Elliot Silvestri



Milk Fever: Devotion

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An Adult Nursing and Lactation Erotica Story

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

“If he doesn’t want to nurse from you, I will,” Analise repeated.

“Umm...it’s a little early in the morning for me to be having confusing feelings about sex,” I said as I wrapped my robe around me and tied it tightly shut. I wasn’t embarrassed at being mostly naked in front of Analise (and certainly not in front of Skip with only his shorts on that made it obvious he already had an erection, though maybe it was only morningwood, but still). I needed to keep control on things and this was not the way to do it.

“I wasn’t talking about sex,” said Analise. “I was talking about nursing. I want to taste your milk.”

I had to look away from her because I didn’t know what to think. Skip was flicking his eyes back and forth between me and her. There was no way to tell what was going on inside his head, but I really wanted to know. “She has one orgasm and suddenly she wants to take on every kink that she’s heard about,” I said scornfully, trying to humiliate her a little and get Analise to pull back. She was acting crazier than usual. Or maybe she was at her usual level of crazy and this was just a new wrinkle, a new kink.

Before Skip could response, Analise had her own indignant answer. “I didn’t have just one orgasm! I had, like, a dozen! I lost count. Anyway, I spent last night reading up on adult nursing. It’s not about sex, well...not all about sex.”

“It’s about sex,” Skip muttered.

I had to agree with him, but I still had to challenge Analise on her assessment. “If it’s not about sex, then why are you suddenly so eager to start nursing from my tits? Are you secretly bi and that’s why you’ve been holding back with Skip?”

As I asked the question, the pieces seemed to fall into place.

Even so, Analise didn’t seem at all perturbed. “No! To jump start my own lactation, extra hormones often help. I can get those hormones from your milk.” She sounded smug about it, but she was staring at my chest the entire time, so maybe she was just eager or maybe I was on the right track.

Maybe this pretty girl wasn’t straight or bi, but she was a lesbian. Nothing wrong

with that. We've all had our experimental phases. I had mine in college and the quick flash of that memory immediately made me receptive to trying again.

Or maybe it was that my tits were on fire because they were so full of milk and I needed them drained.

That's what I had been dreading. Once I had gotten serious with daily sex and nursing for my sexual pleasure I knew that my milk production ramped up. It was a curse and a blessing. I knew that I'd either need to taper off or endure some pain to get rid of my excess milk.

The last thing I needed was someone else nursing from me, forcing my tits to make even more milk.

Of course, there was the bonus sexual satisfaction that came with another partner…

"I'm not going to nurse you so you can lactate," I told her even as I considered the possibility. It sounded kinky and hot and I knew that I wasn't thinking straight.

"I was hoping…" she said in a small voice. I hadn't realized how loud and enthusiastic she had been up to that point. Yeah, I had crushed her a little, but she'd had to suffer.

"I'm not going to be your sex tutor or anything else," I told her flatly. "Now if you'll give us a few minutes, I need to have Skip drain my tits this morning before I go to work."

I turned my back on her and took Skip's hand in mine with the intention of taking him back to bed.

Analise, of course, wouldn't leave it alone. "Can I watch?" she asked.

I glared at her over my shoulder. "I was hoping you would leave."

"You let me watch last night."

"That was last night."

“I don’t mind if she watches,” Skip said.

I wanted to smack him, but he wasn’t thinking clearly based on the size of his erection. All the blood was flowing away from his brain and into his cock.

Still, I needed to do something with my tits and milk, even if it meant getting out the breast pump.

“Fine. Whatever. Just don’t bother us while he nurses.”

We went to the bedroom. True to her word, Analise remained silent as we filed into the room. I opened my robe and rolled onto the bed. I sort of liked being naked in front of Analise; weird, I know. Skip followed me, arranging his cock inside his shorts so that I could reach and hold it while he nursed.

We had gotten to that standard in our private time. I had to be in control of him and that was the easiest way.

Closing my eyes, I tried to forget about Analise being in the room.

Skip got right to work and, knowing what I liked, he started sucking. My milk let down. I was cradling his head with one hand and holding his cock with the other. I wasn’t jerking him off, just holding him, reminding him that I was the one in charge and if he was good he’d get a reward at the end. His hand that wasn’t under his body went to my free nipple, pinching it hard enough to staunch the flow of any excess milk.

Everything was perfect. I knew I was going to cum from Skip nursing me. I wanted to cum and have a little more control over him and prove my superiority over Analise, making her watch me nurse her ex-boyfriend while I got off on it.

Perfection only lasted a few minutes before it was interrupted by a faint humming noise.

Opening my eyes, I took in a sight I never expected to witness in my bedroom. Or anywhere else for that matter.

Analise had been dressed like a typical college student: shirt, jeans, comfortable shoes. She now had her back up against the wall; her shoes were off along with her jeans and panties (though they were tangled around one ankle). She had the

silver vibrator that she must have brought along in her purse, shoved up into her pussy. (Completely shaved. I couldn't help but notice that. I didn't know if that was something new for her or not). The humming was coming from the vibrator. Her eyes were unfocused but she must have been watching us. Apparently we were now her new favorite porn channel.

I was flattered.

A little disgusted, but flattered.

I should have made her stop and leave, but it was a bigger turn on being watched and masturbated to than I had anticipated. I wasn't sure if Skip knew what was going on. I wasn't going to tell him because I was close to orgasm and I wasn't going to let Analise cum first.

Sex wasn't supposed to be a race, but there I was making it a stupid competition. Luckily, Analise was still inexperienced or maybe she just took a while to cum.

I climaxed first. I liked my nipple orgasms. It was something special that most women couldn't do and I could.

We locked eyes as I let out my little noises. Analise was fascinated. I grinned triumphantly at her and moved Skip's mouth from one breast to the other. He nuzzled right up to me and got to work. The second orgasm was always easier than the first. Sometimes I came twice on the second breast before he was done. "Keep going," I said, not taking my eyes off Analise.

I wasn't sure who I was talking to. Skip? Analise?

Both?

She kept going and so did Skip. It seemed like his sucking was in perfect synch with the rhythm of her plunging the silver vibrator in and out of her pussy, between her pouting lips.

We peaked at the same time. I couldn't help myself and neither could she. Sex is like that. Her vocalization was low and loud, almost a grunting while mine was a higher register. I know that skip was well-familiar with my noises, but Analise's came as a surprise to us both.

“Fuuuck that was good.” I hated the way she drew out the word.

“I’m glad you enjoyed yourself.” I tried to keep the sarcasm out of my voice.

“I want to cum again,” she added.

“I can’t help you with that.”

