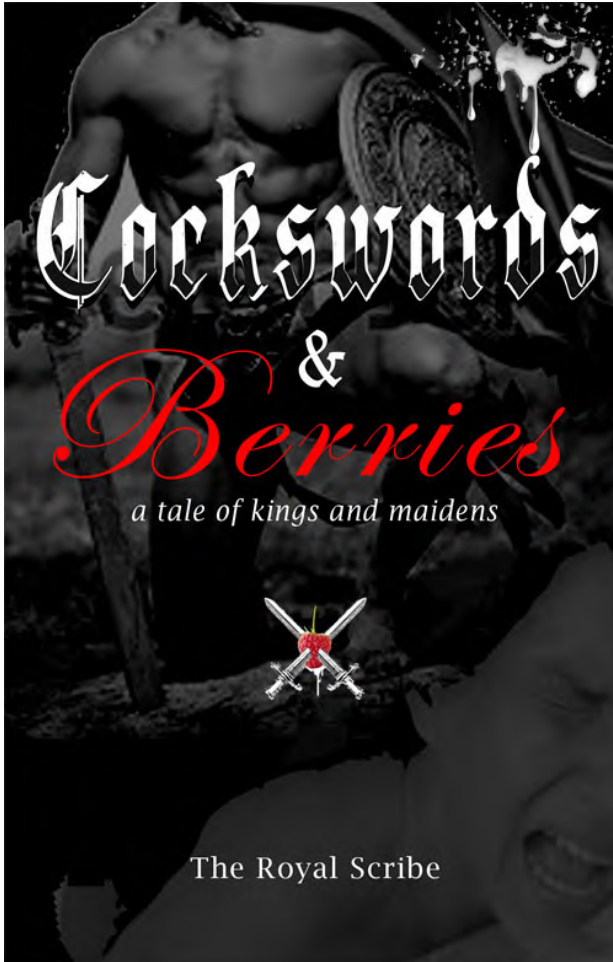


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Cockswords & Berries: a tale of kings and maidens
Book 1 of the series, *Stained: Modern lust in an ancient land*
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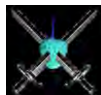
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Coming Soon!	

Key:



= the story



= commentary

Dedicated to time
and enduring alchemy



The Plot

After a chance encounter and unlikely romantic audience with the King of Rivasor, a nubile young waif of peasant bloodline becomes the first and only bed maiden to make the virile and famously well-endowed monarch climax during bedplay. Many admire her talent. Others envy her stain. Some fear her power over the throne. Their mysterious alchemy and ill-fated romance may be the unraveling of the entire kingdom in the turmoil that doth ensue!

stain – *v.* to ejaculate onto another’s skin; *n.* the visible mark left by such contact.

When a Rivasoran man’s semen makes contact with a woman’s skin, it doth leave a mark—a stain—unique to the man’s lineage. Elders in the community can automatically tell, therefore, who is mating with whom by virtue of the mark on the forehead of a maiden. They can, for instance, recognize the stain of the blacksmith’s son (or the blacksmith, himself!) on the seamstress’ daughter, and so, the stain acts much like a man’s reproductive trademark or a “breeder’s brand.” As for the royal stain, many know what it looks like, but few people hath actually seen the monarch’s mark. Therefore, to carry the King’s stain, as maiden Reina now does, is cause for much whispering and finger pointing among the clusterfolk.

In Rivasor, to wear a stain is a source of pride, for to be stained is to carry the stainer’s creative power upon oneself. It is also a public declaration of a man’s potency and a woman’s desirability. The stain appears within one to two hours and remains visible for approximately forty-eight hours.

The Place

e·ros·to·pi·a *n* - an imaginary place where attitudes and behavioral norms concerning intercourse, desire, eroticism as well as gender wiring and roles have evolved naturally without repressive dogma, shame-based stigma, control-based laws—a place free, therefore, of dysfunction, bodily embarrassment, jealousy and gender conflict. Welcome to Rivasor!

