

Encounter -- Swordmaster: Wedding Night

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Swordmaster: Wedding Night

For the sake of the guests, Hugh and Isabella left the wedding feast together. He briefly joined her in her chamber, which adjoined his, then said goodnight and left her in the company of Lucinda.

Once alone, Lucinda approached her mistress and said, "Let me help you undress."

Their gazes met and Isabella smiled. She stood in front of the full-length mirror and gazed at her wedding attire. Though beautiful, the dress didn't fit her character. She felt more at home donning breeches and riding through the fields and forests just beyond the manor house where she lived with her parents.

Most of her adventures were secret. She and Lucinda would leave the house dressed as a proper lady and her maid, but once out of sight they'd change into comfortable clothes stored in their travel packs.

During those short journeys, they had talked about fleeing the manor house entirely. Those conversations became even more serious after they learned of Hugh's accident.

Isabella had sent many letters to the prince during his recovery, but none had been answered. It was only when the king contacted her father about the marriage that

she realized Hugh hadn't changed his mind about the plans they'd made so long ago. She'd later learned from Hugh that he had written to her as well, but the letters had never arrived. The king had kept careful watch over his son's correspondence.

When they'd met again, Hugh had changed. Always a brooding young man, he had become downright sullen. He rarely smiled, and when he did the gesture always seemed forced. Instead of mingling with the people, both royal and common, he kept to himself, poring over law books and consorting with scholars. Even the king seemed leery of his son, and that both disturbed and pleased Isabella. Disturbed because she knew that anyone the king feared had to be dangerous, but pleased because it was about time someone shook the confidence of that tyrant.

Lucinda unfastened the delicate ties on the back of Isabella's gown and parted the fabric. She caressed Isabella's back, her small hands gentle against her lady's skin.

Isabella smiled, thoughts of her past and her husband slipping to the back of her mind as she concentrated on her lover's touch.

"You looked beautiful tonight," Lucinda said.

Isabella chuckled. "The dress was beautiful. I felt like a seamstress's dummy in it. The fabric is heavy and the beading is stiff."

Lucinda slid the dress down Isabella's torso to her slim hips. Isabella wasn't a curvaceous woman, but Lucinda had always complimented her statuesque body and her small, firm breasts.

The maid, however, had luscious curves that Isabella loved to look at and touch. Sometimes she'd watch Lucinda kneel naked in bed and comb her long, chestnut hair. She had beautiful hair. Thick and wavy, it hung almost to her waist. During the day she always wore it up and covered, but at night both women lay naked and free in each other's arms.

"I agree you look even lovelier without any clothes at all." Lucinda smiled. Standing on tiptoe to reach the taller woman's lips, she kissed Isabella while pushing the gown over her hips. The fabric pooled at her feet.

Isabella closed her eyes and slid her arms around Lucinda, enjoying the sensation of her lips and tongue and longing to feel her soft, naked breasts pressed to hers.

The kiss broke and Lucinda bent to pick up the dress. "Let me put this in the trunk."

"Leave it," Isabella ordered. She stepped away, removed the feathered mask covering her eyes and nose, and placed it aside.

"But --"

"You're going to disobey your queen?" A smile flirted with Isabella's lips.

"Yes. You're queen now." Lucinda also smiled. "And it's your wedding night."

"And there's no one else I'd rather spend it with." Isabella climbed onto the bed and knelt. She unfastened the pins from her hair and let the dark locks fall about her shoulders.

Lucinda swiftly removed her clothes while Isabella watched, then she joined her on the bed. Isabella kissed her gently, then unwound her hair from its bun. Chestnut waves tumbled down Lucinda's back, and Isabella caressed them. She brushed a random tendril from Lucinda's face and kissed her again.

Laughing softly, the women reached for each other and fell back on the bed. Lucinda's large, soft breasts pressed against Isabella's, and the queen moaned. She caressed her lover's back and grasped Lucinda's deliciously fleshy bottom, squeezing it gently.

Lucinda stroked Isabella and dipped a hand between her legs to stroke and knead her soft mound. She dipped a finger into Isabella's pussy and explored. Isabella was already damp. Just looking at Lucinda could often do that to her.

She caressed Lucinda's pelvis then slid her finger into her cunt. It was wet, too, and grew wetter as Isabella continued stroking, adding a second finger. Then she withdrew them and rolled them over Lucinda's plump clit.

"Oh, it feels so good," Lucinda breathed against Isabella's ear.

“Yes, it does,” Isabella said. She pressed Lucinda onto her back and kissed her gorgeous breasts and the soft curve of her stomach.

Spreading her legs, Lucinda leaned back into the pillow and stroked Isabella’s hair. The queen buried her face against Lucinda’s soft mound. Her tongue rolled over her clit, and Lucinda squirmed and moaned.

Isabella knew exactly how good it felt to be devoured. She took her time, using the tip of her tongue to tease the sensitive sides of Lucinda’s clit, then she sucked the rosy bud. She dipped her tongue into Lucinda’s pussy and swirled it around, then she lapped her clit with upward strokes that hurled her into a panting, quivering orgasm.

While Lucinda recovered, Isabella stretched out beside her and stroked her breasts, belly, and hips.

Finally Lucinda opened her eyes. She cupped the back of Isabella’s head and kissed her.

The maid left the bed briefly to search through their belongings stored in a trunk across the room. Lucinda gazed at her, scarcely believing that, if Hugh kept his word, she and her lover would never be parted. This was more than either of them had hoped for, at least not without leaving the manor house. If they had, life for two women alone would be precarious in Alistwall. Even those who took legitimate jobs in service were often subject to the abuse of men. That was another topic Isabella planned to discuss with Hugh -- stronger laws to protect the women of the realm.

Lucinda pulled a satin bag from the trunk. A coquettish gleam in her eye, she opened it and withdrew a thick glass phallus. During a rare trip to the market at the large dock on the western border of Alistwall, Lucinda had slipped away from the family to make a few purchases. Isabella had worried the entire time she’d been gone. Items such as the phallus weren’t generally purchased by women, who weren’t in the business of pleasure. Yet Lucinda had returned, a gleam in her eyes and the phallus as well as a few other trinkets carefully hidden in her travel bag.

She walked slowly to the bed, trailing her fingertips along the phallus, her gaze fixed on Isabella’s. “I believe I owe you a climax, my queen.”

“I believe you’re right.” Isabella feigned haughtiness as she stretched out on her back and raised her knees, spreading her legs. “Proceed.”

Lucinda grinned and knelt beside Isabella. She rolled her thumb over her clit again and again.

Arching her neck, Isabella closed her eyes and enjoyed the sensations building inside her. Her clit throbbed and ached, and she squirmed a bit.

“Be still,” Lucinda said softly. Still fondling Isabella’s clit, she slid the cool, smooth phallus into her drenched pussy. “You look beautiful like this.”

Isabella smiled and opened her eyes, not easy with her climax looming so close. Her belly clenched and unclenched, and her hips lifted as Lucinda stroked her clit and worked the phallus.

Unable to keep from moaning, Isabella gasped and reached up to clasp the headboard. She thrashed and cried out in climax while Lucinda continued teasing her until the last pulsation.

Lucinda withdrew the phallus and curled up beside Isabella, who was nearly asleep. Isabella rubbed her cheek against the top of Lucinda’s head, enjoying the scent of her hair and the feel of her warm curves pressed close as she drifted to sleep.

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