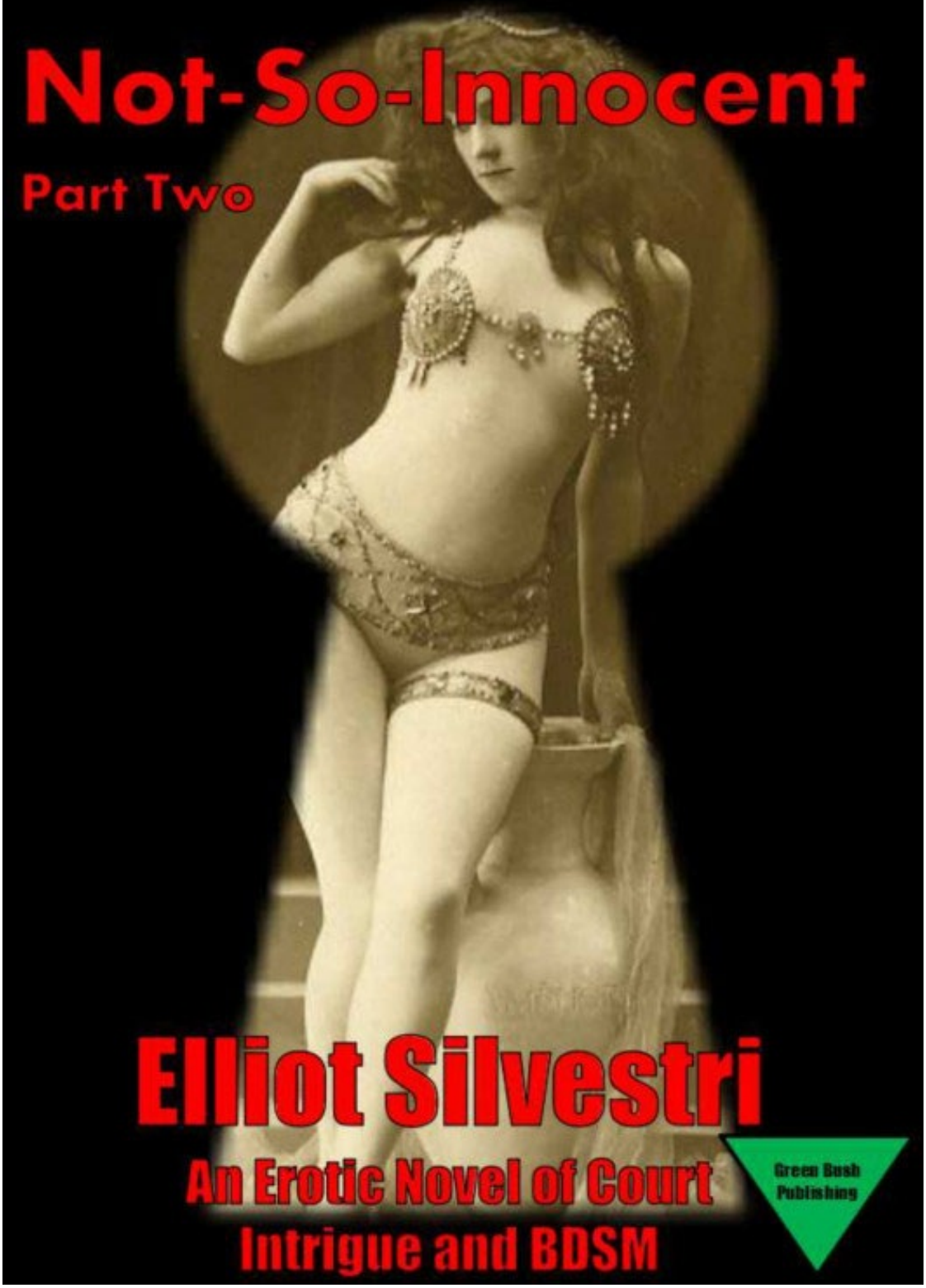
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Part Two



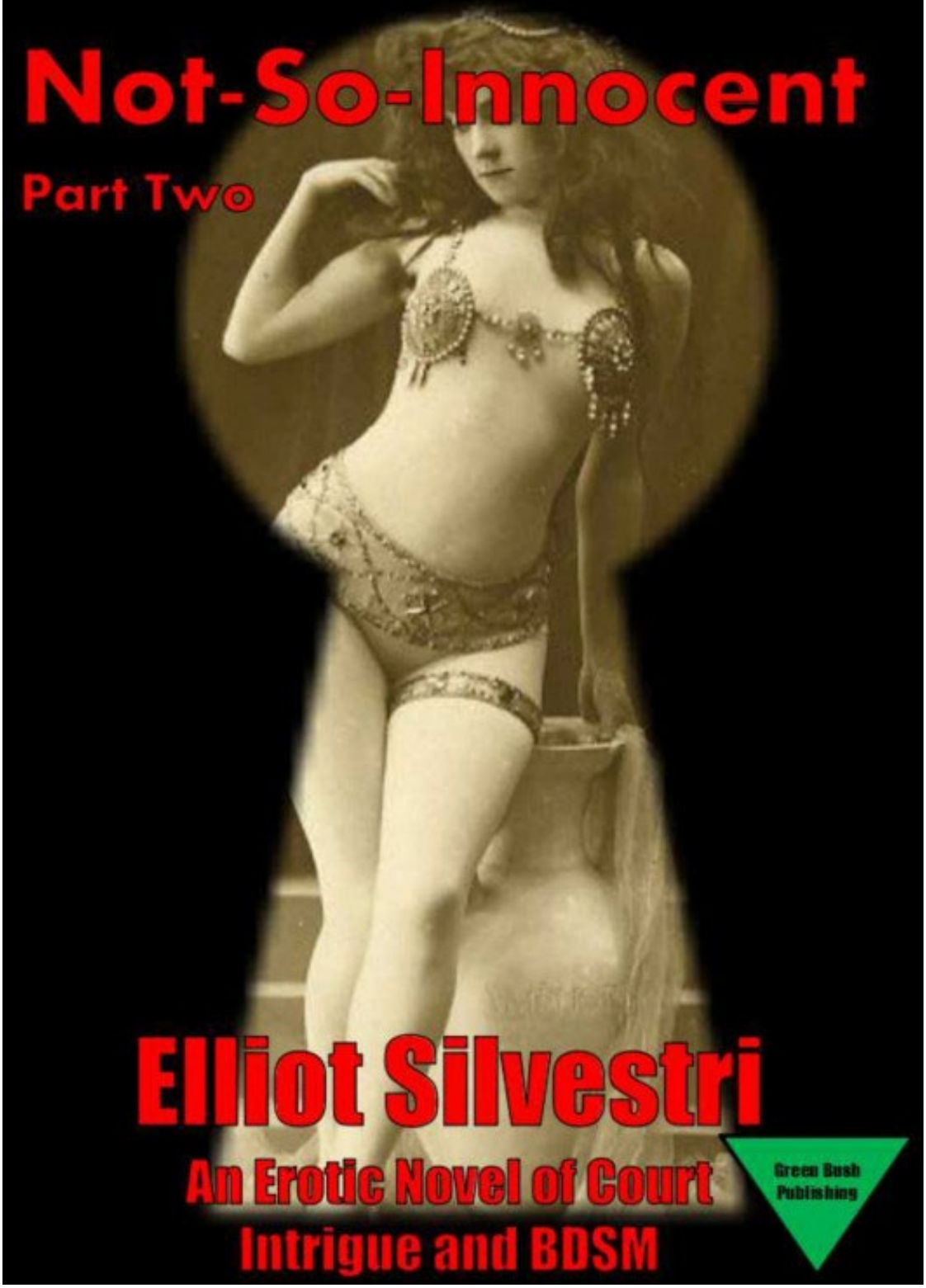
Elliot Silvestri

An Erotic Novel of Court Intrigue and BDSM

Green Bush Publishing

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Part Two



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Smashwords Edition

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Princess Not-So-Innocent Part Two

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Chapter One

Lady Ada led Princess Helana back through the large, imposing hallways of the palace. Helana didn't want to admit it, but after a week the twists and turns of the palace still confused her. What was worse, she was still somewhat intimidated and impressed with the opulence of the wall decorations.