“But I can,” Skip said. Only then did I notice he was leering at Analise. He said he’d fucked her I don’t know how many times, but maybe this was different. She was doing it to herself with my vibrator and she was liking it. That was different from just laying there while he used her like a disinterested human fleshlight.

I wasn’t going to have him going back to her. Maybe I wasn’t in love with Skip, but she couldn’t have him just because she was horny now. He was mine.

When Skip started to move, I stopped him. He knew when I meant business. Usually we fucked after he nursed from me. Today wasn’t going to be any different.

“You need to help me first,” I insisted as I crawled on top of him. The one thing I now loved about my body is how easily I got wet and ready for sex, especially after being nursed. Since Skip was young and perpetually horny, he was still hard and ready as well. It was easy for me to insert his cock between my lips and sit down on him.

As always, his cock slid easily inside of me, filling me up, making me wish I could fuck him always and forever.

Analise made a little sound from against the wall. I didn’t even turn my head in her direction. I was already halfway gone and I was going to have another orgasm before I let Skip cum.

He knew the rules.

The steady, low hum of the vibrator didn’t stop. I only remembered that detail later, when it did stop.

As I rode Skip, he kept glancing Analise’s way while I just fucked him. My tits weren’t completely empty—they were never completely empty—so once I

started getting worked up again, they started leaking.

This was normal and I just let the milk drip down on his chest. He occasionally reached up and massaged my tits, but that wasn't the focus at the moment. The focus was my pussy and clit.

It was great when he started nursing from them again. I liked it when he nursed and fucked at the same time.

And then I realized that the hum from Analise's vibrator was gone.

And I could hear Skip steadily breathing as he tried to hold back.

And then I felt the angle was wrong and there was someone else there.

The someone else was Analise. She was kneeling on the edge of the bed and had taken my nipple between her lips as I rolled my hips on top of my lover.

Except for the fact that she had done it completely without invitation, it was fantastic to feel her nursing from me. She was a natural at it, but then again, aren't we all naturals at nursing?

I wanted to tell her to stop, but it felt too good. I wanted her to keep going, but there was no way I was telling her that.

I just endured—and enjoyed—it.

It was a combined orgasm and it was heavenly.

Analise never stopped nursing through it. And that was perfect.

I was gasping as I worked through the intensity of the moment. And then Skip came in me.

I loved it when he came in me,

Analise kept going. She was greedy for my milk.

I couldn't blame her.

Maybe she'd be getting the right hormones from me, but I didn't care. I just

wanted the kinky sex I was used to.

This was making it kinkier and I wasn't sure if that was good or not.

(But really, it was good.)

Finally we had to stop because Skip went soft and I looked down at Analise and she realized I was glaring at her.

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself," she said sweetly, innocently.

"Really?" I asked skeptically. "Or were you just trying to weasel your way into my sex life?"

I wasn't going to put up with bullshit from a nineteen-year-old girl who didn't know how to behave in an adult situation.

"Both?" she asked hopefully with a shrug.

"I said you could watch, not participate," I continued to lecture as I got off Skip's dick. Even soft it was still impressively sized. Not huge, just nicely sized that was pleasing to the eye and the pussy.

I'm sorry," she repeated in a lame effort to show me her sincerity. "I really am. But you're the one who taught me how to cum." She eyed my old silver vibrator she had left on the floor. Saying that I'm the one who taught her was an overstatement, but I wasn't going to quibble at the moment.

"Whatever," was my dismissive comment. "I need to clean up and get ready for work." I eyed her up and down as she stood next to the bed. Her eyes were on Skip's cock. I couldn't blame her. "I suppose you have to get ready for school?"

"I don't have class until noon," she replied.

I noted that Skip was checking her out as well. Her top was still on, but she was naked from the waist down. From where I was standing she had a nice ass and her pussy was on display to Skip's lascivious eyes. I couldn't blame him, but I didn't want him leering at her either.

"Why are you leering at her?" I asked Skip.

The smile on his face disappeared. Busted. While I didn't expect him to completely ignore other women, especially an attractive woman like Analise who was naked in front of him, a little discretion would have been nice.

His answer was, if nothing else, completely honest. "Because she's hot, like you."

I sniffed at his reply. "Faint praise. I suppose you'd like to fuck her."

Maybe he wasn't thinking. Maybe he was. "I sure would."

Of course Analise grinned stupidly at him.

The little exchanged had me soured.

I glared at Skip. "What do you mean you want to fuck her?!" Maybe the anger in my voice woke him up. His answer was reasonable and pissed me off.

"You yourself said we don't have a real relationship. Does it matter if I'm fucking someone else?"

Saying nothing, I walked away and went to the bathroom. I needed to shower and get to work. They were just kids and it didn't matter if they skipped a day of class.

I half expected to find them fucking in my bed when I got out of the shower.

They weren't. I suppose they had good enough sense not to do something so stupid.

They weren't dressed either. I could see they had been talking and I was immediately jealous because I knew that if they kept talking, they'd inevitably get back together. If Analise's new-found libido wasn't just an act, he'd probably stay with her. I wasn't upset about losing a boyfriend; I was upset about possibly losing a good source of sex and nursing.

I changed my attitude slightly. I was flexible when it came to the bedroom.

"Look, I don't care what you two kids are going to get up to, but I can't have it happen in my bed when I'm not home." I didn't want to sound like I was

lecturing or dominating them, but I wanted to be in charge and assert my authority. I started dressing for the day. Thong. Work pants. Industrial bra. Practical pullover shirt. No sexytime in the chemical plant.

“Are you serious?” asked a considerably more sober Analise.

I sighed. It was a pretend sigh. “Yes, I’m serious. Why would I say such a thing if I wasn’t serious?”

“I don’t know.”

“But before you two get all hot and heavy, let’s talk this out, okay?” I smiled as I finished dressing and started searching for my practical shoes under the bed. I was sure to bend over enough to give them both a good view of my ass. The work pants I had chosen were just a little tight. I knew they were staring...and hopefully wanting. “Tonight at eight?”

“Tonight?” Skip asked with uncertainty.

I nodded my head confidently. “Tonight. It’s a date then.” I turned and looked directly at Analise. She was pretty, a prettier version of me just with smaller tits. “You’ll be here tonight too, right?” I kept my eyes away from her naked thighs. She was half-sitting on the bed, twisted away from me, one leg on the floor, the other folded underneath her body. All I had to do was flick my eyes and her pussy would be there for easy viewing.

“Right,” she agreed, intimidated by me.

“Great. It’s a date then.” I leaned over and kissed Skip on the cheek. On my way out I gave Analise a lingering look.

I had to keep her interest somehow, right?

