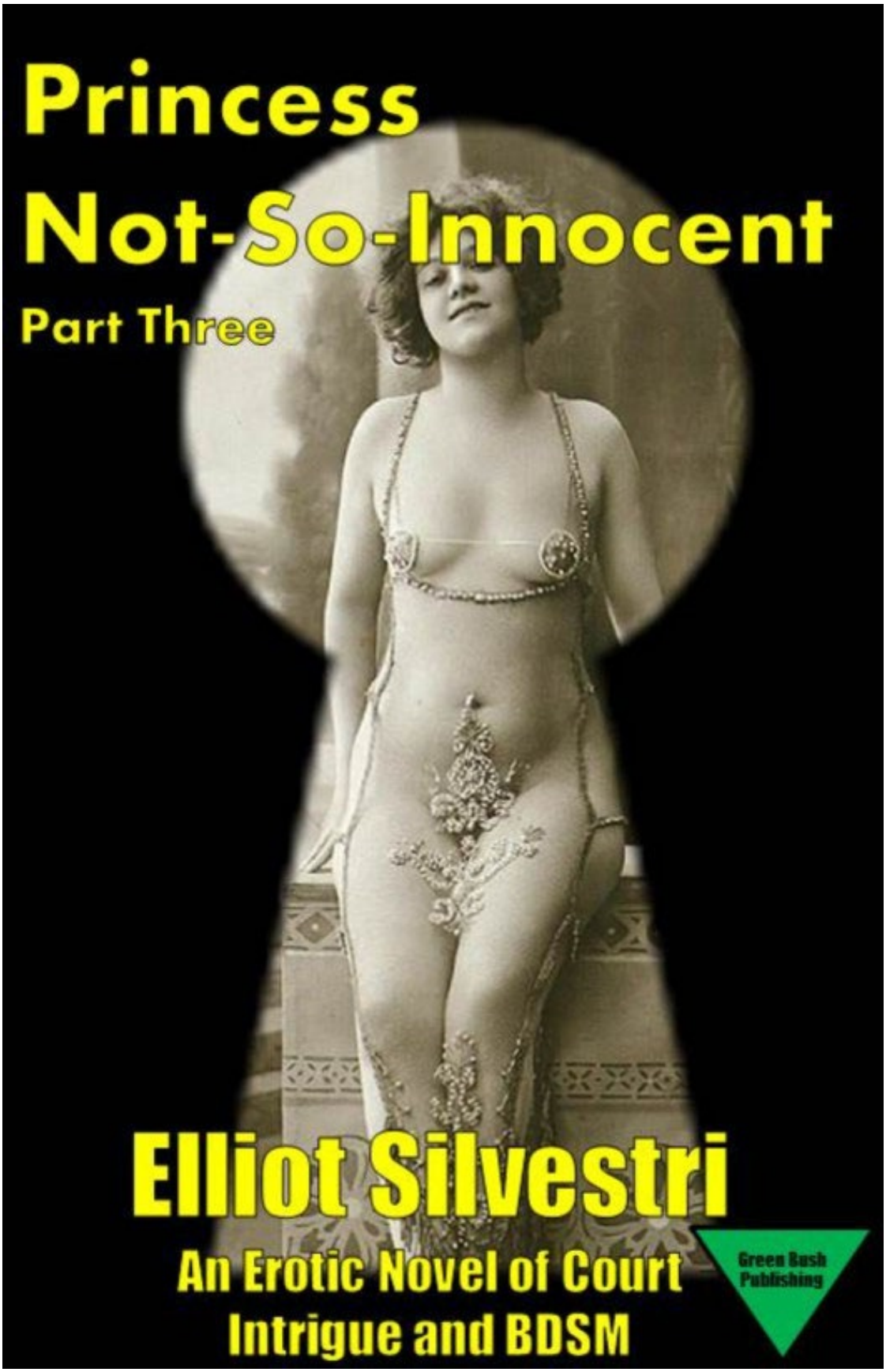
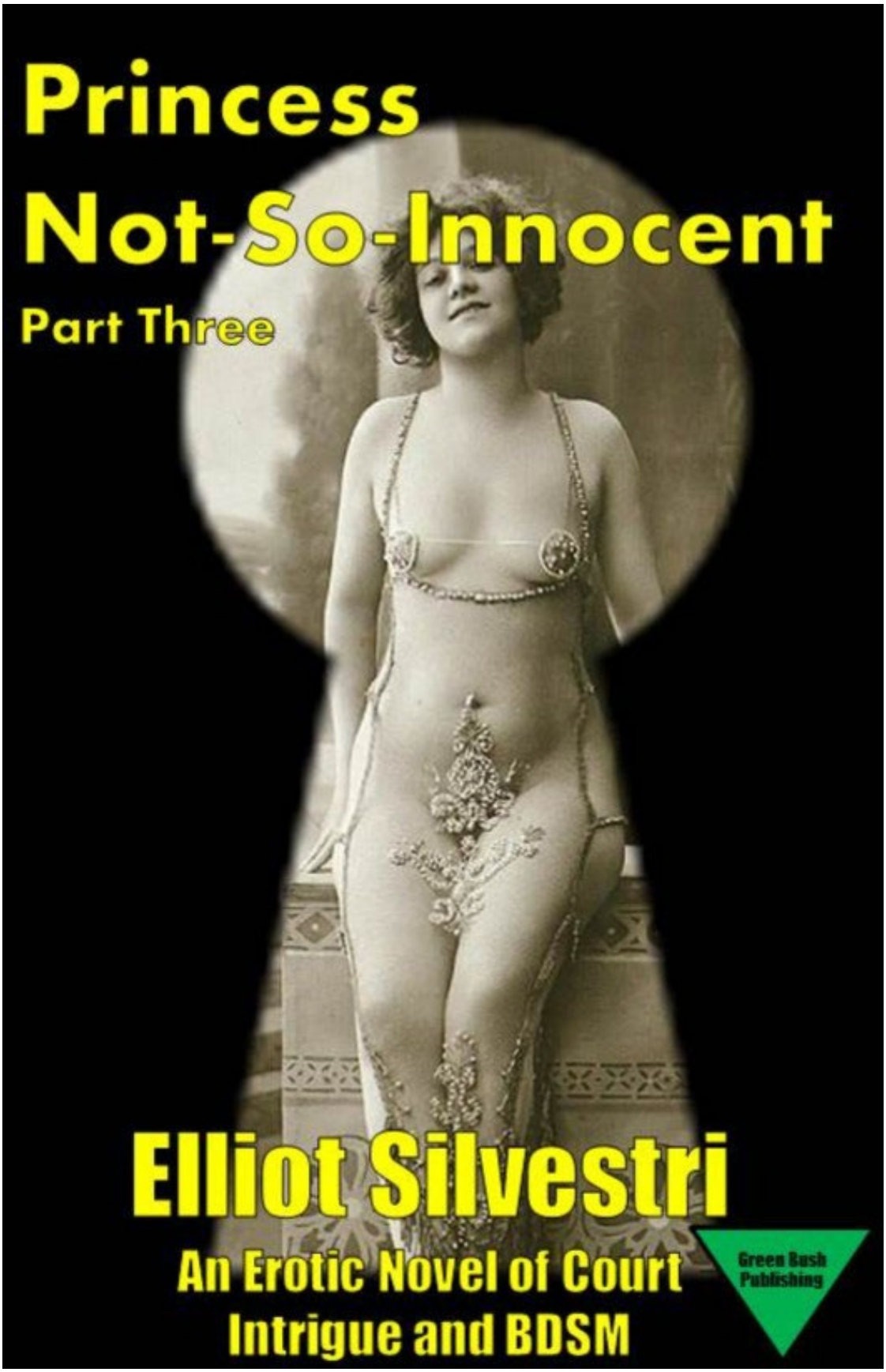

Princess
Not-So-Innocent
Part Three
Elliot Silvestri
An Erotic Novel of Court Intrigue and BDSM
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Smashwords Edition

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Princess Not-So-Innocent: Part Three

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Chapter One

Helana refused to acknowledge or even think that perhaps she had been deceived beyond what she was expecting in the Kingdom of Uralia. After slipping back into her bed she lay awake for hours before sleep took her.

