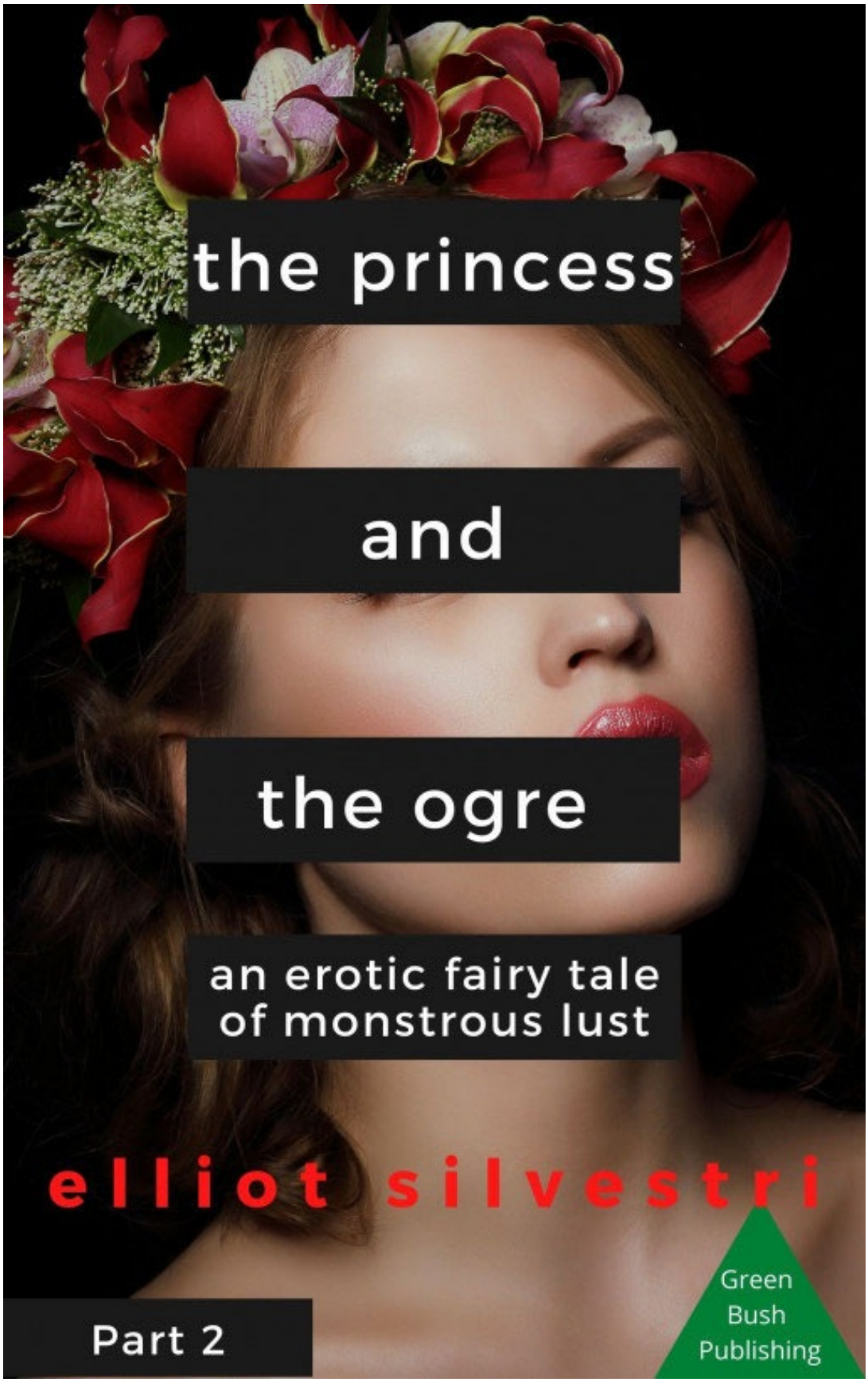
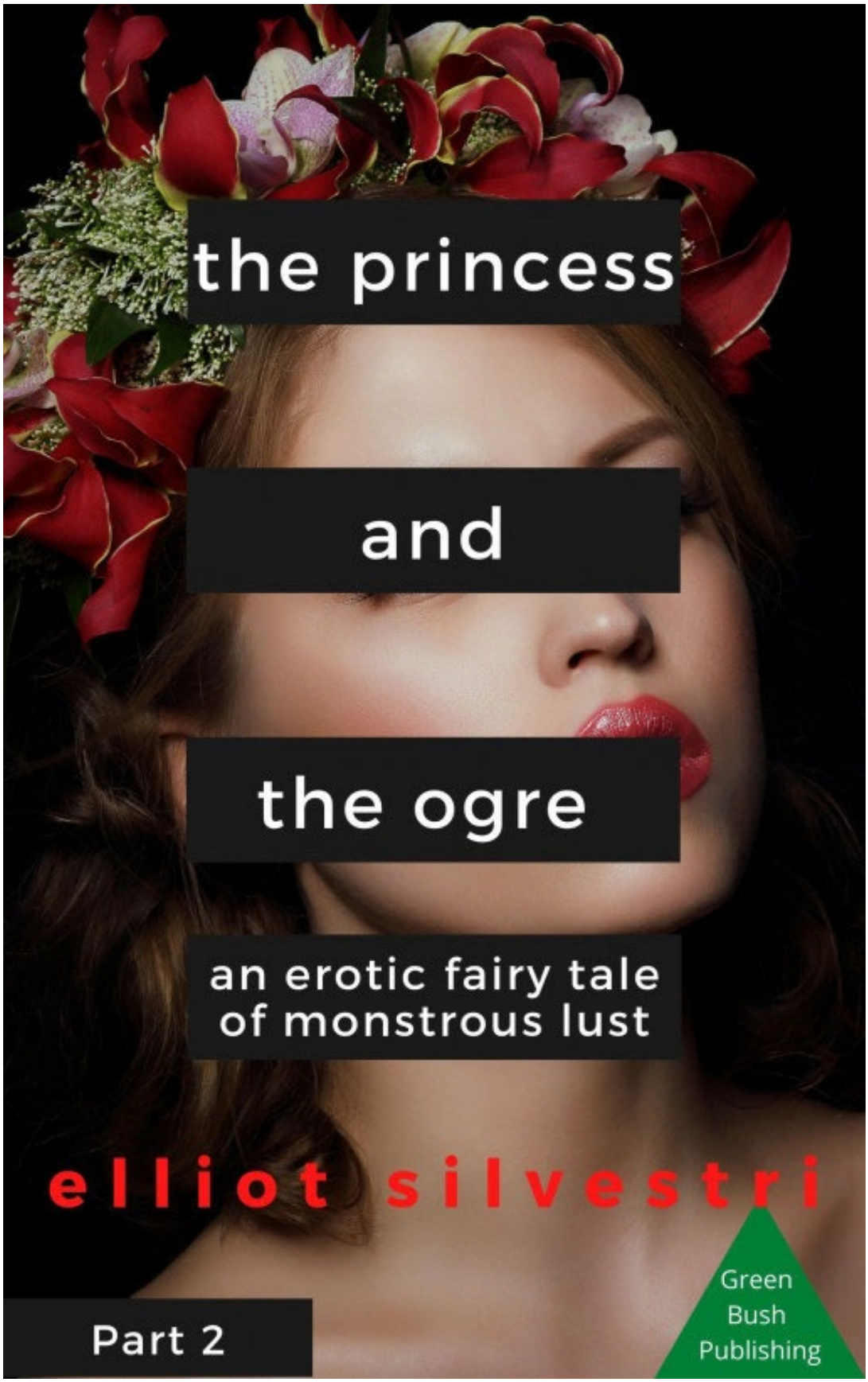

the princess
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an erotic fairy tale
of monstrous lust
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Part 2
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The Princess and the Ogre Part 2

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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The Princess and the Ogre Part 2

An Erotic Fairy Tale of Monstrous Lust

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Chapter 6

Dart was escorted to Princess Poppy's private chambers deep within the royal family's apartments inside the complex known as the Mansion.

Her private apartments were bigger than any house Dart had ever called home.

Two servants were in the bedroom.

Dart waited expectantly.

One of the maids looked at him. "What do you need?" she demanded.

