

# Princess

By C. Jade Wyton

*Becky Bloom has enjoyed a day out with her boyfriend Jareth Slader. They rest in the park, then Becky asks Jareth to find her an outfit to buy.... And then, they go home to Jareth's house to spend some quality time together.*

***Contains explicit sexual content, and some mentions of mental health issues.***

~~~~~

It had been a great day.

A busy week, but a great day.

Well, a great second half of the day.

Jareth had taken Becky to her therapy appointment. And the appointment was... as good as therapy could be.

Goodhuman had picked up that Becky was anxious. And he's asked about her wearing her mask.... Though she'd deflected— Denying anything was wrong and avoiding talking about the incident with Guillmero at all costs.

And it really was *all* costs, because when Goodhuman had started to weed around in her head with his clever words that he always used to trick her into talking to him, Becky had distracted him by mentioning a reoccurring dream she'd been having since her mother's death. The one where Miss Piggy from the muppets had become her stepmother because Kermit had gotten into drugs.

Unpacking *that* had occupied Goodhuman for the entire session, and Becky guessed that it might come up again next time, too.

But none of that mattered, right now. She was out with Jareth, lounging in the grass by the playground, eating donuts and drinking ice tea. His hand was running through her hair, and she could hear his heart beating as she rested her head against his chest.

And that was enough to make the day great.

She closed her eyes as she felt a kiss press against her cheek, and turned so it would meet her lips instead.

Except... she'd forgotten that she was wearing a mask.

Jareth seemed to find this funny, however, and simply pulled it down to kiss her properly.

'Is there anything else you want to do before we head home?' he asked, softly.

*I don't want to go home*, Becky thought, pressing tight against Jareth.

'Hmm.... Maybe we can, like, look at clothes?'

'Yeah? Anything in particular?'

'*Uuuh...*' Becky had to think about it.... 'Ooh! I know! I want you to find me something to buy!'

'Yeah?'

'*Yeah!*' Becky beamed, sitting up straight and grinning wide. 'Like— Ooh! Okay! Okay, so— Like! Not something you think I would pick out *myself* to wear

but like— Something *you* want to see me wear!’

‘So, nothing?’ Jareth joked, earning a playful smack on the arm.

‘No!’ Becky whined, clambering on top of Jareth and batting at him.

‘Something I can go *outside* in! Something I can wear while we hang out!’

‘Okay! *Okay!*’ Jareth laughed, grabbing Becky’s hands and pulling her down onto himself again. ‘I’ll pick something for you!’

Becky let out a squeal as Jareth rolled over, flipping her onto his back as sat up on top of her.

‘Jareth!’ she giggled, squealing again as he leant over and blew a raspberry into her neck. ‘*Jareth!*’

~~~~~

The shopping trip went well.

Jareth had picked out a *really* cute outfit.

It wasn’t Becky’s usual aesthetic; mostly tight black clothes that covered more skin than not— She understood how the the tight black was so appealing to Jareth, but was surprised by just *how much* skin the outfit hid. After his earlier comment she was expecting something a lot skimpier; but this was nice, too.

This was *very* nice.

An off-shoulder tank, tucked into high-waisted leather pants... a belt, with a mimic-shaped buckle (oh, he *knew* what he was doing with *that* choice!)... some *very* cute sandals with block heels... and a leather jacket; thick and strong, with a bright striking red interior lining.

It was the sort of outfit that would have Becky literally *drooling* at a girl’s heels, if she saw it on someone else.

She wasn’t exactly sure that *she* was pulling it off... but when she’d stepped out of the change room and seen Jareth literally leap to his feet, a huge dumb smile on his face, she figured she couldn’t look *too* terrible in it.... And it matched what he was wearing, too. So that made it extra cute!

Becky had asked the cashier if, instead of getting changed again, she could just wear the clothes out.... It wasn’t something they usually did, they said, but they seemed to think Jareth’s reaction was just as funny as Becky did, because they allowed it....

Becky fiddled with her sleeve, playing with the leather cuff and giving it a sniff.

She used to hate the smell of leather when she was little. It was so bitter and strong and... *leathery!*

But now she’d grown to *love* the smell.

It made her think of Jareth, and all the times he used to drive her around town on his bike; her arms around his waist and her face pressed against his back as they searched for a nice, quiet spot to make out....

She sniffed at her jacket again.

*I should have gotten one like this for myself, sooner*, she thought. *God it smells so good!*

Another long sniff, and Jareth gave a laugh. ‘So you like it?’

‘Mhm!’ Becky nodded, rolling over in bed and swiping Jareth’s blanket off his

back to wrap around herself.

'Hey!' Jareth exclaimed, chasing her over the bed and pinning her down.

'Hey!'

'Hey there,' Becky giggled back, rolling over to grin at him. 'How are you?'

A snicker escaped Jareth as he settled down on top of her. '*Becky.*'

Becky blushed, scrunching up her face in (what she hoped was) a cute way as Jareth's eyes met hers.

His gaze softened, then, and he looked amazed.

Like he was looking at something absolutely *breathhtaking*....

'What?' Becky asked.

'*You're so beautiful,*' Jareth breathed, his eyes not moving from hers as he shifted, pressing closer into her until their noses brushed. 'I love you so much....'

Becky felt herself blush as Jareth gazed at her with his soft, yellow eyes. 'I love you too.'

A kiss, which slowly moved from Becky's lips down to her neck... then to her chest.

He kissed her gently, running his tongue over her exposed skin, before lifting his head back up to stare into her eyes again.

He smiled, and Becky felt a giggle bubble out of her as he pecked her on the cheek.

'You're so beautiful,' he repeated in her ear. 'I love you.'

'*I love you, too,*' Becky whispered. Then, she sighed. 'Jareth?'

'Mm?' Jareth pulled back.

'This might be a dumb thing to say,' she said, pushing herself up so she could sit properly. 'But, like. I've kinda been wanting to, like... try new things. In bed.'

Jareth's ears twitched, and it was obvious she had his attention. 'Go on....'

'So, like... okay. So,' Becky sat up straighter, before making an awkward motion with her hands. *This was such an embarrassing thing to ask!* 'So like. If there was, like... one thing. That you like. Wanted me to do. In bed. Like. Say something or do something.... What would it be? Like. What would you like me to do?'

'Ooh, uh...' Jareth's cheeks went dark in a blush, and he scratched the stubble along his chin. 'That's... heh. I haven't really thought too much about that, I like what we do.... But uh. Maybe compliment me? Or bite me. Both are good.'

'Bite?' Becky echoed, leaning in close. 'Like, bite-bite?'

'Yeah,' Jareth chuckled. 'Bite-bite.'

'With my *teeth*?'

'Yeah.'

Becky let out a laugh, covering her mouth when she snorted. 'You used to *yell* at me for biting you!'

'Yeah, but that was *different*,' Jareth's blush grew deeper as Becky leaned in closer; she planted herself in his lap, grabbing the lapels of his jacket for balance as she playfully straddled him.

'Was it?' Becky asked, her lips gently brush Jareth's neck as she spoke.

'Y... Yeah,' Jareth was already sweating, Becky could smell it on him....

And as she shifted, she could feel him getting even more aroused.

'God... babe, that's good,' he breathed, his hands finding her hips and pressing

her down. 'That's— *AH!*'

Jareth cut off as Becky's teeth met his neck— Not *too* hard, of course, but hard *enough* for him to feel it.

'*Becky!*' he squeaked through a moan as she sucked hard. 'You're gonna give me a hickey—'

'That's the plan!' Becky cackled, pulling away and grinning wickedly at the dark mark she'd left on her boyfriend. 'Heh! Want another?'

He didn't have time to respond before Becky's face pressed into him again and he moaned, pushing up against her eagerly as she gave him three more deep, off-purple marks.

Then she pulled away, fixing her hair back into a proper ponytail before leaning in again—

'It's nice to see you're getting your confidence back,' Jareth joked, blocking Becky from his neck by rubbing at it with a hand. 'But I'm *already* going to have trouble hiding these.'

'Why hide them?' Becky smirked back. 'Show off to the world you're getting some.'

The sound that escaped Jareth was half a laugh, half a bark. 'Babe, I'm gonna get *so much shit* tomorrow from my friends about this!'

'Is it worth it, though?' Becky asked, giving Jareth a cheeky look.

For a moment Jareth looked like he was contemplating that question.... Then, slowly, he moved his hand and cocked his head; exposing his neck to Becky.

She immediately dug her teeth into it again, leaning into Jareth with so much force she pushed him onto his back.

'*Good boy!*' she told him.

'Becky!' he laughed, heartily, as he wrapped his arms around his girlfriend. 'Mm, *god*. I love you.... Hey, hey. Wait up—' Jareth pushed Becky back; a long line of saliva stringing between her and Jareth before she quickly wiped it away. 'Tell me yours.'

'Tell you my what?' Becky asked, furrowing her brow in confusion as Jareth sat up.

'You asked what I wanted you to do to me,' Jareth pecked Becky on the nose. 'But is there something you want *me* to do to *you*?'

Becky went bright pink at the question, and looked to the wall to avoid Jareth's gaze.

'There *is* something, isn't there?' Jareth laughed, wrapping his arms around Becky again, this time from behind. 'What is it? What do you want to try?'

'*Nothing*,' Becky mumbled as she pulled her legs tight together. *It was too embarrassing...!*

Jareth's breath touched her ear. '*Tell me?*'

'*Mmmm*,' Becky let out a playful, disobedient whine and wiggled as she felt Jareth's tongue on her. 'I, uh.... Hm! My— Heh!' a giggle, as Jareth's hand ran over her thigh. Then she took a deep breath and blurted; 'Pull my hair and call me princess.'

Jareth snorted, directly into her ear, and she batted a hand at him.

'Jareth!'

'Sorry! Sorry, baby!' Jareth laughed. 'I just— *Princess?*'

‘Biting?’ Becky shot back, earning another snort. ‘No, though! Okay— Like. The image is— Right. The image is: I’m on my hands and knees, probably like on the floor or whatever,’ Becky waved a hand when Jareth chuckled. ‘You’re taking me from behind. Right? Then like. You grab my hair and, like, use it to like, *pull* me up into a sit. And then you, like. Just like...’ she leant back into Jareth so she could whisper in his ear for affect. ‘*That’s my good little princess..*’

Jareth’s blush grew deep and dark, and his eyes widened as he gave a sheepish half-laugh. ‘You, uh... don’t think being yanked up by your ponytail would hurt?’

‘Oh, probably,’ Becky gave a nod, leaning forward again. ‘But I still wanna *try* it!’

‘Like this?’ Jareth asked, reaching up and grasping Becky’s hair.

She gasped, her entire body stiffening as a wonderful shiver coursed through her. Jareth gave her a moment to protest... but when she didn’t he pulled her close and slowly, tenderly, planted a kiss into the curve of her neck. ‘*Does my beautiful princess like that?*’

Becky could feel her entire body heat up as she let out a long, pleased moan. ‘*Does she?*’

‘Take me!’ Becky blurted, desperately— And Jareth immediately threw her forward, slamming her into the bed and pressing down heavily against her.

Then, his bedroom door flew open.

‘Hey Jareth, Mum says dinner is—’

‘GET OUT!’

The door slammed shut almost as quickly as it had opened, and Jareth leant away from Becky as his brother’s laughter moved behind the door and away in the direction of the stairs.

‘Fucking *Benny*,’ Jareth huffed, rolling his eyes and turning to his door, yelling out so his brother could hear him. ‘He never fucking *KNOCKS!*’

‘Hah, maybe he’ll learn from this,’ Becky giggled, propping herself on her elbows so she could look back at Jareth.

‘I doubt it,’ Jareth grumbled, his hand running affectionately over her back as he continued glaring at the door. ‘That idiot is dumber than a rock.’

‘Mhm! I think he’s pretty smart,’ still giggling, Becky relaxed into Jareth’s gentle pet. ‘So... what’s your mum making for dinner, tonight?’

‘Meatloaf,’ Jareth answered. ‘And mash potato.’

‘For *real*?! I love your mum’s meatloaf!’ Becky gasped, rolling onto her side. Then, she remembered what they had just been doing, and coughed, trying to act disinterested. ‘I mean. *Cool*. Meatloaf is nice. We can, um.... Head down later.’

Jareth sighed; looking defeated, and leant back over Becky so he could kiss her cheek. ‘Mum’s cooking’s the best, isn’t it?’ he said, offering a warm-but-tired smile. ‘We can pick this up later.... Come on. Let’s go eat.’

—END—

If you enjoyed reading, please consider supporting me and my work at  
[cjadewyton.com](http://cjadewyton.com)