

From Princess to Slut in one sexy lesson

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An unlikely princess decides to get away from it all

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Zofie was still coming to terms with her new life. Catwalk beauty one day, Princess the next. The revolution in Central Europe following the popular uprising had sent her life into turmoil. The old monarchy of Bohemia had been restored and a new élite had been created. Zofie was no longer just a beautiful model, adored across Europe, she now had wealth and power beyond her dreams.

She looked in the mirror that morning as her maid laid out her dress and wished she could just go out and let her hair down like she once could. She was still so full of youth and exuberance. Her long blonde hair and blue eyes and her perfect figure had won her accolades from Paris to Budapest. Now she was royalty. The novelty was beginning to wear off, just a little bit. Yes, she could eat the finest lobster and sprinkle saffron in her soup. She could ask one of her body guards to go out and buy a brand new Ferrari, if she so wished. It was all a little too easy. Where was the edge? She still socialised, no one could stop her from enjoying herself but ‘they’ were always there - in the background. She wanted to taste total freedom again.

Her father, Head of State in the new CzechoSlovak Kingdom was not one to suffer the dalliances of youth. He was a serious, some would say grave man, who could trace his line back to Wenceslas. He loved his daughter, but didn’t approve of her high life among Europe’s socialites. Before the restoration of the Monarchy he had done everything to guide Zofie into a career in law or medicine. However, she squandered her time on wine and late nights. When she got her break in modelling, it was no easy thing for her father to give her his blessing.

“Thank you Jirina. I will put it on, you don’t have to wait on me hand and foot,” said Zofie.

“But your highness. It is what I am here for!”

“You’re here to do my bidding?”

“Yes Madam.”

“Well I bid you to let me dress myself. It is the 21st century after all!” Said Zofie, wearily.

Zofie put on the cream and yellow dress of finest Chinese silk as the maid fussed around her, making unnecessary adjustments to her hair. The Princess looked in the full-length mirror. Her curves were accentuated perfectly by the luxurious garment. Her full but pert breasts and her tiny waist made up two thirds of her amazing hour glass figure. No one else turned heads like Zofie. Cosmopolitan and Vogue had sold out when she had worn the famous see-through dress in Milan.

“Jirina, I fancy going on a little trip. But I need your help.”

“Yes Madam, what do I do?”

“Go down to the Estate office. I want you to give them this message.”

Jirina took the hand-written note to the men in the office and they in turn passed it on to the guards at the palace gates. She was not meant to go out without her body guards but Security were unlikely to question her direct wishes. It was written on her own headed note paper, which confirmed its authority.

Ten minutes later she zoomed out of her garage in her Lamborghini and headed for the gates. The guards saluted her and then she was free. In a few hours she knew the King and the palace officials would be looking for her. Her father was on the last day of a state visit to Sweden. Perhaps he would be angry, but she had to make a statement.

A hundred miles away in Slovakia, Tom Garthson was spending a weekend fishing and sightseeing in the beautiful forest and mountains near the border. He cast his line into the clear blue water and hauled in a huge salmon. It twitched and struggled as his toned, sculptured arms reeled in the catch.

“You’re a fine specimen and no mistake!”

He held up the beast of a fish and it waddled its tail defiantly.

“I think you deserve to live another day - at least,” said Tom, as he threw the salmon back into the water.

Tom stood up and walked back to the lodge, which he had rented from a friend. Two days in the fresh mountain air had been just the tonic. It was the antithesis of his hectic life in London, where he

worked in one of the city banks. He packed his rucksack and fishing tackle into the boot of his car. He had one more night in Slovakia and intended to find a quiet little hotel in the capital Bratislava. He would taste some local wine and sample the goodies in one of the famous Slovakian patisseries. The break was helping him get over his girl friend, who had chosen her career over their relationship and had moved to Sydney with her company a month earlier. Their split was amicable, but they were realistic. Twelve thousand miles was just too far for a long distance relationship.