Chapter Two

Analise arrived at my house at seven, an hour before she was supposed to be there. I had barely gotten home myself.

“Did you get the time wrong?” I asked her, opening the door and letting her in. Probably not a good idea, but at that point my life was a series of bad decisions.

“No, I know I’m early,” she said. From her face and demeanor, I could tell right away that she was nervous. Made sense. I was nervous too, but I put on a brave face and faked my way through it.

“Then why are you here so early?”

“Because I want to fuck you,” she said honestly and bluntly.

I took a step back, not because I was offended, but because I was shocked. “Excuse me?”

“I want to fuck you,” she unnecessarily clarified. “You were right when you guessed I was bi. I want to fuck you. I want to suck your tits and get your milk. I want to lactate like you. I want to fuck Skip and have you watch us.”

She stopped, out of breath. I was glad. “That’s a little much.”

“Sorry, but it’s true.”

“I think you’re just a little obsessed at the moment and are a little worked up over learning to cum.”

Her nod was enthusiastic. “You’re right. You’re a hundred percent right!”

“Good. So you understand.”

“Yes. Can I nurse from you? I want your milk so I can start lactating too.”

I sighed. “I wanted to wait for Skip.”

While I meant it as a way of putting her off, it had instead encouraged her judging by the way her eyes lit up. “You mean you want a three-way with Skip and me? I’m all for that!”

I hadn’t meant that at all.

But I was intrigued.

“That’s not what I meant.”

She shrugged. “So? Are you interested?”

I didn’t want to say yes or no. “We should just wait for Skip.”

“Yesterday you said your tits were on fire because they were so full of milk. Are you feeling that right now?”

I was, but I wasn’t going to admit it. I didn’t want to encourage her, even though I wanted to encourage her. “A little, but I can wait.”

“Let me nurse from you,” she begged. “Just a little. I want to taste it again. This morning it was so delicious and I wanted more but there was barely any after Skip had his share. I don’t want to share it with him.”

“Who says I’m going to let you share it with Skip. Maybe I don’t want another woman sucking on my tits. That’s gay...very gay.”

“Not it’s not,” she insisted as she took a step forward. “Maybe it’s a little gay, but I’m bi so it’s fine. Are you bi too? I know you’re not a lesbian…”

“Are you a lesbian?” I countered. My pussy was drooling and hot. As much as I didn’t want to admit it, I was incredibly turned on and wanted to get my tits out and have her start nursing on me. I wanted her to go down on me. I wanted it all, merely because I could.

If I had been thinking clearly I wouldn’t have wanted any of that.

At least that’s what I told myself.

She tilted her head at my question. “I don’t think so. I should really fuck Skip again to find out.”

“You mean you haven’t since this morning?” I was surprised.

“No.”

“Huh.”

Her eyes narrowed at me. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I just figured since you two had the time, you would have.”

Tossing her hair back she said, “Well, I wanted to, but Skip was reluctant.”

“Why?” I was genuinely curious.

“You’ll have to ask him. He said something along the lines of ‘I don’t want to get involved with someone else right now’.” She huffed. “So what if he’s fucking you, right? He was fucking me while he was fucking you a couple of months ago.”

“Maybe he has some morals?” I suggested.

That made her laugh. “Skip. No. I don’t think so. I mean, he was such a man-whore in high school. I doubt he’s changed much. He’s probably fucking someone else right now.”

I had no reason to believe her. But I had no reason to doubt her, either.

“And he’s going to come over here and have sex with me? Wouldn’t he be too...worn out?”

She shrugged. “I guess we’ll find out.” She stepped closer. She was too close. I should have backed away.

I didn’t.

“Are you full?” she asked, looking down my shirt at my cleavage.

Right then I never wanted someone to kiss and ravage me with such intensity.

“Yes.” We couldn’t look each other in the eye. I moved fractionally closer to her. I could smell her skin, her scent. I could feel her heat. Our breasts were touching, though just barely, separated only by my shirt, my bra, her shirt, and (presumably) her bra.

There was no way to say who made the first move. All I remember next was that

we were kissing.

Kissing is nice. Kissing a woman is very nice because everything is soft.

I knew what was going to happen and I wanted it to happen.

Analise was happy to admit to me that she was bi. Was I?

I didn't think so, but I was willing to find out.

It had been years since I had messed around—drunkenly—with another woman at college. I hadn't thought about fucking another woman since.

We wound up on the couch. The way that Analise unbuttoned my shirt made me wonder if she had fucked other women. Maybe she had and was only frigid with men.

"Let me," I said when she started fumbling with the hook to the cup. The industrial-strength nursing bra wasn't that complicated but if you aren't familiar with the new equipment and are working from the outside, it's difficult to use. Even being a woman didn't automatically make her adept at using a nursing bra.

When I lowered the first flap, her eyes went wide at the sight of my fat nipple once I removed the slightly damp nursing pad. I put her head on the pillow in my lap and she latched on like she was a natural at it.

My milk immediately let down and I groaned in appreciation. It felt wonderful when my milk releases because it's like a damn that is fit to bursting. The pain stopped at once and was replaced with a slowly and steadily rising lust.

I was going to have my first orgasm with a woman unless Skip came bursting in. Yeah, she helped me cum when I was riding Skip's cock, but this was going to be different.

She was much prettier than me. I brushed the hair back from her face. Her eyes were closed and her jaw was working on drawing out my milk. It was too much temptation to resist and I bent forward to kiss her cheek.

That was enough for her to release my nipple and kiss me on the lips. They were sweet with my milk. It was a brief kiss and she went back to nursing almost

immediately.

She didn’t object at all when I unzipped her jeans and eased them down around her hips. Analise actually helped.

She didn’t object when I put my hand on her panties so that I could feel her warm mound through the silky material.

We stayed like that for a moment. I let her nurse while I gently fingered her pussy through her panties. I knew my pussy was sopping wet, but hers was surprisingly dry, even when I wiggled the length of my middle finger down between her bulging labia. It was nice to feel the smoothness of her lips through the thin material. There was a definite advantage to being hairless down there for this sort of play, but it was also high maintenance, something I wasn’t willing to do.

Maybe I was frustrating her because she abruptly grabbed my wrist, pulled my hand away briefly, and then shoved it down inside her panties.

At least she was giving me a clear sign.

Her pussy was warm and swollen, but compared to mine it was dry. Well, maybe not exactly dry, but compared to mine, it was like a desert. Maybe I was over-enthusiastic in my lubrication, but she was definitely lacking.

Perhaps that was the source of her previous frigidity?

I didn’t have time to speculate.