"Now what do I do?" Helana asked as Ada ushered her through the maze of corridors.

"We go back to your rooms and we wait for your husband-to-be."

Helana paused in her steps. "You must be joking, Lady Ada."

As quick as she was with her wit and with her feet, Lady Ada wasn't quite quick enough this time to stop at the same time as Princess Helana; she continued on for two and a half more quick steps before coming to a halt. "Why would I joke about that?"

"I just…wait for him to appear?"

"Yes."

"I don't go to him? I don't invite him to my place. I just…wait."

"Well, yes. When he appears is entirely dependent upon you." She smiled thinly and glanced up and down the long hallway. Only a few servants were moving in the distance. The initial interest in Helana had waned somewhat.

"Upon me? What can I do, then, to get him to come to me?"

The thin smile disappeared. "Nothing, Princess Helana. His interest in you depends upon my reports."

"Your reports?" Helana was thoroughly confused now.

"Yes. My reports. My reports as to when you are most fertile. Prince Arpad is a busy man. He has many places to go and people to…people to do as well."

Helana was offended at Ada's implication, even though she knew it was undoubtedly true. She picked up her skirts and started marching down the

hallway, not really sure where she was going, but moving anyway.

Ada followed. It was her job, after all.

Hours later, after Ada had managed to escort Helana to her rooms, the lady returned to Helana's apartments with a servant carrying food, drink and other refreshments. Since she was next to starving, Helana ate silently with Ada. She consumed more wine than was wise, but there was precious little else to do in the gilded prison in which she had been ensconced.

"The other ladies and I are having a small party in your honor," said Ada as they finished eating. Helana poured herself another glass of wine and said nothing. "It's a woman-only affair. We'd love to have you there."

"I'm sure you would."

"It'll be this evening, of course. And we'll be having the party with you or without you there. You can stay here and enjoy the…wonderful view," she said indicating the pretty gardens outside the window, "or you can join the social culture of Uralia. Your choice."

Ada left. A few hours later she returned, dressed for the party. Officially it was her job to dress and prepare Princess Helana, but Helana, showing her more humble roots and self-reliance, had already found an appropriate dress in the closet and had applied makeup kept in the dressing room. It wasn't the height of fashion or cutting edge design, but the princess had done better than Ada would have imagined.

"We are pleased to have you join us at your betrothal ceremony, Princess Helana," Ada said formally.

"Better than rotting here."

"Much better," Ada agreed. "Shall we?"

Once more they marched out into the corridors, but this time was different. They were immediately followed by a pair of women that weren't dressed as servants or noblewomen, but were in what appeared to be military uniforms. They wore

snug fitting jackets and skirts that occupied the space between formal and utilitarian. What Helana had failed to notice on her first glance at the women were the pistols they wore on their belts. While she hadn't expected an escort to be beautiful, the pair had androgynous, bordering on masculine, visages. They also carried themselves unlike any woman Helana had ever seen.

Helana looked inquisitively at them and then back to Ada. The lady waited a pregnant moment before answering. "Our escorts," she said.

"Why do we need escorts within the palace?"

"Protection."

"From what?"

"From any threat," Ada replied, cagily. "Don't worry. They're well-trained."

"Should I address them?"

"No. That would be a bad idea."

Not knowing what exactly to expect, Helana didn't know what to think when she wound up in a smaller room that had four women, formally dressed, and waiting for them. There was food and drink on a table along the wall and little else. She missed them at first, but after she let her eyes scan the room, Helana noticed a pair of the female guards keeping semi-hidden in the corners of the room.

"This is a party?" asked Helana.

The four women were already drinking wine and sampling the hors d'oeuvres from the table. "The duchesses Marim and Kayla," Ada quickly introduced two of the women, pointed them out. "Baroness Livia and the Lady Errither. They form your ladies-in-waiting." Each curtsied in turn, accompanied with a smile and a giggle.

Helana turned to Ada. "I thought you were my lady in waiting."

"I am. This is your retinue. You'll need them on occasion."

"I will?"

“Of course.” The conversation ended as Lady Ada brushed by everyone else and went straight to the banquet table. Helana expected her to sample some of the food for she herself was hungry, but instead Ada opened up the brocade handbag she had been carrying. From it she pulled a small round looking glass and a green glass bottle.

“Thank goodness, Ada,” said the one Helana thought was Marim. “We’ve been waiting for you.”

“You could have started without us,” said Ada as she uncorked the bottle and tipped out some fine white powder.

“But it’s more fun with you,” giggled the one Helana had decided was Kayla.

“With me?” Ada said doubtfully.

“With you and your refreshments,” Kayla corrected herself.

The small group of women pressed around Ada as she prepared the powder. Helana, unable to help herself and seeing as the party was supposedly in her honor, forced herself into the group, pushing up next to Ada.

It was fascinating watching her work. From somewhere she had produced a small knife and was using short, rapid movements to chop and divide the powder into equal little piles. The powder wasn’t perfectly granulated but was of different sizes which Ada efficiently chopped into pieces. As her work drew to a close all the other ladies suddenly had small silver and glass tubes in their hands. Ada’s eyes fell on Helana. “Didn’t bring your own straw?” she asked while she pulled two silver tubes out of her handbag.

“Me first,” said Lady Errither as she abruptly pushed in and placed her tube over one of the little powder piles. She delicately placed the other end of the straw in her small nose and inhaled sharply, sucking the powder up into her nose. Standing upright she continued to inhale while pressing her fingers to her nose. “Sweet,” she declared. “Very sweet. I can taste it in the back of my throat.”

“My turn,” said one of the other women, pushing aside Helana and repeating the process that Lady Errither had started, sucking up another pile of the powder. Helena was certain that such a push was a breach of etiquette, but she didn’t protest because of her curiosity.

Why were the women so eager to partake of the powder?

Before Helana could ask the question, she felt Lady Errither's hand on her forearm. "I just wanted to tell you how beautiful you are and what a pleasure it is to meet you. Prince Arpad is so lucky."

It was an odd way to be greeted for the first time by the woman, but Helana took it in stride. "Thank you. It's so nice to hear some kind words."

What Helana didn't expect was Errither to suddenly press forward to embrace Helana. Even this was easy to deal with…until she felt Errither's lips on her neck. And then Errither's lips were on hers.

Laughter filled the background. For just a second Helana was certain the laughter was directed at her, but when she pushed back and looked at the collection of bodies, it wasn't just Errither kissing her. The other four were busy exchanging caresses and kisses. Helana didn't have to be a genius to connect the powder to their behavior. She watched their inappropriate public behavior for a few seconds. But they weren't really in public, were they?

And was it inappropriate if she had already done similar things with Lady Ada?

It was Lady Ada who stopped the kisses before things went too far.

"Ladies, gentlewomen, noblewomen, please behave yourselves," she said with more than just a little giggle behind her words. "We are here to celebrate Princess Helana's betrothal and she hasn't even partaken yet."

Ada gestured to the one remaining pile of powder on the small mirror. With her other hand she offered the silver straw to Helana.

The princess was unsure of what to do. It seemed like such a risk not to follow their example…but at the same time she didn't want to wind up like every other Uralian noblewoman.

Did she?

"What is it?" Helana asked as she took the straw from Ada.

"Venus powder," said one of the ladies-in-waiting.