"I'm to speak with the princess," he said boldly while brandishing the metal badge the crown prince had given him. Thurston said the letters etched on the circular plate read "Deputy" but they could have spelled out "Asshole" for all that Dart knew.

It inspired the maid to shut up after saying, "I'll see that she knows you're waiting."

The other maid just stared at him. "She's in the bath," the girl said.

Dart wondered what it would take to talk her into bed.

Before he could try seducing her, the first maid abruptly reappeared through the far doorway. "She'll see you now."

Dart blinked. "I thought she was in the bath."

"She is." The maid kept her face neutral.

"Is she...done?"

“She wants to see you there,” was all the maid would say.

“Fuck,” Dart cursed under his breath and allowed the plump maid to show him the way.

He wasn’t the least bit surprised to find the princess in a large bathtub full of steaming water. Rose petals floated on the surface of the milky water full of soap and salts and scents. It was inaccurate to say the princess was fully in the bath. She was sitting on the edge of the huge tub that was large enough to accommodate four or five bathers. The princess was naked and wet, which seemed a natural state for her.

Her butt sat on the tile surface that surrounded the tub. Her legs were splayed wide. Her tits and chest were wet with water and bathing oil. Having seen the princess naked and fucking an ogre and naked again while he fucked her in the forest, seeing her beautiful tits prominently displayed in such a fashion did wonders to harden his cock.

She met his surprised look with a smug gaze.

Another woman was fully in the tub, but her face was between Poppy’s thighs and was actively eating her cunt.

“Yes, Mr. d’Artagnan?” she asked as if it were completely normal for her to take visitors in her bath while having her cunt given a tongue bath.

“It’s Deputy d’Artagnan now,” he said, somewhat proud of his promotion from common convicted criminal to law enforcer.

Poppy groaned loudly.

It was obvious her lover knew her way around a cunt.

“Should I come back at a more convenient time?” he asked, though he wouldn’t have minded watching the pair for another hour or two.

“No. Not necessary,” she panted. “Why...why are you here?”

Judging by the stress in her words and the red blush to her skin, the princess was close to climax.

Dart wanted to see that climax.

“Your husband sent me to be your guardian,” he said flatly.

Poppy laughed and pushed her female lover’s face from between her legs.

“You’re a lousy liar, Dart.”

He tried again. “Your husband sent me to spy on you and report to him who is your lover.”

Poppy’s laughter only grew. The other woman—a pretty young woman with dark hair, small tits, and a crooked smile—joined in.

Pointing a finger at her bath partner, Poppy said, “Her name is Violet. Will Thurston want to kill her or bed her?”

“I...I don’t know. Is she your lover?”

Poppy laughed at him again, this time Violet joined in but politely hid her mouth behind her hands. Dart couldn’t help himself and let his eyes inspect the young woman’s body. Only her tits were visible. They were big; bigger than Poppy’s.

“She is, but do you think my husband would rather kill her or watch me fuck her?”

“If I were him, I’d want to watch the two of you together.”

The two women shared a smile.

“Are you going to tell him about her?”

Dart cleared his throat. From where he was standing it was obvious to both women that he had an erection in his pants. “I believe your husband is just interested in your male lovers.”

“Are you going to tell him about all the men that have shoved their cocks in my pretty cunt?” Poppy asked as she spread her legs wider and opened up the lips to her sex, clearly displaying their pinkness and their swollen state.

“Just the ones that are relevant,” Dart said, dodging the question.

“Are you going to tell him that you fucked me?” asked Poppy.

The question caused Violet to dissolve into a gales of laughter. It was an odd, lilting laughter.

“I don’t believe I will,” said Dart. “It’s not relevant or necessary.”

“I want to watch you fuck Violet,” Poppy said abruptly. “I need to be able to trust you.”

Dart had no idea what fucking Violet had to do with Poppy trusting him, but since that wasn’t violating any agreement he had with the crown prince, Dart was happy to go along with the suggestion.

“Sure!”

The women exchanged glances again.

“Are you certain?” asked Poppy as she helped her female lover up out of the water to better display her body. Dart had been right. Her tits were large and perfect, capped with big nipples and generous areolas. Her body was curvier than most women, but Dart didn’t mind that at all. A thin chain circled her waist. Small charms dangled from it. He recognized the jewelry as an affectation of the aristocracy to indicate their wealth and status. A dark triangle of black curls hid her cunt away, but Dart was certain he would be getting a close look at that shortly.

“Does she please you, Deputy d’Artagnan?” asked Poppy.

“Hells yes!”

“It’sss been a while sssince I’ve fucked a commoner,” said Violet.

Dart’s brow furrowed at her sibilant hiss upon hearing her speak for the first time. He didn’t care that she had a lisp, but it wasn’t exactly a lisp.

“How do you want to do this?” he asked the both of them.

“Take off your clothesss,” said Violet in her strange manner. “I want to sssee what I’m getting.” Both women were still in the tub, but now Poppy stood up

and put her arm around her lover’s waist.

“Sure.” As Dart started to undress. He considered himself a dead man so anything he did now didn’t matter. Fucking some random noblewoman was just a quicker swing of the headsman’s axe.

In no time he had his clothes off and was displaying his hard cock. He was still standing away from the giant tub while the women stood in it, but he wasn’t going to suddenly jump in with them, not without permission.

“He hasss a handsssome cock,” said Violet.

“Thank you,” said Dart.

“Start off with a blowjob,” suggested Poppy. “I’d like to watch that.”

“Cccertainly,” said Violet as she opened her mouth wide and leaning over the edge of the tub, reaching for Dart’s cock.

Dart didn’t know exactly what to expect of Violet, but seeing two pointed tongues suddenly loll out between the woman’s lips made him abruptly back up.

He slipped on the wet, tiled floor and fell heavily to the floor, bruising his ass.

“Oof!”

The women laughed at him. At least Poppy did. Violet just kept her mouth wide open and made an odd noise as she displayed her long tongue.

He had been mistaken at first. She didn’t have two tongues. She had just the one, but it was split down the middle like a snake’s. The noblewoman showed off, making the two halves of her long tongue move back and forth, squirming around in a most unnatural manner.

“Belsar’s balls!” Dart exclaimed.

Poppy only laughed harder. “I know she’s strange to look at, but once you have her tongue wrapped around your cock, you’ll be thanking me for the rest of your life.”

Dart wasn’t sure about that.

His cock didn’t diminish in size or rigidity. It only got harder as he watched the two women kiss.

“Fuck…” he cursed.

Poppy broke the kiss and looked at him. “Can you imagine what she can do with her wonderful tongue on a woman’s cunt?”

Dart just shook his head.

“I can. Well, I don’t need to imagine. She was doing it to me when you rudely walked in.”

“Can I fuck him?” Violet asked the princess.

“You need to suck his cock first.”

“Of courssse. It’sss just been too long sssince I’ve had a cock other than my husssband’sss.”

Dart knew he had been getting into something that would surely be his doom. Now he was going to be fucking a married noblewoman as well. It was hardly the worst crime he had already committed.

Violent climbed out of the tub and knelt over his body. Warm water dripped on him and the floor as she lowered her mouth to his cock. Poppy sat on the edge of the tub to watch, one hand firmly planted between her legs.

The first thing that Dart realized was that Poppy had been completely correct. Violet’s unusual tongue resulted in the best blowjob he had ever received. Better than every whore he had hired. Better than every man he had taken to bed. Better than Princess Poppy’s efforts.

He groaned loudly as her tongue parts wrapped around his cock and did such things that were obscene and if they weren’t illegal, they should have been.

“Her husband had it done to her,” Poppy explained as she watched them. “He’s an aficionado of mouth work. I should know. I gave him more than a few

blowjobs before Violet married him."

For a moment Dart had been worried that Violet's tongue had been the product of an unusual mating between a human and lizardfolk. That would be rare, of course, and most human hybrids were hidden away by their noble families, but anything was possible.

Of course, the fact that Violet's husband had it done to her, as Poppy had put it, wasn't any more reassuring to him.

But he couldn't focus on the behaviors of noble families and their many and varied and strange kinks. Violet's tongue was doing wonderful things to his cock and he appreciated what her husband had made her do, even if it was wrong, so very, very wrong.