The Players

(in order of appearance)

Maiden Reina

The Taller and Shorter Maidens

Bronson

The King

Aimshur

Teacher Tara

Sonora

Romatra

The Royal Seamstress

The Care Maidens

The Royal Scribe

The Royal Renderer

Calstean

That woman of Camrin

Molory

Denalo

The Pretender King

And as well, a host of visitors from other clusters, including

The Sortu election maidens

the women of Camrin,

the pixies of Xisha

Jorda and Gyrard

The Prologue

Bedsheets and Battlefields

HER THOUGHTS



The king should have the biggest cocksword.

‘Twas a simple well-reasoned conclusion maiden Reina reached one day while contemplating her good fortune at having been chosen the King's bed maiden. If ever there were a reason to make a man king, this should surely be it, she thought. It only made sense. A king should be a man among men. A king should be the strongest of men; the most virile; the bravest; the most well-endowed. How could one allow oneself to be led and ruled by a man who was *not* the manliest of men? One should not.

When a king commands his minions and maidens to do his bidding, it should be because of power. True power. Not the false, unearned power that comes by virtue of a bloodline. Not the assigned power that comes from having been appointed commander of armies. Nay, true power is not something one is born into. Nor is it something conferred upon one by decision or decree. True power is something one is born *with*. It is something intrinsic to one's being. It is something that comes from one's inherent ability to be or do a thing. To be king, a man should wield the cocksword of sensual conquest before he should be allowed to hold the scepter of the monarchy.

Of course, there were other qualities and traits a king should exhibit, maiden Reina thought, but this should surely be one of them. It made sense. A man should not be allowed to rule a kingdom if he could not even conquer a woman.

When her gaze fell upon the King's erect pleasurer for the first time, she felt compelled to fall to her knees to worship it. She did not quite know why. 'Twas an uncontrollable response. She wanted to kiss it. She wanted to suckle it. She needed to consume it. She enjoyed the difficulty of taking it inside her small mouth as it stretched her jaw beyond ladylike propriety. Feeling herself opening her mouth so wide to be entered and probed by the King's massive trunk made her feel wanton and lustful, yet vulnerable and weak, and she loved it. She wanted, nay, needed to feel its swell and shrink within her mouth. She had no doubts as to the realness of her King's power when she surrendered her mouth thusly to him. Yet that was the mere beginning of his multiple conquests of her body on that first night in the King's bed, and she yearned for its repeat. Yes, such were the nature of maiden Reina's thoughts on this day.

As she tended to her duties that afternoon in the kitchen, preparing the evening meal for her employer's household, she realized she would need to cast such thoughts from mind for the moment if she hoped to complete the preparation in a timely manner. She had been holding and staring at the same cucumber for the past ten minutes.

SUMMONED



Maiden Reina of Rivasor,



By decree of the King, thou art hereby summoned to the King's chambers two days hence at first moment of last rays of sun.

*Of all the bed maidens at the King's beckon, thou art being summoned because of thy displayed ability to extract his majesty's voluminous and copious kreem--a talent rare **throughout the kingdom and befitting of acknowledgement far and wide.***

Four care maidens shall attend thee on that selfsame morning to assist thee in preparing thy body for thy audience with the King.

Thou art instructed to appear at the King's bedside adorned and fragranced in the manner he has informed the seamstress and maidens is his preference for this night, and to present thyself for his taking and to be used for his pleasure.

The King has also decreed that the royal scribe and royal renderer be present at this copulation so they may preserve the event in word and image. The royal crier shall ring the village bell at the moment of thy next success in spewing the water of the King's loins, so that all shall be aware that their King has been duly pleased. Hear ye. Hear ye.

The ROYAL SCRIBE

Thus read the King's letter to maiden Reina.

A MAIDEN'S REPLY



Your Royal Majesty,

I hath been and forever shall be thine to do with as thou pleaseth. As is thy right as King, thou may take any pleasure thou desireth from me.

My being is devoted to thy pleasure and a even two days doth seem a distant horizon until this poor waif may offer herself for thy complete and utter consumption.

I surrender myself to thy every desire and beg your majesty to take pity on my now wanton soul and hasten our meeting so that I may be opened and devoured by thy mighty loins.

The thought of thy majesty's hot and powerful kreem staining me is all that sustains me as I await, trembling, to feel my master's muscular form, and voracious hunger upon me. I am, insatiably, thy servant,

Maiden Reina

Thus read maiden Reina's reply to the King.