“Love pollen.”

“The lord’s dust.”

“Virgin’s pride.”

They all giggled again.

Helana knew exactly what they were talking about and what the intent of the powder was, but she had a question. “Why are you taking this if there are no men around?”

The group tittered again. Marim and Kayla seemed to have lost interest in whatever Helana was saying and were focused on each other. They weren’t kissing like lovers, not yet. But Helana knew it was going to happen, and from the looks of things, it was going to happen sooner rather than later.

“Sometime it’s better to have love pollen without a man around,” said Ada, lifting the silver straw up to Helana’s nose. “A man can be so…fickle when it comes to see.”

“He comes and he goes,” Errither suggested making Livia laugh aloud.

It was Livia who added, “A little of Venus’s love powder and sex doesn’t need to be a five minute affair, but an all-night one.”

Gently she pushed Helana toward the mirror.

There was no resisting. Helana put the straw right over the little white pile and delicately inhaled. She didn’t know what to expect but she hadn’t expected it all to go flying up into her nasal cavity. Just the sensation of the fine powder flying up where nothing but air should go was strange enough, but then after a few seconds she started to realize why the powder was so sought after by the women.

It caused a pleasant tingle in her nose and then a few seconds later the tingle was reproduced in her nipples and then in her quim. She felt a sudden affection not just for Ada but for all the women at her party. It was ridiculous, she knew, but it was there and she wanted to act on it.

After smiling and laughing along with them a few seconds further, Helana felt an

intense warmth emanating out from her belly. It was as if she was suddenly swallowed a hot cup of tea, but only much more pronounced. She was too warm. Her body got sweaty and she wanted out of her heavy dress.

“I’m so hot,” she complained.

“Let me help you with that,” said Ada.

But it was Errither who worked most eagerly to divest Helana of her clothing. The dress was designed to be easily put on and taken off. When she had dressed herself earlier Helana thought that was just clever Uralian design, but now she realized it was a design of necessity. She didn’t want her clothes on and elaborate stays and hooks and buttons and other closures would just slow her down.

If given half a second’s reflection she would have stated she wasn’t ashamed to show off her body even to such a small audience. Under the dress she had on a corset that lifted her breasts but exposes her petal shield-covered nipples. Knickers were absent since noblewomen didn’t wear them. She felt the hard ring through her labia, now exposed to the air. While she still wore the fancy shoes that complimented the dress, the only other piece of true clothing she wore were the stockings that covered her legs.

She should have felt exposed but Livia was as naked as she was while pulling at Ada’s dress. Mariam and Kayla were in the midst of stripping each other. Helana wanted to watch them, but then Errither’s lips closed over her nipple and she refocused her attention.

It was more accurate to say that Errither started sucking on the petal shield that hid Helana’s areola. It was a strange sensation because of the way that her nipple was pulled by the piercing as Errither eagerly went after Helana’s nipple. It was enjoyable, just new and different, but Helana couldn’t help but wonder how the metal shield felt inside Errither’s mouth.

Abruptly Errither pulled back and gasped, filled with pleasure at having begun servicing the princess and wife to be of Prince Arpad.

“May I continue, Your Majesty?” she asked Helana. The formal language and tone surprised Helana because she knew that she would not have been so composed if their positions were reversed.

“Of…of course,” Helana stuttered out.

“Can I do more?” she asked but didn’t wait for an answer. Her mouth went from Helana’s breast to her sternum and then began a straight-line descent towards Helana’s sex.

The princess didn’t stop her. Errither eagerly got down on her knees, unconcerned at the state of her dress and how she might be ruining it, so that she could more easily reach her princess’s quim. Helana found herself backing up and resting her buttocks on the edge of a chair or couch. At the moment she didn’t care to discover the exact nature of the piece of furniture. With the support of the chair she parted her thighs giving Errither the access she needed to cool the fire that burned within her sex.

When Lady Errither’s tongue touched her clit, instead of quenching the fire that burned within, it seemed to make the blaze burn harder. Using the tip of her tongue, Errither burrowed further into Helana’s folds. She knew exactly what she was doing. Or maybe it was the Venus powder that was doing it. Perhaps both. Helana found herself on the razor’s edge of pleasure in no time and tried to hold back to savor every little sensation, but it was impossible.

She quivered with delight against Errither’s face. The incredible heat from her quim somewhat abated giving Helana just a bit of breathing relief.

“Oh…oh my,” she exclaimed. “Only God knows how much I needed that!” The women all tittered at her reaction. While they were all in the midst of their own lovemaking they had been watching Errither with Helana. “Why…why are you laughing at me?” she demanded, trying to establish some sort of dominance over the group. She was their social superior and they were supposed to be serving her.

“It’s just…it’s just that seeing someone enjoy the pleasure of their body for the first time on love pollen is…it’s exciting,” said Ada as she entwined her fingers around Livia’s love chain. The baroness practically purred as one of Ada’s fingers disappeared up into her quim. “It’ll never be as good next week as it is tonight.” Her smile became tight as she gently pinched Livia’s clit. “But it will always be better with Venus’s powder. And tonight you have the pleasure of five women all willing to serve you anyway you want.”

“Anything?” Helana gasped as Errither pushed her tongue into the princess’s

quim once again. It laved around for a moment before Errither was so bold as to suck on her clit, causing another sharp gasp and the beginning of another round of quivering.

This was a new experience for Helana, not just sex but sex with a woman. What she had done earlier with Ada was sex to be sure, but it was in anticipation and preparation of sex with a man. This was sex for sex's sake and only for pleasure. Before coming to the Uralian palace her only visceral pleasure had been with her own hand.

Errither's mouth was so much better.

She fought back against the little death that was slowly building. Ada saw what the woman was doing and either wanted to help her or torture her. Approaching from behind, Ada circled her hands around the princess's small breasts, found her exposes nipples through her petal shields and pinched them firmly.

It should have hurt. It didn't. It felt wonderful. Suddenly not only was her quim on fire, but her tits were as well. She pressed her back against Ada and felt her large breasts and hard petal shields.

"Just let it happen, honey," Ada whispered into her ear before kissing the side of her neck. "There's no reason to hold back. Enjoy yourself."

She followed Ada's advice. It was easy to let her body cum. Her muscles tightened up and the wave of relief swept through her body leaving her relaxed and covered in a sheen of fine sweat. The relaxation lasted only a moment and then her lust started building again.

There was no way she was going to let the other women control the situation and her body. She took the initiative and stood up from the chair's back, pulling away from Ada. Reaching down she brought Errither up to her feet and quickly reversed their position against the chair.

"My turn," she said, quickly kneeling down and pushing the woman's skirts up to her waist. As eager as Errither had been to pleasure her princess, she hadn't had time to undress herself. As Helana had expected, the lady wasn't wearing knickers; her love chain dangled only a couple of inches below her smoothly shaved quim. It had a few small jewels worked into the links. The ring that held it to her labia was silver and much thicker than Helana's. The scent that rose

from the woman’s quim was intoxicating.

There was no hesitation on her part; Helana pressed her face into Errither’s quim and started licking and sucking. She had no idea what she was doing but did her best to imitate what Errither had done to her. Her tongue explored the other woman’s sex, revealing more to her about a woman’s quim in a minute than having one her whole life had instructed her.

There was a rustle of material and Helana glance up. Ada was lifting Errither’s dress up over her head, leaving her body mostly exposed. She was still wearing a waist corset which clung tightly to her body giving it a desirous womanly shape, but left her breasts exposed. They weren’t overly large, but seemed perfectly formed with delicate light brown coloring to the nipples. She wore the smallest of petal shields with vertical stud piercings holding the shield in place rather than the traditional horizontal ones. Errither also wore a fine silver chain between her nipples; another bit of Uralian decoration unknown to the outer provinces.

But at the moment the only part of Errither’s body that truly interested Helana was her quim. She closed her eyes and focused herself. She was determined to bring about an orgasm in the other woman. She was going to do it to every member of the small coterie. She was their princess, after all, and she needed to prove her superiority to them in every way.

It should have been strange and wrong what she was doing to Errither. It wasn’t. It was fun and pleasurable. It was a bit strange to feel the other woman’s soft quim against the chain and ring, but that didn’t stop Helana from making the young woman cum.

Nothing stopped her from making all the women cum.

Chapter Two

Helana woke up the next morning in her bed. Calling it morning was rather generous since the sunlight coming through the windows was coming from nearly straight overhead. Still, Helana felt refreshed. Her quim was sore, which was so surprise considering how it was used and abused by her female lovers the night before. Waking up between the silk sheets of her new bed was a glorious feeling on her soft skin. She knew she had debauched herself, but so had Ada and Marim and Kayla and Livia and Errither. Everything was perfect until she tried to sit up.

The headache that immediately followed caused her to groan in pain and immediately flop back on her pillows. Maybe this was God's revenge for her actions the night before. He head throbbed. It couldn't have been the wine; she hadn't had that much. It had to of been the love powder. Still it was a more than even exchange for what she got out of the experience.

"Can I get you anything, ma'am?" The voice was feminine, but only barely.

Figuring it had to be a servant, Helana spoke. "Something for my head. And something to eat. And to drink."

"I'll call the serving maid, ma'am."

That was enough to pique Helana's curiosity and she forced her eyes open. At the side of her bed stood one of the women from the night before, one of the armed guards. She was a woman, but only barely. She had the figure of a man, except for the breasts. Just her very existence made Helana wonder why type of woman she was.

"Where is Ada?"

"Lady Ada is in her own bed. One of my peers had to bring you to bed last night. Or rather, this morning." The guard slipped to the door and opened it to the hallway. She spoke a few words to someone outside and then returned.

"What are you doing here?" Helena demanded.

"It was unsafe to leave you alone," said the guard.

Helana sniffed. "Was someone going to murder me?" The sarcasm was loud with

her headache.

“No, ma’am. The Venus powder can sometimes slow the breathing to the point of death.”

That was news to Helana. “Oh.”

“Don’t worry. You were safe. I watched you for my entire shift when I came on this morning at sunrise.”

“What time is it now?”

“Just before noon, ma’am. I asked them to bring you both luncheon and breakfast since I didn’t know your preference.”

“Thank you…” Helana let the question hang in the air. There wasn’t an immediate answer. “I’m sorry, but I don’t know your name.”

“Sergeant Sawyer, ma’am.”

“That is your family name?”

“Yes ma’am.”

“And your given name?”

“Blake.”

The conversation had been carried on while Sgt. Sawyer stood at near attention and Helana remained under the bedding, her nudity covered. She sized up the sergeant. Sawyer was taller than the average woman, and was probably taller than most men. She wasn’t pretty my any stretch of the imagination, but she had a striking visage. A firm jaw and piercing eyes. Her hair was cut short, so short it wasn’t just lacking any semblance of fashion or style, but moved right over to masculinity. The cut of her uniform and the pistol on her hip didn’t help to make her any more feminine.

Helana was intrigued by her guardian and protector. She slipped from the bed, not making any effort to conceal her nudity. At the moment she didn’t know her motivation, but she wanted to see Sawyer’s reaction.

The guard carefully averted her eyes from Helana's body without making it look like she was trying to avoid looking at the princess.

"Do you know where my robe is, sergeant?" she asked while posing in front of the woman.

"Yes, ma'am." It wasn't her job to dress or attend to Helana, but Sawyer plucked the robe from the chair where it had been carelessly tossed aside and handed it over. Helana took her time wrapping it around her body. She tied the belt loosely around her waist, so loosely it almost immediately fell open. That was Helana's plan. She was interested in showing off her body to the sergeant, especially if the sergeant was interested.

Was the Venus powder still having an effect? she mused to herself. Helana couldn't be sure since this was her first experience with the Venus powder, but she was determined that it wouldn't be her last.

But Helana had no idea how to go about seducing the sergeant who had pretty blue eyes in contrast to her dark hair. She was just about to be bold and ask if she had ever had sex with a woman—Helana wanted to brag because she had had sex with five women now, and just a week ago she hadn't had sex with anyone but herself—but there was the polite warning knock at the door before it opened and a serving maid came in with a cart laden with food.

The moment she saw the food Helana's interest in Sawyer suddenly vanished; she realized it has been nearly a day since she had consumed any food. Not giving the maid time to transfer the platters from the cart to the table, she grabbed a plate of fresh cut fruit and started gobbling it up. So distracted she was by the food and her ravenous appetite she didn't even hear Lady Ada enter the room.

"I'm glad you found your appetite," she commented as she carefully picked up a berry-filled pastry and nibbled daintily at it. "Be careful you don't eat too much. One of the other side effects of the Venus powder is increasing appetite. You don't want to get…fat."

Her words of caution were enough to get Helana to slow down. It didn't stop her from pouring a glass of wine from the bottle that was provided. Was it too early to drink? Helana didn't care.

“Thank you for last night,” Helana said as she carefully swallowed and then re-arranged the robe around her body. There was no need to seduce Ada and there was no need for Ada to see that she had tried to seduce Sawyer. “It was… pleasurable.” She smiled as if the two women were sharing some special secret just between them.

Sawyer—and all the guards and most of the staff—knew exactly what she and her ladies-in-waiting had been up to the night before.

“I’m glad you enjoyed yourself,” Ada said primly. “Now take a break from the food for a moment, lean back in your chair, and open your legs.” She said this all within earshot of Sawyer.

Helana wasn’t so far gone that she didn’t realize the inappropriateness of Ada’s order, especially if someone like Sawyer was in the room. “You shouldn’t say such things in front of the help.”

Ada sniffed. “The help knows everything.”

That shouldn’t have surprised Helana and yet she somehow thought things might be different in Uralia. Glancing once at Sawyer, Helana asked, “Why do you need me to do…that?”

“Because when I tasted you last night, I thought that you were ready for Prince Arpad, but I needed to be sober to be sure. I’m sober now so I want to check to be sure.”

“Check what, exactly?”

“To see if you are ready to be bred.” Again she gave Helana her tight smile.

Again, it was something she should have expected, but to hear a lady-in-waiting actually say it was something else entirely.

“Fine,” Helana relented. “Let’s get it over with, shall we?” Without waiting for further instruction from Ada, she flopped back in her chair, parted her legs, and pulled open the robe. She barely glanced at Sawyer long enough to make sure that the guard got a good look at her quim and breasts before Ada moved around the table, blocking her view.

While she didn’t exactly know what to imagine, Helana told herself she wasn’t surprised when Ada bent forward and pushed a finger up into Helana’s quim. It went in easier than she would have guessed; her quim was still wet from the night before. Not sopping, but still ready.

Her finger went deep, as if she was searching for something. And then she added as second finger. Helana took it all in stride because this was hardly the most humiliating thing she would have to go through in her life. She had already gone through worse. Her body was not her own.

After moving her fingers about a bit, Ada withdrew them and held them up to the light. They were slicked with Helana’s wetness that was also a bit sticky. She experimentally played with the wetness, seeing how the strands of sticky wetness clung to her fingers and judging its consistency.

It was just part of the routine that Ada should taste her fingers as well. Helana kept her face neutral during the whole process. What she couldn’t keep neutral was her rising lust. It was supposed to be a medical examination of a sort, but still her body had taken some measure of bliss from it. “Well?” she asked sharply.

