MY PRINCESS by Giovanna Esse

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Taken from the antology: Italian women’s erotic sins

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“Love among women is contemplative, there is no fight, victory, or loss, each one is subject and object, slave and master.”

Simone de Beauvoir

1

Mrs. Thorn was late, very late, and regretted it.

Her “little angel” will have thought that, that day, she wouldn’t have gone to her.

Instead, although infinite smile of delays had completely shifted her timetable, she was firmly decisive to pass by her daughter’s at least for a good-night kiss.

The taxi quickly reached the hospital; she paid and got off. She still had an obstacle to pass: the strict check of visiting hours. For that, she was counting on her charm which, although she was almost in her fifties, still had an impressive ascent on professor Claim, head of the Pneumology section, where her little angel had been in recovery for some days.

The head nurse for the evening shift was Wanda, she knew her and trusted she could count on her complicity. She had adopted her child and cuddled her with delicacy, notwithstanding her size of Sumo wrestler.

An evil shiver crossed Mrs. Thorn’s spine, it was always the same, like a photographic flash, it’s what she felt every time she saw appearing in her mind the image of Thess hugging another woman. Her little, perverse child that always managed to thrash her heart of mother...

2

It’s got late… mum won’t come any more, Thess thought looking out at the falling dusk. Far, on the highway, cars flew past calmly, taking people home. She had always liked the evening; the street tinkered with the same humid colour of a silver mirror. The faraway lights of the buildings and car headlights inlaid on the cobbles into distorted and fascinating images. Perhaps those reflections where one of the most romantic representations of modernity.

Thess was feeling better, much better. A neglected bronchitis had invaded her delicate lungs; now the worst had passed and the next day she would have finally got out. She wasn’t a little girl anymore but she was still young enough to desire joy, fun and fresh air. Notwithstanding the illness, she had appreciated the forced break; it had given her the opportunity to reinforce her relationship with her mother.

Nothing serious… the usual tensions: she didn’t like too much her mother’s companion and her mother wasn’t ecstatic about her highly intimate friendship with Layla.

But luckily her mother was a very intelligent woman!

Layla and her shared an apartment, they had loved each-other for three years but without commitment, without complications; she loved to feel free and Thess had learned to not suffer from it.

Her companion had only come to the hospital twice, then, when the conditions had improved, with great tact, she had left a free pitch for the mother. How sweet, she had never let her feel lonely, she sent her continuous messages to tell her how she missed her lips… and all the rest.

The corridor of the hospital was silent and calm.

Thess threw an eye on the phone to check the time, they had just left her the tray with dinner, there was still an hour, maybe more, until the next visit, most likely of the chief nurse. With curled and hasty hands she searched for the last message of her lover. She felt her heart warm and wrote, almost automatically: “I can’t bare it any longer, love, now I’ll fumble between my thighs to look for you…” Send.

Writing those words had a rupturing effect on her long kempt lust.

Thess had regained her strengths and, after a month of forced abstinence, her groin burned, seeking a “solid” refreshment. She opened the secret file of her phone and scrolled with increasing excitement the images of Layla, half or entirely nude: in some poses, sweet and polite, in others horny and ensheathed like a prostitute.

Thess looked at her hands: that day she had dedicated herself to her body and in the end she had allowed herself a deep manicure. The red fire nail varnish was the homage, the call to tell her woman: “Love, I am all yours…” She retrieved under the light, took the photo and sent it. The recipient would have understood very well.

The little hands with delicious skin and the tidy fingers dived under the sheets, while Thess seeked her proportioned and hard breasts and her genitalia, warm and damp.

Her mother wouldn't have come… She didn’t mind any more. Or better, as the dirty girl she was, she now hoped she would come to find her while she gave herself pleasure, as it often happened in her secret dreams. She smiled, as she blushed…

Thess’ intimate heat wasn’t asking for more than encouragement by a desire, like an incandescent stream that seeks an adequate and consolatory outburst.

