

*Note: Please do not read this story if sexual references and descriptions offend you. This story contains gay sex as it is 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.**

**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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Marie Antoinette was beginning to lose patience. Constant attack from the satirical bourgeois who claimed that she was leading France into ruin, that her overspending was uncalled for when 'real' French peasants starved, was driving her crazy. She never wanted to be queen in the first place – she did it for her mother – and now she was being slandered. It didn't help that the king was too busy to satisfy her physical needs as well.

Marie ran her fingers down her face in front of a new full size mirror in the master bedroom of her private retreat. She didn't know why the people hated her, she was beautiful. They should be happy to have something nice to look at in times of hardship. She plucked at her perky little breasts and ran her hand flat down to her sex. The pubic area was overgrown she noticed, of course in the secret circles that she mixed in this was all the rage but what would Louis do if he did decide to sleep with her again one night? She knew that he only liked the smoothest of platforms, on their wedding anniversary when she had tried to provoke him into finally consummating their marriage he had sharply told her that he would not be poking his penis into such a tangle of blonde strands and wetness. Since then she had always had her maid keep it shaved, a procedure she enjoyed to a point where her maid often blushed as Marie grew aroused. But what now? The official sex life was gone in light of recent political events and she spent more and more time in the seedy circles of the Parisian Sappho Society. Nobody there knew who she really was of course, if word got out that the infamous Marie Antoinette enjoyed the pleasures of the feminine form more than the king himself then the marriage, and therefore the Franco-Austrian alliance, would be shattered.

These thoughts brought Marie back to old memories. Memories of when she was first adjusting to the excessive life of Versailles, how she learned from a 'confident' that these were exciting times, how "oh my, only yesterday I overheard one of the female courtiers speaking of women actually sleeping with other women, can you believe that this is even possible?" Of course Marie could believe it was possible and simple conversations such as these often brought her hours of furious masturbation. She set this friend to find out as much as possible "just for curiosity's sake of course", it was always useful to have a friend who was good at listening and soon the Dauphine had learned of the secret society. It took only a short while for her to find the perfect excuse to enter Paris – the opera! Little did her husband know that when the innocent, pretty young princess went to find an old friend she was actually spying out the society's headquarters underneath the floorboards of the opera house itself. From then on nothing stopped her and she quickly graduated from being a voyeur of the erotic love scenes to engaging in them herself. She was never recognised because of the group's special rules: anybody can partake but all faces must be kept covered up.

Soon Marie became familiar with the bodies of all the regulars, she knew many of them just by their lips, the lips that only lovers saw. However one day, when she was readying herself for the next bout of casual lesbian sex she recognised one of the newcomers. The Comtesse du Barry was the famous lover of the king, Louis XV! Marie couldn't believe it, she could recognise that strutting body anywhere, plus the sex idol was wearing her favourite purple colour in the form of lacy underwear and a mock corset that came up below the breasts. Marie immediately made for her; she knew she had to taste the woman that had been bedded by arguably one of the most important men in Europe, certainly the most in France.

She delicately moved aside a plump regular who Marie had nicknamed 'the lusty round cake eater' because of a). Her large figure and b). Her obsession with practically eating up the 'round cakes' i.e. vagina's of young girls such as Marie. In fact the Dauphine's first sex had been with this woman, who she remembered had commented on the "lovely musty smell of your muff".

Now the Comtesse was directly in front of her and Marie hugged the royal mistress against her bosom, feeling those perfect tits harden against her. She then offered up her skinny body to her. Madam du Barry started by laying Marie on one of the velvet beds and slowly removing her wet

white panties, the mound which had been showing through already was now uncovered in its most; magnificent, hairy, and glistening form. Marie could see the lust in the Comtesse's eyes and knew at once that she was one of the 'nymphs' that the group talked about. Girls who were happy to suck cock and be dominated by man in their normal life but who also showed their true personality when riding a member of the same sex. Madam du Barry lowered her mouth to the royal cunt and flicked her tongue across the flowing vagina. Marie knew that this girl had got her first taste of salt that evening, the same ambrosia that she herself tasted when she licked her sticky fingers after personal pleasure time. The mistress then stood upright and took off her purple garment revealing a perfectly shaved pussy (perhaps the love of this ran in the family line of Louis). She then put her purple knickers on Marie's face and went back down on her, licking speedily and sucking on the clit. She swished and swirled her tongue and Marie gave moans of encouragement as well as helping by holding the woman's face down on her excited slippery slit.

Soon Miss Antoinette felt herself climaxing and she let Du Barry know, but the dutiful nymph simply kept at it licking and slurping, she was obviously enjoying this fantastic pussy. Marie could not hold on any longer and in a long awaited orgasm she thrust into the face of Comtesse du Barry whilst spilling her girl cum into the mouth of her lover.

The pair lay next to each other for a minute to recover before Marie decided she needed to make the most of this extraordinary sex opportunity. Flicking the purple panties off of her flushed face and onto the bedside she let her hands wander over Madam's body and soon started massaging her inflated nipples, kneading them and nurturing them. She then twisted around and straddled the woman by her front. There she had scope to lick around the nipples as much as she wanted. Her fingers soon began to wonder again and she couldn't help rubbing the area around the vagina of this sexual goddess which was bristly from a recent shave. Marie started to move her face down the body and soon she was sniffing the lady crotch that was later to be feasted on. At the same time her hands were above her head and rubbing the round breasts that she so loved.

An idea popped into her head, moving back up the body she said to this lady, in a disguised accent "wait there, I have a surprise". She then skipped naked across to the circle keeper of the day who looked after the society's activities as well as the objects of the occupants. Marie questioned her and soon got the answer she was looking for, routing through the drawer that the keeper had gestured to she soon found a bottle of olive oil and a leather Italian dildo, she was already wet with the excitement about this little game.

Returning to Madam she winked at her and massaged the opening to her sex with the phallic head. Soon her subject was pushing on to it and Marie slowly inserted the whole thing into her passageway. She now began to move it backwards and forwards having coated it in olive oil previously to ease the movement. Du Barry started to groan and as she danced to the sexual rhythm she repeated the command "harder, harder", Antoinette complied and she noticed that her partner was licking her lips clearly enjoying herself.

Suddenly Marie let out a little girlish gasp, another follower of the poetry of Sappho must have found their lovemaking erotic and couldn't resist joining in as the Queen-to-be was prodded quite unexpectedly by two fingers. Her well massaged vagina responded by twisting itself around the fingers and causing Marie to find herself temporarily out of breath. Soon she was being fingered to the point that she was about to cum on these welcome intruding digits. However she was focused

on her original game and used all her will to hold it in until she had brought Madam de Barry to the point of ecstasy. That point soon came as she was fucked by the dainty Austrian and her folds closed on the dildo as her spasms sent Marie over the top as well. She felt incredibly sticky afterwards and she would have dosed off if her third lover hadn't chosen the moment to French kiss her. Their tongues locked in a satisfied passion and they licked each other's tongues for what seemed like an age. Marie opened her eyes and gazed at the only visible part of this person's face, of any of their faces, the chin, and saw that it was specked with cum, she had obviously been licking her fingers. Finally she fell to sleep having fulfilled the ambition of half of Paris – to dominate a royal mistress, and she had had a good couple of personal orgasms by two different people thrown into the bargain.

Marie woke from her glorious nostalgic dream and found herself to be dripping wet in front of her mirror. She loved the way that her juices seemed to follow her vagina around as if waves circling a bay. This situation she knew had to be resolved and so she decided to make an event of it. Padding through the soft carpet underfoot she made her way to her bed. She then knelt down and felt under the wooden panels. She quickly found the latch as she did at least once a week and with further inspection by her hand she found what she was looking for.

The picture book had been put together by special commission of an Austrian noble around a hundred years ago, inside were three hundred pages of image erotica. Depictions of young princes impaling young maidens with great phalluses in the anus, carefully illustrated scenes of heroic knights being orally pleased by busty queens and even Greek soldiers holding pre battle homosexual orgies all contributed to this great work of art. However the pages that the young Princess most enjoyed were the ones of people like her; fair royal 'virgins' exploring together in the most natural way, groups of naked women fingering each other in a circle and lusty Celtic redheads grinding against each other with juices flowing from organ to organ. This book had circulated in the royal Austrian household for years and Marie only got hold of it when she caught her brother Archduke Ferdinand rubbing his penis over it, she had not let it be known but she did see where he put it and retrieved it as soon as she could. That book had first introduced her to the concept of sex and since then she had used it frequently to indulge in her sexual hobbies.

Sitting crossed legged she opened it up at the Cleopatra scene. Here she could see the Nile queen eating out an Arab servant girl from behind. Her face was pushed into the dark mound and the Arab was gripping the bed post with her perfect breasts hanging down, one pierced. Marie absorbed each detail, from the queen's own spread legs to the flaps of the sex which Cleo was buried in. There was even a female onlooker rubbing her vagina against a post nearby as she watched, Marie imagined herself to be that onlooker and as she pushed her fingers into her own pussy between her folded legs she underwent a heavy orgasm. The juice which flowed through afterwards soaked into the carpet and the Princess realised that she would have to get her personal maid to clear it up or there could be a Versailles scandal: "Marie Antoinette causes yet another embarrassment, it appears our very own Dauphine is a frequent masturbator". It was true but the people of France didn't need to know that...