Ada removed her fingers from her mouth. “You’re ready. I’ll make sure that Prince Arpad knows. Expect to be in his rooms tonight. Or maybe later this afternoon. It all depends on his schedule.” She nodded primly at Helana and headed for the door.

“You’re going to just leave me like this?” Helana asked, a bit annoyed that her lady-in-waiting and now occasional lover was walking away without satisfying her.

“Save it for the prince,” she replied. “You’ll need it.” With that, she slipped through the door.

Not willing to be left hanging, Helana refocused her eyes on Sawyer who was standing to the side, taking a professional disinterest in the recent events.

“It’s your duty to serve me, isn’t it, Sgt. Sawyer?” she asked, lowering her voice a bit, making it husky and lust-laden. The sergeant was a few years older than Helana, which was to be expected for a professional bodyguard, but she was still attractive in her own right. “I’d like you to help me out right now.”

“It’s my duty to protect you, ma’am,” was her reply. “I can call a maid if you need other assistance.”

“You don’t like women?” Helana asked, lifting up one leg and letting her heel rest on the edge of the chair, fully opening her quim to examination. She let her fingers linger just inches away on her thigh.

Sawyer stiffed her back and lifted her chin ever so slightly. “Actually, ma’am, my romantic leanings are for women, but it would be unprofessional on my part to have sexual relations with the person I am assigned to protect. I wouldn’t be doing my job if I were to…take carnal pleasure with you.”

Helana frowned. “Yes. Very professional of you. Why don’t you call for a maid who I can have sex with? My body is burning with lust.”

The sergeant slowly shook her head. “I think that’s a very bad idea, ma’am. You’re supposed to meet with the prince later today. Wouldn’t you want a bit of lust and anticipation going into his bed? You don’t want it slaked now.”

It was wise counsel and Helana didn’t like it, but she followed the sergeant’s advice…and vowed to herself that she’d make sure to bed the sergeant sooner rather than later.

The sergeant then stepped outside the room into the corridor—she must have figured that Helana was safe enough inside her room, though perhaps an intruder could have slipped in through the garden windows—leaving the princess alone.

She was fine with that. Helana threw herself at the foot on the table and wondered what would happen next.

Next was a nap. She had eaten too much and needed to sleep some more. Plus she wanted the effects of the love pollen to completely wear off.

The door opening woke her up. Instead of Ada bustling in with a chambermaid in tow, it was Baroness Livia with a chambermaid.

“We need to get you dressed,” the no-nonsense baroness stated.

“Isn’t that Lady Ada’s responsibility?” Helana asked.

“Today it is mine,” she sharply replied. “Let’s get you sorted out.”

What followed was a confusing sequence of events that Helana, even if she was at the middle of it, could barely understand. Eventually she found herself garbed in a deep green dress that was worked through with gold thread. Underneath she wore both a corset and tight fitting gauzy silk garment that hid nothing and only protected her sensitive skin from the rough green fabric. Though she had on white stockings that covered her legs up to her thighs, there was a naked band of flesh from mid-thigh up to the bottom of her corset. Naturally Helana wore no knickers as was the custom of the Uralian noblewomen.

“Ready?” asked Livia.

“Of course,” said Helana smartly. Why wouldn’t I be ready? You’ve helped me and I’m only going to meet my fiancé so he can fuck and impregnate me.”

Livia let the words hang in the air a minute. Helana tried to decide if the baroness was scandalized or not. She quickly decided the pretty noblewoman wasn’t scandalized; nothing was as it appeared in Uralia and a bit of crude language was nothing for Livia considering that her tongue had been up in Helana’s quim the night before.

“Some women might be intimidated by that.”

“Not me,” said Helana boldly.

“Then I’m sure you won’t mind it that the prince’s attendants witness it.”

“Witness?” Helana tried not to wilt, but she was suddenly unsure about what was to happen.

“Yes. We’re responsible for making sure that only the prince breeds you. You’ll never be left alone with another man. We can’t risk the possibility that your offspring is anyone else other than Prince Arpad’s.”

Helana was stunned to hear that. She didn’t know exactly what to think. While she had enjoyed sex with Ada and the other women, she wanted to know what sex with a man was like, which was why she had been looking forward to her

encounter with Arpad. Upon reflection, she realized that she had also been thinking about sex with other men. She knew that she couldn't just limit herself to one other man for the rest of her life.

Now that had been taken away from her—it had never been intended for her in the first place.

She was angry and bitter as Livia brought her through the corridors to Prince Arpad's apartments. Maybe she had been hoping for a romantic or at least a lusty encounter with her husband to be—if he could impregnate her and she could carry the child. But that wasn't going to happen. She was going to formally lose her virginity to a man she didn't know in front of a gaggle of witnesses.

Would they critique her?

Would they just watch?

Would they want to participate?

Would they fuck each other while the prince took her?

She didn't know where these thoughts were coming from, but she liked them much more than she should have.

Maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all.

At the large doors to Arpad's rooms, Ada met them, stopping the women from entering.

"Baroness," Ada greeted Livia. Helana had forgotten that Livia outranked Ada, but Ada still seemed in command of them.

"Lady."

From a pocket hidden in the folds of her dress, Ada produced a small box and a silver straw. Turning her body so that the guards outside the door couldn't see, she offered both to Helana.

"These will help," she said.

Helana wasn't so sure she was eager to use the Venus powder again so soon, but she didn't see a way to say no either. Taking the straw, she placed it delicately in her nose and sniffed up the powder. It wasn't much, but it was enough to cause her nose to tingle pleasantly and then that tingle ran like a wildfire to her tits and quim.

"Let's go in," said Lady Ada as Helana considered hiking up her skirts and rubbing her quim just for a bit of relief and encouragement. Instead of masturbating, Helana followed her lady-in-waiting's advice.

The doors were all but flung open, admitting them to the prince's apartments.

Helana had been expecting to be impressed and she was. But she hadn't been expecting to be so overwhelmed. She hadn't seen much of the palace beyond that of the corridors, her private rooms, and the throne room, but she hadn't been expecting to fine such divine opulence in what she thought was supposed to be a private suite of rooms.

It was huge. It was made of marble and painted gold and filled with rich wooden furniture and elaborate tapestries. Helana couldn't take it all in with one viewing.

It was filled with over a dozen people, mostly older noblemen. She managed to pick out Ambassador Ladislus sitting on an overstuffed chair, his walking cane sitting upright before him, both of his hands resting on the curved head of the stick while his gut hung over his belt. There were a few faces from the throne room that she recognized but Helana didn't know their names; court officials of some sort. There was a man dressed in a doctor's traditional garb, sash around his torso and instruments in his pocket. A few servants hovered in the background.

What worried Helana wasn't the audience, but what the audience lacked. Other than Lady Ada and Baroness Livia and herself, there were no other women in the room. That she had expected, but she was still disappointed by it.

"Strip the girl and let's get this over and done with," said an officious-looking man with a neat moustache and overly fancy clothing. Helana knew he was someone important to the king or the crown prince. Did he have the title of majordomo or chamberlain? It didn't matter.

Lady Ada wasn't quick to snap to the majordomo's orders. She turned to him

and fixed with a steely gaze. “Show the future wife of Prince Arpad some respect, Heinrich. After all, she’s much more important than you.”

Heinrich’s lip curled back. “Interfering and controlling things again, Ada? I’ll see you on the rack before long.”

“As sweet as that sounds, it will never happen,” she replied with a honeyed voice.

Before Heinrich could snap back with his own insult, Prince Arpad stepped out of the crowd and interposed himself between the two. “Now ladies, why are you creating a scene in what should be a beautiful moment between me and…” he trailed off, looking at Helana with an inquisitive look.

“Princess Helana,” Lady Ada helpfully supplied.

“Helana,” Arpad continued smoothly. “I’m always interested in enjoying the favors of a beautiful young woman.”