When I messed around that time in college with Zoey, I was drunk and she was drunk and, honestly, I must have either forgotten what it was like or have purposely blocked it out.

Touching another woman wasn’t all that strange. She felt a lot like me, only with a lot less hair.

Finding her clit was easy. I was afraid to put my fingers up inside her because she wasn’t wet. Instead I just gently rubbed her clit while she nursed from me. It was nicer than I thought it would be.

And we both weren’t drunk.

Well, maybe Analise was a bit drunk on my milk, but that’s fine.

I wasn’t enthusiastic about trying to make her cum. I was just keeping her on edge a bit, and, of course, I was curious about what I would need to do with her.

The way she nursed from me was lovely. It’s not like a person needs to develop years of techniques to properly nurse from a breast. We’re born knowing how to do it.

Still, the way she did it was different enough from Skip to more than keep my interest and more than enough to make my lust rise. Analise liked to suck hard, hold the milk in her mouth a moment before swallowing, and then swallow so that my nipple was drawn further into her mouth. She’d nibble at my sensitive nipple, making me gasp.

While she nursed I dropped down the second flap of my bra, tossed aside the nursing pad, and tried to pinch off the nipple. I had been leaking—there’s no way to stop that—and just wanted to save as much of my milk as possible.

Instead I managed to spray my milk all over Analise’s neck and upper chest.

“Sorry,” I apologized.

She took a quick break from the nipple she had been working on and wiped away the milk, briefly sucking her fingers. “It’s fine.” She was a goer for that at least.

“Why don’t you switch,” I said offering her my fuller breast. I had been intending to save some for Skip, but that good intention had fallen by the wayside. I was too deeply into my lust to think straight.

Analise nuzzled up to my right breast and got to work. I wish I had peaked with the first, but this was fine. It was fine.

I just needed to pinch and play with my nipple while massaging her pussy.

When I came, the satisfaction was exactly what I needed. The tension released from my body and common sense returned.

What the fuck was I doing fucking around—alone!—with Analise. This wasn't supposed to be happening. If I wanted to keep Skip, I needed to keep my head. The last thing I needed was to have Analise as a second person nursing from me. I didn't want to be making milk for the rest of my life.

I pulled my hand out of her panties and pushed her away from my breasts.

"What's the matter?" she asked. Obviously she was perturbed and I didn't blame her, but I needed to do the right thing.

"I came," I said curtly.

"Great. Want me to make you cum again?"

"We shouldn't be doing this."

"Why not?"

"Because...I need to save some milk for Skip."

Analise smiled. Her head was still in my lap while I was hastily pulling up my bra flaps and getting myself back in order. "I'm sure he'd be just as happy to fuck you as to nurse from you."

"We have a relationship," I blurted out without thinking and then quickly followed up with, "and I've promised him all the milk he can drink. He loves it." Those were partially lies, but that wasn't important now.

"I thought you said you two weren't boyfriend-girlfriend."

"We aren't," I sighed. "We have a...complicated relationship."

"I'll bet." She got off the couch and stood up, stretching. It was obvious she was showing off her body to me. Her shirt lifted up enough to show me her belly button.

Naturally she had a gold belly ring.

I wanted to stick my tongue into her belly button and feel the hard metal of the ring.

“We should talk about what we’re going to say to Skip,” I told her. “I want to be clear with both of you what you have to do for me.” I wanted to get everything back on track. I had to be in charge. I couldn’t let nineteen-year-olds run my life.

Analise just shook her head and pulled off her shirt and bra in one easy go.

Her tits were beautiful. It was the first time I was seeing them. Dark pink areolas and prominent, but not huge, nipples. Mouth-watering is how I would have described them. And I didn’t even want to suck on her nipples.

At least that’s what I told myself.

She palmed her breasts, hiding her nipples away from me, but still played with them all the same.

Her head was shaking, telling me no. “I want to go to bed with you,” she said.

“That’s a bad idea.”

I didn’t say no. I should have said no.

“So? I want to see what having sex with a woman is like? Don’t you want to know?”

“I’ve already done that,” I said. That was a mistake.

Her eyes lit up. “You have. Tell me all about it! No! Wait. Don’t tell me. Let’s have sex and then you can tell me how I compare. How many women have you fucked?”

I wanted to answer her. I wanted to brag, but one is hardly bragging.

Instead I somehow managed to say, “That doesn’t matter. Put your top back on.”

Analise didn’t follow my request. She was only wearing her panties now. Her silk panties. I could clearly see the outline of her labia through them. Her jeans were still crumpled on the floor in front of the couch. Hooking her thumbs through the thin side straps of the panties show pulled them down and displayed her body to me, unashamed.

I enjoyed the view.

“I’m going to your bed,” she said. “Care to join me?”

She walked away.

Once again, I enjoyed the view. I wondered if my ass looked like that a decade ago. If so, that would explain why I was so tempted to follow her.

I’m not going to lie. I wasn’t just tempted. I gave into temptation and followed her.

By the time I reached the bedroom, she was sprawled on my mattress and I had taken off my shirt and bra. I joined her. We kissed. We kissed like we were lovers because suddenly we were.

It was better than when I fucked Zoey. I was sober and I was going to remember every detail.

Analise was aggressive. Super aggressive. She got her hands in my pants and had me naked quicker than I would have thought possible. I was on my back and she was on top of me, kissing her way down. She lingered on my tits, sucking out the milk.

I would have been happy to have her do that forever except for the fact that I felt the obligation to supply some for Skip when he showed up. As it turned out, I didn’t have to exert my authority. She left my breasts and moved down to my pussy.

For a girl who had claimed never to have had sex with another woman, she was a natural at cunnilingus. Her tongue found my clit and I wiggled uncontrollably under her attention. A little gasp escaped my lips as she inserted a pair of fingers into me and then sucked on my clit.

Fuck but did she know how to eat pussy. It was almost too much.

I looked down at Analise. Her eyes were closed in concentration. She looked beautiful between my legs. She was kneeling, her face in my pussy and her ass in the air.

The way her hips curved was a beautiful sight. I wondered if I ever looked like that when I was sucking Skip's cock.

Then I lost my focus because Analise was relentless. She was going to make me cum. Not that it was hard to make me cum once I had my nipple orgasm, but still. I settled back into the pillow and let her perform her art.

When I came, it was almost painful. She was sucking as hard as she could on my clit which was engorged, but that shouldn't have hurt. It did, but it was a good pain. When I came, my thighs closed tightly on her head and she was laughing with delight at her newfound expertise.

"Did you like that?" she asked, addressing my pussy more than me. I liked how she gave my little mound a kiss.

