

Gift of Perversion

Faye Valentine

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Rolling to the right, Avina swiftly lunged with the dagger in her right hand but her target was quicker. Unfortunately for the young princess, her quarry was Raibyn – a man that had been training the royal guard for nearly four hundred years. Swinging his staff with one well-trained hand, he caught Avina on the right calf and she hit the floor face-first. Rolling onto her back, she stared up at the ceiling. “Ugh...why does my father insist I go through this barbaric ritual?” she groaned. “I’m going to be gathered the second I step foot out of the hold.”

“Par’teQ is an ancient tradition all those who would one day rule must go through and you are no different young princess, now get to your feet and prepare yourself.”

“I’ve studied the ritual and you know what I found? Male royalty are immediately put on the throne while the women must participate in a barbaric tradition that more often than not finds them dead, or worse, slaves of the Gatherers. Why do you suppose that is?”

“Mine is to train, not suppose.”

“I’m done for the day.”

“You’re just getting started. Now get on your feet.” Bringing the end of the staff straight down between Avina’s eyes, years of training kicked in and without even thinking she grabbed it with her left hand and shoved it up under his chin. As his head jerked back she brought her foot up between his legs causing him to drop like a log. Rolling to her feet she huffed. “I said I’m done for today.” Walking to the door, she stopped and looked back over her shoulder to see an odd mix of a grimace and grin on his rugged face. “See you at the party.”

Reaching for the doorknob, Avina suddenly found herself suddenly flying through the air and the last thing she saw as her body slamming into the unforgiving stone wall of the private training room was Raibyn standing in front of the door. “I’ve been training armies, guards and pretentious, know-it-all royalty since before Enrilth Hold was founded and I say when you’ve had enough.” Keeping his eyes focused on the conscious but unmoving princess, he reached back and with carefully practiced movements of his fingers locked the door without touching the knob. “You have exactly seven hours before the party begins and we’re going to spend the next six training.”

“I’ll have you executed!” Avina threatened as she slowly, painfully got to her feet.

“Better princesses have tried.” Closing the distance far faster than should be possible for a man his age, Raibyn put his right hand around her throat and lifted her into the air. Glaring into her blue eyes, he felt a stirring in his loins and without realizing it he drew her in until their lips nearly touched. Catching himself at the last moment, he opened his hand and let her drop unceremoniously to the floor. “Nice try, princess, but I’ve been training elven royalty for generations and I know every trick in the book.”

“Can’t blame an elf for trying,” Avina smirked. “You also can’t say I didn’t have an effect,” she added as her eyes settled on the bulge now very much present in the crotch of the much older man’s pants. Admit it, you want me.”

“If I haven’t fallen for that trick in four hundred years what makes you think I’ll fall for it now?” Turning to grab the weapons from the floor, he stopped mid-stride as a hand grabbed his crotch from behind. Despite years of physical training and mental conditioning he throbbed in her hand and he knew without a doubt that she felt it. Her body suddenly pressed against his. Her hand snaked down the front of his pants, lithe fingers wrapping around their target.

“We’re all alone, Raibyn. No one will ever have to know. Don’t deny it. I feel you throbbing in my hand. And what’s this?” she purred, her index finger sliding along the tip.

“Mmmm...you are excited aren't you?” Instinctively increasing the potency of her pheromones, she reached around with her free hand and unbuttoned his pants. Sliding in front of him, she dropped to her knees and looked up into his dark green eyes. “I'm at your mercy, Master of the Guard. And all alone in this very private room you could do whatever you wanted and no one would ever hear my screams.” Tugging his pants down, her head sprang back in surprise at the size of him. Sure, he felt big in her hand, but seeing it up close and very personal was an entirely different matter. “I...I don't have to remain a virgin.” Leaning in, she paused never having done anything like this before, and then long elven tongue licked along his hardness to the drop formed at the tip.

Heart pounding so hard she hear it, Avina stood and practically tore her clothes off revealing her nakedness to a man for the first time in her life. Remembering the time she walked in on one of her maidens having sex with one of the guards, she got onto her hands and knees and lowered her head to the floor. “Please, Raibyn, this is the only way for me to avoid a fate far worse than death. I don't want to go through the Par'teQ. I don't want to leave the Hold and live amongst the other races. I want to remain here with you where it's safe.” Looking back over her shoulder she continued. “Please, if there's even the tiniest shred of a heart still beating in that well-toned chest, claim me as your own.”

His heart going out to the unmistakably scared princess, Raibyn took three steps forward and looked down at the perfection that was her body. When the tip of his rough finger touched her back she flinched but otherwise remained still. Tracing the longest of the slightly raised, vine-like patterns in her skin that marked her as royalty, he watched another bead form on the tip of his manhood and for a brief moment time stood still and he saw their lives together. He saw the seven sons and four daughters they would have and the cozy home deep in the forest where they would live long and happy lives together.

When he snapped back to reality his hands were on her hips and he was poised for penetration. *One thrust and I could be the happiest man alive*, he thought as he listened to her soft purrs of anticipation. *One thrust and she is mine to do with as I please. And why shouldn't I? Why give the gatherers the pleasure of taking her when I can do it right now and claim her for my own?*

“What are you waiting for?” Avina asked, her voice as nervous as it was seductive. “I give myself to you freely, Raibyn. TAKE ME! PLEASE! Don't let me end up like my sisters.”

“There are plenty of elves your own age that would more than willingly do as you ask. Why me?”

“None of them could ever protect me like you, Master of the Guard.”

“As beautiful as you are, Princess Avina, I like having my head attached to my shoulders so please give me incentive enough to betray your father's long-held trust. Give me a reason to turn my back on four hundred years of loyalty and I'll claim you as my own.”

