

A Majestic Correction

By

Victoria Winters

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Chapter One

1487

Bayberry Castle

in the

Kingdom of Hesperides

A pretty lady-in-waiting bustled down the long corridor at top speed furiously rubbing her burning hindquarters and hissing out of the sides of her mouth. It was apparent to all she passed that she had gotten too close to his majesty, King Theseus, the ‘Spanking King.’ She had known better, of course, but her queen had sent her with a very important message and she’d had no choice but to approach his royal highness and curtsy prettily, then repeat his wife’s words.

“Her majesty wishes to enjoy the pleasure of your...” But before she could finish the sentence, she found herself upended over the royal lap, her skirts being lifted and her bottom bared before the entire assemblage as his majesty’s large, meaty hand connected repeatedly with her quivering bottom cheeks.

The courtiers had thoroughly enjoyed the show, laughing above her cries and pleas for mercy. Finally, she had been released and allowed to set her skirts to right. She curtsied deeply, even though it hurt the swollen skin on her bottom to do so, and thanked King Theseus ever so sincerely for honoring her with his royal attention, as was expected. Her name was Savory Heston and a pretty little thing she was with a head of golden-bronze curls and full, young breasts which had almost escaped her bodice as she’d been upended, adding a dose of suspense to the proceedings. She was now late returning to her mistress, Queen Minadora. She rushed into the queen’s quarters and her majesty’s dresser glared at her.

“She’s been asking for ye’, ye’ lazy thing. Get on in there then,” the servant scolded, pushing Savory towards the privy chamber. The young lady barely had a moment to compose herself before she was thrust into the presence of her queen. She prayed her majesty would not be able to tell that she had just lain bare bottomed over the king’s lap receiving a majestic

correction. She found Queen Minadora, surrounded by her serving women, attending to her needlework. Savory knelt before her benefactor and managed a tremulous smile.

The queen paused in her stitching to study the young beauty kneeling before her. Savory was the loveliest of her ladies-in-waiting. She was a chaste young girl and a special favorite of both she and the king. Savory's eyes were too bright though, her cheeks stained with tears as she chewed on her bottom lip. The signs were unmistakable; the child had just been spanked by her vigilant husband.

Minadora well knew that her husband liked nothing better than to turn a pretty young maiden over his lap and set her to squealing in misery as he danced attendance upon her shapely cheeks. In fact, the queen had suspected that the king would be terribly bored after having been sequestered in the War Room all day meeting with his advisors. Knowing that a little distraction would be just the thing to lift his spirits, she had sent her prettiest lady to him. By the look of the little thing, he had done a most thorough job. Savory was trying desperately to keep her composure, her hands stealing behind her back even as she knelt before her queen.

"Did you displease his majesty, child?" she asked, hiding her amusement. Savory gasped, her cheeks flushed a bright pink as her eyes grew luminous with unshed tears.

"I – I meant no disrespect, my queen. I had barely gotten a few words out before I found myself lying over his lap getting..."

"... what you had coming to you, I expect!" one of the elderly seamstresses interrupted, looking down her nose at the little lass. Savory anxiously looked from the seamstress and then back to the queen.

"I do not know what I did to displease him," Savory added, desperate to not incur the queen's displeasure. She bowed her head as tears began to fall. Queen Minadora had been so kind to her, like a mother during the six long years she had spent at court.

"Leave us," the queen ordered her attendants and waited until she and Savory were alone. Queen Minadora had enjoyed her husband's undivided attention in the early days of their marriage but had quickly decided to share the wealth. She had then generously given him leave to discipline whomever he pleased. Like Lady Savory, most of the maidens at court wore no pantalettes. Any they had brought to court were quickly torn to bits by her husband and there were no replacements to be found. Thus King Theseus had a court full of young ladies, bare bottomed under their skirts, to correct at his whim. A flick of the royal wrist and they would find

themselves upended over his lap, their bottoms being carefully inspected before the king lit into them. He did not even bother to give a reason for the spankings anymore.

After having their plush cheeks turned a bright red by the royal hand, the young women were required to curtsy and thank him profusely for correcting their misbehavior. After all, it was an honor to have the king's undivided attention and one forgot that at their own peril.

The queen knew that Savory was a special favorite of his. Her rounded little cheeks and her plump, saucy breasts brought to mind her curvaceous, full bottom and she seemed to be forever over his lap. Her jouncing, rapidly reddening buttocks were a familiar sight around court. She too favored Savory, whose mother, Winifred, had been a childhood friend. Minadora had been devastated to learn that her friend had perished giving birth to a stillborn son just as Winifred's only other child, little Savory, was becoming a young woman.

Minadora had sent a message of condolence to Winifred's widower, Lord Heston, and had included an invitation for Savory to come to court to serve as her lady-in-waiting.

At first, Lord Heston would not consider it. As the only heir to Hunterdon, Savory needed to learn how to run the estate she would one day inherit. But the loss of her mother had turned Savory wild. To his despair, she was forever slipping out of the house to romp and play with the village children. Finally, he had packed her things and sent her to the queen, hoping that being at court would teach his daughter some refinement and manners. If anyone could tame Savory, he knew it would be his old friends, King Theseus and Queen Minadora, who had been more than happy to take on the motherless child.

"Forgive me, your royal highness, I hurried as fast as I could and I'm sorry to hear you were looking for me," Savory said, eager to apologize and beg forgiveness. The queen decided to have a bit of fun with the stricken young woman.

"What took you so long, child? Were you hiding behind a door enjoying a bit of sport with a young courtier? Or perhaps giving your kisses away to a handsome knight who caught your eye?" Minadora did her best to look as forbidding as possible. She was teasing, she well knew that Savory was not given to encouraging the interest of the men at court. A tomboy at heart, Savory's kind of mischief was to slip from the castle to climb the surrounding hills and inspect the livestock.

"Oh no, your majesty," Savory protested. "I delivered your message to the king as you'd ordered but he, he spanked me. I swear I had done nothing wrong."

Minadora smiled at her and opened her arms. "I believe you, child. Now come and show me what my beast of a husband did to you."

Savory rose and approached her majesty. Minadora took the child upon her lap and wiped her tears with her handkerchief as Savory nestled into the royal bosom. She had been like a daughter to the queen during her years at court. Minadora inspected the young woman, petting her and rubbing her hands along her sides, then cupping her high plump breasts.

"I fear it will soon be time for you to leave me," she sighed.

"Oh no, majesty, I should never wish to leave you," Savory replied, but the queen merely smiled and shook her head.

"I know that you would loyally stay by my side forever, if I asked," she said. She held the girl, squeezing her young breasts as she whispered to her. She could feel her little nipples stiffening under her hand. "But soon it will be time for you to return to your homelands and take a husband. How old are you now, child?" she asked, although she well knew the answer.

"I just had my eighteenth summer, ma'am," Savory said. She closed her eyes and shuddered, recalling her natal day spanking from the king.

"Ah yes, you are a summer solstice babe, as I recall." The queen smiled at the memory. "I myself served as your godmother. But you know that I keep my young ladies-in-waiting at court only from the ages of twelve to eighteen. Soon you must leave."

"But why must it be so, majesty?" A tear came to Savory's eye. As much as she missed her father and her homelands, she was not certain that she would want to leave her home of the last six years to return to her own motherless household.

"As a daughter of rank, Savory, you must do your duty and marry the man you have been promised to. Renfrew of Gaunt has been patiently waiting for you to reach your majority. On the other hand, have any of the gentlemen at court caught your eye?" the queen gently asked, knowing that Savory was skittish and not fond of indulging in conversations about marriage or possible suitors, a subject that fascinated most of her young maidens. But Savory was not like the rest of them. The girl was a country woman at heart and Hunterdons' only heir with rich faraway lands that called to her.

"Some have expressed an interest, but I see no point in encouraging them. I have been promised to Lord Renfrew since the age of twelve."

“And what do you think of Lord Renfrew?” It broke Queen Minadora’s heart to think of Savory being given to such a cold and calculating man but Savory’s father, Lord Heston, had agreed to the match, probably thinking that it would ensure that Savory would be taken care of once he was gone. For all his faults, Renfrew of Gaunt was wealthy and powerful.

“I have only seen him once, majesty. I did not know the reason for his visit and hence paid him little attention. As I recall, he was of normal height and appearance, although he never smiled. My concern is the future of Hunterdon. Will he give me control of my own lands when the time comes, or absorb them into his estate?” she sadly asked, wiping away a tear. She loved her home, the neighboring village and the lands surrounding it. While it pained her deeply to imagine a day when her father would no longer reside in the land of the living, she had prepared her entire life to one day oversee Hunterdon. Savory loved her homeland and had many plans for its growth and expansion.

“The king and I will keep abreast of your situation, dear little one, do not fear,” Minadora whispered, comforting Savory. “So you have accepted your father’s match and encouraged the interests of no other?”

Savory began to wriggle upon the royal lap. Her majesty’s attentions were making her feel quite stimulated. Her nipples had become two hard little nuggets due to the queen’s clever fingers.

“No, my queen, there are those who have paid me court but always I pray about it and have not felt compelled to couple with any of them.”

“That is wise, little one. You are a good girl, honoring your father’s wishes and preparing to do your duty. You must bow to your father’s wisdom, child. He has arranged a marriage to a man who will see to it that you are an obedient wife.”

Savory looked at her queen, troubled. “My-my husband will see to my obedience, majesty? Does that mean that he will bare my bottom and spank me?” she asked, forgetting to cry in her astonishment. “Do such things happen?”

“If he be a good and wise man, little one, he most certainly will. Yes, your husband will see to your ongoing chastisement once you are wed. But before you go, you will need to get your Purity Seal from the king, the greatest honor bestowed upon a young woman. We do not need to concern ourselves with these matters now though. You will spend the Christmastide revels here at court and then, when the creeks thaw in the spring, you will be returned to your homelands.”

Minadora gently pushed Savory off of her and then patted her lap and said, “Come child, lay your tummy upon my thighs. Let me see what my beast of a husband visited upon your little bottom,” she murmured, lifting the girl’s skirts as Savory obediently lay over her lap. She could not hide a smile, the imprints of her husband’s hand still showed upon the reddened cheeks. Minadora clucked and shook her head as she stroked the swollen little mounds. This sympathetic gesture brought Savory to tears once again.

The queen opened a jar setting on the table at her right hand. She kept it close by to provide comfort to her young maidens after disciplinary sessions. She was quite skilled with her soothing creams and gentle touches. This time though, she chose the fragrant red oil and tipped the jar over Savory’s bottom cheeks knowing that the young woman would find the cinnamon in the oil to be quite stimulating.

“There, there, child, you have been punished and now you will feel nothing but the comfort of a loving touch.” As she gently rubbed the oil into Savory’s hindquarters, the child began to wriggle about most wantonly, exposing her hidden treasures to the queen’s watchful eye. As a final act, the queen insinuated her finger between the girl’s nether lips and gently touched the cinnamon oil to the little nub she found there. Quickly, she withdrew her hand and watched as Savory clenched her legs together tightly and bobbed upon her lap.

Savory frantically rubbed her thighs together and moved from side to side, trying to contain the building throbbing she felt in such a sensitive area. Minadora smiled as she watched Savory attempting to deal with the sensations she had visited upon her. It was time to awaken those parts of the young woman to prepare her for the marriage bed. Savory would soon return home and wed a man who had been waiting for her for a very long time. No doubt she would quickly be called upon to do her marital duty. It was time for the young woman to learn about her body and how to please a husband.

“Now, now, child,” she said, helping the young lady to rise. “Go rest and ready yourself for tonight’s festivities.” Savory curtsied and backed out of the room then once again found herself rushing down the corridor, this time clenching her thighs together as best she could. She felt a burning build in her most sensitive spot. It was all she could do to keep from rubbing it. To distract herself, she began to think about the revels scheduled for that evening.

It was the eve of the Fall Equinox and on this night, when the day was exactly equal in length to the night, all were declared equal. On Equal Night, the king became a commoner and a

new king was chosen to rule over the festivities. Traditionally, it would be the least among them and all were looking forward to seeing who would be chosen to wear the purple robe and carry the scepter for this one special night.

“Danides,” Savory called to her lady’s maid as she entered her quarters. She badly needed to rest and refresh herself before the ball. “Please, I wish to bathe. Would you make the arrangements while I rest?” Danides quickly appeared. She was not much older than Savory but wide and short. She had been very proud when Lord Heston had chosen her from among his staff to accompany his daughter to court and had since dedicated herself to Savory’s care.

Danides reminded Savory, “We do not need to wash your hair, we just did so the night before last.” Savory was extremely fond of being bathed, much more so than most. The serving woman left to make arrangements to have the tub and hot water brought up.

Savory lay on her bed, alone in her quarters. Before long, her hands slipped under her skirts and found the spot that was troubling her so. She was most uncomfortable. Usually the queen’s lotions removed the sting of the king’s spankings but this time her bottom felt as if it were on fire, as well as her most secret spot between her legs. It felt as if a certain spot had grown considerably and was throbbing intensely. She lifted her skirts and spread her knees in order to investigate. She touched herself cautiously and felt a swollen nub of good size. Was that supposed to be there? But her investigations did nothing to alleviate the throbbing. She began to rub the spot and that felt very good indeed. She squeezed her eyes shut and began to move about upon the bed. The rubbing had brought about sensations that began to build until she had no choice but to rub even harder. She heard a gasp and realized that her maid had returned and was watching her fondle herself. Savory tried to stop but she could not, it was too late. With a cry, she lifted her hips up off the bed as she spasmed against her own hand.

“M’lady!” Danides said, shocked. “The servants are right behind me with the water for your bath.” She grabbed the hem of her mistress’s skirt and flung it down, covering her legs.

Savory looked up at her maid with glazed eyes. Danides had seen everything! She was so ashamed that she turned away, hiding her face in her pillow as she felt the maid lower the back of her skirts. She could hear the servants bringing in the tub and pouring water into it. After the servants left, she stood as her maid undressed her and then helped her into the tub. Savory held up her hair as Danides knelt behind her and scrubbed her back with a boar-bristle brush.

“For shame,” the maid scolded. “An innocent young maiden, touching herself for no other reason than to bring pleasure.”

“That is enough!” Savory cried. Shamed by her own actions, she did not need to have the servant’s words add to her travail.

“I daresay it is time you took a husband,” Danides continued, ignoring Savory’s pleas, as usual. She finished washing her mistress in silence and then quickly dried her and put her in her sleeping shift.

“Lie down on your cot now and get some rest. And keep your hands to yourself,” the cheeky servant ordered. Savory glared at her but her eyelids grew heavy and, before she knew it, Danides was once again standing over her.

“Quickly, mistress,” she whispered, shaking her by the shoulder. “Ye’ slept long. It is time to dress for the ball.” Savory opened her eyes and stretched.

“I slept? I thought I had only closed my eyes for a few moments.”

“Nay, m’lady. Ye’ slept quite deeply, all through the dinner hour. At one point ye’ even spoke,” Danides replied, stripping Savory of the shift she had slept in.

“What did I say?” Savory asked.

“Ye’ said, quite clearly, ‘not tonight, sir’. Of what did you dream, mistress?” Danides asked.

“I dreamt of a man. I could not see his face. He was quite off putting, rather brutal but I did not fear him. With him, I felt safe,” Savory confided looking dreamily off into space. Danides grunted her disapproval.

“Well I would not set much store by that. Your intended, Lord Renfrew, is a distinguished gentleman who undoubtedly knows how to treat a lady.”

As Savory dried herself before the fire, Danides brought forth the scarlet gown she had been working on all day. It had been freshened and repaired and she had sewn yellow accents and black and gilt trim around the bodice and sleeves.

“Nay, Danides, I wish to wear the royal blue tonight,” Savory said.

“Oh no, m’lady, t’would not do. The king has announced a masked ball. There were an assortment of masks set out on the table in the banquet hall and I found this,” she said, holding up a golden mask with black and red trim. It had a jaunty red feather that rose up from one side.

“Ohhhh,” Savory breathed, “it is so beautiful and matches my red gown to perfection.” She was not always comfortable wearing such a bold color but it would be perfect for a masquerade. “But what shall I be?”

“Ye’ twill be ‘Fire’, madam,” Danides replied.

“But, of course. It’s perfect,” Savory agreed.

Danides smiled with satisfaction as she laced her lady into the gown. Square cut at the neck and fitted at the waist with long flowing sleeves and skirts, it showed Savory’s figure off to perfection. She skillfully arranged her mistress’ hair into a heavy bundle at her neck and then covered it with a glittery gold snood. The maid stood back and studied her mistress; Savory looked like an exotic creature, a temptress whom men would sell their souls for. The mischievous little girl she had always helped care for had blossomed into a beautiful young woman.

“If I might be so bold, m’lady, tonight ye’ will have many admirers. Remember your reputation as the most virginal of the queen’s ladies. Do your family name proud.” She turned Savory around and fastened the mask around her head.

“But of course, why would I behave in any other way?” Savory asked, puzzled. There was a knock on the door and Danides answered, allowing Savory’s closest friend, Lady Libretta, entrance. Savory expected to be greeted with an excited squeal, instead Libretta appeared at a loss for words as she looked upon her friend.

“Why Savory, you have grown up,” Libretta said.

Savory laughed and looked from her friend to her maid. “What’s gotten into the two of you this evening? You look lovely, Libretta. You’ve replaced the gold center panel of your blue gown with green. What do you represent?”

“I am ‘Earth,’ of course,” Libretta replied, smiling.

“I see it now.” Savory nodded. “With your long brown hair worn loose, you do indeed bring to mind our world. The blue and green becomes you. Danides, help her on with her mask. Quickly now, let’s not dawdle. The queen is most certainly in need of our services.”

Once ready, the two girls held hands as they ran down the corridor towards the queen’s quarters.