"I loved it." Might as well be honest about it.

Shyly, she looked up at me. "Can I ask you a favor?"

"Yes…"

"Would you go down on me? I want to see what it's like with a girl. Skip's fine but...you know."

I didn't know. Or maybe I did know and just didn't realize it. I only vaguely remembered going down on Zoey, but perhaps that was a memory I was constructing because I didn't want to be like one of those sorority girls who pretended to mess around and kiss her best friend in front of guys just to give them a thrill, but never actually go through with the evil act of eating another woman's pussy.

I want to think I was a good and giving lesbian lover.

I didn't answer Analise directly, but I pulled her face up to mind and kissed her lips. Tasting myself on her, I was emboldened and rolled us both over.

Moving down her body I didn't focus on her tits at all. They were pretty, but they had no milk and I was going to do what she asked. I wanted to find out what sort of person I was.

I did pause at her belly button and tease it with my tongue, feeling the little indentation and the hard metal ring that she had added as decoration.

Going down further, I paused at the ridge of her pubic bone. The hint of pubic hair was there, just a little stubble and some small, stray hairs. Plus there was the smell. It was musky and sexy and arousing. It was much like my own and should have been off-putting, but it wasn't.

I slid my tongue down further to see what I could do.

While I'm sure hundreds if not thousands (and perhaps even millions) of people have waxed poetic on the intricacies and delicate formation and complex delight of the female genitalia, to actually be down there exploring another woman's pussy, even while having my own, it's almost impossible to explain how such a delightful organ works.

I made Analise's work to my satisfaction.

That being said, I was surprised at how easy it was to make her cum. I wasn't expecting porn video quality theatrics, but I had her squirming and panting and writhing about in almost no time. There was a distinctive quiver that told me she had cum.

I should have stopped.

I didn't.

Maybe I liked eating pussy more than I realized.

Since she didn't protest when I kept going, I figured she must have loved what I was doing. Or maybe she was too far into the depths of her passion to be able to tell me to stop.

Doesn't matter because I didn't really care. I wanted to make her cum again. I wasn't really interested in whether or not she was interested in cumming again or not.

As it was, I barely felt it when I was grabbed by the hips. I mean, I knew it happened, but I was too focused on what I was doing to Analise to really care. It was only when Skip shoved his hard cock into my pussy did I realize what was

going on. I took the time to turn my head and acknowledge it was him kneeling behind me on the bed.

As always, my pussy was hot and ready for him. He was hard because he was nineteen and perpetually horny, plus he must have had at least a few minutes of watching his current lover go down on his ex-girlfriend. Sounds like a perfect nineteen-year-old boy fantasy to me.

The one thing was his cock became a distraction as I continued to eat Analise's pussy. I mean, it was a welcome distraction, but I could have done without it entirely.

That's a terrible thing to say because in short order Skip made me cum. I think that's a natural thing to do.

I wasn't sure if Analise was even aware if he was in the room. She was thrashing about and her second orgasm gave me the little reward of a little gush of girlcum on my face and chin. It wasn't a lot, but I was starting to get the impression that this girl was seriously repressed in some way and I was forcing her out of her shell.

Maybe that wasn't a good thing.

"Almost there," Skip grunted after Analise had cum and I was taking a break to focus on what he was doing to me. It wasn't going to take that much to make me cum again. I wanted to cum again before he finished in me.

Analise's eyes snapped open. "What the fuck!"

I looked up at her from between her thighs. The first thing that comes into my mouth? "You didn't plan this?"

She snapped at me. "No!"

Clearly she was angry and probably disappointed. I leaned into that and looked over my shoulder at Skip. "Make me cum," I told him. "Fill me up and make me cum."

I had my arms circled around Analise's thighs so I was essentially holding her in place with my cheek against her inner left thigh as Skip continued plowing me.

Analise looked down at me with a mixture of horror and despise and yearning lust. I didn't let her go. I wanted her to see it all. It would have been better if we were sixty-nining and her nose was an inch away from my pussy while Skip fucked me, but this would have to do.

My second orgasm with Skip came right before he finished. Maybe my orgasm caused his because my pussy clamped down tightly on his hard cock and a few seconds later he pumped his cum into me.

I rode the climaxing wave of pleasure with great satisfaction. I was into humiliating my sex partners more than I liked to admit.

"I wanted him to fuck me tonight," Analise said, nearly on the verge of tears. She wasn't an emotionally stable young woman. I felt like I was taking advantage of her.

She'd better get used to that or get it fixed because with her pretty face and body she was going to be used by men the rest of her life if she didn't smarten up.

Or maybe women would be using her.

Or maybe she'd find some nice woman who wouldn't use and abuse her and she'd have a happy life.

I'm not judging or predicting her future.

Skip sat back on his heels which pulled his softening cock out of me. "Don't worry," I told her. "He'll be able to fuck you tonight. He's fucked me three or four times in a night." I looked over at my shoulder at an exhausted Skip. "What do you think?"

"Sure," he puffed.

"See?" I said to Analise. "Just suck his cock a bit and he'll get hard."

"Actually, if I suck your tits a bit, I'll get hard," Skip said with a lascivious smile.

"Oh shit, that's right! I saved some milk for you." I rolled over Analise's leg and flopped onto my back, showing him my mostly-full tits.

Well, partially full tits.

“Saved some?” he asked as he moved up my body, seemingly oblivious to the naked Analise next to me.

“Uh-huh,” I said as he found a nipple and latched on. It was a bit of heaven as he started nursing. As exciting as it was to have Analise nurse from me—and it was exciting, I was happy to admit that—I was happy to have Skip back because his familiar mouth knew exactly what to do to make me cum just by sucking on my nipples. “Analise nursed when she first got here.” I ran my fingers through his slightly too long hair and admired his pretty face.

He paused in nursing. “I missed that. Can you do it again?”

I pushed his mouth back down to my nipple. “Maybe. If you’re lucky.”

He was a good boy and went right back to nursing from me. I just focused on my tits, how the milk flowed into his mouth and how familiar and comforting the whole thing was. I knew I was going to cum again and I welcomed it. That’s what life was getting like for me: everything was focused on my sexual needs and sexual pleasure.

Is that really so bad?

I could feel Analise next to me. She didn’t move from the bed. I presumed she was watching. There wasn’t any motion from her side of the bed so I figured she wasn’t masturbating. I would have been happy to have her masturbate next to me.

By the time Skip made me cum—and it was a nice little orgasm—he was nice and hard. I could feel his cock pressing against my leg.

If I was a sluttier woman, I would have grabbed his cock and insisted he use it on me again, but I was a generous woman—I shared my milk with him and Analise, didn’t I?—so I gently pushed him off me and looked to my newest lover.

