

Pleasuring Thine Injured Princess

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- ❖ **Tags:**
[F4F] [princess speaker] [knight listener] [archaic English] [confession] [forbidden love] **[18+]** [breast play] [fingering] [speaker orgasm] [listener orgasm]
- ❖ **Date:**
10 January 2024
- ❖ **Words:**
2,000 spoken words
- ❖ **Summary:**
Thou noticest that the princess hath left for the grove in the nearby forest, without the protection of her guard. When thou reachest her, thou findest that she is in combat with a wild wolf, and with thine aid, the two of you drive it off. At thine insistence, she alloweth thee to attend to her wounds, and she revealeth that she hath noticed thine affections for her, though this revelation cometh with a confession of her own.

A noncanon NSFW/18+ version of [\[F4F\] Rescuing Thine Injured Princess](#).

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 - ❖ **Editing:**
Small changes to the scripts are okay, but please ask before making any major line changes, additions, deletions, gender swaps, etc. Vocal cues and sound effects are suggestions, so feel free to be creative with those!
 - ❖ **Other notes:**
I find it easier to write the listener's dialogue rather than keep track of half of a conversation, so their lines are given for context but aren't meant to be voiced. The word counts given only include the spoken text.
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Characters:

- **Isolde (speaker)** — Princess of the realm, next in line for the throne. She is well-educated and perceptive of those around her, and is considered quite clever, and she always

seemeth to have a plan at hand. Despite—or perhaps because of—her station, she acteth with certain independence, liberal in her beliefs and loathe to merely conform to societal norms. She hath noticed the listener's apparent affection for her, and is eager to return it to someone she such admireth, even if such return needeth remain at present secret, though she desireth strongly that their relationship should become publicly recognised as any counterpart arrangement that mayeth be proposed.

- **unnamed listener** — One of very few female knights in the realm, yet she hath amongst the highest records of the knights. She is generally well-respected by those around her, yet she faceth undue slight on account of her sex. She is very diligent and hard-working—a fact which her position proveth—and like her princess, striveth to challenge expectations; however, this earneth her a reputation which resulteth in her being distanced by many and which seeth her unfavourable by most men to be wed—which bothereth her not, especially as such qualities are precisely that which, in part, draweth the princess toward her.

Formatting Guide:

spoken text (Isolde)

(tone marker)

[...] = a short pause

[This is a stage direction and/or SFX.]

« example listener dialogue, not intended to be voiced »

[Forest near the castle, early evening. Isolde hath wandered off on her own through the forest and is currently being attacked by a wolf, though she is mostly able to hold her own with the dagger she carrieth. Sounds of this scuffle are audible as the listener rusheth in, sword drawn.]

« (concerned) Princess! »

(distracted) Who is there?

[Isolde instinctively turneth to face the listener momentarily, breaking her concentration and allowing the wolf to scratch her left arm. She draweth a breath through her teeth in pain.]

(pained) Thou wilt pay for that, wolf...

« (as she cometh up to Isolde) Princess, fall back! »

[The wolf noticeth the listener approach and instead chooseth to disengage, retreating into the forest.]

(playfully) Hmph. It is probably wise not to face us two-on-one, I suppose.

« (concerned) Are you okay? »

Hm? Yes, I'm fine.

« Truthfully, Princess. »

(sighs, acquiescently) Fine... Two minor injuries: a shallow bite on my calf and this scratch upon mine arm.

« May I see them? »

Yes, thou mayest.

[Isolde showeth the listener her two injuries from her fight with the wolf.]

« These are not "minor" injuries. »

I suppose they may look that way on account of the fact that the wolf did manage to draw blood, but these do not pain me.

« "Yet", my Lady. The adrenaline of the fight courseth yet within you. »

Perhaps. Even now, I can feel my heart racing, so perhaps it is the adrenaline which is merely staving off the pain.

« Regardless, it is prudent to wash the wounds and to bandage them so as to ensure they doth not become infected. »

Indeed, if thou dost insist. I know this forest well: there is a small creek nearby, just beyond this hill, which seemeth something of a secret.

