# Princess Not-So-Innocent

## Part Four



# Elliot Silvestri

An Erotic Novel of Court Intrigue and BDSM

Green Bush Publishing

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**An Erotic Novel of Court Intrigue and BDSM**

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Princess Not-So-Innocent: Part Four

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Quote from Troilus and Criseyde from Geoffrey Chaucer.

"Catullus 5" (aka "Ode to Lesbia") from Gaius Valerius Catullus.

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# Part Three

# Chapter One

Helana arranged herself on the couch in a pose that she thought conveyed the idea of “come hither” mixed with blatant sexuality.

Sir Pierce Victor frowned at her, his head slowly shaking. “How can one so beautiful managed to make herself look both unattractive and much like a common street-walking whore?”

She returned his frown. “That is not a compliment.”

“I’m glad your ears are working,” he answered.

When Helana started to rise up off the couch her lady-in-waiting interposed herself between the two, though Lady Ada would have been glad to let the two go at each other with full venom. It would be amusing but it would also be counterproductive to her end goals.

“Why don’t you instruct the young princess on how you want her posed? She’s a noblewoman from Jadwig, not a model. She knows nothing of what you need. She’s not even a common streetwalker of the type you bring back here too often to fuck.”

That roused Pierce’s anger. “I bring them back here to sketch and paint them!” he insisted. “I’m making art unlike anything ever seen in this kingdom ever before.

“Sketch, paint and fuck,” Ada amended. “Just get the girl to do what you want and we’ll all be done here a lot quicker.”

“Fine!” he started to approach Helana, side-stepping Ada, but the princess held up a cautioning hand.

“Just tell me what to you. I don’t need your hands on me.”

It was an odd standoff between the two. Their relationship had started off well. The two had personalities that meshed well and they had goals that complimented each other. This was an odd turn for the both of them.

Helana didn’t know why she didn’t want the nobleman-cum-artist to touch her, but it just seemed wrong because of their difference in rank and her nudity.

What followed was an amusing exchange of directions, repeated directions, misinterpreted directions, Helana moving her limbs ever so slightly, and then ever so slightly back, displaying herself, partially concealing herself, and at one point Pierce threatened to restart the whole process by claiming the need to rotate the couch ninety degrees to get the correct lighting.

Ada watched the whole process with disinterested amusement. It took far too long and wasted too much time, in her opinion, but neither were asking so she kept silent.

Finally they were done. Ada was relieved because the minor bickering was finally over. She had precious little to do during this long process.

“I need an assistant to help me with this part,” Pierce complained as he disappeared across the room to dig out supplies.

“You’d have an assistant if you didn’t insist on fucking them all and making them leave when you’re done with them,” Ada called after him.

“Was that really necessary?” asked Helana.

“No, but it was funny and amusing.”

“Why do two have such an antagonistic relationship?”

Ada said nothing and busied herself arranging the drape of Helana’s love chain over the young princess’s thigh. She then tilted up Helana’s chin just a touch—this after much up and down had already gone on between Helana and Pierce—and handed Helana a glass of wine.

“This early?” asked the princess.

“It’s a prop, not for drinking.”

Helana tried to wine anyway. It was barely palatable.

Pierce returned hauling a huge canvas with him. It was easily eight feet long and four feet high. The orientation made sense considering how Helana was arranged on the couch. “Why did you change her chin tilt?” he asked Ada as he gently placed his warm fingers on her jaw and easing it down just a fraction of an inch.

“And why did you give her wine?”

“It’s weak wine and she needs something to do to amuse her while you drool over her body recording it for all posterity.”

Helana was amused they were arguing over her. She could have been angered by it, but that wouldn’t accomplish anything.

“I’m not drooling over her, I can assure you of that,” said Pierce. “Now if she had a prick instead of a quim…that would be something entirely different. That I would drool over.” Judging that her chin was adequately set Pierce took the glass of wine from her hand and then moved it from the back of the couch to between her legs. “Arrange your fingers carefully,” he told her as he moved her fingers into and around the folds of her quim. “I want you to display yourself and to amuse yourself, but you also need to seduce the viewer of the painting at the same time.”

What he was trying to accomplish was for her to show that she was making love to herself while putting on a show for the gaze of the future art observer. It was less about self-pleasure and more about pure art.

“You’re making her look like a commons trollop,” said Ada, but she didn’t do anything else to stop Pierce.

“That’s how all the noble-born and royalty like their wives to be shown,” replied Pierce. He was exaggerating, Helana was certain.

Reasonably certain.

“How am I supposed to remember how to keep my body,” said Helana. “Certainly you won’t get this all done in one session.”

“I’ll sketch you first,” said Pierce, “for body positioning and overall layout. It’ll be easy. You’ll see.”

It wasn’t easy. Helana found it incredibly boring. She only had to lay there and do nothing. Doing nothing was boring; she hated doing nothing. A conversation would have been fine, but as soon as Pierce settled her exactly as he wanted, Ada started going in and out of the room attending to errands and other supposedly important affairs.

Helana wouldn’t have been surprised if the woman was having an affair with another man while fucking Prince Arpad at the same time.

Strangely Helana didn’t feel any real anger toward the lady-in-waiting for carrying on a sexual affair with her fiancé. It was to be expected. She was a bit jealous, but Helana was certain she’d get over that.

Pierce refused to speak with Helana as she posed because he was concentrating on his art. He moved quickly and precisely. Helana couldn’t judge the quality of his work because she couldn’t see it from where she lounged on the couch.

It was no wonder that artists so often used prostitutes and waifs as models. The work was boring and it would take one of little intellect to want to pose forever in the same position.

Her only relief came during the noon hour when a servant brought food for the little group to feast upon. It wasn’t much of a respite, but it was enough to be able to move again and have something to eat.

“Don’t drink any wine,” Pierce told her.

“Why not?” she asked after she downed half a glass just to spite him.

He glared at her. “Because it will change the color of your complexion. I want you perfect.”

“For a hoofter you certainly lay a lot of claims to how a woman should look.”

“It’s my job,” he told her. “And it’s yours to just lay there, on the couch or on the bed, it doesn’t make much difference, does it.”

“Stop it,” said Ada to the both of them. “Bickering gives you something to do, but it doesn’t help any of us.”

“Posing barely gives me anything to do,” groused Helana.

“You have two jobs in the palace,” said Ada. “Look pretty and fuck the prince. Right now you just need to look pretty. And you’re doing that rather well.”

“Am I?” Helana asked snidely.

“You are,” Ada said with sincerity. “Continue to do it well and I’ll promise you a reward tonight.”

Helana was intrigued by this promise. She was also angered by it.

“You’ll promise me a reward.” Helana was offended by the outrageous offer because she was not a child.

“You’ll enjoy it,” Ada said with her secret smile that annoyed and intrigued Helana.

As it was there, was little she could do about it. As Ada had said, it was Helana’s job to look pretty and give the prince an heir.

