

Rowena of Locksley Part II

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He bottomed out in her reddened ass much to Lady Roseanne's delight.

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ROWENA OF LOCKSLEY PART II

She could smell the unmistakable odors of Nottingham long before the edge of the city came into her view. It was so much nicer to be camped out in the pristine forest away from such reminders of congested humanity.

Dressed in the garb of a humble squire, Rowena attracted no attention from the common folk around her. They were more interested in their own little worlds scratching and scabbling to meet the necessities of living. Life was hard for commoners under the rule of Prince John. He considered them the scum of the earth because of their ignorant ways and lack of any claim to noble birth. Yet they served to furnish him the taxes he relied on to run excesses of his corrupt court.

Only a comely girl standing outside a tavern spoke to her.

“Come on inside, young Sir, our ale is the best in Nottingham and I will serve it to you with a boon for your pleasure.”

The girl reached between Rowena’s legs and became confused when she came up with no fleshly shaft to admire.

“Pardon me, Sir, I mean Miss, I meant no harm.”

Rowena was sorely put out by the accidental discovery of her secret by the tavern girl.

The girl told her she was called “Blowsie” because of her skills in the sucking of cocks. Despite her occupation, the young attractive female appeared to be quite intelligent and Rowena decided to join her inside the tavern for a quick drink and to gather some information needed to make her mission a success.

They sat close together in a darkened corner and Rowena was much aroused by the scent and touch of the pretty tavern girl. Her experiences at the convent with the sex-deprived sisters gave her considerable insight into the needs and desires of pussy-loving females.

“Young Miss, I must go under the table now and open you up for the pleasure of my tongue. The owner will get suspicious if I do not service you like I would any other male customer. I hope my tongue will not offend you.”

The touch of the pretty girl’s pointed tongue on her heated and already damp slit made her slap the table with her hand trying to express her intense pleasure. The men at the bar laughed at the young lad’s arousal and jested about the length of his stiff tool. It was just a charade, but the lovely orgasm Rowena experienced was no charade.

The girl took Rowena to her tiny sleeping compartment above the tavern and told her she was welcome to stay at no expense. It was perfect for Rowena’s plans and she accepted gratefully. Blowsie was happier than she had been in a long time. She was fair exasperated at the coarse manners of the male clients and the feel of Rowena’s soft skin made her tremble like a schoolgirl.

Rowena sat on a barrel just outside the Sheriff’s jail. She had seen several of the folk under the protection of Robin Hood incarcerated with little hope and overwhelming despair. A couple of them recognized her and a flash of spirit returned to their faces.

She saw that the jailors were restless with their jobs and often wandered away from their duties to soak up ale in the nearby tavern.

Rowena struck up conversation with one of the younger jailors and convinced him to hump her in the alley behind the tavern. He was much enthused by the prospect and played with his cock all the way to the back of the narrow opening. She bent over and leaned up against the wall whilst he fumbled about pushing her dress out of the way of his rampant cock. Thankfully, he was so involved with getting his stiff cock in her pussy that he did not hear Blowsie sneak up behind him and steal the jail keys from his belt.

The entry of the man’s cock into her pussy was not unpleasant for Rowena. He was quite a satisfactory cunt ravager except for the fact he was only able to last about 30 seconds. She rearranged her clothing and thanked him for his endeavors in filling her empty vagina. He strutted off with ego restored and unknowingly minus the jail keys.

That very night when the two night jailors were sporting the girls in the tavern, Rowena and Blowsie

gathered up the jailed folk from Locksley manor and they all got on a wagon under a load of loose hay for concealment. When they had gone a short distance outside the city, they all made for the cover of the nearby woods and navigated through the dense brush back to forest behind the convent.

When the jailbreak was discovered, the Sheriff was outraged. He formed a band of mean-spirited mercenaries to scour the countryside for the missing miscreants.

Safe back in the forest, Rowena and Blowsie celebrated by satisfying each other's needs all through the night. The next day, Rowena took Blowsie to the convent and told the incredulous girl that she would find the place exactly what she needed to regain her equilibrium.

Sister Carmela was happy with the addition of the pretty Blowsie to their midst. Finally, she had someone to train and the prospect made her quiver with excitement.

Rowena took two of the weapons trained men with her to the small village not far from the forest. She wanted to get news of the search and any other information about the location of the sheriff's men.

The presence of three strangers in the ale house did not go unnoticed. The females in service to the tavern made advances to the two older men with much success. Rowena nodded her head in assent when they requested permission to repair to a more private place to test out their baby-making equipment. They had scant opportunity to do so in the isolation of the forest camp.

An older couple of some import were feasting on the excellent roast reputed to be the best in the region. The gentleman was obviously tired because his eyelids kept falling despite his concerted effort to keep them open. The woman, who was most likely not his wife, kept looking over at Rowena with a certain glint in her eye. When the man was helped up the stairs by a couple of serving men, the Lady remained behind and ordered another glass of wine.

"Young man, are you a native of this manor?"

Rowena lowered her voice a full octave and replied,

"Born and raised on yon hillock, your ladyship."

The lady moved over to Rowena's booth and sat close beside her. The heat of her thigh was warm on Rowena's legs. Before the attractive older woman could touch her between her legs, Rowena inserted her hand deep under her billowy dress and found her little nest with a puddle of frantic anticipation. She nibbled on the scented lady's ear and neck and slowly stroked her pussy with studied restraint.

The lady's moans brought some ribald laughter from the itinerate farmers at the bar.

Not wanting to invite attention to herself, Rowena suggested that they move to the privacy of the room she had already arranged with the innkeeper. As soon as the door closed behind them, the

impetuous female fell to her knees to suck Rowena's non-existent cock. In order to distract her, Rowena pushed her to the bed and raised her gown. The slurping sounds of her licking made the woman toss her head like a wild bucking pony and her hair went helter skelter all about in every direction.

After two very satisfactory orgasms, the lady, who admitted to the name of Rosanne D' Winter, pestered Rowena to lower her trousers. Feigning indifference, Rosanne pulled the submissive female over her knees and started to give a smart correction to her generously sized ass cheeks. The indignant female squirmed and wiggled to get free but Rowena was too strong for her. When she stopped struggling and started to moan in pleasure, Rowena confirmed her suspicion that the sensual Rosanne loved such treatment.

Right at that moment, the door opened and the lady's male companion strode into the room with a glaring look in his eyes.

"You slut, the moment my back is turned, you are jumping in bed for a slap and tickle with the first cock that comes along."

Rosanne was crying but it was unclear if it was from the spanking or from being caught in the act by Sir Roger, her longtime companion and dear friend.

Rowena was concerned the cuckolded nobleman might make a scene of the evening's activities.

"Sir Roger, this craven miscreant dared to insult my dignity by paddling my bottom. I insist you do the same to him only much harder."

Caught unaware, Rowena found the Lady Roseanne had locked her legs around her neck and seized her arms away from any thought of defense. The enraged nobleman lifted Rowena's legs in his strong arms and pulled her trousers down to expose her pink tinged bottom. Not yet suspecting he was manhandling a woman, the gentleman prodded her crack and tiny anus with his bulldog knobbed cane making sounds like a nasty dog looking for a fight. Rowena was mortified and struggled to make her backside less defenseless against the falling cane.

It was to no avail. After the very first stripe, Rowena exploded as her pussy juices sprayed down inside her legs. The remaining nine were equally as stressful but she found her treatment was strangely comforting and she hoped the gentleman might continue in the same vein.

With her gender still undiscovered, Rowena lay face down across the bed with her bare bottom sticking up in the air. When she heard movement behind her, she looked over her shoulder and was surprised to see the gentleman's huge cock waving about like a dangerous snake. Before she could utter a word to forestall her impalement, the well-dressed man had staked her with his cock.

"See how you like this, boy!"

The older man was grunting in his strenuous exertions to completely fill the nicely shaped ass underneath him. Lady Roseanne was applauding from the head of the bed and she encouraged her companion to, "Give it to the little beggar good!"

Rowena was fair stretched as wide as she could possibly go. It was a sheer delight to be impaled so deliciously.

Roseanne, not wanting to be out of the tableau, lifted Rowena's head and pushed her pussy mound right into her face covering her entire face with her wet and slick female slit. Rowena moved her head left and right and up and down hoping to bring the frenzied female off quickly and allow her to concentrate on the lovely cock buried deep in her ass.

"Give the little piss-ant something to remember us by, Roger darling, shoot it up his bottom and make him squeeze his cheeks together to hold it in."

Sir Roger accelerated his pounding of Rowena's posterior and the slapping of his man-meat against Rowena's bare legs transported her into a major orgasm long before he loosed his little arrows of love inside her clutching rectum.

He pulled out quickly. With a wink at Lady Roseanne, he moved around to the head of the bed and replaced her pussy with his cock inside of Rowena's pretty mouth. Rowena tasted her musky bottom on the gentleman's cock and could smell her own ass juices under her sensitive nostrils. It should have been humiliating but she found it excited her greatly and she gave Sir Roger the best cock sucking he had ever experienced.

"By gad, this fellow is in the spirit of the moment, my dear. Odds bodkins, but he is better at this than you."

Lady Roseanne flounced out of the room in a huff and Sir Roger followed her whilst fumbling to return his huge cock to the safety of his trousers.

Rowena had the taste of Roseanne's muff on her tongue and the scent of her own ass blended in as well. She swallowed the liquid gift the departing gentleman had deposited there. When she rose to stand, the creamy cum seeped slowly from her beautifully shaped behind, so she squeezed her cheeks together to keep it inside for a little longer.