

Sleeping Beauty 2

By Kim

Published on Lush Stories on 03 Sep 2011

CopyRight 2010 All rights reserved. May not reproduce without the author's permission

Rose finds out the truth, as Mali figures out that her henchman has been looking for a baby

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/sleeping-beauty-2.aspx>

Rose ran all the way back to the cottage. The breeze generated from her swift pace dried the sticky juices on her inner thighs, making it slightly uncomfortable. She didn't care though. She had found a man that helped her relieve that mysterious ache. She was in love! "Aunties! Oh, my goodness. I have such news to tell you," Rose gushed. The fairies alarmed that their precious love was in a spot of trouble. With baited breath, they waited for what she was about to tell them. In the back of their minds, they knew what was coming. The enchanted animals had already warned them. "What's your news, Rose?" Flora asked. "I'm in love! He is so wonderful," she answered. "Oh, Rose," Merry frowned. "This is bad...very bad," Fauna agreed. Rose looked from fairy to fairy, confused. Something was amiss; she just knew it. Preparing herself for bad news, she sat down at the table. "What is it?" "What's wrong?" Rose asked. Sighing, they sat down beside her. Rose listened with tears in her eyes. Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine that she was a princess and was betrothed to some stuffy prince. She also found out that her name was not even Rose; it was Aurora. In one day, she lost the love of her life, as well as her identity. The fairies watched sadly, as she ran to her room to cry. Meanwhile, Mali was highly pissed. In eighteen years, there had been absolutely no sightings of the wayward princess. Her henchmen supposedly scoured the country. "You are sure that the princess is nowhere to be found?" she asked for the twentieth time. "Yes, Mistress. We have searched each and every cradle in the country for the last eighteen years," said the well-muscled man. Mali stared at the idiot in disbelief. What the fuck. He couldn't be that stupid. Could he? Her temper rising; she stood up from her chair and faced the man. With her hands on her hips, Mali said, "You fucking idiot. No wonder you have never found the bitch. What a dumb ass! You've been looking for a baby, not a woman." The henchman blanched. He knew what happened when someone upset his Mistress. He stared up at her coldly beautiful face. "Stay right there! I'll deal with you in a moment," she hissed. Mali stomped out of her chamber and into the room across the hall. Her most trusted lady sat at the table. Raven looked up from the book she was reading. Mali bent over her and captured her cherry red lips in a kiss. She sucked at Raven's tongue, and then explored her mouth further. Both women began to pant; the kiss was scorching. Raven reached up and cupped Mali's

breast, gently pulling her nipple ring. Mali's breath hitched. She pulled her skirt up and straddled the taller woman's lap. Her bare pussy rubbed Raven's belly. Pulling Raven's cloak from her shoulders, Mali had the woman bare from waist up. Raven was aware that the henchmen had pissed her lady off. It was up to her to defuse some of Mali's anger. Despite what her lady thought, they needed the henchmen. Raven grabbed both of Mali's nipple rings and pulled them roughly. The little woman's nubs stretched, making her wince and moan. Raven knew which buttons to push to ignite Mali. She let the rings go and watched the set of huge nipples recoil back into place. With a wicked grin; she yanked them again, and this time she pulled Mali to her. "I suspect that my lady needs the strap on. Am I correct?" Raven purred. Excited; Mali nodded eagerly, and then jumped off her lap. She unwrapped her skirt and let them fall to the floor. Bending over the table, she pulled her thong to side. Raven savored the sight before her. Her lady's curved ass was pushed up high, and her pink slit peeked from between her bush. Mali's long, white legs were braced against the table's wooden legs and were holding her steady. She reached behind her and pulled her ass cheeks open, making her gash widen. Not wanting to make her lady wait, Raven buckled a harness around her slim hips. Once it was securely fastened, she pushed the eight inch dildo through the hole. It was Mali's favorite. Long and thick, it was so realistic; right down to the veins and ridges that adorned the shaft. "You want it lubed or dry, my lady?" Raven asked. "Shove it in, baby. I want to feel it. Make it hurt, Raven," Mali panted. Raven grabbed Mali's hips with one hand. Using her free hand, she positioned the thick mushroom shaped head at the entrance to her lady's convulsing hole. Once it was in the right position, she wrapped her arms around Mali's waist and shoved the rubber phallus in with one hard thrust. Mali felt all the air leave her lungs, as the dildo burned it's way to her womb. There was just enough pain to harden her nipples and make her clit flutter. She braced herself for another thrust, as Raven pulled all the way out. "Fuck my pussy, bitch!" she snarled. Raven straightened her body, grabbed a hold of Mali's hips, and pumped her hips quickly and sharply. The sounds of flesh slapping flesh filled the quiet room. Mali's pussy made sloppy squishing noises, as Raven pounded away at her cunt. The room smelled had the sharp smell of pussy. Mali's grunts and moans grew in volume, covering Raven's panting. A few sharp slaps to Mali's ass readied her to cum. "Cum all over my dick, you filthy whore!" Raven growled. Mali reached between her thighs and pinched and tugged her thumping clit. She rubbed and circled the huge nub: slapping it hard. She was so close. Raven grabbed a handful of her hair and yanked it sharply. Her lady's head snapped back; her eyes watered from the sting. She guided them to the corner of the table. Raven positioned Mali strategically at the corner; placing her clit right on the point. She, then, pulled both arms behind her back, trapping them there. Her lady needed just the right shove to explode. Pulling out of Mali's slit; the toy slick with her cunt cream. Without warning, she thrust into Mali's dark star. The sorceress' body jumped, jamming her throbbing clit against the point of the table. Mali screamed, as her body unraveled from the lightening sharp pain in her clit. Her orgasm was so powerful that the contractions from her pussy and ass were strong enough to push the dildo out of her ass. Raven stepped from Mali, letting her regain her composure. "I needed that, my sweet. You are the tonic for my every illness," Mali panted, "Raven, find the princess. Do not fail me." Raven dressed herself in her dark cloak, turning herself

into the shady figure lurking outside the fairies isolated cottage. Mali composed herself. She didn't bother fixing her clothing. In fact, she grabbed the strap on that Raven had shrugged off. Fastening it around her hips, she returned to her chambers. The henchman waited in the precise spot that she had told him to be in. "You have been a very bad boy," she admonished. "Yes, Mistress. I deserve punishment," he agreed. "What shall I do with you?" Mali asked. The henchman watched in adoration, as his lady sauntered over to him. He was glad that Raven had defused her. It would make his punishment pleasurable. He watched Mali approach; the dildo bobbed with each step. The henchman dropped to his knees. Mali grabbed his hair and pulled him close. His face was smashed against the sticky toy. She tapped it against his lips. "My toy is dirty. Clean it," she ordered. The henchman opened his mouth; his tongue darted out and swirled around the thick crown of the phallus. He could taste Mali's juices that were coating the toy. Unsatisfied with his performance, she shoved the dildo into mouth, making him gag. He sucked on the shaft, like it was the best tasting pastry he had ever eaten. The henchman wanted it to be as wet as possible, because his lady intended to fuck his ass with it. Just the thought of what she was going to do to him had his cock rock hard and bobbing. "That's enough! Turn over and get that ass in the air, boy" she demanded. Pre cum leaked from the slit at the tip of his dick. His forehead touched the stone floor, and his ass was high. Mali grabbed a knife from her table and cut out the seam of his trousers. She ripped the seat of his pants free, baring his hairy hole. She poked his anus lightly, watching it wink violently. She shook her head. She was being too easy on him, but couldn't help it. He was her husband, and she loved him. The henchman felt a glob of warm spit hit his wrinkled hole, and then he felt the smooth head rub it in. She pushed against the pucker; testing it's resistance. Taking him off guard with several, sharp slaps, she managed to get the thick head past his sphincter. "OH!" he breathed. "Relax, boy!" she barked. Mali angled the dildo downward to where it would rub against his prostate. Using slow, deep thrusts, she bumped his sweet spot with each thrust. The henchman's grunts increased. Mali peered around his body. His granite hard prick was pouring thick cum, rather than spurting it. She rested her upper body on his back, ensuring the fake cock stayed in direct contact with his prostate. The henchman was in delicious torture. His lady love wrapped her hand around his shaft and jerked it in time with her thrusts. Her hand was quickly coated with his sticky fluids. She fucked his ass, while pumping his cock, until he came with a loud roar. He sprayed the floor. Mali pulled out of his ass. His hole was loose and slow to snap closed. It was a beautiful sight. "Lick that mess up! You know better than to waste that," she snapped. The henchman slurped his juice from the floor, making sure the stones were squeaky clean. He sat back on his knees and awaited her next demand. "Go to your cage. You'll sleep there for a while. Next time I tell you to do something, do it right. Use your brain," she dismissed him. Counting this as a very light punishment, he crawled to the cage in the corner and snuggled down for a nap. Mali sat down on her throne and waited for some good news from Raven. While the evil fairy waited, Phillip galloped back to his father's castle. Hubert was in front with a maid over his lap; her ass bare and red from a recent spanking. Hating to interrupt him, he stopped his horse in front of his father. "Father! I've had the most amazing day," he exclaimed. "That's wonderful, my boy," Hubert answered; his attention span short. Phillip watched his father work a thick finger into

the maid's ass, and then he slipped one into her drenched pussy. Hubert sawed his fingers back and forth, making the maid squeal. His father was considered an expert lecher. Phillip bided his time. "I've met the most inspiring woman," he mentioned. "Very good, m'boy," Hubert mumbled. By this time, Hubert had two fingers in the maid's pussy and two in her ass. She was squirting clear pussy juices all over his lap. Phillip, having watched this before, knew his father was most likely hard and ready to fuck the maid. "I'm going to marry her. I don't want Aurora. I want her," he quickly said. "Very well," Hubert answered, absently. "Thanks, Father," Phillip said, as he rode off to meet Rose at the cottage. Hubert, whose mind decided to get in gear, jumped up. The maid was dumped to the ground. Running after his slick son, Hubert tried to get Phillip's attention, but was unsuccessful. With a sickening dread in his stomach, he rubbed his forehead. How was he going to tell Stefan? Aurora was due home in a few hours. Phillip raced through the woods to the cottage. Jumping down from his horse, he ran into the simple house, expecting to see Rose. Unbeknownst to him, the fairies had already spirited a very depressed Rose back to the castle. So instead of his true love, Phillip found Raven, who had already called for Mali.