

Encounter: Satin Hood

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Satin Hood

Satin Hood was the only member of the royal harem allowed to visit the queen at will. Since the age of eighteen, he had been hers. She had been twenty at the time and had just inherited the crown. It had been love at first sight between them, but her marriage to a man of acceptable breeding had already been arranged.

Since the death of her consort, she had dropped even the pretense of discretion. Everyone knew she favored Satin Hood. Being first in her heart had always been enough for him, but lately he'd hoped for more.

Yet now wasn't the time to discuss it. The queen had enough issues recently with her daughter. A bitter, twisted girl, she lacked her mother's compassion and diplomacy.

That harsh reality could no longer be ignored by the ruler or the people of Amazurn. The queen's disappointment in her eldest child affected her deeply.

She'd spent most of the day in meetings with planet officials and would need to unwind when she returned.

Satin Hood had prepared her private chamber for an evening of indulgence and relaxation. He'd dimmed the lights and made the bed with the pink satin sheets the queen so loved. The fine dinner he'd ordered from the kitchen rested on the clear glass dining table that he'd dragged onto the balcony overlooking the garden. A mild breeze,

laced with the scent of flowers, wafted through the chamber. Soft Amazurnian harp music added the final touch to the soothing, romantic atmosphere.

Satin Hood had prepared himself as meticulously as he had prepared the chamber. He'd soaked in his private bath and scented his skin with the finest cologne. He wore his long dark hair unbound as the queen preferred it. His only garment was a black satin loincloth trimmed with gold.

He had just finished sprinkling soft pink rose petals on his lover's pillow when the door opened and Pussyanna stepped into the chamber.

Even after all these years just looking at her made his heart skip a beat. Like most Amazurnian women, she was tall and well rounded. Her full breasts swelled provocatively above the deep square neckline of her dress. Satin Hood longed to caress her shapely hips and stroke her thick, beautifully-shaped thighs. He longed to dip his tongue into her pussy and taste her nectar.

Pussyanna had felt agitated and upset before stepping into her chamber. As usual, planet affairs kept her busy. Her sadness and anger over the scandal surrounding her eldest child preyed upon her mind. Her daughter deserved punishment, yet Pussyanna had to take some blame over her child's malicious madness.

Now seeing the man she loved brought some gladness to her heart.

Satin Hood was as handsome today as when she'd first taken him into her harem. Actually that was inaccurate. The man standing before her was far more attractive than the youth he had once been. She and Satin Hood had gone through so much together, though for years their love had been hidden from the masses. Soon, very soon, Pussyanna hoped to make her feelings for him known throughout the Silver Iris Galaxy.

Gazing at him, she drew a deep breath. Her heart fluttered. He was so gorgeous, towering and proud. Every sculpted muscle in his lightly tanned body seemed to call her to touch and kiss it. His gray eyes gazed at her from beneath wickedly arched eyebrows and his kissable lips parted slightly.

"My love," he said in his deep, rich voice.

The door closed behind Pussyanna and she took a step closer to him. Satin Hood strode toward her and swept her into his arms in a gesture that aroused her greatly.

Her consort, like most Amazurnian males, had been small and rather delicate. Satin Hood was a rare, powerfully built man. If not for his calm disposition, he would have been banished to an Alpha Island as a boy and she would not have had the chance to meet him. Yet Satin Hood could be fiery in certain situations. Her nipples tingled and pussy ached just thinking about the depth of his passion -- something she alone had witnessed.

Pussyanna clung to his neck and rested her head against his broad shoulder. She closed her eyes and let herself forget her problems. Right now all she wanted to do was lose herself in Satin Hood.

He placed her on the bed, rolled her onto her stomach and unfastened her dress. He parted the fabric and kissed her from her nape to her lower back. Pussyanna closed her eyes and moaned softly.

Satin Hood continued undressing her, turning and rolling her this way and that until she lay naked on the bed of satin dusted with rose petals.

Resting on her back, she opened her eyes and gazed at Satin Hood, who sat beside her. "You've had a hard day," he said, caressing her face.

"Yes."

"Then what you need is a hard night to get your mind off of it." A mischievous smile tugged at his lips and he took her hand and guided it to the thick bulge in the front of his loincloth.

Pussyanna's heartbeat quickened and she caressed him through the black satin. His gaze lowered toward her stroking hand and he drew a deep breath that expanded his powerfully-muscled chest.

After a few moments, he pulled off the loincloth, exposing his long, thick cock to her gaze and touch. She curled her fist around the satin-skinned shaft and stroked. Though already thick, he swelled even more in her grasp. A low moan escaped his lips.

"I've waited all day for this," he admitted and stretched out on the bed, guiding her legs over his shoulders. His firm, moist lips trailed over her inner thighs, then his tongue traced her labia.

Pussyanna closed her eyes and wove her fingers through his silken hair. His tongue thrust into her cunt and he explored. Then he licked and sucked her clit until she thought she might go mad from the pleasure. His wet tongue teased her slowly, then he sped his motions. This time he didn't stop, but drove her to a breath-stealing orgasm.

While she still throbbed in ecstasy, he covered her body with his. Bracing a hand on either side of her head, he kissed her forehead, cheeks and lips while slowly filling her with his stiff cock.

"Look at me," he said in a commanding tone that always set her blood on fire. He was the only man who had ever spoken to her in this way -- the only man allowed to give Queen Pussyanna the Fifth an order.

She obeyed and stared into his large gray eyes.

Over and over he thrust into her, pushing her toward another climax. Just when she hovered on the edge, he stopped and remained still on top of her.

"Continue," she ordered, but he didn't move.

A smile tugged at his lips. She knew by the fierceness of his eyes and the sheen of sweat on his brow and upper lip that he was just as aroused as she was. Though he belonged to her, Satin Hood never took orders in the bedroom.

After a moment, she whispered, "Please. Please continue."

He kissed her, thrusting his tongue into her mouth to the same rhythm as he thrust his cock into her pussy.

"Satin Hood, oh, I love you!" she cried, clinging to his rock-hard body as she exploded in another soul-shattering orgasm.

Panting and groaning with pleasure, he came long and hard, his big body surging into hers.

When they finally caught their breath, he rolled onto his back and Pussyanna cuddled close to his side. He took her hand and threaded his fingers through hers. He had such large hands. The fingers were long yet graceful and his palms calloused from hours of exercise that kept him as fit as men half his age.

“Satin Hood,” she said, “in all the years we’ve been together, I have loved you deeply. You know that.”

“Yes,” he replied.

“My consort was a proper man and a good father to my children, but my feelings for him paled compared to what I feel for you. He knew that, and it was the same for him, which is why I allowed him the freedom to carry on discreet affairs with women he preferred to me. He’s gone and we both fulfilled our duty, having provided heirs to the leadership of Amazurn. Now I’m free to select a consort out of love. I choose you, Satin Hood, if you accept.”

Cupping her face, he gazed at her and said, “All I’ve ever wanted was you. Whether you’re queen or commoner, whether I’m your consort or your servant, I will always love you.”

“Is that a yes?”

“Most definitely yes.” He covered her mouth in the deepest, most passionate kiss of their lives.

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