



His Perfect Princess

Author: *Caroline Lee*

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Description: I am Rickard, Crown Prince of Faencain, and my father the king has just ordered me to choose a wife. The idea is not problematic, but a man with my exacting taste must be very careful in his choice of a partner. Fortunately, I have in mind the perfect candidate. Clarissa is sweet, refined, and matches my passion. I am confident she'll be obedient in the bedroom, but not meek. Now...I just need to test her.

Warning: Much hotter than anything you've read from Caroline! Instead of romcoms, this insta-love series is a celebration of our favorite how-to manual...you're in for a different kind of fun!

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Chapter 1

Rickard

“Did ye tell him?”

I looked up from where I was pouring myself a wee dram of whisky to see my brother Wulf had just stepped into the room. He looked angry, but since looking angry was Wulf’s natural state of being, I wasn’t exactly surprised.

I was surprised, however, to find he wasn’t looking at me.

Instead, it appeared he’d asked the question of our youngest brother, Findlay.

Findlay, who hadn’t acknowledged Wulf’s entrance—or his question—merely licked his finger and turned the page in the small black book he was reading.

“Och, Finn!” Wulf stepped up to his younger brother’s chair, cupped his hands around his mouth and hollered, “Earth to Finn!”

“I can hear ye loud and clear, ye idiot,” Findlay grumbled, his attention still on his book, even as he made a rude gesture with the recently licked finger. “And nay, I havenae told him.”

Wulf’s grin was more of a smirk as he gestured toward the whisky I’d poured myself. “Make that a double. And pour me one as well.”

Rather than doing as he commanded, I held out the dram I'd already served, offering it to him. "The news is that bad?"

"Worse." Wulf tossed back the whisky as if we were still young men at university, intent on proving ourselves to the world.

Actually, now that I thought about it, Wulf had always been like that, whereas I...had always been the model of a perfect Crown Prince.

Which I was.

Our small island kingdom was balanced between several larger ones—Britain to our west and Norway to our east—but we'd remained sovereign even when our closest neighbor, Scotland, had been subsumed by empires. The only reason we'd kept separate was our insistence on strength, precision, and exacting expectation.

Again, rather like me.

I prided myself on being the perfect embodiment of those qualities which made Faencairn unique, even when my younger brothers eschewed family tradition.

"What, ye cannae take a hint?"

I blinked back to the present to see Wulf shaking the glass at me. Like a barbarian.

Keeping my expression bland—control—I reached for another glass, poured myself the amount I'd wanted in the first place, then handed the entire bottle to my more primitive younger brother.

"Well," I announced, brushing past Wulf and giving Findlay my attention. "Will ye be sharing yer 'worse' news with me?"

He didn't look up from his book. "I'm rather treasuring the chance to ken something ye dinnae ken."

Behind me, Wulf snorted. "Ye ken all sorts of things we dinnae. Like the circumference of the earth. And why oranges are orange. And what steel is made of."

"And what a dangling preposition is," Findlay murmured, turning another page.

The two of them—as opposite as possible—were always teasing one another. Until it mattered, and then I knew they'd have each other's backs, the same way I knew I could rely on them.

We might be very different people, but we were still brothers.

Even if Wulf insisted on using his fists to solve disagreements...

Frowning, I nudged Findlay with my boot.

"Finn, just tell me, please."

He blinked. "Certainly." As if he'd just been waiting for me to ask.

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Delicately, he pulled a marker from his breast pocket and placed it between the pages of his book. As he closed it, he unfolded his long legs and tipped his head back to meet my eyes.

“Father has an announcement for us tonight at dinner.”

Strange.

Father—King Iain III, to everyone else—rarely surprised me. Usually his decrees came only after long discussions with me about the future of the kingdom. I was his heir, after all. “Is it about the May Day celebrations? Or the trade agreement the ambassador from Prussia is pushing?”

Before Findlay could answer, Wulf grunted. “It’s no’ about Faencairn at all. It’s about us.”

Something personal? I lifted my brows, urging Findlay to continue.

My youngest brother, clearly smug knowing something I needed to hear, took his time leaning back against the sofa.

“It seems our parents, in their wisdom, have come to a decision...”

My heart began to pound.

“Da has declared it’s time for us all to marry.”

* * *

“Why not follow convention, and hold a ball?”

The decree of marriage had shocked me, but I was glad Findlay had warned me ahead of time. By the time we all met in the more intimate family dining room—we kept the banqueting hall for guests and ceremonies, not a Thursday night meal with our favorite red wine—I’d had time to consider the idea, and I didn’t hate it as much as Wulf clearly did.

Right now, in fact, he was scowling at me across the table, clearly irritated I was helping Father brainstorm.

“Aye, Da,” he growled sarcastically. “Everyone kens when ye’ve got a bunch of royal siblings to marry off, ye hold a ball.”

Our father snorted. “Ye hold a ball to get princesses married off. I assumed the three of ye would prefer to do things yer own way, and at yer own pace.” The King shared a little smile with Mother. “Just know it’s time ye were all married and begetting heirs, and yer mother and I expect to hear yer arrangements as soon as possible. Ye name the woman, we’ll arrange the wedding.”

While my younger brothers voiced their objections—or made jokes about holding their balls—I straightened my shoulders and took a deep breath. Getting married hadn’t been on my list of things to do this year—I had enough on my agenda with the trade treaties and the approval of the designs for the new bridge—but I knew my duty.

And since the idea had taken root, I could admit I didn’t hate it.

I ken what I want...

We might be an island nation, and smaller than most, but we'd grown powerful in the last centuries. I knew one day I would be King of Faencairn, and I needed a wife who would make me proud.

Young women all over Faencairn—and the neighboring kingdoms of Britain, Sweden and Denmark—would be clamoring for the chance to meet and marry one of the three princes, but I appreciated our father's statement about making our choices in our own way.

I didn't want just any woman. I was Crown Prince Rickard of Faencairn and I knew exactly what I wanted.

I wanted a wife who was biddable, aye, but not meek. I wanted a wife who made my blood boil. A wife who could meet my desire, my need for perfection, and return it.

I wanted Clarissa.

She was the daughter of the British ambassador to Faencairn, and was as proper and correct as any woman I'd met, befitting the wife of a Crown Prince and future king.

"Och, I'm having a thought," blurted Wulf.

Findlay calmly speared his beef as he murmured, "God help us."

"What about that ambassador's daughter? The one from Britain?" My gaze jerked up to find Wulf's mocking smile directed at me as he continued. "She seems like a nice snack, eh?"

A snack?

My brother was comparing Clarissa—a jewel among women!—to a snack?

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Figured he'd think with his stomach.

"She's no' a snack," I growled, "and she's no' for ye."

"Aye?" he taunted. "Because ye've claimed her?"

I hadn't.

But I would.

Clarissa was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen. Her pale hair hung in a smooth, straight cascade all the way to her perfectly round arse. Her mouth was wide and lush, her lips often curling into a smile, as if she was thinking naughty thoughts. She kept her violet eyes lowered at all times—as was right—but I'd been lucky enough to glimpse them when I caught her looking at me during royal functions.

How many times had I taken myself in hand, thinking of those beautiful eyes gazing up at me, waiting to hear my commands?

I knew Wulf was teasing me, pushing me into action. As far as I was concerned, it was unnecessary. "She's mine," I declared quietly, dangerously. I glared at him. "Mine."

I'd known it since last year, when she'd been presented to me at the opening of Parliament. I went as the family's representative, because that was the role of the Crown Prince, and I wouldn't allow myself to be less than perfect. Her father had approached me, begged to introduce his daughter to me. One look at that perfect

hourglass figure, and I'd agreed wholeheartedly.

As her father said her name, she'd curtsied deeply, and peeked up at me submissively...and I'd felt a bolt of hot lust all the way to my cock. Holy fook, I wanted her on her knees in front of me for the rest of my life!

"You have chosen a bride already, Rickard?" my mother trilled. "How wonderful!"

Until this evening, I hadn't realized I had. Truthfully, marriage hadn't been on my mind; I assumed I had plenty of time to eventually choose a future queen. I never lacked for female companionship, but not all of them were up to my particular...demands.

It was difficult to imagine finding a woman who could meet my passion in the bedchamber, as well as be suitable for the kingdom. Such a woman would have to be perfect.

And my thoughts returned to Clarissa.

I'd seen her a half dozen times in official contexts—meetings with her father or formal dinners. Each and every time I found an excuse to interact with her, drop hints about my interest, and each and every time she'd blushed prettily and made me want to have her even more.

I'd been walking around with a cockstand for a year.

As Wulf and Mother began to argue—playful on Wulf's terms, exasperated on Mother's—I considered Father's ultimatum.

If he—as the King—declared it was time for me to marry, then I suppose these vague musings of the last year just coalesced. And judging from the smug glances Wulf

kept sending me, he'd pushed me into it on purpose.

Well, he was barbaric and embarrassing at times...but if he'd been attentive enough to notice my interest in Clarissa, then he must not be a complete idiot.

And if Clarissa was able to meet my exacting demands in the bedchamber in the way I suspected she might, well then...

She'd be the perfect wife for the perfect crown prince.

"Mother, Father," I interrupted firmly. "Ye can go ahead and begin planning my wedding. It's my duty to marry first, as Crown Prince."

Wulf—who was sprawled at his place with an elbow on the table like some kind of beast—poked Findlay with his fork. "Fookin' perfect Rickard," he muttered under his breath.

I twisted my head just far enough to lift one eyebrow imperiously at him. He growled in response, which was what I was hoping for. He really was so easy to rile.

"Boys! Respect, please."

Our mother scolded at us from her spot beside Father. Of course they were touching; it seemed like they couldn't keep their hands off one another.

