

The Princess and the Pee

A young woman in a neo-puritanical society is arranged to be married to a virgin boy, but she's hiding two secrets that may end the marriage before it starts: she barely knows a thing about sex, and she wets the bed!

It was an event of great fortune to be born in Anwaria, where the most Influential families on Earth lived. One was very fortunate to be born at all in the year 2612, as abundant atmospheric radiation hindered reproduction. Chika's parents reminded her of this when she threw a fit upon learning of her arranged betrothal to Tamitab Balran.

"I don't know him," Chika complained to her mother. "How could you expect me to marry him?"

Olga, who had the same thick eyebrows as her daughter, looked at her with stubborn determination. "You know him very well. His social presence has been prominent for years, and his family's social history goes back to the early 2000's!"

Chika frowned. Although she was only 23, she was far too established in her career to be spoken to like a child. "Sure, but I've never actually met him, have I? And you want us to marry in four days?"

Chika's father put a reassuring hand on his daughter's shoulder. "Your mother and I married the day after our engagement."

"I know," Chika said through gritted teeth.

A woman with a double-chin tapped her knuckles against the door to Chika's room.

"Pardon me mams and missurs," she said, "but our dear Chika needs to leave for work soon."

"Thank you Jenny," said Chika, grateful for the appearance of her handmaid.

"Think about all we've said," warned Olga. "Tomorrow afternoon will be the pre-marital ceremony. You can decide then if you'd prefer to leave home, or trust our judgment."

Jenny laid Chika's three-piece suit on the bed and allowed the young woman to dress herself.

"I've been afraid this would happen ever since I got my last round of fertility tests back," Chika said.

"You've got to be one of the only people on Earth who's upset she has healthy ovaries."

"I'm not upset. Obviously I want to have kids, it's just..."

"The bedwetting thing?"

"Jenny!" She knew there were no cameras around, but in a society where people broadcasted most of their lives to the public, the feeling of being watched never truly went away.

“It’s not that, so much,” Chika said, feeling her face heat up like it was underneath a sunlamp. “It’s, well, the sex..”

“Oh my! You don’t want to hear about bedwetting, but you’ll say that word to an old maid like me?”

Suddenly feeling exposed, Chika turned around while she finished tying together the straps of her suit jacket. She’d known Jenny for her entire life — in many regards, she was her closest friend, yet they’d never broached this particular topic.

Jenny placed a pair of red shoes gently on the floor behind Chika. “I’m afraid I can’t help you much there, my love, as it’s never been my business, but it can’t possibly be disgusting as it sounds.”

Chika watched virtual raindrops fall down the tall virtual window across from her. She’d never had much of an interest in sex either; it wasn’t proper, typically wasn’t productive, and like most people on Earth, her body didn’t produce enough hormones to drive arousal with any regularity.

Her commiseration was cut short by a gasp from Jenny. Chika whipped her head around, already afraid of what she’d see.

“Gods of stone, what is happening to your shoe?” said Jenny.

Chika looked down at the red flat as it burst into a plume of purple smoke. She jumped away, batting at the air while Jenny shrieked like a hyena.

“Go get help!” Chika shouted, not knowing what else to do. As the smoke began to clear, she caught sight of her handmaid — the old woman’s wrinkled jowls were stretched into a devious smile.

Chika’s fear began to melt away. “I see you’ve been to the magic shop again.”

“It’s the only reason I ever go above ground,” said the handmaid proudly. She shoved her hand into her pocket and pulled out a silver ring. “Throw this trinket on the floor, and *boom!*”

Chika took the ring and examined its smooth exterior. “That’s actually pretty cool. Can I keep it?”

“Won’t you be getting a much prettier ring soon?”

“We’ll see how this one feels,” Chika said as she slid the ring onto her finger. In the absence of any other preparation, it would have to do.

That night, Chika dreamt of a grand ball. Women spun in dance, their dresses fanning out in circles. As she walked between them, her ankles were caught by their skirts, which were made of rough bedsheets. She was thrown to the ground, and her legs pulled apart, and her face smothered in fabric, until she awoke with a gasping breath. Between her legs, she felt the telltale wetness. It happened every night, ever since she was a child. Her parents were as embarrassed of it as she was, so it was never, ever addressed.

She washed the urine off of herself in the shower while Jenny silently passed a handmop over the bed. When they were done, Jenny dressed her in a traditional Anwarian gown made of a shag-carpet-like material that had been dyed with bubbly blotches of red and orange and blue.

“Tamitab is a lucky boy, Chika. You’re beautiful, inquisitive, and I know you’d drill into the center of the earth to help a stranger.”

Chika could only think of what Jenny wasn’t saying. How she urinated herself every night, how Tamitab would leap out of their bed the moment he found out and never get back into it. Their marriage would be fruitless, like so many others.

Chika’s betrothal to Tamitab was conspicuous enough for their pre-marital ceremony to be held in the Porinwood Ballroom, a grand venue made of marble. Unlike most event spaces, which were above the Earth’s surface, Porinwood was deep in the mantle, below even Chika’s home. It was completely protected from the radiation that permeated the atmosphere, which made it a highly coveted venue.

Tamitab sat on top of a raised platform, in an opulent upholstered chair. His neck ruffles were appropriately voluminous, pressing his perfectly pudgy cheeks into a fashionably baby-like form. His cardigan, made of Anwarian shag, was also appropriate, if somewhat too colorful. The truly scandalous part of his ensemble was his *ceinture chasteté*— the protective codpiece made of lead worn by all men. Tamitab’s ceinture was plated with blinding gold, and was so tight, the fat on his thighs bulged suggestively from the cienteure’s leg holes. Such an outfit may not have looked so outrageous on an older man, but on a virgin eighteen-year-old boy, being offered as a donor to a successful wife, his clothes were shocking.

Shock was very clearly his goal, as his baby face bore no hint of shame in response to the disapproving nods of those around him. More than half of the people in the room were streaming

to their followers, made obvious by the floating orbs in front of their faces. Most of them had the manners to silence their voices with breath collars, but Chika could read from their lips that they were gossiping wildly about the boy betrothed.

A glint caught Chika's eye, and she turned to see her own father, wearing a nearly identical silver ceinture, speaking to his followers through the camera hovering before him. Sweat began to burst through the makeup on Chika's forehead as she read his lips.

"Of course, what else would we expect from Tamitab Balran," he said. "The boy has avoided marriage for so long that he would be considered by many countries to already be a man, despite his lack of heirs. His confidence is infectious! Why, I'm beyond confident we will soon have a grandchild!"

An ear-splitting trumpet blew from behind Chika, signaling her arrival. Hundreds of camera orbs disappeared behind the necks of their owners, and all eyes became fixed on the girl betrothed.

Chika took a deep breath. The stagnant, sweaty, subterranean air did little to calm her nerves as her mother led her to the altar on which Tamitab was seated.

After completing their traditional introduction, the couple was permitted to hold hands as they walked to the dance floor. His hands were warm and wet, and made Chika's stomach churn as if they were already spinning around in dance. She could feel his eyes on her, but she kept staring ahead, tracing the gold-leaf molding that lined the floor-to-ceiling mirror across from them.

They began the ceremonial dance, stepping around each other, then apart, then together in repeat, tracing an ovular pattern across the floor. Chika kept close focus on her steps, counting the beats in her head because her ears buzzed too loudly to hear the music. If the crowd around them was talking, she could not tell, as their faces mashed together in a tan blur.

Tamitab's voice cut through her focus. "You look very nervous."

They moved apart before she could think of a response. Her head was still swimming by the time they came together again.

"I think I know what you're so nervous about." He kept his lips still as he spoke, preventing any lip-readers from learning his words.

"Is that so?" she replied.

“I’ve watched a bunch of sex videos,” Tamitab said. “From the hidden net. I know what I’m doing.”

Chika’s foot caught on the floor and she fell to the ground, her legs too frozen in surprise to catch her. Jenny ran forward to help, but Tamitab held up his hand. With some effort, he adjusted his codpiece and knelt down beside her.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered. “That was very forward. Let me help you up.”

Chika took his pudgy hand, and used him as a fulcrum to stand.

“You’ve seen videos of...” she trailed off. Her ears roared like a rushing waterfall, so she didn’t trust herself to speak at the right volume.

Tamitab nodded, and began the dance again. Chika had heard that such videos existed, but had never seen one. Suddenly, she felt a small twinge in her lower belly — an unfamiliar warmth spread to her chest, then to her head, where it sparked curiosity.

“Can I see them?” she asked.

“Really? You want to?”

Chika was so excited, she forgot to keep her lips from moving. “Yes!”

“I guess we can watch them as soon as we’re married.”

“You can’t send them to me tonight?”

“Over the net? No way. They’re on a fiz box,” he said, tapping his chest pocket as he brought his hands into the air and snapped his fingers.

Chika snapped her fingers too, though much more angrily. She had to know what she was getting herself into before her fate was sealed.

“Give it to me,” she said.

“The fiz box? How? Everyone is watching.”

Chika gritted her teeth. There were only a few steps left in the dance. Soon they’d be separated, and the next time they would meet would be at their wedding. This was her only chance to learn what was in store for her. If she couldn’t handle it, she could run away. Being apart from her family was preferable to a lifetime of being forced into a bed that neither partner wanted to be in.

The couple raised their hands for the final move in the dance. As Chika snapped her fingers, an idea popped into her head.

“Be ready to give me the fiz,” she said. Tamitab looked at her with confusion in his expertly manicured brows.

Chika gripped the magic ring from Jenny and pulled it from her finger. With a flourish, she threw it onto the ground. Purple smoke burst forth into the air, quickly enshrouding the betrothed. Unable to see anything, Chika reached for Tamitab, praying he had not already fled. Her fingers found his shaggy cardigan, and she fumbled for his inner pocket. He allowed her to work, and soon she felt a palm-sized tablet. She pulled out the fiz box and shoved it down the front of her dress just as the smoke began to clear.

It was not the smoothest trick, but the mildly amused faces of the crowd told her she had pulled it off. Jenny began to clap with glee, and soon the rest of the dignitaries joined in the applause.

That night, Chika locked her door, activated her breath collar, and called Tamitab. She hadn’t wanted him to be present, even virtually, but he had insisted, refusing to give her the password until she did.

“It’s chorbzor785,” his holographic bust said from the foot of her bed. “Once you’re in, go to the folder named ‘folder’.”

“Very secure,” Chika said with a smirk. She opened the folder and found six videos inside. “Which should I watch?”

Dimples appeared in Tamitab’s chubby cheeks as he pondered. “I guess I’ll show you the first video I ever watched. It’s tres trill.”

Chika nodded again, so far out of her depth that it felt hard to breathe, almost as if she were drowning in anticipation.

“It’s the one called ‘one’.”

A naked woman appeared on the screen, and Chika’s hand instinctively moved over her own privates. The woman had small breasts, and was lying on a white bed. A man entered the screen at the woman’s feet, and Chika’s heart began to thump like a deep earth drill. The man placed his hand onto the woman’s vulva and began moving it. Chika wondered what that felt like — the woman was clearly enjoying it. Her back arched, pushing her firm, pink nipples in the air, and she let out a melodic sigh as the man moved the position of his hand. The thumping in Chika’s chest traveled down into her lower belly, and for a moment she wanted to turn the video

off, but then the man growled. Chika felt as though her heart had suddenly moved into her vagina, and was keeping her alive there, pulsing, making her feel almost like she needed to...

The woman yelled in the pitch of a young girl, and a spout appeared from between her legs. Chika watched with horror as the stream hit the man's face. But he didn't move away, no, he began to smile, and then...

"Oh! Oh no! He opened his mouth!" Chika cried out, finally putting her hand over the screen. She felt such a mix of emotions inside of her; disgust, fear, but also excitement and glee, not unlike when Jenny pulled one of her magic tricks.

Tamitab grinned. "It's ok! It's all part of the sex!"

"That's sex?" she yelled.

"It's one type of sex. There's four types, actually, which I can explain more about when we're married."

Warm curiosity tinged in every cell of her body. She knew she had to ask at least one more question.

"That type of sex, it's what you like? A woman...peeing on you?"

A rosy blush appeared on Tamitab's cheeks. "Well, yes, of course."

Chika felt very fortunate indeed.