscrossing my breasts. On their own, the breast binds were more decorative than restrictive, and this new series of knots was quite pretty. But when combined with the way he’d tied my elbows together behind my back...I was well and truly immobilized, and aroused as hell.

It didn’t help that he’d figured out a way to improve the crotch tie—since I wasn’t straddling the sawhorse today—with a large knot directly over my clit. Every time I twitched, the rope pressed into my dripping core, and that knot provided pressure against my sensitive clitoris.

It was everything I could do not to squirm.

In the months since we’d been married we’d tried so many different things, but I had something I wanted to show him. “Findlay, I’ve been practicing.”

He hummed in question, but stepped closer. He was naked, since our rule was that no clothes were allowed in our secret room, unless the other requested.

Sometimes it made me hotter, to be completely nude when he was fully clothed and spanking me. For now, though, I was glad his cock was available and already erect. I

supposed watching me wiggle in my ropes had turned him on, too.

I closed my lips around the end of his cock, and he dropped his head back with a groan. I had been practicing—on the cucumbers Anna had helped me sneak from the kitchen. Oh, he knew I could suck his cock, but now...

## Page 20

*Source Creation Date: July 20, 2025, 3:53 am*

I opened my jaw wide, stuck my tongue as far forward as if I wanted to lick the underside of his long cock, and swallowed it down my throat.

His eyes flashed open. “Damn!” his whispered, his voice hot. “Look at yerself. Look how beautiful you are.”

Even though my eyes were watering, I glanced at the mirror. My red lips—I was wearing his favorite lip rouge—were wrapped around the base of his cock and I could see the bulge of it in my throat. My tits were outlined by the soft purple rope Findlay used on me, the same color as my wedding gown, bright against my skin...and my arms were thrust behind myself.

Oh my.

I was beautiful. His hand dropped to my cheek, then the back of my head, and as I watched he began to fook my face. The sensation made me hotter than I would’ve thought, and as I strained against the crotch tie, my clitoris rubbing against the knot.

“That’s it, Millicent,” he murmured. “Let it go.” He thrust into my mouth again and again, moaning as I used my tongue on him in between the deep-throating. “Fook that rope, Millicent, just like I’m fooking your face. Be the hot little bound bedmate I ken ye are.”

God, I loved it when he talked dirty to me. It pushed me over the edge; I bucked against the rope stretching across my cleft and arse, the knot massaging the pearl of my pleasure, and the orgasm crashed over me.

I stiffened, made a noise around his cock, then began to squirm. He held my head steady and pumped into my mouth another three times before he also stiffened and let out a wordless cry.

Thank God I'd learned how to deep-throat him. The first spurt of his spend felt as if it hit my stomach without stopping, but the second and the third were too much. I couldn't swallow it fast enough—some leaked out between my tongue and his cock to drip down my chin.

As he pulled out—still gripping my face with his hands—I tasted him on my tongue, sweet and heavy. God, I loved this. I swiped my tongue over my lips, savoring it, and he grinned down at me.

“I love ye, wife.”

“Mmmmm.” I smiled, already tired from my orgasm, and ready to be untied so I could curl up with him in bed. “And I love you, husband.”