She wanted more than just sleep to take her.

The wakeup greeting she received was both unwanted and far too early. The sun had been up for hours but was held back by the thick drapes on the windows. Seeing as she was a princess and had only one official function within the palace there was no need to rouse her early. It was easier on the servants to leave her be and go about their day with one less problem.

It was Sir Pierce Victor who swept into Princess Helana's bedroom at the ungodly early time of four hours past sunrise. He forced a serving maid to accompany him with food and refreshment. The rudest action he took was to throw open the drapes flooding the room with light and forcing Helana to moan in protest.

"Sleep," she muttered into her pillow. "I need sleep."

"You need to rise and shine like the sun, my darling," said Pierce. "Come, break your fast with me and we'll plot and plan your conquest of this snooty empire." He ushered the maid out of the door, not that the simple girl cared anything for the politics the two represented to her.

It was his devil may care attitude that forced Helana's eyes open. "Who are you?" she demanded. She sat up, clutching the sheets to her chest, not out of a false sense of modesty, but because she didn't want the interloper to feel he was in any way superior to her.

"I am," he replied, resting his hand on his chest, "Sir Pierce Victor, assistant gentleman to Prince Arpad. I'm sure you've heard of him. You had his dick inside your quim, if memory serves."

Helana was taken aback by his crude language. What type of man—what type of gentleman—spoke that way to a princess without leave?

And then something else occurred to her.

“What are you doing in here alone?” she snipped at him. “How did you get past the guard? Where is Sgt. Sawyer?”

Sir Pierce daintily picked up a grape from the silver food tray and popped it in his mouth. He savored it for a moment, chewing and tasting, before swallowing. Helana watched him closely. He was dressed in the finest, most stylish clothing of any of the men she had seen in the palace. If he were a woman, she would have described him as beautiful with an elegant nose and Cupid-kissed lips. His light brown hair was a little longer than was usual for men in the palace, but he wore it well. In all, Helana was a little jealous that he was more attractive than she was.

“The good sergeant let me in,” said Pierce. “But don’t you worry about her. Or your precious quim. It holds no interest for me.”

That made Helana gather up the bedclothes even tighter to her body. “Why is that?” she asked nervously.

“You can’t tell?” he asked archly, sipping at a small glass of morning wine.

She shook her head.

“I’m a hoofter.”

Helana stared blankly at him.

“I sleep with men,” he told her bluntly. “I suck pricks for my amusement and sexual gratification. I do other, nastier, things but we don’t need to discuss that right now.”

It was a revealing secret which surprised Helana; men with men was unusual but not strictly forbidden in Jadwig, but she didn’t know all the rules in Uralia. From what she had gathered it wasn’t illegal or forbidden, but was looked down on and mocked. Sir Pierce seemed completely at ease with himself.

Still, she gathered the blankets even more tightly around her. “And you are the prince’s gentleman?”

“Assistant gentleman,” he corrected her. “You’d think he’d give me a step up in title, us being childhood friends and all, but that’s politics for you, isn’t it?”

“I suppose…” said Helana warily.

“Now let’s get you out of bed and ready,” he said brightly.

“Ready for what?”

“Ready to make you a little more appropriate for Uralia?”

“More appropriate?”

Sir Pierce grimaced. “Your look and style are…shall we say…stuck in Jadwig…about thirty years ago.”

“I didn’t know I was so…unfashionable,” she all but sneered at him.

“Totally fixable!” he declared.

“Does it really matter?” she asked. “I’m only here for one reason and I spend that one reason without any clothes on.”

He sighed dreamily. “I know. And you’re gorgeous without your clothes. And your skin!” He looked to the heavens. “Women would literally kill for it so that they could wear it themselves. We can fix your hair, that’s easy. And of course the ladies have gotten to your tits and quim already. Barbaric tradition.”

She looked down at her nipples, suddenly not afraid to let him see her nudity. “I rather like the rings and shields.”

“And the love ring and love chain,” he sniffed. “Did you enjoy it going into your flesh?”

“It hurt only a little.”

Pierce pursed his lips. “Well, it is a virtue to suffer for beauty. If you find beauty in such piercings.”

“I do!” Helana wasn’t sure if she actually did or not, or if she was being contrary, but if all the other women in Uralia had a love ring—and as far as Helana had seen, they all did—then she was going to have one as well.

He let out a long, slow breath. “Maybe it’s because I prefer pricks to quims, but

if you find beauty in it…then I will allow it."

Helana picked up her chin a bit, a touch of pride in her small victory, though she hadn't realized she had been fighting for it. "A wise choice," she said, returning to her princess-like authority.

"What style chain did they give you?"

The question caught Helana short. "What do you mean?"

"What style of chain did they give you after Prince Arpad fucked you? It's customary for a woman's ladies-in-waiting to gift her a love chain. There's a whole secret ceremony that you're supposed to go through to receiving it. I'm a man so I've never seen it. The first step is for the lady—or princess in this case—to be witnessed in the act of physical love with a man, usually her husband, but discrete lovers are also allowed, or so I'm told."

Helana looked at him blankly. "What?"

"You don't get your chain until your fiancé fucks you," he explained simply. "Let me see yours so I can determine where you stand in the order of things in the palace."

"How can you determine that?"

"A cheap love chain means you aren't valued and aren't expected to go anywhere, an elaborate and expensive and ornate one means you are well respected. So let me see yours."

Helana frowned. "I don't think so."

Pierce's expression sours. "Oh, please. You've been paraded through the palace naked. Everyone has seen your goodies. I have no interest in your quim other than to evaluate your status. I'm a hoofter, remember? If you were a man, I'd happily lay down in bed with you and suck your prick but—sadly—you're a lacking a prick."

She had absolutely nothing to go on, but she was sorely upset over her betrayal by Arpad. As betrayals went, it was fairly minor. They weren't married. They were barely engaged. Their betrothal would end if she didn't fall pregnant. She

certainly hadn't expected him to be faithful to her after their initial meeting. It was common in Jadwig and in Uralia for both men and women to have lovers outside of the marriage.

What hurt was that one of Prince Arpad's lovers—maybe his only lover as far as she knew—was her closes lady-in-waiting, the Lady Ada.

Helana sat up and got on her knees, dropping the blankets from in front of her body. She felt no shame in exposing herself to this hoofter. If anything, she rather enjoyed it.

Looking her up and down Sir Pierce merely said, "Nice tits. I see the ladies are favoring the smaller nipple shields. That's a style that should never go out of fashion. We had a countess here ten years back with enormous tits and areolas like dinner plates. Completely unflattering. She ushered in these huge petal shields that were like…well, they were like dinner plates. I can't imagine how many women had their tits pulled down because this one bitch couldn't deal with having larger than average areolas." He paused and smiled. "Well, that's past us. Very pretty nipples."

"Thank you."

"Now open your thighs so I can see your love chain. They did a lovely job shaving you—which is a bit of a shame considering your hair color—but I need to see your exposed quim."

She altered her stance a bit to no real effect. His eyes were inspecting her quim from just a few feet away and he couldn't discern what type of love chain she was wearing.

"I don't see anything," he said, worried that something had gone awry with her anatomy. He was as close to a woman's quim as he dared to be and even that was too close. Her lady bits were pink and her inner lips were only slightly protruding from the larger outer. He could see the love ring that went through her flesh, but there was no dangling chain. "Have you tucked it up inside of yourself?"

"No. I haven't been given a love chain yet," she informed him and carefully got off the bed to find her robe. She didn't need to wear it in front of him; she felt completely safe because he was everything he appeared to be. At least in her

eyes.

“Why not!” He was deeply offended. It had been far too long already. If anything the women should have had their little ceremony last night after Helana had been fucked. How was he supposed to raise her up in the strata of the palace if she was treated so shabbily.

Helana only shrugged which slowed down the process of getting the robe on her body. Sir Pierce quickly became offended at her ineptitude and helped her into the garment. Somehow one sleeve had gotten tangled inside the other. She nodded her thanks to him and seated herself on the comfortable chair next to the dining table. If nothing else she was famished. Sir Pierce had managed to turn around her sour mood. “I wouldn’t know. This is the first I’m hearing that I’m supposed to have a love chain already.”

“You were pierced a week ago,” he said, more as a statement than a question.

“Yes.”

“Any problems healing?”

“Not so far.”

He tapped his teeth with the fingernail of his pinky. “It’s that bitch Lady Ada. Mark my words well. She’s the problem.”

“Why is she the problem?” Helana asked, feigning naiveté. She speared a piece of melon on her fork.

“Don’t play the fool with me, girl,” he reprimanded her. “She’s the problem because she’s fucking Prince Arpad. Don’t tell me that you don’t already know that.”

Nothing escaped Sir Pierce, Helana quickly figured out. “I didn’t know for sure,” she hedged. “But if you say so…”

“I certainly say so. Not that I blame him. She is a beautiful woman. Different from you, of course, but a beauty in her own right. And to hear Prince Arpad tell the story, she fucks like a goddess come to life to spoil the nobility of this wondrous country.”

Helana was surprised. “He…he told you he’s having an affair with her?”

“I am his assistant gentleman, am I not? And his childhood friend? Of course I know this sort of thing.”

There was nothing for Helana to say. She chewed the fruit in her mouth and said nothing.

Sir Pierce studied her carefully. “Are you more upset that he’s having carnal relations with other women or that one of them is your lady-in-waiting?”

It took Helana a moment to digest what he was saying. It hadn’t occurred to her before then that Prince Arpad was sharing pleasures with more women beyond her and Lady Ada.

“I’m not sure,” she managed to force out of her mouth.

“It doesn’t matter. Get used to it now, dear girl, for he’s the sort to bed any pretty face that strikes his fancy.”

The hard truth hurt her. It took far longer for her to digest the fact that Pierce had given her than she liked. He wasn’t cruel; he gave her as long as she needed.

They ate in silence.

“What do we need to do so that I can continue my rise?” she asked Sir Pierce.

“New wardrobe and a hair stylist. I’ll take care of everything else. But first we need to summon your lady-in-waiting so that she can go through the ceremony gifting you your love chain.”

Helana’s back stiffened at his suggestion, but she nodded. If it was necessary, she was going to do it.

The hardest part was having to face Lady Ada. “What should I say to her?” asked Helana.

“About what?” His flippant question annoyed her.

“About her fucking my fiancé, of course.”

He set down his morning wine and looked askance at her. “Why, nothing, of course.”

“Nothing? Nothing! Why not?”

“What good will it do?”

“It’ll…it’ll put her in her place!”

“No. It won’t. She is the prince’s favorite right now. If not for you, he’d probably breed her tomorrow. You’re entirely dependent upon her to guide you through the palace—except for me, but I’m not to be trusted. It’s in her best interest to keep you from becoming favored by the prince but not so disliked that you are hated and despised by everyone.”

Helana knew all this was true, but it still hurt. “So I do nothing? Pretend I don’t know?”

“Precisely.”

“How cruel do you want her to be to me?”

“It’s not cruelty; it’s survival. And you have the advantage now. You know about her indiscretion but she doesn’t know that you know.”

While Helana didn’t know what she could do with such information at the moment, she nodded, putting her trust into the man she had just met.

He was charming and seemed so sure of himself.

Was it an act?

Sir Pierce spoke to the maid outside of Helana’s bedroom and a few minutes later Lady Ada appeared, perfectly coiffed and dressed. It was next to impossible for Helana not to shoot daggers at the woman who was betraying her.

Upon entering the room, Lady Ada paused the moment her eyes feel on Sir Pierce. “What are you doing here?” she demanded of the man.

“Merely getting our girl ready for her big debut in palace society.”

“She was bred by the prince yesterday,” Ada pointed out.

Pierce held up his finger and waggled it back and forth. “Tut tut. She was fucked by the prince yesterday. We don’t know if she’s been bred yet. We should schedule another session this afternoon or tonight.”

Ada went cold. “I believe the prince has other duties scheduled tonight.”

Pierce sniffed. “He’s too busy to assure his lineage and to secure a place in the order of succession if his older brothers’ children were to fall victim to…illness or accident.”

“You’re evil, Pierce.”

“I’m realistic.”

“You’re supposed to be Arpad’s friend.”

He leaped to his feet, suddenly taking offense. “I am. If I were not his friend, I wouldn’t be insisting he fucking fiancé.”

“You shouldn’t be plotting the deaths of Arpad’s nephews.”

“And nieces,” added Pierce. “But let’s concentrate on the girl for the moment. I’m trying to make life better for her. And my best friend.”

“Your only friend. Every other male...friend of yours is just a lover.”

“And too many to count,” he sighed. “Put her on the prince’s schedule, Lady Ada. I’ll make sure we have the requisite witnesses. Or do you want to be accused of being derelict in your duties?” He gazed meaningfully at Helana. “Isn’t it part of your duties to make sure the Princess Helana provides the prince with an heir? Or is he too exhausted to do the absolute minimum with his betrothed?”

Lady Ada let a long pause hold in the air before she answered. “I’ll make it happen. Are you satisfied?”

“In my love life? No, never. But in this matter…yes. Now there’s only the matter of her love chain.”

“I’m working on it.”

“Work faster. Gather the ladies. You only have until the prince needs to get on the breeding block this evening.”

“The royal jeweler only works so fast,” said Ada.

“He could work faster if the commission was already in place,” Pierce pointed out.

“It already is!”

“Excellent. I won’t be here for the ceremony, but I look forward to the results.”

“You’re a prig and a perv,” Ada said snidely.

He smiled coolly. “Helana was sharing with me how much she wanted to show off her new jewelry to me. I’ll just want a quick peek before she visits Arpad tonight. Arpad will be disappointed if his beloved isn’t properly bejeweled for their second coupling.”

“Beloved?”

“Beloved. Betrothed. Bedded. What’s the difference?”

“Once again, you’re a prig and a perv.” She nodded in respect to Princess Helana, whirled on her heel, and marched out of the room.

“Notice she didn’t say a word to you?” asked Pierce.

Helana hadn’t noticed, but now that it was pointed out, she nodded.

“She needs to show you greater respect,” he said. “And now, if you don’t mind, I’ll take my leave of you. I’ll return shortly with a new wardrobe for your body and a hairstylist for your tresses.”

Chapter Two

The women that Sir Pierce brought into Helana's room were ruthless and efficient. In less than an hour everything in the wardrobe she had been given or inherited from the previous owner—whomever that might have been—was gone and replaced with dresses that were entirely new. The styles were newer and the material seemed fresh. For all Helana knew the dresses were made exclusively for her—or maybe Pierce just had a good eye and gathered every new frock and suit he could find that fit her. Alterations were minor.

The hairdresser knew exactly what was to be done. Helana wasn't asked for her opinion on what she wanted. Pierce had an ideal in mind and he made sure the results matched his vision. The change wasn't drastic, but Helana lost a good six inches of hair and somehow the shape was new as well.

The two women worked together to subtly paint Helana's face with makeup. She didn't need much to draw out her natural beauty.

By the time all of this was done the five ladies-in-waiting had returned to Helana's rooms and the servants were rudely ushered out along with Sir Pierce. He protested that he was being put upon, but went mostly willingly, if for no other reason than he wanted Helana to bed the prince again as quickly as possible.

"Strip," said Ada when the six of them were alone. Her eyes had evaluated the new suit-dress Helana was wearing and she tried not to let her jealousy show on her face.

Helana took off her new clothing without a bit of hesitancy. She was eager for this next step.

"How does this ceremony work?" she casually asked Lady Ada and the gathered women. She wore nothing at all in front of the group and found she didn't care that she was naked. "I'm eager to find out."

The gathered group glanced nervously at each other. "Normally we make an evening of it, but we don't have time for it today," said Baroness Livia.

"You've been scheduled to meet with your fiancé just after dinner," Lady Ada informed her. "Normally we'd have a party like we did previously. But, as Baroness Livia has already said, there is no time."

Princess Helana smiled. “We’ll just have to make the best of it then, won’t we? Now what is the ritual?”

As it turned out, the ritual was simple, and Ada explained it. There was the presentation of the love chain followed by having it hooked to her ring. And after that was sex between all those in attendance.

“Do I stand or lay down for you to gift me the love chain?” Helana asked, trying to keep the eagerness from her voice.

