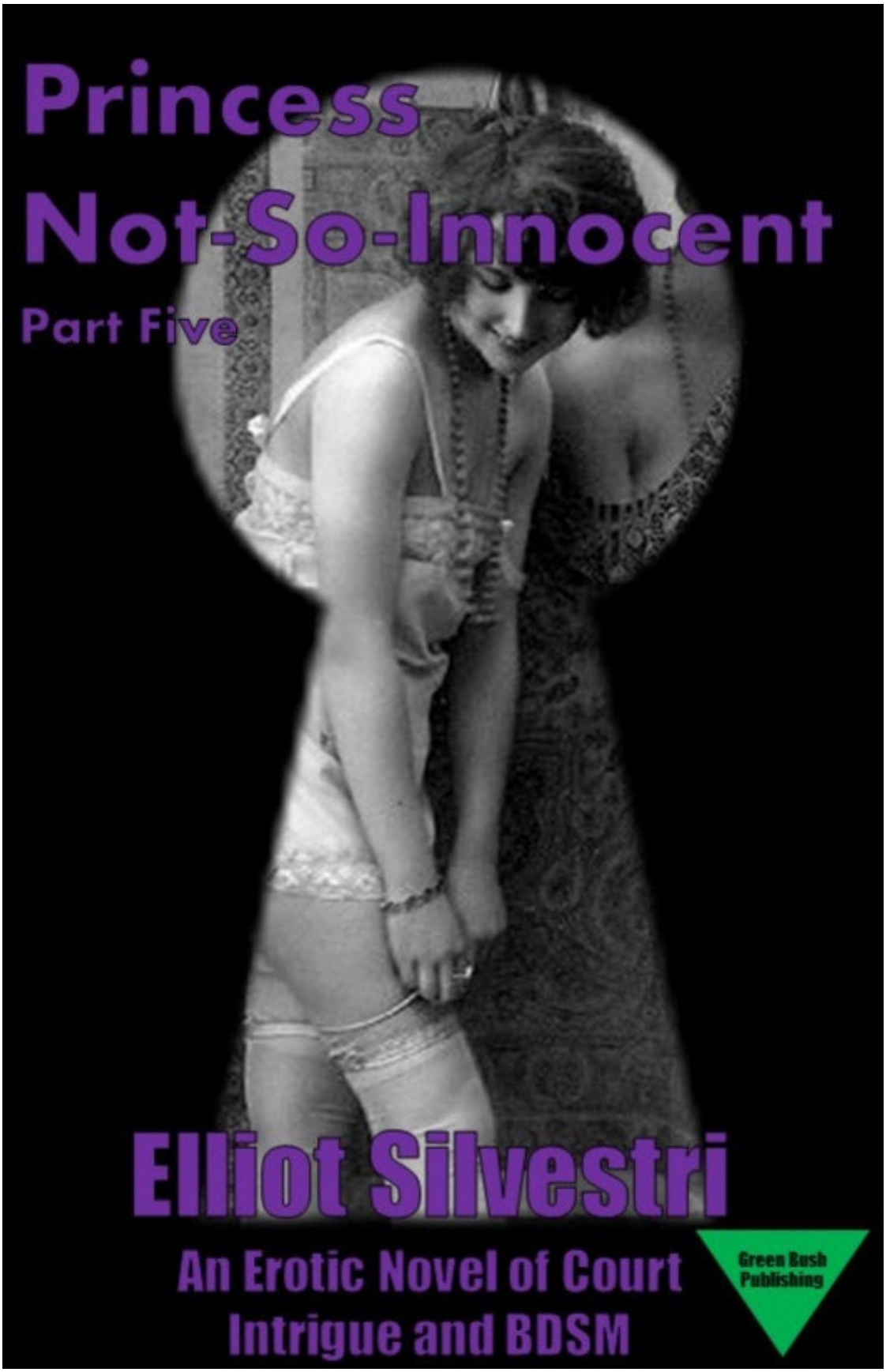
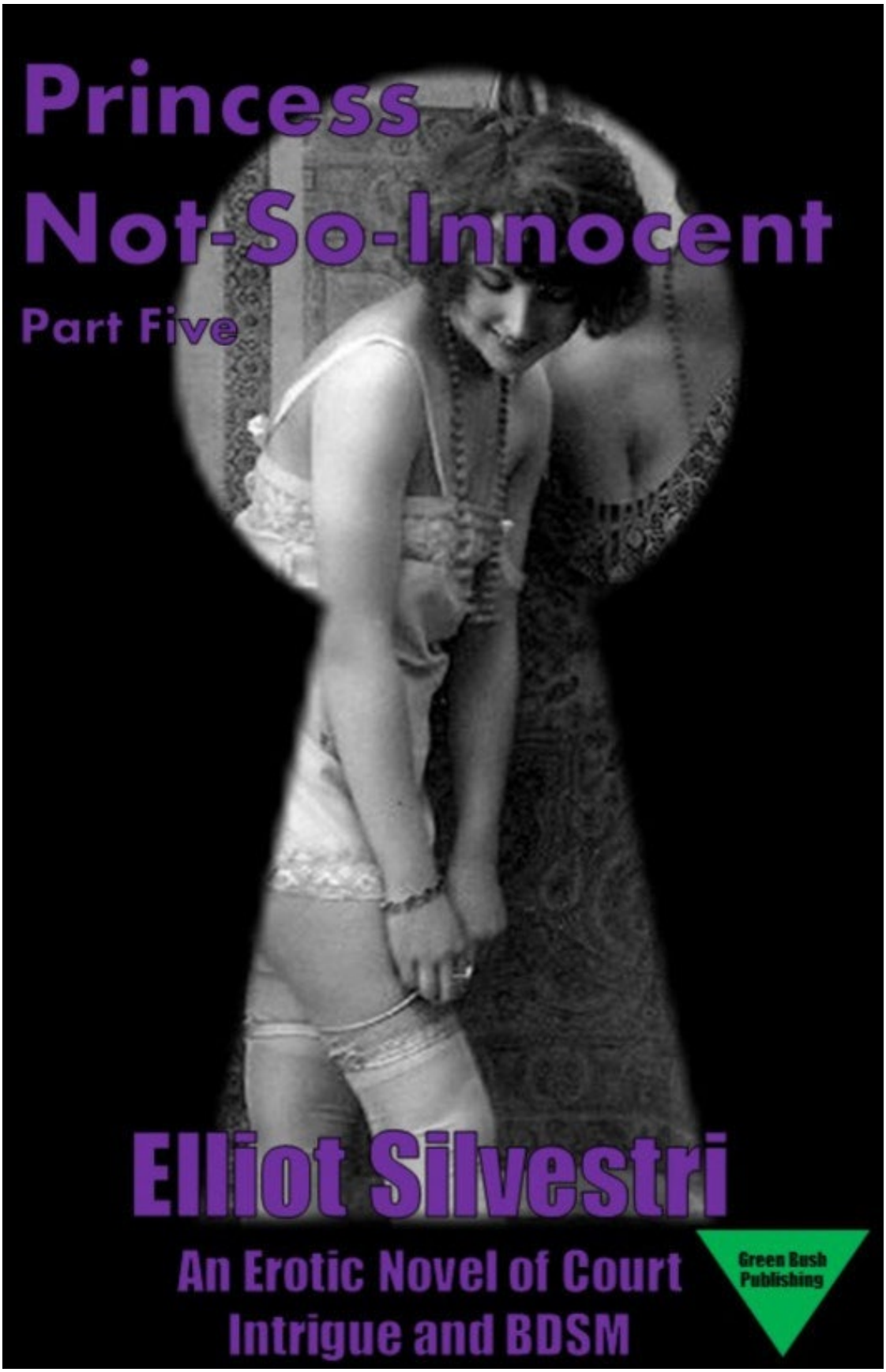

Princess
Not-So-Innocent
Part Five
Elliot Silvestri
An Erotic Novel of Court Intrigue and BDSM
Green Bush Publishing


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Smashwords Edition

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Princess Not-So-Innocent: Part Five

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Chapter One

Helena stayed on her knees taking in the scene. There were still stray droplets of Cosimo's cum on her face and chest, though most had been kissed or wiped away by Ada. Her lady-in-waiting was still licking her lips, savoring the last of Cosimo's spunk. Pierce was standing just a few feet away, his prick in his hand, holding the erect organ expectantly.

