

*Note: Please do not read this story if sexual references and descriptions offend you. This story contains gay sex as it is bisexual/predominantly lesbian literature. If any of this offends you or if it is illegal to read it then just don't read it!*



The following story is not based on the film of Marie Antoinette but the Kirsten Dunst look is how I imagine the character. This picture describes her sexual side (in this story) perfectly. She is erotic and promiscuous although at the same time very feminine and dainty. She wears silk and lace and the whole 'stockings but nothing else on look' is exactly how my character would be if it were an ideal world.

Apart from the obvious made up sex life I have tried to keep this relatively historically accurate, however I have also tried to keep it flowing and so there is no complicated political or cultural concepts.

Some of the terminology, such as 'monkey' for the Indian slave, is not meant to be viewed with modern taboos in mind. As this is historical the way people thought back then is included as much as possible. As you might have guessed though I have a few different views on the way people thought. It was definitely different but I think people were not as innocent as many make out.

Any suggestions are welcome by email [fictionalhistory@googlemail.com](mailto:fictionalhistory@googlemail.com), they could be suggestions for this story or for new stories on historical characters which you would like to see.

And by the way this is my work of historical fiction so nobody else can use it without express permission from me.

Enjoy

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Finally Marie, who had been slumped on her four poster bed, decided to get up. By the light outside she guessed it was only 12ish in the afternoon. She had already been up once for the official breakfast but had gone back to bed afterwards. Now she was getting up for the last time. It was impossible to sleep, with the gold decoration in the room reflecting the sunlight so brightly, anyway.

The young Dauphine thought about putting her nightgown back on so that her maid wouldn't think she had been sleeping naked, but she gave up on the silly notion. Who cared what the serving girl thought? Besides it wasn't worth the effort when all she would have to do is take it back off again.

Walking over to the shutters that closed off her bedroom to the serving quarters she pulled them open. The little French girl looked up, her black hair sliding across her eyes as she did, the princess stood dramatically with one hand on each side of the shutter and legs spread across. Amée, trusted servant of Marie Antoinette and therefore not surprised a bit at the apparent lack of shame in the princess, guided her across to the wash area where she flannelled down her delicate white body. She then dried her off and brought over the dress that had been laid out by her personal fashion designer and beauty advisor. Marie raised her arms up and as she did her champagne glass breasts pushed forwards into the face of Amée. The girl ignored it though, obviously used to dressing the princess in all her splendid glory. The delicate little underskirt went over her head followed by the rest of the dress; it had only been made up a few days ago so that Marie could keep up with the fashions of Versailles that she herself had created. She loved the new, silky, feel, and it was a pleasure to wear such a naturally flowing dress, not like those horrid 'traditional' dresses that the noblewomen used to wear.

Finally Marie sat down on a cushioned stall and Amée placed a pair of red high heeled shoes on her feet. Over the next few minutes more and more accessories were piled on in the speedy professional Versailles servant style. The finishing touch was the application of rouge coloured lipstick and finally the Dauphine was ready to socialise.

Striding down the corridor Marie headed over to a group of fellow courtiers, amongst them was her close friend Marie-Louise, the princesse de Lamballe. As she gossiped with fellow notables Marie noticed the King's Mistress, Madam Du Barry, walking towards them with her Indian slave in tow. Marie wondered exactly what these people would think if they knew that she had secretly slept with the woman before them, someone who was consistently considered nothing more than a common slut. Marie always agreed with the disapproving undertone in most conversations about the Comtesse, but behind the backs of the gossipers she secretly admired Du Barry. This woman had successfully used her stunning figure to gain more wealth than most of the 'acceptable' women in Versailles.

Du Barry gave the princess the customary nod to acknowledge her but quickly moved on to the King's extended residence. Everyone knew what she was going there for, to pleasure the King of France, yet it didn't stop the obvious being stated.

"Did you see how low cut her dress was? And those breasts are quite clearly being propped up, they're practically popping out" one chubby courtier exclaimed. "And her little monkey slave, what does he do? Do you think she makes him hold up her dress while she ravages his majesty?" her skinnier companion went on.

Marie was careful not to think about this situation too hard, just in case she became flushed, instead she changed the topic of conversation. Turning to Marie-Louise she inquired about her change from dark black hair to red. Marie spent a lot of time talking to the Princesse de Lamballe and they soon found themselves on the topic of men and more specifically – which ones were the most handsome in the palace. However they soon agreed that only the visiting army captains were ever worth gossiping about.

“This will not do” exclaimed the Dauphine, “We must find you a new love interest, how about we travel into Paris and stay with some noble or other? Then we can spend some time hosting lots of important people for you to choose from.”

Marie’s associate quickly agreed to the plan, eager to please her new patron as well as to find a new man for her bed. Resorting to relieving her own needs did not suit the princesse very well.

The friend’s opportunity came when Louis was asked to visit the port towns along the south coast, in order to reassure them that their Dauphin, who would be King soon, could be a capable ruler. They wanted to see a display of strength and the King wanted to reassert some of the traditional values of a fearless leader who could see eye to eye with his men as well as the enemy. It was suggested then, that his extravagant wife remain behind. Marie was happy to oblige, saying that travelling around France could risk her health and therefore her chance of falling pregnant.

So within a month Louis was on his tour de France and Marie was on a coach to Paris where she took up lodge with an obliging aristocrat who was desperate to cement himself as ‘in favour’. According to Marie’s sources he was keen on entering in to diplomacy and what better way to attract foreign dignitaries than to host the future Queen of France?

Sure enough the host received several foreign visitors within a couple of days. Marie Antoinette and her friend Marie-Louise however were having less luck. Eventually, after having spent an entire night at various social functions, the pair decided to spend the next day at the residency. There they thought maybe they would meet some of those foreign army captains that they had longed for at Versailles.

At around 1, when dinner was being served, some visitors called. Two Russians, fresh from the new wave of interest in the huge country that had swept across Europe, were seeking investments from the west. One was a ranking trader from Moscow who apparently hoped to obtain foreign interest in his export company. Exporting what Marie had no idea and didn’t care about either. On the other hand though Marie-Louise seemed very interested and sat talking with him about her Italian connections for a long time, before taking him up to her room for ‘further discussions’.

That left Marie with the second, younger, Russian. He, it turned out, was the formers work supervisor. He was the one who had the bite to make the workers put the effort in. He was also an ex member of the Russian cavalry and he had spent time training young soldiers, giving him an aura of power.

Marie felt strange talking to someone of such low birth, a simple ex soldier who was related to a low ranking Russian noble, he was the sort of aristocrat who was forced into the level of the third estate because of lack of funds; he had to personally earn a living!

Still she needed company and she found his broken French amusing, also he was quite charming in a brusque sort of way.

The young Princess found herself getting tipsy and this manly foreigner was getting more and more attractive. Slowly she edged nearer and nearer to him. He was obviously slightly uncomfortable with the possibility of being caught fornicating with the wife of Prince Louis but there was no stopping this pretty young temptress.

Finally she leaned over him and blocked off his escape by placing both hands either side of him. Then she hung herself down in front of him, so positioned that his line of vision was right into her bosom. She stroked his face and licked her lips.

“Take me you wonderfully masculine Russian, I want you to bed me!” she slurred.

He could no longer resist, putting his hands on her backside he pulled her onto his lap whilst kissing her, she pushed her tongue into his mouth and grabbed his crotch, feeling that he was aroused.

The foreigner was aware that this position was precarious and so he pulled away, asking her if they better finish this off upstairs. She smiled and nodded.

“Come up in ten minutes, I will be waiting for you”.

Then she made her way up, not thinking about the situation as a princess but as a horny young girl ready for sex.

Ten minutes later and Marie beckoned the Russian over to her bed where she pulled him onto her body. She was naked except for her high heels and the ribbons in her hair, this was the little surprise she had set up, she had always found the idea of keeping shoes on during sex erotic.

As the pair kissed she wrapped her legs up around his waist and pushed herself against his manhood. It was fully erect by now and she felt him plunge into her. Soon he was thrusting her with conviction and kissing her breasts with a passion that made Marie drool. She was bouncing her hips against him like a rabbit but just before he was going to unload in her vagina she pulled away. She then turned around and poked her royal derriere up at him.

“You know what to do, I want you to satisfy me in a way that a woman can’t, and I want your juices in my behind.” The slip about her sexuality apparently went unnoticed.

He grabbed her by her waist and, with his fingers on the edge of her Labia, thrust his throbbing penis into her crack. She moaned loudly but still pushed herself up against him, clearly wanting to be dominated. Soon the Russian reached the climax that he had earlier and his thick cum shot inside Marie over six shots, in response she squirted her own cum, coaxed out by her fingers.

The Dauphine giggled as she felt the man juice inside of her and when she turned around she helped him ‘clean up’ by licking his dick all over.

The couple slept in each other’s arms for several hours before they decided to go at it again. This time Marie was in dominance, she sat on her partners face and made him eat her out; his long tongue circled her vagina and prodded her clitoris. Her newly shaved muff was rubbing against his

face as his pussy licking brought her nearer and nearer to the edge of sexual tension. Within a few short minutes she was racked with orgasmic pleasures, her girl cum quickly flowed through her sexual passage and down the Russians throat.

Without any time for recovery she proceeded to give him a blowjob, her mind flicking back to the busty queen scene in her picture book. Yanking and sucking on his penis she made it the best by tickling his ball sack, something that she remembered Louis had enjoyed, and by every now and then swallowing it whole.

Soon the Russian was going to shoot again; Marie grabbed his member and pulled at it until he sprayed his hot juices all over her face. This foreigner clearly couldn't believe his luck. He had found a woman not only willing to fulfil his every desire but also ready to take his load in any way he wanted.

Marie licked her lips and pulled him in for another kiss, the salty tang of his cum mixing through their mouths. At that time though the Russian obviously decided it was time to go, he started to pull on his clothes whilst Marie stood naked in front of him.