‘Twas an unusual letter and she knew it; unusual not simply because she was a maiden writing to a king, but because no bed maiden had ever been stained by a king—not in recent memory. She had become the King’s *water wench*.

‘The king’s water wench.’ The term itself was a contradiction. Kings did not fire, so there could be no staining and no drinking of his kreem and thus no such thing as a ‘king’s water wench.’ Such a concept simply did not exist.

She thought about how she first met the King. It had been a chance encounter. Something about her visage, it seems, had caught his attention as he and his right arm passed through the cobbles. It might have been the purse of her lips. It might have been the form of her delicate bare feet. In one of life’s eternal mysteries, no one can predict or prophess what unique mix of face or form shall fetch a man’s gaze or stir his loins. Whether it be of king or of commoner, women raise horse in any sum of ways.

THE TWO MAIDENS



"Maiden Reina! Maiden Reina!" the two young maidens whispered aloud and in unison as they approached her excitedly in the courtyard.

Maiden Reina was busily hanging clothes and sheets to dry on the line, and turned to face them as she dried her hands in her apron.

"Thou must swear on thy life thou wilt tell no one of this," the taller of the maidens began, "for they would surely flog us or have our heads should it be known we told thee."

"What is this about?" maiden Reina asked curiously.

"Thou doth not know us, maiden Reina, but we, well *all* in the castle doth know thee!" said the shorter maiden.

Maiden Reina blushed.

"We art the royal bathers for the King—," the taller one continued. "And, we..." her voice dropping to a barely audible whisper, as she glanced around furtively to make sure no one could hear. "...we art the bathers of the royal cocksword."

"Yes, the two of us!" the shorter almost shouted proudly with a demure giggle.

"Keep thy voice down," the taller one scolded. The shorter cast her eyes down.

"Well, yesterday, we were bathing the King---," the taller continued.

"--and his royal cocksword," added the shorter.

"Yes, we were bathing His Majesty when thy letter arrived," said the taller.

"The royal messenger brought it," the shorter added, feeling this was a necessary detail.

Maiden Reina was getting a bit impatient.

"As he read thy missive, his huge--"

"--very huge," the shorter chimed in, nodding as she did, "...and thick!"

"Yes, his huge and thick and long..."

"Yes?? Go on!" maiden Reina intoned in exasperation, realizing the young maidens were being distracted by their own minds' renderings.

"Oh, um, yes. Well, as he read thy letter, our King's massive pleasurer became so huge and so hard..."

"We'd *never* seen it like that before!" the shorter added.

"Never," added the taller with eyes wide, shaking her head in earnest disbelief.

"And we wash it every day, thou knowest," the shorter added in a serious tone to convey the importance of her daily duties.

"It pointed straight up and, with the water and soap falling from it, resembled a glistening sword ready for battle," the taller said, her head tilted slightly to the right.

"It haunted my dreams last night," the shorter whispered wistfully to herself, unaware she was speaking aloud. The taller one gave her a nudge with her elbow, and the young maiden bowed her head in embarrassment.

"Clearly thou art his favorite, maiden Reina," the taller said encouragingly as she touched maiden Reina's arm.

"Would that it be me in his bed overmorrow instead of thee," the shorter blurted out innocently.

The taller gave her a stern look, and the shorter looked at the floor.

"My apologies, maiden Reina," the shorter whispered.

"That is alright, sisters," maiden Reina comforted. I give no name and no judgment. I know how ye feel."

"Well, we shall not tarry! We must return to the castle before they miss us," the taller one began. "We are all so happy--"

"--and jealous--" added the shorter.

"--of thee!" the two said in unison, as they bounded out of the courtyard and into the noonday sun, giggling and whispering to each other as they disappeared..

Yes, in a few days, maiden Reina would once again be in the King's bed.

Maiden Reina enjoyed being the object of a man's lust. Though a maiden would never speak of such things, she had had a few trysts with soldiers in the royal army. She enjoyed knowing that her loins could elicit a man's desire. She relished the fact that the thought and sight of her naked body could make a man's pleasurer rise and drip with anticipation.

