

Elliot Silvestri

Margareta's Mistake: Part Two of The Palace

An Erotic Novel of Court
Intrigue and BDSM



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Smashwords Edition

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Part Two of The Palace

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Chapter Five

Roderick was just finishing filling the chamber pot when he heard screaming from his bedroom. At first he was amused, the sound was obviously Pauline reaching her peak and letting free the orgasm that had been building in her body. But then the tone and timbre of the scream changed. Something was wrong.

He rushed from the privy, spilling the contents of the pot as he ran back to his bedroom where he had left his best friend fucking his pregnant mistress.

The scene of horror he found waiting for him brought Roderick up short. He had seen more than enough death, blood, and gore in his short stint in the army. It had never been a delight to him, unlike some of the more vicious members of his military detachment, and what he found in his bed now shattered him to his soul.

Pauline was on her back, her legs spread and pregnant belly curved up into the air. Eirik was between her legs, his big cock still buried in her cunt, fucking her for the second time that evening, and up to a few moments before, had been enjoying the inviting cunt of his best friend's mistress. It was a doubly good cunt because Pauline obviously enjoyed a good round of sex and it was with Roderick's approval and participation.

The horror originated at the thin steel blade that had erupted from Eirik's chest. It stuck out a good foot, covered in a film of red blood that now sprayed out of the wound and down onto Pauline's naked body. Blood was running out of Eirik's mouth and his friend was desperately trying to say something, but his power of speech had failed him.

The assassin looked up from behind Eirik when he heard Roderick enter the room. His face was masked, but the look of panic was obvious in the man's eyes. He was struggling to pull the blade free from Eirik's body, either to escape with the weapon or perhaps to kill Pauline as well. Roderick didn't give the assassin the opportunity to do either.

Reaction on pure instinct he snatched up the short sword that Eirik had earlier deposited in the padded armchair. It flashed twice as Roderick used the sharp blade. The first blow was partially knocked aside by the assassin's arm as he sought to protect himself. The sword cut deeply into the man's forearm. He cried

out in pain and dropped his guard. That gave Roderick the opening he needed and plunged the weapon into the assassin's throat. A second later the man's dead body fell to the floor.

Roderick stared at the body a second and then looked at Pauline who was whimpering in fear. She seemed fine. Only then did he scream for the guards.

He didn't blame the guards for not reacting when the screams started. They were used to hearing the screams of passion from his bedroom. He did blame the fools for not being able to distinguish between the cries of panic and the sounds of passion. He blamed them even more for allowing a killer into his bedroom.

When the guards rushed in, confusion and panic truly set in. Roderick whirled around to see his friend slump to the side, uncoupling from Pauline. The sword was still in place but amazingly his friend still lived. Roderick went to Eirik to ease his friend's pain.

"What happened?" was all he could think to ask.

"Sorry..." was the only word that Eirik could force out before his eyes went dark.

Chapter Six

Margareta hated traveling in general, even just to go into the city to enjoy the sites and shopping. However, travelling in the royal coach wasn't so bad. The seats were padded. The driver was excellent at his job and kept the jolting on the cobblestones to a minimum. The windows were of thick glass with curtains to keep the warmth inside, though on this fine spring day she had the curtains flung wide open and had even cracked open one of the windows for the fresh air.

Still, it was a gilded cage. Margareta looked sourly across the coach at the woman assigned to protect her. It was a joke. The woman was no older than her and was of a dubious background. Her skin was honey-kissed and she sported angular brown eyes that unsettled Margareta. Her black hair reminded the princess too much of Roderick's mistress, even if she kept it tightly bound in a bun at the nape of her neck, unless the hussy who too often shared Roderick's bed.

"May I be of assistance, ma'am?" the woman said.

The question roused Margareta from her thoughts. "Why would you ask that?"

"You've been staring at me for five minutes, princess. I thought that perhaps you were in need of something."

Margareta sniffed. "Hardly. What I am in need of is not you?"

"Ma'am?"

Lifting her chin, Margareta said with more than just a note of superiority, "If I'm supposed to have a bodyguard to protect me, why do I have...you?"

The woman stiffened. "I served in His Majesty's army for six years. I'm a commissioned lieutenant and I have been trained to protect anyone from harm. Ma'am."

Margareta had her doubts, but the woman seemed to hold herself competently, and there was definite look of strength to her body. She was stuffed into a walking dress that was in fashion, but it didn't fit her quite correctly, as if she

were too muscular for the cut of the garment.

Before Margareta could say anything more, the carriage came to a halt. “We’re here, ma’am,” the bodyguard said.

