

A Royal Lesson - Part 2

For TGStudios
By TheSpiralledEye

Prince Dairne's point of view when his favourite whore swaps places with him in the bedroom.

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Prince Darien had never given much thought to his favourite whores mind. Her body was what had drawn him in time and time again; curvy, willing and tight; she had satisfied him in a way no other woman from the brothels of his kingdom could. He had thought her grateful; after all, being on call to the prince of the realm was a high honour and he not only paid her handsomely, but gave her a good time. Or so he'd thought.

All those moans, all the times he'd made her scream his name, apparently they had been a lie. His whore, it seemed, was a cunning actress and by discounting her thoughts out of hand he was now in this precarious position.

"What on Earth? What is this sorcery?"

The words left his lips with a voice that was alien to him, no not alien, simply wrong. It was Gwendolyn's voice, breathy and rich, that came from his lips and Prince Darien had never been more confused. To see oneself from the outside was a disorienting experience, looking at himself while naked and in bed was a whole new level of strange.

It only took a few words to confirm that indeed, he and his whore had swapped positions and now she leaned down over him, running a finger down his supple breasts with a grin on her face. That smile elicited such strange feelings in him; one he was quite ashamed of if he was honest.

He tried to swallow his price and move her away but he was pinned, unable to push her away as she began to tease her fingers across his body, rubbing his former cock against his new pussy. He tried to hold back his whimpering but it was just too difficult.

"H-how are you-ah! I...ah...I...!"

Every time he tried to speak a new spike of pleasure would wipe the words from his mind. Feelings that hot, hard cock slowly brushing up against the folds of his new womanly flower was intoxicating. It was a kind of ecstasy he had never known and so much stronger than what he was used to.

He had always assumed the best part of sex for a woman was being thrust into; he'd never even tried these teasing touches that were driving him insane. Gwendolyn pinched his nipples, then gently squeezed them. Tiny bursts of pain melted into pleasure over and over against and Darien felt his eyes threatening to roll back into his skull. The sensations were overtaking everything; each touch seemed better than the last and yet it was never enough. He needed more. Pride be damned.

"Please," he begged, hating how desperate he sounded.

"Please what? Stop?" Gwendolyn teased and a burst of genuine fear exploded in his chest. He couldn't stand it if she stopped now.

"Please don't stop!" He begged.

Her cock brushed against his entrance, threatening to enter and the pressure made him dizzy with want.

"Then what is it you want, my whore?"

His dignity, what remained of it, was in tatters. He didn't want to beg, he was the prince, he never begged for anything. But he wanted it, he wanted that cock inside him so much. After all this teasing he simply had to know what it felt like.

"I want...ah, I n-need..."

It was a need too; his body burned for it. His yearning went beyond simple wanting; if he didn't find satisfaction soon he felt he might very well burst into flames.

"I can't give you need if I don't know what it is." Gwendolyn said with a pout before reaching up to pin his hands to the bed.

She was so close he could feel her hot breath on his skin, feel his sensitive nipples pressing against her strong, muscular chest. More than anything though, he could feel that cock, now

resting against his inner thigh with the shaft pressing down on his clit causing pussy juices to leak from his hole at a staggering rate.

“Please...fuck me.” The words almost hurt to say, his pride was shattering inside him but that was nothing compared to the burning need between his legs.

“Say it again.”

“Gwendolyn...”

“Do it.”

Darien swallowed, he was already here, he may as well go all the way. He was so horny and humiliated by how far he'd already fallen, if he didn't get gratification after all that what was even the point?

“Please fuck me.” He whimpered.

“Louder!”

“Please! I need you to fuck me!”

“And why is that?”

The humiliation swirled in his gut, mixing with his own arousal until he could no longer tell them apart. Gwendolyn was still pinning him down to the bed, holding him in place and he shivered. He was totally at her mercy and what was worse, it was turning him on. He'd never lost control like this, only during the throws of orgasm had he ever come close and now he was a mess before he'd even gotten close.

Gwendolyn whispered in his ear, calling him whore while nipping at the shell of his ear. The word made his pussy quiver; he had always liked using it himself. It showed Gwendolyn her place, beneath him, helplessly begging for his cock. Now the roles were reversed and he couldn't help but do the same.

“This is all you're good for!” She hissed, thrusting in to drive her point home.

Nothing could have prepared Darien for the feeling of being penetrated for the first time. His inner walls stretched instantly to accommodate the hot length and he swore he could feel every inch of skin inside him being burned and pushed. Gwendolyn did not give him the time to get used to the sensation. No, quite the opposite; she seemed to be aiming to overwhelm his senses and she was doing an excellent job.

Her rough hands slipped beneath his back, lifting him slightly as she crushed their bodies together and-oh.

“Aaaaaah! Ooooh ooh what- what is-? Fuck!”

