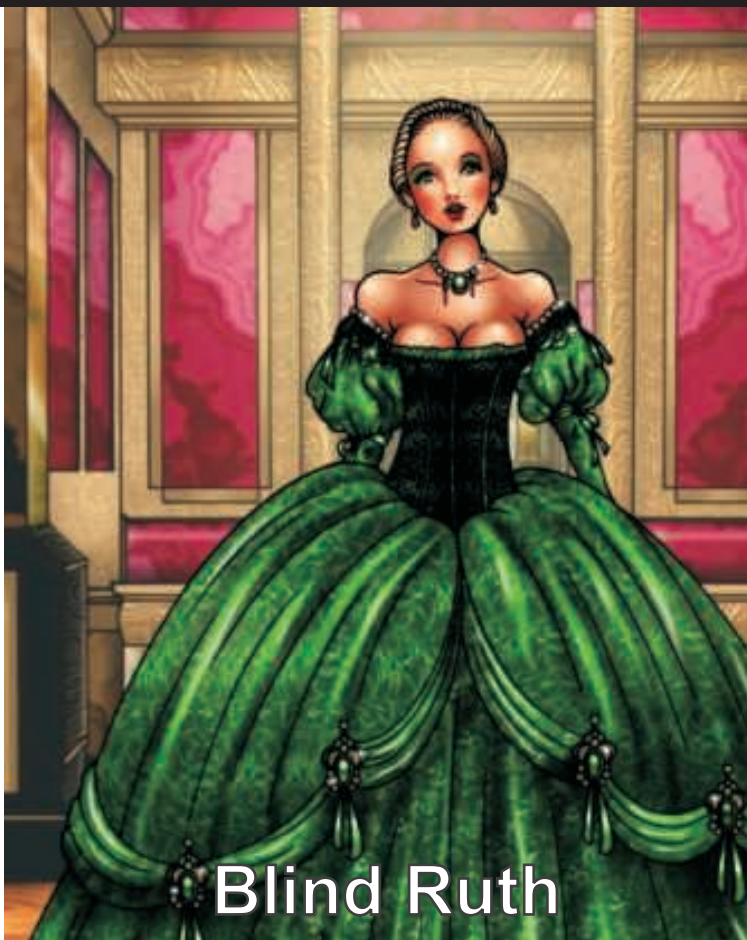




*Reluctant Press presents:*

# 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.

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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.

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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.

"Oh, Sire." The Countess quickly rose with a tear in her eye and ran away. The crafty Gwendolyn knew such an action would lead him on to more amorous adventures. Lady Megan, her rival for the heart of Nickolas, she would meet tonight. A more revealing dress would be her weapon for Nickolas' desires. Having soaked herself in a scented bath, she was now dressing in a very revealing costume with a plunging neckline and squirting sweet-smelling perfume between the deep valleys of her breasts. Her maid helped her clip the valuable pearl necklace that was once Lady Rowena's round her neck. It fell between her ample bosoms. Gwendolyn was now ready for the dinner where she would be introduced to the Queen.

On her brother's arm, walking along the corridor in the royal palace, she was seen by Lord Nickolas. "My Lord Angus, I wonder if I could have a word in private with your sister."

"It's all right brother, the noble lord will do no harm," replied Gwendolyn as Angus looked at her in a feigned protective way.

When her brother was gone, Nickolas spoke to Gwendolyn. "Please forgive me, Countess, for my outrageous behaviour this afternoon. I took advantage of you. Can you ever forgive me?"

Gwendolyn knew she had the upper hand in this game of love. "I do not know, sir, if I can, you are betrothed to Lady Megan. I felt that if I returned that kiss, it would look as if I was enticing you from her and be cast as a scarlet woman. Let us hear no more of it, sir." Gwendolyn turned heel and walked away. She was keeping the hook handy, forbidden fruits taste the best.

On returning to her brother, she told him to sit next to Nickolas and make interesting conversation. The

layout of the tables at dinner was such that she would sit opposite him and next to Lady Megan who would be opposite the Lord Nickolas, her betrothed. Before dinner, Countess Norwood was introduced to Queen Margarita. On observing the Countess, the Queen thought that this woman was but a trollop as she looked at the low-cut, revealing, costume of Gwendolyn. She wondered which of the noble lords this was the benefit for.

After meeting the Queen, her Ladies in Waiting were introduced, among them Lady Megan, whom the Countess closely observed. She was not a raving beauty by any means but a homely woman. Gwendolyn also met Lady Eleanor, a constant companion of Megan. Being seated next to Megan, Lord Nickolas could easily compare their beauty. Throughout the dinner, her brother would make some amusing remark, to which she gaily laughed at, throwing her head back, then bending forward so that Nickolas would see down the valley between her breasts.

The comparison between Gwendolyn and Megan endowment was very clear; while the Countess was full-breasted, poor Lady Megan bosoms were not in the same league as Gwendolyn's. She took full advantage of this at every opportunity by showing her heaving breasts.

Queen Margarita could now see on whom Gwendolyn was targeting her ample charms. In the Queen's opinion, Megan would be the more faithful wife but that was none of her business. The dinner ended and dancing began. While Nickolas would dance with his betrothed, as a matter of courtesy, he would invite other ladies to dance with him. He was much besotted with Gwendolyn and captivated by her

beauty. He repeatedly whispered misgivings for the stolen kiss that afternoon. Gwendolyn said nothing but politely curtsied at the end of each dance.

When the night ended, Angus accompanied his sister back to her bedchamber. She engaged him in conversation.

“Brother Angus, I think it would be to both of our advantages if you invited Lord Nickolas to our castle on the pretext of matters of the safety of the King or other.”

“Why would that be, Gwendolyn?”

“Because then Nickolas will be on his own. I will have all the time in the world to turn my charms on him without interference from his fiancée.”

“You are a cunning little seductress, my sister. It shall be done.”

## **CHAPTER FOUR: ANOTHER MARRIAGE FOR GWENDOLYN AND CONSEQUENCES**

And so it was that the lord Nickolas of Surrey came to visit Angus and his sister on matters of state, or so he thought. The decision to visit had not been all that hard to make as he wanted to see the beautiful Gwendolyn once more. She had captivated his heart. Nickolas had forgotten the qualities that his betrothed Lady Megan had to offer, of which faithfulness was one.

One day while he tarried with Gwendolyn at the pool of water lilies, the place where she had been deflowered by her brother, Nickolas came straight out with it. “Gwendolyn, I love you.”

Gwendolyn acted as if in surprise, then came out with the line she had used before. "But Sire, you are betrothed to Lady Megan. I would not wish to be seen as stealing her sweetheart."

"Pretty Countess, that engagement will be broken if you will but say you will marry me. Then you will see I am serious about you. There are no ties to Megan, she does not own me. I am free as your brother has said you are."

"Oh Lord Nickolas, this is so sudden and the situation has changed. I do love you but never said as much while you were betrothed to Lady Megan. I must think about this and consult my brother, you understand. However, I think under the circumstances, I can allow you to kiss me, but that is all." Gwendolyn got a non-passionate kiss from Nickolas on the lips which she returned.

Lady Gwendolyn wasted no time. After discussing this marriage with her brother, an engagement was announced. It was to be a short one as Gwendolyn wanted to marry as soon as possible. Lord Angus warmly welcomed his new brother-in-law into the family circle.

Gwendolyn knew this marriage was going to last more than one night, unlike her first one. Nickolas was a very strong, virile, man. Gwendolyn also knew that, as well as being a great leader of men, Nickolas had considerable wealth. This she would try to use to aid her brother to build up his strength in military matters without the knowledge of her husband.

So the marriage took place. Lady Megan she never said a word in objection; her heart was still faithful to Nickolas. Lady Eleanor consoled her.

The result of the marriage was that Lord Angus now had no bed companion so he exercised his feudal rights. As lord over his lands, he had the right to deflower a bride before she married.

Gwendolyn found her husband the best of lovers; sex was never dull in his arms. It was only sex to her; her love was reserved for Angus. As yet she had not approached the subject of Nickolas having closer military relations with her brother and uniting with him to overthrow the king. If such came to pass, she would have no hesitation of disposing her husband for her dream was still to be crowned Queen beside Angus as King.

One night after a very passionate night of sex with Nickolas, she broached the subject. "Nickolas, you have close relations with my brother in military matters and you have a strong army. If you combined forces and turned against the king, you could easily overthrow him, could you not? This country needs a vigorous ruler such as my brother. What would you answer to that, husband?"

"You are treading on dangerous grounds, wife. While King John is weak, it is still my duty to protect him. These words I would never repeat in His Majesty's presence."

"But Nickolas, would you not do this for me, your loving wife?"

"My darling wife, if things were different, perhaps, but I feel my loyalty is with the king. Let us hear no more of this rebellious talk."

This was a blow to Gwendolyn's hopes of becoming queen but not fatal. She was still determined that the crown would someday be placed on her head. Rela-

tions between her and Nickolas cooled. Gwendolyn said she needed a vacation as she was feeling not well. This vacation led her back to her ancestral castle and into the arms of her brother once more.

“Angus,” she said one night while lying in her brother’s arms, “I have failed you.”

“Worry not, sweet Gwendolyn, our dream will still come true.”

“But how can that be?”

“My armies are building up and training. That may take a few years more. But then I can challenge your husband and win. For the present, I think you should stay here till such time as Nickolas is dead. While here, you can supervise the building of Castle Blackhill. I expect by the time Nickolas is dead, it will be completed.” The news gladdened Gwendolyn and she freely gave her body to her brother that night.

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A few years have now passed since the above conversation.

Lord Angus had laid siege to the castle of the Lord Nickolas for many months. Angus considered the time was ripe for the taking of the castle. His barrage of cannon fire increased; balls of fire rained down on those within the castle. He inspected his prize company of archers who had previously belonged to the brief husband of Countess Norwood. They were lined up, ready to release their torrent of arrows to weaken further the occupants within the castle walls. Then Angus’ men would storm the castle walls. Angus was ruthless. Once the walls were stormed, they would make to re-

lease the drawbridge; then he would lead the main force of his army into the castle.

It was now time to lead his forces into battle. Mounted on his black stallion in his shining suit of armour, he lowered his visor, withdrew his sword from its scabbard, raised it above his head and uttered a blood-curdling shout. "We fight for the House of Blackhill, strength, glory and honour."

Banners containing the coat of arms of Blackhill rose. Angus led the charge into the castle. Even though those inside had been weakened by hunger and the fireballs had injured many, the fighting was fierce. Angus mercilessly cut down many with his sharp sword, leading his men by example. Quickly dismounting from his horse, he sought out Lord Nickolas. He found him fighting heroically on the castle battlements, sword in hand. Soon he was beside Lord Nickolas.

"Brother-in-law, I would quickly call a boon if you will stand at my side and rid this country of this weak King John. Can't you see how powerful we two would be? Nothing could stop us. There could be many lands we would conquer together."

"That we could. I know the King is weak but that is why I support him rather than have a tyrant such as you, Angus."

"Not even for the love of my beloved sister, Nickolas?"

"She is but a cunning viper as I have found to my cost. Those I foolishly cast aside I have seen the light but I will never surrender to you."

"That being the case, there is nothing left but to fight to the death."

Although Nickolas put up a fight, Angus was the better swordsman and ran his weapon through the noble lord. The battle won, the first thing Angus did was to seek out the bastard son, Robert of Nickolas. Nickolas had told the youth that if he was defeated, Robert must raise an army to regain his lands and titles. And so, Robert went to the forest of Doune to welcome men to his band of outlaws who would oppose the tyrant Angus.

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The first thing Countess Gwendolyn saw as her ebony coach came within sight of the castle was her former husband drawn and quartered on the outside castle wall. She had no pity for her once husband. All that was in her mind was that her brother had been victorious that she was a step nearer to being Queen. After Angus' victory, he had sent for his sister, having felt deprived of her company for many months. That night saw Gwendolyn with her brother in the very same bed she once shared with her husband.