« Very well. Can you walk, Princess? »

Yes, my knight. *(sharply, yet playfully)* I am not so fragile as thou seemest to believe.

« *(bashfully)* I'm sorry. I do not mean to doubt your abilities. »

[The two begin walking.]

(after a moment) Rather, in truth, I do appreciate thy concern. Thou hast always been inordinately kind to me.

« *(flustered)* I-It is merely my duty, Princess... »

(giggling) Nn... Thy duty is to protect me, Miss Knight. What thou doest beyond that is merely by social etiquette or of thine own volition.

« I... But then still I have failed in my duty on account of your injuries. I have not protected you. »

(gently) On the contrary. In fact, thou hast protected me far better than any of thy fellow knights, hast thou not? Dost thou think that they have even noticed mine absence?

« *(quietly)* I suppose that's true. »

Indeed.

[The two continue walking for a few moments. The flowing creek soon becometh audible.]

There. Betwixt those trees and those rocks, we shall find the creek. Canst thou hear it?

« Yes, I do. »

[After another short lull, the two arrive at the creek. Isolde moveth to take a seat on one of the rocks near the edge of the water.]

(tentatively) May I sit down here and entrust myself to thy care?

« Of course, My Lady. »

Thank you.

[Isolde taketh a seat on the rock.]

Being short, it doth not seem that the skirt of this dress is in any way damaged. Shall it suffice if I remove this shoe and stocking?

« I believe so, yes. »

Very well.

[Isolde removeth her right shoe and stocking revealing her injury. Seeing it for the first time, she is suddenly concerned.]

(tentatively) How severe is it?

[The listener inspecteth the wound and hesitateth, searching for a proper response.]

« You're lucky, in some ways. »

(lightly, almost laughing) "Lucky" to have been attacked by a wolf?

« (quickly) No. No, of course not. It's merely that, given the circumstances, it could be much worse. »

[After a moment, the listener starteth scooping water from the creek over Isolde's wound. Isolde is surprised by the water's coldness.]

(surprised) Ah!

« Are you okay? »

Y-Yes, I'm fine. The water is merely cold and caught me by surprise. Nothing more. Thou mayest continue, please.

« I have a cloth and some bandages. Please, Princess, allow me to... »

(warmly) Thou art indeed prepared, then. (slightly tongue-in-cheek) Thou wouldst be surprised, perhaps, by the reports I hear from Sir Brangaine about some of the other knights.

[The listener doth not initially respond, afraid to speak ill of the other knights but afraid to openly disagree with the princess. Isolde can sense this.]

(gently) At ease, gentle knight. Thou needst not be so nervous in my company. I do seem to recall having this conversation with thee once or twice before.

« I'm sorry, Princess. »

Nn, thou needst not apologise. I merely... (trails off) No matter. Continue, please.

« Very well. Though I must warn you that it shall hurt whilst I finish cleaning it. »

Yes, I understand. I trust that thou wilt be gentle, so... worry not.

[The listener cleaneth and bandageth the bite on Isolde's leg. Isolde mayeth let out a sound of pain occasionally throughout.]

...And now the one on mine arm?

« Yes, Princess. »

'Tis a shame the sleeve hath ripped. I quite like this dress... I'll have to ask Lady Ilia to repair it before my father findeth out...

The issue at present, however, is that I cannot raise this sleeve high enough that thou canst attend to that scratch as well. Canst thou unfasten the buttons along my back?

[The listener hesitateth, blushing.]

(teasingly) **Thy cheeks have turned such a bright red. *(gently)* Doth the idea dissettle thee? *(breathlessly)* or, perhaps, rather... excite thee?**

« P-Princess, the indecency...! »

(flirtatiously) **I see little issue with it. We are but two women alone in the forest, far from any prying eyes... Besides, I have naught that thou hast not in this regard, nor the contrary, so thou needest feel no shame.**

[The listener hesitateth, but acquiesceth, beginning to undo the buttons along Isolde's back.]