Thess hadn’t touched herself in a long time.

She began with extreme delicacy: each time she masturbated, it seemed like she was meeting her body for the first time. She squinted and started to detach from the world; the electricity that developed when the palm of her hand passed with false indifference on the sensitive clitoris transformed in small and colourful explosions that wrapped her minds and gave her a sinking sensation.

With her thread of thoughts she tried to reach for Layla, her distant love, but as the excitement grew, her memories and fantasies became more obscene and full of lust.

Her little pussy was already dense of emotions, but to the labia majora, swollen and half closed, reached only a slim veil of warm dampness. Thess knew that the dryness would have become humid and the humid wet, but didn’t want to force the hand. She could have “buttered” immediately the hands, sinking them in saliva, to then push them greedily in the crack that now vibrated with desire, but decided to wait. She had no rush, there was nobody and, as she often happened to think, she wouldn’t have asked for more: to be seen… spied, while she was really herself. When the angel became randy, then from “sweet” she became rage.

The left hand pulled downwards the turgid nipple, together with the halo, equally swollen and hard.

A rustling? Perhaps…

But no: impossible!

3

For some minutes, Thess completely abandoned herself on the bed.

The silence of the evening favoured concentration, it was easy to enjoy those moments of sensuality. Finally, shortly before starting to masturbate herself more intensely, after the preliminary caresses, she stopped and, tip-toeing went to check the door from the walkway. It was closed but without lock, it wasn’t a problem. Beyond the door, the corridor was deserted.

Leaving the entrance of the room ajar, Thess tried to guarantee to herself the possibility to hear if anyone had opened the corridor door. She didn’t feel like doing it in the bare little bathroom. She put the pillow at the centre of the bed, then took off the bottom part of her pyjamas and her white panites. She unlocked the door of the metallic wardrobe, a not too large mirror, allowed her to see herself.

Her Venus mountain was covered in a fair bush. She smiled, without abandoning her heat: it needed shaving but, meanwhile that image of her intimacy a bit wild made her bite her lip.

She returned to the bed and restarted to masturbate herself, this time more decisive, penetrating with her fingers and then pushing with her pelvis astride over the pillow. When the fingertips were out she allowed herself a hasty shake over her clitoris, flowering from her pussy, getting harder and larger. Now she was all wet.

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“Ok, be grateful of being Thess’ mother…” said sister Wanda, putting down the phone.

She was late with her activities and she was hasty to end her shift, they had guests that evening. Luckily her husband was a good entertainer: her friends would have been contempt of the starters she had prepared after, a good slice of “Capricciosa”. A few days before, right in her neighbourhood they had opened a real Neapolitan Pizzeria.

The night guard gave an allied smiled to the beautiful lady and let her in, as if the decision depended on him: classic.

Mrs. Thorn quietly walked the deserted corridors, happy to have managed to pass to her child at least for a “hello”. The next day, Thess would have got out and their relationship would have returned normal and, sadly, distant.

In front of the room she remembered the recommendation of Wanda, the head nurse:
“Be careful, she may be resting!”

She slowly turned the handle, the front room was dark, Thess’ room, instead was illuminated enough to see… and she startled!

Thess was lying on the bed, naked from the waist down. She rubbed against the pillow and touched herself, her eyes shut. Her angelic face, the lips pulled between her teeth showed the height of her pleasure. The mother remained still, embarrassed; she wasn’t expecting this. Then, although she knew she was spying, in silence she indulged her eyes on the wonderful and half-dressed body…

4

And it happened again.

Mrs. Pamela Thorn suddenly found herself again facing the situation which, already in the past, had put her self-control at risk.

Pamela loved her Thess of a profound love, she was her only daughter and she was a totally special girl. Thess was so sweet, tranquil and lovable to appear even more beautiful. The mother could read it, to her delight, in other people’s eyes too. Nobody resisted her simple charm, some people remained enchanted.

