

//Sound of hooves

Hmm... yes your highness?

We haven't far to go, as I told you, if our course remains true we will be there before sundown.

Hmpf, many boys of your age are used to riding on horseback. You will get used to it.

Your father has advised that we should reach the outpost by the turn of saturnus and we daren't stop, even to rest your hind-quarters.

My young charge may hold title above my own but I am bound with your protection and I will do whatever it takes to ensure your safety and I do not wish to camp in these parts o'ernight. Too many tales of robbers and vagabonds in these woods and if we were ambushed... well, I do not like to think on it. Come, the journey will go the faster if we do not bemoan it.

Yes... your grace. How could I deny such a strong command as that...

//Horse stops

Easy girl.

We will make camp here, the winds carry warmth and God smiles upon us this night... if my young master wishes to sleep on the dirt, then that is what he shall have. You will make a fire and I will catch us sustenance.

You know how to make a fire do you not my prince?

Confound it, have all my years in your service been wasted? Your father would be ashamed if he could see you squawk like a frightened bird.

Your pardon... your grace... I am overly tired and know not what I say. Try your hardest to start a fire and when I return if the deed isn't done, I will show you. Perhaps the time apart will do us both good.

//Trudging footsteps

//Trudging footsteps //Sound of Night

No fire? Where's your kindling?

None all about? Young Prince... did you do nothing whilst I was away? Would you eat your meat raw like an animal?!

My young master pushes too much at the bounds of my civility. Had I not vowed to keep you safe and well I assure you you would be over my knee in a heart-beat.

Do not attempt to justify your wanton sloth young Master. By God hisself, thou art nothin more than a petulant child and have acted thusly ever since we set out.

And you will do what... your highness? Out here in the middle of nowhere? Will you storm off and get yerself lost in the dread night? What will you do then, eh? You will be crying rivers afore you make it anywhere near a settlement.

Hold yer tongue!

Pathetic welp. Your father is a great man, but in you he has failed. Never have I come across such a brazen, limp-wristed, lolli-gagger as you. Perhaps I am complicit in your state.

But no longer.

You will come here young man and strip your undergarments. Do it!

Your father has never lain a hand on you and it shows, and I will be damned if you are not corrected for your attitude. Take your linens off Boy!

Now here, do not fight it, I will pull your hair out before I let go, cease your infernal whining and bend over my knee. Already blubbering, weak like a coward. You will take your medicine and it will be a hard hand.

//Spank

Must I cover your mouth to stop you screaming? There.

//Spank

Ungrateful welp.

//Spank

A silver spoon in your mouth no longer

//Spank

You may cry out as much as you like, perhaps if the vagabonds in these woods hear you I can gift you to them for the exchange of my life. It would be no loss to the kingdom.

//Spank

Easy... easy... stay still boy... the pain will pass. You did not take your punishment as a man but I am inviting you to hold it now. Let the sting in your cheeks subside and the lesson sink in. I will rub the soreness for you...

Now... take time my young prince to consider how much better your life would be if you... I...

Young ser... is that hardness I feel growing against my thigh... are you aroused?!

By God what a sorry state I find myself in. A petulant boy, soon to be king, bent over my knee and a stiffening rod betwixt his legs.

Perhaps... perhaps this is what you needed, gentle prince? A firm hand to guide you from the beginning? Remain still. I am not finished with you.

I feel your lips against my palm Ser... kiss it.

Now open your mouth and suck the finger... this is proof enough. Your petulance... has all been a cry for attention... my young upstart... had I have known, perhaps I would not have spared the rod so readily...

Your mouth is so soft and warm my prince... as is the tight opening between your legs.

You do not balk an inch at my fingers pressing there, do you?

Your hips rise to meet my touch... and you are surely tempting my resolve... it has been many a year since I have felt the softness of another man's touch... and I would not have ever dreamed it would be the fine ass of a prince to awaken that desire once more.

To the ground your highness... kneel in front of me.

Spread your nakedness as you kneel. Show me how stiff your cock is. Good.

I am confounded by you your grace... so compliant when handled harshly. Open that pretty mouth. Show me the gift of grace. A fine mouth... and such a wonderful set of lips... you enjoy my finger tracing them softly?

I will disrobe... and show you the stuff of a real man.

There... your highness... marvel at the sword of a man... come, little upstart. Show me penance...

- Improv Blowjob
- Reach behind him and loosen his hole
- Improv fucking

- Encourage him to cum
- Don't cum...

His highness is beautiful under moon-light... especially with the glow of climax.

You will not get my seed young master until you have earned it... and now... I understand how best to serve you properly. You need a firm hand and a gentle touch.

We will sleep together this night... you will learn the presence of a man beside you... and in the morning, when we reach our destination, we will share quarters and at night, once our business is concluded you will feel my touch once more...

My young upstart... how quickly does my love for you grow. Now... be a good boy and fetch kindling for the fire. Do so without your britches. We will eat tonight naked and once we have fed... I will feed you my own nectar.

Now go. I will prepare the meat, don't dally, or you will feel my hands again.