The following day, an open top landau carriage pulled by four magnificent black horses contained both for the crowd to see. Angus had arranged that, as the carriage made its way through the crowds, that a salute be fired by his cannons and all the church bells be rung at the same time. Angus took his sister's hand and exclaimed to her, "It is the Castle Doune and Lord James next, sweet Gwendolyn. My men know that we can defeat him. Winter is fast approaching. We must be ready for a surprise spring attack and we will be."

“Then after that, you will be the King, my brother. Our dreams are almost here. Then we will be married. Coronation and throne are in sight,” said his sister.

## **CHAPTER FIVE: THE CASTLE BLACKHILL**

Another glorious victory had taken place as Angus had overthrown Lord James. The Castle Doune was now in his hands. The one thing that annoyed him was that he could not find the son of James, Lord Cuthbert, or his mother, Lady Eleanor. Lord Cuthbert was now dressed in women’s clothes as his late sister Lady Sarah and in the company with his mother. During their adventures, mother and son-turned-daughter had joined with Robert, the bastard son of Nickolas, and his lawless band in the forest of Doune. Robert ruled the forest of Doune, a thorn in the side of Angus. The two had been captured by Captain Seth and brought to the Castle Blackhill. Now Lady Eleanor and her “daughter,” Lady Sarah were about to meet Angus and his sister Countess Gwendolyn.

Captain Seth was informed that Lord Angus, who was having intercourse with his sister, was now ready to receive him and his prisoners. Lady Eleanor and Sarah were led along passages lit by torches every five yards. They came to a large tall and wide mahogany door with a brass knocker in the form of a lion’s head on it. On either side of it stood a guard with a spear at the ready to pierce anyone who would attempt to enter without permission.

Captain Seth knocked, a panel in the door was opened and the guard inside enquired who wished to see the Lord Angus. Upon being told, he shut the panel

and informed Lord Angus. The large door was opened and Captain Seth and his two prisoners entered. Lord Angus and his sister Countess Gwendolyn sat on what looked like thrones with robes of ermine and crowns on their heads.

“Curtsy and prostrate yourself to the Lord and Lady, otherwise you shall receive a beating,” an voice said to Lady Eleanor and her daughter from behind them. Lady Eleanor was about to disobey, then thought of her daughter. She told Sarah to do so as she did to save Sarah from a beating.

Countess Gwendolyn gave a hysterical laugh. “See how the high and mighty have fallen, my lord? Now they respect our high position and prostrate themselves before us. Soon all in this land will be in our hands and we shall rule over everyone of them.”

“Yes my sister. I shall rule as King with you beside me as my Queen.” Lord Angus raised Countess Gwendolyn’s small hands and kissed both of them on the back. Gwendolyn smiled at the gesture of the love and devotion.

Then Angus turned to Captain Seth. “You have done well, Captain. You and your men will be rewarded for such loyalty to me and my sister. I think a promotion is in order. You may leave your prisoners in my hands for now.”

The captain bowed to Lord Angus and Countess Gwendolyn and left with his soldiers.

Lord Angus spoke. “May I welcome you and your beautiful daughter, Lady Eleanor, to my humble home. However I have sad news for you. I am sorry to say your husband, Lord James of Doune, is now dead.”

On hearing the dreadful news, Lady Eleanor broke down in tears. "No, not my beloved James. Surely you must be wrong, my lord." Sarah was consoling her mother with her arms round her and with tears in her own eyes.

"I ran my sword through the Lord James who died bravely, muttering your name and his love for you."

"Then it is true father is dead?" sobbed a distraught Sarah.

"Yes, Lady Sarah. I made a point of displaying the body of your father on the castle walls. This was to act as a warning to anyone else who would consider defying me."

"Oh father, dear father," sobbed Sarah.

"See how weak these women are, brother? You have slain the one they love. You are strong." So saying, Countess Gwendolyn entwined her arm in her brother's.

Lord Angus patted his sister's hand. "Any man would be strong with the love of a sister like you." The siblings smiled lovingly into each other's eyes.

Lady Eleanor looked at the evil pair. From the look Angus gave his sister, it was clear he lusted after her body. She was giving him every encouragement. If there was a God in heaven, He would take a terrible revenge on the wicked pair, Eleanor was sure.

"Lady Eleanor," Angus said, interrupting her thoughts, "where is your son Cuthbert?"

"I do not know, sir." She was not going to say one word of his whereabouts although he was right by her side.

"I think you know more than you are saying. I am sure all will be revealed in time." Turning to Gwendolyn, Angus continued, "My dear sister, I will leave Lady Eleanor in your capable hands to see if you can loosen her tongue. If not, the torture chamber beckons for her where she will suffer the most excruciating pain." Lord Angus gave a laugh.

"I will take her to my rooms and entertain her. I am sure I will be pleasant company for you, Lady Eleanor, will I not? What do you intend to do with her daughter, brother?"

"She will be taken to my rooms for interrogation."

Countess Gwendolyn said nothing but slightly raised her painted eyebrows. Gwendolyn rose from the throne, stepped down, took Eleanor's hand and gently patted it. "Come my dear, you are my prisoner. I will show you my rooms. They are most exquisite, the likes of which you have never seen before. Do not think of escaping from me as my brother will post two of his most loyal guards at the door. The only way out is through the window to a drop of over 100 feet to the moat below."

When Gwendolyn, Eleanor and the two guards reached Countess Gwendolyn's rooms, the guards were posted outside with strict instructions from Gwendolyn that if Lady Eleanor made any attempt to escape, they must kill her.

"You must be tired and weary, my dear Eleanor. I will order a meal while you bathe, then we two women will dine and wine. I will provide clean clothes for you. You can rest and tonight we will have a talk over old times. I remember that you were one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting when I was at the palace court, such interesting times."

Lady Eleanor had not expected Gwendolyn to be so seemingly pleasant and hospitable to her; however she knew Gwendolyn was not to be trusted. Gwendolyn took Lady Eleanor by the hand and led her to the bathroom. "Is that not the most wonderful bath you have ever seen, Lady Eleanor? I bathe every day in its warm scented water."

Eleanor looked at the sunken aquamarine-coloured tiled bath.

"Come, Eleanor, and bathe with me." Gwendolyn was discarding her clothes.

"Do not be frightened of me for I will not touch you. Our sex does not interest me but is it not nice to see ladies bathe together? I can admire your beauty as you do mine."

After that reassurance, Eleanor removed her own clothes. She was led hand-in-hand by Gwendolyn down the steps that led into the sunken bath.

"The water is warm, Countess."

"Of course it is. This castle is laid out like the Romans did; water heated from the kitchen flows through pipes. We have hot water all year round, what more can one ask?"

Eleanor could see the naked body of Gwendolyn. How long was it since she had last seen her? Ten, twenty years, yet every part of her looked as beautiful now as it did then.

Eleanor looked over that curvy body from head to shapely legs, then her eyes focused on the area between her legs. Eleanor could understand so how many men had fallen under her spell. Lord Nickolas had and married her, he who was once engaged to her girlfriend Megan.

Gwendolyn clapped her hands which wakened Eleanor from her thoughts. "Susannah, Susannah come here at once." A beautiful young girl appeared, wearing what can be described as a sort of sarong.

"Yes mistress, what do you desire?"

"I want this water scented, then I want you to wash and clean Lady Eleanor all over. Then dry and powder her, oil and scent her, and prepare her for the delights of the dildo tonight. Do you understand, Susannah?"

"Yes mistress, your commands will be obeyed," Susannah said as she giggled.

The girl soon came back with a very large jar on her shoulders and proceeded to sprinkle the contents on the water. A sweet-smelling aroma rose from the water. Having disposed of the contents in the jar, the girl stepped into the bath with a sponge in one hand to a now naked Lady Eleanor.

As Susannah entered the bath, Gwendolyn picked up a large towel, wrapped it round her body and sat on a long wide marble bench next to the tub.

"Eleanor, is your daughter Sarah a virgin?" enquired Gwendolyn.

The question caught Lady Eleanor out as she was thinking of other matters. As a man, she was sure Cuthbert had never laid with another woman. In his/her present condition as half-man/half-woman, he/she was a virgin after the disappointment with Robert.

She answered Gwendolyn, "Yes, my Sarah is a virgin. Why do you ask, Lady Gwendolyn?"

"I saw a look in my brother's face I have seen many times before as he gazed at your daughter. I am sorry

to say your daughter will be deflowered before the night is out. My brother likes young innocent virgins, does he not, Susannah?"

"Yes mistress, he took my virginity when I was but a girl."

"He took great delight in debasing you for you are his favourite; apart from me that is. He made you make love to both sexes man and watched you. He taught you and now it matters not who you make love to. You make love to them all."

"Yes mistress, but there is one who I desire to make love with more than any other."

"And who would that be, Susannah?" asked Gwendolyn.

"Why, none but your beautiful self, mistress. Just once and I would be in heaven."

Gwendolyn laughed. "That is most sweet of you, Susannah. I am more than honoured but as you know, I am not one bit interested in women. The only person I wish to have between my legs is my brother. I admit there have been other men but it was because of my duty to my brother that they were between my legs to help him to be King and I his Queen. My brother makes love to me like no other man. He worships and adores every part of my body."

"Susannah, when you have finished washing Lady Eleanor, you will take her to the room she will sleep in tonight and let her rest for an hour or so. Then you will powder her with talcum, spray her with perfume, then bring her to dine with us."

"Yes mistress, but do you not wish her to be robbed?"

“Lady Eleanor, I leave you in the hands of Susannah. Enjoy yourself with her. I have seen women who thought they were strong and would never give their body to another woman yield to her touch.”

As Gwendolyn left, Eleanor felt small hands wander over her body and enter her innermost places. She wanted to remove them but she was receiving such arousing attentions that she did not have the will to push this small woman from her. Susannah could not be much older than her own Sarah yet in sexual knowledge she was much wiser. Lady Eleanor found herself letting Susannah do as she wished with her body. Was she becoming as wanton as Susannah?

Eventually Susannah led her from the sunken bath and towelled down the voluptuous woman. Eleanor was then led by Susannah to the room Gwendolyn has assigned to her as a bedroom. Susannah pulled back the silk bed sheets. “Sleep and rest for now, Lady Eleanor. When you awake, you will receive the pleasures and fulfilment of the dildo before my mistress Countess Gwendolyn.” No more was said as Susannah placed the sheets over her, then bent down and kissed her on the mouth lovingly.

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Lady Eleanor was awakened in the morning by a light kiss on the lips from the beautiful Susannah who stood there naked at her bed with a small goblet.

“Drink this, Lady Eleanor”

“Why?”

“My mistress said it will relax you. She says it is for your your health. Drink now,” said Susannah, quickly

putting the goblet to Eleanor's lips. The liquid went straight down Lady Eleanor's throat. Just what had the devious Gwendolyn put in that drink?

"Come Lady Eleanor, we must prepare you for the delights of the dildo before my mistress. Have you ever used a dildo before?"

The dildo Eleanor knew nothing about; she had never seen one or had to resort to using one.

Susannah took Eleanor's hand and raised her from the bed. "I will prepare you for our activities tonight. Stand there before the looking glass."

Susannah was now preparing Eleanor, starting with a large powder puff, lightly patting the powder all over Eleanor's naked body and smoothing it down. That was followed by sweet-smelling oils and perfume sprayed all over her body.

"Look Lady Eleanor, do you not look so pretty and smell so sweet. 'Tis a pity my mistress has no desire for her own sex, otherwise she would take you to her bed tonight."

Lady Eleanor was flattered by the words of Susannah but she had no desire to make love to Gwendolyn. Susannah led her into Gwendolyn's dining room where she was greeted by Gwendolyn herself.

"How beautiful you look, Eleanor. Susannah has prepared you well. Let us dine. Please be seated and let us have a glass of the finest wine from the castle cellar."