“Thank you, your majesty,” said Ada. In the background, Heinrich sneered and carefully looked away from what was about to happen. Nodding to Baroness Livia, they quickly and efficiently opened the lacing on Helana’s dress. Before she knew it, she was standing in front of the crowd wearing essentially nothing. The thin silk chemise was lifted up and over her head and then she truly was wearing nothing. Her stockings covered only her legs, her corset clung tightly to her torso, but left her small breasts fully exposed. While her nipples and areola were essentially hidden by her petal shields, it was a small concession to modesty. Not that Helana had much in the way of modesty.

“Beautiful,” said Prince Arpad, drinking in all of Helana’s body with his eyes. “Well worth the wait.” Two of his gentlemen moved next to the prince and helped him undress. It was done with such efficiency and mechanical movements that Helana wondered where the passion of the moment was.

She couldn’t help but look at the prince’s naked body. It was pleasing to her eyes —and probably the eyes of any woman. He had a broad chest with a scattering of hair across his strong muscles. It looked like the prince spent most of his time in physical pursuits because of the lean, hard definition of his muscles. A tight, deep V of flat muscles formed in his groin, pointing directly to his prick. It occurred to her that the men of Uralia must have their bodies groomed as much

as the women. He wasn't hairless like she was, but his body hair had been trimmed down to a neat plush.

He was soft, which was to be expected, but it still disappointed Helana. She had been hoping that just the sight of her naked body would be enough to get him hard enough to use her. Though maybe it was an old trick of the women of Uralia, she was glad that Lady Ada had offered her the Venus powder. Her lust was up and she could feel the heat from her quim. It was her imagination but she was positive that the insides of her thighs were slick with her juices.

"My princess," said Arpad politely, indicating the place on the carpet in front of him. Helana didn't know what to do, but Ada gently nudged her in the direction of the prince with a whispered advice in her ear.

"Suck the prince's prick," she said. "Make him hard. If you can't…this is all a failure."

Helana felt the pressure of the moment and wanted to voice how unfair it was that everything suddenly contingent upon her being able to make a man's prick rise to the occasion when she had never been with a man before.

Then again, fairness was not a part of life and fairness wasn't any part of a princess's life.

She went to him and went down on her knees, bringing her face level with his prick. He waited expectantly.

Helana froze; she didn't know what to do. She had been told what to do. She had been given some instruction from Lady Ada and her friends back home in Jadwig. It seemed an impossible thing to reach out and touch what had to be the most delicate part of a man and turn it into a weapon to be used on her quim seemed an intimidating proposition.

"I'm waiting," the prince said, his tone clearly communicating that he hated waiting and he was expecting her to produce something amazing.

It was impossible for her to fail, for if she did everything would be ruined.

Reaching out, she softly grasped his prick and was amazed at how warm and soft it was. Just the touch of her hand was enough to make it twitch and start

growing. Arpad was anticipating the moment but he wasn't going to give her any special help.

While Helana knew the mechanics of the act, she wasn't sure of the smaller details. What would be the best way for her to get him hard so that he could use it on her? Just rubbing vigorously didn't seem the right way to go.

"Put it in your mouth," Arpad told her, exasperated.

That was right. All the ladies in her circle back home had always said that sucking a man was easier and quicker than fucking him. Helana didn't know the truth of that, but she didn't want it to be over too quickly. She was looking forward to getting properly fucked, even if it was in front of an audience.

Helana opened her mouth and put his prick between her lips. It was fascinating to have his sex inside her mouth. It pulsed and throbbed. While it was a little strange to have a man's entire organ contained between her lips and cheeks, it was pleasant as well. There was his strong, masculine scent and the mild, earthy flavor of his skin; both were pleasant. The best part was just by sucking and bobbing her head up and down his length—for he was getting hard now—was that she could make him get harder and larger. To feel it grow in her mouth gave her such a feeling of power that—

Abruptly Prince Arpad pushed her away, making his prick pop out of her mouth. "I don't want it wasted in your mouth. And neither do you, I think." His smile wasn't romantic or even lustful, it was predatory.

It was presumptuous for Arpad to tell her what she should think, but he was a prince and that was something a prince would do. "Yes, my lord," she said automatically. Just the act of sucking his prick had enflamed her lust further and she, at that moment, was willing to do anything he asked of her.

"Get on the bed," he ordered.

The bed was halfway across the room. It took all of her self-control not to run to the bed where her future husband would fuck her for the first time. She tried to walk with an unhurried dignity, but only partly succeeded. As it was, she felt like she was parading in front of the audience solely for their amusement.

She wasn't humiliated.

She wasn’t horrified.

She wasn’t scandalized.

If anything, the steps she took only made her want to be fucked all the more.

Arpad was right behind her. His erect prick bobbing in time with each step. He was proud to be viewed by all those in attendance. It wasn’t the first time he had fucked someone for the amusement of an audience. He rather liked doing it.

It was, however, the first time he had knowingly fucked a virgin for an audience. Privately, to no one else, he was ever so slightly worried that somehow something would go wrong. He didn’t want anything to go wrong.

The girl was slim and attractive. She hadn’t come into the full flower of her womanhood yet; she still had some of the physical attributes of youth: the not-yet-fully widened hips, the long, slim legs, the perfect skin, and the lithe way she moved. He couldn’t take his eyes off her small but rounded buttocks as he followed her to the bed.

Maybe it wouldn’t be so difficult to perform in front of this audience with a new partner.

The light glittered off the ring that pierced her labia as she climbed up on the tall bed. The noblewomen of Uralia had already gotten to her. He privately vowed to find some low-born slattern to fuck to see what it was like to lay with a woman whose flesh wasn’t pierced, but was fully unsullied.

As Helana started to turn over onto her back, Arpad’s hand flashed out and slapped her smartly on the ass. The crack of hand on soft flesh filled the large room and caused more than a few in the audience to startle, even as they began to move across the room for a better view.

“On your hands and knees,” Arpad ordered. “Did your ladies not teach you anything?”

Helana said nothing but simply obeyed, hunching down on all fours like an animal.

Ada cursed herself for not instructing the girl better. But she was so pretty and

the time she had alone with the princess was precious, too precious to waste with instructions on how the prince liked to fuck, not when she was fucking the princess herself.

He got up on the bed behind her and reached between her legs, feeling her pudenda. Never before had Prince Arpad felt a woman so wet where he hadn't gone down on her or where she hadn't already been fucked once or twice before it was his turn.

"Impressive, my princess," he said as he settled down behind her. She looked defiantly over her shoulder at him, a smug smile on her face. She didn't know exactly what he had been expecting, but she had impressed him. That was all that was important.

Taking his prick in hand he fitted the head between her wet pink lips. The opened up like the petals of a flower, but he didn't push in right away. He wanted to savor the moment. There would only be a few more opportunities in his life to take a girl's true virginity.

For her part, what Prince Arpad was doing to Helana wasn't all that different from the play she had with Lady Ada. It was strange to feel her genitals manipulated by a man's real prick rather than a glass phallus, but it was much the same…except for the heat and throbbing. Helana was eager and wanted it to happen.

While Arpad could appreciate the art of the tease he didn't unnecessarily draw out the process either. He was as virile and lusty a man as the next, even more so. Pulling back just a bit, he took the measure of the girl's angle and plunged forward into her.

Helana gasped with the sudden invasion of her quim. It was perfect. Without meaning to, she started panting as he pushed all the way in before pulling back and then grabbing her hips to start thrusting back and forth, pumping her with his prick, moving rapidly back and forth in the rutting manner of animals.

She didn't want to think of herself as an animal, but it was so easy to just let her body take over and do nothing else but enjoy what the prince was doing to her. It was so animalistic and she gave herself over.

It was happening so fast. Between the anticipation and the Venus powder and the

introduction of a real prick into her quim and the audience, she knew it was going to happen fast and hard. As much as Helana tried to hold back, she found that she couldn't. At first it was just loud moans out of her mouth but then her body started shaking and she knew she couldn't hold back.

When she finally came, the sound that issued from her throat was unlike anything she had ever cried out before. The orgasm shook her and she delighted in the sensations, but it left her exhausted and wanting to collapse.

The prince held her up and continued to fuck her, slamming his hips into her ass as he too drew close to his moment of crisis. Helana was left wondering how she came when she hadn't touched her little pleasure nub.

While she couldn't be sure of it, it seemed that Prince Arpad was holding back as well. She could feel his prick throbbing within her quim and his motions had slowed; she wasn't sure why he was holding back. Why not let the pleasure wash over him? Isn't that why people rutted like animals but pretended they were above such things? Still, it felt good to have him hold back. It wouldn't take much longer for her to have another little death.

And then, much to her disappointment, he came. The flood of his hot spunk into her quim was enlightening, but it wasn't enough to make her cum again. She wasn't going to let the moment pass her by. Shoving her hand down between her legs, she anxiously rubbed her clit as hard and fast as possible. Having a prick and spunk inside her quim while she masturbated was the best way to cum, she realized.

Or maybe it was the Venus powder.

Or maybe she just liked sex. Sex with men.

She felt that there should have been applause for what she and the prince had just done, but the room was largely silent except for some throat clearing and the shuffling of feet. Helana had seen many plays performed in her family's small, modest palace. Every time the performances ended with applause; she wanted the same.

She was disappointed.

To add to her disappointment, when the prince withdrew his prick and then

wiped it on her upturned buttocks.

“I suppose it’ll take more than a month to find out?” the prince asked of no one in particular.

The audience tittered at his bon mot as he climbed off the bed and shrugged into a robe provided by one of his gentlemen. Seeing that the entertainment was over, the crowd began to break up, most of them headed to the doors to leave while others tarried a minute, conversing with friends and acquaintances.

Helana did nothing for a long minute. She remained crouched on the bed on all fours not knowing what to do. She wasn’t physically uncomfortable, but she could feel the prince’s cum inside her quim. It wasn’t dripping out, but she was certain that if she moved, nothing would stop it from flowing out of her.

Lady Ada came over with a robe and indicated that she should get off the bed. Helana did so, awkwardly, and shimmied into the robe. Everyone in the room except for Ada was ignoring her. Even Baroness Livia was chatting politely with a group of three men. Apparently once she was fucked there was no further need for her until she could prove pregnancy or there was another breeding attempt.

That was too bad because Helana wanted to be fucked again. It had to be a combination of the Venus powder and her incomplete fucking by Arpad. As soon as she took a step, she felt her quim dripping. She didn’t know how much was dripping out of her, but it felt like a lot.

“What now?” she asked Ada.

“We return to your rooms.”

Helana considered asking to put her dress back on, but that would cause a commotion and all she wanted was to slip away from the scene as soon as possible. She wanted to go to the privacy of her rooms and put her hand between her legs and frig herself one more time. She would even enjoy Ada’s collection of glass phalluses. She wanted to be penetrated again and her fingers wouldn’t be enough.

The trip back to her rooms wasn’t humiliating—the robe covered everything, she was still wearing her stockings and shoes, and her hair was still perfectly styled because of the position Arpad had fucked her in—but she didn’t feel the

anticipation and pride like she had going to the prince's rooms.

When they were in the relative privacy of her room, Helana tossed aside the robe and threw herself on the bed. She was on her back and admired the pattern of stars in the canopy, but she wasted little time on that and plunged her fingers into her quim, trying for the same sensations she had while Prince Arpad was fucking her. She didn't care in the least that Ada was watching her dispassionately.

"The love powder still keeping you in heat?" she asked without curiosity.

"Yes," moaned Helana. "That and Arpad's prick. I want him again already. Is this normal?" She was rocking her hips back and forth in time with her hand. She wanted more and more and her hand wasn't enough.

"For a girl your age, perfectly normal. I wouldn't expect anything less." She watched for another moment before adding, "Please keep the prince's spunk inside your quim. We want you to get pregnant as soon as possible. Do you really want the prince to have to fuck you again?"

Her voice strained to show her degree of lust. "Yesss!"

"Hmm. I would expect so," said Helana. "Wait here a minute. I think I might have a solution for you."

The lady disappeared through the door, tossing the princess's dress on the chair, leaving Helana on the bed masturbating. She barely acknowledged one of Sgt. Sawyer's androgynous guards in the corner, making sure to protect the princess.

Curious as to what Ada had planned, Helana continued to play with her quim, carefully avoiding making herself cum. She felt the tender spot where her love ring pierced her labia. She pinched her semi-exposed nipples for the thrill of the pain and the pain itself just to keep climax at bay.

A few minutes later Ada returned with Duchess Marim in tow.

"It is a lady-in-waiting's duty, is it not?" the duchess asked Ada.

"It is why I brought you here," Ada said smartly, once again violating traditional social mores and rankings. "Satisfy the lusty slut, if you would please."

As she continued to arch her back and plunge her fingers into her hot and wet quim, Helana watched at Ada helped Marim undress. Once she was just in her stockings and corset they went to one of the wardrobes that filled the dressing area. From within a trunk they pulled out a leather harness that went around Marim's hips. A shiny metal phallus was also discovered and attached to the harness giving Marim the unusual characteristics of both a man and a woman without fully being either.

Helana's eyes fell on the phallus that jutted out from her shaved pudenda. She licked her lips in anticipation.

"It's modeled on Prince Arpad's own prick," said Ada as Marim climbed on top of the young princess. "It should be everything you want."

To be fucked by a woman's prick, one not held in her hand but wielded like a man's, had never been a dream of Helana's, but she quickly decided to try it. Marim knew what she was doing. If she had any eagerness to fuck Helana like a man, it didn't show. Helana parted her legs and opened her arms, welcoming the woman. Marim accepted her eager kiss, but didn't seem terribly interested in the act itself.

The metal prick easily slithered up into Helana's quim; she was wet and eager for more sex. If anything, Marim fucked with an efficiency and skill unlike the prince. While he had gone a couple of minutes at best before expelling his ejaculate into Helana, it seemed as if Marim could go forever. She brought Helana to her climax again and again. Helana eventually lost count. She lost track of herself. It was only when she was begging Marim to stop did the lady-in-waiting give in to her own little climax.

Helana mumbled a thank you as Marim rolled over and lay next to Helana recovering.

"I believe you've fucked her into complete exhaustion," commented Ada as she helped Marim remove the phallus and harness.

"Is that not what you wanted?"

"It is." Ada stored the tools away. Upon returning to the bed she noted that Helana was lightly snoring. "Poor girl is already asleep."

Marim poked her, causing Helana to roll over in protest. Her snoring stopped. “I suppose you have your own assignation tonight?”

“I’m going to exhaust the prince the same way you just did to the princess.”

Getting up from the bed Marim found her dress and started putting it on. “Better wait. He’s probably spent himself.”

“Of course. I need to wait here with the girl, keep her safe.”

Marim snorted and finished lacing her dress into place. “Sure. Tell her that.” She left them alone with the guard.

Ada curled up in the bed next to Helana. There was no reason she couldn’t nap before she met with her lover.

Helana was woken by Ada slipping out of the bed, but she feigned sleep. There was little that Ada needed in the way of preparations. She simply straightened her dress and added a jacket over the blouse. Instead of exiting the room through the main door, she slipped into the large dressing area and wrenched open a hidden door.

Moving quickly and silently Helana scrambled out of the bed and slipped on her robe. There was no time to properly dress. She had half seen the lady open the door so it wasn’t that difficult for her to follow.

The hidden passage was narrow and only dimly lit by the smallest of gaslights. She tracked Ada as silently as she could. The woman was a good deal ahead of her and abruptly stopped and opened another door. Ada disappeared out of the passage.

Helana rushed up and saw that there was a spy hole in the passage allowing her to peer into a room. It was a private bedroom, which was no surprise. Helana had been warned about this sort of thing by Ambassador Ladislus and her mother. The only surprise—disappointment really—was seeing Ada in the arms of Prince Arpad. They kissed passionately before the prince went down on his knees and lifted Ada’s skirts.

While she couldn’t see everything, Helana wasn’t a fool. The prince was licking and kissing Ada’s quim. That was obvious from the woman’s expression.

Helana’s hand went between her legs to cup her quim as the two moved to the bed and proceeded to go through the routine of lovemaking.

She wasn’t sure if she should feel betrayed or aroused.

Was it wrong to feel both?

To Be Continued

Preview

Ida’s Ds

Ida wasn’t proud of cheating on her husband, but a woman had needs, damn it, and Roger wasn’t seeing to her needs. Yeah, maybe her body wasn’t in nearly as good a shape as it had been before she had her first kid. And the second baby hadn’t helped matter, but she was a year past the birth of Justine and her sex drive was back, but Roger’s wasn’t.

Flirting online was supposed to be an innocent and fun way to relieve a little pent-up sexual stress. She’d find a guy who was interested in her, which wasn’t exactly a problem, and since she had no intention of actually meeting up, she didn’t feel bad about using some old picture of her before the babies.

But when she started flirting with Thomas, things took a turn that was both better and worse. The first time they flirted, they both said some outrageous things, Ida used her vibrator to get off, and she didn’t give it a second thought. When he popped up on the app a couple of days later, she didn’t refuse his request to chat again. She got off again. And then they started flirting and virtually dating online every day for two weeks. It was the best two weeks of sex Ida had ever had, unfortunately it was mostly with herself.

Her guilt started getting to her. She was supposed to be a good Catholic girl (they didn’t really exist, but every Catholic already knew that) so she confessed her deception. Not to Roger, but to Thomas. She told him she was married, had two kids, her online profile picture was five years old, and she was a big liar about her life.

How big are your tits now? It was the first question he sent her after her confession.

She decided to be completely honest with him to drive him away. I used to be a B before kids. Now I’m a D or DD depending on the day and how full they are with milk. I’m still nursing.

That’s fucking hot, was his response.

You're a fucking liar. The raw language wouldn't drive him away because they had been positively vulgar in all their exchanges, but she tried it anyway.

Send me a picture of your boobs now. He had asked for nudes before, but she had always demurred claiming she didn't do that. What pictures she had send him were never of her face and were, at most, no more revealing that a typical swimsuit.

Seeing as she was being completely honest, Ida opened up her shirt, dropped the flaps to her nursing bra, aimed her phone's camera at her naked tits, and captured the picture.

When she looked at it before sending, she saw her swollen breasts, her prominent nipples, and the blue veins visible under her soft, white skin. No man would find that attractive.

Making sure her face or other identifying information was in the background, she sent the picture to Thomas.

That's fucking hot. I'd love to suck on your tits all day.

She knew he was just flirting so she fired back at him. They're full of milk and I need to nurse my daughter in a few minutes.

Ida was surprised at his response. Save some for me?

She put down her phone and walked away, not knowing what to do, but knowing she wanted to meet him in person as soon as possible.

Making the actual arrangements to meet Thomas was the difficult part because she had to admit to herself exactly what she was doing and what it meant. The only reason to meet Thomas was for sex which meant cheating on her husband. It wasn't a casual encounter or a chance meeting at a party or business convention. It was intentional, that was the worst and best part.

Ida was reluctant to meet Thomas at his place until he sent her pictures of his face, his driver's license, and a few of his apartment. She was reasonably sure she'd be safe. If not, he'd be easy to track down. What to do with the kids? She

handed them off to her mother claiming she needed to go to a doctor's appointment without two crying children. Her mother didn't question it at all; she was thrilled to watch her grandchildren for the afternoon; that only made Ida feel worse.

She tried not to think about all of that as she drove to Thomas's apartment. He was a few years younger than her, unmarried, no kids and it occurred to Ida just then that she knew what he looked like from the pictures he had sent—torso and face; he was fairly fit—but he didn't have the faintest idea of what she looked like—other than her boobs.

Her laughter in the car was borderline hysterical.

There was every opportunity to turn the car around, to drive somewhere else, to not park it, lock it, and go to door 214 and knock on it expecting to meet in person the man she fully intended to fuck instead of her husband.

When Thomas opened the door he was every bit as handsome in person as he was in his pictures—except the scent that floated out of his apartment was obviously a heavily sprayed artificial odor killer. He probably lived like a bachelor and used it as a last minute fix to a smell that wouldn't go away.

"Ida?" he asked eagerly and happily after he opened the door. He didn't size her up or stare at her tits, he looked her directly in the eyes, which she appreciated, even though it all might have been an act.

"Thomas?" she asked in reply, though it was obvious he was.

"Yes," he said just as eagerly.

Ida nodded and said, "Next time don't empty a can of Lysol in your place. Just clean and put some of those cinnamon rolls from a can in the oven. My mother would have said to bake bread, but that's probably too complicated for you." Somehow her first words in person to the man she intended to fuck were baking and cleaning advice.

"Oh," he said, taken aback. "Do you…do you still want to come in?" He motioned for her to enter.

She nodded and pushed in. The apartment was clean and tidy and other than

smelling like too much Lysol—and even a hint of Lysol was too much Lysol—it was fine. “Very nice,” she said. The furniture was utilitarian and the television that dominated the living area was hooked up to a video game console. On the screen was a scene paused in the middle of a zombie’s head exploding.

“Thanks,” he said. “Do you want a drink or something to eat?”

Ida found her courage and her purpose and knew that she had limited time. “No. I came here to fuck so let’s fuck.” She smiled at him.

Thomas was wearing jeans, white athletic socks—no shoes—and a t-shirt emblazoned with Deadpool riding a pink unicorn that was shitting a glittering rainbow turd. It made her wonder if he always dressed this was or if this was what he wore on dates. Not that this was really a date.

It was a date. There wasn’t dinner and a movie, but there was going to be fucking. It was a date.

He looked at her in surprise. “Really?”

She returned his wide-eyed look and unbuttoned the top two buttons on her shirt and pulled it up over her head, revealing the nursing bra she wore underneath. It wasn’t the sexist lingerie she owned because the limited sexy lingerie she owned hadn’t been worn in over a year and probably wouldn’t fit any longer. It wasn’t terrible, however. It had some lace and showed off the cleavage she had developed since her first pregnancy. “I came here to fuck,” she said not knowing where she had summoned up the courage to be bold and blunt, “so let’s fuck.”

Thomas, not believing in his good fortune, nodded in agreement and pulled his t-shirt off. His bare chest underneath was just as it had looked in the pictures, muscular without being muscle bound. In her panties, Ida felt her pussy quiver and dampen; this was what she wanted.

“Where’s the bedroom?”

He indicated the way and held out his hand to her, in a gentlemanly gesture. When she took his hand, she pulled herself to him. Their bodies became close and from there it was easy for Ida to lift up her chin so their lips met.

It had been years since she had kissed—really kissed—a man other than Roger.

She remembered thinking to herself when they got married that she would never kiss another man in her life.

She had been wrong about that.

Thomas was a very good kisser. His tongue explored her mouth but he wasn't overly aggressive. She allowed her hands to roam over his strong back and down to his ass. That was enjoyable.

He broke the kiss.

"You're eager."

"I haven't been fucked in…in too long. Where's your bedroom?"

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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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