The entire kingdom knew they'd not only married for love, but for lust too. My brothers were embarrassed by their constant fooking, but it was a source of pride for me. And something I planned to emulate with my wife.

I didn't plan on forcing myself to keep my hands off Clarissa once we were married. I'd touch her whenever and however I wanted, and it wouldn't matter who was

watching.

“So, Rickard,” Mother continued. “You have already proposed to a girl? You have a wife chosen?” She was so excited at the prospect, she was bouncing a little in her chair while she clutched Father’s hand.

“I have a wife chosen, aye.” I swept a cool gaze around the room, hoping my example would nudge my brothers into doing their duty. “I havenae proposed yet, but she will accept me.”

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“Oh, Rickard,” she sighed. “You cannot treat women as if...as if we are living in the medieval ages. You cannot expect her to submit to you. You have to woo her, then propose to her. I want you to be happy.”

I turned my raised brow on her. I would be happy, and I would be happy precisely because I would have a woman who would submit to me.

“Just plan the wedding, Mother.”

She sighed again, but my father pulled her up against his side, and patted her shoulder. “The lad kens what he wants, dear. I trust him to run Faencairn after me; I suppose we should trust him to choose the right wife.”

I nodded to him, then to Findlay and Wulf. Hopefully they’d learn from my example, and all Faencairn’s princes would be married by the year’s end, as per Father’s wishes.

Tonight I would plan my campaign. Tomorrow, I would seek out Clarissa... Perhaps I would invite her to dine with me. Yes. Luncheon, or dinner perhaps...in my suite of rooms. Terribly intimate, I imagined...to see how she’d react, of course.

From his spot across the table, I heard Wulf mutter,

Perfect. Yes. And Clarissa would be perfect for me.

Chapter 2

Rickard

The following afternoon, my horse and gig was waiting for me when I arrived on the curved drive in front of the castle. Faencairn might be too small—and far too mountainous—for a railroad, but our trolley system in our capital city was the envy of every modern country, and the royal family had even been known to take advantage of the excellent public transportation system.

But the problem with public transportation—or even the ever-present hansom cabs—was that they were plodding.

While I understand—as the Crown Prince—I must always appear dignified in public...I admit a certain weakness when it comes to the freedom of speed. While it was common for my parents and brothers to be conveyed in one of the royal carriages, I preferred to drive myself. My personal conveyance was dark, sleek, and hugged the curves the way a lover should.

When I drove her, I was in complete control, which is how I liked life.

Clarissa would soon learn to love it too.

The British embassy was a brick townhome in the heart of the capital city, and I reached it in minutes. The guards recognized me, although I'd arrived unexpectedly, and of course I was admitted without trouble.

The ambassador's housekeeper startled when she recognized me, then bowed so low her nose almost touched her desk. Had she been about thirty years younger, I might've been seriously tempted by such an offer, but I was here for a different prey.

"Your Excellency, the Crown Prince is here to see you," she announced, then bowed her way out of the door.

He stood up, but my eyes had already found her. My bride, even if she didn't know it yet.

Clarissa sat in a straight-backed chair in the corner beside a small table full of pads of paper. She had one in her hands now as she sat looking shocked at me. My eyes raked her, loving the way she looked, her blouse buttoned high under a blue jacket which cupped her tits the way I wanted to.

“Your—Your Royal Highness! To what do we owe this honor?”

The ambassador hurried around his desk but I held up my hand, halting him. Without taking my eyes from his daughter, I replied.

“I'm here to ask Miss Clarissa to dine with me.” It was incredibly informal, to refer to her in such a way, but I intended to be quite informal with her. “Today. Now.”

I needed to get her alone. I needed to know if she would be my perfect mate.

My cock hardened at the thought.

Slowly she stood, placing the paper and pen down then clasping her hands in front of her submissively. Good. She glanced at her father, then back at me, before locking her gaze on my throat. Because she found it particularly interesting, or because she couldn't look me in the eyes?

The British ambassador was clearly caught off-guard by my demand, but I knew him to be a career diplomat, and thus used to thinking on his feet. “Of course, Your Royal Highness. I'm sure my daughter is honored by such an invitation. Isn't that right, Clarissa?”

Without looking away, she answered. “Yes, sir.”

Holy fook, I loved the way her voice sounded when she acquiesced like that. Quiet. Sweet. My cock stirred, seeing this evidence that she'd be perfect for me.

Turning my back on her father, I held the outer door open for her. I was suddenly very interested in getting her out of here.

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There was a position I was very interested in her filling.

She hesitated briefly, glancing at her father. I don't know what she saw, but it caused her to flick those lovely violet eyes up to mine, just briefly. I smiled, and loved the blush that climbed up her perfect skin.

When she took my offered arm, I felt a bolt of pure lust. I stared down at the top of her head as we headed back towards the street.

She was going to be mine. Today.

Clarissa

My heart was racing, and not just from the speed at which Prince Rickard was taking the turns as we wound our way up the switchbacks towards the castle. Is that where we were having luncheon? I wanted to ask, but couldn't seem to make my voice work around him.

He was just so...perfect. Tall—taller than my father!—with perfectly styled blonde hair and light blue eyes which could make a girl imagine all sorts of things. One glance from him, and she might read all sorts of erotic promises that would keep her awake for days at a time.

And I should know.

Last summer he'd glanced at me like that, and I hadn't been able to get his unspoken promises out of my head. Just the thought of him made my heart beat faster; the times

we'd met since then, when he looked at me with that perfectly imperious gaze of his, it made me...well, all tingly inside.

In all of our interactions, he'd always been so solicitous, so polite...but under it all, I could sense a smoldering power I very much wanted him to let loose. I wanted to be the one he let loose on. This desire to be dominated—not by anyone, but just him—had surprised me at first, but had become a major part of my fantasies for the last year. Every time I'd seen him, I'd become more aroused, and now—now!—I was here with him.

Parts of me were getting hot. Every time I shifted on the comfortable seats of his carriage, my bloomers pressed against my core, seeming to inflame it further. My thighs ached from how tightly I clenched them, and I knew I was already wet.

Of course, if I'd known I'd be going to dine with the crown prince, I would've worn something entirely different. Maybe a true gown, not this shirtwaist and skirt with matching belt. Something low-cut. Scandalously low, skating across my nipples. Something to make him notice me.

Apparently he had noticed me, but since holding the carriage door open for me, he hadn't said anything. He hadn't explained why he wanted to eat with me, or why he hadn't given me any warning. He'd been focused on driving, which allowed me to glance at him from the corner of my eyes occasionally.

Oh my Heavens, but he was gorgeous.

And I was sitting beside him, at his invitation. I found myself sitting straighter, wondering if passersby were watching, asking themselves who was this unknown chit who'd captured the attention of their crown prince?

I vowed to remember every detail of this meal—of this experience!—so I could write

it down and share it with my best friend back in London. I missed her, but when Papa had been given the ambassador post to Faencairn, of course I needed to go with him, to act as his hostess.

My year here had been little different from how I'd always imagined my life; managing a household, polite diplomacy, and passing tiny tea sandwiches on immaculate trays as important men spoke about important things.

Meeting Crown Prince Rickard, surely the most handsome man I'd ever met, had been the only bump in the smooth path of my life... Since he'd raked me with that cool, light blue gaze of his, I hadn't been the same.

I wanted to be helpful, to be good and dutiful. I'd always assumed I would fill that role in Papa's household until he arranged a marriage for me.

But today's outing...I would have never presumed to guess something this exciting could happen to me!

When he pulled to a stop in front of the palace—Oh heavens, the actual royal palace!—I didn't even have time to slow my breathing before he was there, handing me out of the carriage.

Servants were running towards us but he didn't slow, just escorted me up the grand staircase up to the main entrance.

In a daze, I wondered if this was how he always entered and exited, or if there were other doors the family used more often. But before I could ask, he was escorting me through the grand foyer, towards the dual sweeping staircases that rose to the upper floors.

I'd taken the official tour of the palace last year when I'd arrived in Faencairn, and

like every visitor, had marveled at the throne room and the banquet hall with seating for ninety-six. When we breezed past that corridor, I assumed we were heading for a more intimate dining room...perhaps with seating for only twenty.

Where would a prince take someone like me for a private luncheon? Or had I been presuming when I'd guessed it would private? Perhaps others were joining us.

My heart began to pound in my chest, the uncertainty making my cheeks warm.

As we climbed the stairs, I began to wonder if we were going to eat, after all. He'd said luncheon, but I remembered the guide saying this was the way to the royal bedchambers.

Bedchambers? Is that why he'd invited me?

I was half terrified, half excited, by the prospect.

Wherever he was taking me, I knew I would follow unquestioningly and trust him to take care of me.

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I tightened my grip on his forearm and tried to calm my body's confused responses. He was the Crown Prince of Faencairn, after all. Whatever he was planning, I would agree to.

I'd be honored to do whatever he asked of me.

He pushed open the door to what appeared to be a private chamber. This sitting room was decorated in decadent shades of blue and gold, and the sofas looked comfortable enough to sleep on. Through one of the open doors I could see a bed large enough for four with a counterpane decorated in dark blue and swirls of gold, and through another I could see a bathing chamber gleaming in gold and marble. There was a huge picture window opposite the main door which offered gorgeous views of the distant mountains.

This place was stunning.

And luckily, under the picture window was a small table, set for two. I couldn't see any food served, but it was still before noon.

He'd invited me to his personal chambers to dine?

That's when I heard the lock click closed behind me.

Chapter 3

Clarissa

I whirled around to see the prince standing there with his hand still on the door latch, and when he caught me staring, a slow smile tugged at his lips. I immediately dropped my gaze to his throat.