This, however, was no ordinary man. This was a king. This was *the* King. This was *her* King. And, she would be in his bed in two days. She was to be the King's plaything, his bed maiden--he chose her--and the thought of it moistened her loins constantly throughout the days and nights even as she tried her best to distract her thoughts to other matters more befitting a maiden of her common status.

But she could not get the thoughts from her mind. Everyone knew that this king did not lust as other men did. As the palace maidens had just told her, since the day of his victory in the contest for king, the royal bathers and washers had rarely seen the royal cocksword erect even though they caressed and cleaned it daily. They had heard stories from the few who had been lucky enough to experience the strength of his size and thrusts of his desire in their roles as bed maiden to the king, but those stories were few and far between.

Yes, he was a bit different from other men who had held the throne. It made her wonder if, perhaps, his cocksword hoisted high during battle. She wondered if the bloodlust of the battlefield was in any way similar to the lust of entwinement, and that if, perhaps, *his* lust was reserved for conquests of a different kind—the kind that a king and protector accomplished for the benefit and freedom of his

cluster and his subjects. She wondered often about the King. She wondered about many parts of the King, in fact.

She thought about her scheduled copulation with him and pictured herself in his embrace, and thought about the parts of his body that caused her wetness.

She thought about his hands. In her dreams, those hands that wielded a mighty steel sword and gripped it with the strength necessary to kill men during the fray were gripping her breasts and molding them at his will.

The arms that slew savage and powerful men in battle were lifting her up and down effortlessly on his huge cocksword.

The strong torso and waist that undulated with power as he mounted his steed and galloped into battle was now hers to mount and ride. The King was *her* stallion, she mused.

The chest that housed the heart of a human lion and warrior, was heaving with his lust for her, as his weight crushed her into the softness of his bedsheets.

Yes, these were images a maiden could not easily wrest from her thoughts try as she might.

However, there were other thoughts that haunted her. she knew not whether she could continue to sate the king. She of short trek upon the sphere; she of little bedplay, **against all wind and way of normal thought, had made the king fire, and now her world had turned upside down. She could not believe fortune had so blessed her. Or had it been a curse?**

In any event, she had been summoned. She had been summoned by the King. This was the king who had kept her and everyone in the cluster free from slavery at the hands of invaders. But soon, maiden Reina would be his slave; a slave of a different sort, and she welcomed the impending surrender, capture and conquest with an unrelenting and dripping desire.

Welcome



Welcome to Rivasor. I am the Royal Scribe of the King's court. I shall be thy guide during thy visit to this special land whilst I share the tale of maiden Reina of Rivasor, her unique audience with the King, and the troubles and turmoil that audience begat.

If thou art new to this curve and sphere, then much of what thou shalt see and hear may seem **strange** to thee. Let me offer calm to thy thoughtplay. I am first breath of Rivasor. I have lived many faces, taken many steps and know how the winds blow and how words flow in many lands, including yours. I know the way and weight of thy words. Allow me, therefore, to teach thee the weight of *ours*.

The Weight of our Words



Origins

To understand Rivasor, it is first necessary to understand what sets us apart from the folk of other curves and spheres. As a result of the efforts, teachings and example set for us by a king and queen of far-seeing eyes of a thousand seasons past, we have developed as a people defined by the natural ways of our men and women.

We exist free of the shackles of mind that bind and pit man against woman in other curves and spheres. Here in Rivasor, we labor under no clouds that **taint** our view as to what defines us as man or maiden. We know that what we do to earn our survival doth not define us. We know that neither lineage nor lucre maketh nor measureth the man or woman. We know that by nature's simple **design** and decree, there is no other way for a man to experience manliness than when his power is directed to the plumbing of a woman's berry, and that there is no more natural way for a woman to feel her womanliness than when she has a girthful cocksword betwixt lips or loins. Thy world may consider this vulgar, but we in Rivasor consider it the most natural and obvious of truths.