She had been expected to pose for Pierce, but she certainly wasn't supposed to fellate his lover, the poet Cosimo. While what she had done wouldn't get her pregnant, that was hardly a defense if she were to be brought in front of the court on charges of treason.

Oddly, neither Sir Pierce nor Lady Ada seemed worried. Why would they be worried, though? They were perfectly safe from a beheading for treason.

When the pause had been too long for Pierce, he asked again. "Are you going to suck me off or not, Cosimo? I suppose you could just bend over the couch and I'll fuck your arse. It is a pretty arse, after all. But since prick-eating seems to be on the menu, I thought it was only fair."

"I…right here and now?" asked Cosimo.

Helana couldn't blame Pierce for wanting his lover to service him, but for the first time while inside the palace, she had a bit of shame for her actions, even if they were spurred on her by associates.

"Yes, right here and now," insisted Pierce as he waggled his prick at the young man. "Or do you want me to look elsewhere for my needs?"

The implied threat, and the possible loss of a very minor nobleman's patronage was enough to spurt Cosimo into action. He moved across the short space between then and got down on his knees in front of Pierce before taking the knight's prick in his hands like a delicate treasure.

Ada moved closed to Helana and whispered in her ear. "I love watching men debauch themselves with each other, don't you?"

Before Helana could answer, Ada was wiping at the little spatters that Cosimo had left behind on her face and chest. It happened so suddenly that Helana couldn't fully believe that it was happening but there was Cosimo eagerly

devouring the artist's prick, sucking and licking and stroking it with both enthusiasm and skill.

Helana's quim quivered at the sight.

"They never admit it, but the men are just as flexible as we are when it comes right down to it," whispered Ada right before she pinched the princess's nipples. Her pinches hurt from both the pressure and way she did it through the shield had hid Helana's small areolas.

Not knowing how else to respond, Helana just nodded in agreement and continued to watch as Cosimo went full speed on Pierce.

It was interesting to see his technique because it was different from how Helana had approached the issue with Cosimo and different again as well with what she had spied upon going on between Ada and Prince Arpad.

Her prince.

Either watching his lover get blown by Helana had excited Pierce or he truly had a need for some physical release. It didn't take Cosimo very long to bring the knight to completion. Cosimo showed much more skill in the art of oral love than Helana. When Pierce reached his peak he let his partner know with an excited moan and then let loose. Cosimo wasn't fazed in the least; keeping a steady seal on the older man's prick and swallowing every bit of his ejaculate was well within his ability.

Helana watched in fascination as Cosimo swallowed visibly several times. When it was over, Pierce caught Cosimo's chin with his fingers and held in face in admiration.

"You're so good at that," he complimented the poet.

"Thank you," was all Cosimo said.

To her surprise, Pierce bend down enough to give Cosimo a loving kiss on his forehead. The two gazed longingly at each other for enough time to make Helana uncomfortable, even as Ada was right next to her caressing her body, before Pierce realized that sunlight was burning.

“Time’s wasting,” he declared. “Princess Helana, would you be so kind as to get back on your couch so we can resume.”

Helana thought that was a good idea, even though it gave her too much time to brood over what crime she had just committed.

Ada didn’t move far from her side as Pierce continued to record her on canvas for posterity.

Chapter Two

Even though she was exhausted after posing all day for Pierce—who would have thought that being an artist's model would be so fatiguing?—Helana did all she could to fight off the attack of sleep.

It wasn't as if Ada was in the room with her. She was alone except for the guard just outside her door to the hallway.

But there was another exit to the room. One that everyone was sure to know about. That thought struck Helana as she lay in her bed. Though she only had explored a tiny portion of the secret passageways in the palace, there had to be many passages that were unknown to her, but known to many others.

Did anyone know that she knew?

Someone had to know?

Didn't they?

Judging that the time was right for her to go exploring Helana slipped out of her bed, hastily arranged the pillows and blankets to maybe make it look like there was still a body in the bed. She knew it was a poor job, but that didn't stop her from slipping out of the room, visiting her closet, and opening the passageway she had discovered.

Having become so accustomed to wandering around the palace either in the heavy wool formal dresses of proper society or the thinnest of silk gowns—or nothing at all—it was strange for her to grab a set of sleeping pajamas from the closet and quickly put them on. Helana didn't want to be naked or nearly so if she encountered someone else. It was one thing to be naked and sexually willing when among supposed friends but it was another entirely if she was undertaking a spy mission.

On whose behalf she was spying other than herself she couldn't say.

Still, the black silk pajamas lent the moment to a clandestine affair.

It was hard to remember the exact route through the passageways to Prince Arpad's room. She got sidetracked more than once. What she did discover along the way were a series of spy holes lending credence that these passages were for

the benefit of those willing to spy and break trust within the palace.

For the most part the spy holes showed her nothing. Either the rooms were darkened and the beds were being slept or they were completely empty. She did find one that had a naked woman riding on top of a man. Helana couldn't make out either of their identities and what she witnessed wasn't very exciting or interesting. Near the end of her journey she did see another pair of lovers in a bedroom. Taking the time to study them Helana discovered it was Duchess Marim with a man she didn't recognize. Both parties were naked with Marim bent of the foot of the bed and the man plowing her from behind. Marim was a loud lover, or maybe her paramour's prick was that good. The man's face was partially obscured, not that it mattered. Helana wouldn't have been able to recognize Marim's husband if it was him. And Helana certainly wasn't going to betray Marim if she was having an affair.

That gave her pause. Why should she be so honest? Certainly no one else in the palace was. Taking her time now, Helana carefully studied the man's features, committing them to memory. He was handsome enough, and roughly the age of a man who would be appropriate for the duchess to marry. If it was a secret affair, Helana would be sure to use it again Marim if the need arose.

When she was done spying on her lady-in-waiting, she slipped away. What Helana didn't see was Marim's husband seated in chair just below the spy hole. He had been watching Marim being plowed the entire time. Marim looked up at him with lust just as Helana left. Her husband's hard prick was in his hand as her lover continued to fuck her. The risk of her falling pregnant with another man's child while under the watchful eye of her husband thrilled them all.

To her great disappointment when Helana finally found the entrance to Price Arpad's rooms, she discovered they were empty.

That wasn't all that surprising. He had many important duties. She slipped into the rooms and quickly toured through them. Soon enough she would belong there. If she fell pregnant with his child.

Idly she searched some of the furniture to the room. The desk was full of drawers and papers and notes. She couldn't read anything in the dim light and even if she could she was reasonably sure she wouldn't be able to understand the language or the meaning of any written notes.

Turning her attention to the large and heavy wooden bookcase near the windows, she wished she could read the titles to the heavy volumes it contained. It was a risk, but a calculated one when she turned up the gaslight on the wall, giving her marginally more illumination.

Most of the books seemed to deal with history and warfare. Some seemed to be philosophical treatises. One or two were obviously mathematical manuals. Helana avoided all of these.

Eventually her eyes fell on the slimmer volumes at the top of the case. They had no titles or labels on spines, but the bindings seemed vaguely familiar. She had seen them before somewhere but couldn't immediately place where. Standing on her toes she took one down and opened it up to the middle.

Helana was rewarded with an obscene picture of a man buggering a pretty maid while she fingered herself. It was rude and sexy at the same time. The features of the two lovers weren't familiar; there was no way for Helana to tell if they were drawn from the artist's imagination or if they were supposed to be actual people. The lovers, however, did seem to have great passion for each other. Unable to help herself, she flipped through the pages and established she hadn't' just happened upon the one dirty picture in an otherwise dull tome. It was filled with pornography.

Underneath each picture was a caption but the light was too dim for her to read. She debated the risk of turning up the gaslight just to read one caption and quickly decided a little more illumination couldn't hurt. Just as she was turning the key on the lamp, the door to the rooms started to open.

Helana's heart pounded in her chest. Instead of turning up the light, she turned it down and quickly faded into the darkness, working her way back into the closet and escape.

She stopped, however, when she saw who the interlopers were.

Prince Arpad and Lady Ada.

Helana's lip curled back in anger. She stopped in her tracks, unsure of what she was going to do, but eager to catch the two unawares.

The kissed like only two lovers in the midst of an illicit affair can. Their kisses

were passionate and weighty and Helana almost felt a touch of shame for spying on them in such an intimate and private moment.

Almost.