Zofie sped through the streets of Prague. Her plates PZ1 were instantly recognizable to the police and afforded her immunity from her transgression of the speed limit or the odd dodged red light. She didn't even know where she was going. She would head for the border and see what happened.

'Bratislava is beautiful at this time of year she thought.'

When Zofie joined the highway she put the convertible hood down and selected her favourite Rihanna CD. How sweet it was to do her own thing again. She was soon passing every car on the road, as she hit 100 mph. It wouldn't be long before she was sipping white wine in a little rustic village. It wasn't that she would be doing anything out of the ordinary, but it was the fact that it was against the rules. There were no armed guards watching from a discrete distance. No official approval of her trip. Just her and her whim.

An hour later the Princess was negotiating the winding roads through the rugged country east of the capital. She hadn't passed another vehicle for miles and then in the distance she saw a car parked at the side of the road. A man was looking under the bonnet as steam poured from the radiator.

"Is everything OK?" She asked, as she pulled along side the stricken driver.

"Not really. I don't know what's up with it, but it's not good!"

"You are in the middle of nowhere," said Zofie.

As Tom rubbed his oily hands on his shirt, he inadvertently revealed his washboard stomach. Zofie began to count his six pack and licked her lips. The sun played on his shoulder-length brown hair.

"Where are you going? Maybe I could give you a lift?" She said.

"Bratislava," said Tom.

“That’s where I’m going. Well after a short break anyway.”

Tom’s jaw dropped when she stepped out of the car. He thought her wheels were beautiful, but he could barely believe his eyes now.

“Wow!” Tom exclaimed, in awe of her beauty.

“What?”

“I’m sorry. It’s just that you’re... amazing!” Said Tom.

“I bet you say that to all the girls!”

Tom couldn’t take his eyes from her body as she walked round to the back of his car.

“Ooh! I can fit in the rucksack, but you’re not putting all that fishy stuff in my Lamborghini.”

“Oh. Well, it’s OK. I’ll claim it on the insurance or something.”

Zofie watched Tom admiringly. His biceps rippled and his shoulders flexed as she watched him load his luggage in to the back of her red sports car.

“Not a lot of fat on you is there?” She said.

“I work out a lot. I’m Tom by the way. I really appreciate this.”

“It’s OK. I’m Zofie.”

Tom had a good look without making it too obvious as she sat behind the wheel.

“Belt up and hold on!” Said Zofie, as she put her shades back on.

Tom had never been in a car like this before. He loved the purr of the engine as she turned the ignition and then the throaty roar as she hit the gas. She handled the car beautifully, holding the corners like a Formula One driver. There was something about being in such a wonderful machine, being driven by the most beautiful woman he had ever seen that made Tom’s heart race. He looked down and watched her shapely knees as she changed gear. Her breasts jiggled slightly as they went over a little hump in the road.

Zofie pulled up a short while later outside a café in a tiny village.

“I’ll wait here,” said Zofie, seating herself at a table outside. I think two glasses of wine and some Kolache would do.”

“OK, red or white?” Asked Tom.

“White of course,” said Zofie.

Tom returned a few minutes later with a tray of drinks and the plate of warm food.

“I feel that I should know you somehow,” said Tom as he sipped his wine. “Does that sound odd?”

“Maybe. Is it the Lamborghini?”

“Not exactly. I’m not sure. Are you an actress?”

“An actress! No, not at all!”

“Oh well.. It doesn’t matter,” said Tom, feeling slightly embarrassed, as if he had committed an indiscretion.

“I am a model actually!”

“Well that makes sense. My ex, she used to take Vogue... but I never...”

“Your ex? So you’re single?” Said Zofie with interest.

“Yes. For a month now. She went to Australia.”

“Oh, I’m sorry to hear that,” said Zofie.

“Thank you. I’m coping,” said Tom.

“Would it be too forward of me to ask when you are returning to England? You are English?” Asked Zofie.