They were outside the most exclusive and expensive dressmaker’s shop in the city. Margareta didn’t have any particular need or desire for a new dress, but shopping was better than sitting in the drawing room of the palace. The bodyguard exited the carriage first and the footman assisted Margareta out of the carriage. It was only a few steps between the carriage and the shop door. It all happened so quickly.

Her bodyguard moved without Margareta realizing it. The glint of the gun’s muzzle caught the bright sunlight. The glint flared into a beautiful explosion followed by a loud bang and then a scream. Margareta found herself on the ground, pushed there by the bodyguard who now lay atop her, struggling. Margareta fought back, but she didn’t know what she was doing. While she struggled against the bodyguard who had obviously betrayed her, there were two more sharp bangs and Margareta lay still, paralyzed by fright.

“Back into the carriage,” the bodyguard screamed. Margareta wasn’t sure who the bodyguard was screaming at, but she found herself hauled to her feet by the muscular woman and all but thrown into the carriage.

“Leave!” she shouted to the driver still seated on front of the carriage. They didn’t move.

Margareta looked out the window and saw two men on the cobblestones bleeding. One was a footman from the carriage, the other was a commoner.

The bodyguard thumped heavily with a club on the ceiling of the carriage. “Move! Now!”

“But Norman—”

“Leave him!”

Only then did the carriage begin to move. Margareta looked at the club and realized it wasn’t a crude wooden weapon; it was a small double-barreled pistol. Where had it come from?

“You’re kidnapping me?” asked Margareta, amazed at how fast all of it had happened.

The bodyguard’s brow furrowed and then she laughed to relieve the tension. “No, ma’am. I’m not kidnapping you. I’m returning you to the palace. Someone just tried to kill you. I’m saving your life.”

“But if they were trying to kill me...why is my footman dead?”

“The assassin’s shot missed,” the bodyguard said calmly as she opened the gun, dropped out two shells, and replaced them with two fresh ones from the purse she carried. “I didn’t.”

“I see.” Margareta marveled at how calmly her bodyguard was handling the situation. It wasn’t a calmness she felt. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, ma’am. It’s my service to you.”

“Thank you,” Margareta repeated and only then did she faint.

The confusion at the palace was nothing but a minor inconvenience to the bodyguard who pushed aside all other concerns and focused on the safety of the princess. The palace was in chaos although for the life of her Margareta couldn’t understand why. She had recovered from her faint, but wasn’t yet herself. She was ushered into her private chambers where the bodyguard ordered her maid to remove her dress.

“Why?” asked Margareta as the maid began undressing her.

“I need to make sure you weren’t hurt in the attack. I can’t see anything with all these stays and frills and thick material,” she said in her clipped tone.

“Oh. That makes sense.” She allowed her outer jacket and dress to be removed and in no time at all she was down to her underclothes.

“Besides, I pushed you onto the dirty ground. I’m afraid your dress might be ruined. At the very least it will need to be washed.”

Margareta nodded and then stood stock still as the bodyguard ran her hands all over her body. “What are you doing?” she managed to ask.

“Checking for wounds. We should remove these things,” she said of the white cotton underclothes. The maid hastened to obey.

Margareta wanted to resist, but when she tried, she noticed her hands were shaking and her fingers were ice cold. The bodyguard noticed as well.

“Draw a bath for the princess. She’s had a bit of a fright.”

And then Margareta found herself naked and under the inspection of bodyguard’s sharp eyes. “No wounds. That is good.” She was handed a silk robe that she wrapped around her body for some degree of modesty. “You’re still shaking,” the other woman said, noticing Margareta’s trembling limbs.

“No I’m not,” she said but it was an obvious lie even to Margareta.

“The excitement of the moment has worn off. A warm bath is needed.” She drew Margareta into the bathing room where steam rose from the hot bath. The bodyguard took off her robe and eased Margareta into the water. Only then did everything come together and Margareta started crying, not wailing cries of pain or passion, but tears of terror and loss.

It would have been fine if the bodyguard had left her alone, but instead she quickly stripped herself out of her clothing and joined Margareta in the large tub.

Margareta’s skin was as cold as the bodyguard’s was warm. The young princess allowed herself to be held by the other woman’s surprisingly strong arms and when she curled up next to her, was startled to realize that the bodyguard was much more muscular than any woman had a right to be.

“I’m so cold,” Margareta muttered.

“Shh, let the water warm you.” By this time it wasn’t the water that was making Margareta’s blood flow. It was the other woman.

To cover for her arousal, Margareta said, “I should thank you for saving my life.” Her teeth chattered together without pause.

The bodyguard chuckled a little. “You already have, ma’am. Twice.”

“I did?”

“Yes. Though it’s not unusual for people to forget minor details in times of stress.”

“I don’t even know your name.”

“It’s Aphra, ma’am. Aphra McGuire.”