But then she remembered that Ada was her lady-in-waiting and Arpad was her fiancé and they were both betraying her.

She didn't feel bad at all about spying on them.

The eagerness with which Ada went down on her knees after breaking the kiss caused Helana to gasp. The lady didn't care a whit about getting dirty and dust on her dress or wrinkling it. She only wanted to tear open Prince Arpad's trousers to pull them down so that she might suck eagerly on his prick.

Helana now found she was jealous. She was jealous not because she was being denied the opportunity to fellate Arpad, but because they were sharing something so intimate that Helana didn't have with anyone. It was raw and pure lust, but somehow Helana was sure there was real affection between the two as well.

Eventually Arpad bored of being sucked or he wanted to move their encounter along to the next phase. He pulled Ada up to her feet. His wet prick stood out from his body, erect and proud. As he started pulling on her dress, trying to loosen the stays to get it off her body, he asked her, "Where do you want it?"

"In my quim, always in my quim!" she told him with a kiss as she pushed down the dress and stepped free of it. The corset she wore was little more than a waist cincher, trimming her waist and pushing up her tits. They were full and falling out of the half-cups. Her bottom was fully exposed for she wore no knickers. Her love chain dangled between her thighs and Helana imaged it was slick with her desire.

"I thought you loved it when I buggered you," laughed Arpad.

"I do," Ada confessed. "I love everything you do to me, but I want it in my quim. You know that!"

"Are you safe?" he asked. Only now did Helana detect a hint of hesitation and reluctance on his part. Ada was unmarried and a pregnancy would be hard to

explain away.

“Yes. I swear. I’m safe. I’m yours and I’m safe.”

While they had been talking Arpad had removed his jacket and was divesting himself of the rest of this clothing. There was no question they were going to have sex, the only matter up for debate was what kind of sex it would be.

Without warning, he whirled the beautiful lady around, smacked her smartly on the ass so hard it sounded like a gunshot to Helana’s ears. It was bound to leave a red mark if not a bruise. Ada jumped in surprise and delight at the treatment. Arpad shoved her down to the bed and placed her ass up. As with all things with Prince Arpad, Ada did it willingly.

“No plug for me to remove?” he asked with some disappointment. His hands were roving over the broad expanse of her bottom and hips.

“No. I’m not a princess.”

“No, you’re better than that little trollop.”

They both laughed together and that angered Helana. She wasn’t a trollop.

Was she?

There was some awkward fumbling about as Arpad kept one hand moving across Ada’s bottom and occasionally delving between her thighs to inspect her quim, while at the same time he loosened his belt and dropped his trousers. From her perspective Helana couldn’t see all that much but what they were up to was more than obvious.

She hated that she felt that she needed—wanted—to see more. Taking the risk, Helana moved to the edge of the closet entrance and willed there to be more light in the bedroom. The small glow of the gaslight in the room combined with the moonlight coming in the through the windows was barely enough to give firm outline to the figures. She couldn’t make out any details. Even if she had, Arpad’s body blocked her view of his prick going into Ada’s quim.

She knew it happened from the pleasant sigh her lady-in-waiting made. It was a sound that she herself had made whenever the prince had penetrated her.

Now she was jealous…and she couldn't help herself. As the couple slowly, languorously started to fuck, Helana slipped her hand down inside her pajama bottoms to find her wet quim.

"Careful," Ada cautioned her lover.

"I'm going to," he said. It wasn't like she had a choice; he would do what he wanted.

"Please…" Helana liked the sound of Ada begging. It wasn't very often that the lady seemed not to be completely in control of the situation. Helana wanted to know what was going on; she took a step out into the room, trying to get a better view.

"You'll love it. You aren't wearing a plug."

"For trollops…oh," said Ada. Her words slide into a moan. It didn't take much imagination for Helana to figure out what Arpad had done. The position of his hand gave it away. His thumb was buried in her ass while her fucked her. For all her complaining, Ada seemed to be enjoying what he was doing to her.

"You like that don't you, you little trollop, don't you?" Arpad asked her.

"Uh-huh." Ada was beyond words.

"You're a trollop, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"Say it," he ordered her. He started to fuck her with more enthusiasm . The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the air. Helana's hand got busier between her legs. She shoved the love chain out of the way and plunged her fingers as deeply as possible into her quim.

"I'm a…I'm a…I'm a trollop," Ada panted out.

"I should sell you to the red light district," Arpad laughed at her. "I'd make so much money from selling your quim."

"Harder," Ada begged. "Harder!"

They were so deeply involved with each other that Helana took a little risk and rubbed her clit as hard as she dared. It orgasm it gave her was just enough. It wasn't huge, but it was enough to give her the respite she needed to get back in control of herself. Pulling her fingers out of her quim and pajama bottoms, Helana sucked away the moisture that clung to her fingers and straightened up from where she had been slumping against the wall.

It was just in time for Ada to reach her peak. Unlike Helana, she didn't contain herself at all. She let loose with a cry that sounded loud enough to wake the entire palace. Arpad tangled his fingers in her hair and pulled back on her head while digging his thumb deeper into her ass. While he wasn't outright laughing, he was taking pleasure in her suffering and her orgasm.

"I'm going to make you cum until you're crying," said Arpad as he started to slam into her harder.

Helana wondered if either, or both of them, had taken the Venus powder before slipping away to his bedroom. Not that it mattered. Neither seemed to need any additional reason to take pleasure in the other's body.

"Make me cry," she gasped out. "Make me scream."

Helana had had enough. She stepped forward and stood just to the side while staring at them both, neither seemed to take notice of her. All Arpad had to do was turn his head to see her. That offended Helana the most of all. Why couldn't he acknowledge her? Why wouldn't he acknowledge her.

She pushed the issue.

"Are you going to make her scream or not?" Helana asked.

Ada did scream, this time because she was startled. Arpad froze and didn't seem to know what to do. They were caught in the middle of something they shouldn't be doing. While his actions weren't exactly a crime, it didn't put either Arpad or Ada in a good light.

"What the fuck!" he blurted out and pulled out of Ada at the same time. The surprise was what set him off. Jets of cum burst forth from his cock.

"That's what I was asking," Helana said smoothly. In the dim light she could just

see the spattering of fluid across Ada's broad backside. Some even got onto the waist cincher that gave the lady-in-waiting her voluptuous shape. The laundry woman would either be amused or annoyed in the morning.

"My princess," Ada blurted out and tried to get away but she was trapped by the pillows on the bed and Arpad's thumb up her ass. She couldn't cover her shame or surprise; there was nowhere for her to go. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

"For what?" asked Helana coldly. "For getting caught or for having an affair with my fiancé?"

It was the prince who recovered the quickest. "To be fully truthful, betrothed, the Lady Ada and I began our relationship before you were even under discussion as a potential marital partner."

"And yet you continued to fuck her even when we were engaged."

The prince gave a shrug to the accusation. "True enough. But you aren't my wife yet. And you won't be until you produce an heir."

"I give you my apologies, Princess Helana," said Ada as she tried to recover from the terrible circumstances she had put herself in. "This…this never should have happened."

"What never should have happened, Ada? You fucking Prince Arpad while I am engaged to him or you getting caught fucking Prince Arpad while I am engaged to him?"

For that Ada had no answer.

"You do know that I fuck other women now and I'm going to fuck them if I marry you," Arpad said to her.

"Of course, I just hope that you're smarter than fucking my lady-in-waiting when that happens." Helana spun on her heel and marched out of the room. She went to the closet and ducked back into the secret entrance to the hidden passageways. It didn't matter if she did that in front of them; they already knew about the passageways. She wanted them to know that she knew.

No more secrets.

Chapter Three

The next morning it was Lady Errither who came to wake Helana and bring her to Sir Pierce for her daily posing. Before any of that could occur, Errither first needed to dress Ada.

“Where’s Lady Ada?” Helana asked Errither in as innocent a voice as she could muster as they started the dressing process

“She’s feeling under the weather today, or so I was told,” the lady-in-waiting replied. Helana couldn’t tell if she was lying or not. The only thing to do was press the issue.

Catching Errither’s chin in her hand, Helana forced the lady to look directly at her. Errither, for her part, honestly looked surprised when Helana was so rough and rude with her.

“Is that the truth?”

“I don’t know, princess. It was all I was told. I’m next on the list of attendants so I serve you today.”

“How well do you know the Lady Ada?”

“Well enough.”

