

## The Princess's Purity Protectors Part 5: A Tender Touch

Princess Anne, still basking in the afterglow of her passionate encounter with Prince Drago, finally stirred from her bed. She sat up, the silk sheets pooling around her waist as she swung her long, shapely legs over the side of the mattress. Her hair, once an immaculate array of curls and waves, now tumbled messily around her shoulders, a testament to her earlier activities. With a sigh, she stood on unsteady legs, her body still tingling with residual pleasure. She pulled a light pink slip on over her nude form and adjusted it in the mirror so it showed ample cleavage.

She rang the small bell on her nightstand, and a few moments later, her most trusted handmaiden, Lyra, entered the room. The purple-haired woman curtsied, her face expressionless. "You summoned me, Your Highness?"

"Yes, Lyra," the princess replied, her voice still husky from her recent exertions. "I need you to escort me to the last chamber. The boy, the young lord... what was his name? Bring me to him."

Lyra nodded, a small smile playing at her lips. "Of course, Your Highness. Lord Alastair, the fourth son of House Ironwood. He's been... eagerly awaiting your arrival. I honestly don't know if he is aware of your carnal intentions."

Princess Anne smiled a little at that. There was something about young Alastair that had captured her attention, beyond his rugged good looks and athletic build. Perhaps it was the way his eyes had shone with such earnest enthusiasm when he had been presented to her at court, or the way he had spoken of his simple life in the north, his voice filled with a charming, if somewhat awkward, sincerity.

“Oh, how is your new toy fairing, Lyra?” The princess asked, only half caring.

Lyra paused for a brief moment, the princess seeing a smile tug at the edge of her cheeks. “He is quickly becoming afoot of what is to come once I retire for the night. If he survives that long.” She left it at that.

The princess followed Lyra through the winding corridors of the palace, her mind awirl with thoughts of the night to come. She had originally planned to take the young lord to her bed before her tryst with Prince Drago, but in her excitement, she had gotten the chambers mixed up. No matter, she thought to herself with a smirk. The night was still young, and she intended to make the most of it. She made sure to put that previous melancholy out of her mind.

As they approached the final bedchamber, Lyra knocked softly on the door before opening it and ushering the princess inside. The room was dimly lit, the air filled with the scent of beeswax candles and the faint, musky aroma of a young man's natural scent. In the center of the room sat Lord Alastair at the edge of the bed, wearing a simple blue duvet with his house sigil embroidered on it, a gift from his sister, he had said. He quickly stood and bowed before the princess.

“Your grace,” he stammered as he bowed once more.

He is just adorable, Princess Anne thought to herself. This rustic boy intrigued her. Still, she had some hesitation due to the abrupt ending of her time with Prince Drago. Had he not left, she likely would not have even bothered with the Ironwood boy and would have left him to sit in this secluded room all night. Now, she was somewhat curious about his surprisingly genuine demeanor. He was still bowing, but cutting his eyes up at her and blushing. She nodded for him to rise and realized that she was blushing. She suddenly became aware of her appearance. Her

skin was sweaty and her hair disheveled from her time with Prince Drago. If the boy even suspected what occurred, he did not let on.

Princess Anne smiled softly at the young lord's nervous demeanor, finding his awkwardness oddly endearing. She stepped closer to him, the plush carpet of the bedchamber muffling her footsteps. Alastair's eyes widened as she approached, his gaze ignoring her disheveled appearance. His expression was one of pure, unadulterated admiration. Emboldened by his innocent, if somewhat shy, reaction, the princess reached out and took Alastair's hand in her own. His fingers were warm and slightly calloused, a testament to his active life in the north. She gave his hand a gentle squeeze, guiding him towards the bed as she walked backwards, her eyes never leaving his face.

As she stepped back onto the edge of the bed, she tugged Alastair with her, urging him to sit down beside her. He obliged, his movements a bit clumsy but eager to please. The princess could feel the heat radiating off his body, could see the way his chest rose and fell with each nervous breath. Not breaking eye contact, Princess Anne reached out and began to undo the fastenings of Alastair's tunic. The young lord's breath hitched, his eyes flickering down to watch her fingers work at the fabric. She could see the way his pulse jumped at his throat, could feel the tension thrumming through his body.

But despite his clear nerves, Alastair did not try to stop her. He sat still and let her push the fabric off his broad shoulders, revealing the lean, muscular expanse of his chest. The princess's breath caught at the sight, her fingers itching to explore the new terrain of his skin. She had suspected that he was a virgin, that this was likely his first time with a woman. The knowledge sent a thrill of excitement through her. She wanted to be the one to guide him, to show him the ways of passion and pleasure. To be his first everything.

As if reading her mind, Alastair raised his hands and gently cupped her face. His calloused palms were a surprise against the softness of her skin, but his touch was tender and almost reverent. He leaned in, his breath ghosting over her lips before he pressed a soft, almost chaste kiss to her mouth. It was different from the heated, lustful kisses she had previously experienced, though she honestly couldn't recall that the prince or lord had even bothered to kiss her before taking her. She hadn't even thought about it herself. She had almost been in a rush to reach fulfillment. This was something different. There was a genuine appreciation of her from this boy. No, this man. A real man. Sure, his beard was barely more than patchy stubble, but there was something about him that drew her in.

Princess Anne melted into the tender kiss, surprised by the gentleness of Alastair's touch as he slid her slip off. His lips were soft and warm against hers, moving with a hesitant but eager exploration. It was clear that he was inexperienced, but there was a sincerity to his kisses that the princess found deeply endearing. She again found herself wanting to guide him, to teach him the secrets of pleasing a woman.

As their kiss deepened, Alastair's hands began to wander, his fingers skimming over the curves of the princess's body. He paused as he reached the swell of her breasts, his hands hovering uncertainly for a moment before he cupped the soft mounds with a tentative touch. The princess arched into his hands, encouraging him to continue his exploration. Alastair's fingers trembled slightly as he began to gently squeeze and caress her breasts, marveling at their weight and softness. He ran his thumbs over her nipples, feeling them stiffen and pebble under his touch. The princess let out a soft moan, the sound encouraging Alastair to continue his tender ministrations.

His hands were clumsy but eager, his touches awkward yet filled with a genuine desire to please her. He leaned down and pressed open-mouthed kisses along the column of her

throat, his tongue flicking out to taste her skin. The princess tilted her head back, giving him better access as she lost herself in the new sensations. No one had ever taken the time to worship her body like this, to build the anticipation so slowly and deliberately. It was a heady feeling, and she could feel the heat between her thighs beginning to build.

As Alastair continued to lavish attention on her breasts, the princess reached down and finished undoing the fastenings of his breeches. She could feel the hard length of him straining against the fabric, and she slipped her hand inside to wrap her fingers around his shaft. Alastair gasped against her skin, his hips jerking forward into her touch. The princess stroked him slowly, feeling him throb and pulse in her hand as she guided him to lie back against the bed.

She followed him down, straddling his hips as she continued to work his length with her hand. Alastair's hands slid down to her waist, simultaneously kicking off his trousers as he removed her robe. His fingers splayed across her skin as he looked up at her with hazy eyes. The princess could see the desire burning in their depths, a hunger that was tempered by a sweet, almost innocent longing.

She smiled down at him, her heart fluttering in her chest as she continued to stroke him slowly, teasingly. "You're doing so well, Alastair," she murmured, her voice low and sultry. "I want you to touch me more. I want to feel your hands all over my body."

Emboldened by her words, Alastair slid his hands up her sides, his calloused fingers leaving tingling trails in their wake. He cupped her breasts again, this time with more confidence, kneading the soft flesh and rolling her nipples between his fingers. The princess arched into his touch, a breathy moan escaping her lips. No one had ever touched her like this, with such tender reverence and genuine desire to please.

As Alastair continued his exploration of her body, the princess could feel the heat between her thighs growing more insistent. She ached to feel him inside her, to completion, but she also didn't want this moment to end. There was something deeply satisfying about being the one to guide this handsome, earnest young man in the ways of lovemaking. She had entirely forgotten the presence of the tiny adventurers within her depths. Their presence had given her some additional arousal earlier in the night. Now she was entirely invested in the passion of this young man from the north.

She lifted her hips, positioning herself above him, and slowly sank down onto his hard length. They both gasped and groaned at the sensation, their eyes fluttering shut as she took him to the hilt. The princess began to move, rolling her hips in a slow, sensual rhythm as she rode him. He was not as big as Prince Drago for sure, but there was something more pleasing about him. Whereas Lord what's his name had simply lain beneath her and Prince Drago thrust himself into her, Alastair matched her movements, his hips thrusting up to meet hers, their bodies joining in a dance as old as time.

As they made love, the princess could feel a building pressure deep within her core. The heat of Alastair's body against hers, the way his hands roamed her curves, the sound of his ragged breaths and soft moans - it all combined to drive her closer to the edge of ecstasy. She could feel Alastair's climax approaching as well, his thrusts becoming more urgent, more insistent.

"Yes, Alastair," the princess gasped, her nails digging into his chest. "Don't stop. Please don't stop." She could feel her release fast approaching, her body tensing, her inner walls fluttering around his hard length. Alastair gripped her hips tightly, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh as he thrust up into her, one long, languid pump after another. This was the ecstasy she

had been missing. For the tiny people deep within her, defending her so-called purity, this was not a tender moment, but an exhausting fight for survival.