



Fairy Godmothers don't always know what's best. Or do they?

"If love is pain, I want to be hurt!"

It must have been her distress over being dumped by Sir Justin that made Princess Lilly less than precise expressing her wish to her Fairy Godmother. Otherwise, she would not have ended up the indignant prisoner of Sir Gawain, a vile knight who wouldn't know how to properly treat a princess if the instructions whacked him upside his armored helm.

She should be angry, but she has no one to blame but herself, and no way out. The Kidnapping of Damsel Laws are very specific—once she is taken, she has no choice but to submit to his seduction. Every kiss, caress...and spanking.

Still, she's determined not to make it easy for him. If he thinks he will bend her to his delicious...no, *barbaric* intentions, he has a serious flaw in his logic. Yet as he carefully executes his plan of exquisitely pain-laced pleasure, she finds her body responding quite against her will. And her mind racing with immoral thoughts that threaten her jealously guarded virtue.

Until there is a very small, tiny, *remote* possibility that Sir Gawain might win her hand...

Warning: Beware, here be a dragon lurking. Contains the repeated exposure and abuse of a princess's sensitive skin. Readers with gentle sensibilities may find themselves breaking out in a most un-princess-like sweat, but fear not—the heroine retains her virtue. Er, at least until she's the one tying the last knot...

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Be Careful What You Wish For

Nick Howard

Chapter One

“Be careful what you wish for.” Those last words spoken by her fairy godmother echoed in Princess Lilly’s mind. Who would have thought that a fairy godmother would be so nasty and literal when it came to granting requests? And why wouldn’t that impish, white-haired woman come back when she was calling her? It made Princess Lilly down right angry. She would have stomped her foot in anger but her bare feet were dangling several feet above the floor of the cave, thanks to the fact her wrists were tied together to a rope that hung from the ceiling.

The cave was also chilly, which her white and slightly torn frilly gown gave scant protection against. That was the least of her concerns as she eyed the green and red scaled dragon as he prowled around the cave. The four clawed feet made scratching sounds as it made its way around and from time to time a whipping sound could be heard from its long and wavy tail.

The dragon occasionally opened its mouth wide, showing off a black mouth and white pointy teeth too numerous to count. Lilly shook her long blonde hair back and watched the some forty foot long dragon eye her with a mixture of wants. One was as a tasty food item, possibly cooked from his flame throwing mouth. The other was lust, for this was very obviously a male dragon. To say he was hung like a horse would have been a compliment to a stallion. Normally dragons didn’t find well-endowed princesses, slim-waist to be sure, that desirable. However that brought Lilly’s attention back to the source of her problems and those were the wishes granted by her fairy godmother.

She had just been dumped by Prince Justin for a princess who had not only a larger figure but also considerably larger land holdings for the lucky husband. In a fit of rage, sadness and a general feeling sorry for herself she wailed for whatever came to her mind. One was for Sir Justin’s penis to be reduced to the size of a limp pea pod and the other was to make her so desirable to all males—she really should have specified men—that they wanted to capture her—she forgot to add the words her heart. She said this sobbing in her bed, face down and with her legs kicking. Such emotion drew the attention of the aforementioned fairy godmother who did an appearing act by her bedside.

“My poor, poor dear Lilly. Surely you do not mean such words?”

Lilly looked up, rather startled. She quickly surmised the lady floating a few feet above the floor was not one of the castle’s servants and might be indeed her long rumored but never before seen fairy godmother. “But I do, I truly do.” She buried her pretty face into a pillow—there were eight to choose from—and cried again.

“Love can be painful, as you just discovered, sweet Lilly.”

She lifted her head as tears streamed down her elegant cheeks. “I don’t care. If love is pain then I want to be hurt. I want to be desired by all males and make Sir Justin jealous he didn’t select me.” She dropped her head into another pillow.

Lilly was aware of a flash of light, and when she lifted her head saw she was alone once again. She returned to her sobbing for a few more minutes until a third pillow was wet from her tears and then slowly got up. She changed into another of her expensive gowns, this one with a low-scooped neck. There were a roomful of knights having a meeting in the Great Hall of Warriors, discussing important topics such as who should lead the Summer Parade. Lilly decided she may as well look pretty. Some of the knights would be eligible, and those who weren’t might be sorry they weren’t when they saw her. She spent a few minutes freshening, reapplying her make-up, powdering her chest where the scoop neck of her gown revealed part of her bosom, brushing her hair and painting her nails.

Now pretty as a picture, Lilly ventured out of her bedroom, deciding she wanted a bowl of ice cream, or possibly a whole quart of it. She was shocked when she felt a pinch on her bottom as she went past two guards stationed at the end of a hallway. She turned around quickly but each guard looked as frozen as before. She wondered if the sharp pain was her imagination and continued her journey.

Perhaps a smarter princess would have noticed the long looks the knights were giving her when she went by their meeting room, the soft moans from the male servants as they worked near her and the way her pet dog, Philly, greeted her as he clung on to her leg with his front limbs. But Lilly continued on her way, and when she passed back to her bedroom and by the roomful of knights meeting in a side room, was ignorant of the attention she was receiving from one knight in particular. She carried her crystal bowl of ice cream—strawberry flavored naturally—unaware her life was about to change forever.

Princess Lilly changed into her nightgown, a pretty white lacy garment designed exclusively for princesses, and climbed into bed after opening a set of bedroom window shutters to allow the moonlight to enter her bedroom. She pulled the blanket only partially up to her waist, feeling a little warmer than usual. Lilly folded her hands across her royal stomach and closed her eyes, smiling as she thought of Prince Justin with a limp peapod between his thick thighs, hoping that wish came true.

Her dream of riding bareback on a powerful white steed along the shore of a vast ocean was interrupted by the awareness of a large hand covering her mouth. She opened her eyes to the shadowy image of a knight above her.

“Shhh. I hereby am announcing that I am kidnapping you under laws set forth governing kidnapping of damsels. Do you understand what that means?” the voice whispering out of the metal helmet was distorted by the grill that covered the mouth area.

Lilly tried to nod but found it difficult with the weight on her mouth. She then tried to gurgle out a confirmation she understood, though what came out was not particularly well spoken. This was a bit

embarrassing for a princess who had many speaking lessons, although none of them covered this exact possibility. She knew the laws that covered the kidnapping of damsels—it was a required study for all princesses—and understood once the kidnapper announced his intention to her she was not allowed to scream for help. The Kidnapping of Damsels laws, or K.O.D. laws as they were often called, were very specific.

The knight, and at this point she could safely assume he wasn't the gallant kind if he was kidnapping a princess, slowly released his hand. "Turn on your stomach."

Lilly's stomach was already turning, and she decided to follow suit with the rest of her body. She knew that he would gag and tie her. Both were required under the kidnapping protocol. The gag didn't have to be the mouth stuffing sort, as long as it was present the kidnapped damsel was obliged not to try to draw unnecessary attention by screaming. The laws were quite clear on this and were designed to prevent overly harsh gags on damsels. The Damsel Society agreed to that provision after much negotiation with the Knights and Noblemen Association.

A soft cloth was pressed into her mouth, and the ends were tied behind her head. She felt the covers pulled down and her wrists were crossed behind her back, tied securely with a rope. The knight used more rope to tie her ankles together.

Lilly waited patiently for him to finish, trying to recall all the various sections of the Kidnapping of Damsels laws. He then rolled her over and slid her across her queen-sized bed to the edge where he had her sit. She watched the dark figure move quietly for a man wearing a dark grey suit of armor and produce another length of rope. He wrapped the rope around her upper arms and torso, which not only secured her arms completely, but also tugged down her gown as it lifted her breasts up. She looked and saw that the effect made them dangerously on the side of indecency at the gown's scooped neck. This did not go unnoticed by Lilly, who tried to take smaller breaths of air, or by the knight who took larger breaths of air.

The knight tied another length of rope around a leg of the bed and tied the other end to her ankles. Lilly wondered how that was supposed to help contain her to the bed as it was a seriously long rope.

The knight walked over to the open window, looked down and nodded his metal head. He returned to Lilly and helped her stand. "Do not be frightened, you will be safe."

Lilly nodded and murmured though her gag.

He lifted her over his shoulder and carried her to the open window, leaned over and deposited her on the windowsill. The knight gripped the loose rope and slowly pushed her out of the window head first.

Lilly looked down at the ground two stories below and hoped the knight was strong enough not to let go of the rope that held her ankles. She would have loved to scream but could only work her tongue into the screaming position and that didn't do any good with the gag in place. Besides, screaming was forbidden under the laws of kidnapping. She noticed a black horse waiting below her, and the rose bushes along the castle wall. She also felt coolness on her legs and knew her gown had bunched around her hips.