Gwendolyn was not naked like Susannah but was dressed in the finest pure white silk. Gwendolyn took Eleanor's hand and kissed the back as Eleanor's brother had done to her.

"I admire a beautiful woman such as you, Eleanor. I like to be surrounded by beautiful people and you, my dear, are beautiful."

Gwendolyn clapped her hands and a young girl appeared. "Bring the wine and pour it out for my guest." The girl said not a word as she poured wine into their silver chalices. Countess Gwendolyn looked the young girl up and down. "You are new here, what is your name?"

"Elizabeth, Countess."

"Elizabeth, are you still a virgin?"

The young girl blushed and hesitated. "Well? Answer me," demanded Gwendolyn.

"Yes, Countess Gwendolyn"

"Then lift your skirts. Now."

Again the girl hesitated. Lady Gwendolyn raised her voice. "Do it NOW."

The girl slowly raised her skirts. "Higher," demanded Gwendolyn, "hold the skirts there."

Countess Gwendolyn looked the girl up and down. "You have nice legs. My brother will be pleased. You will lie with him in his bed and lose your virginity to him but not just yet. He is occupied with another for a day or two. You may lower your skirts and leave."

Lady Eleanor was thinking about what Gwendolyn had just said; the person her brother was now occupied with was her daughter/son Sarah. She prayed that she/he would be spared her/his life.

Countess Gwendolyn said, "Raise your chalice and drink a toast with me to my brother, the glorious victo-

ries he has had, to future victory and to the time when he will be crowned as King and I his Queen."

When Lady Eleanor heard that, she stood up. "Never, for your brother will not be King nor you Queen."

"Oh dear," a smiling Gwendolyn said, "just when I was beginning to like you, Eleanor. I was even going to offer you a place of honour in my court, seeing as my brother killed your husband. You will now have to curtsy to me when I become Queen. I was going to give you the privilege not to do that as a special friend of the Queen."

"I would never curtsy to you at any time."

Changing the subject, Gwendolyn asked Lady Eleanor, "Have you any brothers, Eleanor?"

Eleanor answered, "Yes, I have three, why?"

"Did you ever lie with them as I have done with my brother?"

"No, how despicable and disgusting. My brothers and I would never stoop so low. My brothers have respect for me as a decent woman." Gwendolyn remained silent for a moment, looked at Eleanor, then smiled.

"Tis a pity you have never tasted the delights of a brother's love as I have."

Eleanor was disgusted by what Gwendolyn had just said which only goaded Gwendolyn to reveal her plans for when she became Queen.

"Do you know that I intend to be married to my brother by the Cardinal and in the Cathedral so we will be husband and wife at our Coronation?"

“A sister and brother cannot marry nor could the Cardinal marry you, Gwendolyn,” said Eleanor.

“Is that so? I would think any holy man would when he has a sword held at his throat. And if he will not, then we shall find another holy man to take the place of the Cardinal. As King and Queen it will be my brother and I will make all the laws and the people will have to obey. Besides, did not the gods of ancient times marry brothers and sisters?”

“You will never be Queen but if that did happen, when your brother and you died, the story would end, Gwendolyn.”

“You think so? I intend that the Royal House of Blackhill will rule forever as I intend to have children by my brother. Even now I may be carrying the future Prince and King of our country.” So saying, Gwendolyn patted her stomach.

“But such heavy matters. Let then rest for now as we eat and enjoy ourselves. Susannah, please see to the food,” said Countess Gwendolyn.

“Yes mistress, I will attend to that.” Susannah departed and soon came back with servants bearing plates laden with chicken and vegetables.

“There are other dishes but I think it is best that you, Lady Eleanor and Susannah, do not eat much as that would only slow your movements in your sexual exertions. I will eat, then watch, as you quiver and tremble with ecstasy and rapture as I have myself contorted from the use of the dildo. This is not just any dildo but one made from a mould of my brother’s erect penis. Susannah will use it on you today. Such joy you are going to have! Eleanor, have you ever made love to our own sex?”

Lady Eleanor thought for a minute. Gwendolyn was not going to be told of her love for Megan. Megan's husband was now dead. Lord James was the only man she ever loved.

There was a faraway look in Lady Eleanor's eyes. "I feel rather strange, Countess Gwendolyn."

"Do you? I expect it is the warm spring air. Susannah, open the window that Lady Eleanor may receive cooler air."

Gwendolyn and Susannah were smiling at each other; the drugged drink Susannah had administered to Eleanor was now taken effect. Gwendolyn had two reasons for drugging Lady Eleanor. Eleanor was going to be interrogated as to the whereabouts of her son. Also, Gwendolyn wanted to see this prim and proper lady act as a wanton slut from Susannah's use of the dildo.

Lady Eleanor could see but apparently not hear as Countess Gwendolyn spoke to Susannah and held up two objects. One was long and thick, the other just as long but thinner. As she talked, Gwendolyn occasionally point at Eleanor. As this was all going on, what looked like mattresses were being laid on the floor by servants in front of the table where Gwendolyn sat.

The naked Susannah took the hand of the equally naked Lady Eleanor, helped her rise from the table and led her to where the mattresses were. Eleanor was submissive and meekly followed Susannah without question.

Susannah, who had the two objects given by Countess Gwendolyn in her hand, put them down on the mattresses and told Lady Eleanor to lie down on the mattress and spread her legs open. Eleanor could not

hear so Susannah pushed her down and spread her legs open.

“She is all ready, my mistress. I shall begin.”



“There is no need to hurry, we have all night. I want to see Lady Eleanor squirming in ecstasy like a harlot who wants more. She said my brother and I were disgusting. I want her to regret saying such things to I, who will be her Queen very soon. Make her kiss this dildo as if she loves it, which she will after you have finished with her. And use this jar of special ointment.” The tirade ended as she handed the jar containing ointment to Susannah.

Susannah knew what the ointment was as it had been used on her many times for the pleasure of Gwendolyn and Lord Angus. It was smeared on her vagina but tonight it would not be she who would have it there. Tonight it would be Lady Eleanor.

Susannah was kneeling between Eleanor’s legs. With the jar in hand, she was manipulating and smearing the ointment into her virginal passage while Lady Eleanor remained passive, not saying a word. That done, the dildo was placed at the entrance to Lady Eleanor’s open passage. Susannah pushed it into that passage slowly, left it there for a short time, slowly rotating it. It was then pulled back to the entrance with a slurping noise which was caused by it sliding over the ointment. Susannah pushed it once more, in then out, the motion becoming quicker and quicker each time. Little moans of pleasure could be heard coming from Eleanor.

Lady Eleanor was feeling strange. She wanted to love Susannah as she had never done before with a woman, not even Megan. She wanted Susannah’s body, every part of it . Her tongue now entered Susannah’s cunt and licked it.

Eleanor arched her body upwards to receive every part of this wonderful instrument of love. For her part,

Susannah could not believe the pleasure she was receiving from the lips and tongue of older woman who must have lain with women before to have such knowledge of her own sex.

Susannah withdrew the dildo from the quivering Eleanor, saying nothing. Eleanor spoke for the first time since she had left the table. "Why do you withhold that which has given me so much pleasure. I beg you, please put it once more into my willing and waiting body. I love that imitation of a man's penis which is always erect and never fails to give pleasure."

Susannah, knowing Eleanor could not hear, indicated by kissing the dildo that she wanted Eleanor to do the same. Eleanor got the message, willingly took the dildo from Susannah and placed it within herself. Susannah was quick to help Eleanor in her pleasures.

It was now time to use the smaller dildo on Lady Eleanor. Susannah pushed Eleanor on to her stomach, spread her legs and placed a pillow under her so that her buttocks rose high in the air. Eleanor was in a highly-charged state of sexual arousal, ready to accept anything Susannah might do to her. Susannah was now applying the ointment on Eleanor's anus. Having done that lifted, she the smaller dildo and inserted it into Eleanor's anus which was tight; not even her husband had invaded that opening in her body before.

Susannah pushed that dildo in as far as she could, meeting no resistance or cries of pain from Eleanor in her drug-induced state. Turning to Gwendolyn who was happily watching the lewd scene before her, Susannah said, "I will be most happy to widen the anus of Lady Eleanor so that she can receive the pleasures of the larger penis , mistress."

"I think you will have plenty of time to do that, Susannah, as Lady Eleanor will not be going anywhere soon. You may use her as your sexual plaything with my permission. She will become as a harlot and disport herself with many men and women before my brother and me for our amusement. How dare she insult me and my beloved brother? I promise she will become as a whore hungering for a penis or cunt. If you do it well, I will make you my first lady-in-waiting and bestow a title and lands upon you when I become Queen."

"Oh thank you, my mistress. I will become Lady Susannah and have a castle and lands of my own and servants to wait and serve me."

Susannah threw herself enthusiastically into the act of exciting Eleanor again. The older woman was going to be completely degraded and corrupted by the time she was finished with her. Lady Eleanor was going to desire every man or woman she saw and long for their touch.

By now Susannah had abandoned the use of the dildo. She knelt between Eleanor's legs and, with vigour, was kissing Eleanor's cunt lovingly and licking her clitoris. Eleanor's clitoris became erect, much to Susannah's pleasure. "Look mistress, see how she loves her little clit being loved by a woman!"

"Yes Susannah, she is indeed becoming as a strumpet. Now is the time for her interrogation as she is at her most vulnerable." So saying, Countess Gwendolyn rose from the table and came down to the mattress where the two wanton women were lying.

Some of the effects of the drugs were wearing off. Lady Eleanor could now hear but she was still in a semi-drugged state.

Lady Eleanor had before at answering the question about having laid with another woman. So as a test before asking her main question, Gwendolyn knelt beside Lady Eleanor and whispered in her ear, "Have you ever been with another woman, Eleanor."

"Yes."

The drug had loosened Eleanor's tongue. Gwendolyn was most curious to find out who this other woman could be.

"What woman would that be, Eleanor?"

"Megan," replied Eleanor.

"Would that be the same Lady Megan that was a lady-in-waiting to the Queen the same time as you?"

"Yes."

Gwendolyn burst into fits of laughter. "She was betrothed to my once-husband, Nickolas of Surrey. I stole him from her with my beauty. Now that she cannot get a man, she has turned to her own sex to gratify herself."

Now taking a more serious tone of voice, Gwendolyn proceeded to ask the question. "Where is your son Cuthbert, Lady Eleanor?"

"Here in this castle," was the reply.

"What do you mean? There is no sign of your son or he would have been killed by my brother."

"He is in women's skirts as my daughter, Lady Sarah."

"Is he indeed? Very cunning. I must say he fooled me and my brother. He certainly looks the part of a woman. I think he may well be dead by now for as the young virgin he portrays, my brother will have had his

skirts removed by now and discovered his true sex. This has been a very profitable night indeed, first Lady Megan, then your son, Lady Sarah. I shall retire to bed. Susannah, you can sport with Lady Eleanor all night long. Have a good time, as I am sure you will." So saying, a smiling Gwendolyn left the amorous pair to their own devices.

## CHAPTER SIX: THE TRUE SEX OF LADY SARAH

Lady Sarah sat alone within the bedchamber of the Lord Angus, waiting for his return. She was very much afraid about what her fate would be when her true sex was discovered; she had heard stories about what the Lord Angus did to virgins when he deflowered them. Well she certainly was a virgin but in one place only her anus which she had at one time wanted Robert to take.

She heard footsteps approaching. The door to the room opened and there before her stood the imposing figure of Angus. At first, the tall man said nothing, just stroking his goatee beard and thinking. Her interrogation could wait till morning. Tonight he would indulge himself in the pleasures of the flesh, *her* flesh.

Angus spoke. "You are a pretty one, Lady Sarah, as beautiful as your mother when she was young at the Royal Court. Do you know I, as Lord, have the right to deflower any virgin in the lands I rule over? Tonight you are going to receive your first taste of the penis from me."

Lord Angus was advancing towards Sarah. He took her in his strong arms. She struggled but it was useless as he pressed his lips on Sarah's mouth. "I like a

woman who puts up a fight. It makes it so much better when I get my prick up her cunt as I will yours. But first let me see your breasts. I will take great pleasure sucking their ripe nipples."

