

A Royal Lesson - Part 5

For TGStudios

By TheSpiralledEye

Adric bowed low to the visiting dignitaries as they dismounted their horses. Gwendolyn, in the guise of Prince Darien, greeted them with charm and wit, welcoming them into the palace just as Adric had taught her. Fascinating how it had taken years of hard work to get the original prince to learn any manners and yet his whore seemed to be a natural. She gave the visiting princess a winning smile and the young woman blushed profusely. Princess Adeline and her father had come ostensibly to talk of trade deals but now Adric's mind was already whirring, perhaps a proposal could be in the works as well.

Two weeks into the switch and already the kingdom was running more smoothly. Originally, Adric had intended to keep Gwendolyn as a puppet Prince, ascending to the throne in all but name but he had been surprised by her competence. At first he'd thought it folly but the more he worked with her, the more he realised he had found a willing partner in crime.

She was clever, witty and charismatic; everything a monarch should be. Everything the original Dairen certainly was not. Not to mention, she didn't spend half the kingdom's gold on her own pleasure. No more scandals for him to cover up, no more embezzling to hide; it was almost like being on holiday.

A few subtle signals here and there had Gwendolyn conducting the meeting with all his best interests in mind and soon she was inviting the young princess for a tour of the castle gardens. The blushing Adeline accepted and went to change into something more casual, leaving Adric and Gwendolyn alone.

"Well done, *my prince*."

"Well, I have had quite enough of...whores." Gwendolyn smiled, whispering the last word subtly. "It's time I settled down and found myself a future queen. Adeline is sweet, funny, beautiful and importantly, not too bright. I won't have any backstabbing from her, all she wants to do is raise little heirs. The perfect match all things considered."

"No more calling...'Gwendolyn', then?"

The real Gwendolyn snorted. She had called her former prince up to her bed chamber once or twice since they switched positions, mostly to humiliate him. The fun had worn off though when it became apart just how much he loved to be fucked. It had been weeks now and nobody had shared the prince's bed. Some of the servants were beginning to wonder if he was ill.

“No, she isn't worth my time. Go check on him, uh, her from time to time though? I don't want her suffering.” Gwendolyn smiled, “Now if you'll excuse me, I have a princess to woo.”

With a confident gait she walked off and Adric bowed as she went; turns out being second in command wasn't too bad when you had a competent monarch. He had no real desire to make sure his original prince was happy but the last thing he wanted was Gwendolyn having anything against him. Perhaps he would pay the whorehouse a visit; there was a first time for everything after all.

~

Adric rarely left the splendour of the upper city and stepping into the wooden building he remembered why. There were some who believed simplicity was quaint; Adric was not one of those people. He was however, trained not to let his disdain show on his face and instead put a warm smile on his face as the woman who owned the whore house greeted him.

“Hello,” Adric smiled at the matronly woman. “Is Gwendolyn in?”

“She is, but you'll have to wait a bit, she's got company.” Name sighed fondly, “That girl is a real wonder, ever since the prince stopped calling she's been taking more clients than ever. I think she's trying to convince herself she's still a good whore, y'know?”

The two of them chuckled.

“Seeing you will help. Any visitor from the castle really gets her revved up.”

Adric just nodded. That was exactly what he hoped to hear, it seemed his spell had fully taken effects now and Darien was truly Gwendolyn the whore now. A moment later footsteps thumped down the stairs and a burly looking man with a contented, slightly drunk look on his

face staggered down the stairs. He slapped a handful of gold coins on the table in front of the matron and walked out into the night.

A moment later she appeared in the doorway. Barely dressed, with her clothes hanging off her frame, was the new Gwendolyn. Her eyes lit up at the sight of Adric and for a second he thought perhaps he was caught. Then a smile split across Darine's soft lips and the wizard knew he was safe.

"Oh, the royal advisor!" Dairne blushed and hurried trying to pull his clothing into a more flattering position. "Has the prince sent for me?"

Adric searched Darien's voice for any sign of subterfuge, any sign that perhaps he remembered his old life and was looking for a clue; there was none.

"No, I thought I would come and see how you were doing, your matron here says you are quite upset the prince no longer calls on you."

"Oh that's so lovely, why don't we talk in my room."

Darien batted his eyes seductively and despite himself, Adric felt his cock twist between his robes. He hadn't planned on sampling any goods himself, he was above whores but...he could not resist the temptation of really putting the former bane of his existence in his place. As he followed Darien up the stairs Adric couldn't help but notice how well the prince had slipped into his new role. His hips swayed sensually from side to side as he walked, causing the loose fabric of his dress to cascade down his curvaceous rear. Adric could tell he was doing it deliberately; ever the seductress it seemed.

The display continued when they finally made it to Darien's room and he dramatically sat down on the bed, resting against the headboard so that the loose bodice of his dress fell down in front. Accidentally, of course.

"So is the prince summoning me?" Darien asked, his voice full of hopefully optimism.

His eyes were shining with hope and Darien couldn't see a trace of memory from his old life left. The spell had taken; there wasn't a doubt in his mind.

"No, I am afraid the prince has decided he is done with, in his words, cheap whores." Adric said coolly, "He wishes to court a princess, that means no more bedfellows."

“Oh.” Darien seemed to wilt like a flower for a moment before perking right back up. “Is there nothing else I can do...no one else?”

Once again he batted his eyes.

“I want to be of service to the palace.” He cooed, placing a finger at his lip, “And well, the beds up there are so big and comfy compared to this...Surely there must be somebody in need of my services.”

Adric raised an eyebrow and looked Darien’s new form up and down. Curvacious, surprisingly smooth skin and dark curls framed his face. There were certainly worse things on offer and despite Gwendolyn taking to the throne and its duties like a duck to water he still had his own stress to work off.

“Perhaps.” The wizard clicked his fingers and his cape flew from his shoulders to hang on the door. “Of course, I would need to sample your merchandise myself, that way I would know where to assign you.”

“Of course.” Darien demurred, spreading his legs wide and fanning out the skirt of his dress.

“One other thing.” Adric said sternly, loosening the ties of his robe, “You are to call me ‘sir’, is that understood.”

“Of course sir.” Darien said breathily, reaching forward and finishing off the last few ties before pushing Adric’s robes off his shoulders.

His soft fingers ran down the length of the wizard's chest and Adric felt himself hardening. Darien was looking at him with genuine lust in his eyes, and more importantly deference. That arrogant pig of a man would never have looked at him like that before. They say revenge is a dish best served cold. Adric disagreed; this dish was most definitely hot and he was determined to enjoy every single bite.

Without hesitation he pressed his lips to Darien’s and groaned when the former prince immediately yielded to him. Tilting back his head and letting Adric run his long fingers through his curls. The whore moaned and Adric swallowed down the sounds as Darien made quick work of the ties around his pants.

Idly he wondered if it was muscle memory or if Darien had simply undone so many robes by this point on his own that he had developed deft hands. Adric hoped it was the latter, it was what that brat deserved. He returned the favour, reaching to pull the loose dress from Darien's form, up and over his head so that it lifted his breasts for a moment before they fell back against his chest.

Adric sat back, breathing heavily and stared for a moment. Gwendolyn's body truly was something to behold; he could tell why she had been so popular. Gently he ran his fingers over the supple skin of her breasts and felt the vibration of Darien's moans. Were it any other whore, Adric would have suspected it was an act meant to please him and stroke his ego but he could tell those sounds were genuine.

With a grin he moved his hands to Darien's nipples and gave them a pinch; the whore rewarded him with a sound that was half gasp, half moan and all desperate. His thighs squeezed together and Adric could see the moisture gathering on the dark hair there. If ever there was a sign Darien wasn't faking, it was that.

"Please." he begged, Adric drank in the sound. "Please, it's so wonderful."

Dairne was leaning into the touch now, only a few inches from pressing their naked bodies together in desperation. Adric suspected the only thing keeping him back was the fact that if he did, Adric wouldn't be able to keep tweaking his nipples.

"Beg for it again."

"Please, oh pleeease sir, I need you."

"Again."

Dairne did as he commanded and Adric felt a thrill pass through him; he had done this, he held ultimate power over the man who had made his life a living misery. Now he was putty in the wizard's hands, so desperate for his cock he was humping the rough linen sheets. He had never been harder in his life.

Without hesitation he dove down upon Darien, pushing him into the mattress as he claimed his lips once more. Dairne moaned, wrapping his now long legs around Adric's waist and pulling him into his warm pussy. It was tight, surprisingly, and even Adric couldn't help but groan as he sunk in deeper. By the time he was fully sheathed Darien was already a mess, writhing and bucking his hips clearly in need of more friction.

Adric had planned to savour this but now that he was inside he couldn't hold back. He began to pump in and out as hard and fast as he could, marvelling at just how incredible the former prince felt around him.

“Oh, yes, more sir more!”

Fuck, those filthy words coming out his mouth were close to pushing him over the edge. Adric thrust harder and was rewarded with Darien's passage tightening more and more until finally the whore threw back his head and gasped. Adric felt wetness squirting from somewhere deep inside the whore's pussy and he too fell over the edge.

With a shudder he held Darien's body close, treasuring the feel of pumping him full of seed before finally relaxing. Darien raked his fingers through the wizard's hair and hummed in satisfaction.

“I hope that pleased you.” He purred, “Enough that perhaps you might call me up to the castle?”

Adric chuckled.

“Oh yes, I think we can make some sort of arrangement. There are a lot of tense guards who could use somebody to let off steam with.”

Darien squealed with delight.