“Yes, my Suffolk accent hasn’t thrown you then?”

"I studied law at Oxford," said Zofie. "I am familiar with your Mother tongue."

Tom was amazed not only by Zofie's looks but also by her depth and intelligence. She oozed charisma. He knew he wasn't talking to some rich Daddy's girl. This was a woman of breeding.

"I'm here for a night and then I'm flying back tomorrow afternoon. How about you?"

"I am on a little jaunt," said Zofie. "An impromptu excursion you might say."

"Oh, that sounds exciting!" Said Tom.

"Yes, have you found anywhere to stay?" Asked Zofie.

"Not yet. I expect I will."

Zofie looked at Tom as she drank her wine. There was a gap between his belt and the hem of his shirt where a few tufts of dark hair nestled on his firm torso.

"Perhaps you won't assume I have an ulterior motive, if I invite you to stay with me?" Said Zofie.

The hairs prickled on the back of Tom's head. There was a hint of mischief in her enigmatic question.

"That is very kind of you," said Tom. He didn't know what else to say.

"I am sure we could arrange things with propriety," she said. "It is a very large bed."

Tom gulped and he had the beginnings of an erection. A wry smile spread across Zofie's flawless features.

After they had refreshed themselves in the quaint Slovakian village, Zofie and Tom headed for the sights and sounds of the city. There was so much to see, so many hidden treasures. She wanted to buy some new shoes. Not that she didn't have a whole rack full at the palace but she enjoyed the thrill of buying new ones. Feeling the snugness of the leather cushioning her feet and the sparkle of the gold trim. She also enjoyed being pampered. That she didn't mind. Being a top model and a Princess had its benefits.

"Do you mind if we do a little shopping before we check in?" Asked Zofie.

"No, of course not. I don't mind a spot of shopping," said Tom.

Zofie parked at the end of one of the arcades and the two new friends walked down past numerous boutiques and jewellers. At the end near a mediaeval archway was her favourite shoe shop. She walked in followed by Tom.

The two assistants instantly stopped what they were doing. They ran to the back of the shop and returned a moment later with the manageress.

“Good afternoon! Your Royal Highness!” We hadn’t been told to expect you.”

“It’s OK. I’m a little incognito today, so if you could keep it low key,” Said Zofie.

“Of course. But we can get you something! A coffee perhaps?”

Tom couldn’t understand a word of the conversation between Zofie and the woman but realised something about Zofie’s appearance had caused consternation among the staff.

“A coffee would be fine and for my friend too!” Said Zofie.

“Yes, by all means!”

“Mira! Two coffees please!” Instructed the Manageress, as she turned to the assistant.

Zofie emerged from the shop forty minutes later, laden with two pairs of new shoes. Tom’s face was glowing. He had been treated with more respect than he had ever been in any shop, merely by basking in Zofie’s glory.

“I think a nice room and a shower would do nicely now.” Said Zofie as they headed for the city centre. At the word shower, Tom’s cock twitched, but he was still doing his best to be a gentleman, since he knew he was in the presence of someone a bit special, to say the least. He dare not presume that Zofie’s hospitality extended beyond kindness. Maybe she had been joking about the bed.

They arrived at a very posh-looking hotel and Tom noted the five stars above the entrance. Zofie gave the Steward her car keys. Zofie was wearing her shades again as the sun had come out and she entered the hotel with Tom by her side.

“I would like a room please, but I would be grateful if you would be discrete.”

Still wearing her shades, Zofie waited for a reaction but it was clear that the young male receptionist had failed to recognize her. The conversation had attracted the attention of the Manager, who had also yet to cotton on.

“I am sorry Madam, we are full,” said the manager. “It is a bank holiday tomorrow.”

“I think you have one room free!” Said Zofie and removed her sunglasses.

The Manager’s face turned white.

“Yes..of...of course!” He stammered.