Oh Heavens, he had the most beautiful throat. Tanned, with just a hint of stubble below his chin. Not to mention that blue stare of his. It was so intense, I had trouble matching it. If I did, I found myself getting all sorts of warm inside. My core was already aching enough to make me want to shift around in my heels in the hopes my thighs might rub together and give me some of the feelings I was craving.

Which, of course, was ridiculous. I might be a virgin, but I was well-read. Theology, Literature, and—most importantly—the delicious sort of romance novels which had been passed around at school behind our teachers' backs.

While none of them were particularly explicit, I'd read enough to know what I was craving was a man's touch. Not just any man. This man, who had just locked me in his private suite, and was currently stalking leisurely towards me.

I caught my breath and dropped my gaze to his immaculately tailored waistcoat. The blue wool of his jacket hugged his chest, and as he walked, he unbuttoned the top button so it hung open and I could see more of the crisp white shirt under it.

He stopped in front of a shelf of books and casually untied his necktie. The collar of his shirt gaped open as he tossed the strip of silk atop the shelf, which should have made him look rumpled. Papa always looked like a lumpy butcher without his tie, but Prince Rickard looked...

Perfect.

Humming slightly, he pulled a small tome from the shelf, placed it under his arm, and turned back to me. He gave me a long look up and down, as if judging me.

It should have been humiliating, but instead it made me breathless.

It made me want to be as perfect as I could. Anything to please him.

He stepped toward me, but at the last moment, veered to one side.

I realized I was holding my breath as he paced around me. I had to resist the urge to turn, and kept my hands locked firmly in front of me, my eyes on the door across the way. My heart was beating double-time; why had he invited me here, if not to each lunch?

“Clarissa...”

When he said my name behind me, I swear little shivers of anticipation went up and down my spine. He seemed to be waiting on an answer.

“Yes, Your Royal Highness?”

“Ye may call me Rickard. Or milord. Or ‘my prince’.” His voice lowered. “Or ‘sir’.”

Sir?

He was right behind me, I could feel him. His breath was tickling my ear, and I had the strangest urge to lean back against him, to feel the whole hot, hard length of him against me.

I swallowed. “Yes, sir,” I whispered.

“Good lass. Ye can take direction.” He was moving again, coming to stand in front of me. “Ye’re probably very confused right now, are ye no’, Clarissa?”

“Yes, sir.” I whispered again, staring at the spot where his skin peeked out of his shirt collar.

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“I’ve brought ye here...” With one hand in his trouser pocket and that easy smile, he looked completely at ease. The total opposite of how I felt. “I have ye in mind for a...well, for a job opening. And while I think ye’d be an ideal candidate, I need to give ye an...interview. An audition, if ye will.”

Completely confused now, I raised my eyes to his. “An interview, sir?” I was very good at my current role, Papa always said. Had he recommended me to Prin—to Rickard? What position could he possibly mean to interview me for, here in his rooms?

“First, I need to see ye curtsy.”

Curtsey? That seemed easy enough.

But...the way he was eyeing me—especially my breasts—made my chest tight. My attire was perfectly respectable—serviceable, even—but he was looking at me as if he was already imagining it off me. I grew warmer at the thought, my breathing shallower.

Could the Crown Prince of Faencairn possibly want to see me naked?

I hurried to curtsy.

He hummed. “Not bad. However...” He reached towards my perfectly respectable day blouse. “I think I need to see it again without this...”

His fingers working impossibly fast, he flicked open the buttons of my blouse,

tugging it toward my shoulders and exposing my chemise and corset.

I gasped, and was likely flushing as pink as the ribbons of my chemise, but I made no move to pull away.

He was, after all, a prince.

“Good lass,” he murmured, and I found my shoulders straightening at his praise.

He hummed as he dragged the back of his finger across my collarbone. “And this...”

I wasn’t certain what he did to my ribbons, but my chemise sagged, and now everything above my corset—including the way my breasts plumped above my corset—was exposed to his stare.

Was he really undressing me, so casually?

Part of my brain was yelling “Is he allowed to do that?” and the other, significantly louder part of my brain was yelling, “Yes please, sir, may I have another?”

When the back of his fingers brushed against my skin once more, I felt it all the way down to my core.

I wanted him to touch me. I wanted him to tell me what to do. I swallowed, and met his eyes. “Yes, sir.”

“Good lass.”

This time his smile seemed fond, and I preened a little at earning his approval. As a reward—at least, that’s how I interpreted it—he brushed his fingertip down my skin again, all the way from my throat to the place where the corset pushed my breasts up

and out.

I managed to hold in a moan, but just barely. Should I let him know how aroused I was? A proper lady wouldn't do such a thing...would she?

“Next, wee Clarissa, I need to see how ye look in a particular position, to see if ye're a good candidate for this job.” His voice had gone all seductively low again. “Do ye think ye can do that for me?”

Mutely, I nodded, trying to squeeze my thighs together to bring some relief to my bits.

Oh Heavens, why did his commanding voice make me feel like this? Like I was the most special girl—lass in the world?

I think I was in love.

He leaned forward, and whispered, “Ye've made yer prince verra happy. Ye should be proud.”

My heart leapt into my throat, and I nodded again, this time in excitement.

“Now, on yer knees, lass.”

I didn't even think to question his command. I just dropped to my knees, resting my rear end against the heels of my delicate boots.

“Nay, no' like that,” he snapped. “Upright.”

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I hurried to follow his order, my hands still clasped in front of me...possibly to keep from inching under my skirt to pull apart my bloomers and fondle my engorged folds. Yessssss, I wanted to shout. Tell me what else I can do for you, my prince!

“That’s right. That’s a good lass.”

He stepped back, admiring my position, then cocked his head to one side, as if contemplating.

I was left feeling...well, watched. Which was silly, because of course I was being watched; that blue gaze hadn’t left me since he’d locked the door.

But why was he watching me like this? Why was I on my knees in front of him?

I cleared my throat, delicately, trying not to show how much I craved his approval. Uncertain if it was the proper thing to do.

“Your Majesty? Why are you asking me to do these things?”

His expression didn’t change. “Are ye saying ye willnae follow my orders?” he asked mildly, as if the question meant nothing.

But I immediately shook my head. “Of course I will follow your orders, sir.” Just the thought of him commanding me, those perfect lips forming instructions, made my thighs quiver. “But what sort of job—”

“Ye’ll find out about the job when I decide if ye’re suitable.”

Again, his tone was mild, as he instructed me, but the intensity of his gaze made my breath quicken. I suddenly very much wanted to be suitable for this position, whatever it was.

Then Rickard shifted, his chin dropped slightly to study me further. “Clarissa, I dinnae want to do anything which will make ye uncomfortable. The position I have in mind...requires ye to be comfortable with me. With all of me. If ye are no' interested, ye're welcome to walk out the door.”

Well now I most definitely was having trouble breathing. All of him? Yes, please! I barely knew the man, but I found I trusted him implicitly.

“I'll stay, sir,” I whispered, eyes wide and lips parted, wondering if he could see how excited the idea made me.

He grinned again, the slow, proud grin which made me preen. “Good lass. Now, in order to really ken if ye're right for this position, I need ye to take down your coiffure. I'd love to see it all soft and flowing around yer shoulders.”

I unclasped my hands and hurried to comply. My hair was one of my glories: long and pin-straight and pale blonde. I combed it a hundred strokes every night, which I found very soothing.

When I had it out of the bun, I dropped the pins on the rug beside my knees and combed the strands out with my fingers, making sure to fan some out over my shoulders. I loved the way his eyes followed my movements, loved the way he sucked in a deep breath as he watched.

I licked my lips, thrilled with the knowledge he found me interesting. I was on my knees in front of him, a prince, but he was looking at me as if I were someone special. I squirmed a little, but didn't dare move out of my position.

“Excellent.” His voice was a little hoarse as he took me in.

Then he reached across his body and pulled the book from under his arm. “This, my dear Clarissa, is a verra rare, verra naughty book. A Harlot’s Guide to the Forbidden and Delightful Arts.”

When he opened it and turned it so I could see the illustration, I sucked in a breath and my eyes widened.

There, spread across two pages, was what was clearly a medieval-style piece of artwork. There was some words—in the loopy, Latin style I recognized from some of my studies—but that wasn’t what held my attention.

It was the woman.

She was on her knees—just as I was—kneeling in front of a man. The man had his hand atop her head...

And his—his manhood in her mouth.

My own lips had parted, and I realized I was breathing heavily—panting?—as I studied the artwork.

I should be outraged. I should be humiliated.

I absolutely should not be salivating at the thought of tasting the Crown Prince of Faencairn.

“This is called The Suppliant Swan, Clarissa.” His tone was conversational, casual. “The woman takes the man’s cock in her mouth and pleasures him.”

I could do nothing more than lick my lips.

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"Have ye seen this position before, Clarissa?"

Slowly, I nodded my head. I had seen such books, with naughty illustrations, but I'd never studied them, the way he clearly expected.

"And have ye used this book before, lass?"

More vigorously this time, I shook my head.

His chuckle was soft, dry. "Good. I would have been disappointed, frankly, if ye had. I look forward to introducing ye to its contents, and instructing ye in its use."

I swallowed, then licked my lips again.

He was staring down at me. "Does that excite you?"

Considering the way I had reacted to the picture—to him—I couldn't even pretend to lie. It was surely written in the flush across my breasts, the heaving of my chest. I squeezed my thighs together and took a deep breath. "More than you know, sir."

His lips curled into a wry, one-sided grin.

"I intend to try this with ye, Clarissa."

This was the interview?

Oh Heavens, YES!

This was something I'd thought about—what girl hadn't?—but I assumed it would happen after I was married. But this was Prince Rickard! It was like a dream true!

Eyes wide, I nodded, unable to form words.

What words could I form, after all?

Your Majesty, I would be honored to bring you pleasure?

I've never tried this before, but I cannot believe how much I suddenly wish to?

Please please yes please now?

All things considered, the silent nod was likely best.

"Good lass," he crooned.

Then, without dropping his gaze, he reached for the buttons of his trousers. My eyes widened when I realized what he was doing, and I couldn't help but stare.

I watched as he unbuttoned his trouser and reached inside to pull out...

To pull out the longest penis—no, he'd called it a cock—I'd ever imagined.

The picture in the book—which he'd placed on a console table beside us—was admittedly the first cock I'd ever actually seen. Of course there were the books I'd sometimes read, but this...

Oh Heavens.

It jutted out from between his legs proudly, too thick for me to wrap my hand around.

It was a little darker than the rest of his skin, and seemed to grow even firmer as he stroked it.

Oh yes, he was stroking it. He was standing there in his princely suit, staring down at me kneeling in front of him, and he was stroking his cock.

Did it mean I was hopelessly depraved, if I thought that was the most arousing thing I'd ever seen?

I managed to find my voice. "Your—Your Royal Highness?" I swallowed. "Do you want...?"

"I'm interviewing ye, Clarissa..." His rhythmic strokes matched his hypnotic voice. "For a verra important position."

Chapter 4

Rickard

She looked so fooking hot, kneeling there in front of me. I hadn't intended to whip my cock out quite so early—or without any warning—but I couldn't make myself wait any longer. I wasn't going to take her virginity here—and any fool could see she was still a virgin—but that didn't mean I couldn't assure myself we were compatible.

“So far ye've done a wonderful job, Clarissa.” I kept my voice low, staring intently at her, although that didn't matter since she couldn't seem to drag her eyes away from my long cock. “Ye've followed every command without question.”

My palm was smooth as I dragged it from the tip of my cock down to the base of the shaft, but I imagined hers would be even softer.

Her mouth would be even better.

Exquisite.

My voice got rougher at that thought. “But now I want to ken how devoted ye are to me. Are you a good lass, who will do whatever I need her to do? Will ye be mine?”

She didn't hesitate, but looked up and met my eyes. “Yes, sir.”

Her willing acquiescence sent a shiver through me, and I swear my cock got harder. Holy fook, but I wanted her to touch me.

More than that, though, I wanted to claim her; make her mine.

To put a ring on that finger and know she'd be mine forever.

"I want ye to pull up yer skirt and yer petticoat. Slowly," I snapped, when she hurried to comply. "I want to see each inch of you revealed... Aye."

It wasn't a simple matter, to pull all that material from under her knees, and she had to rock back and forth awkwardly a few times to make it happen.

She was wearing stockings and a garter belt, innocent clothing which I'd seen many times on various women. But on her...

I stroked my cock faster, imagining chewing them off her.

Eventually, she lifted the mass of material in one arm, revealing a pair of white, virginal, fooking innocent bloomers.

I wanted them gone.

"Push down yer bloomers," I commanded hoarsely, and she obeyed without hesitation.

Her curls were a few shades darker than the hair on her head.

Perfection.

I cleared my throat. "Now, touch yourself."

Those beautiful violet eyes widened. "You want me to touch my...my lady parts, sir?"

I almost laughed at her innocence. But at the same time, that innocence was what made her so damn appealing. That innocence would be mine.

“Nay, Clarissa. I want ye to finger your cunny. And I want ye to say it.”

Holy shite, but she was beautiful when she blushed. Her perfect skin turned bright pink in a blush that crept up from her tits—thank God I’d opened her shirt enough to see their northern slopes—and into her cheeks.

And she hadn’t obeyed.

I guess she wasn’t used to hearing such a naughty word.

Ye’ll hear many more of them from me, my love.

Without stopping my easy strokes of my cock, I stepped towards her, and trailed one fingertip down her bright pink cheek. “I love the way ye look on yer knees, Clarissa. I love that ye blush when I say the word ‘cunny’. But I still expect ye to follow my commands.”

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At my reminder, she blinked, and leapt into action. With one arm full of her skirts, her other hand went to her curls, pushing her folds open and brushing one finger down her wet lips.

Looking down on her like I was, so close, I could see it all.

“Like this, my prince?”

“Aye,” I answered in a gravelly voice, not sure how much more I should push for at this first time. I traced her cheek again, then dragged my finger down her neck. Here. Here was where I want my cum to drip... “But I want ye to describe it. Tell me what ye’re doing.”

“I...I am touching myself, sir. I am stroking my wet cunny lips with one finger.”

“Do ye like it?”

She hesitated only a moment. “Very much so.” Her gaze dropped.

“Look at me!” I snapped, and when she hurried to comply, I brushed my finger down her neck again in reward. “That’s a good lass.” A deep breath, while I stroked my rock-hard cock a few more times. “Now, what are ye doing to yourself?”

“I am playing with my pearl, sir.” Those beautiful violet eyes never left mine, trusting, obedient. “I am using another finger to stroke my core.”

“Is it wet?”

“It is dripping wet, sir.”

“Why is that, do ye think?”

She only hesitated a moment, her cheeks even pinker now.

From embarrassment? Or arousal?

“Because I am a little hussy, sir. I-I want to do this. I...enjoy obeying you.”

I groaned in pleasure. “All for me. My little hussy.”

“Yes, sir.”

Holy fook, she was better than I’d imagined. I turned slightly, so my cock was nearer to her face. I was tall, but at this angle, I could brush it against her cheek, which I did.

She moaned, and leaned into the touch, which prompted me to stroke it a few more times, completely aroused by the smooth, perfect skin of her cheek. Christ, I wanted her to touch it so badly...but this was more arousing than I could’ve imagined, merely seeing her touching herself.

“Clarissa, if ye want this position, I’m going to need to see some proof of what ye offer.” My voice was hoarse with need again. Fook. “Ye’re going to let me put my cock inside yer mouth, and ye’re going to suck me off. Have ye done that before?”

Her fingers never stopped moving, and her eyes were hazy with arousal when she shook her head frantically. With her frantic breathing, the misty lust in her eyes, I knew she was close to coming.

“Will ye do that for me, Clarissa?”

“Yes!” she gasped. “Yes, my prince!”

I could see her fingers thrusting in and out of her pussy, her thumb punishing the nub of her clit as she pushed herself closer to ecstasy. I felt tightness rising from my ballocks. Christ, I wanted to taste that pussy, to see it up close.

But not today.

Today was about seeing if we were compatible...

She must’ve decided to take the initiative and deny herself her own pleasure—I made a mental note to compliment her on that later—because those gorgeous pink lips latched around the tip of my cock, and her hand, dripping wet, came up to hold onto my shaft.

“Nay,” I managed to choke out around the surge of pleasure which came from my head being totally enveloped by her mouth. “Nay, keep fingering yourself, Clarissa. I want ye to come for me.”

When she groaned, I felt the vibrations clear down to the base of my cock, all the way through my thighs. Holy fook she was good, and most of that was because she was so damn innocent.

And she was all mine.

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My cock was too big to get into her mouth more than a few inches, but I didn't mind. Deep-throating lessons would come later, after the wedding. Because good Christ I was marrying this girl. As soon as possible, if I wanted to fook that sweet innocent little cunny.

For now, I watched her fingering herself, her eyes rolled back in pleasure while I fooked her face. She did what she could with her mouth, and I used her saliva to stroke the rest of my cock. God, having her at my feet like this...having her ministering to herself while I used her face...

I was going to cum soon, and it was going all over her.

Suddenly she stiffened and her eyes flew open, meeting mine. Her fingers froze in their frantic motion and she moaned against my cock. Then her eyes rolled back once more, she returned to the frantic thrusting rhythm in her pussy, and her whole body shook.

The girl was having what had to be the most intense orgasm of her life, and she was still determined to keep her tongue licking at the head of my cock.

“Good lass,” I gasped out, right before my own orgasm hit.

Now, I'd fooked plenty of women before. I'd even known women who enjoyed—or pretended to enjoy, at least—my little peculiarities and need to be in control.

But I'd never known a woman to be so perfectly submissive and beautiful while following my commands as Clarissa. She'd done everything I'd demanded, and

clearly loved every moment of it.

She was the woman for me, and I needed to reward her.

As I came, I pulled my cock from her lips and stroked it, spurting hot cum all over her beautiful cheeks and mouth. Some of it even dripped down her neck to rest against her collarbone, like a beautiful pearl collar which marked her as mine.

I'd never felt anything like it. I'd never come so hard or for so long, but I wasn't feeling empty. Whenever I'd drained my balls with other women, I'd felt tired and weak. But this? Being with Clarissa made me feel as if I could do anything.

As we panted, overwhelmed by our mutual climaxes, I traced that cum trail across her lips and down her neck.

She was mine now, and she was perfect.

After a long moment, she opened her eyes and looked up at me. "Thank you, sir," she whispered almost reverently.

I offered her my hand, and when she took it, I helped her stand on her unsteady legs. Her skirts fell from her hold to rest haphazardly around those gorgeous thighs, and I knew her bloomers were still askew. Her cheeks and bust were flushed, and I couldn't wait to find out if this was normal for her after she tasted the fruits of ecstasy.

"Nay," I said gently, her hand still in mine. "Thank ye, Clarissa. Ye've proven that ye're a wonderful candidate for the position of my wife."

She didn't drop my gaze, although her eyes widened slightly. "Your wife, sir?"

I leaned towards her, dropping my mouth towards her. When I kissed her, I tasted my

own cum on her lips mingling with her scent, and felt my cock twitch at the knowledge of how thoroughly she belonged to me.

As our tongues played, her hands came up to grasp at my lapels, and I discovered I loved her initiative.

Aye, we'd be married as soon as possible, and I could begin training her to meet my demands. I would introduce her to my parents this afternoon, and the wedding would happen as soon as possible.

While she would have to remain a virgin until the wedding night, there was no reason we couldn't do this frequently. Or one of the other many pleasing positions in the Harlot's Guide.

For now, only one detail remained...

I pulled away just enough to stare down at her. "Marry me, Clarissa."

That's when she smiled, and holy fuck was she gorgeous. "As my prince commands."

The perfect answer.

Chapter 5

Clarissa

Oh Heavens.

I was engaged to the crown prince of Faencairn!

The idea was just...Oh Heavens.

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I mean, it was definitely not what I'd expected when I'd awoken that morning. But no matter how hard it was for me to wrap my head around that fact, I was perfectly at ease with the idea of being engaged to Rickard.

Rickard was just a man. A man who kissed me gently and slowly, even after revealing such an amazing new world.

A man who took command of my soul that day in his chambers, and thus my body too. Even though he barely touched me, I had come alive touching myself in ways I never could've imagined.

And in the moments between my pleasure—feeling the tremors still shaking my body—and his pleasure which marked me as his own...I knew I'd never love another man the way I loved him. He'd opened my eyes to my true self, and I would do anything for him.

So marrying Rickard—and by default, marrying the Crown Prince of Faencairn—sounded wonderful to me.

That day he'd taken me into his huge marble bathroom—oh Heavens, I can't wait to move in and use that huge bathtub!—and lifted up my skirts. Using a warm, damp cloth, he'd wiped me clean, and wouldn't allow me to help at all. No, my prince stood there, cleaning me so gently, so sweetly, I almost melted into his arms.

He could be so hard and demanding, but that moment—and his kiss—told me he would treat me like a treasure.

And after, we finally dined. It seemed so mundane to sit in his chambers at that little table in front of that gorgeous view and eat luncheon, but the food was amazing, particularly the pastries.

When I bit into one and couldn't contain my hum of pleasure, he lifted my hand—with the remainder of the pastry still in it—and nibbled it out of my fingers. That had sent a bolt of desire down to my lady parts—I mean, my cunny—which made me want to crawl under the table and unbutton his trousers again.

But we didn't do anything else like that. Instead he talked to me, as an equal. He asked about my life before Faencairn, and how I managed my father's household and ambassadorial events. He described the duties of the Crown Princess, and we decided my upbringing as a diplomat's daughter made me a perfect choice. He complimented my work since arriving in Faencairn, and even knew about some of his charity projects I'd supported.

In return, he spoke about his family and their life in the castle. Not the kind of information I knew from the newspapers—or even Papa's official channels—but insider information. The kind of things only a big brother would know.

He told me about his father—the King's—ultimatum, and how Queen Alyse was already planning the weddings of her sons. My Rickard, of course, as the most perfect prince, would be marrying first, but the others...

Wulf, the second son. He was stockier than his brothers, and known as The Beast of Faencairn in the papers, as well as—apparently—in the seedier parts of town, where he would brawl with anyone who could meet him. I gasped when Rickard told me that fact, but a warm glow filled me, knowing he already trusted me with his family's secrets.

His brother Wulf was also the head of the Guard at the castle, which seemed to suit

him well. Rickard thought he might be the only one to defy their father and not choose a wife. “If he does, it’ll be someone entirely unsuitable to be a princess, I’m sure. Wulf strives to be imperfect, likely because he hates perfection in others. Myself included.”

Findlay, the youngest prince, was even darker than Wulf, and colder. He rarely spoke to the papers, but when he did, his speech was cultured, clipped. He was the academic in the family, and had long ago been put in charge of the archives in the castle.

I knew researchers came from all over to study in Findlay’s domain, but Rickard didn’t have much hope for him. “Unless one of those researchers happens to be a beautiful woman who will tie him down and sit on his face, I don’t think he’ll notice Father’s command.”

It was fascinating, to hear him talk about the people I only knew from afar or from the papers. But to Rickard, they were family...and soon they’d be mine too.

I think that was the hardest to fathom; that I would soon be related to royalty. Never mind being royalty—I was more nervous about being presented to them!

But that afternoon, after a leisurely lunch and a few more incredibly hot kisses, Rickard took me to his mother’s study and introduced me to the Queen of Faencairn.

I was pleased to discover I hadn’t forgotten all the teachings my governess and etiquette teachers had drilled into me, and she soon put me at ease.

The following day, I returned to the palace to meet Rickard’s brothers, and found them just as charming and warm as they’d seemed at royal events. My prince was, of course, the most handsome, and I couldn’t keep my eyes from straying to him throughout the afternoon. Wulf—his next-youngest brother—noticed and teased me mercilessly.

I couldn't be happier.

I was going to marry a prince. It was just what every little girl dreamed of.

But more than marrying a prince, I was marrying Rickard. And Rickard had the most wonderful, welcoming family. Of course, there were some questions about British culture, but no one seemed to mind the eldest prince and heir was marrying someone from outside Faencairn.

I visited the castle every day for a month, for fittings and discussions about wedding decorations and my tutoring sessions on the Faencairn nobility. It was a whirlwind, but it was like a dream come true.

But my favorite parts of the day were right at the end, when Rickard would make the time to visit with me and find out what I'd done that day. He genuinely cared about me and how well I was fitting in. It made my heart melt, to know he wanted the best for me...and that he was so sweet about it.

Of course, he wasn't always sweet, and that made my heart melt even more. My heart, and...other places. My cunny, as he liked me to say.

We didn't do anything that would threaten my virginity, because it was important to him that the future Crown Princess be pure for our wedding night, and I respected his wishes...no matter how hot he made me, and how much I wanted to feel that incredible cock inside me.

He sent off for another copy of A Harlot's Guide and had solemnly presented it to me, telling me to study the pages, positions, and advice inside. Apparently he looked forward to practicing them all with me after our marriage.

I took him at his word, and spent each night breathlessly reading under my covers,

learning about my own body and what I liked.

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Then there was the time we met unexpectedly in the corridor, and he'd whisked me into a linen closet for another practice session of *The Suppliant Swan*. The threat of discovery had made that extra arousing, and I was pleased to show him how much I'd been practicing and exploring when it came to my cunny.

Judging from the thick, ropey strings of seed he loaded onto my face, he approved.

But rather than satisfying me, our encounters only seemed to heighten my need for him. Rickard chuckled about it while he held me up on the counter of his bathing chamber and lapped at the pearl of pleasure, hidden in my curls—*The Invasion of Brussels*, page seventy-nine—telling me it was good for me to have to wait.

All I knew was a month was a very long time.

I found out from one of the wedding planners that an event of this magnitude usually required at least six months to pull off, but the Crown Prince had demanded perfection in only a month.

Apparently he couldn't wait any longer, either.

Chapter 6

Rickard

I wish I'd worn a more comfortable pair of shoes.

Findlay had tried to talk me into them while we were getting ready, but I'd turned up

my nose; today was my wedding day, and I could handle a bit of discomfort if it meant looking absolutely perfect.

Perfection sometimes required pain.

But not for my Clarissa; not unless she asked politely.

I grinned almost wolfishly.

As her husband and master, it would soon be my responsibility to give her anything she wanted.

The thought kept me occupied during the church service, which was lasting for-fucking-ever, judging from my sore feet and the way my brothers were shifting beside me as the priest droned on.

But I'll bet neither of them had a cockstand in their trousers, making things even more painful.

It had been three full days since I'd last let Clarissa stroke me to orgasm, and it hurt. Not just the restraint, but the fact that I hadn't been with her. I missed her, even if we'd seen each other last night for the traditional pre-wedding, family-only dinner.

Her father had preened, and kept a close eye on her, so we hadn't been able to escape.

That thought led to another, and soon my feet didn't hurt at all. Nay, I was grinning, remembering how delicious it had been, that afternoon two weeks ago, when I'd surprised her in the bathing chamber of my suite—where she'd been taking notes about updating the wallpaper to her taste, of all things—and shown her just how nice it was to have extra-high counters.

On my direction, she'd taken to going without bloomers these days, her skin bare between her garters and the waist of her skirts...and that had made it easy to practice my pussy-licking skills. According to the splendid acoustics, I wasn't that much out of practice. Good Christ, I had so many ideas for her in that bathroom...

What made me think it'd be a good idea to picture Clarissa naked and wet and oh-so-arousing? My cockstand was even harder than it had been when this damned wedding began...

When the music started, I silently thanked God, did a little subtle shifting to hide the tremendous bulge in my trousers, and turned to see her floating down the aisle beside her father.

She was perfect.

I couldn't have told you what she was wearing, but per my request, her hair was long and flowing down her back, exactly the way I liked it. Her violet eyes sparkled, but the special smile on her face was all for me.

Holy fook, I love this woman.

Then she was on my arm, and I was saying some words the priest prompted me to say, and then Clarissa was saying some words...but I'm not sure I could've told you what they were.

All I could think was that I'd found the perfect woman for me, and we were going to be together for the rest of our lives.

When the priest gave us permission to kiss, I had to be careful. I wanted to hold her arse, to pull her into me, to grind the hard bulge in my trousers against the welcoming warmth of her belly...but that wouldn't be proper.

I limited myself to a small peck, and judging from the way she whimpered softly—eyes closed and holding her breath, I noticed—she was ready for more.

I leaned in again, but instead of kissing her, whispered in her ear. “Soon, Clarissa. Soon I’ll give ye everything ye want.”

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And to my surprise, she smiled and whispered back, “And I will give you what you have been wanting, my prince.”

I almost didn’t make it back down the aisle. Her wit, her poise, her submissiveness, her joy in her own body...She was fooking perfect for me, and now she was my wife.

It was only remembering my duty to my position which kept me from whisking her away to take her virginity in a closet somewhere. I—we—were the future rulers of Faencairn. We had hours of dancing, our official presentation to my parents, and then the stupid cake-cutting, amongst other tedious traditions.

The only way I was going to make it through it was not to look into Clarissa’s please-fook-me eyes. Because I was the Crown Prince, and I needed to put Faencairn’s needs before my own.

No matter how much I needed her.

Chapter 7

Clarissa

“Ye ken, Rickard’s no’ going to leave unless ye ask him to.”

I was dancing with my new brother-in-law Wulf, whose voice was a low growl—much like his namesake—which I’d heard others considered quite erotic...though not to any woman not currently in love with the man’s brother.

“I beg your pardon?”

He chuckled as he spun me through the waltz. “Rickard’s all about duty and devotion to the country and being proper, and all that shite.”

“And you are not all about those things.” It wasn’t a question, because Rickard had told me enough about this younger brother to know Wulf enjoyed thumbing his nose at what was expected. “But I suspect you could be, if you applied yourself.”

“Applied myself?” He swung me in a circle. “I’m the head of the Castle Guard. Did ye see the size of my muscles?”

“Well, I am pleased you exercise something,” I quipped, “since you clearly have no interest in diplomacy.”

“Is wooing women no’ diplomacy?”

“Not your brother’s new wife.” It was fun to tease him, to watch him flush with embarrassment as my barb hit home.

But he chuckled. “Fair point. But my point is, Rick’s stuck-up enough to stay until the bitter end of this bloody affair, when I can see how badly ye both want to sneak away. He’s likely been all dutiful and kept his hands off ye...?”

If only you knew.

“He has been aggravatingly...proper,” I hedged.

My new brother-in-law chuckled again and spun me through a turn. “Aye, that sounds like Rick. But since the vows, he hasnae been able to stop staring at ye. He’s doing it right now.”

I peeked over Wulf's shoulder, and he was right. Rickard might've been speaking with a group of dignitaries and their wives, but his stare bored into me. I felt my heart speed up and my breath catch.

Even from across the room, he was labeling me as his. Liquid warmth flooded my core. I wasn't wearing bloomers beneath my wedding gown. I knew he'd approve.

"So..." Wulf was not-so-subtly dancing me back across the reception's ballroom floor to deposit me near my husband. "All I'm saying is that I think the only thing Rickard might love more than his duty is ye, so if ye want to sneak away, ye're going to have to be the one to ask him."

He loves me?

The thought made me breathless—or perhaps that was merely Wulf's overly energetic dancing. My chest was tight, but I had to conclude it was excitement.

Rickard loved me!

How could I do anything except love him in return?

Wulf whirled us to a halt right beside Rickard, gave an outrageously mocking bow—complete with hand-waving and one foot cocked at a funny angle—and disappeared.

I might've been giggling when I turned to Rickard, but my laughter died when I saw the heat in those gorgeous blue eyes of his. Even though we were surrounded by people—his friends? I didn't know—he was still looking at me like he wanted to make love to me right there on the dance floor.

Oh dear. Perhaps I should have worn bloomers after all; I could feel my thighs

becoming damp.

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Without looking away from me, he spoke to the wedding guests nearby. “Excuse me, Chancellor, Minister, and ladies. I believe my wife requires a dance from me.”

I required all sorts of things from him, but we could start with a dance.

I took his offered arm and neither of us looked at the guests as we took to the center of the ballroom. His hand on my back was perfectly proper, and I could feel the heat through my perfectly fitted pale blue gown as he swept me across the palace’s ballroom floor.

My hand might’ve been at its perfectly proper placement on his shoulder, but that didn’t stop me from occasionally brushing the side of a finger against the hair at the nape of his neck.

And I swear I saw him shiver.

But it wasn’t until a particularly large group of dancers made us push a little closer together that I finally—finally!—got to feel the thick bulge in his trousers press against my belly. I didn’t bother to tamp down the urge to wriggle against it, and was rewarded by his groan.

He leaned his mouth close to my ear. “Wife, if ye dinnae stop tempting me, I’m going to have to do something about it.”

I kept my gaze on the perfect column of his throat, because I knew if I looked him in the eyes when I said what I needed to say, I’d lose all my words. “Yes,” I whispered. “I think I do need to be taught a lesson.”

“What?” His strangled whisper sounded like he was choking.

I worked up my resolve, and peeked up at him from under my lashes. “I very, very much want to be taught a lesson, my prince.” I smiled slightly. “Hopefully one involving your cock and my cunny and finally being able to feel you inside of me. Do you think that might be arranged, sir?”

He groaned again, and pulled me flush against him, so I could feel how much he wanted me too. “Ye ken I love it when you use those words, don’t you?”

“Which words? You mean cock? And cunny?” I stood on tiptoe to whisper into his ear this time, reveling in how onlookers clearly wondered what we were saying. “I love that you taught me to say them. They make me feel very naughty, and I love feeling naughty for you, my prince.”

“Clarissa,” he rumbled, “Ye’re making it verra hard to wait for tonight.”

I smiled up at him. “Is there a rule which says a wedding night has to be at night? My cunny is already so wet, I am worried it is dripping down my thighs. I am ready to lose my virginity now, husband. Take it.”

Well, that did the trick.

With a low growl, Rickard grabbed my hand in a grip that told me he wasn’t going to let go for anything, and glanced around us.

Conveniently—or maybe it was on purpose?—all of the reception guests nearby seemed to be looking in another direction, which was all the encouragement Rickard needed.

We ducked out a small side door and practically ran up three flights of stairs to his

chambers. Our chambers. My new home.

I stood, breathing heavily—from our run, and from the promise in Rickard's eyes—and eyed the sofas and the little table under the window. This was where we'd had lunch that first day.

This was where he'd introduced me to my real self, shown me how incredible letting go could really feel.

And just like that first day, he locked the door and turned to me, his cock hard in his trousers and his intentions clear on his face.

“Take off that dress. Now.”

His command—oh Heavens, I loved his voice when it got all hard like that—set my heart to pounding and my hands reaching for the buttons. When the gown was being designed I'd insisted it be easy to get out of, and from his approving little nod, he appreciated my foresight.

He stood there with his hands at his side, watching me strip out of the elegant silk concoction. It wasn't until I stood there before him in just my stockings, garters, and earrings—perfect teardrop sapphires from the royal vault—that he nodded slowly.

His hand was curled around the back of a chair, knuckles white against the dark wood, and I loved that he was able to maintain his control. I loved that he seemed so close to losing control, because of me.

“You are exquisite, Clarissa.”

A month ago, I might've ducked my head or blushed at such a compliment. He'd taught me to be proud of myself, and what I could do to—for—him. I ran my nails

down my breasts and smiled at him.

“I have missed you,” I said simply.

And that was all it took. With a growl, he threw off his jacket and ripped off his necktie. He didn't bother with his shirt, but popped the buttons from his trousers as he pulled out his cock, already hugely engorged in his appreciation for me.

He didn't have to tell me what he wanted; I knew. It was my job to know how to please him, and I reveled in it, in how good I could make him feel.

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I dropped to my knees in front of him and, using my hands to hold it in position, licked his cock from the base of the shaft all the way up to the head. Once there, I circled the tip once the way I knew he loved, then took him into my mouth.

His head fell back with a groan of surrender, and I squirmed happily as I tasted the beads of moisture dribbling across my tongue.

In a month of practicing—on him, on cucumbers, on that special implement he'd sent for me—and A Harlot's Guide, I was now able to take much more of his cock into my mouth. Still not all of it, because my prince was a very large man...but enough to make him moan.

At the sound, I squeezed my thighs together. I was probably staining the rug with all the honey dripping from my core. I wanted—needed—him so badly, but if he wanted to spend in my mouth or all over my tits—like he'd done before—it would just make me more desperate.

More desperate to feel his cock inside me.

Chapter 8

Rickard

I had to admit, I was impressed by her initiative.

As her hot little mouth closed around my cock, I let my head fall back with a groan. I hadn't expected to practice The Suppliant Swan again with my wife before we could

even fook, but I wasn't going to turn it down.

This was almost like a wedding gift.

One thing my previous conquests hadn't truly understood was the role of the submissive in the bedroom. They seemed to think I wanted some kind of fook-slave, and waited around to do whatever I told them.

It'd been like fooking a doll. Unsatisfying.

But Clarissa not only understood, she enjoyed that role. From the moment I saw her eyes glaze over with pleasure here in this very room, on the day I demanded she interview for 'a position', I knew things would be good between us.

And right now, with her on her knees sucking my cock because she wanted to be here, wanted to make me happy...

I knew I'd found my perfect mate.

A submissive partner did everything she could to make her lord and master happy, but also had to know her master cared for her and would make her happy.

And part of that was being sure I didn't spend my seed down her throat as I'd done last week, and the week before that, and the week before that...but not on our wedding night.

Nay, today was the time I finally got to feel that hot little cunny wrapped around my cock, and no matter how good I felt right now, that's what I'd been looking forward to. That's what I knew she needed.

And being a responsible master meant looking after her. My new wife.

Without a word, I pulled myself out of that sweet mouth and pulled her to her feet. She looked confused for a moment—or maybe was just missing the taste of my cock?—but she came willingly. She'd worked hard to make me ready and I could feel my balls tightening, ready to spend deep in her womb.

She was my wife—the future Queen of Faencairn—and for the good of the kingdom, I had to breed her.

But for now...

I did something I'd wanted to do for a long time. I placed my palms on her shoulders and ran them down her breasts, her sides, down her hips, and back up again. And when she shivered, so did I.

It felt so damn good to be able to touch her like this, touch all of her. And as much as I liked how her legs looked in those garters and stockings, I need to see her naked.

Feel her naked.

I untied her garters and kneeled to roll her stockings down her legs. She placed her hand on my head to steady herself as I helped her kick off her shoes and the silky material.

When I looked up, her pussy was right at eye-level, and I grinned.

I loved that she knew not to wear bloomers on an occasion such as this.

With two fingers, I traced the line of curls which pointed toward her core, and chuckled when she moaned. I brushed those fingers down, down, to the very heat of her.

She moaned again, shifting her legs open so I could see where the dew of her desire had painted the inside of her thighs with her need. I smiled again as I leaned closer so I could breathe cool air across her hot cunny. My cock throbbed, wanting to be inside her.

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Suddenly I didn't want to wait. I sprang to my feet and began to unbutton my shirt. "Get on the bed, Clarissa."

I loved the way she always seemed to melt when I gave her a command, and this was no different. A delicious little shiver went down her body and I saw her nipples harden.

Oh, dinnae fash, pretties. I'll get to ye soon enough.

She hurried to obey while I fumbled to pull off my trousers. By the time I made it into the bedchamber—our bedchamber—she was already lying on the bed.

Touching herself.

Her fingers were stroking her clit through the small patch of curls she kept trimmed for me, as I'd ordered. The sight made my thighs weak, made my arse clench, made my cock jump—to see her spread out like that on the blue bedspread, ready for me, so eager she couldn't wait.

That was when I decided to quit teasing, and give us both what we wanted.

When I reached the bed her smile was hazy from desire, and I didn't give her time to think about anything else.

I grabbed her ankles and pulled her towards the edge of the bed. I knew this was the perfect height. Had ensured it, sending the specifications to the furniture makers. From here I'd be able to take her virginity and watch it happen.

I bent her knees, placed her heels on the edge of the mattress, and moved to stand between her legs. From here my cock rested on top of her curls, and she stroked the tip as she circled her nub.

She stared up at me silently, trustingly, and that realization made me grin.

“I’m going to fook you now, wife.”

“Yes, sir,” she said promptly.

“I’m going to push my big, thick cock into yer dripping cunny.”

She smiled. “Yes, sir.”

“And when I take yer virginity, I’m going to make you come so hard ye scream my name.”

She only nodded this time, like she’d gone breathless.

I took my cock in my hand, stroking it a few times as I moved into position. “And while I’m doing that, I want ye to keep playing with yerself.”

“Yes, sir,” she answered in a whisper, already wriggling in anticipation.

The Falconer and the Oyster. Page sixty-three. I wondered if she recognized it.

I settled myself at the opening of her pussy. As the warmth enveloped me, I shivered with need. This was what I’d been waiting for my whole life. I met her beautiful violet gaze and held it as I pushed myself into her.

She whimpered and wriggled, but held my gaze until I was fully embedded in her.

Her pussy—even with how wet she was—was so damn tight I thought I would come right then. But I forced myself to halt, to watch her eyes, to let her take the lead here.

I wanted her to use my body for pleasure.

I saw the moment she realized that and decided to take over. She bit her lip and flicked her clit, then began to roll her hips slightly. The movement caused a gasp to burst out of her, but her eyes opened wide in wonder, and I grinned.

This was going to be good.

Soon she was moaning as she rolled her hips and caused her slick core to slide over my cock, again and again. I was sweating with the need to fuck her senseless, but I forced myself to hold still while she slowly fucked me.

It was glorious, a wedding night I'd never forget.

I pressed the heel of my hand over her mound, rubbing against the bud of her pleasure, and she switched her touches to those glorious nipples.

The sight of her writhing on my cock almost sent me over the edge, but I shifted my attention to the embroidery on the dark blue pillows, and tried not to think how goddamn erotic she looked.

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It almost worked.

It might've worked...if she hadn't whimpered.

I recognized that whimper. It was one of need, and it cut right through my haze and into my heart. I was conditioned to take care of her, to give her what she needed; and right now, she needed me.

"Rickard," she moaned. "Rickard, please."

I unclenched my hands from the fists they'd found themselves in, and leaned over her, placing one hand on either side of her perfect hips.

"Clarissa," I said in a hoarse voice. "I'm going to fuck you now. Hard and fast, just like I've been wanting to since I met you a year ago."

She writhed against my cock, and when she moaned, it sounded almost pained. "Thank you, sir."

I gently pulled back until only the tip of my cock was inside her, and loved the way she gasped in pleasure at the sensation. Then I pushed forward once more, and holy shit did it feel perfect to have her wrapped around me like that.

And that was my last coherent thought.

Chapter 9

Clarissa

My prince fooked me hard and fast, just as he'd promised.

He pushed my knees up against my stomach as his cock slammed into me again and again, and I thought I might pass out from the intense sensation.

The pleasure.

Oh, it had felt divine to ride his cock slowly when he'd pushed into me for the first time, but this...? I adored letting him fook me, letting him do what he wanted with my body.

He was in charge, and I trusted him implicitly.

As he took me, I moved my hand from my folds up to my nipples, squeezing and twisting the way he taught me brought me pleasure. It was like there was some wire connecting my nipples to my cunny, because as soon as I squeezed, I felt my arse almost come off the bed.

I was creeping closer to a precipice, about to fall apart, and I knew he didn't want me to hold back.

I opened my eyes and found his staring down at me unblinkingly as he fooked me senseless, and just that realization had my pussy muscles tightening in anticipation.

Suddenly, he stopped his thrusts, let go of my knees and grabbed my hips. He pulled me hard up against him, until his cock was buried so deep inside me I swear I felt him pushing against my womb.

He was panting, and I knew he had to be so close to coming, so why had he stopped?

Why was he staring down at me like that? And why did it make my cunny tighten even more?

“I love you, Clarissa.”

I shattered.

"Rickard!"

I screamed his name as ecstasy erupted over me, and kept on screaming as he began his thrusts once more.

He groaned along with me, but I wasn't paying attention; this was the strongest, hardest, most intense orgasm I'd ever experienced, and it was thanks to my prince's cock deep inside me. With each spasm I felt my heart lurch, my body shiver, as if all of me was focused on the nerve endings between my legs, and I thought I might be dying.

If so, it was the most wonderful death I could've imagined.

Just as I found myself able to breathe again—although the tremors were still wracking my body—he stiffened and roared my name.

"Clarissa!"

I felt his liquid heat hit my womb with a thick, hard burst, and as he pulsed inside of me, I remembered what he'd told me about breeding on me.

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I wasn't certain if I was ready for a child, but just the thought of him spending inside me like this made me desperate to try daily. Hourly. That cock was made to make babies, and oh Heavens, I loved it.

Still holding my hips, he thrust into me a few more times, slower each time, and I could feel myself milking him all of his delicious seed. I was proud of myself; my husband had fooked me well and truly. I was his now.

As his breathing slowed and his eyes slowly opened, I reached down to where his cock was still buried in me, and I felt the seed oozing around it, out of me.

It was the most glorious, empowering feeling, so I scooped some up on my fingertip and brought it to my lips, the way I did when he'd spent on my face.

Still holding his gaze, I stuck that fingertip—and our mingled juices—in my mouth and suckled. He groaned, then smiled in the most wicked way. He leaned forward and, in one move, pulled out of my body and scooped me up.

We both landed, laughing, on the beautiful counterpane of our bed. I wrapped my arms around his chest and laid my ear against his strong heartbeat. I could feel him relaxing in my arms, even as his seed dried on my thighs.

I placed a gentle kiss on his chest. "I love you, my prince," I whispered against his warm skin.

His arms tightened around me. "Truly?" Rickard asked.

“How could I not?” I smiled, even though I knew he couldn’t see it. “You are the most handsome, most perfect prince in the world, and I think I fell a little bit in love with your commanding presence—the Crown Prince of Faencairn!—last year when we first met. But...” I inhaled his familiar scent. “Here, you showed me the real you, the real Rickard, and I have fallen in love with that man.”

As his fingers began to slowly fondle my back, I snuggled against him. “And truly, one of the things I love most about you is that you have shown me the real me, too. Until I met you, I didn’t know this part of me.”

“The part that desires to submit to another’s will,” he murmured against my hair. “The part that wants to make me happy, because it makes ye happy.” His hand traced my spine to reach my arse, and cup it gently. “And the part that turns ye into a desperate little hussy at the thought of my lewd commands.”

I lifted my chin off his chest, and smiled up at him. “Your desperate little hussy, my prince.”

“Good, lass.” He nodded solemnly. “Let’s go.”

Then, to my surprise, he slapped my arse. Not hard, but enough to make me jump in surprise, my eyes widening. Against my belly I felt his still-sticky cock stir, and I squirmed at the delicious realization we might be able to make love again soon.

“Go, my prince?”

He grinned down at me as he lifted us both upright. “I promised to show ye how wonderful that large bathtub can be, and I’m going to start right now, wife. Ye’re covered in my seed, and yer need, and I think it only fair I wash it all off.”

That sounded divine, so I just moaned and snuggled against him as he carried me to

the bathing chamber. He sat me on a big fluffy towel on the counter, and I couldn't help but remember the time he sat me here and showed me how talented his tongue was.

Faencairn was truly an advanced kingdom, and the royal palace had been outfitted with plumbing and electric lights within the last decade. I knew I was going to adore being surrounded by so much modern technology.

While he adjusted the temperature and pumps of the large marble-lined tub, I tentatively reached down and touched my pussy. His cum was still sticky on my skin, but my juices were everywhere too.

The lips and nub felt tender, but in a breathless sort of way, not a sore way. It was as though I had a million new nerve-endings suddenly switched on, all desperate to feel more.

I looked up and caught Rickard watching me.

Chapter 10

Rickard

Holy hell, but I loved watching her explore her body, this new sense of herself. But tonight was our wedding night, and I wanted to be the one to explore her body.

"Clarissa," I said sternly. "Ye look like ye're enjoying yerself."

She blushed slightly and dropped her chin. But then those brilliant violet eyes peeked up at me through her lashes, in that look that seemed to be wired right to my cock, judging from the way it stirred.

“Yes, sir,” she whispered. “Very much so.”

“However, ye also look like a harlot, covered in all that cum. No’ at all like a crown princess.”

Instead of becoming more embarrassed, the reminder seemed to embolden her...exactly the way I knew it would. She pushed herself off the counter, and stood proudly in the middle of our marble bathroom.

“Come over here and let me clean ye off, my princess.”

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She shivered with delight and hurried to me. At the edge of the tub she pressed herself against me, and it was my turn to shiver. Christ, I didn't think I'd ever get enough of the feel of her naked body pressed against mine. I promised my stiffening cock we'd experience it again very soon.

I lifted her into the tub, determined to care for her the way a good master should. Her cheeks were pink, but I didn't think it was from embarrassment; she seemed to accept my care as a given.

I rubbed her all over with a thick washcloth and body wash, and smiled when she let her head fall back with a groan. My princess had been stressed this month, and deserved some dedicated attention.

Gathering all of her silky hair in one hand, I cupped water across it with my other. Then I lathered shampoo and began to massage her head and hair and neck. She groaned even louder.

I loved being able to take care of her this way. I loved how strong it—she—made me feel.

“I love ye,” I murmured as I gently washed the bubbles from her hair.

With her eyes closed, she smiled sleepily. “I love you, too.”

However, we weren't done yet. I pulled her to her feet while she remained in the bath, and nuzzled against her wet neck. “I have so much more to teach ye, wife.”

She wriggled her arse in excitement, and I could feel her pulse jump in her neck, where my fingers rested. She was such an eager student.

Gently I turned her, guiding her hands toward the wall, making her lean forward.

I climbed into the tub behind her. When she was properly braced, I pushed her feet apart with mine. Soon she was standing in the tub with her legs spread, bent at the waist, braced against the cool marble of the wall.

Perfect.

With the water a warm sensation beneath our knees, I began by running my hands down her back and over her arse.

I felt her holding her breath as I leaned forward to reach around and cup her tits. I loved this position because they hung free, unencumbered by the fashionable corset she always wore.

“Do ye remember what it’s called, when the man takes the woman in this way?” I murmured against her skin.

Was it my imagination, or did her pulse flutter as she swallowed? “The King’s Gambit, my prince.”

Was it any wonder I loved this position? Loved her?

I chuckled. “Good lass. Ye’ve been studying, just as I told ye to.”

My praise was what Clarissa needed; those wonderful little nipples hardened under my care, and she moaned again, pressing her arse back against me.

She sucked in a startled breath when she felt my cock already rock-hard and resting on the cleft of her arse. But the little wriggle and groan she gave was proof she was ready for anything.

I wanted to stroke my cock, but I forced myself to focus on her pleasure. The way she rocked against me as I squeezed and pulled at her tits, the sensual little noises she made as I reached between us to stroke Clarissa's cunny and play with her pearl, all told me she appreciated my thoughtfulness.

But we eventually reached the point where I couldn't wait. Her moans had turned to frantic little gasps, echoing around the bathing chamber and pushing me right to the edge. I'd already twice had to command her to keep her hands on the wall when she reached for her own pussy.

We were both ready.

I clenched my fist around my cock, slowly stroking it against her arse. The way she gasped when the backs of my fingers brushed against her arsehole made me think she might be ready for even more instruction. Perhaps even Say Hello to Mister Walnut, which I'd never tried, but had always been curious about.

For now, though, I would take pity on her.

Putting my cock between her arse cheeks, I pressed them together and thrust a few times. It felt even better than the way she'd pressed my cock between her breasts two weeks ago, the bath leaving her skin slick and imminently fookable.

It was a new sensation for both of us, and I made sure to use my other hand to keep her pussy dripping wet. She gasped in time with my thrusts, until I decided we were both ready for the real thing.

Without warning, I crouched into position behind her, and pushed my cock up and into Clarissa's ready and willing pussy.

Holy fook, it felt good.

Soon we were moving together, our grunts and moans in perfect harmony. I didn't think I'd ever get used to the feel of her pussy clenched around my cock, one hand bracing on the marble over her head.

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My other hand rested on her arse cheek, and I pressed my thumb against her perfect little puckered hole. I couldn't wait for the day I decided she was ready for me to fook this, but for now...

She sucked in a startled breath as my thumb pressed into her, but soon she relaxed with a sigh into my touch. A touch I couldn't help but deepen. I made certain not to go any farther up her arse than the first knuckle of my thumb, but I loved the way it made her writhe.

"Rickard," she choked out. "You make me feel so..."

"Hot?" I gasped in tandem as I thrust in and out of her. "Filthy?" My thumb was in her arse, after all.

"Perfect!" she wailed just as her pussy began to pulse around my cock.

The one line, and the knowledge she was coming again, sent me over the edge. With a roar, I came, sending my seed deep into her womb.

Christ, I wanted her forever.

A few whimpering moments later, we both collapsed onto the edge of the tub, with her on my lap.

She was sighing contentedly, and I was...well, I was still in shock she could make me feel this good.

“That was incredible, my prince,” she whispered against my neck.

I chuckled. “It really was. If I didnae just breed you, I’ll be surprised.”

“Well,” she straightened and blinked innocently at me, “I have never known you to be wrong, my prince, but there is a risk. Perhaps you should fook me a few more times, just to be certain.”

I laughed, tightening my hold on her. “I think that’s a fine idea, wife.” I nuzzled against her neck, amazed to feel my cock stirring yet again. “But this time I think ye should fook me.”

“Your wish is my command, my love.”

We were both laughing when I scooped her up and carried her out of the bath. This was perfect. Just as I knew she would be.

Epilogue

Clarissa

I was already pulling pins from my coiffure as I entered our royal bedchambers. As I’d eagerly hoped, Rickard was waiting for me.

We’d been married for months now, and I still couldn’t get over the way his perfect blue eyes lit with excitement when they saw me.

And I couldn’t deny my day—which had been long—just got a lot better.

“How was your day, my love?” I asked as I dropped the pins on a convenient table, and turned around to offer him the back of my gown. “Did Parliament cooperate?”

Humming, Rickard brushed his lips against the place where my neck met my shoulder as his long fingers went to work on my gown. “In Faencairn, we’re blessed with a group of auld men who simultaneously want growth and what is best for our people, while also being able to argue the color of the sky for three hours.”

I laughed at his description, but it turned into a gasp as he yanked down the top of my gown and reached around to cup my breasts through my corset.

“This is in the way,” he mused, as if he hadn’t seen me in my underclothes hundreds of times.

But I pretended surprise. “Goodness, my prince, you are correct. What should we do about it?”

“Take off yer clothes, lass.”

When he growled that command in my ear, I couldn’t suppress the shiver which went down my spine.

For months now, I’ve been the Crown Princess of Faencairn. I’ve appeared beside my husband dozens of times at official functions, smiling and waving politely...a perfect princess.

But when we were alone in our chambers, I was just Clarissa and he was...my prince. My master. My everything.

I couldn’t deny him, any more than I could deny the way my cunny clenched with need as his tongue rasped along the side of my neck.

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“We have the opera tonight,” I reminded him. “The French ambassador is going to use that time to ask you about fishing rights—oh.”

“I dinnae want to talk about fishing,” he growled, squeezing my breasts. “I want ye to be a good lass and do what I’ve told ye.”

Well, of course I was going to do as he commanded.

My fingers fumbled with the hooks on my corset, although he helped, cradling me from behind. I loved that he’d banished my maid from helping me undress—insisting he could handle that chore himself—so I knew we had plenty of privacy for another two hours, before she returned to help me dress for the opera.

When my corset fell away, and I was left wearing the thinnest of chemises, we both sucked in a breath. He hefted my breasts through the sheer linen.

“Hmmm.” I could feel his breath against my earlobe, knew I was already wet for him. “These dinnae feel any bigger.”

I knew he was hoping for signs of a pregnancy. The nation was too, but to be truthful, I wouldn’t mind if it took me a few more months to conceive. I was having too much fun trying.

I flushed with anticipation, remembering all the ways we’d fooked over the last months. Waiting for our wedding had been torture, but once our wedding night had come and gone, we had the freedom to try anything and everything.

My favorite positions from A Harlot's Guide might still be the ones he showed me first, but we were steadfastly working our way through the entire catalog; last week he'd had to bring in two of the footmen and a large cucumber!

Yes, we'd made love in every conceivable position, and just the thought of his hot seed spilling inside me was enough to make me breathless. He called it breeding me, and I loved the way those words made me feel; as if I were someone special.

To my prince, I was.

I couldn't wait for him to succeed. For now, though...

I pretended disappointment as I twisted in his hold and put my arms around his neck. "Oh dear," I pouted, thrusting my hips forward to cradle his hard cock. "We shall just have to work harder."

I loved the way his eyes glittered with humor and excitement. "Ye're wonderful, lass. Ye ken that?"

"I love you, my prince."

The kiss was hard and fast, and revealed his need as much as mine.

"And I love ye, Clarissa. But..."

I was already panting with excitement. "But?"

One perfect blonde brow rose as he stepped back, out of my arms. His hands dropped to his waist and he began to unbutton his trousers. "I think you need to prove it, wife."

Without hesitation, I dropped to my knees in front of him. I was kneeling in a pile of

my own clothing, and when I pressed my thighs together, I could feel my bloomers were already soaked through.

When his voice turned commanding like that, I would do anything to please him.

I blinked up at him through my eyelashes, and reached for his cock as he released it. “Yes, sir,” I said, right before my lips closed around it.

“Good, ye wicked princess,” he said with a groan.

I smiled around his cock. No. I was the perfect princess.