The following is a short Rivasor proverb. It is the conclusion to brabbles and brawls—about the ways of men and women—that we no longer have in our society:

*Not through weapon or tool
nor through washpan or thule
No, thy step in the dance
comes through dainty and lance*

Rivasor is an agrarian society (**agrarian**: *adj.* of or relating to cultivated land or the cultivation of land), Consequently, many of our language's most common references when discussing the ways of men with women have to do with soil, planting/harvesting, fruits, food and animals. Some, to a lesser degree, have to do with battle, for Rivasorans are, first and foremost, a peaceful people.

Glossary

(Definitions and etymology of Rivasoran colloquialisms)

alchemy – *n.* mating chemistry

bead – *n.* a woman's clitoris

berry – *n.* vagina; used in casual conversation; connotes the appetizing taste, juiciness and enticing femininity of the possessor of said berry

bubble and bardle – *colloq.* the spittle and unintelligible cooing sounds a baby produces. In the context of bedplay, it describes the state of incoherency and lack of motor control a woman typically reaches after hours of continuous and vigorous plowing by a huge cocksword wielded a man who knows how to use it; usage: “*By the time he finished me, I was bubble and bardle.*”

bunch - *n.* one's bottom (fem.); *related:* **bunch-hole** *n.* – anus

cocksword – *n.* penis; used when intended to impart a sense of strength and nobility to the individual in possession of said cocksword

cork – *n.* a man’s or woman’s nipple. *see also stem, and honey stem both for woman’s nipples*

crown, to – *v.* to stain a woman’s forehead; the position of the stain (exact center, towards the hairline; aim is important) is critical to a stain being considered a crown.

cured – *adj.* how one is wired by nature. Just as food or other substances (leather, tobacco) that art created, preserved, strengthened, or otherwise brought to a finished state for use or consumption are said to be “cured,” the term is here used to describe how one’s finished state at birth has been determined by nature. Some are cured more or less masculine than others. Some are cured more or less feminine than others. One’s fantasies, fetishes, gallop, sway and swaysong are all part of how they have been cured. To be “cured the same” means to be bedplay compatible.

dainty – *n.* polite, almost clinical term for vagina. This might typically be used when speaking to a child, or when such matters are discussed between adults of different generations.

dig – *v.* a provocative way of saying to have intercourse.
Usage: “*Dig me, Bronson! Dig me harder! Dig me deeper!*”

feed – *n.* breast

fench – *n.* a highly erotic, slightly lewd, but commonly-used term for a vagina in action; i.e. a vagina in the act of being worked on by a cocksword.

fire – *v.* to orgasm; to climax. Used for men only.
i.e. Men fire (like the molten rock of a volcano). Women flow.

flow – *v.* to orgasm; to climax. Used for women only.

i.e. Women flow (like the water of a river). Men fire. *past*: flowed, *past part.* flown. Sometimes the word “fly” is used in poetry. It is an archaic form of flow.

folk - *n.* people of any given locale or state of being (i.e. townfolk, cobblefolk, castlefolk, dunefolk, Camrinfolk,

gallop – *n.* a man’s movements during his swordplay; Rivasor women tend to prefer a strong, steady gallop; see: **sway**

grut – *v.* derived from the acronym G.R.U.T.—Getting Royally Used and Taken. This is the ultimate curse word and should never be used in polite company. Origin: As all kings have significantly huge cockswords, anyone who is “used and taken” by royalty was in for a physical shellacking however pleasurable it may ultimately be; also used by blacksmiths, carpenters and house builders and means “to plug a hole.”

Hang heavy and hoist high – *coll.* a phrase describing the effect a woman's femininity has on a man as well as his attraction and desire for her. It is often used between men as a call and response greeting or farewell, or as a toast to virility during celebrations.

Jonthu: "Haven't seen thee in quite the many days, Bershard. Hanging heavy?"

Bershard: "Hoisting high!"

It is also used by women to flaunt their men's virility as well as their own feminine desirability.

Sweena: "How is Bershard, these days?"