He reached below the desk and handed her a plastic card. Then he shouted instructions to the porters, who relieved her and Tom of their luggage.

“Thank you and discretion please!” Said Zofie.

“Yes... Your Royal Highness!”

“What’s going on?!” Do people always jump when you ask them?” Asked Tom.

“You are bound to find out sooner or later. I am Zofie Maria Vladislava, Princess of Bohemia.”

“Princess?!!”

“Yes!”

They entered the lift and alighted at the fifth floor. Tom wasn’t able to speak. He couldn’t think of anything meaningful or appropriate.

He turned to Zofie when they stepped into the corridor where the porters were waiting.

“Seriously?”

She opened the door to her room and invited Tom to enter. When he saw inside, he realised she wasn’t joking. It was palatial. The room was nearly as big as his house. The wardrobes must have been 20 feet across. There was an ornate gold and lilac dressing table with quilt edged mirrors. The chandelier that hung from the ceiling was dripping with crystal. Then he saw the bed. It was hidden around the corner. It was the biggest double bed he had ever seen. It had huge brass posts at each

corner and a plush, purple velvet headboard, which was embroidered with the Royal crest.

“Thank you,” she said, as the porters left, bowing their heads slightly.

She closed the door and threw herself on to the bed.

“Don’t you just love it here!” Said Zofie.

“It’s amazing!” Said Tom.

“Would you like a shower Mr Tom?” Asked Zofie. She had that tone in her voice, which he had detected earlier and it made him shiver.

“I might...later.”

“With me?” Added Zofie.

Zofie looked up at Tom from her position on the bed and slowly raised the hem of her dress. Tom watched, his cock beginning to lengthen in his boxers.

“A girl gets horny on her own and a little sticky,” she said, as she circled her fingers around the gusset of her white panties.

Tom loved her accent as it was, but now she was saying these things, he was losing any control he had over his feelings.

“You know you have to do what a Princess asks don’t you?” Said Zofie.

“Of course!” Said Tom.

“So when I ask you to scrub my back with the loafer, there will be no questions?”

“Your wish is my command!” Said Tom.

Zofie hitched her dress up to her waist and opened her legs wider. She moved her panty crotch to one side and flashed Tom with her juicy pink lips.

“Then I command you to get on your knees!” She said, with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. I want you to lick my pussy before we go for a shower. If you do a good job, I might let you kiss my breasts!”

Tom hesitated.

“Do you mind...I’m a bit..”

Zofie laughed as Tom undid his trousers, relieving the pressure on his swollen penis. He walked towards her and sank to his knees. Her legs were as smooth as marble, but unlike the stone, warm to the touch. He took a cushion, raising her bum a little and kissed the inside of her thighs tenderly. Already he was aware of a sweet, sexy scent like honey and roses. He followed his nose, kissing her legs until he found her tight opening. Her labia were carefully shaved, so that only the pinkness of her pussy could be discerned. There was nothing to distract Tom from his task apart from her heavenly scent and the sweet nectar that was slowly oozing from therein. He lapped his tongue tentatively into her hot pussy. Her moist velvet felt like nothing he had ever experienced. Her pussy was sheer delight. Tom considered it a privilege and took it upon himself to give Zofie the best cunnilingus of her young life. At 21 she had had her moments, but she was very fussy.

When Tom thought he had licked and swallowed enough of her lovely juice, he began to nibble and tease Zofie’s swollen clitoris. Her back began to arch off the bed as he first flicked her with his tongue and then nudged her with his nose, using every instrument nature had given him to pleasure the Princess. Zofie mewed with pleasure as his lips kissed the edge of her pussy and then brushed her clit.

“Oh Tom! Ooooh you’re good!”

Tom looked up at Zofie with her love glazed across his lips.

“You’re welcome!” He said.

He stood up and stroked the inside of her legs. His cock was still hard, kept firm from the mutual pleasure of giving her oral sex.

Zofie smiled and looked at his hard cock.

“We don’t have to rush into the shower yet,” she said. Almost as the words left her lips she stood up and pulled her dress over her head. Tom’s manhood twitched as he saw her voluptuous breasts, held up by her lacy white bra. Her cleavage was like a lovely creamy crevice, plunging down her chest. Tom unbuttoned his shirt and revealed his toned, manly figure in all its splendour. Zofie rolled her tongue over her bottom lip and a little tingle spread throughout her pussy.

She gazed into Tom's eyes, turning slightly serious as she moved to unclip her bra. Tom's heart missed a beat as he saw the weight of her tits and the lacy covering began to fall away.

"Oh Jeeeeeeepers! Oh my..."

"You like them?"

"You could say that!" Said Tom, incredulously. "They're fantastic!"

"Would you like to fondle them or kiss them?" Asked Zofie.

She looked down. Tom's cock was throbbing. Then she looked into his eyes again.

"Hmmm?"

"Is it a straight choice?" Asked Tom.

"Not necessarily. But just saying, you had to do one or the other?"

"OK then," said Tom. "I wouldn't feel I had the right to kiss the breasts of a Princess until I had fondled them first."

"Then you better come and fondle them. And if you don't mind, I'll stroke that very nice dick of yours!"

Tom loved Zofie's sensual, provocative way of speaking and he would do anything she asked just because she was so sexy.

"Stand behind me Tom. I'll tickle you and you can give my bottom a squeeze."

Zofie turned round to face the sunlight and Tom walked up to her slowly. He brushed her arms with his finger tips and took the liberty of kissing her sexy shoulders, before weighing her magnificent boobs in his hands. Zofie sighed as his soft, firm hands encircled her breasts. He teased the flesh gently, squishing and caressing them. As her nipples grew rapidly erect she reached behind her and found Tom's raging hard on. She brushed the tip with her palm, making a circular motion and then drew his foreskin down between her finger and thumb. Tom's breath was taken and he shivered with an almost painful delight as she teased his aching penis.

Zofie turned round and held Tom's face between her hands. She rubbed her nose on his. Tom could feel her breath on his face, and his arousal was reaching a new peak.

“Kiss my breasts and then fuck me!” She said.

Tom looked into her eyes, her pupils large and black and planted soft kisses on her neck. Now it was her turn to shiver as his delicate kisses went further and further until he was tasting the warmth of her breasts. Her nipples were like plump little rose buds with a speckling of goose bumps around the outside. Tom’s lips felt their tenderness and only when he couldn’t resist a second longer did he close his lips round them.

Zofie gasped as he sucked on them and Tom pushed her onto the bed, kissing her boobs all over. He parted her legs, positioning himself between them and suckled on her breasts, until they glistened with his saliva. His cock was now like a piston, pulsating and throbbing along its length. He pressed his lips into Zofie’s neck, breathing deeply and pushed his cock into her pussy. Zofie’s moans were long and deep and she dug her nails into his bulging triceps.

“Oh Tom! Fuck me!”

“Zofie! You’re so beautiful!”

A few hours earlier he was just one among billions of random individuals travelling the globe. Some stroke of good fortune had drawn him to that road where his car’s engine had given up and now he was making love to the most beautiful woman in Europe. Zofie was enjoying the moment, taking advantage of the situation that fate had put in her path.

“Aaaargh! Tom! Give it to me! Give me your love!”

Zofie wrapped her legs around his back, pulling him towards her, feeling the heat of their bodies, which were becoming one in a beautiful union of passion.

Tom’s strokes were deep and forceful, pushing her head into the pillow with every thrust of his muscled frame. The Princess felt a rush of pre-orgasm through her body. Tom was biting her neck and kissing her face - her fevered breath returning his amour.

Zofie let herself go, thrusting her hips in rhythm to his, expressing herself in her native Czech. The words were like music to Tom’s ears because their meaning was lost in their beauty. He was turned on now to the point of no return and as he felt his final moments before ejaculation he looked into her eyes and saw her own orgasm approaching. They came together. Zofie’s was a delirious whimpering, which grew louder and louder as Tom growled with satisfaction. His body jerked, emptying his seed into her, in load after creamy load.

Zofie stroked his head, calming him, as he recovered from his climax. Her body was still trembling from her own delicious orgasm and she kissed his face in appreciation.

Without the air conditioning turned on, their room had become warm and Tom rolled over to allow both of them to breath.

“I think that shower really would be nice now,” said Zofie.

“I agree!” Said Tom.

Back in the Palace in Prague, Zofie’s maid was wondering how long she would be gone. Soon the King would be back and questions would be asked. Sooner or later Zofie would have to face the music, but for now she was enjoying her little caprice.

“How long before he comes up again?” Asked Zofie, as she massaged the soap into Tom’s sack and gently stroked his penis.

“Not too long if you keep doing that!” He said.

Tom took some of the rose-scented soap and rubbed the lather into her breasts as she pressed her bum cheeks into his semi-hard dick. He kissed her neck and then squeezed the loafer delivering a soapy river down the groove in her spine.

“You’re properly gorgeous! You know that?” Said Tom.

“I think it’s been noted, once or twice,” said the Princess.

They dried down with their fluffy towels and Zofie phoned for a bottle of Moët et Chandon as she dried her hair.

“In a minute there will a knock on the door and it will be a porter with our champagne,” she said.

Tom looked at her as she smiled her peculiar smile and sank to her knees. His cock had become hard rather quickly as she stroked the foreskin and rolled her tongue around his glans, as if she was melting an ice lolly.

“Hmmm...Your Royal Highness gives great head!” Said Tom, irreverently.

Zofie licked the little sensitive part underneath his engorged head, making him twitch with pleasure. Just as she enclosed her lips around the end, there was a knock on the door. She paused and looked up at her man.

“I’d put a robe on, if I were you!” She said. “We don’t want people to talk do we!”

Tom put on the dressing gown and went to answer the door, in the knowledge that he was about to get the blow job of his life. He returned, fumbling with the wire casement around the cork. Zofie was quick to undo his robe and continued to fellate him softly, all the time stroking his foreskin.

“Oh Zofie! That’s so good!”

“Hmmm...”

Being able to give good oral sex to a man was not one of those skills that was taught to a Princess. How to greet foreign royalty perhaps. How to use a knife and fork... well maybe. How to suck cock... definitely not.

Tom had to bite his lip as she sucked on his throbbing organ. He placed the Champagne on the bed side table, in fear of dropping it and stroked Zofie’s luxuriant hair, which was still a little damp. She moaned softly from the sensation of his pulse pounding against her tongue. She tugged on his foreskin, but with the lightest pressure as her tongue flicked up and down over his slit. Tom’s groans grew louder and louder as he clenched his buttocks, trying to hold back but she was too good.

“Aaah Zofie! I’m....unnngggggh! Coming!!!”

Her face flushed slightly just before his ejaculation spilt out over her nose and lips.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaah....oooooooooh! Wow!”

“Good?”

“Oh Zofie!”

“You’re welcome!” Said Zofie.

As Tom opened the bottle, Zofie turned on her mobile phone. It began to beep with message after message from her worried maid. Zofie realised that Jirina might get into trouble. She didn’t want that. Zofie sent a single text message and turned off her phone.

“It’s possible that you will be descended upon by the Paparazzi tomorrow Tom.”

“Really?”

“I suspect so. There is only so much I can control. I have been a naughty girl, but don’t worry, you will be OK.”

Tom poured the sparkling wine into the two tall glasses, which had been left by their bed side.

Zofie held hers up and clinked Tom’s.

“To life, love and whatever tomorrow brings!” She said.

“I’ll drink to that!” Agreed Tom.

The end.