Lord Angus proceeded to rip open the bodice of Sarah's dress and exposed her breasts. Sarah struggled; Angus had exhausted her and it was no problem for him to push her on to the large four-poster bed with its silk and satin sheets and pillows. She lay there panting for breath she watched the Lord Angus remove his clothing, then looked at his large member. His mouth went directly to her breasts. His tongue flicked over the right nipple, then he took it into his mouth and started to suck it. Sarah trembled with fear, no one had ever done such a thing to her. Lord Angus had defiled her; she was no longer pure.

"Cry all you want, Lady Sarah, for no one can hear. There is more to come. I will take your other breast before I take other pleasures from your body."

She had no strength to push him away and she feared the next move of Lord Angus for all would be undone when her true sex was discovered.

Having ripped the top part of Sarah's dress off, Angus now proceeded to rip the rest of the dress off her body. His rampant penis was all afire to enter what was between her legs and he excitedly pushing them apart. Then came disaster and disappointment for that which was between her legs was not what Angus expected. She quickly jumped from the bed but Lord Angus was an agile man and he withdrew a dagger from its scabbard and was now holding it at Sarah's throat.

"Who are you? You certainly are not Lady Sarah. Tell me this very instant, otherwise your throat will be slit."

Lady Sarah, cowering in terror, stuttered, "Please... oh please spare my life, Lord Angus."

"I will when you have answered the question to my satisfaction."

"I am Cuthbert, son of Lord James of Doune, and heir to his estate."

"Are you indeed? Why are you dressed in the skirts of a woman and have breasts and a body that would fool any man till your skirts were removed?"

"Lord Angus, I was the heir to my father so I had to go from the Castle Doune. It was expected that you would kill me so no one could claim to be the rightful successor to the lands of Doune. It was my mother who thought up this disguise of a woman."

"You look much like your sister Sarah as I remember her as a young child, but where is she now?"

"She died of the fever not long ago."

"And how do you come to have the figure and breasts of a woman?"

Sarah explained about her time in Megan's cottage and of the changes she had made to her body.

"So Lady Megan has turned to witchcraft seeing as my beautiful sister took her betrothed away from her. Maybe she can conjure up a man to make love to her." Lord Angus roared with laughter. "Then she put a spell on you. I must compliment Megan on how pretty she has made you."

Angus could easily strike Cuthbert/Sarah down dead now but there were better political outcomes possible if she remained alive. There was at present unrest among the people of the dead Lord James of Doune. It was possible they may revolt and be helped by Robert

and his band of outlaws in the forest of Doune. What if it was seen that the only daughter of Lord James was going to marry him? Was she not the legal heir to all her father owned? Lord Cuthbert died fighting alongside his father, Angus would confirm. Being married to her, he would have the legal right to her estates.

Looking at the naked Sarah, Angus said to her, "Your life is spared for you are going to become my wife."

"What? Never. I will not marry you. If I cannot marry Robert, I will marry no man."

"Do you love your mother, Sarah?" said Angus.

"Yes, of course I do."

"Then, if you wish her to remain alive, you will marry me willingly. Do I make myself clear? However I am certainly not going to wait till I deflower my virgin bride. It is going to be now."

The fact that Sarah was half-man/half-woman did not worry Angus; it was the female half that interested him. Angus, his dagger discarded for now, pushed Sarah onto her belly. His strong arms held her tightly down.

"What are you going to do, Lord Angus?" sobbed a distraught Sarah, slowly becoming aware of what was happening around her.

"I am about to take your virginity. My rampant member urgently waits to enter your blessed passage."

The hard erection of Angus was now poised at the entrance. With a mighty thrust, it pierced through the tight passage to screams from Sarah.

"Please stop, you have torn me open. I am but a helpless woman."

“Scream for all you’re worth, my dear Sarah You will be there under me till I unleash my seed within your arse.”

There was nothing Sarah could do but lie there and feel Angus’ member slide in and out of her anal passage. It took a while for his penis to explode inside her but when it did, Angus convulsed within her with a shuddering explosion. His seed flowed out of the head of his member.

Sarah cried; she had wanted to remain a virgin to be a novice at the nunnery but that seemed out of the question now. Her fate, it seemed, was to be the wife of Lord Angus and be violated like this every night.

Angus now pulled his dripping, deflated, penis from out of her warm passage.

“Did you say that you visited Robert’s den and had fallen in love with him, Sarah?”

“Yes,” she replied, crying. She said not a word about her rejection by him.

“Good, you will be like honey in a trap to entice him from the protection of the forest of Doune for I shall make sure that he hears of our forthcoming marriage. If he loves you, it will surely lure him out of his den.” Lord Angus once again broke out in laughter. Everything was going well for him; Robert would soon be in his hands. First thing in the morning, he must discuss military matters with his generals.

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Countess Gwendolyn had risen from her bed and was being assisted to dress by Susannah, her personal

maid. "And how did things go with you and Lady Eleanor last night, Susannah?"

"Wonderful, mistress. She can't keep her hands off my body. She is at present having some needed rest."

"Good, Susannah, but you must not let her rest. I want her degraded to the level of some common whore. I only wish my brother had been here last night to observe how she grovelled for your body and displayed herself in wanton lust. Maybe tonight he will see her exposing all her womanly charms before his and my eyes. Here, take this phial and administer it to her before the effects of the last one wear off, for in her present drugged state, she knows not what she is doing."

"Yes mistress. I am having so much fun playing with her body."

"Good. I must now leave you for breakfast. I have much to discuss with my dear brother."

Gwendolyn left and made her way to the breakfast table. Lord Angus was already there, finishing his breakfast.

Gwendolyn kissed her brother lovingly on the lips. "You are up early this morning."

"Yes indeed, my beloved sister. I have been up for over two hours."

"What gets you up so early?"

"I have been discussing military matters with my generals, sister dear. I had hoped to now launch a campaign against King John."

"Indeed. And what has that wily old fox General Wade have to say?"

“He feels we should wait. We have suffered many casualties in the fierce fighting for the taking of the Castle Doune. It is going to take a time to regroup and recover our numbers. But during that period I have other matters of interest to us.”

“And what would those be, my brother?” said Gwendolyn.

“I plan to wed Lady Sarah.”

“WHAT!?” exploded Gwendolyn “I have lain with many men to swear allegiance to you and pledge their support and armies to you. I even married Lord Nickolas of Surrey, he who had the largest army in the land, I opened my legs for him and is this how I am repaid? You may not know it but I am pregnant with our child and no child of mine is going to be called a bastard like that Robert, son of Nickolas For my love of you, I was promised to be your Queen.”

It was obvious that Gwendolyn was more than upset. He would give her an explanation but he was overwhelmed that he was going to become a father.

“Oh my sister, please do not be angry with me. Calm down and let me explain. By marrying Sarah, all she owns becomes mine. She will say that she loves me under threat of the life of her mother. You know she is actually Lord Cuthbert, the one we sought to kill.”

“Yes Angus, I found that out from Lady Eleanor.”

“Splendid! Gwendolyn, you will be Queen and our son will never be called a bastard.”

“How would that be possible?”

“Well, people can die, can they not, sister?”

“Yes, that is true.”

“Sarah will be greatly missed and my dear sister will comfort me in my sorrow so much I will marry her.”

“But will this all happen before I have our son, Angus?”

“I will make sure it does. Come here, I want to kiss the mother of our son.”

Lord Angus embraced his sister in a passionate embrace which she returned with passion.

“Come. I must have you now.”

“But where, Angus. All our bedrooms are filled.”

H took his sister by the hand and led her to an empty room.

## **CHAPTER SEVEN: ROBERT’S DEN AGAIN**

Some days after Lady Eleanor and Sarah left for St Margaret’s nunnery, Robert sat thinking about Sarah. If only she did not have a male member, all would have been right. How could any man love someone in that condition? But there were two people who might have an answer to this problem: Ewan and Maggie. That night he called them into the cave for a serious talk.

Looking at both of them, he asked, “Do you both love each other?”

“Yes, we do,” answered Ewan, putting a hand round Maggie’s waist.

“I cannot come to terms with what Sarah is and I am trying to understand this phenomenon. It apparently does not trouble you, Ewan. Why?”

"I have never seen Maggie in male clothes for a start. I knew she was a man but my heart was telling me she was a woman. I desired her in a sexual way but that was only because I loved her as a woman, not as a man."

"You put that so nicely, sweetheart. You make me feel like a woman, not a man. I want to be your woman and make love to you as a woman. So you see, Robert, there is no problem about deciding who is the man and who is the woman between us," finished Maggie.

"I am trying to understand, Maggie, but it is hard."

"Before you discovered the true sex of Sarah, what were your feelings?"

"The first time my eyes beheld Sarah, I fell in love with her. However when her male sex was revealed, I was disappointed. If only that male object was not there, I am sure things would be different but I cannot get that out of my mind."

"You love her, Robert. Think only of your love for her for she certainly loves you and no other man. Please give her this chance, I implore you, Robert," finished Maggie.

"You are right, Maggie. I cannot get Sarah out of my mind. How can I apologise to the woman I love. How stupid I was." Robert broke down in tears; Maggie put an arm round him to comfort him.

"If you really, really love her, then you must be quick, Robert."

"Why would that be, Maggie?"

"Before she left to go the nunnery with her mother for sanctuary, Sarah confessed to me that she would ask the Mother Superior if she could be admitted as a

nun. Sarah said if you scorned her, she could love no other man and would devote her life to God and be a bride to the Lord Jesus Christ as a nun. I would advise you to leave this very minute. Sarah and her mother must by now be at the nunnery. It may even be too late already. If she has not taken vows of a nun, you must persuade her that is not the life for her and that you do love her."

"Yes, you are right. In the morning, I will saddle my fastest horse and make for the nunnery of St Margaret's. What a fool I have been," shouted Robert.

But events were to change Robert's plans for in the morning, one of Robert's spies came into the den on his horse. He sought out Robert. "Have you heard the news, Robert? It is being proclaimed all over the country that Lord Angus and Lady Sarah are to be wed."

The news shocked Robert. He quickly called a meeting with Ewan.

"What do you make of this report, Ewan?"

"Very suspicious. She would never marry Angus unless she was forced to. And how did she come to be in the Castle Blackhill? She and her mother were supposed to be going to the nunnery, were they not?"

"Yes, did we not hear reports that Angus had taken the Castle Doune and that Lord James had been slain by Angus? Why would Sarah want to marry the man who killed her father?"

"Indeed. We must do something. Like you, I cannot believe that she would marry Angus."

"But what will we do? I think Angus is laying a trap. He is very devious as you well know."

“He has plans to become King and is more than halfway there. King John is a fool; he thinks Angus is his loyal friend and takes him into his confidence. Angus would as soon slit his throat.”

“He took my father’s life on the pretence that my father was plotting against the King. I swore I would prove my father innocent, clear his name and kill Angus for his deceit. Ewan, I must go to the Castle Blackhill and see what I can do. It will take me a journey of some days. I must go on my own. It is me who love Sarah and it is me who must free her.”

“Well spoken, Robert, but as your loyal friend should be at your side. We have fought side-by-side in the cause of justice for all,” finished Ewan.

“Very well, Ewan. I will be happy to have you by my side, my friend.”

Both of them mounted their steeds. Before mounting his horse, Ewan had took Maggie in his arms and kissed her. With tears in her eyes, she said, “Please take care of yourself, my brave man.” Maggie withdrew a white silk lace-bordered handkerchief from her purse and dabbed the tears from her eyes.

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The journey to Castle Blackhill would take a number of days; Robert and Ewan slept rough under trees and bushes at night. They discussed plans as to how Lady Sarah and her mother would be rescued but never came up with a definitive answer. They knew it was going to be difficult to get into the Castle Blackhill without detection. Even if they did, they would have to

find Sarah be. Robert suggested she may well be in Lord Angus' bedchamber.