# Chapter Two

“It’s either sex, drinking, or debating philosophy and religion,” said Lady Ada. “There’s not much of a choice in the palace.”

“Or you can play politics,” injected Baroness Livia. “But that can get your head cut off.”

“I occasionally like to discuss literature,” said Duchess Kayla. She was slightly inebriated and laughed at her rather banal statement.

Lady Errither put Kayla in her place, “You like to discuss erotic literature.” The sniff after the statement was more than just a little bold.

“I like to read it as well,” Kayla added with more inappropriate laughter.

Helana stared at the objects on the table that had been contributed by Lady Ada and Baroness Livia. Some of them—the phallic shaped ones, at least—were easy to figure out. The other objects were more mysterious. She carefully picked up an egg-shaped object that was made from what felt like highly polished marble. It was heavy in her hand and nearly as smooth as silk.

“You don’t need that,” said Duchess Marim. “That’s for older women.”

“Like the duchess,” giggled Kayla. Wine was an implied part of every gathering of the women.

“It’s for a woman who has had a couple of children and can no longer manage to please her husband in bed.”

“It strengthens the muscles in the quim,” giggled Kayla.

“Why don’t you try these,” said Marim, ignoring her counterpart and handing the princess a pair of balls, also highly polished but not nearly as heavy as the egg. They were silver and when they moved, chimes sounded inside.

“What are they?”

“Nearly the same as the egg, but you put both up inside you and go about your day. It is supposed to give you great pleasure just from walking—”

“Or riding a horse!” snorted Kayla.

“—but personally I’ve never taken any great pleasure from it. It does tighten up the quim, that’s for certain, because you have to concentrate on keeping them inside.”

Lady Ada took the paired balls from Helana’s palm and gently manipulated them, making them circle her hand, ringing softly. “It would be an extreme embarrassment for these to fall on the ballroom floor,” she said as Helana was mesmerized by the sound. “But I think that men can hear the chimes and pursue the women who are bold enough to walk with them.”

“Is that how you got the prince to fuck you?” asked Kayla.

Clearly she was drunk for under normal circumstances would she have ever implied that Helana’s lady-in-waiting had any sort of relationship, physical or otherwise, with Prince Arpad.

Ada wasn’t shaken at all. “It’s true I did seduce Prince Vastan,” she admitted, “but it wasn’t by any cheap trick such as these.” She smoothly deposited the paired balls into the velvet sack used to store them. “But that was a long time ago. Before Prince Vastan married and had children.”

“He married less than two years ago,” pointed out an amused Marim.

“Was is so recently?” asked a smug Ada.

Helana had clearly heard the entire exchange; she was smart enough not to say anything about it.

Ada continued the conversation as if her sexual history had not been just discussed; she picked up a strangely conical device from the table. It had a large flared base and was made of some metal that was also highly polished. “I rather like this one. I like it especially when my lovers take me when I’m wearing it. Even so, it’s enjoyable to wear all on its own. However, it does take a bit of lubrication to ease it in.”

“Why?” asked Helana. “It’s not that large. It’s easily fit in my quim.”

Her statement caused the ladies to dissolve into gales of laughter.

“It doesn’t go in your quim,” Marim told her.

While Helana managed to hold her tongue before she just blurted out the next natural question (“Where does it go then?”), she couldn’t stop herself from blushing because she knew right away where the toy was supposed to go. After a pause that was just a touch too long she managed to say, “Really. Do you enjoy wearing it?” She directed the question at Ada because she wanted the attention off herself.

In response Ada took the device from Helana’s hands and hiked up her skirts. “Livia, would you be a dear and help me out?” Lady Ada then put one foot, encased in a high-heeled and very expensive boot, up on a chair. She bent over, offering Livia her ass.

In what had to be a true expression of friendship and sexual liberation, Livia went down on her knees with one of the small jars of lubricant Ada had brought to the get together. She rolled the conical object in the thick lubricant and then slowly and carefully inserted it into Ada’s rear entrance.

“Right in the bum,” giggled Kayla as she finished off yet another glass of wine.

Before straightening up, Ada wiggled her backside at all the women, letting them get more than an eyeful before dropping her skirts. “I rather like having it in my arse when getting fucked,” she commented. “It makes it feel like I have two lovers at once.”

“Have you had two lovers at once?” Only Kayla was bold enough to ask such a question.

“I can’t believe you’d ask such a question,” Ada replied, leaving just a bit of mystery to her sexual history.

If a survey had been taken, the entire group would have agreed that Ada most certainly did have two lovers inside her at the same time, but none of them were willing to be bold enough to say it aloud to her.

More than anything Helana didn’t want to be upstaged by Ada in anything. She grabbed a similar cone off the table. It was a little larger and felt like it was made of stone rather than metal. That didn’t stop her or even give her pause. Following Ada’s lead she pulled her skirts up over her hips and exposed her bottom to the

group. Bending over a chair she said to Livia. “Since you’ve already helped Ada, would you be so kind as to give me some assistance.” It wasn’t a request. It was an order.

Helana wasn’t sure what she was getting herself into, but she wasn’t going to operate under fear her entire life. Seeing that Ada had done it easily enough, she was confident she could do the same, even while realizing that Ada, undoubtedly, had done it dozens of times before and had years more sexual experience.

The plug was cold. And wet, but Helana realized the wetness was from the greasy lubricant that Livia had put on the object. For just half a second Helana tensed up as the smooth snub nose of the plug was pressed against her entrance, but knowing what she wanted and what had to be done, she forced herself to relax.

The hard stone slipped inside her ass and immediately settled into place. She could feel it inside her, but only just barely. She could feel her sphincter pressing against the stem that connected the body of the stone to the flared based. And she could feel the base wedged between her cheeks. It wasn’t uncomfortable at all. It was more fun than she thought it would be.

After smoothing her skirts and letting her body adjust to the little devil that had invaded her most private area, Helana announced, “I think Prince Arpad will rather enjoy having me this way, don’t you think so, Lady Ada?”

Ada sized up her secret rival. “I think that he might.”

The walk through the palace was the hardest part. Or rather, the hardest part was wedged up inside her body. But that was also fine because of the way it stimulated her body. Much to her surprise, Helana liked the way the plug stimulated her body. Between the labia pierce, the love chain, the nipple petals, and now the plug there wasn’t much need for Prince Arpad. She was going to cum without him.

He was only needed to provide the seed in the exchange.

Still, Helana was a little worried about what she was about to do and the only

person who could help her out was Lady Ada. “Are you sure it’s fine to have intercourse with the prince while I have this in?” she asked.

“It’ll be fine.”

“Should I tell him?”

“Undoubtedly. He’s been known to ravage a woman’s arse before, so don’t be surprised if he takes it out and replaces it with his prick.”

Immediately Helana knew Ada was talking about something that had happened between her and Arpad. It only made sense. Ada had been too eager to insert the little stone into her ass and as far as Helana could tell it was still there.

Did the lady-in-waiting intend to fuck the prince after Helana was done with him?

That thought intrigued Helana.

Once in the prince’s apartments, Ada helped her undress. They were alone. The guard had stopped at the door because what place could be safer than Prince Arpad’s own bedroom. Helana was a little disappointed that there wasn’t an audience for her to disrobe in front of. She would have liked that.

“Do you think I’m pleasing the prince?” Helana asked Ada.

“What?”

“Do you think he likes fucking me?” she asked bluntly, crudely.

Ada considered her words carefully. “I think the prince has sex with many women in and outside the palace.”

“But you’ve seen me do it with him. Is he enjoying himself?”

“Enough, I think.”

“I need to do better,” Helana vowed aloud. “I need to make him mine. Bring him under my spell. How can I do that?” she asked.

Before Ada could answer—or even avoid answering—the doors opened to admit

a few of the nobles who were required to witness the coupling of the princess and her fiancé. The crowd wasn't as large as it had been the first time, but it was still impressive.

Helana's heart thumped in her chest. She found that she liked being the center of attention during sex.

As the room filled and Ada helped her up on the bed, Helana frowned. "Where's Arpad?" she asked.

Either she spoke louder than she intended or one of those men in the audience had extremely sharp ears. "He'll be here soon enough. Why don't you two ladies give us a little show first?"

There were guffaws and amused titters from the crowd. Ada paused in her work and glanced to the men. It took all her willpower not to frown at them. She knew she mustn't show her anger. While she didn't know how much they suspected or knew, she couldn't upset the balance of power she had created. "The princess is a lusty lady," Ada said smoothly as her fingers delves between Helana's thighs and into her quim. They came out moist, but not soaking. This evidence she displayed to the audience. "I'm sure the prince will be more than satisfied."

It was only now that a feminine voice called out. Both Ada and Helana turned their heads to identify the woman. Helana had no idea who the noblewoman was and, much to her own surprise, neither did Ada. Ada was positive that she knew every noble of minor or major importance in the palace and beyond. "Why don't you make extra sure, Lady Ada?"

The men laughed again.

Ada let her eyes scan the group. There were nearly twenty men there…and mixed in with them were a handful of women. This was unusual. Observations of royal couplings was a bit of a spectacle and a bit of a privilege. However, the only time that Ada had witnessed women in the crowd during such a performance had been when the crown prince had been bedding his wife for the first time.

Prince Arpad didn't have that much status. He was well down in the line of succession.

Knowing the routines, courtesies, and rituals of the royal bedrooms, Ada quickly identified the chamberlain—a rotating title within the household—and inclined her head toward him. “Does Lord Follington wish it so?” she asked him.

Ada wasn’t intimately familiar with Follington, though she had been fucked in front of him on more than one occasion. He was an older man, whose body was bordering on fat after a lifetime of vigorous physical activity; he was now left with crippled knees and a lusty prick.

“I would think that would be for the best.” He smiled at her savoring the idea of seeing the two women together. Follington wasn’t a fool. He had seen the tell-tale stone peeking out between Helana’s buttocks. He wanted to see what Ada would do with that.

“Turn over,” Ada said softly to Helana. The princess had been on all fours in anticipation of the prince coming and fucking her like an animal. It was a base position but the nobles, who liked to think of themselves above the crowd, were connoisseurs of degrading sexual performances.

“No,” called out the woman who must have had ears like a fox. “Do it that way. It will be more amusing.”

If the woman was bold enough to request such a performance and attend the royal bedding, she had a fairly high status. Follington did nothing to contradict her. Ada nodded and lightly pressed on Helana’s shoulder, indicating she should put her ass into the air and her chest to the bed.

Helana did as was requested of her. She was wearing only her stockings and jewelry…and the plug in her ass. She couldn’t forget about that.

She didn’t want to forget about that.

When Ada’s tongue touched her already slightly swollen labia, a little frisson of excitement ran through her body. It wasn’t as if she hadn’t done this before. She had. And done it in front of an audience, but this time was different for a reason that Helana couldn’t articulate.

Ada proved she was an expert cunnilinguist. Her tongue knew exactly where to go and how to stimulate the princess. Maybe everything she did wasn’t strictly necessary, but in the palace one never knew when one was being observed and

judged.

Helana loved it when the lady's tongue laved around her clit. She loved it even more when Ada explored the rim of the stone plug that filled her anus. It made her desire Prince Arpad's prick even more.

Though she might have been reluctant to admit it, Helana would have been very happy to have Lady Ada shower attention on her nether regions until she came. That would have been enough. It wouldn't have been perfect, but it would have given her the relief that she needed.

Lady Ada, however, wasn't cooperating with Helana's needs. She made sure the princess was kept on the edge of desire, but didn't push her over the edge. She made sure to get the young girl wet and ready for the prince, but she didn't spend so much time stimulating her clit so as to cause an orgasm.

The Lady Ada was an accomplished cunnilinguist and political animal.

Princess Helana found herself on the edge for far too long. She wanted the relief an orgasm promised. At the same time she knew that moving her hand down between her legs was strictly forbidden; while it was one thing for a group of lascivious men to watch two women engage in homosexual activities, it was beyond the pale for a woman to self-pleasure in front of a group. That was a private activity.

The sounds that escaped Helana's lips were more animalistic than human. At first she was embarrassed at what she sounded like…and then she didn't care at all. She just wanted the prince's prick.

Without any warning she got her wish. Lady Ada's tongue and face suddenly disappeared from Helana's vulnerable and exposed sex. The lady's tongue was replaced with a firm, erect prick that easily slid into her quim.

Helana gasped with delight and looked over her shoulder at her lover. She was pleased it was Prince Arpad's, though she wouldn't have been surprised it was someone else's. Nothing was beyond the pale in the Uralian palace.

"Thank you, my lord," Helana sighed at him. She was already on the edge; it wouldn't take much to push her over all the way.

Prince Arpad smacked her smartly on her upturned bottom. “It’s my pleasure. Or rather, it should be yours.” He grabbed her hips and thrusted hard into her several times.

She didn’t think it would be possible to cum so quickly, but she did. Her body trembled and her quim tightened up on his prick before everything let go. Her quim seemed to flood but she knew it wasn’t from his prick. “Ohhh…” Her moan said everything and it set the audience to tittering.

“Don’t worry, I’m not done with her yet,” Arpad announced. Keeping his prick well buried in her quim, his fingers trailed down the crevice between her buttocks and curled around the stone plug she was wearing.

She felt him shifting it around. While Helana had been enjoying what the plug felt like in that most secret place, she hadn’t had time to consider what it would be like to have it removed. Arpad tugged on it just a little, letting her feel the sensation. The thinnest of tissues separated the stone plug from Arpad’s erect prick. It made her wonder what it felt like to him.

When he pulled, she gasped again. “It appears my love has something wedged where it shouldn’t be,” he called out.

The audience politely laughed.

He tugged a little harder. It was more difficult for the plug to come out than to go it. It stretched her entry wide. It didn’t hurt but at the same time it wasn’t fun. And then it started to feel good despite what she had been expecting. Arpad was holding the conical plug at exactly the right angle and depth to stretch her to the limits of her body. And then he pulled out his prick and slammed it back in.

She cried out…for what she didn’t know. It felt good and it hurt and it felt strange all at once.

Helana wanted him to do it again.

Instead he let go of the plug and she felt her body pull it back inside. She shivered again. It was good and bad and she wanted it more.

“Bad girl,” he laughed at her. “You don’t want to give up your toy, do you?” He smacked her ass again. She felt a little flare of pain and was certain he had left a

handprint on her fair skin, but all of that was allowable. She wanted—needed—more.

Prince Arpad carefully moved his hips back and forth again. Not hard, not trying to make her cum, but just enough to keep her interested. It wasn't necessary. She was already interested.

His fingers grasped the edge of the base once more. "Let's see what we can do with this, shall we?" He spun it inside her body. That felt strange. And then he pulled. He pulled slowly and effectively. She knew he was teasing her, but she wasn't complaining. She was certain she could do this all day.

She wanted to do it all day.

And then he pulled back hard and firm. Her body didn't want to give up the plug, but Arpad was in charge and he wasn't going to let a princess's body tell him what he couldn't do. Helana actually resisted, trying to clamp down on the well-lubricated plug, but it was all useless. The plug was unceremoniously removed from her ass and she was certain that there was an audible pop as the widest portion passed from her body.

"Ohhh…" she moaned again. She wanted it back in but she didn't know how to vocalize that request.

And then Prince Arpad shoved it back in. She didn't know how he knew her thoughts, but it was what she desired most of all at that moment.

And then he started fucking her again. Really fucking her.

And then he drew the plug out, but not all the way out.

Her body didn't know what to do. Helana started gasping and trembling. She wasn't sure if she was climaxing or if something else was happening.

Not for anything else, but she was thrilled when she felt Arpad finally cum, depositing his seed deeply within her quim.

"There," he announced with a grunt when he was done. "My princely duty is fulfilled for the evening." He withdrew his prick and wiped it off on her warmed ass cheek and climbed off the bed.

Helana was left hot and panting and felt like a sheen of sweat was covering her body.

And the plug was left inside her.

Helana was afraid to remove it.

Maybe Ada would do that for her?

# Chapter Three

Ada was the one to remove Helana's plug. Helana fell asleep, exhausted and satisfied, and hated it when Ada woke her up the next morning informing her that she needed to be in Sir Pierce's studio before the morning light was at its height.

It was a struggle to get Helana out of bed. She didn't bother fully dressing because she knew she'd have to remove any clothing soon enough. After her morning toilet and a quick breakfast, she wrapped a robe around her body and waited expectantly for Ada to accompany her.

"Are you for forgetting something?" she prompted the princess.

"No. What?"

"Bend over the table."

"Why?"

As if from nowhere Ada produced the little stone plug. "We need to put this back in."

Helana's eyes narrowed. "I'll repeat. Why?"

"You need to have your arse trained so that when your fiancé becomes your husband he'll have full use of your bottom the way he likes. Plus, he made the request that Pierce include the plug in your portrait."

There was no need to complain. Helana looked forward to wearing the plug again. It would be a lie to say she had dreamed about it, but it had left her with a smile on her face the previous night when she drifted off to sleep.

Ada wasn't nearly as skilled at inserting the plug as Livia, but she wasn't as rough and insistent as Prince Arpad. Once it was greased and pressed into her bum, it settled into place and Helana found the walk through the palace to be rather pleasant. She knew she would have strong urges by the end of the day, but that could be taken care of easily enough.

Arriving in Pierce's studio, Helana was disappointed that Pierce didn't have a pretty young boy bent over the couch while buggering him. The studio was,

disappointingly, empty.

“Where is Pierce?”

“He’ll be along shortly, I’m sure,” Ada reassured her. “Why don’t we get you into position while we wait?”

“No,” said Helana, asserting what little authority she had. “I’d much rather look at the art he has created.” She let her robe fall open as she slowly toured around the studio. There was much to look at. It seemed that Sir Pierce had many commissions to work on. Helana saw a rather tame portrait of a dowager that was half finished along with a fantastic landscape and a small study of a series of dogs. As she toured Ada said nothing.

Spying a notebook on a table near Pierce’s worktable, Helana picked it up and started thumbing through the notes and drawings.

What she discovered was a collection of art that was filthier than what she was posing for.

Most of the sketches were close ups of men’s pricks in all manner of size and firmness. Some of the sketches included a hand manipulating the flesh. A few had a man sucking on the engorged organ.

Those were the tame ones. Deeper into the notebook she discovered sketches of men having sex in all sorts of positions. While she had only ever seen Pierce buggering Vangelis the once, seeing anonymous bodies on paper doing it over and over in all manner of poses set her heart fluttering and her quim moistening.

As she worked her way to the back of the book, she found the sketches now involved multiple men, groups of three or four, and Pierce had even been so bold as to add in a maiden as well.

The maiden clearly wasn’t Helana for the body size and shape was wrong, but she was a noblewoman; she wore petal shields and had an obvious love chain.

Helana was in the middle of examining a picture and was trying to decide if it was truly possible for a woman to have a prick in her quim and her ass at the same time—and deciding it must be because Arpad had fucked her while she had her plugging stone in—when Pierce walked in.

“See something you like?” he asked, clearly not upset or worried about what the young princess was viewing.

“Arousing reading,” she commenting, not putting the book down. “Do all these pictures come from flights of fancy or do they come from live studies?”

“How’s that?” asked Pierce while he took the notebook from her, smiled at the drawing she had been viewing, and closed it before setting it on his workbench.

“I know you prefer men, so seeing you draw a woman in the height of passion doesn’t make sense if it is for your amusement.”

“It’s a study for a commission. The lady in question wants to look her best. Would you like to see what I’ve done with you so far?” he asked, flinging back the drape over the painting that was to feature Helana.

She didn’t know what to expect, but was still underwhelmed. After a day of merely lounging on the couch all that was on the canvas were the sketchy outlines of her body along with the scene behind her. Or rather, the scene that Pierce imagined was behind her. All that was actually behind the couch was a nondescript draped wall. What he had penciled in was more akin to a queen’s throne room.

Seeing her fallen face, Pierce asked her, “What were you expecting? The finished product already? This is just the beginning.”

“For this,” she said indicating the black lines that delineated her body but gave no detail to her features, “you needed me to pose for a whole day?”

“Who is the artist here, my princess? You or me? Please let the lady arrange you on the couch so we can continue.”

Almost without warning Lady Ada brought her to the couch and quickly got her into position. She was gifted a glass of wine to help her pass the time.

“Slide her down just a touch,” said Pierce, moving his eyes back and forth between the canvas and the couch. “I need to see more of her arse.”

“If you see any more of my arse, you’ll see my pretty little plug as well,” commented Helana without thinking. The wind must have been stronger than she

anticipated or maybe she hadn't eaten enough when she broke her fast.

"That's the idea," said Pierce with a smile.

"Is it?" asked Helana, confused. Ada used a cushion that she shoved under the princess's bottom to just barely display the plug mostly hidden within Helana's body.

"This is supposed to capture your essence…and because it is commissioned by Prince Arpad himself, he wanted that little detail included."

"I see," said Helana. She rather liked the idea of the prince wanting to see her displayed so wantonly.

"Today, because I get easily bored just painting, I've brought in a poet to recite some of his scribblings while I record you for posterity."

That was an announcement Helana found unexpected. "Lady Ada, would you go to the door and admit the poet? He's been waiting." Without further word, Pierce set to work.

The women exchanged glances, but with a slight incline of her head, Helana indicated she was curious as to what would happen. Ada went to the door and, as expected, there was a young man carrying a sheaf of papers.

Helana wasn't at all surprised at the young man's appearance. Beardless, youthful, handsome, maybe a bit fay if she were asked. His hair hung long and in his face, partially obscuring his features, but doing nothing to hide his beauty. She smiled at him. Maybe he was a poet or maybe he wasn't, but surely Sir Pierce had seduced him into his bedroom already.

"Please entertain us, Cosimo," said Pierce, not looking up at all from where he was already busy with his tools.

The boy—for he might have the trappings of a man but he was barely past youth, though the codpiece he wore seemed to indicate he was very much a man—stuttered and stammered, but quickly sorted through his papers before seeming to get stuck between choosing one or the other. "Would you…would you prefer to hear The Lady of Sharlotte or The Fallen Knight and the Risen Lady?"

Ada, Helana, and Pierce all said nothing, but merely studied him.

“I could also offer you Love’s Messenger, Herald of the Gods.” He stood there, confused when no one replied. Turning just a little to more directly address Pierce, he asked, “Did you…didn’t you want me to recite for you?”

“Pick one,” said Pierce. “If you can’t impress me with your verse, maybe you can impress me in bed.”

Helana smirked and Cosimo immediately turned bright red. Ada smiled and spoke some words of encouragement to the young lad. “Chose one on your own, boy. We’re going to be here all day. You’ll have ample chance to give us all that you have.”

If the young poet understood her double entendre, he chose to ignore it. Instead he cleared his throat, consulted his notes, and began to speak.

*The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,*

*That was the king Priamus sone of Troye,*

*In lovinge, how his aventures fellen*

*Fro wo to wele, and after out of joye,*

*My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye.*

*Thesiphone, thou help me for t'endite*

*Thise woful vers, that wepen as I write!*

Helana listened politely as he started but then whispered softly to Ada, “I don’t understand a word of what he is saying.”

“He’s using the old style of language,” she whispered back.

“It’s boring.”

“Then tell him to stop. But I rather like looking at his codpiece bulge. Plus, he has a pretty face.”

With that Helana couldn’t disagree. But the poem was boring and she had little to do other than to drink the wine.

When Cosimo finished his poem, the meaning of which completely escaped Helana, though the youth did have a melodious voice when reciting, Pierce called for a break for both him and Helana. The princess sprang up from the couch and, unable to help herself, she immediately approached the poet. He seemed nervous as she walked up to him and his eyes locked on her face. It occurred to her that he was worried about staring at her nudity. She had become far too accustomed to being naked in front of other people, and near strangers at that, but she had other worries on her mind.

“Thank you so much for your poem. It was better than listening to absolutely nothing.”

“Thank…thank you, princess,” he said with a bow, but quickly realized that brought his eyes level to her small breast and he immediately straightened.

“Where did you learn to write so well?”

“I…I…I was sent to school by my father,” he stuttered out.

“Is your family well landed?”

He shook his head. “No. My father is a merchant.”

“A very successful merchant,” called Pierce from across the room where he was busy pouring himself a glass of wine. “And a patron of the arts.”

His implication was obvious to everyone which caused Cosimo to blush even deeper.

“So you don’t hold a title,” said Helana, lifting her chin ever so slightly. She wasn’t one to concern herself much with rank, but she had to admit she liked making Cosimo uncomfortable.

“Lady Ada, why don’t you take Princess Helana on a walk so that my poet can

recover from her beauty," said Pierce smoothly. "I need a little time to mix my paints."

Almost instantly Ada was at Helana's side with a robe that she slipped over the princess's shoulders. It was so sheer that it hid nothing of her body—if anything the slight obscuring of her body only enhanced her desirability—but it gave her a little warmth and gave the veneer that it was appropriate for her to take a tour around the palace.

"Come, let me show you the secret art gallery of the palace," said Ada as she steered Helana out of the room.

"I don't need to leave," Helana said, but kept her voice low. She was puzzled at Ada's reaction.

"You do," Ada insisted as she pushed Helana through a small door on the far side of the studio. Helana expected to find herself into a small passageway. Instead, after going through a short hallway, she found herself in a wide gallery that had all manner of paintings on the wall. The light was low, but Ada turned up the gas lamp at the entrance and suddenly the room was filled with illumination.

She knew she was young and hadn't seen everything yet, but the amount of flesh and pure sexual displays hanging on the walls was unlike anything she had ever imagined or thought was possible.

It was no surprise, at all, that the vast majority of the nudes were women.

"Wow," Helana breathed.

"Yes," agreed Ada with a smile. "Let's see your predecessors, shall we?" She led the princess over to an impressively realistic painting of a nude woman on her knees as if praying to one of the old gods, but only one of her hands was raised in praise. The other was reaching for a man's erect prick. He was only visible from her rear—and he had an remarkably muscular set of buttocks. Her mouth was open in anticipation of bringing his organ to her lips.

Helana couldn't help but note the woman wore petal shields and had a love chain dangling between her thighs. At the apex of her legs the painter hadn't included a single hair. Was she naturally glabrate or was she shaved as well? It was

impossible to know.

“Prince Arpad’s mother,” said Ada after letting Helana study the portrait for a moment. “She died shortly after I met her. A pretty woman. And a lusty one as well if you are to believe all the stories.”

“Then her portrait would be accurate, wouldn’t it?” asked Helana.

Ada said nothing but brought her charge along to another portrait. This one was done in an older style and wasn’t as accomplished in style and technique, but that did nothing to lessen the obvious raw carnality of the subject. A woman with impressively large breasts, full and firm and not subject to the effects of gravity, that were decorated with highly ornamental petal shields, was displaying her voluptuous body between two youthful and lusty men. Her hand was fondling one man’s prick—large but not erect—while her head and neck were bent toward the other man in anticipation of a kiss. In the background were many nude subjects—a mix of mythical creatures and humans participating in obscene acts—all watching the trio. The men’s faces were not fully visible but the brunette between them looked familiar—and she had no obvious shame in sharing her affections for her paramours.

“Who is this?” asked Helana.

“Queen Amalylis, your fiancé’s great-grandmother. Rumor has it that she carried on affairs with many men while married to the king. It does raise the question of the line’s legitimacy, but no one speaks of that now.”

“Which of the two men are her husband?” The men depicted in the portrait were of different hair color and skin tone; one was significantly taller than the other.

“Neither, these are supposed to be her two most famous lovers. The Duke of Reindern and the Marquis of Eastland.”

“And the palace let the artist paint this?”

Ada indicate the artist’s signature glyph in the lower corner of the painting. “Yavaino was the artist in residence of the palace for much of his adult life. This portrait was commissioned by the king himself.”

“Apparently I don’t understand Uralian morality.”

“You don’t understand Uralian sexuality,” Ada corrected her.

“Also true.”

The lady pointed to a figure in the background of the portrait. It was a handsome man, hugely muscular and sporting a large prick; on his head was a wreath of laurel. In front of him was a satyr bent over while the man buggered the mythical creature. Another man behind the crowned man was reaching for the heavy testicles that hung between the buggerer’s legs. Helana looked closer. No, he wasn’t reaching for the man’s testicles, but was inserting his fingers in the man’s ass. “Care to take a guess as to who that is supposed to be?”

Helana wasn’t stupid. “The laurels he’s wearing, what he’s doing, what I know of Uralian sex and political games. It’s got to be the king, Arpad’s great-grandfather.”

“Very good!”

“Her preferred men?”

“Very much so, it seems. Spent most of his time with his armies conquering territory and making sweet love to young men. He left his wife to be bred by other nobles.”

“I guess that says a lot about Uralia.”

“It certainly does. Shall we return so that Sir Pierce can keep working?”

Helana was about to nod her head to let Ada lead her back to the studio, but then her eyes started to take in the sheer volume of paintings that filled the secret gallery. She couldn’t count all the paintings. She couldn’t see all the paintings. It was an impossible task made all the more difficult by the subject matter. Helana wasn’t disturbed by the endless expanses of naked flesh and perverted acts being depicted; she was worried that she wouldn’t live up to the reputations of the women who had preceded her.

“Yes. Let’s return. Let’s see if Sir Pierce can make me as luminous as these women.”

As much as Helana desired to drink in every bit of information and history that

was on display in the gallery, she knew she didn't have the time. Not now. Not yet.

Upon returning to the studio a smile spread across Helana's face. Nothing she witnessed within the palace surprised her but she found that the more she witnessed, the more she was pleased with her lot in life.

Pierce was still dressed in his casual clothing that was old and worn and paint-splattered, however this poet companion was as naked as the day he was born. The two men were intimately close and Pierce's hand was on Cosimo's cock, gently trying to coax a firm erection out of the youth's body.

It wasn't the biggest prick that Helana had ever seen, not that she had seen that many. It was, however, beautiful. Maybe that was just a subjective assessment, but Helana found herself drawn to the young man's nascent erection. Was it that way for every woman when she saw a man's organ that she wanted desperately in her quim?

"Don't mind us," said Ada, smirking once again. "We'll just wait until you're ready." She indicated that Helana should resume her position on the couch. The princess was happy to do that because it allowed her to place her hand on her quim and gently masturbate herself while observing the painter with the poet.

"Oddly, I was just getting young Cosimo here ready and more relaxed," said Pierce.

"Oh. Is that why he's wearing no clothing?" asked Ada, playing along with Pierce's game.

"He felt he was not giving his best performance in front of Princess Helana. He was too nervous. We all know the best way to feel less uncomfortable in front of unclothed people is to remove your own clothing." Pierce couldn't help but smile. "I helped."

"And here I was thinking that you stripped him just to fuck him," said Ada.

Pierce clucked his tongue. "Of course not. We'll do that later when you two are gone."

Cosimo blushed bright red during the discussion. Luckily his embarrassment did

nothing to diminish his erection. If anything, it caused it to grow. “Please…” he begged Pierce but gave no exact instructions.

“Please what?” asked Pierce. He couldn’t help himself. He had to tease the beautiful boy and his prick. “Oh. Forgive my rude manners. Cosimo is still uncomfortable with your being fully dressed, Lady Ada. If you would be so kind as to remove your sensible garb and walk around as God intended, to show off all your beauty.”

Ada, who was normally completely in control of her emotions and reactions, could not help but roll her eyes as she let her jacket slip from her arms and then started unbuttoning her ruffled blouse. “You think I won’t because you prefer men?” she asked, casually undressing as if she were alone.

“Not at all,” said Pierce, eagerly leaning forward to admire the woman’s body. “I care only for the beauty found in all people. Young Cosimo, here, however showers his affections on both men and women, boys and girls.”

“I’m not surprised,” said Ada as her skirt fell to the floor. She was left only in her corset that barely contained her tits. They were spilling out of the half cups, exposing to tops of her petal shields, though her nipples remained mostly hidden.

She let Cosimo examine her body as closely as he had been avoiding looking at Helana while she posed for Pierce. Ada had become used to men examining her with their eyes, and if the truth were to be told, she rather enjoyed it more than she knew she should. It was Prince Arpad she enjoyed the most staring at her body, but if she could have anyone admire her nudity—man or woman, old or young—she was glad for it.

Cosimo completely focused on her quim and the love chain hanging between her thighs. Taking the initiative she walked toward the poet and Pierce. When she was naked she liked to make the chain swing more than normal. Ada liked the way that it brushed against her thighs. “Am I worthy of crafting a poem about?” she asked him as his face turned redder. He opened his mouth and stammered but no words actually came out.

Stopping inches away from the couple, Ada turned her head toward Pierce. “Or am I worthy of a painting. I’m sure you could even do something more wanton than the princess.”

Pierce smiled and slowly shook his head. “I do have a few commissions to take care of, Lady Ada, but you are on the top of my model list for my next private work.”

“Thank you,” she said sweetly and abruptly leaned forward to kiss Cosimo on the cheek before pirouetting around and heading back to Helana’s couch. She swayed her hips back and forth, letting the chain gently slap against her thighs.

“That arse alone is worthy of a painting, my dear lady,” said Pierce as she walked away.

Ada paused before she reached the couch and looked over her shoulder. It wasn’t really possible for her to see her own bottom but she made the effort. “You think so?”

“I’ll prove it to you…once I’m done with the princess.”

She sniffed. “I’m sure.” Moving smoothly Ada seated herself on the chair next to the couch where Helana had been watching the exchange. “Why don’t you entertain us with another poem, Cosimo.”

Pierce had already moved away and started on his canvas. He barely glanced at his lover and nodded. Seeing there was little way out of escaping the exact reason he was brought to the studio, Cosimo picked up his notes from the table and shuffled through them, looking for a place to start.

This time he didn’t question them on what they wanted to hear. Instead he picked a poem, seemingly at random, and began.

“Viva…vivamus mea Lesbia…I mean…” He cleared his throat and started again. “Vivamus mea Helania…” The words caught in his throat and he looked up at the two naked women. His prick hadn’t softened at all and his face was still bright red. “Sorry,” he apologized.

Ada sighed. “Is it going to be like this all day?” she asked.

“Sorry,” he muttered again.

“Did my stripping make you relax?” she asked him.

Nervously Cosimo shook his head so violently that his prick wobbled back and forth in time with his head. “N-n-n-no.”

“I think I can do something that will help you relax,” she said getting up from the chair and once again walking over to the poet. When she was within arm’s reach, he took a step back, but stumbled against the table. Without telling him what she was doing, Ada went down on her knees and grabbed his prick. “Recite your poem to me,” she asked. “My mouth is going to be full.”

“Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,” he began nervously and then realized his voice was strong when Ada was fellating him. Pierce looked from his canvas to the pair and sniffed. “Whore,” he said softly. Helana heard him so she was positive the other two did as well. It was uncertain which party he was referring to. Neither Ada or Cosimo seemed to care about Pierce’s comment.

As Ada started bobbing her head up and down on the poet’s beautiful prick, he suddenly found his voice and it came out boldly and confidently.

He began again:

*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,*

*rumoresque senum severiorum*

*omnes unius aestimemus assis!*

*soles occidere et redire possunt:*

*nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,*

*nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

*da mi basia mille, deinde centum,*

*dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,*

*deinde usque altera mille, deinde centum.*

*dein, cum milia multa fecerimus,*

*conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,*

*aut ne quis malus invidere possit,*

*cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.*

Toward the end his voice became a little unsteady because Ada had him right on the edge of orgasm. She had a practiced hand at sucking off men and she wasn't going to just let him go without getting a full day's work out of him.

Ada took her time. There was no hurry. They had nothing but time. This was for her amusement…and she wanted to anger Pierce because he had to work while she got to suck the prick of the man he so desperately wanted to be. While Ada knew it was likely Pierce had already bedded the boy, she wasn't going to let it happen again without making him work for it.

Her tongue slid along the underside while gently squeezing his testicles. She could feel him throbbing and she wasn't going to let him waste his load so early in the day. He particularly liked it when she curled her lips around the edge of his head and sucked hard. Ada realized she went a little far and abruptly stopped sucking while pressing her thumb firmly against the underside of his prick, right in front of his tight ball sack.

"I need to cum," he pleaded.

"No. Not yet," she told him coolly. "It's too soon. I need to hear the rest of your poems."

"Do you like fellating men?" Helana asked from her position on the couch.

Ada turned around to look at her charge and smiled. She kept a firm grip on the boy's prick, not letting him move away and not letting him cum either. "Of course I do. What lusty woman wouldn't?"

"He has a pretty prick, doesn't he?" Helana asked, licking her lips.

"Tasty as well," Ada agreed. She ran a finger over the tip of his manhood, then displayed the long strand of precum that he had been leaking. "He makes more

than any man I've been with."

Helana couldn't help herself, She got up off the couch and went to stand next to the pair. Ada looked up at her with a knowing grin on her face while Cosimo just stood there, a shocked look on his. He wasn't sure what she was going to do and he was certain that kissing her would be out of the question entirely. He was a commoner and she was the prince's fiancée, the mother-to-be of an heir to the throne. Maybe.

That maybe wasn't enough to save his neck, or worse, his manhood, if the prince or anyone in authority found out.

To his relief Helana moved back a step. But then she dropped down to her knees next to Ada. The princess knew what she wanted and pushed aside the lady's hand and face.

Helana all but consumed Cosimo's prick. It was velvety smooth inside her mouth and he groaned in the back of his throat. He knew he should have pushed her away, but he couldn't. The princess had been watching closely and imitated Ada's technique.

She knew full well what she was doing was wrong. It didn't stop her. If anything that knowledge drove her. It was one thing to play with the ladies-in-waiting and take pleasures with them. It was another to take another man's prick into her body. It was an affront to the throne and it was a crime against the prince.

Those thoughts just drove Helana all that much harder. It wasn't like he was fucking her quim. There was no risk of pregnancy.

While she wasn't sure how artful her fellatio was, Helana did it with enthusiasm and Cosimo, a young man with great lust and having been teased for the better part of the morning could only resist for so long. He exploded in her mouth.

Though she was expecting it, Helana was unable to keep all of his seed within her lips. It was too much and he finally pulled back, but too late. Most of it she managed to keep in her mouth. She swallowed the first burst. The second lay heavy on her tongue. The rest he wasted on her chin and chest.

Ada wasn't going to let the princess get away so easily with the prize. She kissed Helana, turning Helana's head and forcing her tongue between the princess's

lips.

What brought them back from the height of ecstasy was a slow round of applause from Sir Pierce. “Beautiful. I’ve recorded it all here. The sketches don’t do any of you justice, but you’ve got my prick hard. I wonder if you’d suck me off, dear Cosimo? I can’t be expected to work like this the rest of the day.”

Pierce had his prick out. It was purple with lust and what she had just done dawned upon Helana.

She was doomed.

# To be continued

# Translation of “Catullus 5”

Let us live, my Lesbia, and let us love,

and let us judge all the rumors of the old men

to be worth just one penny!

The suns are able to fall and rise:

When that brief light has fallen for us,

we must sleep a never ending night.

Give me a thousand kisses, then another hundred,

then another thousand, then a second hundred,

then yet another thousand more, then another hundred.

Then, when we have made many thousands,

we will mix them all up so that we don't know,

and so that no one can be jealous of us when he finds out

how many kisses we have shared.

# Preview

# Learning: Jacki's Milk 2

Jacki quivered with Kara's finger inside her pussy as Kara circled her thumb around and around Jacki's clit. "We're supposed to be nursing," Jacki complained as her orgasm subsided.

"We were. You distracted me." Kara was only topless but Jacki was naked. Jacki was always eager to get naked. They only had an hour at most before Jacki's son got home. It had taken a few weeks but they had figured out they had an extra seven minutes due to bus schedules if they met up at Jacki's place instead of Kara's house. That worked for them both.

"You distracted me with your big tits and flowing milk." She looked down with frustration at her small chest. It was probably her imagination, but some wishful thinking made it seem like they had grown a tiny bit. She didn't want to get bigger boobs necessarily. She wanted them to start making milk.

"Your milk will come in soon," Kara reassured her. "It just takes a little time. Besides, the journey is half the fun."

That was the truth. They didn't directly address it, but both women had enjoyed the sex they were having with each other even while they avoided discussing exactly what it meant. For the moment Jacki considered it a matter of convenience for the moment; sucking on Kara's tits was fun yes, but ultimately she was just looking for the hormones Kara's milk provided. She wasn't sure what Kara thought about having sex with another woman, but she never hesitated when it was time to nurse and was more than happy to give or receive when it came to oral sex.

The first time Jacki when down on Kara had been…illuminating. It was one thing to nurse and finger, but to actually apply lips and mouth to cunt…that was crossing a line.

She hadn't minded crossing the line. Kara was right there with her, hand-in-hand, crossing the line with her.

Maybe she was trying to be too modern but Jacki didn't want to label herself as bisexual or heteroflexible or anything else. She was just…having sex with a close friend.

And of course Jacki's boyfriend and Kara's husband loved hearing their significant others talk about what the two women did together. They had promised a show for the men and now, like so much of life, it was a scheduling problem.

Without giving it any further thought, Jacki grabbed her best friend's face and gave her a kiss. "I want to fuck you," she said fiercely.

"You don't have a cock," Kara pointed out.

That didn't stop Jacki from roughly opening up her friend's pants and yanking them down to her knees. Kara didn't resist at all. She didn't want to resist. As always, Kara's pussy was completely clean shaven. Just once Jacki wanted to see her friend's pretty yellow curls that should adorn her sex, but that didn't stop her from pushing her hand between Kara's thighs even as the curvy blonde struggled to get her pants all the way off allowing Jacki full access to her pussy.

It wasn't really necessary. Kara was already wet from anticipation and the nursing play they had been through. Her nether lips were slightly puffy and a little red from the anticipation as well. It was too easy to slide her fingers inside Kara and begin to roughly frig her. There hadn't been any foreplay other than nursing on Kara's tits, but that's all the blonde needed. Jacki liked being rough with her friend. When Kara came—like she always did—it was with full body shaking and a moan that sounded more of pain than gratification.

Jacki gave her another kiss. "Did you like that?"

"Always."

"Want more?" She started to kiss her way down Kara's body, pausing briefly at her breasts for a little suckle, but only got to her belly button before the phone alarm went off.

"Fucking hell!"

"Tomorrow?" Kara asked as she reluctantly got up from the bed. Jacki followed

her and when her friend started putting on her bra, she ably assisted her. It was half depressing and half fun; depressing because Kara actually needed the nursing bra and fun because Jacki was looking forward to having to wear one.

“Can’t. Meeting at work. Monday?”

“I’m not going to see you all weekend?”

“We can get together, you know.”

“Yeah, but we’ll have the kids and that’s no fun…”

“We need to plan a weekend together…”

“With or without the guys?”

They both paused and considered. It was one thing to nurse together and have a little sex play, but they were starting to push the limits. Were they just going through a phase? Were they experimenting? Were they bi…or more…or less? Jacki didn’t know. All she did know was that she wanted to find out by spending more time with her new lover.

That was a thought to roll around in her head. New lover, she rolled the thought around in her mind.

“Flaunting it?” Kara asked as she finished dressing. Jacki looked down at herself and saw she was still naked.

“I’m going for a run when Jay gets home.”

“Flaunting it. Legs and body and you get to be naked another ten minutes.”

Jacki strutted in front of her friend, heading to the bathroom where she pulled out a box of Band-Aids, putting one over each of her nipples while Kara watched.

“What the hell are you doing?”

“They’re sensitive. I hate it when my running bra rubs against my nipples.” She glanced at herself in the mirror and thought she looked a bit like a stripper with

just pasties on.

“You don’t need a bra at all, let alone a running bra.”

“Ha. Do some running and you’ll figure out I certainly do.”

Kara watched as Jacki quickly dressed, pulling her tight running bra over her breasts, compacting them down to all but nothing in comparison to the nearly-nothing she normally had. To the bra she added her running tights, no panties, and a loose sweatshirt over the bra. It was still warm in the afternoons, but it was getting cool very quickly. She didn’t want a lot of clothing to drag her down.

As she sat on the edge of the bed to pull on socks and sneakers, Kara smiled and shook her head. “No underwear?”

“Running tights are good enough.” She glanced up at her lover. “Plus it makes me feel sexy knowing anyone with a good eye will get an eyeful.” She grinned.

“I wish I had your body.”

“I love yours,” Jacki replied. “You’re all curves and softness. I’m small and angles.”

“But no flab or fat,” Kara pointed out.

“I wouldn’t want you any other way.”

“Liar.”

Jacki stood up to kiss her friend, but the front door banged open and they heard Jay enter the house. The two of them unconsciously jumped back. Jay couldn’t see them; they were in the bedroom, but that seemed a little suspicious as well, although a ten year old boy probably wouldn’t notice. By silent agreement they both quickly left the room. Jay was in the kitchen looking for a snack. Kara said goodbye. Jay didn’t even notice her. Jacki told him to get started on his homework and she’d be back in half an hour to check on him.

Running used to be Jacki’s stress relief before she discovered nursing from Kara…and sex with Kara. It now helped relieve her stress from having to hide the full extent of her relationship with Kara.

She headed out her driveway and turned toward the main road in her development. There was a set of new houses going up and she liked to run by the construction site, partly because she liked to see they progress they were making, and partly because she liked the admiring stares and occasional whistles from the construction workers. Their behavior was a cliché, but Jacki found she didn't mind it as much as she used to.

The run around the neighborhood was largely fruitless. Most of the construction workers were gone for the day. The one that did take note of her just smiled and nodded politely. He reminded Jacki of her goofy uncle. It was cool enough that the kids recently home from school were already inside so she had the roads to herself.

By the time she got home she was hot and sweaty. The perfect time for a quick shower. Jay was at the table carefully writing numbers for a math assignment.

"Need some help, kiddo?"

"I'm good."

"Let me know. I'll be in the shower."

She stripped down in the bathroom and carefully pealed the Band-Aids from her nipples, wincing just a tiny bit as she did so. Taking a look in the mirror she evaluated her body. Still in good shape after having a kid. The critical evaluation was on her tits. As much as she wanted it to be so, she couldn't see they had grown at all. What she really wanted was the milk they could make. Even when she had been nursing Jay they hadn't grown much at all.

The little bandages were on the edge of the vanity. When she noticed they were a little damp she paused.

"Sweat?" Jacki said aloud.

Her heart racing, she took a second, closer look. Maybe, she thought and grabbed her boobs. Not thinking, she just squeezed both of them to no avail. Nothing came out. Not a drop not a dribble. She squeezed harder to the point where it just wasn't pressure, it was painful, and not the fun sort of painful.

"Fuck." She sighed. "Just sweat." Turning on the shower, she got in and got

clean.

The warm water relaxed her. The massaging head to the shower felt good on her skin and muscles. She briefly considered taking down the head and masturbating with it, but that seemed a little over-indulgent considering that Kara had already gotten her off an hour earlier.

After getting out of the shower she toweled off and rubbed some lotion into her skin. She couldn't help but run her hands over her tits and give them a little squeeze again.

It felt good.

It felt really good.

It reminded her of how it used to feel when she was nursing.

She couldn't help herself and continued to play with her tits some more.

Her head was in a positive space so when she saw the little droplets form on her nipples which she knew wasn't sweat or water or lotion she didn't know what to do first.

Call Kara and tell her?

Wait for Alex to get home and let him find out?

Play with her boobs some more?

All were excellent choices, but Jacki opted to get a few drops on her finger and taste it.

Hers wasn't as sweet as Kara's. Not yet. But soon it would be she knew.

*Click here to continue reading Exploring: Jacki's Milk 2 on Smashwords*

# 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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub