

Untitled Grace x Alunya Story

Grace let her gaze wander upon the snowy expanse outside the window. She was sitting in the orangerie of her current winter residence. What had once only been a hunting lodge now spanned a sizable territory, providing everything befit of her status, she mused. Her eyes lingered on a few dark spots in the milky sunset. While she was far away from any major city of the realm, a small village was situated a few hundred yards away. The news of her arrival had had quite the effect on the once humble settlement. Paupers had flowed to it in the hopes of being employed alongside the servants housed in the palace and it had honestly helped her funds a lot. After looking over the scenery one last time, she decided to return to her study and review her plans to adjust tariffs next year. But then she remembered taking some of her documents to her sleeping quarters to read them last night. Stepping inside her private quarters, she could hear a faint rustling from her closet "Those damn maids.", she thought, "If one of them dresses up again, I will have her publicly whipped." Contrary to her expectations however, she was greeted by the sight of a thin peasant girl donning one of her more modest traveling ensembles.

After setting her eyes on the open window of her closet room, Grace unleashed her verbal fury before the girl: "Don't even think about escaping or i'll have you hung by sundown. The guards have the nearest acre mapped out like they were rooms in this very building and would

find you in no time. State your family name and standing now, or i will have you punished at once." The lass answered with a fierce glare seemingly ossified in defiance, but then something appeared to break within her. Releasing her clenched fist, she lowered her gaze and spoke: "My name is Alunya, daughter of Marca de Segura and Alaltun. My father was a scribe who came here on the rumors of possible employment in this court. He perished last year, leaving my mother and me to provide various services for the townsfolk." The expression and haggard appearance betrayed the futility of their endeavor. Steeling herself, she continued: "We... We don't have anything left for you to take. I beg you to spare my mother at least."

"Be thankful. You have softened my heart and have been forgiven your transgression, however ...". She was surprised herself at the queer thought that came to her: "Return these garments to me. At once!" Alunya was dumbstruck, yet complied wordlessly. "And now go!", "But i don't have any...", trailed off. "If you return in two days time, one day after the lord's day, i will see to you receiving attire appropriate to a commoner. Don't strain my generosity." Alunya reluctantly climbed outside the wardrobe's window, visibly perturbed by her state of undress.

Grace thought it was best to hide this incident from her servants, so she saw to returning the garments to their proper place. She almost struck herself upon realizing she just made the girl leave her own clothes, finding a pile of tattered robes of nondescript color and beside that her apparent underthings. Grace questionably inspected the flimsy piece of fabric, yet it unmistakably bore the her scent. The thick

scent of daily toil and desperation. It stirred something within her, that she pushed aside for now, as she resolved to enquire about procuring a modest set of winter garments.

Alunya's heart was beating furiously, as she stalked among the moonlit underbrush in a state she'd rather avoid being seen in. The peasant girl had almost gotten used to being cold and barefoot in her time, but to the contrary this cold made her curiously warm and the growths brushing against her flanks almost made her yelp in her newfound sensitivity. It irritated her to be affected by something that noble brat had sprung on her. It felt like the punishment she planned for her. One to make her feel like a harlot. She could practically imagine that vampiress of a prince lecherously cackling about the inappropriate situation she had arranged. Even if at the moment Alunya was rather demure in her situation, she would give that girl a piece of her mind soon enough.

Arriving at the edge of the forest she, had no choice other than to cross into the settlement where her families house was located. Even though lamp oil was especially sparse this Winter, the girl still took care to stay in the shadows, brushing against the rough clay exterior of her neighbors huts again and again. Finally she came to her home and silently slipped inside the room. Her mother lay asleep on her bed, fortunately remaining oblivious to her daughters predicament. While she carefully retrieved her nightrobes and nestled herself into her bedding of straw, Alunya couldn't help but linger on what had transpired this evening.

She would show the high-born pervert she was prepared to use the same uncouth tactics as are. While she might have succeeded in tainting her desires she would return the favor tenfold, relishing in making the blonde squirm in the same way she briefly had this night. Even without her mother sparing any time to give her guidance, a girl her age rarely remained ignorant in a place like this. What she had picked up from hearsay was vague and she knew next to nothing about the other sex. Still between the broader nature of the act and the instinctual understanding of her own body, Alunya plotted her revenge, eventually leading into a well-deserved sleep.

As the evening came down on the second day of the week, Alunya tentatively approached the windows to the estates inner quarters. There she found the very same window she had entered and on the other side the very same lady she had met, sitting in a luxurious nightdress. Under her stern gaze she opened the unfastened window, stepping over the frame into the center of the room. Just then she managed to remember the appropriate gesture for someone of her standing and fell into a deep curtsy. "She seems to have learned some manners at least." The noble was putting away the letters and charts she seemed to have been occupied with and procured a cream medium length peasant gown with a sturdily laced bodice, a pale navy overcoat and beige boots with a fur lining. The clothes would draw attention, Alunya thought, but not overly so. Her benefactor seemed to have had an eye for that. "I thank you for your great generosity, esteemed lady." "Then i want you to honor my generosity by wearing them

right now!"

Now that Grace found herself more closely appraising her undressing form. the thoughts she had provoked to her over the last few days return to the forefront of her mind. While the peasant girl followed her command, she openly leered at the softness in her scrawny body, seeing no need to hide her current state of mind. She placed her bundle of clothes next to her on the floor, yet was caught off guard by the look she was given. It made her feel like she, who should be able to do as she pleased with someone such as her, had been found out and then she knew whatever fear had suddenly crept up on here was justified. "You nobles always talk about us lacking propriety and decorum, so of course you would need no self restraint of your own." The girl stepped towards her, placing a hand to her crotch. The nightgown, that had until now felt trivial, like she didn't as much as consider changing her dress for a commoner, now made her feel vulnerable while her body was wracked by a mixture of sensations. Finally she gave in to her touch and shot her a look of surrender. Instead of having time to linger on her defeat, she was given her first command: "Now lick!"

Alunya felt high on her newfound control over the noble brat. For all of the depravity her counterpart had demonstrated, she seemed to be easily overwhelmed and she resolved to take advantage of that. Not only did she loudly moan in response to the work she was putting into her tongue, she also took the opportunity to trace her fingers over her milky-white form. Both had also gotten her very close to the edge, but that was something she was willing to accept.

Grace was entranced in her tentative union with the lass. Not only

was she slowly working out how best to please her, the regular touches that grazed her were felt with an increasing intensity. Her partner had seemingly also started react more strongly to her mouth. Cupping her head in both hands, the girl had now changed their positions, to come face to face with her. A few quick hand movements were enough to lure her largest moan yet. "Ah- Alunya", she had finally remembered her name.

Having recovered from their climax, Alunya drew back blushing. "Your esteemed lady... ship?", she began to stuttering, but Grace stopped her placing a hand on her thigh. "With you i experienced things i never did before in all of my life. I simply can not think of you as my lesser anymore." Deliberating what to say made her cheeks glow rosily. "Rather than seeing me as the girl born into nobility, i want you to see me only as your Grace." Alunya gently took her hand in affirmation, when they both realized they should probably get up from the floor, which had cooled significantly since the sun had set.

Approaching the private bedroom, they felt the warmth of the nearby stove. Beckoning Alunya to follow her, Grace huddled under the thick sheets of her bed, watching Alunya's naked form peel in next to her. "Your new clothes will become wrinkled if we leave them lying on the ground all night." "What is a wrinkle to something that will be stained next day, faded in a year and torn within my lifetime?" Alunya commented nonchalantly. "I will have you known i handpicked them to complement your... rather unconventional looks.", Grace huffed before once again reveling in their closeness. "I want you to cherish it, if only for a day.", she whispered only a hairs breadth from

her face. Now that their prior frustrated desires had been cooled, their kiss resembled a tender almost chaste gesture of mutual fondness. Resting in each others embrace, they slowly drifted into sleep.

Grace tried to form any thought, about her upcoming duties, the estate, the scandal it would cause if it were revealed she had laid with a woman, but all she could focus on was the soft breathing of the very same lying next to her.