"I think you may be right, Robert but that room will be very well guarded by Angus' men."

"Then we must overpower them, swiftly remove Sarah and take her out of the castle."

"What about her mother?"

"If we do not have the time, I'm afraid she will have to stay there for the present."

"I understand," replied Ewan thinking how Robert had changed his mind about Sarah when he thought deeply about how he felt about her.

It was decided that the best plan was to try and enter the Castle Blackhill during darkness; there was a chance they may not be seen. Having arrived near the castle during daylight, they carefully surveyed the castle. It was decided that they would swim the moat. There was an unattended small window which they could squeeze through. They decided the only weapons to take were daggers strapped to their legs.

Darkness fell, both men stripped themselves down to loin cloths. They rubbed mud over their faces to blacken themselves, then crept to the moat, slid into the water and swam to the window they had seen. It was a tight squeeze but they made it and soon found themselves in the dimly-lit dungeon of the castle.

They could hear the moans and cries of those thrown into the dungeon by the cruel Lord Angus. Quietly creeping along the cold, slimy floors, they spied the jailer. He sat at his desk eating his dinner. Someone in a nearby cell moaned that he was innocent. "Silence, dog or you will feel my whip on your skin and it will give me great pleasure to do so."

The only way out of this dungeon was past the jailer. Robert signalled to Ewan that he was going to kill the jailer. Robert crept up behind the jailer, put his strong arm round his neck and choked him to death. Then taking the key for the dungeon, Robert unlocked the door. They were now inside the castle itself. But where was Sarah? There were passages leading in all directions.

The two went on, keeping to the shadows. Fortunately they ran into no trouble till the door to what appeared to be the Lord Angus' chambers came in sight as they cautiously rounded a corner. Posted before that door were two guards with spears in their hands. Robert joined his friend in struggling with the guards. They were able to wrestle the spears from the poorly-trained guards. It was a fierce fight but soon both the guards lay at the feet of Robert and Ewan, dead.

"The friends forced the door in and were soon inside Angus's chamber. Robert's shouts of "Sarah, Sarah!" were answered by her.

"Here in the bedroom." Entering Angus's bedroom, the two men saw a naked Sarah tied to the four-poster bed by her hands and legs.

Quickly, Robert released her by cutting the ropes with his dagger. "God, what has he done to you, Sarah?"

"Despicable things I cannot repeat Robert. I have been deflowered, my body abused by that vile man. Oh Robert, I am no longer pure." Sarah broke down in tears.

Robert held her naked body to himself. "Do not worry, Sarah. I shall avenge all the despicable things

Angus has done to your body. He shall pay, for I love you."

Lady Sarah, though her body was still weak from the abuse she had suffered at the hands of Angus, looked up into the eyes of Robert, then fell unconscious into his arms.

"Hurry Ewan, we must get Sarah out of here. You go on ahead and I will carry Sarah away. Make sure all is clear," said Robert. However he was too late as many of Lord Angus' men were pouring into the bedroom, led by Captain Seth. Robert and Ewan were overpowered.

"Inform the Lord Angus that we have captured the bandits," said Captain Seth, dismissing one of his men to just do that.

Lord Angus and his beautiful sister Gwendolyn were in her chambers, watching Susannah and Lady Eleanor make womanly love to each other on the mattresses which lay on the floor. Lady Eleanor did not know what was happening to her as her vision was blurred. The woman beside was her holding her tight; the woman's fingers were invading her private parts. The woman was now taking Eleanor's hand and putting it on her breasts.

Gwendolyn laughed, "See how the pious Eleanor hungers for a woman's touch, brother."

"Aye, she who was friends with the Lady Megan. We now know why, sister."

The Lord Angus broke into a belly laugh, raised his sister's hand and kissed the back of it with affection. Gwendolyn smiled with approval. At that moment a guard entered the room. "Excuse me, my Lord, but that which you have set a trap for has occurred."

“Splendid, did you hear that, Gwendolyn? Robert has walked into the trap. I always knew that the Lady Sarah would be the honey in the pot and lure him. At last I have caught that thorn in my side.”

“What are you going to do, Angus?”

“He will be thrown in the dungeon, then hung. But that will not be right away for I wish to make it known all over the land that Robert the outlaw has been caught and will be hung in public in this castle. His body will be displayed outside the castle walls for all to see as warning that that will be the fate of all who defy me.”

“Oh brother, you are so strong,” said Gwendolyn, snuggling into him and kissing him in more than sisterly fashion.

“Come with me, sister, and see our captive for you as much as I will welcome the downfall of Robert.”

“Yes brother,” Countess Gwendolyn said, looking up at Angus’ eyes with admiration.

At the Lord Angus’ chambers, Robert and Ewan being held by Angus’ men.

“Once again, Captain Seth, it is you who has captured my greatest enemy. I will see that you rise in the ranks for your service and loyalty to me and my sister.”

Angus looked at Robert. “So your lady love has brought you into my hands. With your second-in-command, Ewan no less. Lady Sarah will be at my side as you are hung in public. Won’t that be nice, my dear?” he said, patting Gwendolyn’s hand once more.

“Guards, take these miscreants to the dungeon till such time as they are hung.”

The still naked Lady Sarah who had recovered from being unconscious heard these words. She prostrated herself before Angus. "Please, my lord, spare these men, I implore you. I will do anything you want me to. ANYTHING."

"That is very tempting. Sister, what do you think?"

"I want to see them hung. I want no trouble when I become your Queen."

"Yes, you're right. Take them to the dungeons right away, Captain."

Both Robert and Ewan were marched down to the dungeon and thrown in damp, dirty, cells.

After they were gone, Countess Gwendolyn looked at her brother and said, "Take this woman away, brother, for she will only be in the way of our loving tonight. You and I have much to celebrate; our child, the capture of Robert and that soon we shall be King and Queen of the land."

The Lord Angus looked at his sister. He desired her and his penis was erect with lust. "Sister dearest, I will have you tonight in this very bed. Take Lady Sarah away to my sister's chambers for now," he commanded the guards in his room.

"Now that we are alone at last, discard your skirts that I may gaze on your wonderful body."

"And how I long for your kisses on my body once more." So saying, Gwendolyn removed her skirts till she stood naked in her brother's sight.

## CHAPTER EIGHT: A ROYAL VISIT TO CASTLE BLACKHILL

At the Royal Palace, King John sat in the large drawing room with his Queen. "Margarita," he said, "I think it is time I paid a visit to my loyal friend the Lord Angus, seeing that he is about to marry Lady Sarah. What do you think?"

"It matters not what I think, you will go there anyway. John, you are a fool to believe every word the Lord Angus says to you. He is a devious man out to seize the crown, mark my words."

"You do him an injustice, Margarita. Has he not slain those who would rise against me?" said King John.

"He killed two of the most loyal lords in the land for his own purposes, John. What harm did the Lords Nickolas of Surrey and James of Doune ever do to you? He got rid of two men that would be in his way to capture the throne and you, like a fool, believed him. As for his sister Gwendolyn, I have never liked her since she flaunted her body to Lord Nickolas of Surrey and stole him from Lady Megan to whom she was betrothed. She is nothing but a high-class prostitute. But I will accompany you to the Castle Blackhill," finished Queen Margarita.

So in a few days, the Royal party left the palace and made for the Castle Blackhill. News of such quickly came to the ears of the Lord Angus and Countess Gwendolyn.

Angus conferred with his sister. "What shall we do, Gwendolyn?" he asked.

“I hope you have had your fill of Lady Sarah’s arse. We shall have to dress her in fitting clothes if she is to be your wife and presentable to the Queen. As for her mother, the potions that have been administered to her will cease. It may take some days till the effects wear off and she has her wits about her. She will have to be out of sight till then.”

“You think of everything, Gwendolyn. You will be a great Queen by my side.” Lord Angus embraced his sister to which she responded with many kisses.

The Royal party after many days’ journey came within the sight of the Castle Blackhill. The Lord Angus had already sent some soldiers to escort the Royal party on the last part of their journey. As the Castle Blackhill’s drawbridge was lowered, the Royal coach containing the King and Queen went thundering into the courtyard. As King and Queen stepped out of the coach, they were greeted by Lord Angus bowing and Countess Gwendolyn giving a sweeping low curtsy

“Your Majesty Queen Margarita, welcome to our humble home. Tonight we would be honoured with your presence at a banquet that we have laid in honour of your majesties,” Gwendolyn said.

Queen Margarita descended from the coach, then entwined her arm round Gwendolyn’s arm; she was a kindly person even if she had heard reports about Countess Gwendolyn. As they walked into the castle, she said, “The King and I will gladly enjoy your company, Countess. Tell me, will we meet your brother’s betrothed Lady Sarah and is her mother here? I did so like Lady Eleanor when she and Lady Megan were my ladies-in-waiting.”

“Your Majesty, you certainly will meet Lady Sarah but unfortunately Lady Eleanor has left. She said there

are many matters to attend to for her daughter's wedding but she will of course be at the ceremony."

"Such a pity. I did want to meet her once more but you, Countess Gwendolyn, must be happy to see your brother married at last. Maybe soon a child will come to inherit the family seat."

Gwendolyn said not a word. She was not the least bit happy her brother was marrying Sarah. However that state of affairs would not last long; she had plans to poison Sarah with a drop of arsenic in her wine at dinner one night. Then all would be free for her to marry Angus. By that time, her brother would have seized the throne and be able to marry her before she had their child. All that mattered was that their son would be King. Gwendolyn was certain it would be a male child to follow in their footsteps. And so the Royal House of Blackhill would be established.

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That night before the banquet, Gwendolyn was in her brother's chambers, arranging Lady Sarah's costume for the banquet. The costume was of the finest white silk and fit the form of Sarah perfectly. Gwendolyn was pinning many coloured ribbons into Sarah's hair so that they streamed down from her head. There was no doubt that Gwendolyn knew how to make Sarah look seductive for her brother, a skill she had used to seduce many a man, including her brother. Tonight, Sarah would look a splendid figure of a woman sitting beside Angus at the top table. When she finished, Gwendolyn said to Sarah, "I want you to keep your mouth shut about all you have seen here in this castle under the threat of death not only to you but

your mother as well. Do I make myself clear?" Sarah was extremely frightened and hesitated to give an answer. Gwendolyn looked at Sarah and hissed, "Well, do I?"

Sarah stuttered, "Yes... Countess... Gwendolyn."

"Good, just do as I say and we will get along nicely, Lady Sarah," said Gwendolyn.

All was now ready for the banquet as trumpeters lined the banqueting hall; at a signal, fanfares were heard as the King and Queen were escorted arm in arm with the King on Countess Gwendolyn's arm and the Queen on one arm of Lord Angus on whose other arm was the Lady Sarah. All in the hall rose till the King and Queen and their hosts sat at the top table. Goblets of wine were filled by the servants then all rose to toast their majesties and their health. That over, all sat, and the meal began. Queen Margarita looked at Lady Sarah; she was a beautiful woman just like her mother, however her face seemed filled with sadness. Taking Sarah's small hand in her own, the Queen patted it and asked, "My dear, you must be looking forward to your marriage."

Sarah drew herself together. "Your Majesty," she stuttered, "I... am being held here against my will."

Lord Angus looked at his sister, then immediately cut in. "My beloved is tired and confused, your Majesty. I think it best she goes to her chambers and lies down."

"Not yet, my lord, let her finish what she has to say. Carry on, my dear. You may fear no one while I am here. Continue please, Lady Sarah."

“Thank you Ma’am. My mother is also being held prisoner as are Robert and Ewan of the forest of Doune.”



The Queen, her eyes blazing, turned to Angus.  
“Lord Angus, is it true what she says?”

“It is true. I have captured the robber Robert and his second-in-command Ewan. They shall be hung at midday tomorrow in your presence, your majesties.”

“Your Majesty, Lady Eleanor arrived just this afternoon and is at present in my chambers resting,” said Lady Gwendolyn, looking at her brother.