“Do you know her secrets?”

The question cut to the heart of everything in the palace and Errither didn’t want to answer. Helana couldn’t blame her.

“I…I know a few. ma’am. Not all of them, of course. I’m sure you know a few of hers as well. We share some, don’t we?”

Helana looked into Errither’s eyes for a long, uncomfortable time. “Do you know that she’s been fucking Prince Arpad?”

Lady Errither gasped and licked her lips. Her eyes shifted away from Helana’s. There was no escape in the princess’s room. She had no lie ready. Honesty could get her killed. “There was that rumor.”

“I watched them fucking last night,” said Helana without malice as she released the girl’s chin. It wasn’t Errither’s fault she was caught in some palace intrigue. She was a nice enough girl, but not very bright. Maybe a few years older than Helana. Under different circumstances they might have been true friends.

“You did?” Her reaction was honest, Helana could see that. “How?” she asked without stopping to think.

Before answering Helana sat down at the small breakfast table that the maid had set for them. “I spied on them. It doesn’t matter how. How long have they been lovers?”

“At least a year, ma’am,” Errither offered. “I don’t know all the details.”

“Who does?”

“Besides them? I don’t know. Not many. The ladies of your circle. Surely a few of the prince’s gentlemen.”

“But she hasn’t fallen pregnant yet.”

“No…and I don’t think she will…at least not until she wants to.”

“Oh? How is that?”

“Um…the lady is an expert at knowing when a woman is at her most fertile.”

“And how does she do that?”

Errither smiled realizing she had knowledge the princess did not. “Isn’t it obvious? She tastes your quim. She measured your juices and lubrication. From that she knows. I don’t think the Lady Ada likes having sex with other women. She just does it because it’s expected and it gives her a chance to take measure of other women’s readiness.”

“And you?” asked Helana. She wasn’t truly interested in hearing Errither’s answer, but she wanted to see the other woman squirm a little.

To her disappointment, Errither didn’t squirm at all. Her answer was calm and measured. “I like sex with both men and women. I’ve had more women partners

because I’m pledged to Sir Ristain.”

Helana liked that honesty, but that wasn’t the test that held any weight with Helana.

“I need you to bring Lady Ada to me.”

Errither wasn’t so good that she could disguise her surprise. “You…you want to see the Lady Ada after you…after you caught her in flagrante with your fiancé?”

“Yes.” Helana kept the answer short and direct.

It was too much for Errither to resist, though she tried mightily, forcing herself not to ask the question, but there was no way to fight it. “But…why?”

“Does it matter?”

“I…I suppose not.”

“Then go and do my bidding,” Helana ordered.

Errither stood up from their breakfast table, bowed formally, and rushed out the door. Helana finished the sweet roll she had been eating and then stood up to study herself in the mirror. The purple dress did nothing for her skin or hair, but it gave her an air of authority. It moved easily with her body and that was going to be necessary.

It hadn’t been hard to find the switch that was hidden away in one of the cabinets. Helana had no idea if it had been left behind by accident or was kept there for occasions just like these. The other bits of equipment she found with the switch were mostly beyond her, but she was willing to learn.

As she ran her hand down the thin shaft, she briefly flashed back to her slight misbehaviors as a child. A switch had been used on her palms many times and on her backside more than she wanted to admit. When she had been disciplined there had been a thrill of guilt at having been caught doing something bad. The punishment wasn’t all that terrible and when the switch had been used against her bare skin…looking back it made her shiver, but not with fear.

Delight wasn’t the right word either, but it was close enough.

She experimentally cut the air with the switch. The sound was exactly the same as she remembered it. For a moment she considered testing the pliable wood against her skin—a forearm or a thigh, perhaps—but then the door to her rooms opened and Lady Ada appeared with Errither. The two of them together made a sight. Errither looked nervous and guilty; Ada kept her chin high and haughty because she knew she had been caught.

“Please leave us,” Helana said to Errither. The younger lady nodded and quickly disappeared. Curiosity wasn’t her strongest personality trait. She knew she would hear all about what transpired between the two women soon enough. There were no secrets in the palace.

Ada’s eyes had fallen on the switch as soon as she had entered the room. Now she spoke without leave. “Am I to be punished like a schoolgirl?”

“Yes,” Helana replied with a smile. “How perceptive of you to realize that.”

“You don’t think that you’re really going—”

“Lift your skirts and bend over the table,” Helana interrupted her, imitating her old school teacher. It was easy—and pleasing—to do.

Ada hesitated, careful and cautious. “What will this accomplish, Princess?”

“Do as I say. We can do this in private or I can have it done to you on the palace’s public pillory.” It would be exceedingly unusual for a noblewoman to be publicly scourged, but Helana knew it was well within her right to make the request. If it was an open secret that Ada was carrying on an affair with Prince Arpad, the fallout would be scandalous.

Ada knew the smart thing to do. Still, she hesitated to show that she wasn’t under Helana’s control. With as much dignity as she could muster, she marched to the table, lifted her skirts to present her ass to the princess, and only then did she bend over, making herself vulnerable.

It was at that moment that Helana realized she didn’t have the faintest idea of what she was doing. Steeling her resolve, she tightened her grip on the switch and brought it back. For a long interval she hesitated. From her perspective, she hesitated because she was unsure and didn’t know how hard to swing. From Ada’s perspective, Helana paused because she wanted to make the anticipation

all that much worse.

Pushing aside her fear, Helana whipped the switch through the air, fast, but not as hard as she could.

The sound it made against Ada's skin was barely audible and unsatisfying. The sound that Ada made when it hit he was pure bliss to Helana's ears.

It took a few seconds, but then a pretty red welt raised up from the lady's smooth skin. It crossed both cheeks of her ass at a diagonal. She liked how it wasn't a level line and that gave her an idea. Without waiting to see Ada's full reaction she cut the switch through the air again, this time at a different angle. She made sure to swing the switch harder this time.

Once again Ada let out a little scream of pain. The second welt crossed her ass at a sharp angle so that the two of them made a neat red X across her generous bottom.

The sight pleased Helana and she smiled at what creative destruction she had wrought. While she was deciding what to do to Ada next, the lady let out a whimper and said, "Please…no more."

"Why not?" Helana asked, curious.

"It fucking hurts," she panted. "You hit too hard."

"You betrayed me and fucked my fiancé."

Ada dodged that statement. "Please don't hit me again. It hurts. It really hurts."

"I think you like it," Helana declared and cut through the air again with the switch, this time holding it level. She swung as hard as she could and the scream this time caused the guard outside in the hallway to push inside and take in the scene between the two women.

"Is everything okay, ma'am?" the guard asked.

"Perfect," declared Helana. There was a wild look in her eye and the guard, whom Helana had never seen before, quickly evaluated the princess's enthusiasm and the bare bottom of Lady Ada before nodding and turning around

to return to the hall. She was responsible for the protection of the princess, not Lady Ada.

“Did you like that?” Helana asked. “Did you like me applying the switch to your arse? Did you like it when the guard—and she was sort of pretty—saw your marked skin?”

“No,” Ada all but shouted in reply. “No. No I didn’t.”

“I think you did,” said Helana. “At least I liked it.” Hearing herself admit her perversity out loud gave Helana a certain satisfaction. “I liked it very much.” To emphasize her point, she lashed out with the switch again. This time the mark wasn’t pretty. It destroyed the perfect symmetry of the pattern she had started. Helana liked that and knelt down behind Ada to inspect the wounds.

They weren’t much. They’d fade quickly enough. She hadn’t broken the skin, but the marks looked painful. As she knelt inspecting Ada’s bottom, she caught a scent with which she had become intimately familiar with over the past few weeks. Though she had claimed to hate the switch, Ada’s body had betrayed her.

“Are you sure you didn’t like the switch?” Helana asked one last time?

“It fucking hurt,” the noblewoman spat at her.

Helana reached up between Ada’s thighs where her love chain dangled. Ada briefly tried to resist but eventually gave in. Fighting was useless. She might be able to battle the young princess, but it would be easy enough for Helana to call in a few of the guards and have them obey her will. Helana was smart enough to figure that out; Ada was certain she already had.

When her fingers reached Ada’s quim the smooth skin was hot and wet. “You liked it,” Helana said softly as she eased a finger up inside her lady-in-waiting.

Ada shivered, not because she enjoyed the inspection—though she did—and not because it hurt, but because she knew that Helana would not be dissuaded from wanting to explore this perversity further.

And Ada couldn’t blame her. If their roles were reversed, she’d do the exact same thing.

“Have you been beaten with a switch before?” Helana asked.

“Only in school,” Ada answered honestly.

“Did you like it then?”

“No.”

Helana was sure that was a lie, but didn’t press the issue. “When you fuck your lovers, do you like it rough? Do you like to be held down and used like a whore?”

“Yes.”

Helana smiled. “Have any of your lovers taken you over their knee and spanked you like bad little girl?” Her finger circled around Ada’s clit.

Pause. “Yes.”

“Who.”

“Does it matter? All of them.”

“Give me their names.”

“You don’t know who they are.”

“Do I know any of them?”

No answer. Helana smiled. The switch was in her free hand. She used it now against Ada’s left calf. The lady jumped. “Do I know any of them?” Helana repeated.

“Arpad.”

“That’s what I thought.” Helana realized something about the two lovers, but that wasn’t going to stop her plans. She’s still fuck and marry the prince. Ada couldn’t stop that. “When he spanks you does he give you the little death as well?”

Ada didn’t want to answer, but Helana’s fingers were no longer just exploring

her quim, They were stimulating it. Helana knew her way around Ada's quim. It didn't take her much effort to get Ada exactly where she wanted. Ada could fight it, but it was pointless. Either she'd cum or not. She could let Helana do it or she could finish herself off when she had a moment of privacy.

Giving in to her base needs, Ada let her body cum. It was a mildly pleasant orgasm, certainly not the best she'd had in her life, but it seemed to delight Helana and that was good enough for the both of them.

After Ada was done trembling, Helana withdrew her fingers from the woman's quim and wiped them on her ass. She made sure to drag her digits over the fresh welts she had recently given Ada. "You liked that, didn't you?"

"Yes." It didn't matter if it was the truth or a lie. It was what Helana wanted to hear.

"I think I'd like to make love tonight with my fiancé," she said idly as she stood up and ran the switch along Ada's leg. The lady didn't start to tremble until the switch reached her vulnerable ass. "Can you see fit to make that happen? You may stand up and drop your skirts, Lady Ada."

She did so with a little groan. The fabric of her dress rasped against her fresh welts but Ada did her best to hide her pain. "Of course, Princess. I'll find a time when you can share some time with Prince Arpad." She started to move to take her leave.

"Wait!" Helana stopped her. "We're going to share Arpad tonight. I'll want to see him fuck you. I'll be right there with you. Would you mind that?" Helana tilted her head as if asking the older woman for permission to borrow a book from her family's library.

"Of course not, ma'am. I wouldn't mind that at all. I'm sure Prince Arpad will enjoy it as well."

"We'll have to make sure that he does, won't we?"

Ada nodded and started to leave again.

"Wait. One more thing."

“Ma’am?”

Helana quickly circled around to place herself in front of Ada. “Lower the top of your dress. I want to see your tits.”

Ada’s mouth went dry, but she did as the princess asked, pushing down on her corset with half cups that left her nipples mostly exposed.

Helana moved to her side and idly tapped the switch against her leg. “They’re very pretty.” She snapped the switch smartly across both of Ada’s tits, leaving a mark. It was off center and ugly and poorly done, but it pleased Helana. Ada winced but tried not to let the pain show. At least the princess had missed both nipples. “Now they’re prettier. Off you go.”

Chapter Four

“Why the secret passages?” asked Helana as she followed Ada through the hidden door.

“They’re called snickleways.”

“Fine. Why are we using the snickleways?” They were both in sleeping attire, which would help support any lie they told if they were caught. This was a small disappointment to Helana because she was no longer afforded a view of Ada’s rather enticing bottom where she had recently planted one of the many plugs that Ada had access to.

As she followed her lady-in-waiting she could feel the plug that was in her bottom, placed there with Ada’s help, Helana liked wearing the stone plug. It was cold and hard going in, but it had gradually warmed to her body and she was in high anticipation of what it would be like to be fucked by Prince Arpad again with the plug in place.

“Because we don’t want to get caught.” To Ada this seemed obvious, but maybe Helana wasn’t as skilled in the art of palace politics as either of them thought.

“But everyone already knows you’re fucking the prince. And it’s literally my job to get fucked by him until I conceive. What’s the problem?”

The light in the snickleway was dim but Ada still paused to look over her shoulder at the princess. “Perception is everything. If anyone were to know that you and I were with the prince at the same time…everything would change. It’s fine for me to carry on an affair with him. You are only supposed to have sex with the prince when it is witnessed by the proper assembly. Never the two shall intersect.”

That was a good enough explanation for Helana. She was treading unknown territory here and she needed every ally she could gather. Ada should have been her enemy, but Helana felt no particular affection for the prince. At the same time, she also knew that Ada and the prince had great affection for each other. Maybe she could have won his heart away from Arpad, but Helana wasn’t that type of woman. She would forge her own path, find her own lover.

It was late into the night, well past midnight which meant that most of the surreptitious activities of the palace were just getting underway. Helana briefly

wondered if she'd be able to get out of bed in the morning when it was time for her to pose for Sir Pierce where he could finish recording her in oils on his canvas. She rather liked the progress she saw so far; the portrait made her look wanton and lusty, but that was entirely typical of women who married into the royal family.

Helana was certain she could hear other people moving through the snickleways, but either they avoided Ada and Helana or were traveling other paths. Helana couldn't worry about other people right now.

Once they were through the hidden door in the closet of Arpad's bedroom, Helana stopped short when she realized that Arpad was asleep in his bed. "How rude," she said. "He was expecting us and he's sleeping?!" Instead of her lust rising, Helana found her anger rising.

"No matter," said Ada as she went to the bed and climbed atop it. Arpad must not have been very deeply asleep because the moment she kissed him, Arpad was awake and pawing at her body.

Their kissing and intimate moment made Helana feel guilty for what she was about to do, but there was no way around it. If she left now, she'd look weak and she couldn't risk that.

"Stop, my love," Ada whispered in the semi-darkness. "Look at the guest I've brought for you."

"I only need you," Arpad said somewhat sleepily before he turned his head to look at Helana. He might profess his love for Ada, but he was still a young, virile man who was more than eager to fuck any new and attractive woman. His movement froze the moment he saw Helana looking back at him.

"Surprised?" she asked.

Arpad wasn't afraid. There was little in the world that could negatively affect him, but he was surprised. "A little. So…you know."

"Of course I know," said Helana angrily as Ada moved to the side, eager to get out of the way in case there was a problem. "I'm not a fool."

He looked nervously back and forth between both women. "What does she

know?” he softly asked Ada.

“Everything,” Helana answered for her. “I know everything. Take off your dress, Ada, and then help me with mine. No, wait. First I want him to see your body.”

Ada said nothing but obeyed. She moved carefully off the bed and slipped out of her nightclothes. The thin material fell to the floor leaving her naked but for the jewelry dangling between her thighs and on her nipples. Even the stockings that seemed de rigueur for all the ladies in the palace to wear under all circumstances were missing from her body.

Arpad gasped when she dropped her clothing, not because he was suddenly taken by her beauty or because he hadn’t seen her before. He saw the welt across her breasts. It had faded and was barely visible in the dim light, but he was intimately familiar with his lover’s body and this was something new. “What… what happened to you?”

“I happened to her,” said Helana proudly and boldly. “A lady-in-waiting is supposed to be loyal and honorable. She was keeping a secret from me that she shouldn’t have. I disciplined her. Turn around, Ada. Show him everything.”

Moving to the side, Helana turned up the gaslight on the wall so that Arpad could see better.

“You did this?” he asked Helana after he inspected the faded welts that Ada still had.

Helana pulled out the switch she had secreted in the folds of her robe and swished it through the air. “Yes. Yes I did. And she loved it. Your lover needs a firmer hand, my fiancé.”

“She loved it,” he said doubtfully.

“No,” said Ada softly as Helana moved forward, gesturing with her little weapon. The princess had no doubt that Arpad could stop her at any point, but she hoped his curiosity would stay his hand.

“I gave her these wonderful marks,” said Helana as she ran her hand down from the middle of Ada’s back and onto her ass. She dragged her fingernails over the welts causing Ada to hiss in pain. “And after I gave her the marks and she

savored the pain I put my fingers into her quim and made her cry out in pleasure."

The room was silent.

"Would you like me to reenact it for you?" asked Helana a little too eagerly. She raised the switch to let him know exactly what she meant.

Perhaps she was a little too eager in her offer. "No, I don't think that's necessary. But I think I would like to see the two of you together." He moved from the bed and Helana saw that he wasn't wearing any sleeping apparel. He was naked, which meant she was the only one in the room with any clothing on, and his cock was starting to stir, whether it was because of the scene in front of him or the situation or just his normal lust was impossible to say.

He kissed Ada, just to see what Helana's reaction would be. "Come to my bed. I want the both of you, but I want my princess to get my lover ready for me first."

Helana gave in to his wished. The two women got on the bed and she dropped the switch to the floor. Arpad pushed Ada onto her back and made her spread her legs. Helana knew exactly what he wanted to see and she gave it to him.

It wasn't as if she hadn't orally pleasured Ada before.

She had done it before and she knew she'd do it again.

What she didn't tell either of them was how much she liked doing it.

Once she had moved the love chain out of the way, it was easy to circle her tongue around Ada's clit and slip a pair of fingers up into her quim. Despite the trying situation, Ada groaned. Her pleasure was enhanced by the little snort of Venus powder they had both taken before leaving Helana's apartments. Even as she played with the other woman's quim, Helana could feel her own desire rising. In almost no time at all she had Ada squirming around on the bed trying to reach a very much wanted climax.

It was to be denied from her. Arpad pushed Helana back and gave her a quick kiss to get the scent and flavor of Ada's quim.

"You've done me a noble service, my dear Helana," he said. His prick was fully

erect and he quickly replaced her in between Ada's legs, only he didn't place his face in her sex, but pushed his prick up inside his lover.

Helana knew she should have been jealous, but she wasn't. Moving away she clumsily pulled off her nightclothes, leaving her in just the stockings because she wanted to have more dignity than her lady-in-waiting.

The two lovers moved together smoothly, much like Helana had seen them do before. It was oddly beautiful and instead of making her jealous, it mad her push her hand down between her legs and feel how wet she was.

It was still strange to feel the ring through her nether lip and the love chain that hung from it, but Helana pushed that aside as she watched Arpad lovingly fuck her lady-in-waiting.

In almost no time at all Ada was brought to the height of passion and she climaxed on his prick. Ada clung to her lover while she gasped and cried. "Keep going," she urged him.

Arpad pulled back and drew his prick free of her. "No. It's Helana's turn now. If I keep fucking you with that plug in your arse, I'm going to cum before I want."

Ada just nodded her acknowledgment. She was jealous. She didn't want to see her prince fuck Helana, but she didn't have any way of stopping him.

Helana didn't think she was ready for Arpad, but he insisted and she was the one who instigated their encounter. As it was, her quim was more than ready and he was already slick with Ada's juices. He split open her lips and went all the way in on the first thrust. She gasped as her body struggled to accommodate his girth, but once he was settled in, she was happy he was there.

"Good, my princess?" he had the good manners to ask.

"Very good," she said.

"You have a plug like Ada?"

"Yes. She said you liked it when she wore one."

"True, but you don't have to impress me. It's my duty to fuck you."

There was no softness or warning. He simply started slamming his prick in and out of her. Helana gasped and groaned. It was wonderful. She could feel him angling his manhood so that he was rubbing his length along the swell of the plug through the thin membrane that separated her quim from her ass.

Much to her liking and surprise, he quickly pushed her along to climax and she wrapped her arms and legs around him as she cried out and trembled.

As good a lover as he was, Prince Arpad was only human. He held out a few seconds longer than she did before he deposited his load deep in her. It was a pleasant, sticky gooey feeling and Helana welcomed it.

After a second he flopped off her. “Make love to her with your mouth,” he ordered Ada. “Maybe that will stir me enough to fuck you a second time.”

Helana was exhausted, but she kept her legs open, inviting Ada to come lick and suck her well-used and smooth quim. She was already starting to leak. That didn’t stop Ada. She moved between Helana’s legs and lowered her face to the princess’s sex. She lapped eagerly at her quim; Helana figured she was still lust-addled and was accustomed to the taste of both her quim and Arpad’s semen.

While Helana was relaxing, waiting for her lust to build up again, Arpad pressed the switch into her hand. “Use it if she displeases you,” he told her.

Ada looked up at Helana. The lady’s tongue was buried in her quim. If there was any fear on Ada’s part, it didn’t show.

Helana lightly rested the tip of the switch on Ada’s shoulder and waited.

Since she wasn’t eager to feel the fury of the switch again, Ada redoubled her efforts to make the princess climax; she entirely removed her focus of cleaning Arpad’s cum from the young woman’s quim. It was a pleasant task, though she’d never admit that to anyone, especially Helana or Arpad.

Having the opportunity to humiliate his lover and see his fiancée pleasured by a woman was more than enough to rouse the prince’s libido. He didn’t get as hard and erect as he had initially, but his manhood was strong enough to penetrate Ada as she couched between Helana’s legs with her ass upturned.

There was nothing that Ada would deny to the prince; being used by him while

she was forced to clean with quim of another woman was an expected act on her part and she was more than willing to go along with it.

“You have my favorite plug in,” he said as his fingertips curled around the flared base. She had this plug made especially for him. The base was etched with the prince’s personal emblem. Any royal emblem could only be used, under penalty of death, under strict rules set up by the ruling family. Having the prince’s emblem etched into a sex toy was not within those rules. It violated most of them.

Neither Arpad or Ada cared and Helana didn’t know about the restrictions when she was inserting it into Ada’s bottom.

Ada lifted her face from Helana’s quim. “I know. I wore it just for you.”

Her proclamation made him laugh. “How many of your other lovers do you wear it for?” he asked ask he slapped her ass and started thrusting into her.

She didn’t answer. She went back to her job. Helana’s blissful smile hadn’t changed the entire time during the exchange between the two.

As Ada moved her closer and closer toward another climax, Helana’s fingers curled rightly around the switch. She wanted to use it to instruct the lady-in-waiting, but that was impossible. She could barely think clearly, let alone talk or use a tool.

Arpad pulled the plug halfway out of Ada’s ass. She made a noise in her throat and he let it settle back inside. Knowing that he was trying to distract her from her task made her separate her mind from her body to do what he had requested of her. She knew that he wanted her to cum, but they were playing a game that denied pleasure to them both.

It was Helana who came first. She knew nothing of the game the others were playing; she had her own interests that were primary. Arpad laughed and slapped Ada on the ass again. “Good girl. You did it.”

Ada allowed herself to turn her head to acknowledge the prince with a small but triumphant smile. “She’s easy to make cum.” It wasn’t entirely the truth, but truth was an easy variable to bend. They both looked at Helana as she slowly stopped quivering as her orgasm abated.

“That was lovely,” Helana said, trying to remember her role as a princess and not just as a social climber inside the palace. “Why don’t you finish her off, my love?” she asked Arpad.

To call Arpad her love was pushing the limits of that affectation. It showed Ada how much she didn’t factor into Helana’s calculations. Still, no one felt brave enough to call her out on her behavior.

Arpad started thrusting harder and faster. Ada moaned in response to his urges. Helana, though she had given them both permission to rut like animals, carefully placed the switch alongside Ada’s cheek, just to force her to remember her place in the grand scheme of things.

Watching the two of the fuck was both pleasant and upsetting. Arpad tangled his fingers in Ada’s long hair and pulled back her head. He placed his other hand on the small of her back, making her arch in what looked to be an uncomfortable position but the lady didn’t complain about what he was doing to her.

Helana was no expert, but Ada’s climax seemed genuine and Arpad grunted deeply indicating he was finished as well.

Helana had considering what she would do when this moment arrived. She could have pulled Ada’s face back down to her quim. She could have insisted that Ada leave so that Helana could have Arpad to herself—even if she had no intention of fucking him again. She could have done a lot of things, but she simply got off the bed and found her nightgown, pulling it on as she watched the two lovers caressing each other.

“Ada, please get off the bed.”

“Yes ma’am,” replied, hurrying to comply. “Are we going back to your rooms now?” she found her clothes piled on the floor and started to get into them.

“Would you like to spend the night with him?” Helana asked as if Prince Arpad was not right there next to them.

The hesitation confirmed for Helana the exact situation, but she was already convinced. “I can see that you would.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Don’t bother getting dressed. You can spend the night with him.”

Ada was puzzled…and immediately suspicious. “Thank…thank you, ma’am.”

“But first bend over the bed. Don’t bother putting on your nightdress. I just need access to your arse.”

If she hadn’t expected it, she should have, Ada realized. She could have protested or appealed to Arpad to intervene on her behalf, but he was grinning, waiting to see what would happen and begging for anything from Helana would only diminish her in both their eyes and she’d lose whatever grudging respect that Helana had for her.

She assumed the position on the bed, her feet on the floor, pushing her ass up a little, her torso—face down—on the mattress. She kept her hands to her sides and turned her head away from Helana, unable to face down the younger princess and unwilling to watch as the switch cut through the air.

“Hands up and away from your sides. My prince, would you be so kind as to hold her hands. I don’t want her to think that she can block the switch.”

Arpad was more than willing to do that for her. He wanted it to happen and he firmly grabbed her wrists, holding them in place.

“It won’t hurt…much, I’m sure,” he told her with a smile.

Ada knew that was a lie.

“Why?” she asked.

“Because I can. Because you need to remember your place is subservient to me.” Helana lashed out with the switch without any warning. The swish through the air gave Ada only the briefest of warnings before it landed and she let out a mewling cry.

“And because I like it,” Helana added. “I’ll probably stop if you cry out and start weeping. That would please me to no end.”

The welt that rose up on her curved bottom looked painful but that only encouraged Helana. She landed a second blow, harder this time, which caused a

real scream from Ada.

Helana paused. “Will her screams bring in the guards or anyone?” she asked Arpad.

He shook his head. “No. Not unless I call out for them.”

“Good.” The switch landed three more times in quick succession. The stripes she left behind looked painful even to Arpad’s eyes. There were no more screams from Ada, but she was left crying, truly crying with tears leaking out of her eyes and wetting the sheets.

“Perfect,” said Helana. “I’ll see you in the morning, Ada. I believe Sir Pierce has more work to do.”

It was much later in the morning than Sir Pierce liked to start the day, but Helana allowed Ada to have that small indulgence. She was in no hurry to get to the studio and as it was Ada looked more than exhausted after her night with Arpad. Helana only assumed that Ada spent the night with her lover; she didn’t bother asking. While it was her business, Helana didn’t need to know any more details than she already knew.

Ada came in with the serving maid bearing breakfast and dressed her quickly and efficiently. When Helana offered to share her food with the lady-in-waiting, Ada shook her head.

“No thank you ma’am.”

“Aren’t you hungry? Have you already eaten?”

Once more Ada shook her head. “I…I find it difficult to sit down this morning.” Her mouth was a tight, thin, and humorless smile.

“I see.” She could have offered Ada something to eat while she stood, but didn’t. Helana wasn’t going to wait on Ada.

When she was done eating, Helana had the maid clear all the remaining food. Once the maid was gone she retrieved the switch from where she had left it on

the bedside. Ada said nothing, but eyed the weapon that Helana had so quickly and easily taken to. It was easy to hide in the folds of her skirt.

“Shall we?” asked Helana.

“If you’re ready, ma’am.”

“Wait. No. I’m not.” She sat back down on the stiff chair in front of her small, private dining hall. Pulling up her skirts she indicated her smooth quim. “I’m still a little lusty from last night.” She pointed to her sex. “I have need of your talented tongue.”

They both knew it was a lie. She just wanted to bend Ada to her will.

Ada bent forward and knelt in front of her princess. “Of course.”

“And lift up your skirts. I want to discipline you if you fail to serve me well.”

Ada hiked up her skirts, exposing her bottom. Helana spread her legs wide and let the lady get to work.

As always, Ada’s tongue work was exquisite. Idly she gently caressed Ada’s still sore bottom with the switch but didn’t actually use it to abuse the older woman. It only took a few minutes, but eventually Helana was brought to a wonderful and invigorating orgasm.

When the two women arrived to Sir Pierce’s studio, he was alone and frustrated. “Where the hell have you been?” he demanded as he jumped to his feet. “I’m losing light!”

Helana was sure that he wouldn’t have been so rude if he had been spending the time with one of his young male lovers. She knew she needed to put him in his place.

“A princess is never late, Sir Pierce,” she reminded him. “You wait on my pleasure, don’t forget.” There was an ice to her voice and he suddenly seemed to remember his role in the grand scheme of things.

“My apologies, my princess. I am but an impetuous and temperamental artist. If you would be so kind as to assume your position on the couch, we can begin.”

“Of course,” she told him. Ada stepped forward to help Helana out of her dress, but was stopped by the princess. “No. Remove yours first.”

It wasn’t that unusual a command, so Ada automatically followed. She didn’t mind being free of the trappings of her clothing. When the dress was tossed aside and she was naked but her for stockings and half corset that pushed up her impressive tits, she started to assist Helana again.

The princess deftly moved out of the way and lashed out twice with the switch. The strikes were so fast and furious that they took Ada completely unware. She was left with two bright red stripes across her tits, one neatly bisecting her left nipple. It must have been quite painful for the lady grabbed hold of her flesh and made a soundless cry.

“That’s for making us late and for Sir Pierce’s rudeness,” Helana said as she started to unlace the dress herself. “See that it doesn’t happen again.”

“Y-y-yes…yes my princess.”

To Be Continued

Preview

Revealing: Jacki's Milk 3

By the time they were done with drinks and dinner at a restaurant that was nicer than any Jacki had been inside since before her marriage, her breasts were practically screaming with pain. She was overfull and needed some nursing relief. This was the worst part about lactating—and the part she had forgotten about—when she had been making milk all day and needed some physical relief by being nursed from. The secondary solution was express herself with the breast pump, which was never as satisfying as she wanted it to be.

But she was among adults now; adults that were all in on her and Kara's semi-secret kink about lactating for their lovers. All the way back to the hotel Jacki wanted to shriek at Alex to drive faster. He needed to drain her tits.

She led the way from the parking garage all the way up to hotel room. Jacki walked in the room ahead of everyone else and pulled her dress up over her head, turning around to face the trio walking in before the door was shut, leaving her in only her panties and nursing bra.

Will laughed at her. "You seem eager."

"I am," she announced as she fumbled at bit with the flaps of the nursing bra she wore, then found how to release them, exposing both her breasts at the same time. It might have been a little ridiculous, but she didn't care; she was bound and determined to get nursed and then to get fucked. "Come here and suck on me."

"He's only got one mouth," said Kara as Will went in front of Jacki and knelt down to take her breast between his lip.

Before she could say anything further, Jacki beckoned her friend over. "I didn't say you couldn't nurse too," she said as her eyes half-closed from Will's sucking. It only took a few seconds and she felt her milk letting down and flowing into his mouth. It was an autonomic response, so she couldn't help herself. After only a few second her free breast started dripping milk as well. "Hurry," she urged Kara as she saw the milk being wasted. "I need you."

Jacki felt like a queen with the two of them kneeling in front of her nursing from her tits.

“Do you like that?” The voice was that of her boyfriend. Jacki forced her eyes open to look at him when the only thing she wanted to do was to concentrate on two sets of lips sucking on her nipples.

“Uh-huh.” It was all she could say.

“You’re going to give yourself a reputation.”

She smiled. “A good reputation.”

“It almost looks like you’re cheating on your boyfriend,” he said with a smile.

She didn’t care if he was teasing or not. What Kara and Will were doing to her felt too good to stop. She was never going to stop doing this. He was welcome to join in, but she wasn’t going to stop. “Don’t care,” she mumbled.

He moved around the silent couple nursing from her and kissed Jacki on the cheek. “Can I fuck your friend?” he whispered in her ear.

“Uh-huh. Lemme watch?”

“Of course.”

“Wanna suck her milk?”

“Is she a milk slut like you? Does she like that?” He already knew the answer, just like she did, but asking the question was necessary.

“She…she sure is.” Focusing was more difficult now. Her lust was rising and she could feel a climax coming. She wasn’t sure she was going to be able to stand for it.

Alex walked behind her and ran his hands down from her shoulders to her hips, resting right on her panties. She didn’t care whether or not he stripped them off. It didn’t matter. Her tits were exposed and being used. That’s all that mattered. Her pussy and clit were secondary to her tits now. She knew what was going to happen and didn’t want to be distracted.

It was all too much. Her knees started to buckle as her lust got to the point where it was impossible to remain standing. As she started to stumble back, Alex was there to hold her up. Even so, her breasts almost came free of Kara and Will's mouths. They were stretch out, not painfully so, but it made an interesting sensation. They moved forward, sandwiching her between their bodies and Alex's incredibly muscular one, pinning her there, making her feel like the most loved person in the world.

"I'm gonna…it's gonna…happen…" she panted.

And then it did. She came. Her entire body trembled and shook. She would have fallen to the floor if not for Alex behind her and his arm around her waist, along with Will and Kara keeping her up. She couldn't remember the last time she had cum while standing.

"I want more," were the first words out of her mouth when her climax had passed.

Kara stood up and kissed her. Jacki tasted her own sweet milk on Kara's lips and tongue. "Don't you think it's my turn?"

"You already had your tits sucked," Jacki pointed out.

"So did you," Kara returned.

They kissed again. The men said nothing because they had nothing to complain about.

"I want to fuck your boyfriend," said Kara.

"Again?" Jacki laughed.

"I can fuck my husband anytime," Kara said dismissively. "You can have him."

"Hey," Will protested with a laugh.

Kara ignored him. "I don't want to just fuck you," she said to Alex, taking his hand and dragging him to the bed. He didn't resist; he didn't want to resist. "I want to ride you and make you suck my tits at the same time."

Again, Alex had no objections to that activity. As he stripped of his clothes, revealing his already hard cock, Jacki turned her attention to Will who had also gotten off his knees. His pants were making an impressive tent in front of his crotch. While she was temporarily sated by having her tits sucked, she wasn't done yet for the evening. Not by any measure.

"How do you want to do this?" Will asked as he began to undress.

"You need to suck my tits and finger me while I watch them," said Jacki as she pulled down her panties and got on the bed not occupied by Kara and Alex. She lay on her side and lifted up her knee, allowing access to her pussy, propped her head on one of the pillows, and patted the bed in front of her Will would be busy nursing on her tits so he wouldn't see anything. That didn't bother her. This wasn't for him; it was for her.

Will stripped down all the way. His cock wasn't fully erect, but it was getting there. He was larger than Alex and while he wasn't massive, the cock he sported was definitely in a class above. "I don't get to fuck you like him?" Will asked, indicating the pair on the other bed, already happily fornicating.

"I'll jerk you off while you nurse," she promised, already distracted by the show she was being given.

With a shrug, Will joined her. The moment he latched onto her nipple, she reached down and found his hardening cock. It fit nicely into her hand and she absently began skimming her hand up and down the warm surface, enjoying every bit of his length as he started to suck more of her milk out of her.

On the other bed, Alex had flopped onto his back pointing his cock to the ceiling. It was barely in sight for a moment before Kara crawled atop him, tucking the rigid piece of his body between her thighs and lowering her pussy down on it. There was some initial fumbling as they got everything into place, but they both wanted this, partly to assuage their own pent-up lust, but partly to follow Jacki's instructions. They both wanted to make their lover happy.

"Sorry I'm so fat," Kara apologized as she settled all the way down on his cock. It filled her nicely. While he wasn't as big as Will, she didn't need a huge piece of manhood inside her body to make her happy.

"You aren't fat. You've got a nice body."

“Says the body-builder with an athletic girlfriend.” She cast a jealous look over at the other couple. Will was just starting to nurse.

“There’s nothing wrong with a little variety.” He reached up and cupped her breasts, rubbing his thumbs over her large nipples. “They feel heavy.”

“They are heavy.”

“Full of milk?”

“That’s part of it,” she said. “But they’re just big…and fat.” She started moving her hips a little faster. It felt good the way his cock curved inside of her at a different angle than Will’s. “They’re a bitch to carry around.”

“They’re beautiful,” he said while giving them a squeeze.

She was about to tell him no, she was too sensitive, but what he was doing made her voice catch in her throat and she heard herself moaning…and then there was the unmistakable sensation of her milk coming out.

There were several ways milk left her tits. The best way was being nursed, usually by Will, but also Jacki and now Alex. The second best was the pump. It gave her some physical relief without inflaming her lust. Sometimes when she was overfull or was fantasizing about her husband, they would just leak a little on their own. That was fine; she usually wore breast pads to hide any leaks if she was at work. The worst way for the milk to come out was to be forced by massage and hand-expression. That's what Alex was clumsily doing now.

Normally it was just annoying and sometimes painful. It didn’t feel particularly good but it sometimes happened if she and Will were messing around. This time, she gasped when Alex did it. There was the weird pressure relief that always came with the release of milk, but this time, as Alex sprayed down his body with several stream of milk from both breasts, there was a bit of pleasure as well. That was strange.

“You like that?” Alex asked her.

She snapped her eyes opened at looked at him. “What?”

“Did you like that? The expression on your face…it looked like you were

cumming.”

Kara let out a little laugh. “Uh…I wasn’t cumming.”

“Do you want me to do it again?”

She couldn’t decide. “Sort of.”

“Okay.” He squeezed again and more milk sprayed onto his body. She felt a little tremor in her pussy.

“Nooo,” she moaned. “Nurse. Put it in your mouth.” It wasn’t painful, but it wasn’t a sensation she was used to.

Alex did as she asked, sucking on one nipple while squeezing the other breast. Her milk flowed easily into his mouth while more of her uncontrolled streams got his shoulder wet along with the sheets. At the same time, she couldn’t stop her body from riding up and down on his cock. This was as close to perfection of body and emotion as she would ever get.

It was somewhere between being a helpless provider and a sex object. The line between them blurred. She provided him the milk while he fucked her, but she was fucking him at the same time. Part of the reason that he desired her was because she could provide milk. It was sexy intertwined with kinky tinged with just enough perversity to make it a delicious meal of lust.

She came when he squeezed her breast so hard it made her gasp and at the same time sucked so hard on her nipple that she wanted to pass out from the pressure and agony.

“Your pussy gets so incredibly hot when you cum,” he complimented her.

“Thank you,” she breathed

“Want me to make you cum again?”

“Yes.” It was an automatic answer. She couldn’t say no…and what woman wouldn’t want to cum again and again?

Showing his prodigious strength, Alex let go of her breast, grabbed her by the

hips, lifted her up just a few inches, and proceeded to jackhammer his cock up into her. She couldn't move and was forced to brace her hands against his shoulders, holding herself upright while he slammed back and forth against the bed and her pussy.

It was divine.

She came and barely realized it before he abruptly finished inside of her. The gush of his hot cum was all she needed to go over the edge again. Her body shook with the orgasm. She lost control of her arms and collapsed against him, smashing her breasts into his chest. Alex didn't mind even as she continued to quiver for another minute from the powerful orgasms that had temporarily taken over control of her body.

"Did you like that, Kara?" Jacki called from across the room.

"Uh-huh," she moaned into Alex's chest.

"He's a good fuck, isn't he?"

"Uh-huh." She managed to turn her head enough to see what her friend was doing. Will was sucking on her tits while gently fingering her pussy. Judging from how her arm was moving, she was stroking his hard cock. "I wanna watch Will fuck you."

"Again?"

"Are your breasts empty?"

Jacki shivered. "Mostly."

"Then yes. Again. And then I want the last of your milk."

Will took that as he cue to act. He pushed Jacki onto her back and got between her legs. After his lengthy manipulation of her pussy he knew she was hot and ready and almost too wet. She smoothly guided his cock into her pussy.

"You already made me cum with your mouth," she told him.

"Think I can make you cum with my cock?"

“I hope so.”

She shifted her position, drawing her legs up, nearly folding herself in half. She then hooked her ankles over his shoulders, letting him penetrate her as deeply as possible. If there was one thing she was proud of after all these years was her flexibility. She felt like a cheap slut being fucked by a man she just met and loved the feeling.

Will fucked her with enthusiasm, pounding into her with all his weight, stretching out her pussy with his large cock. It was nothing more than raw sex; Jacki wasn’t sure how good a show she put on for Kara, but she enjoyed getting plowed by Will. It wasn’t that difficult to make her cum which she did once, sending thrills of shivers through her body, and that was shortly followed by Will cumming, filling her pussy with his hot cum. It wasn’t enough to push her over the edge again, but it was still a good orgasm.

The whole evening was debauched and depraved. Jacki hadn’t thought that was possible for her, but she was wrong about that. She was glad to be wrong about that.

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