Her eyes were full of tears. She was obviously holding something back. “What’s the matter, hon?” I asked as gently as possible.

She just shook her head.

“Do you not want to have sex with Skip?”

That seemed the most obvious answer to me because teenagers who are new to sex are often surprised at how things turn out once they do it. Life’s funny that way. Maybe the realization of fucking me and Skip wasn’t exactly as she had pictured it.

“No, I want to have sex with him,” she managed to snivel out.

“So what?” I pressed her.

She just shook her head, wiped away her tears, and reached for Skip’s cock. I couldn’t blame her for wanting to grab his cock. I wanted to grab his cock a second time.

Instead I ran my hand up her leg and felt her pussy. It was still very hot and thanks to my oral attention, she was plenty wet. I was worried that maybe she needed lube because perhaps fear dried her up, but it was good. She was ready for him.

Once more I marveled at the libido of a nineteen-year-old boy. He had just fucked me and cum a few minutes earlier, and here he was hard and doing it again. As much as I wanted to guide his cock into her pussy, I showed a little class and moved away from them, allowing the pair of teenagers to fumble their way into sex.

It was only when his cock was halfway into her that it occurred to me that birth control hadn’t been discussed at all.

I hoped that Analise was protected.

This would be a hell of a way to explain to your kid how they came into being.

It was the first time I had ever gotten a private sex show.

It wasn’t as exciting as I thought it would be, mostly because as a pair, they weren’t that exciting to watch have sex. I hoped I put on a better show when Skip was watching me. I hoped I put on a better show when Analise was

watching me and Skip.

Still, it was pretty cool that I had a pair of nineteen-year-olds with banging bodies banging right in front of me, mostly because I had orchestrated it (with some assistance from the horny nineteen-year-olds).

I couldn't help but put my hand to my clit and gently rub. I figured I might as well enjoy the show.

Even though she was now orgasmic, Analise had a lot to earn about fucking. She did just sort of lay there, which is what she had done with me. Maybe she was making some noise now, but I was confident she was waiting for Skip to do all the work when it should have been a mutual aid society. I didn't interrupt them. Instead I made a mental note to give her pointers later on.

Because he had recently cum, it was easy for Skip to hold back. He fucked her with enthusiasm, going for length instead of speed. Even a nervous and self-conscious girl like Analise couldn't hold back forever. It wasn't too long before he left her gasping and moaning before letting out a little scream indicating she had cum.

If she had faked it, it was the best show I'd seen in years.

Once she had cum, Skip knew he could focus on himself, and so he did. He slammed his cock into her so hard, making her gasp again, that I grew jealous. There was a wild look in Analise's eyes. I didn't stop him; I wanted to see what would happen.

Right before his moment of crisis, Skip did something with her that he had never done with me. He pulled out of her, took his cock in hand, stroked a few times, and deposited his load on her belly.

In all fairness, he shot it up between her breasts as well, but most of it landed on her tummy.

Outside of porn, I'd never seen that done before. Then again, every guy I'd ever fucked was sort of self-interested.

"What the fuck did you do that for?" Analise asked, clearly angered.

Showing that he had more common sense than Analise and me, Skip said, “Pulling out because she’s not on anything and I’m not using a condom. Fucking stupid of me.”

I nodded in agreement with him. “Was it good for you?” I asked the girl with cum all over her belly.

“Actually...it was.”

Chapter Three

Although I hadn’t welcomed her at first, Analise proved to be a surprisingly adept tit sucker.

I liked it more than I wanted to admit.

Neither of us discussed the uncomfortable realization that while maybe her nursing from me wasn’t homosexual, the two of us going down on each other on the regular certainly was. I considered myself open-minded, neither straight or gay or bi. It was just a situation that developed and because I got turned on when she nursed from me, sex naturally followed.

If I had taken another lover, I’m sure Skip would have been crushed and ended what had been a mutually beneficial relationship, but since my new lover was female and his ex-girlfriend, he didn’t seem to mind.

Why would he? He now had the opportunity to fuck two women pretty much whenever he wanted. Neither of us had the good sense to say no.

What we did have was the good sense to take Analise to the doctor and get her on birth control.

I was the one who escorted her. Since I was well-familiar with the world of lactation, I wanted to see her reaction when she read the list of possible side effects to the pill.

“Lactation?”

I nodded. “Uh-huh. Isn’t that what you wanted?”

“Sort of…”

“If you’re serious, we need to put you on a regular schedule of having your breasts nursed, or at least you’re going to have to use a breast pump to induce.”

“I am?”

Ignoring her question I followed that with, “I’m happy to help. And I’m sure Skip is willing as well.”

And that's how I had her visiting my house almost every day during the week. She was one of those college students who are just marking time until she can complete her degree with a solid C and then go to work at her parents' company or at some job her family finds for her. She wasn't stupid, but she certainly felt like the world owed her everything.

When she visited, she and I did what two women left alone were wont to do: we mostly bitched about our lives and complained about Skip.

And then we'd suck each other's tits.

My milk supply was going full bore and it never seemed to stop. I could nurse Skip, have him drain my tits, mess around with one or both of them, and then have Analise latch on and drain them a second time. I had to go out and buy new, bigger bras that could maintain my massive increase in size.

Okay, maybe it wasn't that big of an increase (one cup size) but they felt huge and swollen all the time.

The point being, I was a steady supply of milk for my two lovers.

At first Analise was eager to nurse from me because she was convinced the hormones in my milk would help her lactate (she wasn't wrong) but then got frustrated when her tits didn't swell up like mine and when, in combination with the pump and the pills, she finally started producing some milk, it wasn't near as much as I was making.

"Honey, you aren't ever going to make as much as me. I've been lactating since I hit puberty. You'll never catch up to me."

That made her glum so I went down on her to cheer her up. It must have been hell for her to realize an older woman could steal her boyfriend and then fuck better than her and lactate better than her. Eventually she'd get better, but it would take practice.

I liked watching the two of them fuck. Together they were clumsy and didn't seem to know what they were doing. They could achieve orgasm, but two inexperienced people were more about their own needs than seeing to the other.

We made a major breakthrough one day when I insisted she get on top of Skip's

cock and ride him.

“Isn’t that for slutty girls?” That had been her same answer when Skip flipper her over for the first time and fucked her doggy style. She had been reluctant—something about showing her asshole—but then had enjoyed it much more than she had expected.

“Isn’t that what you are?” I asked as I helped her get into position. She was a bit clumsy, but I always thought that was an act. It was fun seeing Skip’s cock disappear into her naked pussy.

“Oh fuck!” she exclaimed as she seated herself all the way down.

“Good?” I asked her as Skip chuckled and grabbed her hips.

“Different.” She leaned forward and experimentally moved up and down. Since I was on the side, I ducked my head and found one of her nipples. I wasn’t gentle when I started sucking. She needed a lot of encouragement to release her milk and I saw no reason to play silly games. I wanted her milk to flow and I’d do whatever was necessary to make it happen.

She gasped a little at my aggressiveness but didn’t protest beyond that. When she tried moving up and down like a real pro, Skip just held her in place.

“Let me,” he said and started thrusting his hips up into her. We both knew that Skip had the endurance and strength to do whatever he wanted to us. That was half the fun in fucking him.

I moved back and forth between her tits. It took some effort, but eventually her milk started flowing. I didn’t get much, just a taste, but that wasn’t the point.

When the milk was ready I massaged and gripped her tits like I was milking a cow, partly because I was and partly because I liked abusing her body. It didn’t take that much effort on my part to get the milk out and spray it all over Skip’s chest.

He loved that.

I think Analise loved the abuse.

It’s not like I licked up the milk off Skip’s chest. I’m not into milk that much. While I like supplying it, I wasn’t into drinking it so much. Of course I swallowed when I sucked on Analise’s tits, but I didn’t play with it. I wasn’t kinky that way.

I was kinky other ways.

It was still fun making her cum while spraying her milk all over Skip. He finished inside of her, as it should be, and together we made her cum, shaking on top of his body, quivering with pleasure, unable to help herself.

Maybe I had a bit of a sadistic streak in my kink makeup as well.

I must have had a contemplative look on my face because Analise asked me what was the matter.

“Nothing. I was just considering riding Skip’s face.”

“Sure,” Skip smiled up at me. Horny nineteen-year-old.

“You should,” Analise encouraged me.

“You’re not done?” I had already cum a couple of times but I could still feel the milk in my tits. I always had more.

“When you cum are you going to shoot your milk all over him and me?” She tugged on my arm, trying to get me into position over Skip’s face. He helped as well.

As I straddled Skip’s face and started to lower myself onto him, I suddenly felt like a third wheel. It was fun to have sex with two willing and eager teenagers, but how long could this last?

That thought was banished when my pussy and clit made contact with Skip’s mouth. At the same time Analise, still sitting on his hips though I wasn’t sure if his cock was still in her, lowered her mouth to my tits, sucking one and squeezing the other, not caring where the milk was sprayed.

I came from the two of them playing with me, but it didn’t feel right. For the first time in my life I pretended to enjoy sex more than I actually was. I didn’t exactly

fake it, but I wasn't being honest either.

It made me feel terrible.

We never discussed ending it. Me and Skip and Analise. Officially there wasn't anything to end. We weren't dating, officially. We weren't in love. We were just fucking. We were just trying out our kinks on each other.

Ever since Analise we had become a trio that often didn't get much time apart from each other. Usually one or both of them would spend the night at my house when I wasn't doing the overnight shift at the plant. Even then, I'd often come home to find one or the other or both in my bed. We'd nurse. We'd fuck. I'd go to sleep. They'd go to work.

Sometimes it was just one spending the night. As time went on, more and more often it was only one of them. I was fine with that. The acrobatics of having three in bed was often more effort than it was worth.

And then after a long shift at the plant where everything seemed to go wrong, I came home to an empty house and realized it had been over a day since I had seen either of them. My tits were screaming so I had to use my pump for some relief and then I used one of my bigger vibrators for some more relief.

It was another day before Skip reappeared. I was sleeping and he came into my bed half waking me up. He went right for my milk so I didn't complain. He drained me dry and then fucked me like I was a cheap two-dollar whore.

I loved it.

"Where's Analise?" I asked when he was done and I was fully awake.

"Probably at class or in her dorm room," he said dismissively.

"Why the attitude?"

"We had a fight."

I winced. "Sorry to hear about that. Did you two...ah...did you two break up

again? Is that even a thing? Are you a couple or are you a two-thirds?" It was a lame joke and I knew it and I still made it. That's the sort of person I am.

"No, we didn't break up."

"Oh. That's good."

I snuggled up to him. I didn't have to get up for a while and his warm body felt wonderful next to mine.

"Yeah, I suppose it is. For me at least."

"Why would you say that?"

"Because...because…" he didn't finish what he was going to say.

"Because what?" I prompted him.

"Because...I'm not supposed to see you anymore."

I opened my eyes. "What?"

"I'm not supposed to see you anymore. She's not going to come over any longer either. I guess we're done with you."

I glared at him. "You're dumping me, but only after one last fuck and suck."

"I couldn't just give you up," he apologized.

I kicked him in the leg.

But I was aiming for his balls.

"Get the fuck out of my bed! Why would you even dump me? You should dump that stupid slut!"

Getting angry wasn't going to solve anything, but that's what happened. I got angry.

Skip rolled out of the bed and found his clothes while I continued to glare at him. "Why the fuck would you go back to her?"

I didn’t have any right to ask that question. We weren’t a couple.

“Because...because I’m stupid and she’s hot and maybe she and I have a future together.” He paused and pulled on his jeans. “And she’s lactating pretty steadily now.”

“No fucking shit. I knew that the last time she was in my bed.”

“We can still screw around,” he explained carefully. “She doesn’t have to know.”

I folded my arms over my mostly empty tits. “Get the fuck out of my house now.”

“That came out the wrong way.”

“I’m sure it didn’t!”

“What I meant was—”

I cut him off. “Out. Now. What you meant was you want to continue to fuck two women with no consequences.” I paused. “No. You want to continue to fuck a woman and girl masquerading as a woman. Out.”

He left.

The next week was painful. I was over the emotional loss in a day. I blocked both of their phone numbers so they couldn’t call or text me. The physical pain lasted for two weeks as I slowly weaned myself off the constant lactating and my tits slowly dried up and shriveled up.

I was still big-breasted, but I went back to my old bras. I didn’t have to use breast pads anymore because my lactating was more of an occasional drip rather than a busy fountain.

Maybe a month later we got a new set of interns in the plant. Chemistry majors all around. They were from Skip and Analise’s college, of course, but I didn’t know any of them.

I did make sure to talk to the tall, good-looking one who couldn’t keep his eyes off my cleavage.

I was interested to see if kinks are innate or can be developed.

End

To Be Continued

Preview

Princess Not-So-Innocent 1

Helana's mind whirled with the speed of the betrothal ceremony. She had been preparing for it all her life, it seemed, and while she knew when the moment arrived it would happen quickly, she hadn't expected it to go so quickly.

And without much of a ceremony, either.

It happened in the king's throne room. She had been hoping for it to be in the grand ballroom. It seemed like it was just another official act of the king that day, or rather, an official act of the crown prince.

The king himself was, as it was described, retired and did little more than enjoy his hobbies. The crown prince did all the official work for the kingdom. Part of that included presiding over the betrothal ceremony between Princess Helana and Prince Arpad.

It was mixed in with all the official business of the kingdom. There was no celebration. The only person in the room that Helana knew was Ambassador Ladislus.

Well, Ambassador Ladislus and the Lady Ada, whom Helana had started to think not so much as her lady in waiting but as her minder.

Helana wasn't a fool or an innocent.

She knew she was just a pawn in the political machinations between her country and Prince Arpad's, but that didn't mean a pawn had no power.

At least, not at first.

The ring went on her finger and a document was signed. Then Helana was escorted from the throne room by Ada and two guards.

"All that preparation for…that?" Helana asked Ada as they were marched down the wide corridors of the palace.

“And that,” Ada said, indicating the elaborate ring on the young woman’s finger.

Helana held it up. It was pretty, yes, but…

“Hardly seems worth all that effort.”

Ada smiled thinly, “You haven’t seen anything yet, young princess.”

Helana had arrived at her new home, and a promised betrothal to Prince Arpad barely a week prior. She had been all but sold to the Uralia king as a way of cementing an alliance between the powerful kingdom to her family’s very small and weak one. Even her father had joked that they didn’t rule over a kingdom. “It’s a very modest principality at best.”

As was part of the agreement, Helana crossed over from Jadwig to Uralia with nothing. Literally nothing. She was escorted from her home to the border between the countries. A tent had been set up straddling the border. She had been forced to leave behind everything, including her clothing.

She had known this would happen. She had put on a brave as face as possible when her life-long friend and handmaid had helped her remove all her clothes until she was naked. It was hard to keep from crying. It was impossible to keep her pale face from turning bright red with embarrassment even though she knew this was part of the ritual. Her red face contrasted sharply with her pale skin that had just a few freckles on it from the sun. Her hair wasn’t so much golden as it was brassy, somewhere between red and blonde. It was a color unheard of in her family and she had heard some of the off-color remarks about her possible parentage. That didn’t bother, her not now, because she was a princess of the Kingdom of Jadwig.

Just as she was about to make the short—and naked march—from her side of the border to that of the Uralics, she was stopped by the foreign ambassador.

He was a large imposing man with a large long and long, greasy hair. He looked down on her imperiously—a skill he had certainly developed during his many years in the service of the king—and let his eyes rove over her body.

It took all of Helana's self-control not to cast her hands in front of her body, hiding her breasts and quim from the man. He—and everyone else—had already seen every bit of her body, and to hide now would bring shame to her family.

"Not like that," he said.

"Not like what?" asked Leila, her handmaid.

"Nothing but the princess's body. She is to bring nothing to her new station other than herself."

It took the two young women a moment to realize what he was saying. Helana only understood when she followed his gaze to her chest.

Helana was still wearing the golden rings through her nipples that had been part of the celebration all Jadwig girls went through when they became women. It had hurt like hell when then piercer went through her small and sensitive nipples, but the ornamentation had been worth it. Jadwig women wouldn't remove them until they had their first child and needed to nurse the baby.

Giving in to the unvoiced demand, Helana started to remove the rings, but she quickly encountered a problem. Because they had been set for so long—with no reason for removal—it was impossible for her to remove the two pieces of jewelry with just her fingers. She struggled for a moment, tears welling up in her eyes, before Leila interrupted.

"Let me, miss," she begged.

Helana was forced to stand there in front of the ambassador as Leila now struggled with the rings. She too, failed to remove the jewelry.

"Let me do it," the ambassador insisted. "We need to get this done with to get to the first waystation by nightfall." When he reached for Helana's breasts Leila interposed herself to prevent the old man from touching her mistress.

"No!" she said loudly enough to startle the members of the mission from Jadwig. The guards stirred along with the two members of the royal family that were Helana's cousins. The last thing anyone wanted now was an international incident that ended in violence instead of a marriage. "You will not touch the princess's body."

Whether or not the ambassador had the right to touch Helana's breasts or if Leila had the right to stop him was a matter for debate. He did pause and Leila stood firmly between him and her princess.

It would have been impossible to say how long that stand off would have lasted if not for a member of the retinue on the Jadwig side had not rushed out to the delineated border, a small tool in her hand. Why she had it was impossible to say. Maybe it was just part of the traveling toolkit that accompanied every princess around the small kingdom. It saved the day regardless.

The tool was a specialized set of pliers. It was handed over to Leila who quickly used it on the jewelry, opening the rings enough to slip them free of the holes pierced through the nipples.

Now Helana felt truly naked. It had been years since the rings had gone in. They were a part of her and they were gone. She missed the familiar tug and tiny weight that had been a familiar presence.

"What shall I do with them, miss?" Leila asked. The rings sat in the palm of her hand. Helana couldn't take them with her. It wasn't permitted. They were gold; they were too valuable to toss aside like so much garbage.

Helana folded her handmaid's fingers over her palm, closing her hand tightly into a fist. "Keep them for yourself," she told her, kissed Leila on the cheek. "Wear them. Give them to your daughter."

Without another word, Helana turned around and walked side by side with the ambassador to the Uralia retinue. She was no longer Jadwigian; she was property of the Uralian royal family.

A tall and pretty woman with long black hair, high cheekbones, and a knowing look quickly approached her with a long, flowing robe. The robe she wrapped around Helana's body. It didn't matter. Everyone had already seen her body. And even that didn't matter. She wasn't so much a person or even a princess, she was just a vessel to unite the two countries.

Helana had already understood that, but she was determine to be a person, not just an object.

The journey to the palace wasn't difficult at all. It was more enjoyable than any journey she had undergone within the border of Jadwig. The coach she traveled in was luxurious. The inns and waystation—former outposts of the expansion of the Jadwigian kingdom—offered hot, delicious food and comfortable beds.

If not for the fact that no one other than Lady Ada spoke to her it would have been a wonderful journey for the land was beautiful to look at and the people who showed up to greet the small caravan waved and applauded as they went through the small villages.

"They aren't really applauding for me, are they," Helana observed to Lady Ada.

"Of course not," Ada agreed. "They are applauding for the king's coach."

"Seems a silly reason for applause."

"They'd rather be seen applauding than to be ignoring the king's power. A few minutes of applause is easier than a beating for denigrating the king's authority."

Helana shivered.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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