“Then bring her to me along with Robert and Ewan. I wish to see them now.”

“But Your Majesty, Lady Eleanor is tired and resting,” said Gwendolyn.

“I don’t care. I want to see her NOW,” said the Queen, raising her voice. She was tired of her husband’s weakness; it was time she asserted some authority. Countess Gwendolyn gave orders for Lady Eleanor to be brought to the banqueting hall told Angus to have his prisoners taken from the dungeon. The first to appear was Lady Eleanor, accompanied by Susannah. The Queen looked at Eleanor; this was not the same woman who had served as her lady-in-waiting. She looked like a broken woman, a skeleton of the Eleanor she once knew.

“Eleanor,” the Queen softly said, “do you remember me? You once were one of my ladies-in-waiting.”

Lady Eleanor looked up at this woman she did not recognise. “Lady-in-waiting,” she mumbled.

“Lady-in-waiting,” she said again. “There was a Queen I was once a lady-in-waiting to, a very nice kindly woman.”

“Don’t you remember me, Eleanor?” said the Queen. Eleanor looked up with no sign of recognition her sunken eyes.

The Queen angrily turned to Countess Gwendolyn. "What have you done to Lady Eleanor? That is not the same woman I once knew. When the truth comes out, you will be prosecuted."

By this time, Robert and Ewan had been brought from the dungeon hand cuffed and manacled. They stood before the Lord Angus and the King. Robert and Ewan were in a dirty state and smelled vile from urine.

"There are the miscreants, My Lord, who disobey me and kill my men who seek them out in the forest of Doune. You will have the pleasure of seeing them hung tomorrow, Your Majesty."

Lady Sarah had flung her arms round Robert and pressed herself to his manly chest. She sobbed and cried out, "What have they done to you, my true love."

The Queen looked Sarah; this woman in no way loved Angus. It was time she intervened. "Tell me, Lord Angus, are these men outlaws?"

"They certainly are, Your Majesty" answered Angus.

"By what authority would that be?"

"My authority by their being on the property I own."

Turning to her husband, the Queen said, "Did you give Royal assent to these men being outlaws, John?"

The King hesitated before answering. "Well, the Lord Angus can do as he wishes on his own land."

"True to a point but the matter of death is in your own hands and no Royal seal of approval has been given," said the Queen. Then turning to Robert, she said, "You are the son of Lord Nickolas of Surrey, are you not?"

“Yes, Your Majesty and I swore I would clear my father’s name for he is innocent of the charges Lord Angus accused him of.”

“Well spoken, Robert, like any true son of his father would do. As you are the heir to the title and a noble Lord, it is your divine right to demand a trial by the one who accuses you, Lord Angus. For one of your noble rank, it may be a trial by combat. Do you wish to exercise that right, Lord Robert?”

If the Queen had not been there, Robert would have been done away with, no questions asked but here was his chance for freedom and revenge for his father’s death. “Yes Your Majesty, I claim that right not only for me but for the poor people of this land who have been subjected to living under the yoke of Lord Angus.”

“Robert, you must realise the consequence of trial by combat is that you must fight to death. If you win, you shall be a freeman and claim that what was your father’s.” Then looking at Angus, she said, “Do you take up this challenge? If you refuse, it is as good as saying the Lord Robert is innocent and must be released now.”

Angus had no hesitation about taking up the challenge; he would at last get rid of this thorn in his side. Plans were formulating in his mind. After he disposed of Robert, the time would be ripe to seize the throne.

“Yes Your Majesty, I take the challenge up and I claim the Lady Sarah as my bride.”

“Well, if you are successful, there will be nothing to stop you.” After a pause, the Queen turned to her husband. “John, a tournament should be held in a month’s time along with a carnival for the people on the grounds of the Royal Palace, a day of merry-making.

All will end in the trial by combat between the Lords Robert and Angus to the death.”

“Yes my dear, I shall see to that.”

“Good, then there is nothing left but to depart in the morning and attend to the preparations. I will depart with Lady Eleanor to the palace and will have the best physicians in the land attend to her condition,” said the Queen.

Lady Sarah pleaded with the Queen. “If it pleases Your Majesty, I will take my mother back with me to Robert’s den. I think Megan will know how to treat my mother’s condition better than any physician, no disrespect to them, ma’am.”

“Would that be the same Lady Megan who was once my lady-in-waiting, Sarah?”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Then you have my permission to take your mother. I trust she will survive and be with you at the trial by combat.” In the morning, the Royal party, Robert and Lady Sarah, her mother and Ewan all departed to their places of residence.

## **CHAPTER NINE: THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM**

Sarah found that Robert was treating her with a more loving attitude; he begged her forgiveness for how he had treated her in the past. She forgave him now that he was in love with her, but was that love to be taken from her in the trial by combat? But there were other things on her mind, including her mother. “Robert,” she said one day, “is it possible to get Megan here to see to my mother.”

“I will get one of my men to go to her cottage. It may take a day or two till she is here.”

“Thank you,” said Sarah and planted a kiss on the mouth of her beloved to which he responded by sweeping her in his arms.

Soon, Megan arrived and, looking at her lover, said, “Knowing Countess Gwendolyn, I think I know what she has administered to your mother, Sarah. I may have to leave you to gather what is needed for the antidote. I should not be long and the concoction should work quickly.” Megan left to gather various plants and grasses from the forest. She took them to her cottage, pounded them to a gooey mess and boiled them. All was then ready to take back to Robert’s den.

“There we are, drink it all up,” Megan said as she handed the foul smelling liquid in a glass to Eleanor. Sarah supported her mother as she sat up in the bed in the cave. Eleanor drank the liquid, coughing and spluttering as the pungent liquid went down her throat.

“Leave her to rest. The effects of what that evil bitch has given her should be gone by the time she awakes,” Megan said. Eleanor slept long and although a bit weakened, was soon more like her old self. Megan, having learned all that had taken place in the Castle Blackhill and about the forthcoming combat between Robert and Angus, said she wished to accompany the party to the Royal Palace. Megan was made more than welcome.

One day, Eleanor and Megan had a serious talk. “Darling, I thank you for all you have done to me, but there is something worrying me.”

“And what would that be, dearest Eleanor?”

“It is that Sarah had a falling out with Robert because of her condition but now things are patched up. Is there any way she can have what you and I have between her legs, Megan?”

“Eleanor, I am not a magician or witch as some people think I am. That opening which gives us women so much pleasure I cannot produce. However if Sarah wishes to have her appendage removed, it can be done but she will suffer much pain. I have never performed such a thing; it could be dangerous and it has been known that many a man has died from the loss of his member.”

“I see, I will explain all to her and leave the final decision in her hands.”

When Lady Eleanor told her daughter what was to happen if she wanted to lose her penis, she did not hesitate to agree to castration; in fact, she welcomed it. Megan said that she wanted a number of items from her cottage. She wanted Sarah to accompany her and they may be away for a number of days. No one was to know that Sarah was being castrated except her mother and Megan. That night Sarah confided in her friend Maggie about what was to happen. Maggie thought her very brave to take such a step.

During the night, Maggie gave much thought to castration for herself; if Sarah could bear the pain, then so could she. Maggie felt she must be as much of a woman for Ewan as she could. The ointment Sarah had given her for her breasts were working nicely.

In the morning after breakfast, Maggie confided in Megan about the castration. “Yes Maggie, I can do that. You will be the second person I will have performed castration on. But you said that you did not want Ewan to know about it at present and you will be missed if

you leave with me and Sarah. I suggest that you leave it till a suitable time comes along, just before the tournament perhaps. We have a few weeks till then."

When Sarah was told, she gave Maggie a big hug and a kiss. "You said I am brave. So are you, Maggie." No more was said. Sarah and Megan left to go to Megan's cottage.

During this time, Robert retrieved his father's armour which the Lord Angus had kept as a trophy of his defeat of Lord Nickolas of Surrey. Angus had an advantage over him as Robert had never fought in armour before and it was heavy on his body. Every day for hours upon hours, he practised fighting with the armour on his body. It was heavy, cumbersome and hot. Ewan acted as a sparring partner and advised him. Robert practised with sword, mace, axe, dagger and lance. Robert found it difficult to fight in full armour and shield while mounted on a horse but he had to persevere for he knew that the Lord Angus was an expert in the art of combat. One mistake and he would be dead.

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Lord Angus lay with his sister in her bed with an arm round her shoulders. "Gwendolyn, things could not have worked out better."

"Why, brother?"

"Well, you may be Queen sooner than you think. After I have slain Robert, that is the moment we overthrow John and his men and take the throne. I will have my men placed at strategic points on the grounds, Robert's death will be the signal for Seth to assassinate the King."

It came to Gwendolyn's mind that this would be the ideal way to get rid of Sarah. One quick slit of her throat with a knife and there would be no one in the way of her marrying her brother. "You plan things so well, Angus." Countess Gwendolyn snuggled up to her brother, pressing her breasts to his body, making them available for his touch.

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The Lord Angus and his sister were in their romantic incestuous embraces; Megan and Sarah were at the cottage, with Megan about to castrate Sarah. "Sarah my dear, you are about to suffer the most agonising pain. I am afraid I shall have to tie you on to the bed so that you keep still while I remove that offending part. Do you understand?" Sarah nodded her head in understanding. "Very well then."

Megan proceeded to bind Sarah's hands and legs to the wooden frame of the bed. Megan came over with a strong piece of wood. "Darling, put this in your mouth and bite on it when the pain is too much for you."

Lady Sarah lay there, her eyes watching as Megan heated a sharp knife on the living room fire to sterilise it. When she thought it right, she brought it over to the bed. Then with one quick strike, she cut the penis off. Sarah had bit deeply into the stick; the pain was agonising and she passed out. Megan passed a wet cloth over Sarah's brow, then covered her with a blanket. She would survive and in a few days would be able to get on her feet.

The first thing Sarah wanted to see was where she had been castrated. She and Megan inspected that part of her body. A scar was there but in time that would

heal up. Her face had some colour to it again. Soon they would depart to Robert's den.

Once there, all present were getting ready to go to the Royal Palace; the den would be deserted. Queen Margarita had invited all to stay at the palace where a grand banquet would be held. Robert and Angus inspected the field.

The night of the banquet both parties were kept separate. The Queen looked at Countess Gwendolyn; she said nothing to her, but thought that she had put a little weight since she last saw her. Later when she was alone with Lady Eleanor, the Queen confided what she had noticed about Lady Gwendolyn.

"Your Majesty, she is with child."

"And how do you know, Eleanor?"

"She told me when I was being held captive in her chambers."

"Indeed. Do you know who the man is? Her husband Lord Nickolas is long dead."

"She was very proud to say her brother was the man, Your Majesty."

The Queen raised her eyebrows, then spoke. "Her brother. How disgusting, exactly what I would expect from the likes of her." No more was said on that subject; the Queen and Lady Eleanor talked about other things.

## **CHAPTER TEN: TRIAL BY COMBAT**

A lovely spring morning had broken on the field where the trial by combat would be contested by the Lords Angus and Robert. Flocks of people were con-

verging on the grounds of the Royal Place. Robert and Sarah entered his tent arm-in-arm. Robert showed his armour to Sarah and pointed out the heraldic shield of his family and the family coat of arms painted on it.

“You are so brave, Robert. I hate the Lord Angus. He abused me and violated my body sexually. I shall never forgive him. Please kill him for me. I cannot present myself to you as a pure and innocent woman anymore.” Sarah broke down and cried on Robert’s shoulder. He lifted her face.

“I will kill him to avenge the abomination of your body by him. I love you, Sarah. I don’t care if you are pure or not for I know that is not your fault. I want to marry you and will do so after this matter has been attended to.”

Sarah was happy with this news; she put her arm’s round Robert’s neck and they embraced in a long lingering kiss. Robert did not intend to put his armour on till the last minute. While Robert had been entertaining his love, Lord Angus was doing the same with his sister Gwendolyn. Her parting words were, “Win for me and the child I carry, my love.” Brother and sister kissed and fondled each other’s most intimate parts.

