

# A Royal Lesson

**For TGStudios**  
**By TheSpiralledEye**

*A concubine switches places with her prince and discovers how much she loves being in control.*

“You remember what to do?”

Gwendolyn nodded nervously, her fingers tightening around the small bottle so hard her knuckles turned white.

“Remember my dear, this is your chance.” Adric, the crown prince's advisor smiled kindly down at her, “Prince Darien is simply too stubborn to be king. His refusal to listen to my advice is going to hurt the people of this country, you don't want that do you?”

“No...”

It had been a week since she agreed to help Adric replace her prince. As his favourite concubine, she had ample time alone with him while his guard was down. It made perfect sense for her to be the one to take his place. The royal advisor and wizard had worked together to create a potion, all she needed to do was slip it to him tonight after taking a sip herself and their magic would do the rest.

Once she was prince, she would have a life of luxury, no more bowing or giving in to his every demand, no more nightly services where he left her sore and unfulfilled. She wouldn't even need to worry about the day to day running of the kingdom as Adric assured her she would simply be a figurehead. It was a gateway to a life of ease that she could never know otherwise. Still, part of her did feel bad betraying the prince's trust.

She bayed Adric goodbye and began walking to the Prince's chamber, doing her best to harden her heart against him. After all, perhaps she would not be so tempted to betray him if he gave her a little pleasure once in a while. The man was awful in bed, she never even got close to an orgasm with him. AT least she had other clients for that before but ever since he insisted she become his personal concubine Gwendolyn had only known satisfaction with herself. Was it so wrong to want a little respect and affection? Timidly she knocked, a small bottle still clenched in her hands.

"You're late." Prince Darien drawled, sitting behind his desk with the audacity to look irritated.

"I'm sorry my liege I-"

"I care not for your excuses, my whore, now undress and make yourself useful." He waved her off, standing and moving toward the fireplace to disrobe himself.

Gwendolyn's grip on the bottle loosened, her guilt for her future actions already fading. This prick didn't deserve all that he had; the idea of taking it from him was becoming more appealing by the second. She bit her tongue, as she often had to and instead made her way over to his desk and poured themselves a glass of wine each, checking over her shoulder before sipping the potion and pouring the rest into his glass.

"First my king, perhaps a drink?" She suggested sweetly, "You look so very stressed, I am sure your duties have been a weight upon your shoulders today."

Prince Darien drank up the praise and took the goblet without question, drinking it down eagerly. Gwendolyn held her breath, how long would it take until the potion took effect? The prince showed no signs that anything was amiss, already naked he gave her an expectant look. Trying her best to hide the disappointment, slowly mounting Gwendolyn let her loose robes fall to the ground. She never bothered with undergarments; Darien was not one for foreplay at all. Indeed he did not hesitate to grab hold of her sizable breasts within moments of them being exposed. Unlike most of the common folk, who were skinny thanks to meagre food, Gwendolyn had been blessed with a full figure. It was the thing Darien loved so much about her.

His hands roamed about her body, squeezing her ass and breasts so tightly it almost hurt. Such touches might have been enjoyable were they a little slower or gentle but the prince was neither of those things. He roughly shoved her toward the bed, messily sucking and kissing at her neck in a manner she was sure he thought was wonderful. She moaned appropriately, pressing her body to his while patiently waiting for the potion to take effect. She could feel something, a strange lightheadedness that was steadily growing and judging by the slowing of Darien's hands, he felt it too. He pulled back, looking at her oddly and opened his mouth to say something when suddenly; Gwendolyn's vision was black.

She had not passed out, she was sure of that as she could still feel her body kneeling on the soft silk sheets of-hang on, kneeling? She blinked, her vision returning but the angle all wrong. She was no longer flat on her back but rather kneeling, something soft and warm

between her legs. She looked down and saw her own face; framed with those dark curls that drove men wild; her former eyes wide with shock and no small amount of fear.

She took stock of her new form, muscular, strong; easily powerful enough to hold down the woman before her. The potion had worked! She was in the body of the crown prince of the realm; and that could only mean that in her body...

“What on Earth? What is this sorcery?”

A thrill went through Gwendolyn that she had never felt before. For the first time in her life she was the one in control; the strong, powerful one with somebody else at her mercy. She felt her new cock hardening against Darien’s soft belly as her arousal finally flared to life. The prince was pinned below her, helpless and confused, to do with what she pleased.

“Like the new view, my whore?” She whispered, a wide grin on her face.

“Wha-? Gwendolyn?”

“Of course.” She hummed, running a finger down along the curve of Darien’s breasts.

It was time to show him how to properly pleasure a lady.

“I thought it was about time I taught you a thing or two about love making.” She sighed, pressing her fingers gently down on his nipples before circling them, watching as they slowly hardened. “See how powerful a gentle touch can be?”

A small whimper escaped Darien’s lips, she could feel heat blooming beneath her as dampness formed between his legs. She had no idea where these words were coming from but she felt drunk on power and did not make an effort to stop.

“H-how are you-ah! I...ah...I...”

Gwendolyn smirked, he couldn’t even think straight. He may be in her body but he still had his stupid, sex crazed mind. What must he be feeling right now? He was so used to instant gratification, hard and fast orgasms with no build. She would show him otherwise. Shuffling downwards she positioned herself at his entrance, gripping her new manhood hard and slowly pressing it against his clit. The effect was instant; a small squirt of pussy juice shot out of him as his legs shuddered. She was no longer holding his arms yet he made no move to

get up, instead he gripped the sheets hard enough that Gwendolyn was sure she could hear them ripping. Up and down she stroked his pussy with the tip of her cock, groaning as the warm wetness began to spread along her shaft. She could understand now, his eagerness. His cock was aching and she longed to bury it in his warm heat but she held back. Unlike her prince, she had some self control.

She moved a hand up to grip at his breast again, pressing her finger into his diamond hard nipple every time her tip pressed into his clit. Darien gasped and shivered, whole body writhing as much as she allowed it.

“See how good that feels?” Gwendolyn sighed, “How hot it makes you, how desperate.”

“Please.” He begged.

“Please, what?” She asked innocently, “Stop?”

She paused her movements and Darien wailed, legs trembling beneath her.

“No! Please don't stop!”

“Then what is it you want, my whore?” She said with feigned ignorance.

“I want...ah, I n-need...”

His face was bright red, she could practically taste his humiliation; it was positively delicious. There was no way she would give him an inch, if he wanted to be fucked, he would have to plead with her.

“I can't give you need if I don't know what it is.” She pouted, leaning back over him.

She pinned his shoulders to the bed with her hands, raising and lowering her hips slowly to stroke her length back and forth between his folds. His heat felt wonderful, the slickness sent tingling pleasure up her cock and into her spine. She had to bite her lips to stop from groaning.

“Please...fuck me.” He whispered, his voice shaking, his cheeks crimson red with embarrassment.

“Say it again.”

“Gwendolyn...”

“Do it.”

“Please fuck me.”

“Louder!”

“Please! I need you to fuck me!”

“And why is that?”

His chest was heaving, breasts brushing against her own now smooth chest. She was continuing to tease him, tip brushing against his entrance, threatening entry and all the pleasure that would come with it.

“I don’t...” He mumbled, his pupils were blown wide with lust.

“Because you’re my whore.” Gwendolyn hissed, lowering her lip to his ear to nip at the shell. “And this is all you’re good for!”

She punctuated the last word by thrusting her hips forward causing Darien to shudder as she entered him. The tight, wet heat was so good she had to fight to keep her eyes from rolling back in her head. She focused on his expression, the way his face twisted up in ecstasy as his overstimulated mind desperately tried to keep up with everything. She would give him no such mercy. Slipping a hand beneath his back Gwendolyn raised his body up and began to thrust, making sure to hit the sacred spot deep inside his pussy that she knew would drive him wild. Before he could get a handle on that though she pressed her lips to his tits and began to suck, alternating it with her thrusts so that there was no relief from the onslaught of pleasure. Darien was helpless, his whole body taught as he cried out and writhed in her grip.

She could feel him tighten around her as his breaths became sharp and short. He was close. So was she but somehow, she managed to hold back. She would not let him off so easily. No words passed his lips, only sounds as his pussy got tighter and tighter around her before finally he came. Whole body quivering under her touch she dropped him back on

the mattress and continued to pound into his pussy hard and fast. Making sure the orgasm continued as long as possible.

Her balls were starting to clench against her will, she could feel them slapping against his wet backside with every thrust and to her horror Gwendolyn found she couldn't stop. It just felt too good, and the sounds of pure bliss escaping Darien's mouth egged her on. She thrust harder, aiming for his G-spot over and over until he started to tighten around her again.

"Can't help it c-can you?" She taunted, trying to keep her breathing under control, "Feels too good."

"Oh! Ah. Ahhh! Ahhhh!"

She smirked, he couldn't even respond; he was totally dominated by her, body and mind. It was that thought that caused the final bolt of pleasure to sore through her and with a deep groan she too fell over the edge. Her balls squeezed, pumping hot seed deep into her former pussy. Her hips continued to stutter before finally, post coital exhaustion descended and she collapsed atop Darien's soft body. She could feel him quivering in the aftershocks beneath her, pussy still rhythmically pulsing around her softening cock. She could not believe she ever had doubts; this was the ultimate power fantasy come to life and she was going to milk the former prince for all he was worth.