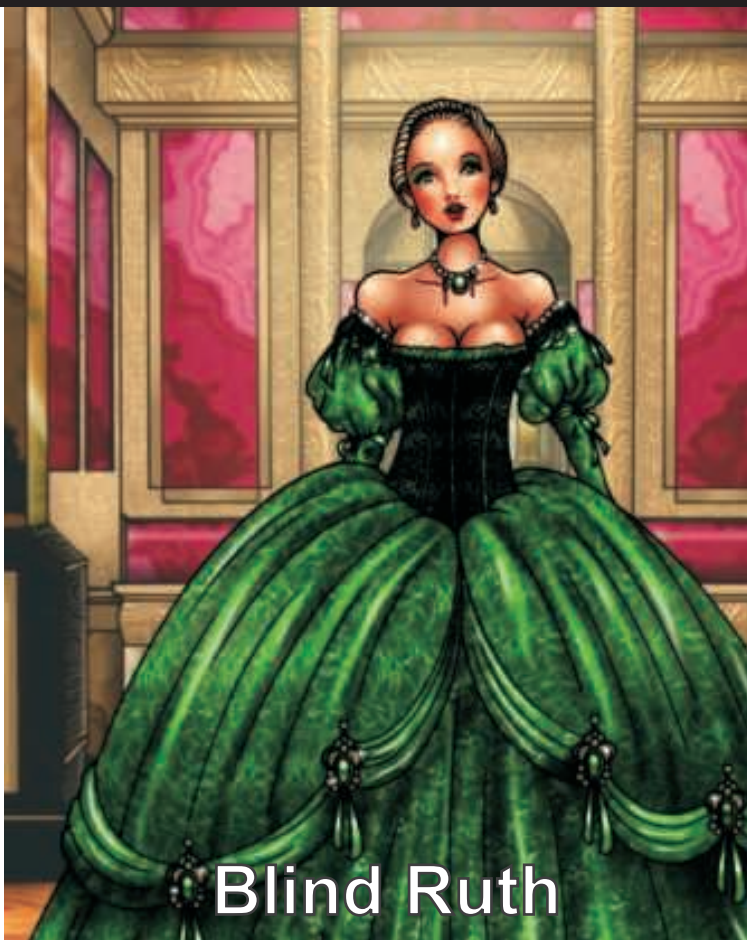




Reluctant Press presents:

A Maiden's Prayer Answered



Blind Ruth

An 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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A MAIDEN'S PRAYER ANSWERED

By Blind Ruth

CHAPTER ONE: LORD ANGUS AND LADY GWENDOLYN

Lady Gwendolyn had just reached the tender age of eighteen. She was still a virgin and her mother had died some weeks before. Gwendolyn had come from the small family chapel just outside the castle walls. This was her ancestral home, a well-fortressed red stone castle where she and her brother Angus had lived and played as children; it was not as yet the mag-

nificent Castle Blackhill. That would be built at a later date. Having come from her devotion, praying for her mother and still in mourning, she was wearing a black velvet dress which went all the way to her ankles. A golden necklace with a locket containing portraits of her mother and father hung round her neck. She now made for the garden, that peaceful tranquil place with the pool of water lilies. Gwendolyn sat on a wooden bench near the pool, deep in thought.

After having sat there for some minutes in deep thought, a voice interrupted. "What ails you, little sister?"

She looked up. It was her brother Angus who sat down beside her on the bench. He had a rose in his hand, newly plucked from a nearby bush. This he presented to his sister. She shyly took it from him.

"You seem in deep contemplation, sister dear. Tell me all."

"Oh Brother Angus, what is to become of us all now that mother is dead and father long passed?"

Angus put a protective arm round her shoulders and commiserated with her. "Fear not, little sister for I will take care of you forever."

Gwendolyn looked into the eyes of her brother; he was so strong and muscular, towering well above her, all six foot four of him. She was so small in comparison to her brother, barely five feet.

"How pretty you look today, Gwendolyn. Mother was a beautiful woman but I must say you surpass that beauty."

Gwendolyn blushed and was flattered by these remarks. "Shush, dear brother, you must not compare me to our beloved mother, bless her soul."

“But it is true, sister.”

Lady Gwendolyn said nothing to this. As children, he would protect her if some other boy dared to harm her or even looked at her. Hadn't their mother said that he must always look after his sister and protect her?

There was no doubt that Lord Angus lusted after his sister. It was not as if he had not been with other women but none was as beautiful or as intelligent as his sister. She was so small, sweet and virginal that he was captivated by her since they were children. He looked down at her as she held the rose in her hand. Maybe now that their mother had passed away, he had the courage to kiss her passionately on the lips.