That time had now come and the Royal stands filled with Lords and their Ladies. In the centre of the stand, a Royal enclosure had been roped off for the King and Queen and their guests. All was now ready for the trial by combat. At a signal from the King, the trumpeters blew a fanfare and Lord Angus and Lord Robert emerged from their tents dressed in their amour. They mounted their horses and trotted in front of the enclosure, lances in hand.

The King rose and spoke. “Sir Knights, before the combat commences, is there any Lady whose favours

you wish to carry with you into battle? If so, extend your lance to them that they can tie their favour on to it."

Lord Robert of Surrey raised his visor extend his lance to Lady Sarah who untied the white silk scarf around her neck, kissed it and tied it on his lance. Lord Angus of Blackhill extended his lance to his sister who untied her black silk scarf, kissed it and tied it on her brother's lance. Then she placed her right hand on her stomach, took her hand to her mouth, kissed it and blew the kiss to her brother. The significance of that act was not lost on the Lord Angus.

The King spoke again. "Sir Knights, I expect you to obey the law of chivalry at all times. You will now both go to your positions. I will raise this Royal pennant. When I drop it, the combat shall begin. May the best man be victorious."

Both knights trotted back to their tents two hundred yards apart. The King lifted the pennant. Then the pennant was dropped; both knights spurred their steeds and were now thundering over the two hundred yards at a fast pace towards each other, lances lowered. A resounding clash of lances was heard all over the field. Robert's lance was fended off by Angus with his shield. Angus' own lance had gone past Robert's protective shield and hit his armour, denting but not piercing it. The force of the first charge had taken both riders past each other some distance. Almost instantly, the two riders were once again thundering towards each other. Robert's lance again hit the shield of Angus and broke while Angus lance evaded Robert's shield and hit him on the shoulders.

His lance now broken, Robert threw it on the ground and raced back to his tent where his squire was

waiting with a new lance. The knights faced each other again, thundering towards each other. A clashing of lances saw Angus again go past Robert's shield, this time forcing Robert off his horse and onto the ground.

Angus quickly turned his horse, dropped his lance, and took a mace from the belt round his waist. Angus now swung the mace round his head. With a mighty motion, the ball struck Robert's armour. Again Angus swung it above his head and it crashed into the fallen Robert. Robert was a sitting target for Angus. Angus went in for the kill, but Robert grabbed the chain of Angus' mace, pulled himself onto his feet and yanked Angus off his horse.

Angus landed on his feet, quickly grabbed his battle axe with both hands and was laying into Robert's armour. Robert withdrew his broad sword and fended the blows from Angus axe. Then with his sword, Robert lunged forward and for the first time in the contest, hit Angus' armour but did not pierce it. Then Robert, with a mighty swoop, hit the wooden handle of Angus' axe and cut it in two. It fell to the ground. He had also hit Angus' hand. The gauntlet saved him from much damage although he did feel the force.

Angus withdrew his sword and a fight began with the sound of steel against steel ringing all over the field. In the Royal enclosure, Lady Sarah covered her eyes; her heart beat faster each time Angus thrust his sword at her beloved Robert. Countess Gwendolyn was doing the same thing for her brother.

Angus knew the longer Robert fought, the more his strength would be sapped. Angus himself was used to long fights; Robert was not. Angus knew if he could get Robert once again on his back, Robert would not have the strength to get onto his feet. There was no doubt

that Robert was a worthy opponent; Angus had never met such a foe before. Angus summoned up all his strength. Blow by blow he was forcing Robert onto his back foot. Robert was fending off the blows but they were coming thick and fast. Try as he might to force a counter attack by thrusting with his own sword, his attempts were easily stopped by Angus. The clashing of swords and the ringing of steel was heard all over the field. The knights were so close to each other that they could see each other's face through their visors and the sweat running down it. Angus pushed Robert away and the swords tangled above their heads. Angus quickly moved his sword to where Robert held his sword in his hand. With a swift movement, he had Robert's sword flying through the air. It landed more than five yards away. Angus moved forward with his sword and jabbed, forcing Robert backwards and trying to hit the sword away from his body with his gauntlets. Robert stumbled and fell on the ground; he was weakening. The combat had taken a lot out of him. Through his visor he could see the towering figure of Angus raising his sword, about to strike the fatal blow. Lord Angus' sister rose from her seat and shouted, "Kill him, kill him, brother." Lady Sarah covered her eyes; she could not bear to watch any more.

Robert managed to roll away from the blow from Angus sword which hit the ground with a deafening thud. The sword embedded itself in the ground. Angus eased it out to raise once more above his head to strike the life-taking blow. Robert, summoning all his strength, took his axe out of the belt and held it in both hands. As Angus was about to strike the fatal blow, Robert threw the axe with all his might. It flew straight through the armour, of Angus hitting his chest. Angus dropped his sword and fell to the ground, oozing

blood. He was dead. Robert slumped, unconscious, on the ground.

Pandemonium broke loose. Countess Gwendolyn raised her skirts to above her knee where a dagger in its sheath was strapped to her leg. She withdrew, telling Susannah to kill Lady Sarah. She ran toward Robert, shouting, "You have killed my brother, my lover, the father of our son. For that, you shall die."

Lady Megan caught up with Gwendolyn as she was about to plunge her dagger into Robert's heart. She caught Gwendolyn's hand and said, "You shall not have my son." A fierce struggle broke out as they wrestled about on the ground, Megan tightly holding Gwendolyn. Eventually the dagger dropped out Gwendolyn's hand and lay on the ground.

Susannah made for Sarah who had a knife in her bosom. She could see her dreams of becoming Lady Susannah and owning a castle going up in flames. She raised the knife to plunge into Sarah's heart but she was stopped as three women jumped on her and held her. The three who held her down were Lady Eleanor, Maggie and Queen Margarita.

Angus' men were fighting with the King's guard but help was at hand as Robert's band were amongst it all. Arrows started flying through the air into Angus's men. Eventually, after a long struggle, Ewan ran his sword through Commander Seth who fell dead over the seats in the enclosure, blood seeping from him. Ewan rallied his band of men and led them to rout those fighting for Angus.

Megan pushed Gwendolyn away from her, grabbed the dagger and plunged it into Gwendolyn's bosom. Gwendolyn fell to the ground, dragged herself to her brother's dead body, softly whispered, "I love you,"

then slumped dead over the body. And so the regime of Lord Angus of Blackhill and his beautiful but evil sister Gwendolyn came to an end. Countess Gwendolyn's quest to become Queen and marry her brother was never fulfilled. Unfortunately, an innocent unborn baby died as well.

Megan pleaded, "Will someone help me get my son to the palace?"

Queen Margarita gave directions for Robert to be transported to a room in the palace. After the party left, she turned to Lady Sarah. "Are you not betrothed to Lord Robert of Surrey?"

"Yes, Your Majesty," she answered.

"Then you shall be married in the cathedral by the cardinal and I will have the pleasure of watching your wedding. Now off you go; you must be worried about your man."

Lady Sarah hurried off to the palace to see her beloved Robert. The queen then turned to her husband. "John, what are you going to do about this brave man, Ewan?"

"What do you mean, Margarita?"

"Does he not get an honour for saving our lives? If it was not for Ewan, we would all be dead."

"Yes of course, he shall be knighted in a ceremony at the palace, Margarita dear."

"I don't think that is good enough, John."

"Whatever do you mean, Margarita?"

"Knight him here and now for bravery in the heat of battle before all who witnessed it."

King John realised that he had been a fool to trust Lord Angus and that his wife was right about Angus and his sister. The King turned to Ewan. "Give me your sword, Ewan, and kneel." This Ewan did. The King touched each shoulder, saying, "I dub you Sir Ewan of the forest of Doune. May you faithfully serve me and your country. Sir Ewan of the forest of Doune, arise."

The Queen looked at Ewan. "You and Maggie will be married at the same time as your friend Robert and Lady Sarah."

Maggie was filled with joy, hugged her man Ewan and exclaimed in an excited voice, "I'm going to be a Lady. Imagine me a Lady, Lady Maggie."

The Queen patted Maggie's hand. "I want you to send your eldest daughter when she comes of age to the Palace to be my Lady-in-Waiting. She may meet some dashing and handsome knight and get married."

The Royal party left the enclosure to make their way back to the palace and seek out Robert. There, they found him in a room still unconscious with his mother Lady Megan and Lady Sarah in attendance. "What is wrong with the Lord Robert?" asked the Queen, addressing no one in particular.

"My son needs rest and his wounds tended to. I need to gather much from the forest of Doune to stop the bleeding. Time is precious, I must leave now." So saying, Megan gave instructions to Lady Sarah to never leave her son's side and watch over him. She gave Sarah a kiss on the cheek as she left.

"I will set up a bed for you, Lady Sarah, that you may keep constant watch on your beloved," said the Queen.

In a day, Lady Megan returned and set about making paste which she put on the wounds of the still-unconscious Robert. Robert was going in and out of consciousness. During one moment of lucidity, he saw Sarah hovering above him, grabbed her and gave her a strong kiss, saying as he did so, "My Angel," then fell back asleep. Sarah blushed.

Lady Megan laughed. "I think my son is getting better when he sees a pretty woman and wants to kiss her." Her laughter was joined by the other women.

Indeed, Robert was recovering and soon he was well enough to get on his feet and walk. He was told of how Countess Gwendolyn tried to kill him .

## **CHAPTER ELEVEN: THE WEDDINGS**

About this time, Megan approached Maggie asking her if she was still serious about wanting castration. Maggie said she still wanted that to happen before her wedding.

"Very well, Maggie, that shall be done. We must go once again to my cottage in the forest of Doune. You will be castrated before you wed Ewan. Does he know of this?"

"No, nor of the ointment Lady Sarah gave me to rub on my breasts."

The castration was performed in Megan's cottage. Maggie did not pass out and recovered from the ordeal a quicker than Sarah had. Unlike with Sarah, however, a small stump was left between her legs; after she healed, it would give her immense pleasure when touched.

Lady Eleanor had the best dressmakers in the land make the wedding dress for her daughter. Sarah persuaded her mother that a wedding dress must also be made for her friend Maggie. This delighted Maggie. Their wedding dresses were made of the finest silks, satin and lace.