“I'm the crown princess. All you need do is name it and it is yours.”

“You're also ninth in line to take the throne and royalty you may be, you're still a woman and as long as your father rules your voice carries little weight.”

Knowing deep down he was never going to take her, Avina panicked and as he absent-mindedly slid along her wanting womanhood she shoved back hard and fast – taking him completely into her. “Uuhhnnnn! There's no going back now. Raibyn so for the love of all that is sacred, say the words and make me your own.”

Knowing to say the words would forever bind them together, Raibyn silently contemplated his options. Hands on hips he thrust in and out of her tightness as he had done to

her sisters, cousins, mother, aunts and every other female member of the royal court of Enrilth Hold for the last four centuries. And while lust consumed him for each of them, something was different with Avina. As her hips rocked back to meet his every thrust he felt a connection he had never before experienced. It was primal, almost animalistic and try as he might he found it impossible to resist. “In the name of the...”

A sudden pounding at the door stopped Raibyn mid-sentence and he reluctantly pulled out of the young princess just as he heard a voice calling out. “Raibyn, Princess Avina, you in there?”

“Hurry up and get dressed,” Raibyn whispered so that only the princess could hear.

“What is it, Tyrion?” the Master of the Guard called back. “The princess and I are very busy with her last day of training so this had better be important.”

“I’ve been sent to fetch her to be prepared for this evening’s party, Sir.”

“The party isn’t until six, Tyrion, and if she has any hope of surviving the world outside of the hold for the next year she desperately needs all the training I can provide.” The princess dressed, he picked his staff up off the floor and then opened the door. “Tell Emperor Elion that I’ll personally deliver her to her maidens by four.”

“I’m sorry, Sir, but I’m under direct orders from the Emperor to escort her there now.”

“Very well.” Turning to face Princess Avina, Raibyn sighed. “Looks like this is the end of your training, Princess. I hope it serves you well in the year to come.”

Moving closer, Avina hugged the trainer and whispered in his ear. “You claimed me. I am yours now so I don’t have to go.”

“I’m sorry, Princess, but I neither gave you my seed nor got the words out so the claiming never happened.” Taking a step back, his heart broke at the tears forming in her eyes. “May the Seven Sisters watch over and protect you.”

“If the Goddesses cared they wouldn’t allow this in the first place.” Huffing, Avina walked to the door and what remained of potentially her last day as a free elf. As she passed over the threshold, she felt a tingling in her loins. Chalking it up to the last lingering moments of pleasure, she followed the guard out of the training hall and to the castle where she would be bathed by the most beautiful maidens and dressed in the finest silks in the five kingdoms all in preparation for her eighteenth birthday party which would end with seeing her off at the gates of the hold to begin her Par’teQ.

Emperor Ardreth – a cruel and wholly sadistic elf who ruled the five kingdoms some seven hundred years ago, devised the Par’teQ as a way of asserting his dominance over all women and to appease his Gatherers by giving them a chance to claim the ultimate prize in a slave of royal blood. Beginning at midnight of their eighteenth day of birth, every noblewoman is cast out for a full year. If they return unmarked at the end of their exile they are welcomed back into the court with open arms and a month-long festival to celebrate their continued freedom. Should they be caught by the Gatherers and marked as a slave, however that is their life for whatever time they have remaining.

Unfortunately for Princess Avina, her father, Emperor Elion was just as cruel and heartless as all those that came before him and in her short time living had seen her two older sisters and three cousins claimed by the Gatherers and had heard rumors of so many more she dared not think about them all for fear of the nightmares such thoughts would incur.

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Arriving at her chambers, Avina entered and closed the door behind her without a second glance at her escort. Seeing her five maidens standing around a tub of steaming water heads

bowed, she stripped out of her clothes. "I suppose this is the last day we'll ever see each other," she sighed.

"We have faith in you, Mistress," head maiden Renna replied. "A year may seem like an eternity outside of the Hold, but take care and you'll be home before you know it."

Giving no thought to the hands washing and massaging her entire body, Avina did something rare amongst the royalty. She turned to face those that had taken care of her since birth. "If this is to be my last day as a free woman I would see your faces. And my father's rules be damned, you will attend my party or I won't."

"Thank you for the kind gesture, Princess Avina, but even if the Emperor allowed us to attend I fear he would have us executed the moment you were gone," Renna replied as her right hand moved between Avina's legs.

"You're probably right. On the other...UHN! W-What the...what do you think you're doing?" Avina gasped when she felt a finger partially penetrate her womanhood only to come to an abrupt stop at the very same bit of skin that Raibyn had torn through.

"I apologize, Princess Avina, but we are under strict orders to ensure your maidenhood is still intact. Thankfully it is or else we would have been permanently exiled for failing in our duties and I don't need to tell you what the Gatherers do to elfkind."

"That's impossible!"

"Then you don't know the Emperor. He..."

"That's not what I meant. There's no way my maidenhood is still intact." A thought suddenly popped into her head. *The tingling sensation when I left the training hall. But how?* "In defiance of my father's rules I...I had one of those toys the nymphs make smuggled in and used it to take my own virginity," she lied if only to protect the one man in all of Enrilth Hold that truly cared for her even if he was unable to complete the claiming.

"I know what I'm feeling, Princess Avina, and it's definitely your maidenhood, but if you would like to see it for yourself I can bring the mirror. Look, I understand your fears, but the Emperor's word is law and an easily falsifiable lie won't get you out of the Par'teQ." Removing her finger from the princess' vulva, Renna joined the others in bathing and then dressing her.