"Don't cum in her mouth," Poppy cautioned. "I want to see you fuck her."

Abruptly Violet expelled Dart from between her lips. He had been rapidly approaching climax, so maybe that was a good thing. It still felt like she had left him hanging. "No! Don't cum in my mouth," the strange woman demanded. "I have a perfectly good pussssssy to you to ussse."

She got off the floor where Dart had been sprawled, a happy victim to her attention, even though the floor was cold and hard. Poppy was still in the warm water of the tub. Violet rejoined her, splashing more of the water on the floor, though he supposed that nobility like the two of them didn't worry about a little water on the floor.

Poppy resumed the pose she had been in when Dart had entered: perched on the edge of the tub, her shapely ass on the shelf that surrounded the back half of the giant brass spa. Violet got back between the princess's legs and put her face to Poppy's cunt, but this time her ass was above the water.

Dart wasn't looking at her ass. He was looking lower, at her bulging cunt lips.

The princess moaned a little, catching Dart's attention. "Mmm. What are you waiting for? I said I wanted to see you fuck her. Start fucking her."

Poppy suddenly sucked in her breath as the Lady Violet employed her tongue to pleasure the princess in a most unnatural way.

For just half a second Dart reflected that in the past three days he had gotten a blowjob from a wizard, been buggered by a tentacle-cock, and fucked a slutty princess. Those were strange enough, and fucking the princess was a certain death sentence. He figured that if something was wrong with Violet's cunt and he wound up dying from fucking her, he was still ahead on the game that he had been drawn into.

Walking carefully on the slippery tile floor, Dart got into the tub. It was deep and the water wasn't just warm. It was hot. Steam was rising from the surface of it.

"How is it so hot?" he asked.

"Heat," moaned Poppy. "The tub heats the water. Now fuck her!"

His cock was hard and he reached between Violet's legs. Her cunt was hot and wet. Plunging a pair of his fingers where they didn't belong, he found her cunt slippery and inviting. She was human enough for a fuck.

The noblewoman must have done this before, or some variation of it. When he took his cock in hand and slipped it into her, she adjusted her stance so that he could easily fuck her.

"Very good," Poppy said with an approving grin and then closed her eyes before tilting her head back to enjoy Violet's perverted attention.

The water sloshed around, but Dart paid it no attention. He just wanted to fuck the lady and get out of there. Her cunt was like any other cunt he had fucked in his life. At least he hoped it was.

Sensing he was being used because he was nothing more than a thief and a spy being used by the crown prince and his wife, he fucked Violet slowly and steadily. He wanted the lady to make Poppy climax first. That seemed to be the smart way to proceed.

Poppy wasn't an inhibited woman. Between the attention Violet had already slathered on her along with watching Violet fellate Dart, she was already close to the edge.

The princess screamed as she came.

Dart was certain she had alerted the entire palace to her murder.

He stopped thrusting.

Poppy's eyes popped open. "Don't fucking stop!" she admonished him. "Fucking cum in her."

Seeing that it was a royal order, Dart resuming fucking as fast and hard as he dared. Violet looked over her shoulder at him, licking Poppy's amrita from both her upper and lower lips at the same time. Her look was nasty and evil.

That was enough to get Dart over the edge. He emptied his balls into her, keeping his grunts to a minimum. He didn't want to overshadow the princess.

"Did he cum in you?" Poppy demanded of Violet.

"Yesss," the strange noblewoman answered.

The two kissed and Dart wondered what the fuck he was doing with his life.

He half resolved to take the small fortune he had earned from the crown prince, run away as far as he could, buy a patch of land, and grow string beans in relative peace for the rest of his life.

And then the door to the bathing room opened. Dart's head spun around to see who had entered.

He promptly lost his footing and fell into the hot water.

Just before he went under, he heard the women laughing.

It should have been simple for him to sit up and escape drowning. It wasn't. Lady Violet held him down by smoothly placing a knee upon his chest.

He couldn't breathe.

After several long moments of struggle, she relented and allowed him to surface.

He sucked in a lungful of air, grateful that he hadn't met his doom yet.

"What was that?" he demanded of the two women.

Violet was in the process of getting out of the tub. Just as he surfaced, the bathroom door closed.

“Just Lady Violet being summoned by her husband,” pouted Poppy. “It’s as if he knows that we're having a lovely Sapphic affair and wants it to stop.”

Violet passed a wet washcloth between her legs, wiping away the last of Dart’s cum. “Ssshall I offer him a ssshow to watch?” asked Violet. “Would you fuck me in front of him?”

“Could I fuck him as well?” asked Poppy.

“Of courssse, but he would not sssatisssfy you. I doubt hisss cock could get hard knowing the crown princcce would have him exxxecuted for violating you.”

“So sad,” said Poppy. She slid out of the tub and gave her lover one last kiss before Violet wrapped herself in a robe and left the room.

“You’re going to get me killed,” complained Dart.

“Then stop fucking noblewomen. And stop spying on me.”

“I’m supposed to be protecting you.”

“And finding out who my lover is,” she added as she wrapped herself in a robe.

Dart went to put on his clothes, but between the action in the tub and the women’s disregard for the difficulty in bringing hot water to the middle of the palace, all of his clothes were soaking wet.

Looking at the hooks on the wall where Violet and Poppy had taken robes, he saw there were several left. All were small. All were white and pink lace and silk.

He sighed.

“We know who your lover is,” he said. “Groph the ogre.”

“And you,” she added.

“Most definitely not me!”

“You’re so cute. Put on a robe and we’ll find you some dry clothes.”

“I’m going to tell Thurston that Groph is your lover, not your kidnapper!”

“No you’re not,” she said easily. “Besides, I have another lover. You should really give my husband a full report.”

Chapter 7

Dart liked the small room he had been given. It was easily the largest room he had ever lived in. It was warm and dry, which was also unique for him. Plus it was close to the princess's quarters which allowed him easy access to her when needed.

The crown prince's major domo even showed Dart the semi-secret passages he could use to spy on the princess. The passages were just supposed to be for servants to make their way quickly through the palace complex, but Dart knew people and knew that servants and others would use them to spy.

"Just don't use them to invade the princess's privacy," the old man who had served the crown prince his entire life warned Dart. "That's reason enough for a royal execution."

That confirmed Dart's suspicions. He wondered if the old man had had a wank or two while watching the princess fuck a lover.

No, that wasn't right. The princess was too smart for that. The old man had spied upon ladies in waiting, though, of that Dart was sure.

Since Poppy knew that Dart was spying on her, he made it no secret he was watching her. That made things simple. She would have a servant bring him her schedule for the day to make things easier on him.

Most of her activities focused on boring maidenly pursuits. Needlecraft. Card games. Gardening. Walks in the garden. Tea. Music in the conservatory.

Dart was getting bored.

He was only mildly surprised when a maid slipped into his room early one morning to relay the day's schedule to him. At first Princess Poppy had tried sending her maids with a handwritten list. When he admitted he was illiterate, she had taken to giving a verbal itinerary to him.

Dart listened as the pretty and young maid ran down the day's planned activities. "Breakfast in bed, of course. That will be followed by needlepoint sampler work with her ladies in waiting until noon meal. This afternoon is supposed to be pleasant weather, so croquet on the garden lawn, unless it rains and then the

Marquis of Brightenburg's youngest son will entertain us with a violin recital, then tea, then dressing for dinner, and then dinner. After dinner the princess is supposed to spend time with Crown Prince Thurston." She smiled knowingly.

That was a first. For a married couple, Poppy and Thurston spent very little time together. Dart nodded. "Thank you, um...what is your name?" he asked. The girl had been to his room at least twice before, but he had never asked her name.

"Lea," she said with a small curtsy.

"Thanks again, Lea."

"It's short for Azalea."

"Pretty," he commented.

She didn't leave the room.

"Is there something else?" he asked.

She shook her head no. She looked nervous.

"Then if you don't mind, I'd like to get out of bed and have some breakfast."

"I don't mind," the maid said, tucking a stray strand of her auburn hair behind an ear. It had escaped her maid's cap and Dart wondered how strictly the maids followed uniform protocols.

"I do," Dart said flatly. "I'm not wearing any fancy silk pajamas like the nobility does."

"Are you naked under your blanket?" asked Lea, her fair cheeks blushing slightly.

"Yes. I am."

The maid wetted her lips so quickly that Dart was uncertain if he saw her tongue at all. "I wouldn't mind helping you dress," she said quickly.

"I don't need your help to dress. I'm not some useless blue blood," he said, but it was already too late.

The maid had quickly crossed the small space of his room and all but threw back the blankets so that she could see his nude body.

A smile blossomed across her face. “Beautiful,” she breathed and without waiting for permission, reached out and grabbed his growing cock.

“You don’t have to—” Dart started to say before the maid went down on her knees and took his manhood into her mouth. “Oh fuck,” he cursed.

There were worse ways of waking up, he had to admit.

And the maid’s mouthwork was exquisite. Maybe not the best he had ever had—that honor went to Lady Violet—but her skills were on par with the women and men of the city’s better whorehouses.

She looked up at him with pleading eyes as her head bobbed up and down on his length. It was an affectation that did nothing for Dart, but he let her do as she pleased.

Her deft fingers gently massaged his testicles, not hard enough to hurt but just firm enough to give him a little extra pleasure. He was just on the verge of asking her to put a finger up his ass to get him over the edge when she abruptly stopped sucking and removed his cock from her mouth.

“I need you inside of me,” she insisted, standing up to strip off her maid’s uniform.

“I was just inside you,” he told her. “Inside your mouth.”

She grinned at him. “Inside my cunt,” she clarified.

The maid’s uniform was a simple black dress and matching cap. She left the cap on. Underneath she wore a corset and thigh high stockings to keep her legs warm. She wore nothing around her hips, no knickers of any sort. Dart’s eyes went directly to her cunt. It was neatly trimmed and shaven to a simple line of dark auburn hair to match that on her head.

The corset was easily removed by Lea by untying the stays and loosening them just enough for her to wiggle the stiff bit of clothing down over her hips.

Her actions only served to enhance her large tits. They were much larger than he would have guessed on such a young woman, but the shapeless dresses the maids were forced to wear did nothing to enhance their bodies. It only took him a moment to spy what was unusual about this maid.

Her fair skin was complimented by her extremely fair nipples. To call them pink would be an affront to the color pink. Dart could hardly distinguish between them and her skin proper. But that wasn't the amazing part of her tits. He had seen ghost nipples before. He had seen big tits before. Never before had he seen a woman with rings through her nipples.

She saw him staring at her tits.

"Do you like them?" she asked, running her hands over her body, fiddling with the rings. As she did so, the pale pink nipples hardened. They weren't large, but they were perfect in his eyes. He could only wonder why she had disfigured herself with such unneeded jewelry.

Dart reached out and she moved close enough for him to cup her breasts and run his thumbs over her nipples. She shuddered at the stimulation.

"Why?" he asked her.

Lea's eyes were closed as he fondled her tits. "Why what?" she asked softly as her head lolled from side to side and she licked her lips.

"Why mar such beauty, such perfection with these cold rings?"

They weren't cold. The silver rings were warm from her body, but that was beside the point.

Her smile was sad. "I needed them to work in the palace."

"What?"

"Every maid wears them. Even the old grannies who work in the laundry. It's our reminder of service, so that we couldn't suckle a baby if we were to fall pregnant."

Dart saw no logic in that, but Lea gave him no opportunity to ponder it further.

She got on the narrow bed with him, her thighs straddling his hips.

Once more she took his cock in hand—it was still slightly wet from her mouth—and lowered herself onto him.

Her cunt was inviting. The maid was no maiden, no virgin. Once he was fully seated inside her, she started moving, riding him, rolling her hips, giving herself as much pleasure as she gave him.

Dart had to do little. He watched as her tits pleasingly bounced with every motion of her body. Her face went through every aspect of pleasure and lust. She braced her hands on his chest as she rode him. He moved his hands from her waist to her ass, grabbing happy handfuls of her soft flesh before moving back up to tease and pinch her nipples.

A thousand questions went through his head, but he didn't voice any of them. The most important question was why did she jump into bed with him. Was she really that horny? He knew he was reasonably attractive. Did the maid hope to seduce him? He had little status in the palace, but as an unknown element, maybe he was that much more attractive to the serving class.

They fucked slowly and for a long time. There was no hurry. The princess didn't breakfast early and if she was to do needlework with her ladies, there was nothing for Dart to do.

Watching the maid bring herself to climax was like viewing a painting by one of the great masters. It was unlike anything elsewhere in the world. She didn't keep quiet. He liked that. There was no reason for her to be quiet, using a maid was permissible in the palace, if he understood anything at all about how the place worked.

It was after her fifth orgasm—or maybe it was her sixth, Dart had lost track—when he realized that he needed to bring things to a conclusion if he wanted to climax himself.

Up to that moment, he had been letting her do all the work. As her shudders from the last orgasm subsided, he abruptly flipped her over. In the process his cock slipped free of her cunt.

She struggled with him a moment. Since he found it difficult to re-enter her in

this position, he turned her over again so she was face down. It was easier to control her in that position. Pinning her down, he got his cock between her legs, his stomach resting on her plump ass.

“Put me in you,” he hissed in her ear, “or I’ll fuck your ass and cum that way.”

He had one hand holding her wrist and the other on the back of her neck, pressing just strong enough to indicate how he could hurt her.

Lea struggled a bit and then relented. Arching up her hips she put her free hand underneath her body, found his cock and helped him back inside her. Once back where he belonged, Dart found it easy to fuck Lea from behind, admiring the flare of her hips and the play of muscles under her skin.

She managed to startle him again. In the struggle her hair had come loose from her cap and fell down over her shoulders. A turn of her head cleared the tresses off her shoulders and revealed a dark tattoo on her shoulder. He recognized it right away. The crest of the Gainas family.

“They mark you like chattel?” he asked, his fingers tracing over the tattoo.

She barely gave him a glance before starting to rock her body on his cock, trying to draw his attention back to fucking rather than her body alone.

“If one wants to work in the palace, certain freedoms are given up,” she said.

He could have discussed politics with her, but it was easier to let his mind focus on sex.

He fucked her hard. She seemed to appreciate that. The slapping of flesh on flesh filled the room. It echoed off the cold stone walls.

Dart kept his hand on the back of her neck and twisted her arm behind her back, forcing her to hold still as he violently thrusted into her as he finished, spurting cum deep in her cunt.

He could have cum in or on her ass, but he indulged himself. He knew he was being played and he decided to go with it.

After collapsing on her, they both panted heavily for a minute before he had

rested enough to roll off her body.

Almost immediately the maid climbed from her bed and went through the motions of dressing herself. Dart watched as she expertly pulled the corset into place, hiding her ringed nipples from sight.

She wiped her cunt with his blanket. He gave her a twisted smile as she pulled her dress back on.

“Did you enjoy yourself,” he asked, already knowing the answer.

“Sex with a real man is better than with a noble,” said Lea as she put her cap back on and tucked her hair away. “They all have some weird kink they want to play out or it’s over in less than a minute. No fun at all.”

“Was this fun?” he asked.

“It was a nice distraction this morning.”

“You didn’t answer my question. The important thing here is: did you keep me busy long enough?”

She looked innocently at him. “Whatever do you mean, Deputy d’Artagnan?”

“Is Princess Poppy really doing needlework with her ladies or is she getting needled by her lover’s cock?”

If there had been a looking glass in the sparse room, Lea would have checked her reflection. There wasn’t so she just nodded to Dart. “I have no idea what you are talking about.”

Dart just nodded. “When can I fuck you again?”

“The next time I feel like slumming,” said the maid as she exited the room, firmly closing the door behind her.

“Or when the princess needs me to be distracted again.”

Dressing quickly, Dart hurried to the drawing room where the princess would gather with her ladies on their indoor activities. The room was empty. There was

no sign it had been used that morning or was going to be.

Maid Lea was just a pleasant distraction.

It narrowed down the list of possible lovers for Poppy. It was someone in the palace or someone with easy access because there was no time for her to leave and come back for lunch, not after a tryst in a lover’s bed.

Dart was patient; he wondered if Thurston would be as well.

Chapter 8

The rest of the day proceeded exactly as Lea had laid out: midday meal, croquet on the lawn, dressing for dinner, dinner, and then Poppy went to Thurston's room. It was obvious to everyone why she had gone to his room, but Dart had an undeniable need to confirm this for himself.

For the life of him, he couldn't imagine the two nobles actually having sex with each other even though they were married.

He was a spy for the crown prince so he decided to take advantage of that and the semi-secret passages in the palace. Spying on the crown prince wasn't approved, but neither was it forbidden. Besides, Dart rationalized, he could always say that he was spying on the princess.

He doubted that argument would succeed, but it was only a starting point.

The tiny spy holes were spaced all throughout the passages, mostly in the hidden doors, but other locations as well. It didn't take Dart long to find the spy hole he needed. There was an added benefit of the location he chose not only gave him a good view of the bed, but the acoustics were superior as well.

The lighting in the crown prince's bedchamber was dim, but Dart had particularly good eyesight. He supposed that helped make him both a good thief and a good spy.

What he saw should have been exciting to any viewer, any accomplished voyeur, but it just left Dart cold.

Princess Poppy was stripped naked, though in the dim light it was entirely possible that she was still wearing her silk stockings and high heels that were fashionable to wear during the elaborate dinners that Dart didn't get to participate in. She definitely had her hair up in the elaborate style that her ladies had created just for the evening's meal. Beyond that, her arms were bound to the thick posters on the corners of the prince's bed. She was half bent over with her ass sticking out.

Dart couldn't see her expression, but he surmised it was either scared or bored. The prince was still dressed, though he had removed his dinner jacket. His hard cock had been pulled out of his breeches and he was walking back and forth

behind his wife. In his hand he had a short whip that was closer to a quirt than a crop.

The first thing that Dart heard was the quirt being used.

The snap of the tool across Poppy's bare buttocks made Dart jump. He knew just how much such an implement could hurt.

The next thing he heard was the little scream from Poppy. He knew he would have screamed loud enough to scare away all the help in the palace. Somehow she managed to keep herself mostly under control.

"What is his name?" Thurston demanded.

"Whose name, dear husband?" asked Poppy, half innocently and half insolently.

In response Thurston slapped her ass again with the leather weapon. Again a scream from Poppy, followed by controlled breathing.

"The man you are fucking. The man who is your lover."

"My only lover is you, dear husband," Poppy panted.

Thurston grabbed her face and twisted it around to look him in the eyes. "You are a terrible liar. Your cunt is open to everyone in this palace. You fuck the maids. You fuck the pages. You fuck the noblewomen. You fuck everyone but me!"

She snickered at him and stuck her ass out further, inviting him to use her body. "You're invited if you want to watch me fuck Lady Violet. She'll even suck your cock. And you can fuck me right now if you wish."

He struck her in rapid success five or six times. Dart couldn't count that quickly. He imagined the red welts forming on her ass and the backs of her thighs.

Then the crown prince dropped the quirt and grabbed his wife's hips. In an instant he had shoved his cock into her cunt—though from his angle Dart couldn't be sure if the crown prince hadn't inserted himself into her ass—and started roughly fucking her.

It was violent and arousing. Dart couldn’t imagine doing that to any woman or man.

The thing of it was...Princess Poppy seemed to enjoy it. The way she screamed and cried out...there was no way she was faking it or acting. She was in pain.

But Dart also knew that she was enjoying getting fucked this way.

He didn’t understand nobility and their unusual sexual appetites.

He also didn’t fully understand why he pulled out his own cock and beat off as he watched the unhappy couple. He shot his load against the wall and walked away, reasoning he wasn’t the first person to have committed that act there.

In many ways Poppy preferred being by herself. Being constantly attended by ladies in waiting was often more trouble than it was worth. Being able to sleep alone in her bed was a pleasure she would treasure.

She had worn just a simple silk robe back from Thurston’s room. That kept the pain from the welts to a minimum.

One of her maids could retrieve her dress and other clothing in the morning.

As soon as she dropped the robe to the floor a voice spoke.

“Every time I learn something about you, I’m not sure if I should be aroused or disgusted.”

She gasped and then calmed herself. It was just Dart. Deputy d’Artagnan she thought with a silent snicker.

“Maybe you shouldn’t spy on me then,” she said while moving to a large wardrobe that she opened and started searching through the drawers.

“It’s my job.”

“Quit.”

“You shouldn’t let your husband abuse you like that,” said Dart. He didn’t mention the sexual assault. He wasn’t sure if she had welcomed the attention or not. They both knew he was avoiding the subject.

“As if I have a choice. I can’t leave him. I can’t divorce him.” Picking a bottle from a drawer, she slammed the drawer and wardrobe shut before whirling around. “Why do you think I have other lovers?”

Dart didn’t want to speculate on that.

“Then give him the name of your lover and be done with it.”

“So he can have me executed for treason, for fucking someone else.”

“He already knows,” Dart pointed out.

She scoffed at him. “You know nothing of palace politics.” Unexpectedly she tossed the glass bottle to him. Dart’s skills automatically kicked in and he caught it. “Make yourself useful and rub that into my welts,” she ordered him before laying face down on her bed.

In the dark room Dart nervously looked around and wondered who was spying on him right then.

Tossing caution aside, he poured some of the ointment into his hand and joined her on the bed, carefully applying it to her abused skin.

“I love it,” she mumbled into the bed.

“Love what?”

“How he treats me. How he abuses my body. How he fucks me. I hate it, but I love it.”

Dart knew she was talking about Thurston and not her ogre lover Groph, but surely it applied to the ogre and his huge cock as well.

She gasped as he applied the ointment. Touching the princess like this was a sure way to an execution. Dart just added it to the list of the crimes he had committed with the princess. He could only be killed once.

“I should ask why you do it, but I won’t.”

“You’re not a noblewoman born to a family fallen on hard times. You wouldn’t know why I do what I do.”

“Aren’t you worried about falling pregnant?” he asked her. Dart didn’t specify which of her lovers would be the father in this scenario.

Poppy laughed at his naivety. “If Thurston got me pregnant, that would be cause for celebration throughout the kingdom.”

“So why don’t you do that?” he asked. “It would solve so many—”

“Fucking an ogre is a sure way for a woman never to fall pregnant,” she told him bluntly, hissing slightly as he rubbed the ointment a little too roughly into her skin.

“What?” He immediately imagined that the ogre’s huge cock had somehow ruined her ability to reproduce. What did a spy, a thief, know of that sort of thing?

Princess Poppy turned her head just enough to catch his eye with hers. “Every woman knows if she fucks an ogre, her husband can’t get her pregnant. That’s why I fuck Groph as often as I can.”

Dart had a hundred questions starting with “Is that true?” and ending with “What if Groph gets you pregnant?”, but he didn’t ask any of them.

“I...I see.”

“Do you?” she asked. She didn’t wait for an answer. “More ointment.”

He did as she bade making sure to get the hot welts he felt on the backs of her thighs.

“On my cunt,” she encouraged him.

“What?”

“Put it on my cunt. It’s a healing salve. It won’t hurt me.”

“But…”

“Like you haven’t already fucked me. Just do it.”

The princess moved her legs wider, giving him access. When he applied the ointment to her cunt she sighed. He wasn’t sure if that was because the salve felt good or his mild fingering of her felt good.

Maybe both.

“He’s got a small cock, but he doesn’t know how to use it properly.”

“Okay…”

“Make me cum,” she ordered.

“What?”

“Use your fucking fingers and make me cum,” she ordered, arching up her hips and shoving a pillow under them.

Shrugging, Dart did exactly as she asked.

The salve made her extra slippery as it combined with her cunt’s amrita. Finding her clit was easy. In a matter of minutes he had her gasping for air and then she came on his hand.

A minute later she was asleep.

Dart wasn’t sure if he felt relieved or used.

Wiping his hand on the blankets, he covered the princess and slipped out of her room. A minute later he was safely back in his own space which he was starting to think of as a cell. It wasn’t even a monk’s cell. It was a prison cell.

He kicked off his boots and collapsed on the bed. All he wanted to do was fall asleep.

When Irvas suddenly appeared at the foot of his bed he wasn’t sure if he was dreaming or hallucinating or viewing the wizard who had managed to teleport into the palace.

“We need to talk,” demanded the wizard.

Dart groaned. “What I need is to go to sleep. How in the name of Belsar’s balls did you get in here?”

“Am I really here or is this an astral projection?” asked the wizard as he moved to the side of the bed.

“I don’t fucking know.”

Irvas lashed out with his hand, slapping Dart across the face. “It’s real enough for our purposes tonight.”

“I just want to go to sleep.” Dart held his hand to his cheek and ignored the pain and humiliation that came with the slap.

“You need to bring the Princess Poppy to Groph in three days time.”

Dart groaned. “As if I don’t have enough going on already. She just fucked him last week.”

“It was two weeks ago,” Irvas pointed out. “You’ve gotten too comfortable in the palace.”

“Whatever.”

“You’ll do it,” Irvas ordered, his eyes glowing.

Dart was helpless to resist. “I’ll do it,” he repeated rotely.

The wizard smiled thinly. “Good. Now that is settled, take off your clothes.”

“I was just about to so I could go to sleep.”

The wizard’s smile broadened. “You won’t be sleeping just yet.”

It was easy for Dart to undress. As soon as he was naked, so was Irvas. It was the wizard who was the aggressor. His kisses were insistent. He pulled Dart down on top of him. They struggled on the bed for a minute before Dart found himself behind Irvas.

Automatically, Dart reached down to grab the other man's cock and unexpectedly found the wizard's unusual tentacle-cock.

"You like that?" asked Irvas.

Dart was creeped out by what passed for the other man's cock, but he nodded yes, muttered an affirmative word, and stroked the unusual organ a few times.

He liked kissing Irvas from behind, focusing on his shoulders and neck.

"Put it in my ass," the wizard said. "Fuck me hard."

That Dart could do. Either the wizard had prepared himself or his ass naturally lubricated on its own—which made no sense—but Dart found it incredibly easy to push his cock into the other man.

They rutted like violent animals. This was what Dart needed to forget about what he had seen Poppy do with Thurston. This was what he needed to forget about what he had done to Poppy.

And then Irvas's tentacle-cock caressed his balls. It made no sense, but it was the only thing that could be massaging his sack in that way.

The worst part was that it felt good.

"Do you like that?" Irvas asked.

"Yes," Dart grunted as he pushed all the way into the other man.

"Hold still," Irvas commanded and Dart didn't move. He loved the tightness of the wizard's ass surrounding and clamping down on his ass.

And then Irvas's cock moved further back, along his perineum, and pushed up into his ass. Dart couldn't imagine how long the wizard's cock was and how it was getting inside of him, but it felt so good, so incredible, that he didn't voice any objection.

"Fuck me," Irvas ordered. "Make me cum."

Dart did. Every movement of his own was mirrored by Irvas's cock. He was

penetrated forcefully but he loved every bit of it. It was wrong and oh so right at the same time.

By the time Dart finished inside Irvas, he was spent. All he could do was collapse on the bed and pass out.

Chapter 9

Dart wasn’t surprised to wake up alone in his bed. His ass was a bit sore, so he knew that something had happened, but he couldn’t say what exactly. The maid who came to wake him this morning was an older woman who didn’t drop hints for sex and didn’t speak in innuendo. Dart wondered if her nipples were pierced.

Seeing that the princess didn’t intend on distracting him in the morning because she wasn’t fucking her lover, after breakfast Dart went to see the crown prince in his office.

He was pleased that the guards outside Thurston’s office simply ushered him inside. It was nice to be recognized and have some authority. He wasn’t so pleased when he walked into the spacious office to find Thurston fucking a woman on the desk.

Nothing should have shocked Dart any longer but he still came up short when he saw what was going on.

The woman’s skirts were hiked up above her hips. She was bent over the large wooden desk while Thurston railed her from behind. The crown prince hadn’t bothered to drop his breeches; he had merely opened them up to get out his cock. Dart wondered if this was Thurston’s go-to move. The crown prince had fucked his wife in the exact same manner.

For a few moments Dart was mesmerized by what he was witnessing. The woman was thin and attractive with arched eyes and dark hair that had fallen out of its bun. She was reaching across the desk, gripping the far edge. Dart couldn’t tell if that was because she was trying to escape the prince or hold herself in place for his vigorous attention.

She looked up and saw Dart watching, but didn’t acknowledge him at all. Could she not talk or did she not care?

Every time the crown prince thrusted into her, the thin woman’s taut ass shook and jiggled fetchingly. He knew he shouldn’t have been aroused by the scene, but he was. His cock started to stiffen as he stood there watching, unable to compel himself to leave.

Thurston was pinning the woman between himself and the desk, but also had one hand on her waist and the other on the back of her neck.

Dart couldn’t tell if either was fully enjoying their copulation.

The woman wasn’t loud, but now that he was inside the office, it was obvious to Dart that the guards must have known the woman was inside and what was happening. He didn’t dare clear his throat or make a noise to alert the crown prince to his presence. Just as he had decided to slip quietly away, the woman reached a crescendo in her cries of passion.

Dart found he couldn’t move.

Her scream of pleasure brought Thurston to his climax. He grunted loudly several times as he came, depositing his cum into the woman’s cunt.

Only then did he look up and see Dart there.

He thrusted one last time into the woman, pulled out his cock, and wiped it on her ass.

“How long have you been watching?” he asked Dart as he tucked away his small cock and buttoned up his breeches. The woman lay there a moment longer before she started to compose herself and pull down her skirt.

“Not long, my prince,” Dart answered.

Thurston nodded. “Get out,” he said to his lover. Was she a prostitute? “I’ll send for you later.”

Now that she had fixed her clothes and was standing upright, Dart saw that she was no whore. No common whore, at least.

She was thin and willowy with arched eyes and was more attractive than any woman had a right to be.

Her ears were pointed. That was the giveaway. They weren’t sharply pointed, but more than enough for anyone to tell.

She pulled her bag off the desk and removed a small mirror, checking her face before quickly adjusting her hair to cover her ears. She then retrieved an ornamental hat from the floor and placed it on her head, making the disguise compete.

Not bothering to acknowledge Dart, the woman then bent over to kiss Thurston on the lips where he sat in his chair behind the desk. Only then did she walk out of the office.

“The Lady Tullee Samminite,” said the crown prince once they were alone. “Just in case you were wondering.”

“I wasn’t,” Dart said quickly.

“Why not. Aren’t you my spy? Don’t I pay you to know things?”

“I’m not paid to spy on you, my prince.”

Thurston smiled. “Very good answer. “

“She’s beautiful,” Dart stupidly said.

“She is,” Thurston agreed. “It’s the elf blood in her veins. It’s what also makes her a good fuck.”

“Of course,” Dart agreed.

“No judgement on me fucking an elf?” Thurston challenged.

“It’s not my place. I didn’t realize she was an elf.”

“Half-elf,” Thurston said. “Or a quarter or something. I never bothered learning her family’s history. If you ever have the chance, make sure you fuck an elf before you die, Deputy d’Artagnan. A man hasn’t lived until he has dipped his cock in that honeypot.”

“I’ll see that I do.”

“Aren’t you curious why I’m fucking her?”

“It’s none of my business who you fuck,” said Dart.

“Just who my wife fucks, correct?”

“Correct, sir.”

Thurston smiled. “Very good answer again. So who is she fucking?”

“I don’t know,” Dart answered quickly. “But I’ll be finding out in three days.”

“Why?”

“That’s when she’ll be meeting her lover.”

“How do you know this?”

Dart smiled. He wasn’t smart, but he knew how to play the game. “A good spy never reveals his secrets. I wouldn’t want you accidentally giving away information.”

Thurston laughed at him. “I knew I chose wisely when I hired you! Ha! What is your plan?”

“Your wife will slip out of the palace in three days. We’ll let her go and I’ll follow.”

The crown prince’s mood darkened. “What about the ogre that keeps taking her and trying to ransom her? The fool.”

“He’s no real danger. He’s just an ogre, after all. If he wanted her dead, he would have killed her by now. He just wants the ransom you’ll pay.”

“I’ve hired killers and mercenaries to free her before and I’ll do it again. I’d rather the money go to loyal people than a filthy fucking ogre.”

“Quite right, my prince.”

Chapter 10

“Not long now, my love,” said Princess Poppy as she inserted the stone into her cunt.

She was alone on her bed, naked but for her silk sleeping robe which was now pulled up to her belly, exposing her cunt. It had taken some time to prepare herself, but that was pleasurable as well.

The problem with the stone that Groph had gifted her was that it was modeled on his own cock meaning that it was large. Very large. While she loved large cocks, it wasn’t exactly a simple task to put them in her cunt. She had to prepare herself and use the expensive oil to ease the passage, but it was worth it.

Groph’s stone was warm to the touch. It was obviously a tool for sex, but it was so much more at the same time. It was a direct connection to her lover. She hadn’t asked how he had made or acquired the object, but that didn’t matter. What mattered was what it did to her.

The first time she had used it Groph had watched while she pushed it inside herself. It hurt, but it was like the gods had also come down from the heavens and blessed her cunt at the same time.

It was like that again. His stone was warm. It filled her up. There was a thrumming inside her that she couldn’t explain but it felt so good.

She worked it in and out of her cunt, but slowly. She wasn’t just trying to make herself cum. She was trying to commune with Groph and it would take some time. It didn’t happen instantaneously.

Poppy just focused on her cunt and reached out for Groph, waiting for him. Even the waiting was pleasurable.

“I can feel you in my groin, in my balls, in my cock.”

The words filled her head. It was like Groph was right there, but she knew he was miles away. Just the sound of his voice rumbling through her went straight to her cunt. It was impossible for her to resist; she started sliding the stone in and out of her cunt faster.

“I can’t wait for you to fill me up again, my love,” she whispered aloud. The stone would transmit her voice to Groph but she needed to speak. It wouldn’t just send her thoughts.

“Two more nights,” he promised.

“Fuck me,” she begged. “Fuck me now.”

Her hand was knocked aside from the phallic stone. Poppy kept her legs spread wide. If anyone were to walk in on her or to spy on her now, her secret would be known to the entire palace. To her husband. The stone dildo moved as of its own accord; it didn’t, of course, but it moved by the disembodied hand of Groph.

Part of the thrill—too much of the thrill—was knowing that she could get caught.

But Poppy was certain she wouldn’t get caught. Who would be spying on her? Who would walk in on the princess in the middle of the night? Who would think the stone toy wasn’t anything but a joke because no man could have a cock that large? Who would believe the semi-secret stone dildo she kept hidden in her wardrobe wasn’t just a sex device, but was a way to communicate with her lover?

And who would believe her lover was an ogre?

It was ridiculous.

It took some effort on her part, but Poppy kept her legs splayed wide exposing herself to the moonlight that streamed through the bedroom windows. Groph’s invisible hand took control of the stone cock and steadily thrusted it in and out of her cunt.

It was wrong—oh so wrong—but it felt so good at the same time.

She resisted as long as she could, but eventually her lust overcame her self-control.

When she came, her body shook. She was certain she was soaking the bed under her ass with the nectar flowing from her cunt, but she didn’t care.

It wasn’t exactly sex as she wanted it, but it was close. To be fucked by a replica of Groph’s huge cock was almost as good as getting fucked by the monster himself.

Almost, but not quite. She missed his weight on her body. She missed his smell. She missed how he would handle her.

She missed how he would fill up her cunt with his potent spunk.

Her body shuddered one more time. The stone cock had slowed but not stopped entirely.

“Did you cum, my Poppy?”

“Yes. More. I need more.”

“You always need more.”

“Then give me more!” She knew she was being too loud, but Poppy didn’t care. If she was arrested and executed by her husband, it was all worth it if only she could fuck her lover one more time.

The stone cock moved faster and faster. Poppy was helpless to resist. As much as she wanted to keep her hands by her sides, she couldn’t. They crept up to her breasts and she pinched her nipples.

She pinched them hard enough to hurt, but that wasn’t enough either.

Without wanting to, she allowed one hand to go down to her cunt. All the while the stone cock was magically sliding in and out of her, filling her up and leaving her empty, stretching her in a most exquisite way.

Her middle and forefinger found her clit. The little button of pleasure was swollen and throbbing. She rubbed it as Groph fucked her from miles away.

Her body shuddered again with pleasure. She let out a mewling call of passion that she half-stifled in a pillow as she rolled to her side. The dildo kept up its unholy activity in her cunt. She curled up into a fetal position on her side as Groph continued to abuse and pleasure her. Poppy continued to finger her clit as Groph controlled her from miles away.

Finally it happened. Her cunt sprayed forth amrita in such volume and force that her orgasm made her temporarily pass out. The stone cock finally slid from her body and she drifted off to sleep imagining that her ogre lover was embracing her all the while.

Dart pulled his eye from the spy hole where he had observed the whole episode. He had no idea exactly how Groph was using the stone dildo but he imagined that Irvas had something to do with it.

Once more Dart was ashamed of himself. He had beat off while watching the princess's performance and shot his load against the wall once again.

He hated that he was doing this.

Still, he was thankful for the maid Lea who had alerted him to the unusual activities going on in the princess's bed. What her angle on this was unknown to Dart, but he decided to make the most of it.

After putting his cock away and buttoning up his breeches, he slipped down the secret passage back to his room.

He shouldn't have been surprised to find Lea in his bed. He thought he had gotten used to the sort of scandals and semi-secret activities that went on in the palace. She was already naked.

"Did you see her?" Lea asked.

Dart knew he should have kicked her out of the room and gone to sleep.

Instead, he stripped and joined her, putting his hand between her thighs, feeling her hot cunt as he kissed her lips.

"Yes. How often does that happen?"

"Often enough," the maid replied evasively. "Do you know who gave her that toy?"

Dart had a reasonable guess, but lied. "No idea. Do you?"

The maid shook her head. "No...but I can find out for you."

Dart smiled. He wasn’t sure if he could get his cock up again so soon, but for the randy maid, maybe he could. It gave him a boost of confidence that he now had an informer in the princess's orbit.

“Do that,” he said, “and I’ll make it more than worth your while.”

The maid pulled his hand from her cunt and moved down his body, taking his cock into her mouth. If she tasted his cum, she didn’t comment or complain. Dart leaned back on the bed and allowed her to do her duty.

To Be Continued

Preview

Cuckquean 3: The Cake and Eat It Too

“Oh my god, that was fucking incredible,” Gigi breath when I finally pulled my face away from her pussy. I grinned in self-satisfaction and wiped up more of her amrita and Brent’s cum from my chin. I stuffed it in my mouth and asked her, “What else do you want me to do?”

“You came didn’t you?” she asked me. It was supposed to be a question, but it was an accusation as well.

I felt a little guilty and glanced to Brent where he was standing next to us, watching me. His cock was still soft, but I was certain that I could make him hard again.

They were waiting for an answer from me. I had to look away from Brent. I cast my eyes down in shame to stare at the edge of the mattress.

I nodded my head. “Yes. I made myself cum.” I couldn’t look at either of them.

“How?” asked Gigi.

“With my hand.”

“Let me see.”

Automatically I offered up my hand for her to see. She grabbed my wrist and brought it up to her face. First she sniffed my fingers, searching for my scent. And then she put my middle and ring finger in her mouth, sucking off what little amrita I had left behind.

“That was very bad of you,” Gigi lectured me. “I was going to let Brent fuck you as a reward, but now…”

“I’m sorry,” I quickly apologized. This was exactly what I wanted. To be used and humiliated and to see my boyfriend fuck another woman who considered herself beneath me.

“Sorry isn’t good enough. Brent’s cock is still in need of a cleaning and you have a mouth. Get to work.”

That was easy for me to do.

I crawled over to Brent and took his cock in my hand. I could smell his cum and Gigi’s amrita on him. Their combined juices were starting to dry, but that didn’t stop me. Greedily I sucked his softness into my mouth. The taste was exquisite. Dirty and sour and sweet and musky and more flavors than I could properly describe.

Brent let me blow him. Why wouldn’t he? As I sucked and cleaned his cock, it steadily rose up.

Most men have a refractory period of a few minutes or even an hour or two. I’m sure Brent was helped by the fact that he was getting to see his girlfriend humiliated and used like a proper slut. He was going to get to fuck two women at once and that would give a woody to any man.

Except he wasn’t going to get to fuck me.

As much as I wanted his cock in me, I wanted the denial more.

I wanted to see him as much as possible with Gigi. That’s why we were here this weekend. At home he could fuck me anytime he wanted. The opportunity here was rare.

“Are you going to cum?” Gigi asked him as if I wasn’t there.

“Not yet,” he said, his voice clear. “I mean...I’m close but it’s going to take a bit more.”

“Stop,” Gigi said to me, placing her hand on my shoulder bringing the fun to an end. “I don’t want Brent getting completely exhausted so early in the evening.”

I nodded and slouched down onto my thighs, but I kept hold of his cock because I wanted to assert some control over my boyfriend. That was fucked up and I knew it.

“I’m starving. How about you two?” Gigi asked.

It was mutually agreed upon that ordering in some Thai food was in order.

Brent pulled on shorts and a t-shirt, Gigi found a robe on the back of her bathroom door, but I was denied any clothing other than my collar and cuffs.

“You look prettier that way,” Gigi told me.

I wasn’t sure if that was the truth or not, but I wanted to please them and I wanted to show off and I wanted to be a good little submissive girl.

How could I be a cuckquean if I wasn’t submissive?

So they got clothing and I got to walk around in my birthday suit and I was surprisingly comfortable with that.

And then the front door bell rang indicating our dinner had arrived.

Gigi looked at me. “Why don’t you answer that, Ellie?”

I knew she wanted me to answer the door naked. I knew the delivery driver would just be some middle-aged man and we weren’t going to descend into a terrible scene from a 1980s porn movie, but answering the door naked was just too much for me.

Luckily I had thought ahead just a little and I went into my bag that was still next to the front door.

I hadn’t been sure if I would get to use my sexy lingerie this weekend, but I had brought it along so I might as well try it out.

It was lace and hid essentially nothing because the lace clearly revealed my nipples and probably my pussy as well, but I didn’t have the courage to look. If it had been normal clothing it would have covered as much as a one-piece swimsuit. But it was lace and although my body was covered, nothing was hidden.

I was wrong about the delivery boy. He wasn’t a middle-aged man. She was a teenaged girl. Maybe early twenties, probably a college student earning some extra money.

Her eyes went wide when she saw what I was—and wasn’t—wearing. I didn’t know the routine so I just pretended this was my normal clothing. “What do I owe you?”

I didn’t try to put any implication in my voice as to how she could earn an extra tip, but somehow it was there.

The pretty girl violently shook her head, her ponytail whipping back and forth. “Nothing! It’s already paid for!”

“Let me give you a tip,” I offered.

“Already included!” She thrust the repurposed cardboard box at me and then all but ran down the steps to her car. I watched, a little sadly, from the doorway, as she drove away.

“How did the delivery boy like the show?” asked Brent with a smug grin on her face. They were waiting for me in the dining room, plates already laid out for our feast.

“She ran away when I offered her a tip.”

They laughed. “I wish I could have seen that,” Gigi said with a smile.

They had me take off my lingerie before we ate. That only seemed proper. I had to sit on a hard wooden chair which was cool and smooth on my ass, while they sat on padded chairs. It was what I deserved.

We ate. I made sure I didn’t overeat because I knew what was coming later in the evening.

They made me clean up after we were done. That was my role. The cuckquean who serviced both her boyfriend and his lover. His friends with benefits.

When I was done, I found them in the living room talking.

“How did you see this weekend going, Ellie?” Brent asked me. He already knew.

Or rather, he thought that he knew. We had talked things over and he only knew half of what I wanted to do.

“Can I make a special request?” I asked shyly. I knew that if I didn’t ask, I’d never get what I wanted. They could say no and humiliate me and Brent could reject me and go back to fucking Gigi alone and I wouldn’t be any worse for the loss.

“Sure,” Gigi said magnanimously. “What is your request?”

“Let me show you,” I said, jumping to my feet and rushing to her bedroom where my bag of toys had been left.

Taking out the device was scary. I could have put it on, but that seemed ridiculous and bold. Instead I carried it in my hands back to the living room.

“What’s that?” asked Gigi when I returned.

Brent looked on skeptically. Or maybe he was a bit intimidated. Or maybe he was just bored.

“It’s a strapon harness and a dildo. I call this dildo Treat.”

“Treat? Because it’s a treat to use?” Brent joked.

Treat wasn’t huge or strange. It was normal sized. If I’m being honest, it was probably the same size as most men I’d fucked in my life. Average. It was bright pink, but that wasn’t strange. Texture-wise it was a realistic cock. Nothing fancy. No weird ridges or bumps or something out of an alien sex dream.

“Partly. I named him after Treat Williams, the actor. I had a thing for him when I was younger.”

Brent laughed at me.

Gigi took the situation more seriously. “And you wanted to use that?” she asked. “On me?”

“If you want,” I said bravely. I glanced shyly at Brent. “I’ve used it on men before,” I added. Which was the truth. It takes a real man to admit he likes to be fucked in the ass. I didn’t want to disparage Brent or make a request he would find humiliating.

A smile crossed Gigi’s face. I knew she had something in mind. “Brent and I were talking. We’ve decided that you don’t get his cock this weekend, which you and he have already agreed to. I think this little suggestion of yours solves the problem of how to keep you happy.”

“What?” I was confused. I wanted to put on my harness and fuck Gigi with it in front of Brent. I wanted him to see that I could please her as well. I wanted him to feel the thrill that I got when he fucked another woman. I wanted him to hear her howls as she came and then I wanted to watch as he fucked her when I was done.

Gigi took the harness and Treat out of my hands. “You wanted me to fuck you with this, right?”

I blinked. That wasn’t what I had wanted at all. “Right,” I agreed.

“Help me put it on,” she said. “Wait. We should probably do this in the bedroom.”

So we did it in the bedroom.

I had set the harness for me. I had worn it in the past so it was already essentially set for me. The problem was that Gigi had wider hips than me. She wasn't fat, just curvier and sexier. Adjustments had to be made which took a while. Brent got bored watching us play around with the harness.

I took some pleasure in helping out my new friend. I harbored a fantasy in the back of my mind that after she was done using it on me, she'd use it on Brent.

Yes, I'd had sex with women before. Yes, I was bi. Yes, I experimented a lot. Yes, I had a girlfriend for a while who was a gold star lesbian who wanted to convert and marry me.

Obviously I wasn't a lesbian and I was still single.

But I still liked sex with women. And men.

I was a complicated woman.

Finally we got all the straps adjusted correctly and Treat was mounted on the front of the harness. He flopped down a little, not sticking straight up like a real erection, but it was close enough. I hadn't been fucked by a strapon in ages so I was starting to look forward to this little adventure.

When I announced that Gigi was ready, Brent looked up from his phone and

admired Gigi. “I know I’ve complimented your ass before, but this is doing absolute wonders for your rear end. Why haven’t we done this before?”

“Because we haven’t had a cuckquean in our relationship before,” Gigi deadpanned. She looked down at me. “Do you want to suck my cock or is your pussy ready to be used?”

She was taking on the attitude of a woman in charge and I liked it.

Being bold once again, I grabbed her hand and pressed it between my legs. She could feel my pussy was wet.

“You’re wet,” she agreed. “Are you wet enough?”

I grabbed the bottle of lube from earlier and fell on the bed. I squirted some lube directly on my pussy and rubbed it around. “I’m more than wet enough.”

She nodded. “Turn over. I want to fuck you from behind.” She took the bottle of lube from me and poured some on her cock. I was thrilled at how well this was going.

I was also scared as hell. Brent was seeing exactly the sort of woman I was.

I hoped he loved her.

Glancing at him, I noted that Brent had taken off his shirt and shorts and was absently stroking his semi-hard cock as he watched us.

Gigi moved behind me as I got in the face down, ass up position. I gasped a little as the cock head pressed against my pussy. It didn't part my lips; she had the angle slightly wrong.

"Want me to help?" Brent offered.

"No," I said sharply and reached back between my legs, grasping for Treat.

Gigi had Treat in the right area, but her targeting was just slightly off. I moved him to the side, right between my lips.

Realizing what had happened Gigi pushed forward and I pushed back. The both of us working together buried Treat all the way inside me.

I groaned audibly as he stretched and filled me. It's always the first stroke that's the best. And the last stroke before he came, but it wasn't going to be possible for Gigi to cum in me the way a man would.

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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:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub