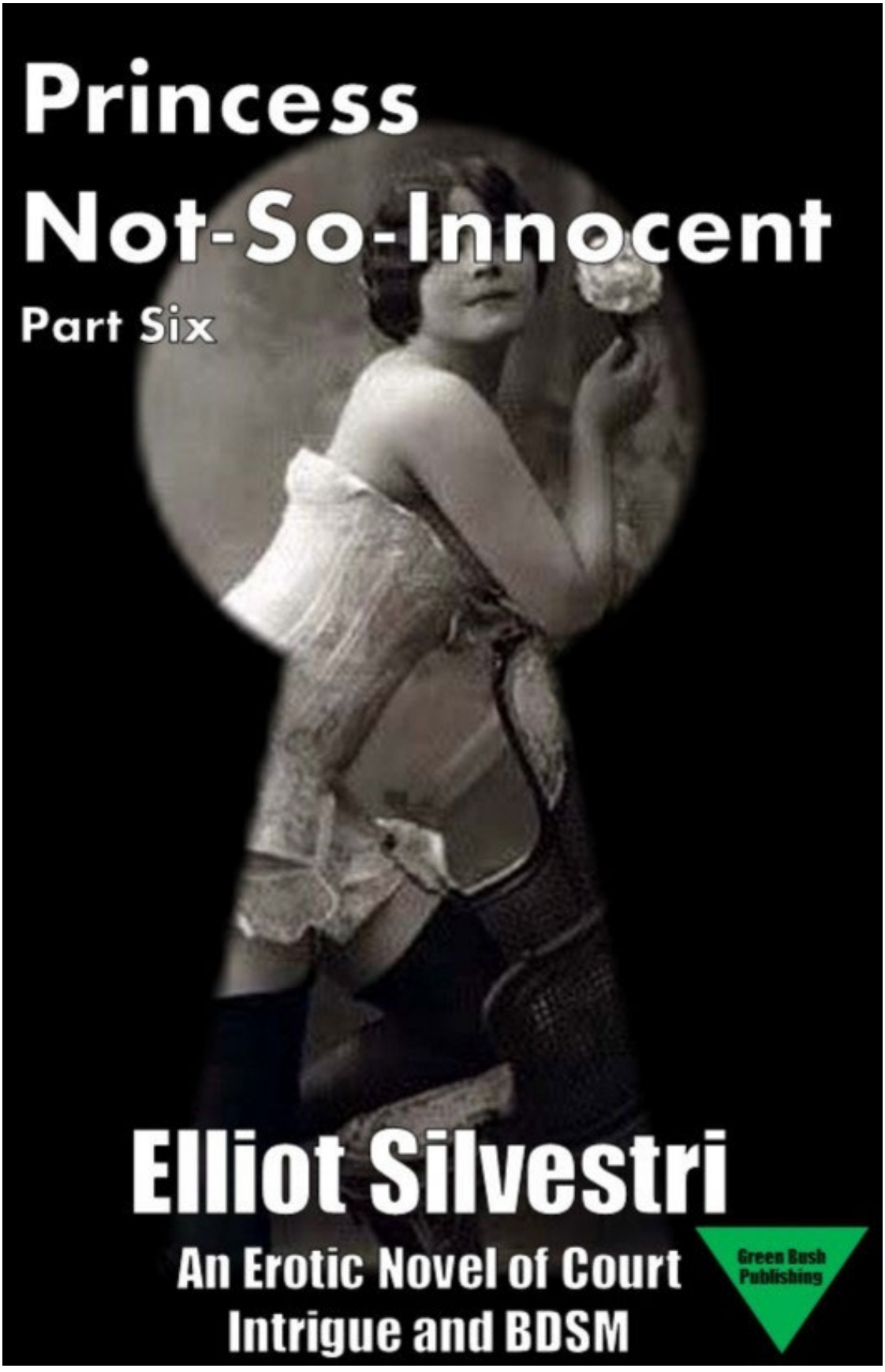
Princess Not-So-Innocent

Part Six



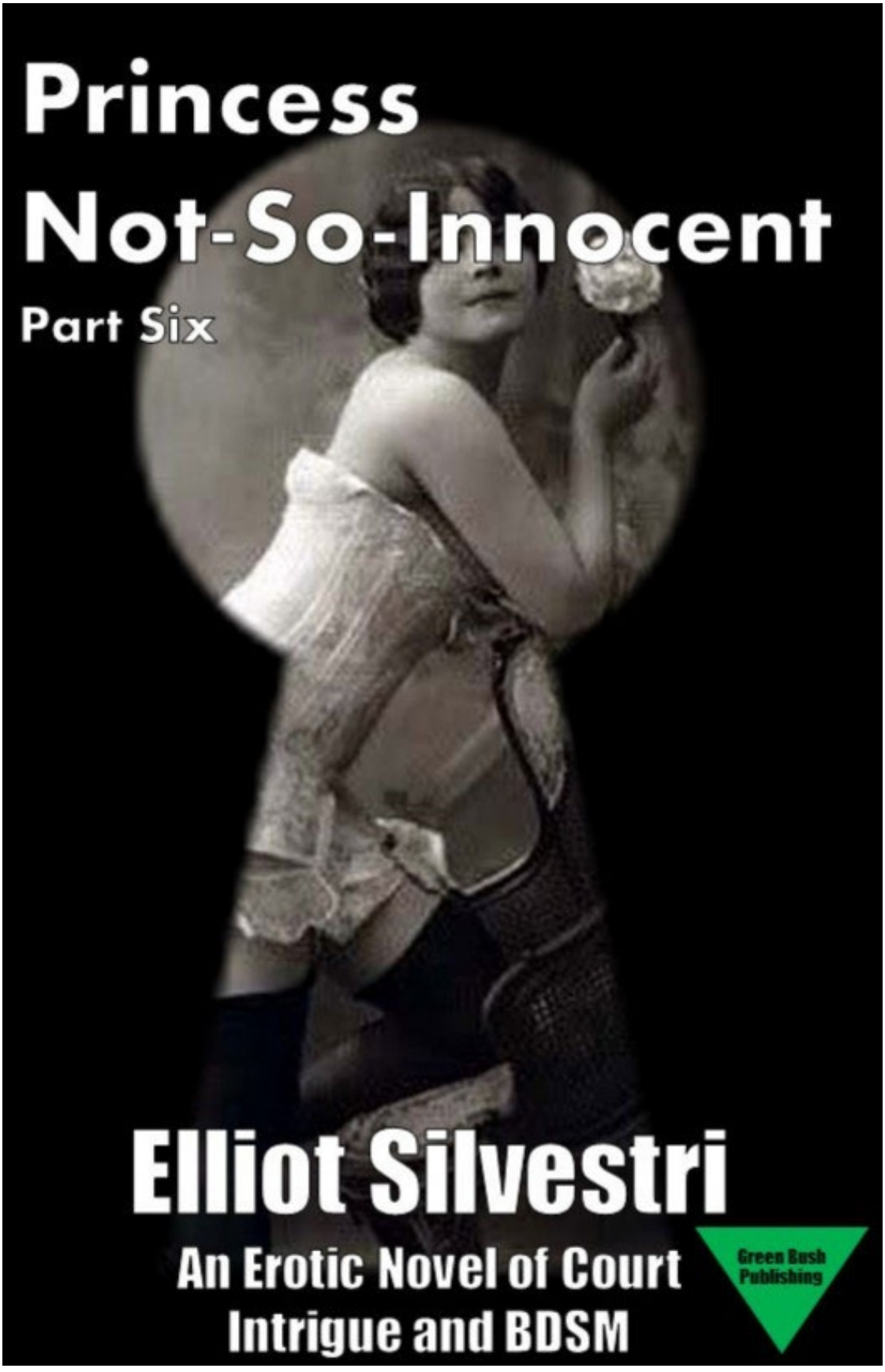
Elliot Silvestri

An Erotic Novel of Court Intrigue and BDSM

Green Bush Publishing

Princess Not-So-Innocent

Part Six



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Smashwords Edition

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Princess Not-So-Innocent: Part Six

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Rowan

Sex Spawn

Stepmom's Boyfriend

Taken by the Dragon

Tania's Transformation

Tart

The Unicorn Curse

Veroneeka's Time

Wife Swap Wife

Table of Contents

Part Six

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Preview

About the Author

Part Six

Chapter One

Helana settled into a happy routine for the next few weeks. During the day she poses for Sir Pierce. She knew that she could have had a model stand in for her but that felt false to her sense of pride. Besides, she had little else to do.

Every day she had a different lady-in-waiting accompany her to the studio where she posed. Pierce did his best to keep her amused. He had different poets and singers there to help pass the time. That was all well and fine, but Helana liked it when he had two or more entertainers there. Often the entertainment was a display of sexual wantonness. That really helped pass the time.

Still, sometimes she grew bored and needed to use her switch to discipline the poor efforts of the entertainers. Oddly, after a good seeing to and a reddened bottom their performances improved dramatically. Since she had a rotating cast of five different ladies-in-waiting, there was always fresh flesh for Helana to abuse and mark. The women didn't complain—much—about the stripes they were often forced to wear. The stripes that Helana put on them.

They didn't have much standing to complain about. They were ladies-in-waiting and were supposed to cater to Helana's every whim.

She knew it couldn't last, but Helana was determined to make the most of it while it lasted.

Today's lady-in-waiting was Duchess Kayla. After arriving at the studio, Kayla noticed that the poet Cosimo was back and she rolled her eyes.

Kayla wasn't a fan of poetry. Or maybe she wasn't a fan of Cosimo's poetry. Helana wasn't interested in trying to figure out which—or both—were the case.

"Do you not like Cosimo's poetry?" Helana pointedly asked when she saw the way that Kayla rolled her eyes.

"It's fine," said Kayla knowing she had already made a critical mistake and there was no escaping from the inevitable punishment that Helana was eager to dish out.

"It's very rude to roll one's eyes. At least, that's what I was taught in my backwater kingdom. Would you say that Jadwig is a backwater, Sir Pierce?"

“Not at all,” the painter and minor nobleman replied.

“Did your mother teach you that rolling your eyes is incredibly rude?” She directed the question to Pierce while she slipped her trusty switch out from the secret pocket of her dress. Helana had the royal seamstresses sew such pockets into all her clothing to make carrying the switch easier.

“Yes,” said Pierce, a smile tugging at his lips. He couldn’t help himself. He loved to see Helana in action, wielding her switch. It was perverted and wrong, which made the enjoyment all that more piquant.

“Lift your skirts, Duchess Kayla. I can’t have my ladies-in-waiting behaving in a manor I wouldn’t tolerate of a servant.”

Unable to help herself, Kayla started to roll her eyes again, but caught herself. Helana didn’t miss the woman’s expression. The recovery was too late, but Helana let it slide; she couldn’t push her authority too far.

Turning away from Princess Helana, Kayla lifted her skirts, exposing her bare bottom, and bent over the couch where Helana would shortly be posing.

The princess ran her hand over Kayla’s bare bottom. It had been nearly a week since she had last used the switch on the duchess. The welts were gone, but there was just the faintest hint of scars left behind. Helana was still learning the capabilities of the switch. Sometimes she was too hard on the tender skin of her ladies and the servants that Peirce brought her. She didn’t let it bother her, but neither did she want to earn a reputation of being merely abusive. There was pleasure to be found in the pain that Helana dealt out. Some of the ladies had learned that—like Ada—but others still needed more training.

Sliding her hand lower, Helana allowed her fingers to find the tight pucker of Kayla’s anus, but she didn’t stop there. She went lower, eventually finding the chain that ween Kayla’s legs. Her love chain was much like every other noblewoman’s. It hung from a simple ring piercing of her left labia. There were charms and gems worked into the chain showing status and accomplishments. Helana didn’t bother to memorized any of those rules. She just liked that her ladies had to wear the chain. She loved wearing hers.

Giving Kayla’s chain a little tug, she caused the duchess to gasp in surprise. “Hold still, dear Kayla. You don’t want to be jerking about when I get to work

on your bottom, do you?”

“No, Princess Helana.”

“Good.” And just like that she laid the switch down sharply on Kayla’s beautifully curved bottom. The duchess jerked just a tiny bit. Helana smiled. A thin red welt rose up on her skin.

“Beautiful,” Helana murmured.

Kayla said nothing. She knew she just had to endure the torment. It was her role in life—for now at least.

Helana curved her arm around Kayla’s thigh. Her fingers searched upward for the entrance to her quim. Instead of her sex lips being completely smooth a fine stubble had grown between her legs.

“You haven’t shaved lately, have you?

“No. I’m sorry, ma’am.”

“No matter.” Helana pushed her fingers up into the older woman. Inside her quim Helana found a warm, inviting place to rest her fingers. Kayla winced but thought the worst of it was over, until Helana’s thumb found her clit. The pad to the princess’s thumb circled the little pleasure bud and as Kayla started to relax, Helana swatted the switch across her bottom again.

“No…please.”

“It’ll all be over in a minute,” Helana said softly.

Kayla nodded silently, her lips mashed together to resist screaming.

The switch moved quickly as Helana continued to circle the duchess’s clit. Helana was in love with the way skin reacted to the switch. The red was lovely and painful.

When she judged that Kayla had enough marks on her ass, Helana let the switch trail down the back of the woman’s thighs, but she didn’t stop rubbing her clit. Kayla moaned, half in pain and half from pleasure.

“Just let it happen and we’ll be done here,” said Helana. “I don’t want you to suffer without some reward.”

It took a few minutes but eventually her legs started to tremble and Kayla couldn’t resist any more. The orgasm wasn’t all that pleasurable, but it did make Helana stop rubbing her intimate parts and took the edge away from the pain on her ass. The noise she made was more a cry from the release of pain instead of pleasure, but that was what Helana preferred anyway.

“Very good,” said Helana as she pulled her hand away from Kayla’s quim. She wiped her fingers on the woman’s fresh stripes, making her hiss in pain.

“Shall we get to work?” asked Pierce

“Yes. Let’s.”

Working through the pain, Kayla stripped Helana of her dress. Before she took her customary position on the couch, Helana examined the progress of her painting. She looked wanton and more beautiful than she had any right to, but she figured that Sir Pierce had that right as an artist to make her look however he wanted. Her sharp eyes noted a new addition to the painting.

“Am I holding something there?” she asked indicating her carefully cocked hand.

“Yes. I’ve added in your ever-present switch, Princess Helana. I am supposed to capture your essence and your personality. The switch is nearly inseparable from you, isn’t it?” He smiled.

It was the truth and Helana liked that. “Perfect,” she agreed and took her position on the couch.

“Cosimo, entertain us, please,” said Helana. She was the epitome of politeness and nobility. At the same time she eyed the handsome and young poet. As far as she knew Cosimo was only a few years older than she was, which made him far too you a lover for Pierce, but perfect for her. Helana didn’t know Cosimo’s preferences in a bed partner, but she didn’t care.

What Helana wanted, she got…one way or another.

Looking nervously back and forth between Pierce and Helana, Cosimo cleared his throat and said, “This is something new I’ve been working on.”

Pierce was already too deeply into his paints to pay any attention to his occasional lover. Helana fixed him with a sultry gaze and placed her hand directly over her freshly shaven quim. Both Cosimo and Pierce saw her begin to play with herself; neither commented on it.

“One Girl,” he announced and began reciting.

Like the sweet apple which reddens upon the topmost bough,

Atop on the topmost twig, — which the pluckers forgot, somehow, —

Forget it not, nay; but got it not, for none could get it till now.

Like the wild hyacinth flower which on the hills is found,

Which the passing feet of the shepherds forever tear and wound,

Until the purple blossom is trodden in the ground.

“Terrible,” Helana said when he was done. “Why don’t you take off your clothes so I can admire your prick while Pierce works.”

That was enough to make Pierce burst out with laughter. He missed the fact that Helana was serious. “I think you press my young model too far.”

“Have him take off his clothes anyway,” Helana said. “Surely you need a naked boy in the background of my portrait. He can be one of my many conquests.”

Pierce laughed off her suggestion and she let it drop, but didn’t move her eyes from Cosimo. “Give us something else, Cos,” he said.

The poet began running through all him material, grateful for the distraction, but

also intrigued by the princess's interest.

Right before the midday meal arrived Prince Arpad unexpected burst through the doors to the studio and took in the scene. It was immoral, to say the least, but nothing untoward was going on. Helana wasn't sure if that disappointed her.

Followed by his retinue he quickly inspected the canvas that occupied Pierce's time. "Excellent," he declared and walked around the large artwork to approach his fiancée.

"Do you have everything you need?" he asked. He hand was still on the edge of her quim, though she wasn't actually masturbating. In her other she held her now ever-present switch.

"Of course," she said politely. She still hadn't figured out her relationship with the prince and so used some caution when dealing with him.

"No, I don't think that you have everything that you need," he said with the grave certainty that can only come from a man raised in the royal lifestyle from the moment of his birth. He gestured for a servant to come over to him. The servant carried a long, thin maple wood box. Arpad opened the box and removed the single item it contained.

It was a switch. A very fancy and carefully crafted switch, but it wasn't all that different from the one she already held. He took away her old weapon and replaced it with the one he had brought to her.

"It's a switch," she said, nonplussed. "I already have a switch."

"Not like this. Created by a master carver. The handle is oak, the shaft is the most pliant birch woven together. It whips through the air beautifully and leaves perfect marks." He paused and smiled. "Or so I'm told."

Helana experimentally cut her new toy through the air and found it was well balanced. The fine leather thong on the handle was sized perfectly for her wrist. It was custom made for her and it showed.

This was something new for Helana. She hadn't ever received a true gift from Arpad and she didn't know what to think, but even so her quim moistened and she felt some complex and confused emotions.

“Th-thank you,” she stammered out.

“We’ll have to try it out shortly, won’t we?” he asked her with a quick wink. Not giving her time to respond further, Arpad turned about smartly and marched out of the studio followed by his hangers-on.

Pierce sighed in frustration. “Now I have to alter the fucking painting to accommodate the new switch. If he weren’t my best friend I’d kill the man.”

Helana said nothing, but thought deeply on it.

She decided it changed nothing and she was determined to go through with her plan.

During one of the breaks where Helana was allowed to walk around and stretch, she approached Cosimo as he was at his small desk, making notes and changes to his works. She grabbed the pen out of his hand, dipped it in the inkwell and quickly scratched out a message on the corner of his latest poem.

My apts. tonight at ten. Bring your prick and lust.

She walked away as if nothing had happened. Cosimo looked at the message and didn’t know what to do.

After a few long seconds and upon hearing Sir Pierce calling for Helana to resume her position on the couch, he took his pen, dipped it deeply into the inkwell, and carefully scratched out Helana’s words, obliterating them into a dark streak.

As he continued to work while Pierce painted at his canvas and Duchess Kayla not-so surreptitiously drank the wine she saved from lunch, Cosimo kept glanced back at the corner of the paper where Helana’s words were blotted out by his anxious scratching. As the two inks dried her words—though blurred and uneven—started to bleed through.

No one was paying attention. He tore off the corner and slipped it into his pocket.

If he was smart he would have shredded the message.

If he was smart he would have burned the scrap of paper.

If he was smart he would never have even contemplated her message.

Chapter Two

The moment the door to the secret passageways inside her closet opened, Helana sat up in her bed.

“Does everyone know about these supposedly secret passages?” she asked the man slipping into her room.

“I don’t know about everyone, but more than a few people do. They are supposed to be for servants to travel between rooms unseen.”

“And, oddly, I haven’t seen one servant inside those hallways at all.” Helana smiled and let the bedclothes fall from her torso. Her breasts were perfect and perky, decorated my her small petal shields.

Despite himself, just the sight of her small breasts was enough to make Cosimo’s prick harden inside his trousers. He silently cursed himself because he had seen her fully naked many times before. Why was this time any different?

Cosimo continued to stare at her in the dim light. She waited more than was appropriate amount of time. “Do you like what you see?”

His mouth worked but no sound came out. Helana smiled and looked down at her bare breasts. Idly she toyed with one of her petal shields. “I suppose you do,” she commented.

“I-I-I shouldn’t be here,” he said.

“I know. That’s what makes it more exciting, doesn’t it?” Her smile was eager. “We could both be tried for treason just for you being here.” She knelt up in the bed, showing she was naked. Her love chain dangled between her thighs and her hand went to her smooth quim. A pair of fingers went up and inside. Cosimo watched in mute fascination.

Pulling her fingers out of her quim, she displayed them to Cosimo. “Even in this dim light, you can see how wet I am, can’t you?” she asked before putting her fingers inside her mouth to savor the sweet tang of her quim. “If you can’t slake my lust, I’ll have to do it myself.”

Cosimo watched as her fingers busied themselves in her quim. He wanted to see more and see it closely. He was certain that he could smell her scent across the

room, but he knew that was just wishful thinking. The little moans she let out were designed to entice him.

It was working.

“I shouldn’t be here,” he told her.

She paused in her self-loving. “I know. And I invited you. It’s more fun to do things that are forbidden, don’t you think?”

“You risk making me…making both of us criminals.”

“Then why don’t you take out your prick and use your hand on yourself?” she asked him, showing a streak of practicality that he didn’t know she had. “I’d love to see you waste your seed on the floor.”

She looked down at her body, slipped her fingers back into her quim, and used her other hand to pinch her semi-exposed nipples. It felt good. When she looked up from her body, Cosimo had his hard prick out and was furiously wanking it. She watched him for a minute before making the decision to get off the bed. Clearly she’d have to be the one to control the situation she had created.

Cosimo didn’t move from his spot in the doorway as she slowly approached him. Only his hand and forearm moved as he continued to masturbate. Getting down on her knees in front of him, she reached up to take his prick, but in that instant she was too late.

He finished before they could start anything. Letting out a muffled grunt, he climaxed. Thick ropes of spunk flew through the air. Some of it landed on the floor, some on Helana’s chest, and some on her face.

“Oh fuck, oh shit,” he exclaimed seeing what he had done and half turned away.

“What’s the matter?” asked Helana calmly.

“I didn’t mean to do that.”

“You didn’t mean to cum? That hardly seems the truth. I’ve never seen a man jerking himself so fast before.”

“I didn’t mean to cum on you.”

“It wipes away,” she said as she stood up and stepped to the side. There was a washbasin just inside the closet. She poured some of the water and wet a cloth. It only took the work of a few seconds to clean away his crime. When she turned back to him, he had tucked his prick back into his pants. His face was still flushed with the thrill of the moment. She was certain that she could hear the thundering of his heart in his chest.

“I’m so sorry,” he apologized. “I never should have come here. I never should have done that.”

“I invited you,” she reminded him.

“I…I should never have come,” he blurted out and turned around. He left stumbling through the hidden door in the closet.

Helana waited a second, frowned, and then went back down on her knees to clean the last of Cosimo’s cum from the floor. There was no reason to be caught from such a simple mistake.

Oddly, Helana found she wasn’t disappointed by the exchange. She went back to bed and put both hands between her legs. It was a pleasant way to bring herself off, but she promised herself she would bring Cosimo into her bed.

The next morning was much the same as normal. It was Lady Ada who came to wake her. The lady-in-waiting was only mildly surprised to find the princess undressed in the bed. “Sleeping immodestly now?”

“Yes, I find it much more pleasant that way,” she replied as she stretched and displayed herself. “And for some reason I find myself very aroused this morning. Would you do me the favor of helping me out of my anxiety?” she asked as she slouched into one of the armchairs and spread open her legs.

“I don’t think we really have time for that this morning,” Ada said evenly.

“I think we do, and since I’m the princess, you’ll do as I ask.”

Ada didn’t argue. She got down on her knees in front of the princess and pressed her face into Helana’s quim. Ada wasn’t sure if it was a display of dominance or if Helana truly needed some sexual relief, but it didn’t matter. She did as the princess asked only because it worked well for her long-term plans.

A minute after eating Helana’s quim, Ada realized that she could put the next part of her plan into motion. The only real question was what to tell Helana.

This day Helana was better prepared. This time her action wasn’t a spur of the moment decision; she brought a note with her secreted in a dress pocket. During one of the many breaks she got from posing, Helana dropped the carefully folded paper onto Cosimo’s desk.

He smoothly put his hand on top of it and mixed it in with the rest of his papers.

Helana wondered if Sir Pierce was fucking Cosimo and that’s why he had him in the studio so often or if Pierce just liked Cosimo’s poetry. It didn’t matter to her…unless Pierce was fucking all the lust out of Cosimo. That would make her angry.

Ada was bored by the all the events going on in the studio. She spent most of the day reading a book and looking at Pierce’s more erotic, and private, small artwork.

That was good enough for Helana.

Claiming exhaustion and disinterest, Helana did not participate in the ladies after dinner activities. Sex was implied but she didn’t want to fuck one of her ladies-in-waiting again. She wanted Cosimo.

The wait was the worst part. Helana had learned to hate waiting. As a princess, she felt that she should be entitled to what she wanted when she wanted it.

It was well after midnight when the secret closet door opened to admit the poet Cosimo.

He was nervous and lusty at the same time.

“What took you so long,” Helana demanded of him as she sat up in the bed. He approached but stopped a respectful few paces away.

“It took me some time to get away from Sir Pierce,” he said.

“Why was that?”

“He was particularly…amorous tonight.”

She frowned at him. “And did you save any of your energy for me?”

The poet gave her a slight bow. “Of course I did, my princess.” He seemed a little more in control of himself on this, his second try to join Princess Helana in her bed. Maybe he was too shocked by her aggressive invitation the day before that he couldn’t control himself. She couldn’t blame him for that. He was only a man after all.

“And how did you do that?”

“I had to suck him off.”

“That’s all it took?” asked Helana skeptically.

Even in the dim light Helana could see the blush that formed on Cosimo’s cheeks. “I might have claimed exhaustion...”

“And?” prompted the princess.

“And Jivan in the bedroom with us provided him a distraction as well.”

Helana laughed and slipped out of the bed. She wore the thinnest gossamer silk chemise that revealed more than it covered. Putting her hands on his shoulder she asked, “Has Sir Pierce ever fucked a woman?”

He was not put off by her crude language. If anything, it hardened his prick without her having to touch him. “Not to my knowledge.”

“And you?”

Cosimo’s mouth went dry but he was able to say, “I have…I have lain with a few women.”

“And a few men as well?”

“A few,” he admitted.

“Which do you prefer?” she moved closer, but didn’t let their bodies touch and yet each was well-aware of the closeness of the other’s body heat.

“W-w-women,” he managed to stutter out.

She laughed musically. “I have my doubts, but I’ll accept your answer.” Without warning, she pressed in close, kissing him. The kiss surprised Cosimo, but he didn’t pull away. He was secure in knowing that if he was executed for treason for fucking the prince’s fiancée, he would live on forever through his poetry.

Or so he hoped.

Still, he had to try to save his honor. “We shouldn’t,” he insisted after they broke the kiss. “This is too dangerous for the both of us.”

“And yet here you are for the second night in a row. There won’t be another chance if you leave now. I’ll take another lover instead.”

“The risk…” he said as he felt her hand suddenly pressing against the front of his trousers and cupping his rigid erection.

“There is little risk tonight…or for some time.”

“How...?” he asked.

She laughed again. “I’m carrying the prince’s child. Ada told me this morning. We’re safe to fuck. You won’t get me pregnant.”

“Oh.” As he considered what she was saying, she suddenly kissed him again and he felt himself being drawn to the bed.

He didn’t resist. He couldn’t resist.

It was easy to push off the princess’s garment before they fell onto the bed together, leaving her with just her petal shields and love chain as her only decorations for modesty. Helana took great pleasure in stripping Cosimo’s

clothing off his body. It was a new experience undressing someone else. She had precious little experience in dressing or undressing herself.

As more and more of his skin came into view she kissed every inch of it. When finally his prick was revealed she couldn't resist and immediately wrapped her lips around the bar-like member and sucked in pleasure.

"Please," he begged. "I don't want to waste it on your mouth."

Helana let go and looked up at him, locking eyes. "Are you so close to climax already?"

"Yes," he shamefully admitted.

"Are you lusty like a bull?"

"More so."

"Then you can fuck me more than once tonight," she decreed.

Those words were enough to make him forget that they needed to use caution, not because she might fall pregnant, but because someone might be watching from the secret passageways.

But he couldn't muster up the will to worry about that as she sucked eagerly on his manhood. Cosimo placed his hands on her head in what started as an attempt to get her to stop. Instead it became a gesture of encouragement.

Helana sucked and bobbed her head with more enthusiasm. She had never done this before and was eager to try out what skills she might have. It was interesting to have a man's prick in her mouth. It pulsed and moved as of its own accord. He wasn't particularly large, which she took as a good sign because that made it easier for her to get most of it into her mouth without strain.

She liked the way he moaned and shivered as she sucked and used her hand on his ball sack.

She liked how he smelled, a spicy masculine scent.

She even liked how he tasted. There was precum leaking from the end of his

prick. It was slippery and had a strong, but not unpleasant flavor. She felt wanton and she knew what she was doing was wrong, but she couldn't stop herself and he didn't want her to stop.

When it was about to happen, Helana knew it. His moans changed in tenor. He started trembling more. It seemed impossible, but his prick got harder and started to twitch. Wrapping her hand firmly around the base she prepared herself but realized she didn't know exactly what to do.

The ladies-in-waiting talked as did the many visitors to Pierce's painting studio, but when the reality of the moment struck, Helana started to panic. She didn't want to make a mess again and she wanted to please him at the same time. She felt the first hot splash of his cum in her mouth and instinctively swallowed it down.

That made him shake to the point of nearly falling to the floor.

There was another jet of cum forced into her mouth and, seeing the positive reaction from the first time, she swallowed again.

And again and again.

The taste wasn't sweet, but it was enjoyable enough that she felt satisfied in what she had done.

"Oh…you shouldn't have done that," Cosimo declared when she was done.

"Why not?" Helana asked, taking his prick from her mouth, and swallowing once more to try to clear the taste that clung to her tongue. She was proud of what she had done.

"Because I won't be able to fuck you now."

Her smile said almost everything. "I have a solution to that."

Even though he said he wasn't able to fuck her, his erection didn't diminish in the least as she got up off her knees and went to the cabinet next to the writing desk. From one of the small drawers she pulled out a tiny brown vial and displayed it to Cosimo.

“What’s that?”

“You don’t know?” she asked as she unscrewed the cap and tapped out the smallest amount possible of the white power. Without hesitation she held the cap to her nose and sharply inhaled it.

The familiar cool burn went right to the back of her throat and then down to her quim. She didn’t need the little boost, but she liked the way it made her feel.

Tapping out some more of the powder, she brought it over to Cosimo where he stood on the rug next to her bed. Only now did his prick start to flag so he would need it. Ada had assured her that Venus powder would work for him just like it worked on the women: inflamed lust and highly functional sex organs. Ada went so far as to illustrate with her index finger how he could go from limp to firm in seconds.

Helana wanted to see that.

“No. What is it?”

His lack of knowledge mildly surprised her. “Venus powder. It strengthens the body in preparation for sex.” With her free hand she grabbed his hand and brought it between her legs. “See?” she asked as he cupped her quim and felt her heat and wetness.

“Should I use it?” he pondered aloud. Helana wasn’t sure if he was trying to be funny or was asking an existential question of himself. She didn’t give him the opportunity to ponder it much further and simply held the cap under his nose.

“Inhale sharply and deeply,” she advised.

Still uncertain, Cosimo followed her advice after first pressing one nostril closed. After snorting it, he blinked several times and stepped back. Having never seen the powder’s effect on a man before, she closely watched his cock.

Almost by magic, it rose from its half-erect position to imitate a bar of steel. They locked eyes and Helana swore she had never seen such pure lust ever before in her life.

She was barely able to recap the bottle before he was on her, throwing her to the

bed. There was no time for preparation which made her glad that she was already wet and hot. His prick slammed into her quim and she felt like she had been speared by a warrior looking to kill his most dreaded enemy.

Her legs locked around his waist, letting him penetrate her as deeply as possible. There was no sly technique to his fucking. He just slammed into her as fast and as hard as he could. The sound of flesh on flesh was more of violence than of sexual passion.

Helana quickly learned to like it.

She wondered how long it would take him to cum and if she would get there as quickly.

As it turned out it was a good thing that she had sucked him off. He lasted much longer than she though he would. His enthusiastic thrusting, while lacking finesse, was more than enough to push her over the edge into climax twice before she recognized the tell-tale signs of orgasm.

“Are you ready?” she asked him breathlessly as her hand pawed through the bedclothes.

“I’m…I’m gonna cum,” he announced.

“Cum for me,” she encouraged him. “Cum for me. Fill me up!”

He didn’t need the encouragement but he liked it anyway.

When the first shot of his spunk flooded into her quim, he let out a loud groan. Helana loved the way it felt in her quim, but that didn’t stop what she did next.

The timing was perfect. Just as his second burst shot out of his prick, she brought her new switch down on his ass.

He cried out in surprise.

It didn’t stop him from shooting two more explosions into her. She accompanied each little burst with a whack from the switch. Because of the sharp angle she couldn’t see what she had done to him, but Helana was certain that she had left red stripes on his ass.

“What the fuck!” he protested. “Why did you do that to me?” He was panting and squirming. Instead of pleasantly holding her body to his; he instead twisted around and pressed a hand to his abused flesh.

“Haven’t you heard? I’m the princess that fucks with a switch. All my lovers carry my marks.”

“It hurt!”

“Was it worth it?” she asked him.

He didn’t answer right away, but his protests stopped.

“From your silence I suppose it was,” she supplied for him.

“Have you done that to Prince Arpad?” he asked sourly.

“No,” she admitted. “Not yet.”

His question gave her an idea, but it wouldn’t be tonight that she could act on that idea. “You’re still hard,” she pointed out to him as she wiggled her hips underneath him.

“Yeah…I noticed.”

“Want to put it to good use?”

“It was that powder of yours, wasn’t it?”

“Venus powder. And it comes from Lady Ada. Maybe you should ask her about it. Roll over,” she ordered.

Not knowing what else to do, he followed her orders. It was easy to follow the orders of a princess who gave him please. He regretted the decision once his sensitive ass touched the sheets; he hissed in pain.

“What’s wrong?” she asked him innocently.

“Someone just whipped my ass,” he informed her. “It hurts.”

Helana adjusted herself and sat her quim down on his still-hard prick. With the

addition of his spunk she was wetter than ever, but that didn’t make her lust fade away. She wanted more and more. It was obvious that Cosimo had never been fucked in this position; he didn’t know what to do with his hips or his hands. That was fine with Helana. She knew what she was doing and rode his manhood like an experienced whore.

They continued to fuck well into the night, leaving Helana thoroughly exhausted and sated. Neither of them knew it but most of their coupling had been observed through the spy hole built into the wall that adjoined the secret passages. Helana knew it was there, but she didn’t care and didn’t worry about the consequences.

Chapter Three

It was late in the afternoon when Prince Arpad arrived in Sir Pierce's studio. It had been a long and boring day because Cosimo hadn't come to entertain Helana and Marim as the princess posed for the painter. Pierce called in a singer, a boy who was too young for Pierce's lust or singing talent. But Helana didn't question his choices. Not today. She had sinned and committed treason and was too tired for an argument.

She hoped that her quim wasn't leaking any of Cosimo's spunk. She knew she was wet and that was too much knowledge as it was.

When Arpad came into the studio he was with only a few of his retinue, much smaller than before.

"Ah, my princess," he said announcing his appearance. "I see you are right where you should be and not betraying our holy betrothal."

"Why would I do that?" she asked coolly. Every member of the prince's entourage was staring at her. And more specially they were staring at her exposed quim. She found, once again, that she didn't mind.

If anything she liked it better than any of Cosimo's poetry.

"Why indeed?" he asked.

"Did you come here for a reason or did you just want to see your wife-to-be naked? You could do that at any point. You have but to ask."

"And ask I shall. I need your presence in my chambers tonight."

"Whatever for, my love?" she asked innocently.

"For the purpose of which you were born."

She smiled knowingly and nodded at him. "I'll be there. Alone or do I need to bring one of my ladies with me? I know you have appetites that are nearly insatiable."

"Tonight you will be more than enough," he said before exiting.

Pierce regarded her dolefully after Arpad left. “What?” she asked him.

“What is going on between you two?”

“He is my fiancé? What else?”

“Something,” said Pierce. “Something I can’t put my finger on.”

“I wouldn’t let it worry you,” Helana said as she settled back into the couch.

Helana had Lady Ada help her get ready for her evening with Prince Arpad. It was a small and subtle dig at the lady’s relationship with Arpad, but Helana couldn’t help herself. She let Ada shave her quim smooth and had her insert the prince’s favorite plug into her anus. It must have hurt Ada to have to use that on Helana, but the princess didn’t care. Ada needed to remember her place.

The corset Helana chose to wear was pure white—an over-obvious bit of purity symbolism that both women knew was ridiculous—but it pushed up her tits and petal shields making it look like she had breasts that were at least average sized, though still smaller than Ada’s.

When Ada tightened up the corset, Helana gasped at her aggressiveness.

“Careful,” she puffed.

“Needs to be tight,” Ada muttered, but then realized her mistake. “Sorry, ma’am. This can’t be easy. You’re so thin already and even if you aren’t starting to show…your body is already changing.

“I’m just starting to realize that.”

They had just gotten a pretty yellow dress and jacket over the corset and Ada was ready to escort the princess through the corridors to Arpad’s rooms, when the secret door inside the closet opened. Instinctively Ada moved in front of Helana and was ready to call for the guards, but then saw the invader was no threat.

It was Prince Arpad. “My lady,” he said with a slight bow to her. “My princess,”

he added, not exactly as an afterthought, but certainly when he should have addressed her first it was a slight to her status.

After they got over their surprise, they both curtsied to him in greeting. “Thank you for preparing my fiancée for me, but I think I’ll spend my time with her tonight in her apartments, not in mine.”

“Of course, my lord,” Ada said politely, but she did nothing to move out of the way or leave the rooms.

He smiled at her. “We will not be needing your services tonight, Lady Ada.”

Her hesitation was just long enough to carry insult without malice. “Of course,” she said again. “If you do need anything, I or one of the ladies will be right outside in the hallway.”

“Unnecessary,” the prince said, relieving Helana of anxiety. “The guards will be good enough. Sgt. Sawyer is on duty tonight, is she not?”

“She is, my lord,” Ada agreed.

“Then leave us in peace and privacy,” he told her.

Not wishing to upset her lover and unwilling to risk her place in the order of the palace, Ada curtsied and left.

“So rude with your lover,” said Helana. “Why?”

“She needs to be reminded of her place in the world. She has great ambition, but it needs to be tempered with good manners.”

“If not for me, she might be the one carrying your heir,” Helana pointed out.

“If not for you,” Arpad said idly as he shrugged out of his jacket. It took him a moment to understand exactly what she meant. He turned halfway back to her. “You are with child?”

Helana spread her hands across her lower abdomen. “Yes. Or at least that’s what Lady Ada says. I’m not showing yet, but I can feel it.”

Arpad smiled. “My father will be thrilled.”

“As will my ambassador and my family back home.”

They stood in silence a moment.

Finally Helana asked, “Is this is what it’s like. I know my family is well off and has ruled my country for generations, but yours is so much richer and powerful. You must feel the weight of power all the time.”

He nodded. “Yes. All the time. I’m not myself. I don’t belong to myself. I’m just a tool of the state.” He smiled sadly. “My brother drinks. I fuck too many women. There are ways to forget and find yourself.”

“How will you find yourself?”

He unbuttoned his shirt and kicked off his boots. “Hopefully between your legs. If that’s not good enough, between the legs of Lady Ada.”

She smiled ruefully at him. “You know how to romance a lady of noble birth.”

“I don’t,” he said as he pulled down his trousers and underwear to reveal his lovely prick that was half turgid and ready for attention. “But luckily I have you and Ada and almost any woman in the world to invite into my bed. Suck my prick so I can fuck you and then we can indulge in some of the more perverted activities that make life interesting for a bored royal.”

He pointed to his manhood. Helana felt powerful standing in front of him while he was naked and she was fully dressed, like she was in charge of what was about to happen and everything was her choice.

She liked that and she took her time walking over to Arpad. She didn’t immediately go down on her knees in front of him, but instead fondled his manhood while she went up on her toes to kiss him. She liked the tickle of his short beard and the jerks of his prick as he quickly grew under her attention.

“Do you want me to suck your prick?” she asked him softly in his ear. “Beg me to.”

There was no hesitation from Arpad. “Please, my love, my princess, please suck

me off. Show me your love and swallow my cum."

It wasn't much for begging, but for a prince it was good enough. As it was Helana was eager to engage him in sex.

There was a certain satisfaction in being on her knees in front of the man who was going to be her husband while sucking his prick. He was the one who was supposed to be getting all the pleasure, but Helana took great enjoyment in being the one giving him the pleasure and being the one controlling him.

While she was sure her technique wasn't as developed as some of the women he had been with, Helana tried her best to please the prince. She sucked and licked with enthusiasm. She carefully cupped his velvety balls, feeling the twin eggs hidden away in the sack that was the progenitor of the royal family.

She was determined that what was within his sack would be the new royal line, issued through her. All of Arpad's elder brothers didn't matter. She'd take care of them soon enough.

It was fascinating to feel him get steadily harder and harder. She could his prick pulsing inside her mouth and loved how his balls tightened up to his body as she kept working on him.

The moment of his crisis was close and she settled in to let him cum in her mouth.

But he abruptly pushed her away, leaving his prick glistening wetly in the soft light from the lamp. He sighed in frustration and closed his eyes, trying to get full control of his body.

"What's the matter, my prince?"

"I don't want to waste it in your mouth."

"Cosimo didn't mind wasting it in my mouth," she said boldly.

It was impossible for her to read the expression on his face. "Is that who you've been fucking behind my back?"

"Don't worry about it," she told him. "I'm already pregnant."

“But is it my child?”

“Of course it is,” she threw back in his face. “Do you think I’d be so stupid as to fuck someone else without getting pregnant by you first?”

He didn’t answer her but simply yanked her to her feet and practically threw her on the bed. What followed was a brief, confused struggle as the both sought to get her clothes of her body as quickly as possible. He could have just thrown up her skirts and fucked her that way, but he wanted her naked; he wanted to feel her skin on his.

The dress was easy to dispose of, but the corset was too much struggle. He left that on and flipped her over onto her hands and knees. Checking between her legs he easily found her love chain with his insignia on one of the charms. As was befitting a princess whose sole purpose was to be bred, her quim was wet and hot. He marveled at that. While Helana was young and lusty so it would made sense for her to be ready to be fucked at any point, it still occasionally sometime took some effort on his part to get Ada—and his other lovers— wet and ready to be fucked. He didn’t mind eating quim, but he didn’t have to with Helana.

Only when he had his prick in hand did he look down at her ass to discover she was wearing a plug. Even more, she was wearing the plug that he so loved to find in Ada’s ass. Using his hand to run the head of his prick along her open and salivating quim lips he observed, “I see you seek to usurp my lover.”

“Your lover the Lady Ada, my lady-in-waiting, the woman who betrayed me?” Helana was proud that she was able to spit that all out while on the cusp of sexual congress. It was insulting to her lady-in-waiting and to her fiancé, but she was the one being wronged by their relationship.

“Yes, the very same one.” He just barely inserted his prick into her tunnel. It was supposed to tease and taunt her and leave her panting for more. Maybe it did, but it had the same effect on him.

“No, I don’t seek to usurp her position as your lover.”

He paused. “You don’t?”

“Keep her as your lover. Fuck her all you want. I only seek to be your wife. I

only ask that you give me leave to take my own lovers."

"That is…very mature and understanding of you."

"Fuck me if you agree," she begged. Helana was the edge of desire and needed his prick buried into her quim right then and there. Her hands reached back and grasped his thighs; she sought to pull him forward.

He resisted. "I'll agree to that, but I need to extract a promise from you first." He put a hand on her lower back to prevent her from moving back onto his manhood.

"A promise?" She wiggled her hips lower in an effort to get him inside her body, to seal the agreement without further discussion.

"Yes. A promise." He paused and incrementally pushed into her but didn't fully penetrate. Not yet.

"What promise?" she asked, wanting him to just fuck her and be done with it already.

"I want you…I want you to use your switch on me."

Her head came up from where it had been hanging. She had been so desperate to be fucked that she had forgotten her pride and dignity. The mention of the switch put her back in control of the situation.

"I'll leave you with marks that will make your lover jealous."

"I certainly hope so."

"Agreed," she breathed out and pushed back with her hips as he thrust forward into her.

They fucked furiously, more like animals than humans. That was fine with them both. Neither lasted very long and neither could say who came first. It was entirely possible they both came at the same time, but that was a romantic notion that was ridiculous

"That was too fast," Arpad complained when he had sufficiently recovered. He

was on all fours over her as she was in the same position. They were both panting heavily and were too tired to move.

“We can go a second time,” Helana magnanimously offered. “I’m not done yet.”

“I’ll need a few minutes to recover,” he sighed heavily as he eased his prick out of her still-inviting quim.

Showing how great her endurance was, Helana crawled across the bed toward the little cabinet where she had been told by Ada to keep her supplies. “No you won’t,” she told him. “You just need a little help.”

“What help?” he asked, curious.

She found the little bottle that was always kept full by Ada. Helana wondered where her lady-in-waiting acquired her seemingly endless supply of the aphrodisiac, but that was something to worry about later. After tilting a little of the powder out on the back of her hand, she quickly sniffed it up into her nose and offered a dose to Prince Arpad.

“Venus powder?” he asked doubtfully. “It’s only for women.”

“Trust me,” she said, pushing it toward his face, “it works on men too.”

“Should you be using it? You are carrying a royal heir.”

“I’m sure it’s safe,” she said, her conscious carefree. “If it wasn’t Ada wouldn’t use it, would she.”

With a shrug Arpad inhaled the powder. From the way he questioned he she suspected that he had never tried it before. Why would he have? He would have lovers when he wanted. His reaction was strong and immediate. His prick was instantly hard and from the change in his breathing Helana was certain that his lust was immediately returned.

He reached for her but dizziness struck him and he was unable to force himself upon her. “Oohh,” he moaned as he sank to the mattress.

“Let me,” said Helana as she helped him roll over. His prick pointed toward the ceiling and she was struck with inspiration.

Straddling his hips she faced his feet, giving him a view of her ass and the plug she had firmly planted in there. His prick disappeared into her quim and she started riding him like she was a girl again, back in the royal stables, having the time of her life on the back of a stallion.

This time they both lasted longer. He only came once to her handful of body-shaking orgasms, but that was completely expected for a lusty noblewoman.

When they were both done, hot and sweaty and fluids leaking from multiple orifices of their bodies, Helana found it in her to cuddle up against the prince's strong body. "Why did you want me tonight?" she asked him. "Wouldn't you rather have Ada or one of your other lovers?

It was a bold but honest question. No one would have had the courage to ask him such an invasive question.

Arpad liked her honest curiosity so he answered. "It's Ada's fertile time. The risk it too great. I must have a true heir first, not a bastard."

"Go fuck her tomorrow," said Helana. "I'll have your child first. She can give you one as well."

Arpad turned his head to her, uncertain as to what to say, but she was already asleep. It was a generous gift, he thought, but then again, she was going to fuck other men while he fucked other women.

He liked that idea of a modern marriage.

Chapter Four

The next night found Helana naked and kneeling in the floor of Prince Arpad's bedroom. As always it was impossible for Helana to be completely naked. She wore her thigh high stockings, her love chain, and her petal shields.

She was kneeling in front of Prince Arpad. His shirt was off exposing his muscular chest. His prick was out of his trousers and she was happily sucking on it. He was erect but nowhere near climax. Not yet.

Standing next to him was Lady Ada. She was kissing Prince Arpad as she watched Helana suck his manhood. It was easy to silently judge the younger woman because Ada knew she could do a better job of pleasing her lover, but that wasn't important at the moment. She just kissed Arpad and let the evening develop. She tried to eye Helana and measure if her stomach was swelling yet, but it didn't matter. The princess was with child—she knew it—and shortly she was confident she would be as well.

Slipping into her role as a lady-in-waiting, she continued to undress Arpad just like she had undressed Helana for him. She broke the kiss and took off his boots —which afforded her a better view of Helana's fellatio skills—and then had her lover step out of his trousers.

She ran her hand up his thigh to his ass. He hissed in pain as she touched the stripes that Helana had left behind the night before. That caused her to smirk in amusement.

"Sensitive like a girl?" she asked.

"I took it like a man," he told her. "Made my prick harder than a bar of steel."

"It's true," Helana agreed, taking his prick from her mouth. "After a good thrashing he was hard enough to fuck me a third time last night. Who knew the prince of Uralia loved to mix his please and pain so much?"

"Not I," said Ada innocently.

"I only wish he was harder right now," Helana declared. While the prince's prick was anything but soft, it wasn't the magical weapon she had created the previous night.

“A little Venus powder will solve that problem.”

“So will a little manual stimulation,” said Helana.

“You’re already doing that. Along with some oral stimulation.”

“I was thinking about some other forms of manual stimulation,” said the princess as she rose up from her knees and went to the pile of clothing that Ada had made when she stripped her. It was easy to find the switch hidden among the folds of her skirt. Ada’s breathing quickened. She didn’t know what to think. Helana had never used the switch on her two days in a row, but Arpad didn’t seem the least bit afraid. To watch her lover—and her love—be thrashed was thrilling and scary.

It became scarier when Helana handed the fancy switch over to Ada and went back down on her knees in front of the prince. “Use it on him while I suck him,” she said while taking the prince’s precious prick into her hand and licking the head.

The casualness of what Helana did scared Ada and only then did she realize the extent that the princess would go to in order to secure her position within the palace. Bearing an heir to the prince wasn’t enough. Being able to control her lovers was the next step.

She hated to admit it but Ada knew that she was one of Helana’s lovers…and she hated to admit that Helana was willing to go further to achieve her goals. She wondered if there was any limit to what the young woman would do.

Probably not, was Ada’s quick conclusion. She brought back her arm and brought it forward swiftly and sharply. The switch creased the prince’s ass and he jumped while letting out a little yelp of pain.

Helana grinned around his erection which seemed to bloom into hardness with the impact, as if Ada was somehow forcing blood from his ass to his prick.

“Fuck!” Arpad exclaimed. “Not so hard!”

“Harder,” Helana encouraged her lady-in-waiting. “I’ll tell you when to stop. You don’t want him to cum in my mouth, do you?”

Ada liked the little thrill of pleasure that ran through her body when she had swatted her lover's ass. It wasn't better than Venus powder but different. She'd learn to like it just as much.

She gave Arpad a few more firm swats on his ass. The sound of the switch whistling through the air combined with the pleasant impact it made on his skin was pure music to her years. Arpad let out little yelps of pain with each blow, but he didn't complain any further.

Helana wondered why she hadn't tried this before.

Realizing that he was incredibly close to cumming, Helana removed his prick from her mouth. "I think he's ready," she told Ada.

The lady-in-waiting realized she was wet and ready for Arpad, but Helana was determined to make sure everything went smoothly between the two. Moving around Arpad's body, she remained on her knees and pushed up Ada's skirts. The lady assisted her and together it took them no time at all to remove the dress, leaving her attired exactly like Helana: petal shields, love chain, and stockings.

Staying on her knees, Helana pressed her face into Ada's quim and sought out her opening with her tongue. She was wet. Her love chain was slick with her juices. There was no need for Helana to eat her smooth quim, but she did so anyway. The tip of her tongue found the woman's clit and soon she had her trembling with pleasure.

"Please, my princess, no more. I'm going to cum!"

Helana backed away and looked up at the two. Her hand was still on Arpad's prick, holding it tightly as she feasted on Ada's quim. "Then why don't you get on the bed so he can fuck you."

Ada did exactly that, and she led Arpad to the lady, her legs spread and her quim glistening in anticipation of being used. Helana kept control of the situation by using Arpad's prick as a handle to pull him to Ada's quim. He didn't need any guidance, but she liked to be in control. Neither of the lovers objected and Helana guided his prick into her quim.

She took great pleasure is watching them fuck. They rutted like a whore with an

overeager John. Picking up the switch from the floor, she used it on Arpad's ass, making him jerk unexpectedly at the impact.

"Fuck her fast," she instructed him. "You get another swat every ten seconds until you finish."

It took less than a minute for him to finish inside Ada. He still had an impressive collection of stripes on his ass when he was done. Helana didn't bother to check if Ada had cum; she didn't care.

"I hope you saved some for me," said Helana. "I want my fiancé to pleasure me as well."

"He's still hard," Ada reported. "He can go right now if you're ready."

Helana wasn't sure why her lady-in-waiting was being so generous, but she wasn't going to question it. "I'm always ready for a hard prick."

She flopped onto her back next to Ada on the bed. Arpad levered himself off Ada and started to crawl over to Helana. She opened her legs to him and was pleased that his prick was still hard and very wet. It slid into her quim with no difficulty.

Giving Ada a quick kiss, Helana passed the switch over to her. "Use it on him like I did," she instructed as Arpad started fucking her. Hearing the words, he trembled just a bit and started fucking her with great enthusiasm. He wasn't sure if he wanted to cum quickly or if he wanted the pain or if he wanted it all.

The switch came down hard on Arpad's firm buttocks and he moved faster and faster. Helana smiled. She knew that she had him—and Ada—under her complete control.

By now Helana knew the path back to her rooms through the secret passages well enough that she didn't need any light. Slipping through the hidden door, she went to her bed and found a figure sleeping in it. She grabbed the exposed shoulder and shook the sleeper awake.

"Thank you for waiting," she said as she slipped out of her dress and joined him

in the bed.

“A princess thanking me?”

Helana pressed up against him and she was pleased that he was naked. His skin was warm and his prick was hard. He didn’t resist when she climbed atop his body and lowered her quim down on his hard manhood.

“You’re very wet,” Cosimo said. “Like an eager and sultry swamp.”

“A beautiful simile,” she told him. “But I’m wet because I’m still lusty even after my fiancé fucked me. I’m carrying his cum in me.”

Cosimo grunted. “You’re going to fuck two men in one night?”

“Just this night,” she said, as she started pumping her hips. “Probably the last time. He’s done with me. I can have you as much as I want until his child is born.”

Cosimo smiled up at her. “I’m happy to have you.”

“Don’t get used to it. I’m certain I’ll have other lovers,” she told him. Two pricks on one night was good. She wanted to see what other perversities she could explore before the birth of her child and her marriage. She’d have to hurry.

END

Preview

Feeling: Jacki's Milk 4

Jacki wasn't one for fancy spas or weird faddish pampering and relaxation beautification techniques, but this was that Kara wanted and she was more than happy to indulge her girlfriend.

They checked in together but Jacki got the distinct impression they weren't the first female-female couple to do that, though she imagined most of those couples were just good friends sharing a room for the weekend. While Jacki and Kara were friends, they were lovers as well.

It was Kara's idea and Jacki went along with it because she wanted to win her friend back. She wanted to win her girlfriend back. She wanted her lover back.

It helped that Kara's husband and Jacki's boyfriend were pushing for this—maybe the men were being a bit selfish because they got off on their significant others fucking a woman but that was neither here nor there.

After checking in they had a full slate of pampering and spa activities. Jacki had already steeled herself for the ordeal. It wasn't that she couldn't do this, it was that she had no desire to do it. Playing games with strange beauty techniques that seemed questionable at best weren't her forte. She was a more athletic girl while Kara was the more indulgent and sexy and pretty one. Yeah, maybe she was a little heavier and curvier than Jacki, but that was in style now, wasn't it? Men went for women with a round, curvy ass and women like Jacki with lean limbs and small tits were overlooked.

That's what she told herself.

The first thing that struck her about the spa was that it looked like all the employees were women, which wasn't surprising. The few men she saw around were either clients—and presumably gay—or were employees who were definitely gay. That made things easier. Nothing to distract Kara and Jacki.

Except that Jacki was most decidedly out as a bisexual woman and Kara was bisexual as well, but wasn't willing to admit it to anyone, even herself, despite

her actions.

Where they wound up going first was a mud bath. Jacki tried not to giggle. Every other woman in the place dipping into the mud bath was undoubtedly doing it because it was supposedly healthful and good for the pores and skin. Jacki thought about all the mud baths she had taken as a tomboy playing in the backyard. And then there were the unintentional mud baths she had taken while playing soccer in high school and college. On top of that there was cross country running she had done which also made her intimate with mud. Plus there was the one tough mudder race she had participated in.

She had serious doubts the women at the spa had ever seen mud on their bodies unless it was part of a beauty treatment.

The tiled room was almost antiseptic with it's white tiled walls and floor. Somehow the spa had managed to fill the large tubs with mud and not gotten a single drop on the floor or anywhere else. There were rubber mats between the tubs and a small shower stall in the corner, but that was the one concession to safety and ease of cleaning.

The attendant that escorted them to the room directed them to their separate changing rooms where they were to strip and put on bathrobes. Jacki's breasts weren't swollen or full yet, but she could feel it coming. The overly fluffy robe had loose fibers that tickled her nose. She didn't bother to tightly cinch her belt; instead she left it open, but not obscenely so. She showed off what would have been her cleavage if she had any and left the white garment loosely belted around her waist.

Kara was the opposite. She had the robe tightly tied around her waist and closed all the way up to her neck. Jacki was vaguely amused at the false modesty of her friend.

The attendant instructed them to just drop the robes to the side of the tubs when they were ready and that she would be back in a minute.

Jacki couldn't help herself. "You don't need to bother leaving. Kara knows I'm the least modest person in the world." She let the robe slip from her shoulders and onto the tiled floor. Stepping carefully she made her way down into the tub while the attendant's eyes watched her. Jacki was certain that the youthful woman was watching her with an intensity that wasn't entirely necessary. Jacki

enjoyed the attention.

The mud was warm and much less annoying than Jacki had anticipated. It covered up everything and wasn't unpleasant at all. The attendant cautioned her to keep her hair and face out of the mud. Jacki merely nodded in agreement and once she was settled into tub, she turned her attention to Kara who was still standing next to her tub with her robe on.

"Let me give you a moment," said the attendant.

"You don't need to leave," Jacki called out. "She's not shy, she's just nervous."

Jacki looked expectantly at her friend. The false modesty was annoying. Surely the women who worked at the spa had seen all manner of nudity, intentional or not, while working here. Hell, the place had a handful of aestheticians who would happily wax away pubic hair so they couldn't put up with any feigned attempts at modesty.

"Sorry," Kara mumbled. She turned away from the attendant who didn't bother averting her gaze. Down fell the robe and Jacki smiled at her friend's body. Yes, she was curvy, but it was the perfect sort of curvy that made her sexy. The little patch of blonde pubic hair still adorned her pussy and that made Jacki happy because Kara had been shaving herself to put her pussy on full display, but Jacki had made the request that she grow it out to please her. Either she had gotten used to the idea of wearing pubic hair like a woman again or maybe, just maybe, Kara still harbored more than a little affection for Jacki and wanted to make her happy, both emotionally and sexually.

Her breasts were full, but not so full that they were leaking milk. Not yet. Her hips were full as well, but that wasn't going to change any time soon unless Kara started an exercise regime to match Jacki's. Jacki didn't want that. She wanted her girlfriend to remain sexy and curvy.

As Kara slipped into the mud and lowered her pale, naked body into the dark semi-liquid, Jacki caught the attendant watching Kara closely. Was she watching for safety's sake, or was she watching because she liked looking? Jack couldn't say for certain, but she did catch the attendant's eye, forcing the younger woman to look away with a shade of crimson on her face.

Jacki's hand crept between her legs and she wondered what the risks and what

the fun would be to masturbate in the mud bath.

“Music and scent?” the young woman asked.

Jacki had no idea what she was asking. Kara did. “Soothing. Both. Both soothing.”

The cute girl nodded and turned on some soft music that came from hidden speakers. She lit a few candles and spritzed some spray from a bottle above the tiny flames. A scent that Jacki couldn’t identify filled the air.

“Thank you,” said Jacki. It seemed the polite thing to say. “What else do you do while we soak here?”

“Whatever you wish.”

Jacki lifted her eyebrows and gave her a wicked smile. “Whatever I wish?”

“Most women ask for drinks or facial treatments.”

“What’s your name?” Jacki asked abruptly.

“Diana.”

“That’s a rather boring name.”

“Jacki!” Kara admonished her.

Both Jacki and Diana laughed at Kara’s reaction. “Well it is,” Diana agreed. “My mother named me after Princess Diana, but she claims it was after my grandmother, who had the middle name of Diane. Would either of you like a drink or a facial?”

Jacki managed to suppress a giggle at the word facial. She knew it was the proper term but she couldn’t remove from her mind the image of a man jerking off in front of her face and depositing a load on her skin. That summoned up a college memory of sexual lore than semen was an excellent way to hydrate the skin. Obviously it was some bullshit created by a frat boy years and years ago, but it remained with Jacki.

“Some water would be lovely,” said Kara.

“Certainly,” Diana replied. “We also have wine, champagne, and other cocktails if you wish.”

Under the mud, Jacki scraped a fingernail along her thigh to prevent more than a smile. The word cocktail was supposed to be innocent but she couldn’t help but separate it into its component parts, both of which sounded dirties than they should be.

“Just water.”

“And you, Jacki?”

Jacki wondered how Diana knew her name, but undoubtedly it was etched onto some schedule so that the spa employees knew who was who and who was supposed to be at which station during the day. “Water is fine. I don’t need to drink this early in the day.”

“You’d be surprised at what some women do while here,” she said innocently as she went to what Jacki had thought were just a row of cabinets along the far wall. She had presumed they were full or towels and other supplies, but one was a cleverly disguised refrigerator. Diana pulled out two bottles of water and opened them. Inside the refrigerator Jacki spied a variety of alcohol bottles, the sort for drinking, not rubbing.

Her statement was innocent, but Jacki couldn’t help put a wicked spin on it in her head. What do some women do at this spa. It couldn’t just involve mud baths and day drinking, could it?

Jacki couldn’t hold her tongue. “Why don’t you surprise me with what some women do when they’re here,” she said.

Diana laughed and knelt down next her tub, handing off the water before moving over to Kara’s tub. Jacki couldn’t help but notice that Diana had a lithe body under the white uniform of the spa. The pants she wore were maybe a little tight —was that intentional or had Diana put on a few pounds since she had purchased them?—and Jacki couldn’t detect a visible panty line on the girl’s ass. Thong? Maybe. No panties? Maybe. Spanks? Maybe. Jacki was intrigued to discover the answer.

She detected the hint of a tattoo on the girl's upper arm. It just barely peeked out of her short sleeve. Jacki wanted to know what the tattoo was. She knew her thoughts were wrong because she was taking this spa weekend with her girlfriend.

What was wrong with her?

"Well, some women come here to get away from it all. It's the only time they never have any responsibilities at home being a wife or mother. Or to get away from work responsibilities as well. I've seen women check in at nine a.m. and start drinking right away. We've had occasions where we've cut off their alcohol supply because they were in danger of either passing out or blacking out or getting alcohol poisoning. It's crazy."

"What's the worst behavior you've had to deal with?" Jacki asked to keep the conversation going.

Diana took a position on a stool near the tubs and leaned back a little. Her shirt stretched across her chest, but it did nothing to give Jacki a decent idea of what her tits were actually like. "I've had to get out the mop bucket more than once because someone vomited all over themselves or the floor," she said and immediately covered her mouth with her hand. "Oh. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been so disgusting. I apologize."

Jacki waved her water bottle back and forth dismissively. "Don't worry about it. But it sounds more like a college party than a spa."

"Jacki…" Kara said, annoyed. "Stop pressing our friend."

"It's fine," Diana said with smile. "It's nice to have clients who are friendly and chatty rather than rude and demanding."

"I can be demanding if you want," Jacki laughed.

"No thank you!"

They both laughed while Kara rolled her eyes.

"How long have you worked here?"

“Almost four years.”

Jacki gasped. “That’s impossible. You don’t look that old!”

Diana laughed again. “I started here right out of high school. I work and I go to school at the same time.”

“So you do know what a college party is like.”

Diana laughed again. “Sort of.”

“Do the clients get so drunk that they start hitting on you?” Jacki asked boldly.

Jacki!” Kara admonished her.

But Diana kept laughing and shook her head as well. “Well…yeah. But I’ve always said no.”

“That’s too bad.”

“Jacki! Stop it!”

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About the Author

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

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