**An Interview with the Blushing Princess**

by TheBlushingPrincess

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BRENT: Hey, everyone. I’m here with my friend, Princess. You know, years ago, she and I used to date. For a couple of years, actually. Well, we’ve remained friends and I now have the distinct pleasure of sitting with her, face to face. And we’re going to have a little interview. Hi, Princess. Thanks for being with us today.

PRINCESS: Um, sure. This is a little awkward.

BRENT: Why is that?

PRINCESS: Um, because I have written extensively about you on these boards.

BRENT: I know. That’s what makes this so interesting. Are you regretting now that you shared with me that you are the one and only TheBlushingPrincess?

PRINCESS: Regretting, um, no. Maybe a little nervous.

BRENT: No worries. I thought we might tell the audience a bit about some of our other adventures that you haven’t written about.

PRINCESS: Not sure if that’s a good idea.

BRENT: Well, you couldn’t ever really say “no” to me. So let’s get going and see what happens.

PRINCESS: Um, okay.

BRENT: I thought maybe we could reminisce about the naked movie night.

PRINCESS: NO WAY!

BRENT: Ah. So eager already!

PRINCESS: Wait, which naked movie night?

BRENT: I know. There were so many of them. Let me see if I can refresh your memory. We were on the couch getting ready to watch a movie. It was at your apartment. And I said, “Kelly, I think you should be naked during the movie.” And you were like, “Why?” Do you remember that look? It was that look of “I sooooo want to be naked but I’ll never admit it.”

PRINCESS: That is NOT what that look meant!

BRENT: I disagree. As usual, you protested. Meekly. And then I started telling you what to do. Not sure why you never really resisted much if you didn’t want to get naked.

PRINCESS: I really don’t think we should be talking about this here.

BRENT: So I made you stand up in front of me. Honestly, I can’t remember if I made you strip for me or if I made you hold perfectly still while I stripped you. I mean, we did it both ways so many times, it’s hard to keep track.

PRINCESS: I don’t remember this at ALL. I think you’re making this up. He’s making this up, everyone. This never, ever happened.

BRENT: I think in this instance, I made you strip for me. You were so shy about your breasts. Everything else, you seemed okay with. Your privates and your ass never seemed to be a problem for you. But getting that shirt off of you was always the toughest.

PRINCESS: Yeah, well I think we both know why.

BRENT: Go on, Princess. Tell the audience why.

PRINCESS: No way!

BRENT: It was because of her super-sensitive nipples.

PRINCESS: BRENT!!!

BRENT: Care to explain?

PRINCESS: NO!

BRENT: You see, once I started caressing her nipples, that was it. She was in this fog and she would basically say “yes” to anything I suggested. Including…

PRINCESS: NO! DON’T SAY IT!

BRENT: Including agreeing to be tied up and tickled.

PRINCESS: BRENT!!!!!! YOU FUCKER!

BRENT: But let’s not get ahead of ourselves. So you stripped naked for me. Remember how I used to like to have you twirl around for me a couple of times.

PRINCESS: Yeah. You were a perv.

BRENT: And after twirling around, you joined me on the couch. We covered up with a blanket and you were kind of sitting in front of me, leaning back on me while we started to watch the movie. I had my hands around your belly, just lightly caressing. Remember?

PRINCESS: Uh huh…

BRENT: And after a few minutes, my hands started to wander up to your breasts. Remember?

PRINCESS: Uh huh……

BRENT: And I kind of circled around your breasts for a while, and I know you were wanting me to start caressing your nipples. But I never did.

PRINCESS: Uh huh…….

BRENT: And then I lowered my hands to your sides and just squeezed and you screamed.

PRINCESS: I remember. Clearly. You couldn’t not tickle me!

BRENT: I mean, can you blame me? You were so fucking cute when you were tickled. (She still is, by the way.)

PRINCESS: BRENT!!!!

BRENT: So it kind of played out like it often did. I was tickling her sides and armpits and she was thrashing trying to get away. So she kind of scoots off the couch and falls onto the floor. I followed and pinned her down on her back.

PRINCESS: Let’s leave it at that.

BRENT: But I think the audience is interested to hear what happened next.

PRINCESS: I don’t think they want to know. I think they’ve heard enough.

BRENT: Oh, I don’t think so. So Princess is on the floor, all naked, face up. And I climbed above her head and kind of sat on her hands. Maybe more kind of leaning and kneeling. So her hands are over her head, helpless, and her whole upper body is well within the reach of my exploring fingers. Where did I focus first that day? I can’t remember? Probably the spot on your sides just below your armpits. You liked that spot.

PRINCESS: You are in SERIOUS trouble, Brent. SERIOUS trouble. I think they’ve heard quite enough.

BRENT: Tell you what. I’ll stop telling the story if you admit that you are soaking wet right now just from hearing me talk about it.

PRINCESS: NEVER! What? Totally not true. Don’t listen to him.

BRENT: Prove it. Take off your panties and give them to me. If they are dry, I’ll stop. If they’re wet, I tie you up right now and play with you as I finish telling the story.

PRINCESS: PERV! No way!

BRENT: Okay. Then we’ll just assume that I’m right. And I’ll keep going.

PRINCESS: Humph. Asshole.

BRENT: She was pretty wiggly with her arms pinned under my legs, but she wasn’t going anywhere. So I focused on her sides for a little while. The thing about our little Princess here is that sure, she’s fun to tickle when she’s all tied up and helpless. But when she’s NOT tied up, that’s fun too, because you get even more wiggling and thrashing.

PRINCESS: These people aren’t interested in hearing about any of this. None of which is true, anyway! Totally not true!

BRENT: So I’m trying to remember how it happened this particular time. You know, because there were so many times.

PRINCESS: There were NOT!

BRENT: But if memory serves, I really wanted to move down and start tickling your feet. But I thought you might run away. So instead, I suddenly switched paths and started to circle your nipples with my fingers. I loved doing that, because you’re whole body would kind of melt into the floor or the bed, or wherever we were. You’d just start moving so softly. And I loved it because your body just looked so sexy, writhing like that.

PRINCESS: This might be a little too much information here, I think.

BRENT: I don’t think anyone minds.

PRINCESS: Ummmm….

BRENT: So what the audience needs to understand is that when our sweet Princess has her nipples caressed in just the right way (maybe with just a touch of lube on the fingertips), she will say “yes” to just about anything. She’s like in this altered state of consciousness. So that’s when I can ask to tie her up and tickle her, or pretty much anything.

PRINCESS: Not. True.

BRENT: Not true? So how do you explain the one month of naked blowjobs on demand?

PRINCESS: Um, well, um, that was just… um… that was just me being a thoughtful girlfriend.

BRENT: Right. You keep telling yourself that. (It was the magic nipples.)

PRINCESS: Shut up. Don’t listen to him.

BRENT: Tell you what. Prove it. Right now. Come over here. Sit on the floor in front of me. Take off your shirt and bra and let me play with your nipples and let’s see what happens.

PRINCESS: Nice try, Brent. Nice try.

BRENT: So she’s on the floor, moaning and writhing as I’m teasing her nipples. And that’s when I see her hand move down to touch her pussy. Well, we can’t have that. So I suggested that we move to the bedroom. And of course, she says “yes” to anything in this state. So she gets up off the floor (so hot, all naked, by the way) and we go into the bedroom. I lay her down on the bed, straddle her, and continue tormenting her nipples. She is just gyrating and pulsing under me, and she’s trying to grind her pussy into my jeans so she can get off. But I’m not going to let her. So obviously, I need to tie her up. Spread eagle.

PRINCESS: This is way too much information to share, Brent. Way too much.

BRENT: Um, I’ve read your Spank Bank. I don’t think I’m sharing anything new here. It’s just that they’re getting to hear it from the source this time.

PRINCESS: Um… shit.

BRENT: And this was the part I always loved the most. Just looking at you all naked and tied up, your eyes wide. And I’d sit on the edge of the bed next to you, lightly caressing your arms and belly. Not tickling, but just caressing. And I’d debate whether it would be more fun to tickle you senseless or to play with your nipples until you were begging for me to let you orgasm. Remember that? How I would have you tied up and just talk about the options forever? It made you crazy. I’ll never forget the look in your eyes.

PRINCESS: Um, no. No recollection of that at all.

BRENT: Right.

PRINCESS: So what did you opt for?

BRENT: What?

PRINCESS: So what did you opt for that day? Nipples or tickling?

BRENT: You seem awfully curious all of a sudden.

PRINCESS: No, not at all. Not curious. Just, I mean, if we’re telling the story, let’s get on with it. I mean, I don’t care.

BRENT: Tell you what. I’ll continue telling you what happened that day. But I need you to get naked. Right here, right now.

PRINCESS: WHAT???

BRENT: That’s right. If you want to hear the rest of the story, you need to strip for me.

PRINCESS: Nice try.

BRENT: Fine. Suit yourself. And that, folks, is the end of the story.

PRINCESS: I just need to know if you tickled me or if you played with my nipples. That’s all.

BRENT: Strip for me and I’ll tell you. Otherwise, the story ends there.

PRINCESS: You fucker. No way.

BRENT: Okay. Have it your way. Alright, folks, thanks for joining for this interview with the one and only TheBlushingPrincess.

PRINCESS: NO! WAIT! Okay. Fine. I’ll take off my top. Just tell me what happened!

BRENT: Sorry, Princess. Naked or nothing.

PRINCESS: Fine. I’ll just make up my own ending.

BRENT: Excellent. Alright, everyone. Hope to see you next time…

PRINCESS: OKAY! FINE! I’LL STRIP FOR YOU! YOU LITTLE SHIT.

BRENT: Whatever you like. Either way is fine with me.

PRINCESS: Okay. Here’s my top…

BRENT: Wait, Princess, wait! Let’s not rush this. I haven’t seen you naked since we’ve been dating. I want to enjoy this special treat. Go stand on the coffee table.

PRINCESS: WHAT????

BRENT: Yeah. Go stand on the coffee table. And then I want you to wriggle out of those jeans. Nice and slow.

PRINCESS: (I can’t believe I’m doing this. Smug, mother fucker…)