

NEGASI'S PRINCESS



*Dana
Littlejohn*

Dana Littlejohn

A Free Read

Negasi's Princess

This eBook is Provided Free by Dana Littlejohn.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to any persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

Dana Littlejohn

Negasi's Princess

All rights reserved.

Copyright © 2012 by Dana Littlejohn.

Cover art by Dee Owens of Personalized Marketing

<http://personalizedmarketing.info>

This eBook and all material is Copyrighted and may not be Shared, Distributed or Printed without express permission from the Author and Publishers of Each eBook that the Excerpts were taken from.

Negasi's Princess

A free read

By Dana Littlejohn

The celebration had begun. Princess Kengi had waited her whole life for this day. Now that she was of age to marry her father would find her a suitable prince and her new life would begin. The party lasted into the night and she danced, sang and drank to the point of exhaustion. Finally, Kengi left the festivities behind to find her bed. On the way back to her rooms, giggling caught her attention. She turned away from the hallway and toward its direction instead.

"No, Soonyah, you're telling a tale. It couldn't have been that bad."

"No, Talia, I'm not," Soonyah answered in monotone.

Kengi recognized the voices immediately as Kamilah's daughters. They were just a few years older than she was. She had played with them often as a child. She moved closer and strained her hearing.

"Are you truly saying he did *nothing* to satisfy you?" Talia asked in a shocked voice.

"Nothing!" Soonyah confirmed in hushed urgency. "It was awful. His member was small and insufficient at best. He boasted so much about how much I would scream for joy under his touch and prowess that I looked forward to this night. I was so disgusted at his attempt to make good on his promise that I was tempted to run from his room naked just to get away from him."

"You didn't?"

"No, he looked so upset that he couldn't perform that I couldn't. He offered to use his mouth to pleasure me so I let him."

"How was that?"

"He couldn't even do that right," Soonyah grumbled.

"Oh sister, that's terrible. Did you at least give him instruction? Some men just need to be shown what to do and then do well after that."

"Oh no, I was done after that. I gathered my things and left. He will never get a chance to disappoint me again."

"Oh Soonyah..."

"No, that's enough about my night, Talia. Tell me about yours."

"Oh! Tombe' was wonderful. I had spied his tool once when he rose from the pool. The thin material pressed against his wet skin leaving a visible

impression that was most impressive,” she mentioned on a giggle. “When he approached me tonight I gladly went to his bed.”

“Was he as good as you suspected?”

“Better! His skill in the sheets are unmatched by any other man I have had. There was no need for him to use his mouth to bring me orgasm. He did so anyway claiming that he liked to do it.”

“And?” Soonyah urged.

“And it was heavenly,” Talia said on a sigh.

Soonyah’s envious groan reached Kengi’s ears as her sister continued her tale.

“When he discarded his clothes my breath hitched in my throat. His form was pleasing from head to toe and he is extremely well endowed, bigger than I had assumed. His piece was long and hard when he presented it to me.”

Kengi listened a while longer as the sisters spoke, but then left their chatter behind continuing on her way. She got the impression that that wasn’t the first time Kamilah’s daughters had come together to share experiences. After hearing them speak so intimately about their men, Kengi couldn’t help but wonder what kind of lover her prince would be. Talia and Soonyah could obviously tell a good one from a bad one, but how would she to discern such a talent? Prince Negasi would be her first.

As she eased into sleep, many questions swirled around in her head begging for answers. Just before darkness claimed her consciousness, Kengi’s mind settled on the one thing she did learn from their conversation. Although all men possessed the same equipment, some had the skill to wield it to bring pleasure to a woman while others do not.

Kengi stood at the window inside her parlor looking outside. More than two months had passed since she overheard the tantalizing words. To her dismay, her desire to seek answers from Kamilah’s daughters was not as fruitful as she wanted. She had caught them one at a time, but the encounters were brief and her questions many. The girls only had time to answer a precious few and it was hardly enough to ease Kengi’s inquisitive mind. With her wedding to the prince in just a few days, the staff was busier than ever and she only saw them again in passing. Frustration over her lack of knowledge consumed her every thought. As the prince’s procession enter the gates of her kingdom and sighed.

“Please don’t be sad, princess,” a woman said from behind her. “Marriage to this prince won’t be all that bad. I took my husband when I was just a few years older than you are now and we are still very happy together.”

Kengi sent a look over her shoulder to her governess. Her parents asked that Kamilah accompany her for and her and Negasi's first meeting. Kamilah mistook Kengi's distant behavior for melancholy not knowing where her true thoughts lie. It was curiosity that distracted her. Kengi had no doubt she could handle her responsibilities as wife and queen, but how was she to know if Prince Negasi even *knew* his? His ability to rule his kingdom didn't bother her. Kengi had to assume that the present king thought Negasi was ready for the throne or he would not turn it over willingly, but what of his spousal duties? Was Negasi taught in the same fashion as she was? What if he turned out to be a letdown like that boy Soonyah was with? What would she do then? Kengi's brows scrunched in thought for a moment before she turned.

"Kamilah, if my prince doesn't please me can I choose another?"

Kemailah stumbled back and gasped aloud. "What? No, princess, you cannot. You are given only one husband. Your union is for life. Your prince must die for you to receive another."

"So whether he pleases me or not I am stuck with him?" she asked in amazement.

Kamilah's eyes widened then suddenly her shocked expression faded and a smile spread her lips. Kengi's brow rose as she gazed at her.

"You kid far too much with serious matters, princess," she commented on a chuckle.

Kengi rolled her eyes.

"You have nothing to fear, Princess Kengi. Last year the king of Nigeria came to visit to speak to our good king of a possible match with you. Prince Negasi was already of age to marry, but you were not. I caught a glimpse of him then while he sat with your father. He is an extremely handsome youth."

"But Kamilah, doesn't it take more than outward beauty to be happy in a marriage?"

"Yes, princess, it does, but if it's bad behavior you fear, you worry needlessly. Many women have learned to steer their men into better habits. If your prince conducts yourself in a manner that you don't like, I have no doubt that you will devise a way to guide him down a path that is more pleasing to you."

"What if it's not something he picks up during our time together, but something he arrives with?"

"Before I came to you, princess, I was assigned to a student whose former governess had a different teaching style from my own. I thought it best to implement what I required from him at very start. This way there were no misunderstandings along the way."

"How did you do that?"

“I very gently conveyed my desires and when he complied I praised him for doing well. The same tactic may work with your prince. Have no fear in expressing what you want from him. He will be your husband. For your relationship to work compromises will have to be made that will make you both happy.” Kamilah chuckled and lifted Kengi’s chin. “You were groomed to rule a nation, princess, surely you can handle one man especially one that will love you want you.”

Kengi smiled then hugged her teacher. “Thank you, Kamilah.”

“You are very welcome. Now come, it is time to make you presentable for your first meeting.”

Kengi nodded and followed the older woman. She allowed Kamilah’s helpers to wash and dress her then do her hair while she quietly contemplated her strategy. When the women were done and Kamilah was satisfied with their efforts, she turned the mirror about so Kengi could see the end result.

Kengi smiled at her image. Tiny jewels decorated the long single braid in her hair. A shimmering golden powder decorated her eye lids and she liked the ruby tint on her lips. The dress she wore lifted her breast and tapered at the waist. The skirt flowed loosely around her rounded hips as she twirled around playfully. Kamilah giggled and clapped her hands.

“I am glad that you are pleased. I will see where the prince is now and bring him to you. Return to your outer room when you are ready.”

Kengi nodded and stood before the mirror solidifying the plan in her mind. Going to her dresser, Kengi searched through a large jewelry box until she found the right necklace. Placing it around her neck, she adjusted her breast so that the stone would sit between them. She headed for the door but stopped short holding the handle. Turning around, Kengi rushed back to her dresser, made one more last minute change to her wardrobe then went back to the parlor to wait. It wasn’t long before Kamilah open the doors and walked in.

“My princess, may I present Prince Negasi of Nigeria,” Kamilah said extending her hand to the door.

Kengi stood. Moments later the prince entered and her breath caught. Negasi was so handsome that she was more inclined to call him beautiful. Way taller than her own five foot two inches, she had to look up into his large brown eyes. His rich, chocolate colored skin was smooth and unmarked. White teeth gleamed at her when he smiled. Kengi was pleased with his outward appearance to be sure, but what of the qualities that could not be seen. They mattered, too.

“Princess Kengi, it is a pleasure to finally meet you. You are as beautiful as your father has boasted,” he said lifting her hand to his lips.

“Thank you, Prince Negasi.” Hard as it was to pull her gaze from the handsome prince she did so. “Kamilah, if you would give us a few moments together in private, I would appreciate it.”

Kamilah had taken her place in the background. She looked shaken by Kengi’s request. Kengi turned her back to the prince to block the look meant only for her governess. The pleading expression she hoped to communicate worked. Kamilah shoulders slumped in defeat and she nodded.

“I will be just outside the door, princess.”

“Thank you, Kamilah.”

Kengi waited until Kamilah was on the other side of the door before she turned her gaze back to Negasi. The hair on his face was minimal, his mustache established, but the tuft on his chin looked newly grown. She guessed he was not much older than she was. His back was erect, but she saw apprehension flickering behind his pretty amber eyes.

“You and I are betrothed, Kengi. We are not supposed to be alone together until our wedding night. Why have you dismissed our chaperone?”

Uneasiness laced his query. She almost smiled.

“There are things I must say to you, Negasi, that are meant only for your ears.”

His brows furrowed. “I don’t understand.”

Kengi didn’t bother to elaborate.

“Why are you here today, Negasi?”

His expression moved abruptly from confused to stunned. “I— I am here to officially ask your father for your hand in marriage. Our fathers believe our union to be a good match. It will bring our lands together to make us a greater nation and we—“

“And what of me?” she asked calmly. Kengi’s interruption stopped his words. He looked confused as she continued. “You had no intention on asking *me* for my hand? Does my opinion matter so little to you already? Your princess...your soon to be wife?”

“No— Yes— That is—“

Kengi turned her back on him to hide her smile and his stammering ceased. She walked to the chair beside the window and sat down crossing her legs.

“How do I know you will make me a good husband, Negasi? Have you been trained in the things needed for such a task just as you were taught to be an honorable king?”

Negasi’s eyes widened and his stuttering returned. Kengi held up her hand and it stopped.

“Come here,” she commanded.

As if pulled by a string, Negasi walked rigidly across the room and stopped before her.

“I have been educated in how to please you as a man, Negasi,” she told him. “I will stroke and suck your cock until it explodes in my mouth sending your screams of joy to the four walls. You will find even more pleasure when you are inside my hidden chamber. I will roll my hips when I beneath you, bounce my bottom on top of your staff all while squeezing my inner muscles rhythmically to pull your seed from you.”

Negasi’s jaw dropped when she paused.

“I have no doubt that my abilities will keep you happy for a long time, but I must ask, can you say the same for me?”

Negasi blinked rapidly as he processed her question. “I— I— No one—”

“So you don’t know?”

His jaw bobbed for a moment longer then he pressed his lips together and shook his head.

“Very well. Show me your member.”

“What?”

“How else will I know if it will please me?”

“But...”

“Are you ashamed of it?” she asked with a raised brow.

“No,” he answered quickly.

“Then you should *want* to flaunt it before your princess.”

She had an idea of what to expect if Talia’s brief description was to be honored. Talia also mentioned that although the form of the male appendage was identical for all men, something about them made each unique to the man it belonged to. It would be up to her to decide if she found it appealing. According to her sister, Kengi’s body would let her know.

Kengi watched intently as he loosened the string holding his pants up and couldn’t stop the soft gasp that slipped out when his penis was revealed. She inspected it quizzically turning her head to and fro then looked up at Negasi.

“It’s not very big.”

“It’s asleep. It will grow when it is awakened.”

Her brows rose. “It grows?”

“Yes.”

“Well then, make it grow.”

Negasi gripped the limp tissue with his thumb and two fingers. She was unimpressed as it flopped forward as he stroked it, but then suddenly it changed. Kengi's eyes widened. She was fascinated by its quick transformation from weak looking, wrinkled flesh to the smooth and hard looking tool that now filled Negasi's hand completely. Her pussy pulsed and her heart raced reacting to the sight, making her gasp.

"Your penis pleases me, Prince Negasi," she said when he stopped and presented it to her fully awake. "I like it better when it's like this," she said gliding her finger across its length. "I will require you to keep it that way when you are around me. Can you do that for your princess?"

"I— I—"

Kengi gave him a raised brow look. His Adam's apple bobbed visibly as he swallowed loudly.

"Yes, princess, I can."

"I knew you could," she said with an encouraging smile. "You have a very impressive piece, Negasi. Don't you want it to look its best for your princess at all times?"

"Yes, my princess."

"Of course you do, now remove your clothes. I want to see if the rest of you is just as appealing."

Negasi looked as if he was going to hesitate, but changed his mind. The shirt he wore fit his physique loosely, but could not hide the broadness of his shoulders. When he was done unbuttoning his shirt, it fell to the. Kengi's breath caught. Negasi was not only lovely in face, but in body as well. His chest was thickly muscled, defined perfectly and dusted with dark hair. The definition went down his torso to his stomach and smoothly into his lower half. Kengi leaned forward giving into the urge to touch him. Her fingers slid over the taut skin of his slender hips and thick corded muscles of his thighs. Enjoying the rushing sensations touching him gave her, Kengi was beginning to look forward to the nights of pleasure she would have with him.

"Very nice," she said easing back into the chair. "I am told that a husband not only must be able to use his tool to pleasure his wife, but he is also to be proficient in the art of kissing. Will you be able to satisfy me in that manner as well?"

"Yes, my princess."

Kengi stood before him. She wrapped his arms around her waist and slipped her hands behind his head. He yanked her to him.

"No, not so tight." He loosened his hold. "That's better. You learn quickly, Negasi. I like that."

He smiled at her praise. "Thank you, princess."

Pulling him to her she took his lips and guided him into a slow kiss. Her tongue pushed pass his full lips to seek entry. Their tongues slid by one another dancing erotically. Her head swooned. The throbbing returned between her legs and she instinctively rubbed against his erection. She was breathless when she pushed away from him.

“Yes, I see that you can. You do that very well, Negasi.”

“Thank you, princess.”

Kengi lowered herself into the chair, gathered her skirt and pulled it high around her waist. She had taken Talia’s advice and removed the hair from her pussy not really knowing the significance behind it. Now seeing the wide eyed look on Negasi’s face and his penis bobbing before her, Kengi knew she would keep it this way from now on.

“Let’s see if you are just as proficient with these lips.”

This time Negasi did hesitate. His eyes were stretched to their limits. He was almost salivating as he looked between her and the door.

“Kamilah will not enter again until she is called,” she muttered hoping to ease his apprehension.

It was enough. Negasi dropped to his knees and pressed his face into her dewy nether region with a relieved groan. He licked and sucked on her delicate folds sending joyful noises up for her to hear. To her surprise the sounds increased her pleasure. Whether he was trained or had a natural talent she didn’t know, but one thing was clear. It felt heavenly! She let out a stuttering moan of satisfaction.

Negasi continued showing his superior skill, and when he suckled on the tiny bud on top of her vulva lightening shot through her blood stream. A sensation gripped her senses from deep within that she had never experienced before. There were no words to describe it. Kengi gripped the arm rests for fear she would leap from the chair. She could almost see herself rising higher and higher as the feeling intensified and then she shattered into a million pieces. Bliss saturated her being. Her hands moved quickly, one grasping the back of Negasi’s head to still his movements, the other clamping over her mouth to muffle a scream that would have surely brought Kamiliah running.

She trembled all over for a time as shimmers of ecstasy traveled the length of her spine. When they finally subsided, she was able to breathe normally again and she opened her eyes. Kengi lowered her hand and released Negasi’s head. He settled back on his haunches gazing at her adoringly. His hands rested on his thighs as he waited for her reaction to his service. Kengi loved his prostrate appearance. She made mental note to keep him in that position often in their marriage. Smiling at the thought, she leaned forward and caressed his face lovingly. Negasi smiled.

“Was that to your liking?” he asked eagerly.

“Yes, it was wonderful. I am very proud of you. Did you enjoy it as well?”

“Yes, I did. You taste incredible. I look forward to doing it for you often after we are married.”

“If you are a good, Negasi, I will let you do that every day. Can you do that? Can you be a good husband?”

Negasi nodded vigorously.

Kengi stroked his face as she pulled her hand away from him. “In return I will give you the same satisfaction with my mouth and I will let you enjoy my body often, but only as long as you continue to keep content. Is that understood?”

“I will do whatever it takes to make you happy, my princess,” he promised reaching for his shrinking member.

Kengi smiled at his attempt to honor her first request.

“I know you will,” she said cuddling his cheek again. “This is the start of a beautiful relationship, Negasi,” she added silkily.

Negasi rubbed his face into her palm. “Yes, my princess.”