« L-Like this, Princess? »

Indeed... Thou art most gentle and thy hands are rather warm...

[The listener finisheth unbuttoning the bodice of the dress, and Isolde pulleth her torso from it, allowing the listener to clean and bandage her arm.]

Thou seest? I believe thou didst forget my chemise.

[A lull while the listener finisheth banding the injury. Ere she helpeth Isolde into the dress:]

« Are you okay? You seem rather disquiet. »

(flustered, restrained) **Yes, I had merely hoped I might display greater composure, and yet... Yet thy warmth is... *(trails off)***

May I ask thee a question? It is of rather... intimate... concern, and thus thou needest not answer should it discomfort thee.

« O-Of course. You are the princess—you need not ask my permission. »

(sighs) Perhaps not, yet I do not desire that this conversation be eclipsed by our positions. I need that thou forgettest that I am the princess.

(passionately) Forgive me, gentle knight, if mine assumptions should prove in error, and I shall humbly accept what abashment or modesty thou thinkest fair for so grossly overstepping, but else:

It being advantageous that I be trained in my perceptions of people, I think to have noticed the way thine eye oft trieth to intercept mine, and I hope to correctly recognise its tender longing as mine own. For it seemeth that thine eye seeketh neither the hearts of men, but—if I may be so bold—rather, mine... just as mine hath long sought thine.

(faintly, shyly) ...Are mine eyes and aims misplaced?

« (flustered) I... Princess... I have not the words to express my thoughts at present. »

(gently) There shall be a time for articulate thoughts, shouldst thou wish it. For now...

(breathlessly) No, a mere nod or shake of thy head shall suffice, my dear.

[The listener noddeth silently. Isolde reacheth up to her, and they begin to kiss, slowly and passionately.]

(breathlessly) Good girl...

« Forgive me. I had never allowed myself to entertain the idea that you might share these indecent ideas of mine. »

Well, entertain the idea now, dear. And know that our desires seem one in this regard, if thy sense of passion speaketh truthfully. Though I assure thee also that this is not solely some ill-considered act of lust but that I do want thee, in all senses of the word.

« Your answer pleaseth me well. »

(giggling) And thine me.

[The two resume kissing, and after a moment, the listener moveth her attention to Isolde's neck, causing Isolde to gasp.]

Ah... Thy kisses upon my neck... Such tender softness as I had not imagined...

Please... Give me thy hand...

[The listener giveth her hand, and Isolde guideth it to her chest, palm flat against her breasts so that the listener may feel her heartbeat.]

...and feel upon my bosom how thou makest my heart flutter with near the pace of a hummingbird's wings by combined virtue of present pleasure and anticipation...

« (shyly, pulling her hand back) Is... Is this truly okay, Princess? »

(gently, softly) If thou art discomforted, thou needest only say as much, and I promise thee that we will at once bring end to this exercise... with no judgment on my part and no guilt on thine...

(gently, softly) But else yes, I assure thee: thou needest not worry about issues of appropriateness of action, nor of concerns regarding our sex or titles, such as they are. Thou hast my permission both personal and as princess—(slightly shyly) and even the former's (slightly emphasised) desire—to do here as thou wishest without hesitation or uncertainty in lack of experience or else...

(whispered) No, thou needest only grant thyself thine own.

Doth that serve to allay thy concerns?

« Yes, Princess. »

[Isolde kisseth the listener once again.]

(gently, yet firmly) But thou wilt tell me if I at any point overstep or make thee uncomfortable, yes?

« Yes, I assure you of that, so long as you promise to tell me the same. »

I promise. (quietly, slyly) Then let us continue, hm? Thou mayest return thy hand, though thou needest not be unmoving in thy touch.

[Isolde guideth the listener's hand back to her chest, cupping one of her breasts and squeezing it.]

Here... Feel the softness and fullness of my breasts as thou cuppest them in thy hands...

[She kisseth the listener once.]

(whispered) Thine other hand, please?

[The listener giveth Isolde her other hand, which Isolde guideth to her other breast.]

(seductively) Doth it excite thee that I guide your hands so, across such an intimate area of my body? Canst thou feel mine own excitement, how thy gentlest touch, even overtop my chemise, maketh so instantly my nipples betray my pleasure.

« (flustered) I... I can, yes. »

(just above a whisper) **I hope that that should be proof enough to encourage thy boldness which I can tell lurks just below thy surface. For I can see that thou art thine own restraint. Release this restraint and—**

[The listener alloweth herself to act, freed of her hesitation by Isolde's remarks. She firmly taketh Isolde's breasts in hand and pincheth one of her nipples, which causeth her to let out a moan of pleasure.]

« (playfully) *Is this what you meant, Princess?* »

(giggling) **Indeed—I did foretell such boldness in thee, and yet thou still didst catch me by surprise.**

« *I'm sorry, Princess.* »

Nn... please do not apologise. Rather...

« *"Rather"...?* »

Mm. Rather... Couldst thou aid me in removing this chemise so that I might feel thy touch upon mine actual skin?

« (whispered) *As you wish.* »

[The listener helpeth Isolde to remove her chemise, which leaveth her completely topless.]

(giggles, somewhat shyly) **What dost thou think?**

« *That you possess an unfair beauty and refinement which tempt me beyond any possible inhibition.* »

[The listener continueth fondling Isolde's breasts while simultaneously kissing her—starting on the neck and slowly moving down her body to her breasts.]

If thou continuest to fondle them so... (gasps) and use thy mouth upon them also...

« *Doth it feel good?* »

Oh, 'tis better than thou canst imagine, (slyly) ere yet I have the opportunity to return the favour.

[The listener taketh one of Isolde's nipple into her mouth.]

(moans) **Thy... Thy tongue... The way thou dost twirl it around my nipple... It doth feel beyond description...**

(faintly) **Canst thou... do the same to mine other?**

[The listener doest so, taking Isolde's other nipple into her mouth, which causeth Isolde to let out another moan.]

Yes... Just like that...

[After a moment, the listener continueth to slowly move her kisses down Isolde's stomach, to her waist. This tickleth Isolde, who giggleth slightly.]

(giggling) **Thy kisses on my stomach tickle me.**

(quickly, before the listener can respond) **Nn, 'tis fine, 'tis fine. Worry not.**

[The listener pulleth gently at the waist of Isolde's dress.]

« ...May I? »

(sarcastically surprised) **Oh? Thou wishest that I should remove mine entire dress? (teasingly) Tell me, my dear, which of us did earlier raise concern of the apparent "indecenty" that I should remove the mere bodice of this dress with yet my chemise?**

[The listener blusheth, flustered.]

« (flustered) ...'Twas me. »

(giggles, then:) **Indeed, 'twas thee... (whispered, seductively) and yet how quickly thou dost change thy words, hm?**

But... yes... please...

[The listener pulleth at the waist of Isolde's dress and undergarments, pulling them off of her, with Isolde raising herself enough that the listener can slide the dress and undergarments under her butt. This leaveth Isolde wearing only one shoe and stocking opposite her first injury.]

(giggling) **We might as well remove these as well, no?**

[They remove these also. The listener moveth to give her attention to Isolde's lower half, but Isolde interrupteth.]

Ah, ere thou shouldst... continue thine attention... down there, I have a request, if I may?

« (surprised) Yes? What is it? »

(quietly, seductively) **It to me seemeth unjust that I should be the only one without her clothes. I would that I might be able to experience and appreciate likewise thy body and return even a mere fraction of that pleasure which thou hast given me... though I certainly intend to do far better than that...**

[Isolde leaneth forward and kisseth the listener upon the lips. She placeth her hand at the hem of the listener's shirt, pulling up at it slightly.]

...May I?

« (nodding) Please. »

(quietly) Arms up, then.

[The listener raiseth her arms above her head, and Isolde lifteth her top over her head. She removeth also the listener's undershirt, which rendereth her topless. Isolde tosseth the shirts onto the ground nearby.]

(almost awestruck) Thou leavest me almost without words entire... Thou hast despite thy position such a beautiful and feminine form...

[The listener blusheth and trieth to deflect the compliment.]

« B-But, Princess... »

[Isolde silenceth her with a kiss.]

(gently) Nn, I would never lie to thee.

[Isolde begineth to gently run her hands along the listener's body, from her shoulders to her waist.]

Thou hast such a delicate softness to thy skin as I run my hands across it, and—(preempting the listener's deflection) what scars or other imperfections which thou mayst perceive, they are mere testaments to whom thou art.

« You do not think them unsightly? »

(gently) Nn... Rather the contrary...

[Isolde kisseth the listener on the lips, then moves down her body, naming the parts as she kisseth them.]

Thy lips... (kiss) ...thy collarbone... (kiss) ...thy breasts—one... (kiss) ...and two... (kiss)—...thy stomach... (kiss) ...thy waist... (kiss)

[Isolde pulleth at the waistband of the listener's trousers.]

(whispered) ...May I remove these as well?

[The listener noddeth, and Isolde continueth her exploration as she pulleth the trousers down.]

...thine upper thigh... (kiss)

[Isolde finisheth pulling off the trousers, and indicateth for the listener to step out of them, which rendereth her entirely naked. With all their clothes in a pile on the ground, Isolde runneth her finger from the listener's ankle up toward her waist along the inside of her leg.]

And if I should lightly run my finger gently up thy leg... along thine inner thigh...

[As Isolde doeth this, the listener quivereth and whimpereth in pleasure and anticipation.]

(playfully) Then I should feel thy quivering and hear thy cute little whimpers, it would seem.

« (flustered) C-Cute? »

Mhm... (playfully, slyly) I wonder what reaction I might receive if I were to touch thee in this sensitive spot of thine...

[Isolde lightly traceth her finger across to the listener's clitoris, then more broadly across her vulva. From here, the listener is likely to make any number of vocalisations of pleasure—moans, fragments of speech, or the like—but they are not cued as they're of little specific relevance.]

(giggling) A rather pleased one, hm? Doth this feel good, sweetheart?

« It feeleth amazing, Princess... Though I lack the words to express it in full. »

(whispered) Good... It pleaseth me greatly that I can pleasure thee to such extent...

[As she speaketh, Isolde continueth to use one hand to pleasure the listener's vulva whilst she moveth upward and useth her other hand to pleasure her breasts, then begineth to kiss her lips.]

And if I should leave my one hand down here to explore these most feminine folds... and bring mine other up here to play with thy breasts and tease thy nipples so... and my lips up to kiss thine...

(after a moment) Yes... Yes... Let me hear thy moans, the manifestations of thy pleasure...

(whispered) Good girl...

[After a few seconds, the listener reciprocate the attention, sliding one hand down to Isolde's chest and the other betwixt her legs. Whilst the listener pleasureth her, Isolde may make sounds of pleasure throughout—moans, gasps, etc., even if uncued here.]

« I wish to please you too, that we might both enjoy ourselves. »

(gasps) Y-Yes, thou mayest... Thou mayest touch me as well...

Though, might we lay down? (faintly) I do not trust myself to remain standing.

« Indeed. That soundeth a rather sensible choice. »

[The two momentarily break from their action, and Isolde layeth out her chemise on the ground before laying on her back atop it.]

(after a moment) It doth fluster me how thou standest over me in such a vulnerable position... Please, lower thyself that we might continue... I need thy hands upon me once more...

[The listener lowereth herself to straddle Isolde's waist on her knees and leaning forward to kiss her.]

« As you wish, Princess... »

[They resume their kissing and fingering.]

Oh, the combined feeling of thy fingers upon my nipples and my clit— (broken off by a moan)

Thou... sendest a wave which tinglenth with warmth and pleasure through mine entire body... which reacheth its strongest right... (sliding a finger into the listener's vagina) here, if thou understandest.

[Isolde's sudden insertion catcheth the listener off-guard; the listener moaneth and subconsciously clencheth her vagina around Isolde's finger as she continueth.]

Ah, how thou clenchest around my finger...! Thou art so warm and so tight... and yet so wet that my finger doth slide so easily...

« (between moans) May I... put a finger inside you too? »

(desperately) Yes... Please do...

[The listener doeth so, and the two continue pleasuring each other in this manner. From here, both Isolde and the listener become increasingly incoherent, their action accompanied more by pleased moaning, gasping, and the like than by actual words. Whilst they continue to climb toward climax, their breathing becometh quicker and more ragged, their moans louder and more frequent, etc. After some time, as they both near climax:]

(near orgasm, between breaths) Ah... I am about to...

« I am... as well... »

(near orgasm, between breaths) Thy hand, please...

[Isolde taketh the listener's hand in her own, clasping their fingers together whilst they continue to finger each other with their other hands.]

(near orgasm, between breaths) **Let's... together... okay...?**

« Please, Princess... I'm so close... »

[After another short moment, the two reach climax and orgasm together, separated by only a few seconds. When they manage to calm down somewhat, a few seconds later:]

(gently, relieved yet short of breath) **Come here, sweetheart... Thou canst lay on me...**

[The listener stoppeth holding herself up and layeth upon Isolde, nestling her head into Isolde's shoulder, their chests pressed together.]

(gently) **Let me hold thee whilst we calm down... Thy weight and warmth against my chest are rather comforting...**

How dost thou feel?

« (panting) 'Twas... a wondrous experience beyond what I had dreamt. Yet I am not sure the full weight of it hath quite come upon me. »

I am relieved that thou shouldst say that... (giggling) 'Twas certainly an experience I do not intend to forget, either.

(warmly) **I worried long about what thy response might have been to any advances I may have made, but... (gently kisses her) I suspect now I need not be particularly concerned. Nor needest thou maintain any worries...**

« But... what shall happen now? »

(sighs) **An excellent question, and yet one whose answer I have not yet found, I must admit. Beyond such physical attraction which is so evidenced, I do care deeply for thee, and—at risk of improper presumption—I believe that thou dost reciprocate this affection.**

« Indeed, I do... Far greater than any which be required by my title. »

If it should please thee, I would that we might pursue such relationship as would be seen equal to any counterpart which might be otherwise arranged for us... (slightly annoyed) ...yet it doth seem that some discussion may need be had in that regard.

(slyly) **As the kingdom's "clever little princess", however, I have a suggestion which might please you?**

« Hm? What is it? »

[Isolde gently runneth her fingers through the listener's hair.]

Wouldst thou accept were I to propose that thou permanently become mine own personal guard, rather than that the role continueth on rotation of all the knights of sufficient calibre?

« (surprised) Of course, Princess. I would be most honoured. »

(warmly) Thine answer pleaseth me well. In addition that the idea conferreth upon thee an additional mark of honour—(aside, affectionately) such as thou needest not—it should grant us some additional affordance of regular privacy without much risk of suspicion.

« That seemeth an excellent idea, but is not the question itself due to arouse some suspicion? »

(pondering a moment) I do not believe it to be much of an issue. I can conjure two or three propositions even just at present which should make well our case.

(giggling) If there be nothing else, thou wert she who came to my rescue today, wert thou not?

« You would admit your own negligence of safety in going off on your own? »

(warmly) If it be necessary, I would admit to them far greater error, if it should mean...

« You make a strong point. »

Then I will speak with my parents this evening on the matter. I suspect that it shall pass without incident, yet thou shouldst be prepared for a summons to testify to thine own end.

« That seemeth fair and just. I am content with that. »

Good... (relaxed) In the meantime... let us remain like this here a while longer... Okay, sweetheart?