Pamela was a wise woman, emancipated. She had worked, travelled and she had had to deal with her complex sexuality: she was bisexual. Since she was a girl, she had felt the same curiosities, the same pulsions, both towards the powerful male virility as towards the delicious female sensuality, made of vail, awaits… shivers.

She leaned on the door, trying not to make a sound. She could see enough of Thess’ motions, she didn’t need to be sickly obsessive. She stayed in the shadow, vigil over the daughter’s pleasure with the heart tight in the bite of passion. She had had all the time to get excited, now her heart was mad and her breath short.

So she abandoned herself to the dream to trick her desire.

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My love, I know!

I know your palpitations and I am certain that you would also want it… because I also would want it. It would be wonderful, unforgettable. However, I am equally sure that suffering for this inconfessable desire makes it even more beautiful, more extenuating: eternal!

If we apagated our desire, if we did what we wished to, it would lose its strength, it would blur and transform in flesh and blood. It would lose all it’s heart wrenching poetry.

Afterwards, nothing will be the same again between us and I don’t want to miss the innocence of looking at you deeply in the eyes, reaching your heart.

I remember, many years ago, I had already found you riding the large pillow, the one you kept by the bed. It was late, your door had a defect. I came to you tip-toeing to make sure you were sleeping peacefully, but in the gap of the door I saw you.

I always liked to think that for you that was the first time. And I remember the devastating, unexpected effect that made on me; my lower tummy exploded. A heat took over my groin, as sudden as an explosion. Then, a tepid liquid spread like honey also in my panties, with no need to touch myself.

What a scene, love, you rose with your head thrown back, your eyes shut, mouth slightly open

You were in ecstasy!

The short vest showed the subtle chest while two raw apples kept the nipples pointy, darker and conceivable under the light cloth. Then you would arch, you would bend forwards, the little mouth followed the passion, parting to form a heart as you blew outwards, like a little angel that attempts to create delicious clouds in a celestial fresco.

I was there, incapable of receding or reacting; in my head a more potent and intimate orgasm than any ever felt in a carnal intercourse.

What a spectacle you were and still are!

The naked ass that moved rhythmic and decisive: forwards, backwards, rubbing the disclosed valve on the pillow… lowering, pressing, seeking in vain for a penetration, as impossible as desired.

Now you have your hand in the long hair, you stroke yourself to your temples; I imagine them on fire.

You have always been beautiful, my darling, but the beauty you release in this moment rips my soul, giving me a feeling of impotence. I don’t know what to think: I would want to expose you to the world, to show you, proudly and, at the same time, I would be jealous of everyone.I would want to have you only for me, for ever segregated in my love cage, only fed by my passion.

There is magic in what I see in front of me: a nymph, there. Now I understand that the great poets and artists must have felt and seen a spectacle like this. My soul vibrates sharing each poem and each ecstasy of the Arcadia.

And them, the rip of the soul: the lubricate countering of your tremendous pleasure, fascinating, a magnate inviting to sin; it’s poetry that becomes flesh and long intimate, lecherous, wet caresses.

Now, like back then, it costs me a lot of effort to refrain. I would want to feed from your limbs, squeeze the tender skin between my fingers, enter your moist holes, suck your tastes: from the sweet saliva to the bitter and sinful whim, juice of your valve.

I recall that night: I left you alone when, exhausted and paid, you threw yourself on the little bed seeking restaurating sleep. I didn’t utter a sound, I didn’t say anything. Only in the morning, when joyful and innocent you left for school, I ran to your bedroom to hug that big pillow. I am not ashamed, on the contrary, I admit I was happy to seek those stains on the cloth, to then smell like a bloodhound, those traces. Those secret smells that, in everyday life were prohibited. It was like a drug for me, and the blood rose to my head as I sank my nose and parted mouth in the residue of heat.

5

It’s since then that I spy you, my sweet love.

I admit it even now, with an allied and impertinent smile that only you could intuit.

Since then I follow, in secret, everything that happens to you. Behind the mother that has lavished for you, that has apprehensively followed your growth, both your obstacles, joys and small dramas, hides a missed lover. An intrepid lover that follows your intimate life from the shadows; that part that daughters hide from their mothers, to then squash her vulgary with the first tramp they find. It’s life.

But I haven’t accepted it!

That’s why I have spied you, my dear. I couldn’t renounce you any longer: my effort to sustain myself from touching you was already to painful to resist further. That’s why I seeked you in secret, to investigate your passions.

I followed you as you changed and grew. The “new” in you made you every day more womanly, more desirable.

I followed secretly the first erotic games: remember Fabiana, Rosy’s daughter, our neighbour? Rosy, at the time was my occasional lover. Your father would have never understood my needs and my complex sexuality.

Destiny wanted for Rosy to be alone and at the end, to accept to share with be some hours of pleasure. The greed for female that you triggered in me, I vented in her buttery embrace.

She couldn’t have known it, but when I licked her intimately until making her feel wrecked by the orgasm, it was often you I desired, I dreamed of profanation.

It was precisely Fabiana to share with you the first touches. In her bedroom, when you both thought of being safe, we would spy you, and I would hide my jealousy under a false and indulging smile.

When Rosy involved me in the intercourse with her daughter, I was firstly shocked, then exhilarated. One time I participated without being able to do anything, perhaps I disappointed them, I hope not to have embarrassed them. I was completely enchanted by that intimate confidence in exchanging pleasure, mother and daughter, delicious lovers, enjoying one another. Never could have love manifested in such intense form.

I envied them, I was tempted to break the enchantment… the desire to enjoy you tormented me, but I resisted. Something blocked me from making the last pace, always the decisive one. Then, Flora arrived, my old friend. She had been my first “mate” in the most intense games. I trusted you to her, knowing she would take you, I know her far too well, but we never openly discussed it between us.

Having knowingly chosen your “teacher” of sex made me enjoy a small sense of power over you, although effimere, but still something. I felt I was involved indirectly, in a game I wasn’t invited to. I know everything, also of you two: I understood, I spied, I intuited everything from her unfinished phrases. I know it was here to make you feel penetration and the first male. I was her to make you lose your virginity, under her attentive watch, lasciviously motherly…

And I, I could only enjoy the crumbs of your profound passion.

Oh yes, my sweet love, I admit it: I always followed you, going beyond, down into your secret depths. Even now when you are with Layla, your companion, I feel drunk by the smell you release. When I come to your home, I love the smell of your room, I would want to become a nick-nack on your desks to be able to see you during the hours of your passion.

When we happen to be together the three of us, I do my best to leave you alone, I always find an excuse, I pretend to retreat. I always have the hope that the attraction and excitement will attract you one in the arms of the other.

Sometimes I was lucky. I hope you didn’t notice me, as I observed you for as much as possible, and I felt pleasure as if I had been among you, drowned in caresses and secret kisses.

I am almost sure that you know.

You know that I watch and desire you, and I am also sure that you desire it as much as I do… and also Layla has understood. I think that sometimes she does it on purpose to tease you, she knows how angelic your face grows when you masturbate, simultaneously innocent and sinful. Once I saw her, sitting on the floor, not doing anything but watching you masturbating on the bed. You started sitting, slowly, then spread your thighs and brought them high, pointing your back to the mattress. Your fruit was open and dropped, your fingers rummaged tireless, your clit seemed to want to explode.

Layla intervened only after your orgasm; she got on the bed and kept you between her arms, calming you with her caresses. I saw everything and always maliciously thought that, in that room there was too much light to not imagine you could have been spied… and very well, too!

What a wonderful sensation to desire, and hope in such complicity. The same sensation that accompanies and favours my silent orgasms.

6

Now, like then, from my dark corner I observe you come and, with my fingers I also seek my pussy, I swing it free and wet myself, then I take my hands to the mouth and suck my taste, dreaming of feeling yours; that taste which is prohibited to my lips of a mother.

As I rummaged once again, I rethink of what I felt not too long ago, the day of my birthday. You didn’t want Spumante, as usual: you don’t drink.

In the intimate and playful atmosphere, I promised you a kiss for each glass… at this point you immediately decided and drank.

It was the only time, maybe because I had also drank. We kissed, and it wasn’t a mother’s kiss. First we desired each-other’s lips and the the tongues met full of juice, deeply seeking each-other in the thirsty mouths.

We stood and out thighs crossed each-other, making us enjoy the heat of the soft skin. You held me and pressed your pelvis in my favour; we stayed like that, tight and passionate, under the discrete eyes of few friends. No one ever commented that finite eternity that ended too soon.

Then another toast, happy birthdays and… a kiss, another kiss, so long and moved to seem a farewell. You had lost your mind and you held my tit in my hand. You had lost your pudor and you shook me with the tongue in my mouth, hard, penetrating me.

Now, hiding in the little hall of the hospital, I assist, as always, and I find pleasure; but I don’t enter!

This time, again, this love will remain our and the dream will get lost in a never paid desire.

You masturbate incessantly, shameless and saint; it seems impossible that your face can hide such a carnal pleasure under the groin, that you ride like an angelic which on her broom of sin.

Even that evening you did that, the evening of the kisses.

With a dizzy head, you slowly came up to the room, you languishly took your clothes off and pretended that I, you mother, wasn’t there. You openly showed not to notice me!

How beautiful you were when, only half dressed, you abandoned yourself to a fake sleep. With your hands you stoked yourself and that time I didn’t manage to withdraw, I remained at the door, in view, suffering. I suffered for the bitter effort of holding my desire. I would have wanted to dive on your body and lose myself among the fluctuations of passion.

When you were ready, were an almost childish gesture, you simply wet two fingers on your tongue, then you dig them inside your pussy, only slightly parted, just to feel the pleasure of dilatation. You came almost in silence, with a long breath, you arched your back, for you.. and for me.

You knew that I was watching, you knew I gasped for you.

The, little by little, the heart decreased its beating and the breathing became low and regular. Only when you fell asleep satisfied, only then I reached your bed and kissed your damp mouth for ages.

What secret joy I stole then from your lips. They were still wet from the humors left by the fingers: how many times they had passed from the vulva. And what an indescribable perfume,I was really close: I could feel the heat emanating from the naked pelvis and the smell of the just vented pussy.

Instead of drowning my face between the thighs to suck the nectar of that flower, I tenderly covered you with the immaculate sheet.

What sweeter and more apagating present could I have desired?

Then, everything was cancelled from our minds and we never talked of it again.

And there, the dream comes to an end, I return with my feet to the ground and I come too, between my fingers, trying not to be heard. My panties will absorb once again the pleasure: your umpteenth gift of a incredible relation never enjoyed fully.

On tiptoes I leave the hospital, happy. Tomorrow I will tell you.

I will tell you that your mummy never abandoned you, my sweet perfumed flower:

“Of course I came by, darling” I will tell you “but you… you were already asleep”. We will both know that, once again, I will have lied to you.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This is a true story. As sensual and sinful, angelic or infernal it may seem, it's true.

I’ve had to bare myself of my preconceptions and my education to be able to accept it… partly understand it, and finally love it.

The force of this story also comes from it’s “Source”, my friend. The most delicate, fine and sensitive girl I have ever had the honour of knowing. The same one who, a few years ago, donated to me the story of her youth, condensed by me: The Iron Fairy.

I thank her and give her my unconditional affection.

Thank you A., sweet creature, wherever you are, maybe I cannot understand you but I am certain that from your “execrable” sense of Love scatterers culture, goodness and respect. While in my long proclaimed “moral” of the “civil world” only selfishness, lie, greed for power and war are born. Often, who indulges in professing is only trying to hide his incapacity to learn, to change his disponibility to tolerance and respect towards others.

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