Delta: "Hoisting high!"

hardfelt, hardmost, hardwon- *adj.* writers and poets in Rivasor society use this sort of wordplay to describe a man's carnally-motivated intentions towards, feelings about or actions in the pursuit of a woman by invoking the image and the feel of a man's rigid pleasurer with said intention/feeling/action; Literary usage: "*Jules wanted desperately to express his hardfelt/hardmost desire for the suntouched maiden Cassara.*"

honey stem - *n.* woman's nipple; *see also stem and cork*

horse – *n.* a man's erect, typically large penis. *v.* to engage in vigorous bedplay; usage: "*Horse me harder!*" *var.* to raise horse: to arouse a man's desire and erection; usage: "*one maiden would raise horse better than another.*" "*Who could have imagined she would be the one to raise the King's horse??*" Derogatory: "*sleepy horse girl*" a girl (from outside of Rivasor, of course) not attractive enough to raise horse

kreem – *n.* semen; *see also lava, water.*

lance – *n.* a term for the male appendage; usage in Rivasoran sayings: "*wide was his lance, wide was his stance*" also "*wide is his lance, wide is HER stance!*" *v.* usage as a verb: "*Lance me, Bronson! Widen my stance!*"

lava – *n.* semen (typ. in the process of erupting and spewing)

loin meat – *n.* penis

loin hole – *n.* vagina

making shapes – *colloq.* having intercourse in multiple positions

many steps and many faces – *colloq.* a long time ago. As a nomadic people, Rivasorans refer to one’s lifetime as a “trek” of steps both literally and figuratively. Nomads have the freedom to assume new identities—faces—and reinvent themselves as they choose with each step. More on this later.

pebble – *n.* clitoris

pleasurer – *n.* a polite term for the penis used in polite conversation, exclusively by women.

plum – *n.* vagina. *v.* alternate usage as a verb: “Plum me!”

pony man - *n.* a pony is a small horse, so a man with a small penis is referred to as a pony man. Casapony, the land whom Rivasor women lampoon and refer to as “*Caspony, the land of pony men*” has always had a rivalry with the men of Rivasor.

pull nectar or **pull juice** – *v.* to make a woman wet through one’s physical desirability; usage: “*the blacksmith’s son is so handsome, he is pulling nectar everywhere he goes.*”
alternate form: springing wells.

rake – *v.* to pleasure a man’s cocksword with one’s mouth, lips, teeth, tongue and throat; *see also: shine*

river runs, the – colloquialism. female ejaculation; squirting

rocks – *n.* testicles

sanku – colloquial form of thank you

scroan – *n. v.* a scream and a moan; Rivasor women make a unique sound when they climax. It is a loud, long scream that starts low, peaks then trails down into a moan then dissolves

into a breathless pant. This combination scream and moan is affectionately and playfully referred to as a scroan. usage: *“That warrior, Bronson, doth set me to scroaning all night!”*

seed – *n.* a woman's egg; usage: *“water my seed, milord!”*

sheathe *n.* - the vaginal canal; *v.* - to take the lance fully into the vaginal canal

shine – *n.* to perform a particularly wet and slippery mouth raking of a cocksword. Usage: *“Shine it for me, wench!”*
see also slick.

slank – *v.* a vulgar term to describe male masturbation or the process of pleasuring a cocksword with one's hand(s)

slick – *v.* to pleasure a man's cocksword with one's mouth

sling – *n.* climax, orgasm

soil – *n.* a euphemism denoting a woman's pubic area, vagina, and more generally, her reproductive potential; her fertility, ovary and eggs; Usage: *“Wet my soil, milord!”*

stain – *v.* to ejaculate onto a woman's skin. *n.* the mark that appears on a woman's forehead as a result of such semen-to-skin contact. The stain appears within one to two hours and remains visible for approximately forty-eight hours. **Note: if a woman is stained by another man while a previous stain lingers, the stain more suited to her own line and lineage will dominate. [Editor: Look for “the battle of the stain” in future tales.]**

stem - *n.* female nipple; *see also: honey stem, cork (masc.)*

stir – *v.* to arouse, to excite. **stirred** – *adj.* in a state of arousal, desire or anticipation; usage: *“Watching him grut her like that has me stirred. It stirs me up so. Seeing her stirred my kreem.”*

stones – *n.* a man’s testicles.

suntouched- *adj.* the golden skin tone of a person caused by a natural, sun-centered lifestyle. The phrase has been immortalized in the lyrics of the popular nomad’s song about traveling to many lands and includes this verse about Rivasor:

*“they go there for a day
then lingereth and stay
For the suntouched girls of Rivasor
they bake them all that way”*

sway – *n.* the rhythmic way a woman moves her body during bedplay. One womna’s sway might be fluid, musical, dancelike, while another’s might be mechanical, jerky or erratic. While Rivasor women are known for their attractive river-like sway, Camrin women are sought for their “sway song” a rhapsodic musical note they “sing” as each thrust of a cocksword causes them to expel air from their throats.

take wing – *v.* to lose one’s inhibitions; to rise above feelings of fear of judgment and shame

thule – *n.* a generic term for any implement used by women in the care and cleaning of a household. Consequently, it has a unique meaning and usage. It is also the sound made by a woman experiencing a heightened level of femininity. Usage

in Rivasor prose: *As he tickleth her pebble and toucheth her stems, a soft, windswept 'thuuuuuule' took flight from her lips.*

till one's own soil – v. to masturbate (feminine); usage: *“Thou needst find a man to till thy soil, my dear. Thou shouldn't be tilling thine own soil. It is not healthy.”*

topple – v. to lose balance or consciousness or one's sense of reality as a result of a particularly overwhelming bedplay experience; *see also: **bubble and bardle**.*

trunk – n. penis

Note: Of the various terms for female and male genitalia, (vagina and penis), one may think of equivalence in the following way (allowing for certain exceptions): fem. ~ masc.

dainty ~ lance: *for children, medically and intergenerational conversation*

plum ~ trunk: n. *“her plum/his trunk” & command “plum me/take trunk”*

berry ~ cocksword: *used to impart desirable feminine & masculine qualities*

fench ~ horse: *the lance organ in action; use to heighten erotic effect*

loin hole ~ loin meat: *when stark lewdness is the desired goal*

twist—n . a kink, fetish or role play fantasy

He enjoyed shackling his bedmates. That was his twist.

walk wet – v. To “walk wet” is (for a woman) to go to a rendezvous or date with the intention or desire of bedplay.

water – n. semen. v. to ejaculate; usage: *“water my soil, my love!”* Poetically, water is appended to many words to describe semen. e.g. loin water, fire water, lance water, burning white water; *see also: **lava***

water wench – n. a salacious term for a woman who loves to swallow semen; usage (typically during the heat of passion): *“Dost thou want to be my water wench?”*[a rhetorical question at best, or at least, one with a presumed answer] *“Yes, I want*

it. Give it to me! Make me thy water wench!” Note: Kings do not have water wenches (since they do not ejaculate during bedplay). To be a king’s water wench is a rare honor.

These words and phrases are not demeaning. None of them are insults. While the terms “pony man” and “sleepy horse girl” are not entirely complimentary, these words are not bad-intentioned insults. They are merely statements of fact that even pony men and sleepy horse girls themselves use to describe themselves. There is typically a sense of play and good humor underlying the use of these words in conversation. Everyone has good humor about their attributes and desires and genderways.

the Prologue continues

BRONSON WILT DO



“Stab me like a pig, my King!” the shorter maiden screamed over her shoulder.

She had walked, no, ran wet to Bronson’s quarters behind the castle. She had some pressing business to attend to this afternoon. Just a few moments earlier, she had sneaked within hearing range of the King’s quarters and had listened raptly and drippingly to the King’s encounter with a bed maiden. It stirred her loins. However, she could not show that excitement or act upon it in the castle. Instead, she would release that frustration and heat on Bronson, one of the castle guards. Now, less than three minutes after eavesdropping on His Royal Highness and his maiden, she was, with her dress rolled up to her navel and naked from waist down, on her hands and knees, grunting like a pig, with Bronson diligently engaged in vigorous swordplay behind her.

“Pull my hair! Pull it hard, milord!”

Bronson was happy to oblige. He grabbed her ponytail tightly and snapping her head back as his thick cocksword pounded into her wet and wanton fench.

There were but two words on the shorter maiden’s mind, and with each thrust of Bronson’s huge axe-handle cocksword, and with each slam and slap of his groin on her

plump bunch those words were forced breathlessly one then the other from her lips.

...[slam] King's...!

...[slam] Horse...!

...[slam] King's...!

...[slam] Horse...!

...[slam] King's...!

...[slam] Horse!

The volume and pitch of her words got progressively higher until at last she let out a high scroan, spasmed and shuddered as the climax swept in waves through her body. She hung her head for a moment, panted and collected herself, then lifted it with renewed energy, and resumed slamming her now tingling fench backwards onto Bronson's rigid, pulsating lance twisting her neck and head back to watch his pleasure as he plowed her from behind.

After several minutes of this, from deep within her berry, she could feel Bronson's swordhead start to swell indicating he would soon fire. She reached back between her legs and pulled his long wet lance out of her dripping loin hole. He stood. She spun around, dropped to her knees, positioned herself between his legs, grabbed the base of his cocksword with two hands as she would a real axe handle, and started to slavishly slank and mouth rake his manhood to coax water. She pushed his massive horse as deeply as she could into her mouth, letting it tickle the back of her throat for a few long moments. She held it there, looking up at Bronson for approval of her talents. Her body arched and heaved as she fought back the natural reflex to vomit out the deeply throated invader. Finally, she pulled it out, eyes tearing, gagging, gasping for air, as strings of saliva slung downward suspended between wench tongue and warrior tip.

“Gaaaacckkkk! Make me thy water wench! Give it to

meeee, sire!” she begged breathlessly, then stuck it back in her mouth, slurped up the excess spittle and proceed to rake and slank it some more.

Bronson always enjoyed the shorter maiden, but held no illusions. He knew quite well what was happening. He knew the role he played in her life and in her loins. He knew his meat was in her mouth, but that *he* was not in her mind. In her mind, she fancied herself the King’s choice of plaything. In her mind, she would soon be drinking the King’s water. He knew that she knew he was not the King. He knew that she knew also, that, as he had once overheard her joke to the taller maiden, “Bronson wilt do.”

And do he would. With a deep guttural moan, he erupted several long ropes of hot white kreem onto her form; the first arching over her head and landing on her back and flowing down between the loaves of her bunch, the next perfectly crowning the young maiden, then staining her chest, drenching her face and splattering directly into and stinging her eyes. With eyes stuck shut, she found his steel, popped the head into her mouth, and sucked hungrily upon what was still spewing from his twitching pleasurer.

She sat there swirling the white elixir in her mouth as if it were a fine wine, and savored the drenching the castle guard had just rained upon her. Then she collapsed onto her back, eyes rolled up, legs open, lips apart, drooling kreem, tilling her soil, mumbling softly to herself, no doubt with images of the King on her mind. Her mission, at least for the afternoon, had been accomplished. Tomorrow was another day.

Deleted scene: The Two Maidens

This scene takes place before the courtyard scene

"Didst thou see that? Didst thou feel it?"

"What?"

"What doth thou mean 'what'? The size and swell of his cocksword, of course! 'Twas such as we hath never seen...or felt! Wouldst thou not agree?"

"Oh, I had not noticed."

"What doth thou mean thou hadst not noticed. How could thee not notice!?"

"Well, I had other matters on mind."

"When thou bathe the King and the royal cocksword, my dear, thou should not and *cannot* have elsethings on thy mind! In any event, what was it that he was reading as we bathed him? That letter. What was it? That must be what was swelling his steel so. It surely seemed to make him smile."

"Oh, I think it was some sort of letter from *her*, or something."

"Dost thou mean maiden Reina?"

"Yes. *That* one."

"She is so lucky to be his chosen. And, tell no one I said this, but the King's steel hangs heavier and hoists higher in recent weeks it seems. Perhaps our King is equally fortunate to have one such as her putting shine to shaft," she chuckled. "Doth thou not agree?"

"Certainly. Yes. Can we not speak of other matters today?"

"Hmmm. Is everything well with thee? Thou seem--"

"Of course! Everything is exceptional with me!! Why dost thou ask? I am perfectly happy with my lot."

"Um. I see. Very well, then, let us wash up. We have other duties to attend....and we should steal away and see her before the day is out. I am sure she would be pleased to know the effect she is having on the King!"