“Neither,” Ada replied, indicating the formal dining chair in the sitting room of the apartment. “Please seat yourself, my princess, so that we may begin.”

The love chain was brought out and Helana was delighted to see both its length and material. It was at least six inches long and made of gold. Several small gems were worked into the chain itself and it was anchored by a small charm engraved with the prince’s crest. Helana immediately judged that it would nearly hang to the middle of her thigh. She was eager to try it out for she wanted to feel the way it would whisk and knock against her inners thighs.

Since Duchess Marim was the highest ranking of the women, she was given the honor of attaching the chain to the ring. After Helana viewed and approved the chain, she was seated on the edge of the large chair. She felt no shame in parting her legs and exposing herself for the group. Marim knelt down between Helana’s legs. The chain was designed to be easily attached to a ring, but it would prove difficult to remove. The process was relatively simple. Unlike having the rings put into her nipples and her labia, this was nothing at all.

Helana stood quickly to inspect herself in the mirror. Her stockings were still on along with her newly fashionable shoes, but not a stitch of other clothing. Wearing her petal shields and the love chain, she felt fully dressed. It was beautiful to the point of distracting. How could a woman not want to wear a chain, if not to only enhance her own beauty, but to feel more beautiful and powerful?

As she stepped carefully across the room, the quickly got used to the swing and tug of the chain on her quim along with the ghost-like sensation of the chain swinging by her soft, velvety thighs.

“Do you approve, my princess?” asked Ada.

“I think that I do.”

“I’m glad.”

Helana strutted over to the chair and resumed her previous position, parting her legs and locking eyes with Ada. “Did you bring more Venus powder with you?”

If she had lied there would have been no way for Helana to prove the truth short of strip searching the woman. As fun as that sounded, it proved unnecessary. Either Ada didn’t see a need for deception or was simply willing to move along to the next part of the ceremony. “I did, my lady.”

“Good. Put some on your tongue and then put your tongue on my quim,” she ordered, lifting up one foot on the armrest of the chair to open up her sex. “I could use a little amusement before my appointment with the prince.” She let her gaze sweep through the room, looking at each of her ladies in waiting in turn. “You’ll all have a chance, don’t worry.”

“Too much Venus powder caries a certain risk, princess,” said Ada.

“Then you’ll be sure to keep the doses in the correct amount,” Helana snapped. “Now, your powder and your tongue, please.” Helana casually circled her finger on the little nub of her clit and waited.

Ada hesitated just a moment too long. Either she didn’t know what to do or was reluctant to do what Helana demanded. Eventually she pulled a small glass vial from a hidden pocket in her dress. Unscrewing the cap she tapped out a tiny portion into her palm and licked it up.

The sensations didn’t hit her at once. Snuffing it was the best way for a quick hit, but she felt her tongue tingle and a warmth spread through her body. What Helana had asked for wasn’t all that unusual or outside of what a princess would ask of her lady. Waiting just a second longer than appropriate so that she could savor the Venus powder on the tongue just a bit more, Ada then went down on her knees between Helana’s legs.

Her scent was strong and her quim was pink and perfect. Before she applied her tongue she noted that the girl needed to shave again and resolved to do it before sending her to meet with Arpad again.

Ada ran her tongue all along the length of Helana's slit, gathering up her moisture and flavor while transferring over the Venus powder at the same time. Once started, it was easy for Ada to continue stimulating her princess. The young woman responded easily to her attention and with the addition of the Venus powder they were both happy to continue their little interaction.

While she wanted to shove her hand up underneath her skirts and jill herself, Ada resisted. She knew she'd be able to bring off Helana quickly enough and then she'd have time for herself…or one of the other women. Helana was writhing around, either trying to resist her climax or bring it about. Ada considered adding a finger to her tongue, but then the dam broke and Helana clamped her thighs to Ada's head as she climaxed.

Ada rode out the orgasm with Helana's thighs on her shoulders. Her face was drenched in Helana's juices and her own lust was rising unnaturally fast. She knew it was the Venus powder but that didn't stop her from wanting it more.

Still, her job was done and when Helana's climax had passed, she gently removed the princess's thighs and stood up. "I believe you ae next, Errither."

There was no formal order to how the women would service their princess, so Ada had decided upon lowest ranks first, meaning Duchess Marim would go last. Errither had already removed her smart jacket leaving her in just her skirt and blouse with her ample bosom on display under the white silk. She eagerly knelt between Helana's legs, tilted her head back and stuck out her tongue, waiting for Ada to drop the Venus powder on it.

Ada was almost too distracted by her own excitement to tap out the powder. Livia was making eyes at her—the woman got too little time away from her husband—and she was eager to slake her own lust on Livia's body. Maybe she poured out too much on Errither's tongue. It didn't matter. The lady set to work on Helana's quim while Ada went to Livia. She knew that just kissing was enough to transfer the ghost of the powder, but that was fine because Livia was going to take her turn between Helana's thighs soon enough.

Out of the corner of her eye, as she kissed Livia, she watched Helana's lithe body as she squirmed and enjoyed the Errither's attention. The lady even took Helana's new love chain and draped it up over her thigh so it was easier to get to the princess's clit. It almost no time at all Helana climaxed a second time which

interrupted Ada's little distraction with Livia.

"I believe it's the baroness's turn," panted Helana.

Giving her closest friend one last quick kiss, she pulled out her trusty vial and gave Livia a generous dose in the hopes it wouldn't take her long to make Helana orgasm so they could share pleasures together.

"Why don't you dose us now," said Marim. "We won't be waiting long."

Ada could see the logic in that argument. It would also give her a momentary distraction from having to wait for Livia's return from between Helana's legs. After tapping out an appropriate amount of powder on the women's tongue—and giving them each a quick kiss in the process—she focused on Errither who was pulling at her remaining clothes.

Glancing to the side Ada noted the bed was unoccupied. When the lust took hold of her, there was nothing that would stop Ada. She grabbed Errither by the hand and dragged her to the bed. They quickly completed undressing and Ada rolled atop the other woman, turning her body around so that she could lower her quim to Errither's face.

It was pleasant to have another woman lavish attention on her quim. On very rare occasions Arpad would do her the honor of going down on her, but he wasn't talented at all. Ada much preferred oral sex with a female partner. And while she was using Venus powder. She wasn't completely into eating out other women, but it was a pleasant way to pass some time and she had been told again and again her tongue was divine, the tongue of a love goddess when applied to a quim, so it kept her other female partners coming back for more.

After riding Errither's face to one pleasant orgasm, Ada was considering focusing herself enough to give the lady her own climax, when she was gently pushed aside by Kayla.

"What?" She was annoyed at having been interrupted.

"Marim's finishing up," said Kayla, indicating the senior duchess squatting in front of Helana.

"So?"

Kayla ran her fingertips over her chin. “The princess needs a shave. Her stubble is worse than my husband’s.” She giggled at her joke.

“I know,” said Ada. She hated being told how to do her job, especially when she knew what had to be done and had scheduled the job.

What she hated the most was that she had forgotten that it needed to be done.

“I’ll take care of it as soon as I’m done with Errither,” she added before lowering her face back down to the lady’s quim. She pretended to take extra pleasure in stimulating the other woman—and eventually her act because truth, but partly because Errither had re-applied her tongue to Ada’s quim.

By the time all was said and done, Ada didn’t share time with anyone other than Errither. For her part, Helana was completely exhausted after Marim gave her an orgasm. Still, the young woman was rather pretty with her legs splayed and open for all.

Ada was more temped than she wanted to admit.

After all the other women were ushered out of the room, Ada set to work on the woman’s quim. The stubble of hair that had grown back wasn’t much, but it was enough. The prince would want her fresh and clean. Ada took great care in shaving Helana’s quim, making it pretty and presentable. Wielding the straight razor with an adroitness that impressed Helana, she worked in silence. Helana was glad of her skill when circling around the ring that pierced her labia, a task made more difficult now that her love chain hung between her legs.

“I think it’s a good idea,” said Helana.

“What is, ma’am?” It took all of Ada’s self-control not to sound sarcastic.

“Having Arpad fuck me every day when I’m most fertile.”

“Be careful of Sir Pierce,” Ada warned her, not engaging on the subject that Helana brought up.

“Why?”

“He’s not what he seems.” She wiped the shaving foam off the razor on the cloth

resting on her lap.

“A social climber who schemes and plots?”

Ada glanced up at Helana who regarded her carefully. “That, but he prefers men to women in a most unnatural way.”

“But it’s okay for women to lay with women?” Helana asked archly.

“It’s not manly for a man to make love to another man. Women have always had their secrets. It appropriate for us to keep those secrets. It’s appropriate for us to share pleasures together because men are so inept at it.” With Helana’s quim now smooth, she ran her fingers over the skin looking for any missed hairs before she continued on below.

“Even with Venus powder?”

“It helps,” she admitted as she carefully moved the razor down low on Helana’s quim, getting the last of the tiny hair around her anus.

“I can feel its effects still,” said Helana hazily. “But I think I might want another dose before seeing Prince Arpad, if he’s as terrible a lover as you say.”

“He’s not,” Ada said quickly.

Too quickly.

“How would you know?” Helana asked as innocently as she could.

Ada withdrew the razor and carefully wiped it off before folding it and putting it away. “Women talk, you know that. Arpad has had his way with more than a few of the women in court.”

“Which women?”

Before answering Ada stood up and took stock of herself. “I certainly don’t know them all. But Duchess Kayla and he were intimate a few years ago. It was a purely physical thing for both of their amusement. Then there was Viscountess Arcadia. A pretty woman, very small, but with beautiful long brown hair. I don’t know what became of her. She did like to talk and brag about her sessions with

the prince. Perhaps she fell pregnant and he needed to have her banished from court. The Marchioness Bellaqua was a much older woman. I'll admit I spied upon the two during their private time on more than one occasion." Her thin smile reemerged. "A very passionate woman. I think she taught him a lot about lovemaking. I'm certain there are innumerable women he encountered at balls and parties. Or at least there were many ladies who claimed to have sucked the royal prick."

"You think they lie?"

"I think at least a few of them did. If every story was true then Prince Arpad would never have time to get out of his bed. And that's not even taking into account the maids and servants he undoubtedly used for his own amusement." She paused and considered her words. "But I will say this." She paused again and said nothing. She stepped away to the closet and found her silk robe to wrap around her body.

"Say what?" Helana knew Ada was lying to her but was mesmerized just the same. She remained in her slouched position on the chair, unconcerned she was still displaying herself.

"Other than the Viscountess Arcadia there was never any evidence he got a single one of them pregnant…and her supposed pregnancy was only a rumor. No child and it's been years."

"Interesting. Why do you think that is."

"Maybe the prince is lucky. Maybe the women are careful…though I'm certain more than a handful would be happy to carry his child. And maybe…"

"…Yes?"

"Maybe it's true, the rumor that the prince often prefers to bugger his bedpartners rather than take them in the normal manner."

"How would you know that?" asked Helana sharply, sitting up.

"I don't," said Ada coolly. "I've only heard the rumors. But in the palace… rumors are often true."

Helana stared into her lady-in-waiting's eyes for a long time, studying her before she nodded in agreement. "Rumors are often true," she agreed before standing up from the chair and walking with great confidence to the closet. "Now please help me dress. I want to look beautiful for the prince."

"Something easy to get out of, I think," said Ada. "Whatever gown you wear won't last long on your body once you're in the prince's presence."

On that note Ada was correct. Helana thought she hid her emotions well as they picked out the right dress and jacket for her meeting with Arpad. She knew Ada was lying to her. She had witnessed Ada fucking the prince with her own eyes. She saw Ada's pupils dilate when she lied to her. It was difficult knowing the woman she had to trust the most was betraying her.

The dress they chose was a beautiful teal, not too shiny, and fitted her perfectly. Of course it did. It was brought to her closet by Sir Pierce.

Helana liked being escorted through the palace. She was starting to learn her way around now, but it made her feel powerful to have at least one lady-in-waiting with her at all times, plus one of the guards charged with protecting her life. Today it wasn't Sgt. Sawyer, but a woman with a bold, professional look and short brown hair.

When she was brought into the prince's apartments, they were empty except for a servant. "I'm to escort you to the prince's bedchambers," he said with a bow.

"No audience?" asked Ada sharply.

"They will be arriving shortly, ma'am," the servant replied. "We are to prepare the princess for Prince Arpad's arrival with his retinue."

"Prepare her?" Now her words were arch. "The princess is already prepared. She is always ready."

Helana didn't know what to make of that statement. It half sounded as if she were a common whore working in the red light district and half as if she could never be taken unaware.

“If you were to come to the bedroom with me, Lady Ada,” said the servant. Helana didn’t like him. He sounded like a weasel and his uniform was too impeccable. Still, he knew what was going on.

Everything became apparent to Helana when she was brought into the bedroom. The massive bed dominated the space. There was a half circle of comfortable armchairs where the prince’s retinue could observe their coupling. The rest of the room was much as she expected. It was Ada who sniffed and sneered when she saw the bed.

“Is all of this really necessary?” she asked, annoyed.

“It is what the prince wants,” said the servant. “He had…other plans this evening and he’s adapted them to include Princess Helana.”

“He needed to include the princess—his fiancée—in his very important plans for his evening activities?”

“Yes,” the servant said, unruffled. “If the princess would please undress?”

This was exactly what Helana had expected and she removed her jacket and waited for Ada to assist her with the rest of her clothing.

“You might want to speak with the prince first before doing this,” she said to Helana.

“Why?” The Venus powder was still strong in her veins. She had a physical need to be penetrated by the prince’s prick.

In response, Ada picked up a long leather restraint that was attached to the corner bedpost. “I know the prince. He wants to use these on you.”

Helana took a look at all four corner posts of the bed and the restraints attached to each. She remained calm. “He wants to tie me up and fuck me?” she asked without emotion.

“Yes…and probably more.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

Lady Ada looked askance at her. “Nothing…if it doesn’t worry you. He’s going to use you and abuse your body.”

Helana lifted her chin. “He is my fiancé. He may do with me as he wishes.”

This time Lady Ada didn’t bother hiding her smirk. “As you wish, ma’am. Let’s undress you and get you ready.”

The undressing was easy, even in front of the sneering servant. When Helana lay down on the bed she started to realize exactly what she was getting herself into. The restraints wrapped around her wrists and ankles and were tightened to the point where she truly couldn’t move at all. It wasn’t torture, but almost a comfortable stretching and embracing…except for the fact that her naked body was completely exposed. She could feel her quim slowly drooling wetness in anticipation of the prince coming to the bed to fuck her.

“I would suggest you not struggle and give yourself over to the moment,” advised Ada right before the door swept open to admit the prince and his various hangers on.

They were in the middle of a discussion over some topic that seemed to combine philosophy, religion, and horse racing. It made no sense to Helana as she tried to follow it.

Initially Prince Arpad seemed to take no note of Helana splayed and bound to the bed with Ada standing next to her, but as he continued his conversation, Arpad started to undress. His entourage took their seats in the half circle, clearly expecting some entertainment.

Arpad stopped when he was down to his breeches. “She is a pretty thing, isn’t she, Sir Pierce?” he asked of his second gentleman. Helana had no way of gauging if Pierce was questioned because of his visit to Helana’s room or if it was because he was Arpad’s childhood friend.

“She certainly is, my lord,” Pierce asked with a confident smile.

Nodding his agreement, Arpad went to a chest against the wall and withdrew a short riding crop that he experimentally swished through the air a few times. “Let’s see if I can make her a little less pretty,” he commented which elicited a loud chuckle from the group.

When it became obvious to Helana what he was going to do, her eyes went wide. A protest came to her lips, but she stifled it. She belonged to him and she had to see this through.

“Do you like a little pain before sex?” he asked her, an evil smile on his face. “A little exercise to get the blood pumping?”

Helana said nothing. No answer was needed. He brought the crop down on one thigh and then the other in rapid succession. Helana’s body strained against the leather straps around her limbs as she tried not to scream. A little noise came out.

“Not the face,” said Arpad. “I’ll have to look at it the rest of my life. I don’t want my wife to be scarred.” That didn’t stop him from slapping her belly and ribs. He paused as she panted at the fiery bursts of pain and then worked his way down her thighs, leaving bright red marks all the way.

“I should have had her bound face down,” Arpad commented to the crowd, “there’s nothing prettier than a bright red and well-marked ass.”

The crowd murmured its agreement.

He finished the job by striking each of her breasts three times each. The metal petal shields made the pain worse. Her nipples were exposed; the pain ripped right through them. The soft flesh of her breasts didn’t react so badly, but it still made her whine and whimper in a most unladylike fashion.

Arpad wasted no time as she struggled and suffered under the lash. He all but tore off his breeches revealing he was fully erect. The excitement of abusing his fiancée’s body was enough to make him ready.

An eager hush passed over the crowd as Arpad climbed onto Helana’s bound body and, holding his prick in hand, ran the head of his erection along her wet slit.

Just the touch of his prick against her quim was enough to send an electric shock shooting through her body. Helana knew it was mostly the Venus powder, but that didn’t change the reaction. She rolled her hips up and down, trying to encourage Arpad to penetrate her. She needed his manhood now.

The smirk on his face annoyed Helana as she looked up at him to encourage him

to use her body. That knowledge didn't stop the desire. Turning his head he looked at the audience he was performing for. "Look how she wants it. She wants my prick more than she wants to be treated like a lady."

The crowd laughed. One of the audience members called out to Arpad, "Maybe you should treat her like a princess instead!" The elicited more laughter.

"Do you know how to tell a princess from a whore?" he asked the crowd.

No one had an answer.

"You can't," he replied, pushing his prick head in between her hungry lips but stopping right there. It was enough to make her moan. That's what he wanted. "You can't unless they're wearing their clothes."

The crowd tittered at his joke.

"That's why I fuck both of them naked!"

The crowd roared.

He slammed his prick all the way in her. It was hard enough to make her gasp out loud. She wanted to wrap her legs around him and pull him in even deeper, but that was impossible; she was too tightly bound.

"Harder," she begged.

"And she begs like a whore as well," he laughed to the crowd.

Helana knew he was using her as a prop to show off in front of his entourage. He was using her for his pleasure, to fulfill his need to use women and she didn't care. She knew it was the Venus powder but her body begged for more use and abuse anyway.

Arpad wasn't completely immune to lust, though. He quieted down for a few moments, focusing on thrusting back and forth, involved in his own pleasure. It didn't occur to her right then, but looking back Helana wondered how much of the lust was his own and how much was because of the Venus powder she had her ladies apply to her quim.

“Her bits are hot and hungry,” Arpad declared. “She might be the finest whore I’ve ever fucked!”

“Might be?” asked one from the crowd.

Arpad briefly paused. “I can’t tell the difference between a whore and a princess!” He slammed his prick into her all the harder. She felt his flesh stiffen within her and felt his body stiffen on top of her. He was at the moment of his crisis. She still wanted more. She wanted to feel the crop against her body again. The fire that still burned in her skin knew no slaking.

It made her wonder what it would feel like against her quim.

And then he came. Hot jets of cum seemed to burn within her body.

It was glorious.

She wanted him to cum forever. She wanted him to keep fucking her. She wanted more and she knew she wasn’t going to get it.

After the hot spurts ended, Arpad collapsed against her and rested a moment to a smattering of applause.

Arpad, eager to show that he was virile and didn’t need just one woman, heaved himself off Helana. His still maintained most of his erection but he didn’t use it. Instead he immediately stuck several fingers inside her quim, feeling her heat and gathering up some of his leavings.

Pulling his fingers out, he displayed the wet, sticky strands to the audience. “She loves it,” he told them before turning back to Helana. “Open your mouth,” he hissed at her.

Helana obeyed immediately, knowing what he intended, and she didn’t care. After he thrust his fingers between her lips he told her to suck off the cum. She did so. Willingly.

“A whore, I think,” he declared. “Can’t tell the difference.”

More laughter. Arpad slid off the bed. Sir Pierce was right there with a dressing gown that he slipped on the prince’s body. It only took a moment for the room to

empty of everyone but Helana and Ada.

The princess looked to her lady-in-waiting. “Untie me. I’m ready to go back to my room.

Chapter Three

Lady Ada bustled into Princess Helana's rooms, opening the drapes, waking her, and making sure the serving maid arranged breakfast exactly as it should have been on the table. "I have good news for you on this good morning," she announced gaily.

Helana cracked her eyes open. The morning light was streaming in and it was coming directly through the glass. From what she judged it was just past sunrise. The throbbing headache that Helana had begun to associate with the hangover from Venus powder made her want to go back to sleep. "It's too early," she complained.

"The sunlight waits for no man or woman and the sunlight is your friend today."

"Why would that be?" Helana groaned. Arguing with Ada was a waste of time; she knew that. She didn't yet have a firm footing in the intricacies of the palace politics, but she was learning.

"Apparently seeing you bound and lovely on the bed yesterday was enough to catch Prince Arpad's attention," Ada said. She offered the princess a cup of hot tea. "Take this. It will help wake you up."

It was a change from the breakfast wine Helana had become accustomed to, but she still took it and sipped delicately at the hot brew. "I should hope I caught the prince's attention. I am his fiancée and he did fuck me on that bed."

"It was more than just that," said Ada as she helped herself to some of the princess's breakfast. "You caught his eye and his fancy."

"I say again, I should hope so."

Ada smirked at her charge. "He wants to commemorate you with a portrait."

"Isn't' that just routine?" she asked. "Shouldn't I be getting an official portrait?"

"Not until after your marriage. The king wouldn't want a portrait of a woman who couldn't produce an heir hanging in the portrait gallery. Neither would I. Besides, this isn't an official portrait. It will be part of a private collection."

Helana wasn't a fool. "It's a nude portrait, isn't it?"

“Of course it is dear. You’re so clever. Don’t worry, almost every woman who has married into the royal line has a nude in the private collection.” Maybe for the first time she gave Helana an honest and open smile. “I imagine it’s somewhat disturbing for the princes and kings of Uralia to be able to see their mothers and grandmothers captured in the nude for all posterity, but it’s a tradition.”

“And I have to be awake ridiculously early to pose for the portrait?”

“Yes. I’m told sunlight is always the best to create art by. Gas light is wonderful and all, but artists hate it for some reason. Don’t ask me. I’m not a painter.”

The two women finished their breakfast. Lady Ada checked Helana’s appearance and inspected her petal shields and love ring piercing. “No problems. That’s lovely.”

Ada even went so far as to apply makeup to the princess’s face. “Not much. We don’t want you looking artificial. And the initial posing is just for the figure. Fine details are the last step.”

The dress that Ada chose for her to wear into the hallways was simple and easy to get and out of. It seemed that most, if not all, of Helana’s clothing was designed for easy removal. That made sense, of course.

As they walked through the corridors of the palace Helana reflected that she had never been walking through the palace this early in the morning ever before. The only people up and about were servants and guards. One of the female guards under Sgt. Sawyer’s command followed them through the palace. Helana was a bit disappointed that she met not one single member of nobility on their walk; she wanted to see their reaction to her now that it was common knowledge that she had been bedded twice by Arpad. She was well on her way to being successfully bred.

Ada brought her to a new part of the palace, one she had never seen before. That only made sense because there had been no reason for her to be this far away from her apartments. It wasn’t quite where the servants lived and worked, but it wasn’t the fancy part where everything was gilded and bejeweled. It was a simple door that admitted them and when Helana took in the scene, she wasn’t surprised at any of it.

The room was large with a windows along the west, south, and eastern walls. It was filled with easels and painting supplies. There were canvases and posing daises all over the place. She couldn't identify the smell that permeated the space but figured it had to be fresh oil paint.

Or maybe something else. Two men were together on one of the couches used for posing. The one on the bottom was completely naked. The other man had on his shirt, but nothing from the waist down. It was obvious they were having sex because the man on the bottom, the one kneeling on the couch, was moaning loudly while his partner reached around and masturbated the rather large and erect prick the young man sported. Helana found herself momentarily captivated by the taut, impressive buttocks of the man on top. He was thrusting happily away, his prick buried in the bottom's anus.

Helana thought that their entrance would make the two stop. It wasn't. Ada cleared her throat. That didn't stop them either.

"It is customary to greet a princess when she enters the room," Ada said loudly.

Sir Pierce looked over his shoulder at the two women, unconcerned that he was still fucking his partner. He grinned at Ada. "Didn't hear you come in. I'm almost done here. Give me a minute." He turned back to resume buggering his youthful partner.

Helana knew that she was supposed to be offended and shocked. She wasn't. It was the first time she had seen two men having sex. She had seen her ladies-in-waiting sharing pleasures between themselves, but it was a much more raw and primal act between two men. She was fascinated and moved to the side to get a better view.

Ada started to pull the princess back, but then thought better of it. What difference did it make to her if the princess wanted to witness men rutting like animals. While it didn't offend Ada, it didn't interest her either. She walked with casual confidence to a chair near the windows and picked up one of the manner anatomy reference books scattered around. Even though she hadn't the same appreciation of art as did many of her contemporizes, it was still more interest to her to read than to see men have sex.

For her part, Helana found that two men rutting was not all that different from a man fucking a woman. There were more muscles on display but it was no more

violent than when the prince had taken her in much the same position. She knew that Sir Pierce's cock must have been lodged well within the boy's bottom, but she couldn't see the detail. Instead of disgusting her, it made her wonder what it would feel like if Arpad did that to her. If it wasn't too wanton and might have risked her position within the court.

Were the Uralians offended at the thought of a woman taking pleasure in her own body while viewing men committing sinful acts of homosexuality?

In the end it didn't matter because Pierce thrusted hard a few more times before he grunted with satisfaction and collapsed for a moment against the boy's strong back. "You take a prick like you were born for the job," said Pierce as he stood up on quavering legs. He caught his balance by resting a hand on the boy's back for just a few seconds.

By the time he turned around Helana noted that his cock had already started to soften, much to her disappointment. It would have been fascinating to see the full fury of his prick. "The effusive praise for such a young boy," Helana pointed out.

"He's of age, let me assure you of that." Pierce gathered up his trousers and stepped into them. If he was ashamed at what he had just done or his nudity, Helana couldn't tell.

"I'm sure you were tracking his age very carefully, Sir Pierce," said Ada snidely. She had deigned to turn back to the little group. "It's a good thing that you don't prefer women, otherwise the dear princess would be at risk, wouldn't she?"

"No danger of that," Pierce told her cordially.

Ada's eyes settled on Pierce's partner. "What's your name, boy?"

"Vangelis," he said softly, turning around but holding his hands in front of his prick. It was a wasted effort because he was still fully hard and his hands, though large, weren't large enough to cover all of his rampant organ.

Both Ada and Helana drank in the boy's tool. It was Ada who took the initiative. "Why are you hiding your beautiful prick, Vangelis?" She turned slightly to Pierce. "Well, he has a pretty face, but I see now why you seduced him."

“I’m sorry, sir,” Vangelis apologized as he edged over to where a pile of clothes lay next to a posing stand. Undoubtedly Pierce had brought the boy into his studio as a model and taken him in the next natural direction.

“For what?” asked Ada as he started to pick up his pants. “No. Stop. You have nothing to be ashamed of.” Her eyes refused to leave the boy’s erection. “I’m still admiring you.”

Instead of causing his manhood to shrink, Vangelis managed to maintain the erection. If anything, it grew larger. The boy stood stock still in the middle of the room.

“Would you like use of him, Lady Ada?” asked Pierce as if he had the authority to order the young man to couple with someone of his choosing. “I can assure you that he fucks like a dream.”

“I think not,” she said smoothly.

“Saving yourself for marriage?” he asked with a smile. “Or is that too late?”

“Don’t bother offering him to the princess either. She is saving herself for the prince.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it. But it seems a crime to waste that beautiful erection,” commented Pierce. “Why don’t you show us what you can do with your hand, Vangelis?”

“Here?” he asked nervously.

Helana liked his smooth, hairless chest. His hair was cut relatively short, but long enough she could see the natural curl in the black tresses. His cock stood up proudly with just a slight curve from a thicket of black hair that extended in a thin line up to his navel. What struck her as both odd and sexy were his particularly thick and muscular thighs. It made her want to squeeze them.

“Yes,” said Ada. “Here. Now.” She adjusted her position in the battered chair upon which she sat and leaned forward in anticipation of the show.

“On the…on the floor?” asked Vangelis.

“Don’t worry about the mess,” said Pierce. “We have servants for that sort of thing.”

Helana didn’t know the young man’s position in the court. It couldn’t be much, if anything. He was close to her age and she didn’t recognize the name. Undoubtedly he was very much being used for Pierce’s amusement, but still she wanted to watch him use his hand on himself. She wanted to see what he could do.

“For me, if nothing else,” Helana encouraged him as she loosened the stays on her dress and let it slip from her shoulders.

Seeing the game that the princess was playing, Ada moved to her and helped Helana out of her dress, exposing her body but for the half-corset and stockings that did nothing to hide her shame. Her nipples were as hard as Vangelis’s prick. The love chain between her legs was slick with her desire.

Vangelis couldn’t help himself. Closing his eyes, his fingers wrapped around his erection and he started pumping his fist up and down his impressive length. It wasn’t much of a show. He was young. He was healthy. He was eager. He had already been brought to the moment of crisis by Pierce’s cock. In less than a minute he was grunting and beyond controlling himself.

The spunk flew out of the end of his prick, arced through the air, and landed on the marble floor with an audible splat. Helana was impressed at the volume, though she had no real way to tell if it was merely average or huge or tiny.

Her instinct told her it was huge.

“Very good,” Ada complimented him. “You may go.”

Vangelis blushed bright red and, after realizing what he had done, snatched up his clothes and ran from the room, slamming the door behind him.

Pierce looked at Ada in her near-nudity. “Why don’t you drape yourself over the couch so I can begin your portrait?”

“Where you were just fucking?” she asked him.

“Yes. I’m sure the cushions are still warm.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Exploring: Jacki’s Milk 1

When she brought the towels into the laundry room, Jacki saw Kara’s bra’s drying on a rack. Jacki’s new friend did the same thing she did with her bras; they were too expensive to risk washing and drying in the machines. Hand wash and hang dry was the only way to go.

Of course, Jacki’s bras were either ordinary or sort-of sexy. The one’s Kara had hanging up were nursing bras.

Kara’s youngest was ten years old, just like Jacki’s.

Okay, while Kara was rather well-endowed she certainly didn’t need to be wearing the extra-supportive nursing bras. Though it did explain a lot about why she tended to wear blouses that covered up everything, even as it was obvious she had huge tits.

She came back from the laundry room thinking about what she had seen. The kids were finishing up whatever it was they had done for their science project. Since it was in Kara’s house she was happy to help because it didn’t involve her having to clean up a giant mess. Of the four kids in the group, the other two had already been picked up by their parents, only Kara’s and Jacki’s remained. Kara’s older son was hiding upstairs.

While she was sure she was acting like a creepy teenage boy, Jacki couldn’t help but keep stealing glances at Kara’s chest as they continued to pick up. More than once Jacki found herself outright staring at Kara’s tits.

They were impressive, but why was she wearing nursing bras?

Eventually everything settled down, their two kids went to the living room to play video games and Kara sat down with Jacki at the kitchen table. Jacki hadn’t realized how incredibly difficult it would be to make new friends when she had moved hours away from home after her divorce, but then discovered the parents she met through her son’s school was a great source of new people.

Kara had quickly become her best friend.

And now she knew a secret about Kara that was churning at her gut.

She had to ask.

Jacki wished that Kara had offered some wine. It was always easier to pass off stupid questions as the alcohol talking.

“Why are you still wearing nursing bras?” she suddenly burst out, changing the conversation from logistics of moving the science project off the kitchen table and into the back of Kara’s family van.

Kara was slightly taken aback by the question, mostly because it came from nowhere. “What?”

“I saw your bras drying in the laundry room,” Jacki quickly explained. “It just got me wondering.”

“Oh. Well, they’re comfortable and I still use them,” she said off-handedly. “Didn’t you breast feed your son? I always found my nursing bras very comfortable.”

“Yes, but…the flaps and everything. They were comfy, but not at all sexy.”

There was a moment of resistance, but Kara couldn’t help herself, or maybe she wanted to spill her secret. “Sometimes it’s sexy to certain people,” she said, trying to maintain an air of mystery but Jacki was just confused.

“How could that be sexy…?”

Kara’s face went from mysterious to a broad smile. “Well…my husband.”

“He’s into industrial strength lingerie?”

“No. He’s into…um…big boobs.”

Jacki scoffed. “Aren’t most men?” she asked, looking down at her rather small chest with a rueful expression.

“Some are. Some aren’t.”

“You don’t have to worry about me stealing your husband,” Jacki joked, pushing her chest forward to emphasize her shape and intentionally showing how small her tits were.

“Okay, well, with Will, it isn’t so much the size as the contents,” Kara said, half screaming on the inside that she shouldn’t be saying anything, but half wishing that she was saying more. Secrets were hard for her to keep.

“Contents?” Jacki was lost.

Sucking in a deep breath, Kara braced herself and confessed. “I’m still lactating from when Bobby was breastfeeding.”

Slowly everything clicked into place for Jacki. “And…Will…your husband… he’s into that.”

Now it was Kara’s turn to push her chest forward and show off her impressive mammaries. “Yes. Isn’t it obvious?”

Jacki laughed nervously. “Well, liking them big is one thing, what you’re saying is another.” Her face was flushed and her knees were trembling; she was glad she was sitting down.

Her nervousness seemed to spread to Kara. “I mean…who doesn’t have a little kink they indulge in, right?”

“Right,” Jacki agreed. But she couldn’t let it rest. That was too risky. “But I’ve never heard of yours before. I mean…your husband likes breast milk?” She tried not to sound too judgmental so she followed it with a compliment. “I mean, that must take a lot of dedication. When did Bobby stop breastfeeding?”

“Basically at a year old.”

Jacki was impressed. “And you’ve kept this going for…nine years!?” She let out an exclamatory whoop. “Wow!”

Kara nodded along in agreement. “Well, if it’s something a man loves…”

“He’ll do whatever it takes to make it work,” Jacki finished. “Still, that’s an amazing amount of dedication on your part.”

“I suppose…” Kara said modestly and nervously. This was a kink she had only ever discussed with her husband and anonymously on the internet. It was an intimate secret to be sharing with someone she had known only a few months.

“It seemed like it took forever for my milk to come in,” Jacki went on. “And when it did, it was in consistent for a long time. And then when Jay weaned himself—too early for me—I went through a tremendous amount of pain. Full hard tits hurt!”

“That’s sort of how Will and I stumbled into it. My boobs were hurting so he helped me out with a little…oral relief. He didn’t mind the taste. We both got used to him draining me every night…and here we are.”

“I feel like you’re skipping over a lot of details.”

Before Kara could answer, the kids came back to the kitchen, ending the conversation.

It was late when Jacki got home with Jay. Her boyfriend Alex wasn’t going to be visiting her tonight, which was fine because she was exhausted.

Exhausted but horny.

After getting Jay to bed she was glad for some alone time. Instead of wasting it watching television, she made the most of the opportunity.

She hadn’t stopped thinking about her conversation with Kara and she fully intended to continue it, but she couldn’t stop thinking about the milk that was inside Kara’s tits. Maybe she was just jealous.

Taking off her shirt and small bra, she proceeded to examine her breasts. She hovered between cup sizes, either a too small A or a not enough B. Staring at herself in the mirror she couldn’t help but think she was acting like a teenaged girl who wished her boobs would grow bigger and faster.

There were advantages to having small tits, but that didn’t make her not be jealous. Being in her mid-thirties was bad enough, but she could see the faded stretch marks on her tits. They weren’t obvious, but they were there from when

Jay had nursed from her.

Still, her nipples were nicely-sized and capper by silver-dollar sized areolas. Cute was the best way to describe her look, especially with her short hair and slim hips. Her hands came up to her nipples, to lightly pull and tease them. It felt good. Really good.

She didn't want think about what was half-hidden in her bedside drawer, but she couldn't stop thinking about it. What she wanted to think about was her tits and making them grow.

She wanted to make Kara's husband jealous. She wanted to tempt Will, a man she had never met, away from his wife. Apparently the only way to do that was to suddenly start lactating.

Her fingers had been busy with her nipples and boobs. It took a good amount of pressure to cause her pain. They might be small nipples, but they were tough. They had to be the way her son had so aggressively nursed on her a decade ago.

It had turned her on, but not enough.

With a sigh Jacki let go of her nipples to unbutton her jeans and strip herself naked. The mirror she had been gazing into only went to her waist, but it was low enough to show the top edge of the little strip of black hair that hid her pussy lips from easy view. Turning away from the mirror she went to the bedside drawer and pulled it open. Hidden deep inside it were her two favorite toys, the ones she couldn't let anyone know about, not even Alex. She silently said thanks to the good people at Amazon who allowed her to have some anonymity and set aside the vibrator.

The dildo was what interested her at the moment. It was larger than any man she had ever fucked; that's why she liked it. She couldn't let Alex know about it because he'd be upset and jealous. Going to her small, private bathroom, she firmly placed the dildo with its suction cup base onto the tiled floor. It stood up stronger than most men's erections.

Double checking that the bedroom door was locked, she then locked herself into the bathroom, placed her feet on either side of the disembodied dildo, and lowered herself onto it.

The only way she could maintain her balance was to steady herself with one hand on the edge of the bathtub. She was still fit enough to pump her thighs, lifting herself up and down on the lovely phallus. Just playing with her nipples had gotten her wet enough to let the silicon shaft easily slide into her pussy. That was one thing about her body that Jacki loved; just a bit of nipple play had her ready for almost anything in the bedroom.

She couldn't stop thinking about Kara's tits while she masturbated in a fashion that was clearly nontraditional, but it always worked for her. Maybe some women liked just pressing a vibrator to their clits, and that would work for Jacki as well, but she preferred to get herself off with as little mechanical assistance as possible.

It didn't take too much effort to make herself orgasm tonight. She had barely ridden the fake cock for two minutes before her body pleasantly quivered with the release of pent up energy and need. She rested a moment, the cock all the way inside her pussy, her bottom just barely resting on the cool tiles, before she lifted herself off and leaned against the wall for a minute to recover.

It wasn't enough. Jacki could tell that right away. She wasn't sure if it was a curse or a blessing to have such a powerful sex drive.

Maybe it was because she was distracted when she was getting herself off, but since she didn't want to use the vibrator that always left her pussy tingling and slightly sore, she had another idea. It was crazy, but it was a good night to explore crazy.

Walking naked from the bathroom after disengaging the dildo from the floor and giving it a quick rinse in the sink before tossing it on the bed, she opened her closet and began hunting. Jacki had a good idea where her little treasure was.

The case was in a plastic tote. She held her breath when she took it out because she wasn't certain if it would still work. It didn't need to be sterile clean, not for what she wanted to do, but it needed to work.

The little hand pump had always been a bit of an annoyance when she had to use it to express her milk while at work. It had lasted only a couple of months before she had given up.

But she hadn't forgotten how it felt.

There was a little thrill of pain, but there was a lot of pleasure associated with the tiny action of squeezing the handle and feeling all that pressure and suction on her nipple. She felt it all the way to the core of her being.

Kneeling on the bed, naked, with a small manual breast pump pressed to her right nipple, Jacki should have felt a little bit foolish. She didn't. She was incredibly turned on.

With each squeeze of the handle she felt her nipple drawn forward by the suction. There was just a bit of pinching, but that was good. It was almost as good as having a partner sucking on her nipple while pinching the other. She wasn't coordinated enough to pinch one nipple and pump the other, so she let herself be satisfied by the pumping alone.

Jacki knew it was going to be enough. She couldn't get the vision of Kara's milk-filled tits out of her head. She wanted to see Kara spray her milk from her nipples. In her mind she was filling in the intimate details she had no way of knowing. Even as she dreamed this, she was wishing her tits will swell up, full of milk, so that she could offer her milk to Alex. To Will. To Kara. Especially to Kara.

When she came, it was a giant relief. A giant wave of shame washed over Jacki as she realized what she had been doing to herself. Her right breast hurt and she wasn't making any milk and she had masturbated to dirty visions of her friend.

And she knew she wasn't going to stop.

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