Angus tightened his grip round his sister's shoulders. Gwendolyn looked up into his eyes; there was passion in them, she could tell. His lips descended towards hers and placed a long smouldering kiss on them. She could have refused the kiss easily but did not; she welcomed his affection towards her. Gwendolyn felt so warm and safe in her brother's arms, a strange feeling she had never experienced before. When Angus broke from her lips, she wanted more and brought her lips to his once again in passion. Having dropped the rose in her hand to the ground, she placed her hands round her brother's body. Angus squeezed her tightly once more; his muscular body pressed against her breasts through her velvet dress. Gwendolyn's breasts were out of proportion to the rest of her small body as was her backside. For now she must let her brother do as he would for she was just a novice in the game of love. Angus realised there was no better time to have his beautiful sister's body. That would be a sexual act, the spiritual component was as important to him as the act of making love to her. He

yearned for the locking of their minds for the greater glory of both of them. That was something that would eventually come to pass; at the moment, matters of the flesh were foremost in the mind of Angus.

Angus could see his sister was putting up no resistance to him as she passionately kissed him. His hands were at the hem of her dress, travelling up her silk stockinged leg. Gwendolyn felt the hand creeping and her automatic response was to slightly open her legs to allow easy access to that most holy of holies, her vagina. She did not know what her brother would do as she had never been with a man before. Whatever he would do, she would not complain for she so desired her brothers embrace there.

Angus' hand brushed aside the silky curls that protected her cunt. She gave a little sigh filled with excitement for this was extremely pleasurable. Her legs widened some more; her breathing became faster and came in shorter pants. The act which would make her become a woman was nearing. Gwendolyn noticed a bulge in her brother's trousers and that his hands were rubbing her spot faster. Suddenly he stopped, rose from the bench, and was taking his trousers down.

"Little sister, you may feel some pain for now but afterwards the pleasure will be most enjoyable, the likes of which you have never received before."

Looking up to her brother with loving eyes, she softly answered, "Yes, my brother."

Gwendolyn saw for the first time his member; it was stiff hard and had a purple-headed dome. Angus, still standing, lifted his sister's legs and placed them on his shoulders. His erect penis was now at the portals of her pink fleshy vagina. Without hesitation, he rammed it into that haven. Gwendolyn winced as her brother's

member entered her. Trying to conceal the pain, she gave a little gasp as tears ran down her cheeks, tears which Angus kissed away gently. Gwendolyn smiled at her brother as he tried to take the pain away. His member had broken her hymen and blood trickled onto her black velvet dress. Lady Gwendolyn had lost her maidenhead to her brother.

When Angus saw the blood, he whispered to her, "You are now a woman, little sister."

She was sore but glad that it was her brother that had taken her virginity. No one was better than he to take her most treasured possession. Gwendolyn had fallen in love with her brother. It was now that she could see the greatness in her brother; he was made for better things, a true leader of men. By his side, she would give him strength to conquer other lands and build an empire.

Angus had flooded his sister's vaginal opening with his love juice. He withdrew and saw the blood on the end of his penis; she was indeed a virgin. It had been worth all his fights with boys who had glanced at his sister's beauty. It was he who had taken her virginity and proud he was of it. "Rise, sister, and cleanse yourself of your virginal blood. Tonight, leave your bed-chamber door unlocked."

"Yes, brother dear," she meekly answered.

One night during the early years of Gwendolyn's relationship with her brother; she lay on her bed in a black diaphanous nightgown in which her large breasts were very prominent. She told her brother to rest his

head on her chest; she had something of importance to discuss with him. "Angus you are a mighty warrior and have proved yourself in battle. Do you not think for the greater glory and honour of our family that we should become a dynasty?"

"Whatever do you mean, little sister?"

"King John is weak. I admit his wife Queen Margarita is strong but she does not interfere in political matters."

"Yes Gwendolyn, that is true but what are you implying?"

"Just this, dear brother. You have the power to overthrow John and seize the throne for yourself. Not just for you but also for our family to put it where it should rightly be: sovereign over this land. This is our land and country, which we should rule over."

Angus said nothing but thought this over. The idea did appeal to him. Taking his sister's little hand, he said, "What you say has some validity to it. It is true that if you trace our ancestral line, you will see links to the present king. If things had gone as they should have, we may very well be the ruling family today. However, while the king may be weak, he has two loyal supporters in the Lords Nickolas of Surrey and James of Doune. Both have strong armies which would defend the king. If I can build my own forces up, in time I could take both of them on, but one at a time. Yes, it could be done but slowly. When the day of my coronation comes, you will be at my side and crowned as my Queen."

Those were the very words Gwendolyn wanted to hear. "It will indeed be an honour to sit on the throne

beside you as your Queen, dear brother, but before that, we shall be married, will we not?"

Angus thought about this. Was it possible for a brother marry his sister? "If this is possible, dear sister, I would only be too willing for that to happen."

"Who would dare oppose you as King and who would dare not marry us under the threat of death? I tell you, Angus, we shall not be the last in our line for I shall conceive a child by you, a strong boy who will succeed his father. I am but a woman and cannot fight battles however if there is any way I can be of help to our ends, please let me know."

"The power I will have then will be as much for you as for me."

"Angus, this is not the time for such heavy matters of state, this is a time to be gay and merry and indulge ourselves in our love for each other. You are my lord and master. Come, enjoy yourself within my body as it was ever meant for your pleasure."

So saying, Lady Gwendolyn eased her brother's head from her large bosom, turned in the bed and kneeled on hands and knees to present her smooth bottom for the pleasure of her brother. The Lord Angus could not turn this opportunity down; already his member was standing erect for action. But before that took place he leaned forward to kiss the snowy white cheeks of his sister's derriere.

Angus, having finished with his devotions to his sister's anus, was now ready to enter the aperture between her legs. As he did so, a sigh came from Gwendolyn; she was delighted at the marvellous sensations coursing through her body. She relished in the wonderful sensation of the length and thickness of her

brother's member as it pushed in and out of that sacred passage inside her.

As the months passed, the Lord Angus was fired into action by the words of his sister about becoming king. In preparation, he began to visit the Royal court more than he would normally have done. In doing so, he was taken more and more into the confidence of King John, which had been his plan. The next thing he did was to look for a weak lord to pick a quarrel with, one his army could easily overthrow. Lord Randolph of Burlington was ideal for that purpose. Angus had trained his own army for such a scheme. He had already thrown the gauntlet down, saying he had been insulted by some remark on his character by the noble lord. So it was that one bright summer day, Angus brought his army to the lord's castle and besieged it for many months. The castle bombarded with cannon fire night and day. Angus knew the occupants of the castle would eventually surrender because of starvation or foolishly resist to the end. It was the latter action that they decided on. Now was the time to strike.

The castle walls were stormed; the fighting was fierce and intense, more so than Angus had anticipated. Lord Randolph and his wife, Lady Rowena, were loved by their people for they were a gentle, charitable old couple, caring for all under their care and protection. Lord Randolph had been a strong supporter of the monarch in the past and fought bravely for king and country. But he was an old and frail man. Angus knew if he could get to Randolph and kill him, all resistance would collapse so he sought out the lord. He found Randolph in the Lady Rowena's bedchamber, sword in hand to protect his wife. A skirmish took place and although Randolph had been one of the best

swordsmen in the country at one time, he was no match for Angus.

Lady Rowena looked on in horror as she saw her husband fall in a pool of blood, having been run through by Lord Angus' sword.

"You brute, you bastard, what harm has my poor husband ever done to you? As God is my witness, you are of the devil and will roast in hell" she screamed in anguish.

Angus smiled a wicked smile, "For what you have said, Madam, you shall pay. Guard her well, men."

He gave instructions to some of his men to lift the body of the Lord Randolph to be taken to the battlements of the castle to be there displayed to his followers. Seeing the sight of their lord and master's corpse, all resistance ceased. Having seen his flag raised high above the castle walls, Angus went back to the bed-chamber of Lady Rowena. Once there, he barked "Strip her!" The men looked at Lord Angus. "What are you waiting for? Carry out my orders!" This they reluctantly did to harrowing cries from Lady Rowena.

"What vile act is this? Have you no respect for such as me? What resistance do you expect from a weak and powerless woman? Is it not enough that you have killed my dear husband?"

Angus, ignoring her pleas, turned to his men. "I expect it has been some time since you have tasted the delights of your wife or sweetheart due to the long siege. Now is the time to release your desires." Pointing at the noble lady, he continued, "I admit the first blooms of youth are gone but she still has a rare beauty to delight yourself in and the pleasure shall be mine to

watch your delights. Who will be the first to receive his share of these heavenly delights?"

The noble lady shouted "Never!" There was nothing that Lady Rowena could do as each of the men in that room took their pleasure. The more she struggled, the more exhausted she became. Finally, spent, she just lay there, oblivious to all that was taking place around her. Although Lord Angus watched keenly, he had no sexual interest in Rowena; his desires were elsewhere with his sister.

Soon after, rape, sacking and pillage took place in all the villages and hamlets conquered; no woman or girl was spared, no matter their age. As for Lady Rowena, she was a broken woman, confined to her bedchamber. A prisoner of Angus, she died of a broken heart mere days later. Angus, who was missing his sister, sent for her to share the spoils of his victory.

Lady Gwendolyn sat on the plush upholstered seat of the coach drawn by four jet black horses as it entered the castle that was once Lord Randolph's. As she stepped from the coach, her brother was there to welcome her.

"How beautiful you are today, sister, and how splendid is your finery. Tonight we shall hold a banquet in your honour." Then taking one of Gwendolyn's small hands, he kissed it on the back.

"The bravery of you and your men, dear brother, have reaped their rewards and have rightly restored that which should be ours."

"Indeed, my sister. Tomorrow I shall have the pleasure of showing you all we now own; the towns, villages and hamlets."

"I look forward to that pleasure. I am weary now, Angus. The long journey has fatigued me somewhat."

"But of course, dear sister. Your bedchamber is prepared. You may rest and be rejuvenated for tonight's festivities for there is meat and wine awaiting you."

No more was said as Angus took his sister by the arm and led her to the bedchamber. In there, alone, they flew into each other's arms.

"I have missed you so much, Gwendolyn, you are my strength. I desire your body once again; it inspires me." They engaged in a long passionate kiss.

"Do have patience, my brother. I have also missed you but tonight, you will share my bed again. I cannot wait. We have many matters of importance to discuss, however, to whet your appetite for the delights we shall share after banqueting, I will disrobe in your presence to inspire you" This Gwendolyn did, first removing the wimple on her head by untying the pretty bow under her chin. In doing so, the blonde silky hair underneath it cascaded down to her shoulders. The white silk wimple matched the long white dress that she wore which reached down to her ankles.

The dress was quickly disposed of along with the rest of her finery till there she stood naked except for a golden ring with a diamond on it, a present from her brother, and a silver bangle on her right arm. Angus had an erection, Gwendolyn could see but would not let her brother go any further than look at her loveliness. Gwendolyn was becoming a clever little seductress; her beautiful body was her main weapon. However Lord Angus wanted her to use her body as well for his own ends.

We now move on to after the banquet and to lady's bedchamber. She lay, stretched out on the bed, her brother's penis within her entrance to heaven, vigourously thrusting in and out. They were kissing and caressing each other in intimate places and exclaiming words of endearment for each other. Their climax was fast approaching as Gwendolyn wrapped her legs round her brother's back and he in turn tightened his grip on her fleshy buttocks.

"Oh yes, yes ah-ah-AH," roared Angus as he released jet upon jet of his juice into the eagerly waiting sexual receptacle of his sister. She in turn gave little cries of excitement, loving every moment when her brother's member was inside her. She was disappointed at the same time that she could get no more at the present time, for Gwendolyn was insatiable.

Both lay in the bed, exhausted from their sexual exertions. Having somewhat recovered from his exertions, Angus rose and took a necklace from his clothes which lay on a chair near the bed. Holding it, he said, "This is for you, dear sister."

Lady Gwendolyn admired the pearl necklace as her brother clipped round her neck. "It is most magnificent, my brother, and very valuable, I'm sure."

"Yes Gwendolyn, it is and I remember you admiring it in the past. Think hard, which lady have you seen it on before?"

Lady Gwendolyn glanced down on the necklace as it nestled between her breasts. "Oh brother, the last time I saw this magnificent masterpiece of a pearl necklace, it was round the neck of Lady Rowena. I envied her."

“Well, envy no more, my sweet sister, for that was indeed hers but you wear it so much better.”

Gwendolyn was so delighted, she put her arms around her brother and gave him a big kiss. Both brother and sister still naked on the bed, Angus slipped a hand round Gwendolyn’s waist.

“Gwendolyn, remember when you once said that if there was any way you could help me to attain the throne and become king, you would?”

“Yes brother, I remember it well. Why do you ask?”

“There is one in the Royal court that admires you from afar and would seek your favours, if you take my meaning, dear sister.”

“And who would that be, Angus?”

“It is the Earl of Norwood.”

Gwendolyn looked at her brother. “That decrepit old man? Do you think he has the strength to put it up me, Angus?” Gwendolyn laughed. “Why would you want me to lie with the Earl of Norwood, brother?”

“Because he has the most skilful bowmen in the land under his command and they will add to my strength with your persuasions.”

“I see. I have no objections to that but it will certainly not be love on my part for you surely know by now where my heart is.”

“I do indeed. Your action will surely speed the day when you become Queen at my side, sister.”

This Earl of Norwood was nothing to Lady Gwendolyn. Yes, she would prostitute herself to be crowned Queen. That also helped her own plans which she was about to put to Angus.

“Angus,” she slowly began.

“Yes, sister?” he replied.

“If we conquer this land, I would like to build a castle fit for a King and a Queen, a magnificent edifice worthy of the high position we will obtain. It should be more splendid than even the Royal place. I envisage that in time, it will become the new Royal palace.”

“Your idea is good but that will take much money, sister. How is it to be obtained?”

“The people must pay higher taxes for the castle which will be named Castle Blackhill. After all, their King and Queen must not look like paupers when entertaining high dignitaries from other lands, do you agree?”

Lady Gwendolyn had already plans in hand for such a scheme before she came to meet her brother. She would gladly prostitute herself but her brother had his price to pay as well.

Lady Gwendolyn found herself in the castle of the Earl of Norwood where the lecherous old man was surveying her curved body. The gorgeous sight was stirring his prick. How lucky he thought himself when he invited her to spend some time at his castle. Hadn't her brother said she needed some fresh air as her health was not good? He invited the lady to spend some time at his castle where the sea was close by. She took his kind offer, thinking how well her brother's plans were working out. Earl Norwood was at present on the castle grounds showing off his archers and their skills to the lady. Gwendolyn was certainly impressed and

could see why Angus wanted them within the ranks of his army.

“Watch, Lady Gwendolyn and see how my crack men can split an apple in two from 200 yards. Look yonder at that tree branch.” Lady Gwendolyn could just make out a number of apples placed on an oak tree branch. Five archers stepped forward, pulled their bows back and let fly. The arrows flew and all five hit their target.

“Bring the lady an apple,” the Earl demanded. One of the archers came back and handed Gwendolyn an apple.

“My good lady, we will go for luncheon and afterwards take a walk to the sea.”

At the luncheon and afterwards, Gwendolyn commented how delightful the food was. “I would so much like to visit the beaches here. I think the sea air will do my health well. But as you can see, sir, I am somewhat at a disadvantage with my foot. If there is some way I can be taken there without walking, so much the better.”

“We could always...” Norman slowly started.

“Yes, sir?” Gwendolyn interrupted.

“We could put you in a chair. I would have some of my servants carry you in it to the beach.”

“That is a brilliant idea, sir. Why could I not think of it?” Soon there was Lady Gwendolyn sitting on a well-cushioned chair, being carried on the shoulders of four manservants of the lord. Gwendolyn was enjoying it all. This was would be how both she and her brother would be paraded and displayed to the people through the streets when she became Queen.

The beach and sea was soon in sight and the chair she sat on was placed on the sandy beach. "This air is doing me good, sir. As I breathe it in, I feel much better. Maybe if I could put my feet in the sea water, it would help my poor feet. I would need some assistance to support me, however, sir."

"Have no fear, dear lady, for I willingly will assist you if I may."

"Please do for your hands are *so* strong and I feel safe within them." Gwendolyn had put her hands up her leg seductively to undo the white lace-trimmed garter that held her silk stockings up. Ever so slowly, she rolled the stockings down and to her feet. Gwendolyn was assisted out of the chair by holding on to Earl Norwood's hands; then he put his hand round her tiny waist. They walked over the sand to the water's edge.

"A minute or so, Norman. Please tarry while I lift my skirts to paddle in the sea." They were lifted to just below Gwendolyn's knees. The Earl of Norwood admired the small dainty feet and the slim shapely legs of the lady. He must have her, no matter what it took.

Gwendolyn went into the water till it came too slightly below her knee. Norman had rolled his trousers up to below the knee and was still supporting Gwendolyn. She could feel a hand beginning to wander near her bottom while the other still held her.

"Norman, I have had enough of the sea for now. Lead me back to the chair and I will dry my feet." This was done and a large white towel was produced so that Lady Gwendolyn could dry her feet.

"Let me dry your dainty feet, Lady Gwendolyn. Please, it will make me so happy."

“What a silly whim, sir,” Gwendolyn giggled. “Still, if it pleases your lordship, I am not offended.”

When the Earl of Norwood had finished his ministrations, Gwendolyn pulled her black silk stockings on, tying them at the top with the white lace-trimmed garters. She was giving the Earl a good eyeful of her stockings and legs.

The Earl of Norwood had been a widower for some nine years; in all that time had never been with another woman. He had no family.

Later that night, after dinner, he asked Gwendolyn if she had a sweetheart.

“No, my lord, I have never been with a man before,” she lied.

‘What a pure, innocent, little virgin she is,’ thought Norman. The Earl’s erection was almost bursting his pants. He couldn’t wait to perforate her virginal entrance.

That night, on highly-scented purple note paper, Lady Gwendolyn wrote a letter to her brother.

My Dearest, Dearest Brother

I am missing your caresses so much, and my cunt misses your precious prick inside it. Speed the day that you will again share my bed. However this letter is not about us. That imbecile of an old man, Norman Earl of Norwood has asked me to marry him. I was surprised but this could work out to the advantage of both of us. As his wife, when he dies—and that surely will be soon—I will inherit all of his lands and estates and of course his company of archers which are the best in the land as you said. I am but a woman who knows nothing of warfare. Who better than my dear brother to take charge of them?

As for Norman, a young virgin like me, having tasted the delights of the flesh, would make more and more demands of him, would she not? Making all manner of demands on his body, will his constitution survive?

You must by return of this letter write praises of him and that no better man could his sister marry, for he thinks you are my guardian. You must also obtain some alum from our physician that I may apply it my holy of holies as you call it, dearest brother, for the properties of that will contract it and the blithering old fool will think I am indeed a virgin. By the way, he thinks I am but 18 years of age. Never let him be any the wiser. I have allowed him an ever so chaste kiss on the cheek just to keep his interest going 'til that welcoming letter from you my brother. I have sealed this letter with the coat of arms of our family. See that the same is done with your reply. Make sure our correspondence box is well locked and sealed as I wish no prying eyes to see. I wait passionately with my legs open to receive the delights of your penis.

Your loving sister

Gwendolyn

Having completed the letter, Gwendolyn folded it and placed it in a lavender-scented envelope. This she sealed by taking a ring off her finger. She dripped hot pink sealing wax onto the flap and pressed the ring down. The impression of the coat of arms of the Blackhill family was placed there. If the seal was broken, the receiver would know the letter had been tampered with. Lady Gwendolyn was quite pleased with herself over today's work.

The reply from her brother soon came back in the form of two letters, one for herself, the other for Earl of Norwood, both sealed, plus the alum that Gwendolyn had requested. At dinner that night, she gave Norman the letter intended for him. She anxiously looked at the

Earl. "Oh please, Norman, do not keep me in suspense. Tell me what my dear brother says to our marriage."

"He has given his consent; unfortunately he says he cannot be here as matters of state with King John prevent him. However, as soon as he is free, he will be delighted to come here and spend some time with his precious sister. He will bring a very valuable wedding present for her, he says."

"Oh, that is delightful news for us, Norman." Gwendolyn rushed into his arms and kissed him, not the chaste kiss she had given him before.

That fired the old man up. "We will marry next week. I can't wait, you will make me so happy."

CHAPTER TWO: WAS THE BRIDE BLUSHING?

Gwendolyn stood at the altar in a virginal white wedding dress, the white mesh veil covering her face. The golden ring having been placed on her finger, the Earl of Norwood lifted the veil of his bride to place a kiss on her lips. The ceremony over, she was now the Countess of Norwood. She and her husband were in an open top carriage going through the town of Norwood to the cheers of the good citizens who flocked to see their new Countess.

The Countess lay back in her well-upholstered seat, lapping up all their adoration of her. From time to time she would raise her tiny hand and wave to the crowds; this was a rehearsal for when she would be Queen. Gwendolyn knew her wedding night was fast approaching when the Earl's slimy hands would grope her body. But that was the price she would have to pay

if she was ever to be crowned Queen beside her brother.

The wedding banquet was sumptuous with many courses. All the lords and their ladies paid respects to the happy couple. Then the dancing started with the Countess and Earl leading off in a Saraband with Gavottes.

After some time, Norman whispered in her ear, "Sweetheart, I think it is time we retired to consummate our marriage."

In seeming innocence, Gwendolyn replied, "If you think so, sir. I must do my duty as your wife."

Taking Gwendolyn's hand, the Earl led the way to their bedchamber.

She had not long to wait for as soon as the boudoir door closed, the Earl had her in his arms and was unbuttoning her wedding gown till all she stood in was her birthday suit.

"Oh, please be gentle with me, sir. I am but a poor maiden who has never lain with a man before."

"Never fear, sweet Gwendolyn for I will teach you all that a wife has to know in the matters of love. Lie still on that bed while I divest myself of these clothes."

This the Earl of Norwood did and Gwendolyn was surprised to see him sporting a larger erection than she had expected. It was even larger than her brother's, but like Gwendolyn who had asked her brother to obtain alum, Norman had also consulted his physician. He feared that at his age he may not have an erection to satisfy his young bride.

The Countess lay on the bed perfectly still, wondering what her husband was about to do. Suddenly his

naked body was upon her and, with no finesse, forcing his entrance into her cunt. Gwendolyn felt the alum she had put on her vagina tightening it more than she had anticipated as her husband's penis forced its way in. The Earl of Norwood was truly delighted; he thought he had deflowered a real virgin.

"Oh my lord," Gwendolyn exclaimed. "It is so wonderful! I surely will die from the delightful pleasures you are giving me."

This only spurred the lewd old Earl on to greater heights of debauchery. Unfortunately, he had overindulged himself with the powder his physician had given him, but he plunged his member faster and faster into Gwendolyn waiting twat. Gwendolyn could not believe it; this thing inside her was seemingly becoming larger and larger as it swelled. But the end was nigh. With one big scream, he came. Then the noble lord collapsed on top of her; he was dead from a massive heart attack. He was heavy and Gwendolyn struggled underneath him to free herself. She managed to wriggle from under his body and onto the carpeted floor. She looked down on his smiling face and commented, "Well, at least you died happy, you old bugger."

Gwendolyn quickly made for the wash basin and washed herself and her husband around the area of his penis. With a struggle, she dressed him in a nightgown and placed a nightdress on herself. Now composed, she let out a scream and flung her over the dead body. The servants quickly came to the bedchamber to witness the scene of a sorrowing widow. They had to poor Gwendolyn from the body!

The funeral of the Earl of Norwood would not take place until the brother of the Countess arrived.

Gwendolyn insisted on that. As the coach containing Lord Angus passed over the drawbridge and into the courtyard, there stood Gwendolyn, the Countess of Norwood, to greet her brother. She stood there, dressed all in black, mourning for her husband. Angus departed from the coach, lifted the black mesh veil covering his sister's face, and kissed her on the lips.

"This must be a sad time for you, dear sister."

"Indeed it is, my brother but I feel the stronger now that I have you by my side."

A meal had been prepared. Lord Angus, while eating, asked his sister what arrangements had been made for the funeral.

"Now that you are here, Angus, my husband will be buried tomorrow in the family sepulchre. My poor husband lies in the very chapel we were married in only days ago."

"Then I must pay my respects to him, sister."

"That you must. We will go together this very night and pray for his soul."

"You always were a most pious woman, Gwendolyn." She raised her eyebrow but said nothing.

Later that night, the coach of the Lord Angus with his sister inside pulled up in front of the chapel. Taking the arm of her brother, the Countess was led into the private chapel where the Earl was laid out in his coffin. Both brother and sister knelt before the coffin in prayers. The Lord Angus said to all those within the chapel, "Could you please leave while I and my sister offer up our private prayers for the Earl of Norwood?"

The door was shut on the small private chapel and brother and sister rushed into each other's arms. Passionately, they kissed each other.

"Angus, what was the wedding present you would have given me?"

"Raise your skirts and sit on top of your husband's coffin and you will receive all of it."

This Gwendolyn did. Angus lowered his trousers and saw his erection to which she opened her legs. It did not take long till that erection was within her. Fornication took place there on top of the coffin of her husband to moans and sighs from Gwendolyn. Those outside thought her ladyship was grieving for her husband. She must miss him terribly. After a long time, Gwendolyn and Angus left the chapel with her black net veil over her face. No one could see the pleasure on her face.

With the funeral over, Gwendolyn made it known that she no longer wished to stay in the place that reminded her of her late husband. So back to the ancestral castle she went with Angus. As the late Earl's wife, his property now became hers along with the jewellery of his previous wife. That was sold and the proceeds were used to help build the new Castle Blackwood, Gwendolyn's dream. By this time, Gwendolyn had lain with other lords for her brother but no marriage had taken place.

One night as she lay in Angus' arms, he said to her, "I have one favour to ask of you. Can you seduce the Lord Nickolas of Surrey for me?"

"Have I ever failed you in the past, brother?"

"No, but this is not an old man, he is a viral strong young man and there is an obstacle in our way."

“Oh and what may be, brother?”

“Another woman. Nickolas is betrothed to Lady Megan.”

“Now that is a very interesting challenge indeed. Can I lure him from Lady Megan? Is my beauty greater than hers? I will gladly take up such a challenge and test my skills of seduction, but why the Lord Nickolas, brother?”

“Because he has the largest and best trained army in the land. If you can persuade him to fight by my side, I can conquer King John. It will be hard for as he is a supporter of the king. I could, in time, build my own forces up but this way is quicker for you to become Queen.” That carrot was being held before Gwendolyn once more.

“Lady Megan is a lady in waiting of the Queen.”

“Yes, I know, but Lord Nickolas visits her on a regular basis and he also advises the king as I do. There is no problem of an introduction to him. I will easily do that. It is up to you to take from there.” No more was said.

CHAPTER THREE: AT THE ROYAL PALACE

The ebony coach, pulled by six of the finest black stallions with their smooth brushed coats, sped along the country roads. On top were the two coachmen in their neatly cut livery suits of black, with the Blackhill emblem at the right-hand top pocket of the suit, black top hats to match. They were cracking whips to make their steeds go even faster. On the doors on either side of the enclosed coach were emblazoned the coat arms

of the House of Blackhill within the heraldic shield on a red background a black bull pawing the ground, nostrils flaring. Above this were the words "Forever Strength, Glory and Honour." Below it, "For the House of Blackhill" the lettering of which was all in gold.



Carried on the top of this coach were a number of trunks containing the clothes and dresses of the Countess of Norwood. The black velvet curtains over the windows of the coach were drawn to conceal the Countess and her brother from spying eyes.

The Countess had her skirts drawn to above her thighs, exposing her holy of holies to the peering eyes of her brother. He knelt in front of her and placing delightful little kisses upon that wonderful spot.

“Oh Angus,” the countess exclaimed, giggling. “How your beard tickles me so.”

The Countess giggled while the beard made her brother look ferocious; people would cower in fear and jump to obey his orders. Angus’ tongue was doing delightful things to her even if she was splitting her sides with laughter. She had placed her hands behind his neck to tightly hold him there. She did not want to release just yet for she knew there was better to come. Angus rose and undid his trousers. There he stood with his stiff member projecting in front of him. Gwendolyn made herself comfortable on the cushioned seat in the carriage. Her legs were lifted onto her brother’s shoulders as he placed his prick into her fleece-covered mound. She was well-mounted and now the charming little game began.

Now inside, her brother’s member needed no movement for the well-sprung coach was doing it all. The fast moving coach relayed a gentle movement to the two amorous players of love’s game. The rattling noise of the coach as it went over the rough country roads and lanes prevented any sound from emerging from within the coach.

Gwendolyn was most noisy as she expended shouts of encouragement to her brother. Angus needed no en-

couragement. Then it came: one thunderous explosion of their love for each other.

It came just in time as the coachmen above barked out, "The Royal Palace is in sight, Sire."

The Countess put her skirts down and smoothed her dress. Once inside, Gwendolyn and Angus were taken to their separate bedchambers and settled in. The following day, Angus would introduce his sister to the Royal Court for the first time.

That morning, Gwendolyn spent longer than she usually did on her toilet to pretty herself, not just to meet the king, for Lord Nickolas of Surrey would be there. Her maid received verbal lashings from Gwendolyn when the Countess was not satisfied with some dress or other that did not suit her taste. Eventually a suitable was found and a now happy and smiling Countess emerged to accompany her brother to meet the king and queen.

With the fanfare of trumpets, Lord Angus of Blackhill accompanied by his sister, the Countess of Norwood, was announced. Gwendolyn was taking note of all this for replica rooms would be incorporated in the Castle Blackhill, on which work had already started. As soon as Gwendolyn approached the throne, she made a sweeping, deep, curtsy to the King.

"Your Majesty, I am your servant."

King John was most impressed by the Countess and her beauty. "I am deeply touched, madam. How could I ever think you were not? Unfortunately, my Queen is not here to hear your kind words. She is at present out riding in the countryside."

Gwendolyn was then introduced to a number of members of the King's Privy Council, of which her

brother was one. To Lord Nickolas of Surrey, she curtisied. He bowed and held her dainty hand. Nickolas took this morsel offered to him and gently planted a kiss on it.

“What they say about you, Countess, is not in the least exaggerated. You are indeed of the most exquisite beauty, madam.”

Gwendolyn genuinely blushed at such praise. She was indeed taken by this handsome figure of a man, more than she thought she would be.

“Angus, you have hidden this treasure from the eyes of all here. I don’t blame you, being the protective brother,” Nickolas jibed. “If I may be so bold, my lord, could I show your fair sister round this palace?”

Angus looked at his sister who gave a knowing smile. “I assure you, sir, my sister is not under lock and key and is free to do as she wishes.”

“Yes, my brother, I will gladly go with the noble lord. I am sure his company will be most enjoyable.”

Gwendolyn knew she must make the most of this before her rival for the affection of the lord made an appearance. Taking his arm, she was led off to learn all about the palace. Gwendolyn could speak of many subjects intelligently; this greatly impressed Nickolas. This woman had not only beauty but brains. Lord Nickolas did not realise just how long he had been in Gwendolyn’s company; the time just flew by.

They had been at each other’s side most of the day when she said, “I must leave you, Sire, and prepare myself for the coming dinner.”

Gwendolyn was about to rise from the garden seat. Nickolas, on an impulse, swept her into his arms and placed a kiss on her sweet lips.