He couldn't even ask the question, each time Gwendolyn pushed into him she hit something deep inside that made him see sparks. It was like a clit, but deep inside his flower, being rubbed and pressed with each and every push.

Then she pushed back, bending her neck awkwardly toward his chest. At first Darien was confused but then her lips found his nipple and he didn't even have the mental capacity to think anymore. Gwendolyn began to suck on his fat tits, each suck drawing a loud moan from his lips. It felt as though bolts of pure pleasure were arcing through his body, joining the pleasure between his legs.

He was in ecstasy; there was nothing but pleasure. He could hear Gwendolyn speaking to him, taunting him most likely but his mind could not comprehend; it was too dominated by the increasing build in pressure and bliss between his legs. He could feel his pussy tightening, squeezing his former cock even harder and causing his back to arch and a wail to escape him.

“Ahhh! Ahhhh....ahhhh...ahhhh!!”

For a moment, all the bliss forced in on his pussy while Gwendolyn continued to thrust, then it exploded outward. Every pore in his body was washed over with wondrous ecstasy and Darien quivered and moaned as his body shook with the intensity of it.

Gwendolyn continued to thrust, fucking him through it until finally the orgasm was over. He expected her to cum too, he would have in her position but to his shock she just...kept going.

“Feelings a little oversensitive?” She groaned, “Feels good doesn't it? Almost too good.”

She was right. He could not stop his body writhing, were it not for Gwendolyn holding him down he would have wiggled away, not because it felt bad but because it was too good. His whole body felt like it was on fire; it was too much, he couldn't take it.

"P-please...oh fuck I can't think!"

"You never do anyway." Gwendolyn sneered, hips snapping now as her thrusts turned shallow. "I'm n-not cumming until you do again."

Again? He couldn't imagine experiencing something like that again. Yet even as she said it he could feel the pressure growing. He cried out, writhing, pressing his breasts to Gwendolyn's chest as he came again. Somehow, Gwendolyn was still going; she pulled back, balancing on her knees with her hands on his hips. She held him at a strange angle, hitting that deep part of him over and over, fucking him through the orgasm until finally she shuddered and groaned.

Wetness splashed inside him and Darien shuddered with embarrassment. He'd let somebody cum inside him; perhaps he was a common whore deep down after all. With a ragged gasp, Gwendolyn pulled out and collapsed down onto the bed breathing heavily.

Darien closed his eyes, trying to get his thoughts in order after his mind had been so thoroughly dominated. He expected to feel that strange shift once more and return to his body but...nothing.

"Get dressed." Gwendolyn ordered, giving him a rough shove to the edge of the bed, "I've no more need of you tonight."

"Wha-what?" He blinked, sitting up and wincing as his abused pussy began to ache.

"And get up for goodness sake." Gwendolyn sneered with a cruel smile, "You're making a mess."

Darien looked down at himself and realised she was right; there was seed and pussy juices running down his legs. He could even feel it slowly dripping out of his abused hole.

"Y-you had your fun." Darien cleared his throat, "Now change us back."

"I can't." Gwendolyn shrugged, looking very much as home in *his* body lounge in *his* bed.

“What do you mean you can’t?” She seethed.

“I was just following orders, and if you think I’ll tell you any more than that you’re joking.” She gave him a wry smile, “I do not discuss business with whores.”

“I’ll have you thrown in the dungeon for this!”

“Oh really? How?”

She laughed cruelly.

“Now, go get dressed and go home. I am sure you have other clients now that you’re done here.”

His legs trembled at the thought; the idea of doing that again was daunting to say the least.

The former prince seethed, grinding his teeth together in fury as Gwendolyn waved him off. He wanted nothing more than to jump up on that bed and strangle her but she was right; in his body she had all the power. If he did anything, all it would take was a snap of the fingers and he’d be in the stocks or worse.

Having no other choice he walked over to her dress and picked it up, the soft fabric feeling alien in his hands. With some difficulty and pulled it over his head, finding it oddly comfortable. There was a tight bodice that cupped and supported his new breasts and after a bit of fiddling with the laces he realised he could tie them tighter to show off more of his ample bosom should he wish.

Even on the short walk over here he had felt his breasts moving, stumbling, bouncing with the movement of his body. He couldn't imagine dealing with that constantly; he laced the bodice all the way up, pushing his cleavage to the limit. He knew it would draw eyes and had no idea how to feel about it.

The juices and cum on his legs were hidden by the long skirt of the dress, but it provided no protection from the cool air as he walked for the door. He could feel the sticky substances drying on his skin and despite himself he shivered. Gwendolyn gave him a happy wave as he opened the door.

“Oh and tell the servants to bring me a midnight snack.” She ordered, “Thank you for a lovely night, my whore.”

Darien grit his teeth, eyeing the armed guards standing watch outside his room.

“You’re welcome,” He ground out, “My prince.”