



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# The Princess 2

Philippa Peters



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. HAIGHT*

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# THE PRINCESS 2

by Philippa Peters

The second and final part of *The Princess* continues after the eight chapters of Part One.

## IX. SHADOWS OF THE PAST

*PALLAY. Tamsat prospered as it never had before under the rule of its lovely, lonely queen. Perhaps the reports of both were exaggerated for Pallyay did have her court of maidens, many of whom she had saved from the ravages of cruel pirate captains, as her share of the loot from many a raider. She also married, for short times at least, several of her captains, before the survivors understood that marriage to Pallyay was also a death sentence.*

*Her fame, however, the accounts of her loveliness, and the fact that she had no husband, all lost nothing in the retelling. The powerful warlord, Guthurn of Timilly, was enticed by many reports of the red-haired 'Flame Queen' to bring his forces against hers. He brought an army over the so-called impregnable Tammick Mountains and lay siege to the port in the eighth year of Pallyay's solitary reign.*

*Guthurn offered only one term for breaking the siege: Pallyay's hand in marriage. She refused, appalled she said, by his crassness. When starvation threatened, however, for Guthurn had stationed guns to bombard all ships that approached to break the siege, the Council of Captains met in secret, ordered their Queen bundled up in her nightclothes and thus delivered her and the city to Guthurn.*

*Guthurn was an honorable man to some extent. He looked upon the red-haired, enraged Queen, clad in the green silk, which she wore to bed, and proclaimed that he had captured the greatest treasure of Tamsat. He set a marriage feast for the following day and forced Queen Pallyay, still in her green silk, to marry him.*

*She continued to resist for a time and was carried struggling into Guthurn's tent. He was not long in his wedding bed when he cried out and killed the lovely Pally. He ordered his troops to pillage the port of Tamsat, rendering it to the fishing village status that it has today. Though it was never proven by another, we have to take Guthurn's word for it that the lovely Pally, Flame Queen of Tamsat, five times married to lusty men, was indeed a man herself. (From the history text, "The Pirates of Tamsat", written by Helena Meravon.)*

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We made a great show of parting, my husband and I, with much kissing and affectionate hugs for the cameras before I left for Niccobi and he to the so-called 'peace talks' in Matona. I was able to contain my revulsion well for he could not strip me and put his hands in my panties as he had done several times earlier in the day, to my great shame. I was back under the control of Lady Atara, as everyone now called her, even the Storm Guard Undermarshal who accompanied us to the citadel in Niccobi, through crowds of cheering people out to greet me 'coming home' after my bridal tour.

I felt such a fraud as I left the carriage in front of the steps to the citadel, dressed in my Therentian short dress, which flowed about my knees, showing off my black, silk stockings and shapely woman's figure. I had still to complete my bridal tour with day visits to Niccobian families but at least I was finished travelling before I went into seclusion. I waved to the crowd, well aware that I had to stop to let Lady Atara catch her breath, for she was the one who was actually pregnant.

I knew that was why she had left me to my husband's not-so tender mercies in bed the previous evening. It was hard to think of that and not flush in shame at the things he had me do. Yet, I felt womanly in my new style of dress, my hair flowing about me. The bobble of my chest was unnerving as well. On my long trip about Therentia, I had grown breasts, real woman's breasts and my husband loved me so for that alone. She, Lady Atara, could have saved me the degradation my husband had put me through if she had wanted. She was, after all, his concubine and a woman. I was only his wife and a *man*.

She ordered my maid, the Stertian mute, to take my clothes to the Queen Jerna's Suite where I had been held prisoner before and taught to behave as a woman. It was now so ingrained in me, like walking with a graceful feminine sway in my high heels, that no one questioned whether or not I was a woman. I did not question it myself. I was a *woman*. I knew it now.

Inside my familiar rooms were the mirrors, training mirrors as Reneth, the real corrupter of my will power, had called them. I stood and studied the blonde woman who had entered the rooms and looked for flaws. I could find none. My hair was in a thick, golden braid over my shoulder. I shuddered, recalling it floating free about my face as my husband had kissed me the night before at the start of making love to me. He loved it and the scent I was given to wear. He tortured me by having me do to him all the things I had done before under the influence of Reneth's drugs. Then he did to me what he said I enjoyed most as his woman. I shook just thinking about it and how I had succumbed in my fright to everything he, my husband, wanted.

I had a staff of three beauticians to work on me so that it was little wonder that on my face, the ravages of the previous night were well concealed. The injections that Zadmer, my physician, gave me regularly probably accounted for the smoothness and roundness of my face. They certainly accounted for my breasts, the thickness of my lovely hair and my female figure. I studied my cleavage, quite natural for a woman, my dark bra invisible beneath the dark blue folds of my dress.

My husband loved my breasts. He had fondled them and kissed them repeatedly as I betrayed myself by responding to his attentions with a hardening of my enlarged nipples. He thought I did it out of female love for him, not out of the fear and shame that any man could treat another so.

He loved my roundness, too, and how my artificial disguise made me fit to him as a woman, but he soon removed that during his rape of me. Yes, it was rape, for I did not consent to be assaulted in that way by a man who claimed he was my husband. He had me put on stockings and a garter belt and stroked and kissed my legs as a man would a woman. He entered me with my legs up over his shoulders, his kisses along my thighs enervating me and making me gasp. He loved it that I was weeping when he entered me.

He took me from behind, with me arching my back, my face buried in a pillow, while he had his way with me.

Then he had me kiss him and tell him that I loved him and what he did to me. The vivid dreams I thought I had, which must have been when he kept me in a drugged state as his sex slave for so long, helped me to get through it all. Reneth's voice still seemed to reverberate in my head with instructions so that I knew what to whisper when.

It only made it worse, though, that Gendrick took all my utterances as the truth and rewarded me with even more lovemaking, treating me, absurdly, as a wife who loved him and was willing to do anything to help her man achieve pleasure in sexual congress with her. He knew then that I was not drugged and he whispered that I had never been so loving as I tried to make him come a third time, his encouraging, stroking hands actually making me forget for moments at a time that I was a man. Then he cuddled me after he finally came, as if I truly *was* his devoted wife, and he told me how much he loved me and that he never intended to sleep with Atara again, not when he had a wife like me to pleasure him.

Lady Atara sat at the console and didn't release the constrictions of her dress until the last of the Guard, carrying my dresses' containers had left. "Tea," she ordered the mute, who nodded and left immediately. It was she who had opened my dress in the car so that my breasts would be visible to the crowd; I would have been humiliated even more if I had made a scene.

"I know what you and Zadmer have done to me," I said as I sat beside her like a woman. I smoothed my rustly dress beneath me and crossed my legs; the stockings made a familiar rasp, one I loved to feel. I had learned the pleasures of being dressed as a woman. "I know what he plans for me as well."

It was frightening when my husband took my male member in his hand as we lay together, the artificial disguise about my male parts cast aside. He had been only partly awake when he said that I didn't need it any more and we should have Zadmer remove it,

as he had done to the others. Then I would have even greater pleasure by receiving him not through a plastic opening as my artificial vagina provided, but right into me. What did I think of that?

I had trembled so much that I nearly contradicted him, which I had seen Gendrick the Mad hated. Somehow, I thanked him for the thought and agreed with him that his pleasure would be greatly increased. I told him I loved him. He began kissing me again and got so roused that he tried to take me again but fell asleep during the whole process; I was left to sleep across his chest, as he told me he wanted me to. He wanted to awaken with me aroused to service him right away in the morning. Which I did.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Atara, calmly.

"I want the process stopped," I said, opening my dress and lowering my bra so that she could see how large and femininely shaped my breasts were. "I want this reversed. I want no more injections."

I had lain beside Gendrick in fright all night as I trembled at what he had said about 'the others'. I had seen Helena, a former cadet named Detter. She had been experimented on before me and I knew there were more like her somewhere in the Citadel. Gendrick had implied that the experiments were still going on and that they had removed the manhoods of my poor fellow cadets. I didn't want it to happen to me. *I did not want to be a woman.*

Atara frowned. "Very well," she said. "Have you thought that we could give you maintenance doses in your drinks?"

I glared at her. That was how they had done it to me when I learned to be Gendrick's wife in bed. I had been in a stupor most of the time; mesmerized into thinking I was really a woman and a wife.

"I would have thought that you would want to continue the injections," Atara went on, studying me as I put my breasts back into my bra and closed my dress. "You have enjoyed the bridal tour so far, haven't you? It isn't bad to be treated as a Princess, is it? You couldn't have enjoyed all those revels with the Life Corps officers if it hadn't been for Zadmer. Believe me, Gendrick will soon tire of you sexually. You see, you are a novelty to him right now. He just loves the idea of making the one who should be King service him as his Queen."

"Shut your lying mouth!" I screamed, almost hysterically, just as the mute returned with tea. She set it down and regarded us both doubtfully. I was quivering with rage.

"This-*this* is how your plot works," I jeered at her, so cool and poised, not one of her white hairs out of place in her neat, chignon hair styling. The mirrors showed two lovely women taking tea, everything about me the equal in feminine elegance to her, from my high-heeled shoes to my braided hair. "How-how can I survive when it would be easier for him to have me killed?"

"You will not die, Princess," she said to me forcefully. "You can see that I am pregnant with Gendrick's child and it is my child who will be proclaimed as yours and sit on Gendrick's throne." That was the plot that she had devised with the Lord Marshal of Theren-tia, Lord Chasmun.

"I know," I sneered. "You've planned all along for a concubine's whelp to sit on the throne of Niccobi."

"Yes," said the ice-cool Atara, her voice suddenly very angry. "My whelp. That's how all of you born in the blood think of us, isn't it? We are of such little account that we scarcely rate as humans."

Her pale eyes flashed at me. "But I have feelings, my beautiful Princess," she said bitterly. "And ambitions. I care for my child, even now. It shall not suffer as I have suffered."

She motioned me to sit down and I did, smoothing my skirts beneath me femininely, the airy feeling of my dress and the motion of my chest such old friends now as rarely to be remarked upon by my brain.

"I was born in the pits of Almance," said Atara softly, gathering my attention again. "When Gendrick overcame the last of the Alman Barons, we greeted him as a liberator. His rule, you see, is that much gentler than that of the Baronger Werrens who owned me. My own mother was bred so many times by him that I was lucky that she survived to raise me. Four of my brothers did not survive.

"I was earmarked, because of my paleness, for special breeding. My Baronger kept me celibate, knowing he could obtain a high price for me, the older I became and still a virgin. Gendrick had Werrens cast into the deepest of pits, among the black-earth slaves. I'm told he screamed for days as they slowly devoured all the parts of him.

"I became Gendrick's chattel, then his concubine. He has never possessed my soul and he knows it. Death would just be a welcome release for me. He intends that when my child is born that I will learn to fear for it, as I cannot fear for myself. Then I will be lost."

She looked at me and I retreated along the sofa from her bleak look. "Gendrick only wants what he does not fully possess," she said. "He didn't fully possess you under drugs. He will soon possess you entirely as his loving woman. We both know that. Stay alive, Princess, and you and my child may yet survive the assassination of Gendrick the Mad.

"Yes," Atara nodded at me; fright filed every part of me at her words. "He will be assassinated, sooner or later. All tyrants are. His dream of a new Vesian Empire with himself as Emperor and you possibly as Empress is a mad one. Chasmun and other Therentian Lords know where the Storm Guard should be employed, against the great barbarian kingdoms of the North and East, not in the decadent South."

Atara sipped her tea and gestured to me to take another cup. "I must admit," she went on, in the same unemotional tone, "that I had hoped with your breasts would come some maternal feelings. My child will need every friend and benefit he can receive in his first few days of life, because that is coming sooner than Gendrick or anyone else expects. In one hundred days, in fact."

My eyes must have mirrored the shock I felt. "I cannot be mother to your child," I blurted out. "I cannot be that. It's impossible!"

Atara shook her head wearily at me. "Oh, my Princess," she said. "Have you not learned yet that, in the world ruled by Gendrick the Mad, nothing is impossible?"

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Atara insisted that I not be cooped up immediately in the citadel to UnderMarshal Bregg, the Storm Guard commander. We had to complete the bridal tour, she insisted, and inevitably, that led us to Ashun.

"I don't understand why we are coming here," I said more in dread than anticipation as we drove up to the house where I had been raised. Lady Cadella had taken it over after the death of my father. It was our sixth excursion of the Harvest season, as Atara seemed determined that I visit every house and estate in Niccobi that had not been present at my wedding.

"Ashun was once your home?" Atara asked with a cynical smile. "We'd better not say that to anyone we meet here in the next few days. As far as the Steward is concerned, you are visiting on behalf of Lady Cadella. He sends her accounts and you are here to verify them."

My stomach lurched as the crawler turned along a familiar, dusty road. The estate looked untouched by the ravages of the war. I couldn't help it; a tear came to my eye as I thought of myself in my army uniform, returning as Lieutenant, or even Captain Buron Osterick. I half expected my brother Juton to come running out of the manor door to welcome me home.

But I was returning as a woman, in long, flowing dark-red dress, my hair styled into braids and falls, the jewel of my rank as princess across my forehead. I quaked as I was helped from the car by a younger officer who could have been me before I became such a woman as I was. I saw his eyes on my breasts, so I was flushing as the main door opened.

It was the white-haired, balding steward, Gerderas, who came out of the sandstone-faced Great Hall as our car halted on the crushed-brick driveway. The scowl on Gerderas' face as he took in the Therentian markings on the crawler and the uniformed guards that went everywhere with me showed his feelings at our visit.

"The manor-estate of Ashun, home to the Osterick branch of House Ospero," Gerderas began pompously, "bids ..." He stopped as Atara lifted the veil from my hair and face to protect me from dust and he saw me. He gargled and stepped backward.

He recognized me for sure, I thought, my heart beating faster, not knowing whether to be relieved or embarrassed.

"Hello again to you, good Gerderas," I said shakily, my voice the Princess Rina's but the words the familiar greeting of my father whenever he returned home.

"Lady," Gerderas said stumbling as he tried to bow. "Majesty, if I had known that you travelled in, in this, this ..."

"Accursed Therentian contraption?" suggested Atara coolly.

I bit at my lipsticked mouth, shivering in my long dress, feeling it flick against my stockings, reminding me that I was a woman now. Gerderas had recognized me as a woman, I thought in chagrin, not as the former squire of the manor.



"Majesty," Gerderas addressed me with a low bow and then nodded to Atara. "We have had no one in residence here since Lord Buron was killed in the siege. Ah, such a sad loss." He looked so upset that I wanted to reach out and tell him the truth right there. "Perhaps you saw him at the fall?" he added as I nervously withdrew the gloved hand I had extended to him.

"Lord Buron?" asked Atara with a frown, as all I could do was to shake my long blonde hair at his entreaty.

"Well, his father died on the Outer Wall, we did hear that," he said, making no mark of respect to Atara as if he knew of her as a concubine already. But he seemed to know how my father had died. It was more than I had heard and I longed to pursue the topic with him. "So, even though it was only for that last few days, well, Buron was a Lord, wasn't he? No one was more deserving."

I thought I would burst out of the tight, shaped gown I wore. I had to stand there as our old steward explained that though I was a might headstrong, my father had looked to me to be a great lord when my time came.

"Geray and I were glad to see you had Lady Cadella's daughters as your flower girls," he said, leading us into the Great Hall. He said it so innocently that I absolved him mentally of any dark deed in turning my brothers into flower girls. He quite clearly didn't know it was them. "She came, you know, right after she heard of your death. Took possession for her and that Tugron, or whoever it was she married."

I found it difficult to mount the old stone steps, worn smooth by children's running feet over the years. His arm steadied me as we entered and crossed the old flagstones, the cracks and joins trying, or so it appeared, to catch my high heels at every step.

"All you pretty ones must wear such impractical shoes, mustn't you, Princess," he said, a sly smile on his weather-beaten face. "Here's Geray. She's not learned yet what's right to wear on her pretty feet, either."

I was certain that my heavily beating heart must clearly be heard or even seen in the amount of exposed bosom I was showing in the tight, shaped upper part to my dress. It felt even tighter now as I turned to face the girl who had taught me how to make love to a woman, who had praised me as a young man, and who so loved being a woman herself.

Geray was shocked to see me. "Oh, fathermine," she said with a smile, curtsying to each of us in turn. "Our future queen may walk as she wishes without scold."

Again, I felt a pang, as I was not recognized, this time by a girl I had lain with many an afternoon in Heat and Harvest in haystacks and hay lofts, her friends covering for her in the kitchens while she and I learned how to make love.

"Were there not younger sons here too?" asked Atara of the steward while Geray, looking as pretty as she had always looked in her long, loose, Harvest dress, offered us seats at the foot of the fireplace, with its familiar banners flying overhead. I felt other pangs too as I saw familiar chairs, books, objects, carefully put away in nooks and crannies I knew well.

"Lady Cadella took them off to Opar to be with her family," Gerderas said in disgust. "Packed Tugron off with them, we heard."

Geray nodded. "We didn't know she was married, my princess," she said earnestly to me. "Nor that she had daughters, either. She kept them in town though we urged her to bring them on out here after the boys were gone. But she said she had to go. The Theren-tians wanted to lock up all the Ospero minor houses, she said. So we never got to see her daughters save at the wedding."

"Very pretty little girls," mumbled Gerderas, while I wanted to ask him angrily how it was he couldn't tell that the little girls were *not* little girls but my brothers whom he had seen almost every day of his life. "Real Ostericks in looks, too. Thank goodness they took after her and not him."

"Well, that affair is over now, thanks to the Princess," said Atara. "You render accounts to Lady Cadella in Opar, do you not? She requested us to check your accounts while we were here."

"Just like her," snapped the old steward angrily. Then he looked at me and tried to apologize to me as I saw the Guards spring to attention close to me. I waved them off but they looked at him very suspiciously, as I supposed they should.

"Geray will be maid to both you ladies, my Princess, my Lady," the old steward said when he realized we were yet on my bridal tour. "It will be an honor for her, Majesty."

"Yes, of course," said Atara quickly. "The Princess will be delighted to have Geray attend her. My mute may attend me this evening."

I longed to protest but Geray was smiling so brightly with pleasure that I couldn't reject her. I had seen that smile often, as she lay beside me, teasing me until I had fallen in with whatever her wishes were. I ached inside my panties and my breasts felt sore as I looked at her and realized that at that time, I had truly loved this girl.

Crossing my legs as we took tea only made the feelings worse, since every nerve in my body was on edge, supercharged with emotion. Undermarshal Bregg ended my contemplation by suddenly bursting into the hall with a comset and announced that the Lord Sovereign was in Niccobi.

Atara drew me with her into an alcove to speak to my husband. "We are fulfilling your wife's royal duties," stated Atara to Gendrick's frowning visage. "We can not leave so curtly without giving great offence. Besides, you are supposed to be in Matona. Surely the peace negotiations haven't broken down that quickly."

Gendrick shook his head. "You did your work too well, Lady Atara," he said softly and I felt chills go up and down my spine. "I have one night to see my wife in seclusion before the League presents its credentials tomorrow. I come to Niccobi to make love to her and she is not here. I want to make love to my wife tonight. Bring her to me right away."

He spoke very calmly but shudders ran up and down my spine at his words.

"That must come later," insisted Atara and his eyes hooded suddenly and he looked like he was in pain. "You must see that we cannot leave, now that we have begun our visit. She must be presented to House Osterick tonight. Stay one more night in the citadel."

"Impossible," he stated, in a tone to match her at her iciest.

“If you contact Reneth,” said Atara, “there’s a new young girl, a new concubine, fresh from Goberaint. She is said to look much like our future Queen.”

Gendrick had, however, already cut the contact. I looked at Atara, the fear showing on my face. “He might come here,” I gasped, looking across the hall at the pretty, dark-haired girl who waited to attend to my feminine needs.

“Not even he would dare to breach etiquette in such fashion,” she said. “Don’t worry your pretty little head about that.” She began to make another call. “I must keep him occupied for the rest of the season.” She ordered me away to Geray just as I saw Lord Chasmun’s face appear in her comset.

## X. GERAY

*CHOLLIN. The islands of the Tavasail Channel have never been able to support human habitation in any numbers. Windswept for the most part, they are a trap for vessels trying to pass around the continent of Landsouth by the ‘quick’ route to Buch and Merranal. Chollin must have been a child aboard one of the unlucky vessels that met a quick demise in the shifting shoals that make the Channel so treacherous.*

*The ship, ‘Allinn,’ trying to bring Catal tea to Opar to reap the benefits of high winter prices, was forced to shelter in the Tavasails. Grounded off an unknown islet, it was as much a shock to her crew as it must have been to Chollin that the two caught sight of each other. The tall, dark-haired figure in a dark blue dress had come down to the sea to check crustacean traps.*

*Chollin could barely speak, beyond the ability to say ‘Chollin.’ The captain of the ‘Allinn’ took the figure to be a girl right away. She had long, wavy hair, a ribbon tying it back most prettily. Her face was thin and smooth, reddened by exposure to wind and sun. The dress she wore fitted her as if she had some female attributes. Little could the captain have known that in the wreck Chollin had lived, she had clothed herself with what would fit her, padding where she had to, so that nothing was loose or slack. She had no idea of man, woman, boy or girl and was, in fact, a placid, endearing person.*

*The captain of the ‘Allinn’ had Chollin clean herself and decorate and clothe herself as if she was a woman. He used pictures to show her how to be the woman he thought she should be. He had her taught to be a woman by a whore in the port of Opar when he finally reached there. With her hair restyled, with makeup on her face, and in a pretty dress, Chollin was raised in Opar to be a woman.*

*Not knowing her age, the captain of the ‘Allinn’ allowed his house to nominate a husband for her. Only after a sumptuous wedding, with all the rituals of courtship having been followed, was Chollin left alone with her husband.*

*Imagine his horror to find that the wife he had been so pleased to accept was a man. Imagine Chollin’s feelings when the love she felt for her husband was refused. It is not certain that she ever understood why she was rejected or why she was branded and returned to her exile in the Tavasails.*

*Most Oparites still believe she was treated with great leniency. Perhaps feeling guilty, the captain of the ‘Allinn’ returned to the Tavasails two years later to find her if he could. The old wreck in*

*which she had once lived, beside which she had been deposited by the royal warship that had carried out the court's sentence, had been destroyed and washed away in a great winter storm. Of Chollin, there was never another trace. (From the travelogue, "The Unknown South", by Paruton Newans Goroy, a memoir of sea travels in and about the islands and continent of Landsouth.)*

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"I've carried his picture in my locket, ever since, well, you know," Geray said, flushing as I used my makeup brush on my lips to make them pinker and shinier. She watched with great interest.

Her interest in me, Princess Rina, bordered on awe. She watched me do my makeup as if she had never seen a woman do her own makeup before. I could imagine her with her girl friends afterwards, saying "the Princess did it this way" and so on as if everything I did was what a woman should do. I felt a slight sickness all the time she watched me and chattered on about her love for Buron, who was really me. How could I have changed so much that she didn't see it in me? That was an awful thought. Had I changed *that* much? Perhaps I would never be able to get back. Was that why Atara had brought me to Ashun: to learn that there was no going back?

She was delighted to be my 'maid,' complimenting me on everything I wore, from my lace panties and bra, not realizing how fake I was. At least she gave me privacy to change my panties, but I had stood before her bare-breasted and shaking and she had not known it was me, Buron.

I had to change for the evening revel; she scurried over to help me with my bra. She loved my hair and confided that she had taken up braids in imitation of mine and *just wait* till I saw the other girls later that night. I would think I was looking in a mirror, she laughed, as every woman in Niccobi and the outliers was imitating the way I dressed.

"You've had the locket since Buron kissed you?" I asked, my throat dry, being deliberately dense about the jewellery she said that she wore all the time. 'Lord Buron' gave it to her after loving her, she said with a smile.

"No," Geray said, blushing even more.

Oh Saints no, I thought, trying to calm myself so that I didn't pop out of the delicate pink breast support I was wearing. I took advantage of you, I cried silently. You wept at everything I did at first. I hurt you and degraded you. I know now, I'm beginning to understand, after what I've been through. I shuddered and my new teardrop earrings began to shake on my neck, too. Just a thin braid was forward of my ear, the rest of my hair swept back in a thick twist over my shoulders. Pinning it with shaking feminized fingers, I barely heard what she whispered.

"He loved me," Geray whispered, her eyes bright. "Fathermine said that when he came back, his father would let him marry me if I was still of a mind to it. I-I cried so when he took me be-because I never thought it could be so, so ... I've never been so happy, but I shouldn't have cried because that brought Kerth, the ostler, and then fathermine."