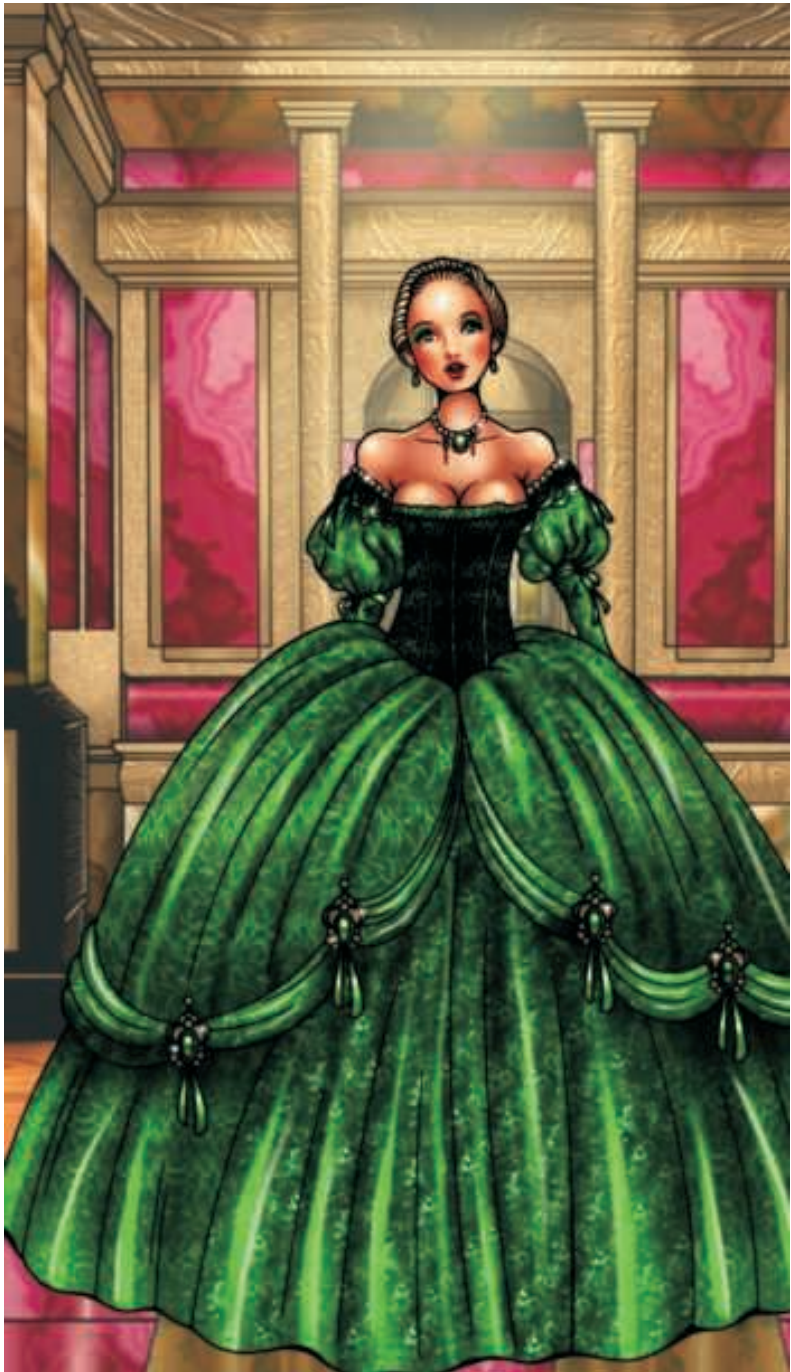
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Maggie wanted to survey her new home, Castle Blackhill. It was easy to see where Lord Angus and his sister had spent the high taxes extracted from the people. Countess Gwendolyn's magnificent chambers would be her and Ewan's living place.

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It was a beautiful day when the two brides were dressed in the finest white silk, satin, and lace. With veils over their faces, they came to the altar in the Cathedral to marry the men they loved. Their grooms looked resplendent in their uniforms with swords by their sides. Vows were taken, rings exchanged, and kisses given. The Queen smiled on the happy scene.

The wedding over, it was time for the receptions to be held in the Royal Palace. Both couples, Lady Sarah and Robert of Surrey and Lady Maggie and her husband Ewan of the forest of Doune, would spend their wedding night in the palace. In the morning, Sarah and Robert would depart for their residence in Robert's castle. Ewan and Lady Maggie would depart for the Castle Blackhill.



Both newly-wedded ladies changed into beautiful gowns for their wedding banquet. Maggie was in a pearl necklace over a low-necked green silk gown which went down to her ankles with a short black velvet bodice that showed off her large breasts to their best advantage. It had embroidered sleeves tied with small cords. Ewan kept looking at her breasts.

Lady Sarah wore gold jewellery set with stones of all kind and a brown silk gown down to her ankles with pink sleeves embroidered with gold thread. Sarah had a tightly laced bodice which showed the outline of her breasts magnificently. The gown emphasised her curvy body. Both women had wimples on their heads to match their gowns.

The wine and mead flowed as toasts were drunk to both brides and grooms. A sumptuous meal of six courses was served. Mead acted as an aphrodisiac to many members of the party. Eventually, the married couples left the dance floor to make their way to their wedding beds. Lady Eleanor and Megan, left holding hands in their womanly way.

Queen Margarita who was barren since she married King John all these years ago, gave thoughts of making love to her husband. "John, let's go to bed," she said.

"Together?" he asked.

"Who else would I be going to bed with, John?"

"It's been so long since we shared the Royal bed-chamber."

"It is high time that it got used once more, John. No more delaying, we go now." King and Queen left hand-in-hand.

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Maggie could not believe that she was now a married woman, but there was that golden ring on her finger. Not only was she a married woman but a Lady as well. Maggie was so full of these thoughts as she entered the wedding bedchamber that she was not conscious that Ewan was slowly undressing her. She felt her beautiful gown start to fall off her; all she now wore was her wimple.

Maggie giggled, "Oh Ewan, whatever are you doing, you naughty man?"

"Let me see your beauty, Maggie, love of my life."

Her gown fell; she stood there, naked except for that wimple before her husband.

Ewan looked on amazed, then spoke, "You have breasts, Maggie, and your penis is gone. You now look a very beautiful woman."

Maggie was very touched. "Do you really think so, Ewan?" It had been worth the suffering to have her penis removed and rubbing that ointment on her breasts. She really felt like a woman.

"Come here, my love."

Maggie stepped out of her gown and, naked, walked to Ewan. He placed a hand between her legs and on the small protrusion that once was her penis and rubbed it. Maggie felt the most exquisite feeling surging through her body. "Oh Ewan, please don't stop," she sighed.

Ewan whispered in Maggie's ear, "I want to put my member between your breasts, sweetheart."

Maggie was up for that and more as Ewan led her to the bridal bed and laid her down. Ewan straddled his beloved at the waist and placed his stiff member between Maggie's wonderful breasts. His hands pushed the breasts over his fully erect penis. This was giving so much pleasure to Maggie as well as Ewan,. To heighten matters, Maggie put a finger into Ewan's anus and wiggled it there.

"Ohh please, Mag...gee," Ewan moaned in pure ecstasy. The excitement was too much for him and he exploded between her breasts, splattering her face with the juice of his love for her. Ewan having been satisfied, Maggie thought it was time she had some pleasure of her own.

Maggie said, "Ewan?"

"Yes, my beloved wife?"

Maggie continued. "Please put it in the usual place. I like it so much there."

Maggie was already lying on her stomach with her derriere invitingly exposed for that purpose. Ewan quickly entered that hollow cavern between the rounded cheeks of Maggie's ass. To Maggie, Ewan seemed longer, thicker and further inside her than he had ever been before. As she received her husband's member, Maggie kept glancing at that gold ring on her finger. She was a woman, and wanted a baby from Ewan.

In the morning as they lay in bed, Maggie said to her new husband, "Ewan, I think we should get to know our people better."

"What do you mean, love?"

"I think our honeymoon should be spent visiting villages and hamlets as we make our way back to Castle Blackhill."

"Maggie, what a good idea!"

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Megan and Eleanor had left the banquet hall hand-in-hand to go to Megan's bedchamber. When the door closed behind them, the women swept into each other's arms. "I wanted you all night, Eleanor, my darling."

No more words were said as lips softly touched in a long kiss. "Eleanor, you are going to give me all your love. I want it, I desire it, and I demand it. Do you understand?"

Eleanor nodded her head. Nothing that Megan wanted her to do to her would surprise Eleanor.

Megan straddled herself over Eleanor's face. "Let me have your soft silky tongue inside me, all the way in, as far as you can put it," Megan demanded of her lover. Eleanor put her hands round Megan's bottom cheeks to pull them closer to her and placed her tongue inside Megan's soft, pink, love tunnel. Megan's hands were now behind Eleanor's head, pushing it forward so her tongue would go deeper into her. The lapping of Eleanor's tongue began inside Megan, much to Megan's pleasure and delight. Megan's lady friend licked heartily at her beloved's virginal opening. Megan's small clitoris became erect.

How longer could Megan survive with Eleanor's busy tongue lapping inside her? Megan controlled herself as long as she could; she wanted to enjoy this mo-

ment as long as possible. Megan was going weak at the knees as her whole body quivered under the severe attack of lapping and sucking it was receiving from Eleanor. It was Megan who became fatigued and not Eleanor as one might expect. She had enough but had to let Eleanor go on till she was satisfied. Eventually Eleanor's passions were relieved and her tongue and lips eventually disengaged themselves from Megan's sacred spot. Eleanor was exhausted.

Having rested, Megan was now between Eleanor's legs, kissing her vagina and clitoris which became erect at her touch. Megan left Eleanor's clitoris in suspense waiting for more and moved further up Eleanor's body. Both women's breasts touched nipples and to heighten matters, Eleanor's hand was at Megan's clit. Their action was about to reach a crescendo as their bodies released, showing their love for each other. Soon the two fell asleep in each other's arms, totally exhausted.

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It is time to see what took place between Lady Sarah and Lord Robert of Surrey as he would now be called. Both now naked on the bridal bed. Robert's purple-headed dome had entered Sarah mouth and she licked it with artistic skill; the stiff member hit the roof of her mouth. Robert knew immediately that he would explode inside that gateway to happiness as she would not stop her ministrations to his stiffness. Meantime, Robert's hand wandered to Sarah's breasts to play with the soft and lenient flesh which yielded to his touch. The result of all this was that Robert could not do anything but release the sweet liquid which Sarah gulped

greedily. Robert's penis was now soft and limp but still inside his beloved wife's lips. She knew from experience with Angus that if she kept on sucking, it would once more rise to the occasion.

This time, Robert's rampant member was in Sarah's anus. Sarah was on her knees with Robert behind her. His hands round her stomach, he was forcibly stuffing her with his member to squeals of delight from Sarah. Robert was glad his inhibitions were gone. What a fool he was to have rejected her but that was all in the past. He would make her as happy as he could from now on. A long night of passionate love followed. Sarah's prayers had been answered.

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Breakfast having been taken, the Royal courtyard saw three sets of coach and horses ready to receive their occupants. King John and his Queen were there to wish a speedy and safe journey to their home. Queen Margarita said, "Maggie my dear, do not forget what I said. Send your eldest daughter to the Royal court for I want her to be one of my ladies-in-waiting. Promise me you won't forget, dear."

Maggie made a sweeping curtsy to the Queen and answered, "Yes, Your Majesty." She was happy that the Queen thought so highly of her but she was not sure she could fulfil that promise.

During their journeys home, both Ladies Sarah and Maggie along with their husbands visited the villages and hamlets, getting better acquainted with their subjects. They were not the Royal ogres of the past Lord Angus and his sister Gwendolyn had been. They were not to be feared and the people came to love them.

Lord Robert was soon made General of the Kings Army by Queen Margarita who was now helping her husband to correct his mistakes in the past. Robert was made Earl of Surrey and made Ewan his second-in-command. There was a lot of visiting between the two as the country had many hostile nations surrounding it. Lady Sarah and her friend Lady Maggie saw a lot of each other. During one of these visits by the Earl of Surrey and his Lady to the Castle Blackhill, Sarah had a long conversation with Maggie.

“Maggie, you once told me you would like to have children.”

“Yes, I still do. I have tried with Ewan but I am coming to the conclusion that it is impossible.”

“I recently talked to mother at Castle Doune. It seems one of my father’s men was killed along with his wife, leaving two young twins. They are presently being brought up by women in the castle. They have no true parents or home. I thought of you and Ewan. How would you like to be mother to them?”

“Sarah, nothing would give me more than pleasure to have these infants here. When can we make that happen?”

“As soon as you like. Let’s go to mother and bring them back here.”

A few months after Maggie received the twins, it was became common knowledge that Queen Margarita was pregnant, a result of that sex-filled wedding nights of the Ladies Sarah and Maggie. The once barren Queen was with child, an heir to the throne. When Maggie heard the news, she began to think. What if it was a boy? Hadn’t she promised the Queen she would send her eldest daughter to be a Lady-in-Waiting? And

what if the young prince just happened to meet her daughter Mary and they fell in love. Queen Mary; how nicely that name tripped off the tongue. And what of her son Richard? What a strong lad he would grow up to be, just like his father. Could he also become a general like Earl Robert of Surrey?

As our tale comes to an end, let us leave Lady Sarah in her happiness. Her prayers had been answered; she was now the wife of Robert, the man she loved. The country was once again a peaceful land thanks to Robert and his band of outlaws.

**THE END**