It was an unusual name and Margareta wanted to ask how the muscular young woman came by it, and how she came to serve in the king’s army, and how from there she had been assigned bodyguard duty to the king’s second grandson’s wife, but instead she found herself pressing her lips against Aphra’s, kissing her like a lover.

The bodyguard didn’t exactly kiss back, but neither did she push the princess away.

“I’m sorry,” said Margareta regaining her composure. “That was inappropriate. Forgive me.”

“There’s nothing to forgive, ma’am. You’ve had a fright and people often react in strange ways—”

Margareta kissed her again, cutting off her words. Without thinking through what she was doing, Aphra found herself kissing back. It was the wrong thing to do but Aphra was going through a similar reaction to the earlier excitement in the day.

The water was warm and they were already naked. It was an easy thing to do. Aphra didn’t know the correct protocol in bedding a princess, but since Margareta was taking the lead, she figured whatever was happening was fine.

Aphra wasn’t going to pass up the opportunity to fuck as beautiful a woman as Margareta. It had been too long since she had the chance to fuck a woman.

Aphra kissed Margareta’s lips, cheeks, neck, and then went down to her breasts, catching a nipple between her lips and sucking hard enough to make the other,

smaller woman to tremble. When her hand went between Margareta's legs, the blonde woman briefly resisted, but then opened up her thighs, welcoming the invasion.

Though the water was warm, it tended to slow them down. She could feel Margareta's heat and slickness, but the water was actually annoying now.

"The bed?" Aphra suggested.

Margareta nodded in agreement. The bath was nice, but Aphra's body next to hers was even better. They both got to their feet, Aphra getting out of the tub first. When Margareta held out her hand for Aphra to assist her out of the tub, the bodyguard simply picked up Margareta and lifted her out of the water. The princess marveled at her partner's strength and ability as she was carried bodily to the bed in the next room. Their bodies were still wet from the tub, but once they were on the sheet, that was forgotten.

Aphra placed Margareta carefully on the middle of the bed and quickly kissed her way down the woman's warm skin. Her breasts were sweet, her belly was flat, and when she got to Margareta's mound, she inhaled the musky scent that rose from her sex. There was a moment of hesitation and resistance as Aphra pushed Margareta's legs open.

The princess had a cunt that was prettier than any other she had ever seen. The little triangle of dark blonde hair just barely covered her mound. When Aphra licked the length of Margareta's sex, her lips opened up and the swell of her clit was visible. When Aphra sucked on the little organ, Margareta wiggled to the point where Aphra had to hold her down. Her strong arm pinning the slight blonde to the bed was enough hint for Margareta to stop moving.

Strangely, the strong bodyguard was disappointed when the princess didn't move at all. "What's the matter?" she asked Margareta.

"I thought you didn't want me to move."

Aphra sometimes forgot how strong she was in comparison to other women. "No, I like it when you move around. Do it more." She put her mouth back on Margareta's clit, making her move unconsciously. The struggle between the two became almost a mating dance. Margareta would have preferred to be tied up, but in the heat of the moment this was the best she could expect.

To Margareta's surprise, Aphra proved to be a surprisingly good lover, knowing her way around a cunt better than her husband. While she was certain that the climax she had was partly because of the events of the day, it was still exactly what she needed.

Her entire body was trembling as she came. She tasted herself on Aphra's lips when the bodyguard kissed her. The bodyguard took Margareta's hand and pressed it between her legs. It was strange touching another woman's cunt, but not at all unpleasant. She penetrated Aphra's sex with a single finger. It was warm and inviting and Margareta found herself manipulating the woman's sex, but she realized she must have been doing a terrible job of it.

"You've never been with a woman before, have you, ma'am?" Aphra asked.

Margareta stopped moving her finger. She didn't know what to admit to Aphra and what part of the truth to say. "I don't spend much time in bed with women. Am I hurting you?"

Aphra smiled down at her and was bold enough to kiss the princess again. "No. The opposite. You need to rub me harder. I like it...I like it rough."

Margareta didn't know what to make of the request. Her husband liked to abuse her in bed and she enjoyed it, but this was the first time she had been asked to be more aggressive in the bedroom.

She did so, doing what she thought the other woman wanted, roughly fingering her and slamming her hand against Aphra's sex. The bodyguard seemed to enjoy it to the point where Aphra stopped kissing her neck and eventually sank her teeth into Margareta's shoulder, stifling the noises she was making.

It was amazing making a woman cum. Always before she had felt like a vessel, an object to be used by her husband, to be made to cum and to be the focus of pleasure from a man. This time she was actively participating in sex with someone else. It was...enlightening.

"That hurt," Margareta said when Aphra was done cumming and had collapsed on the bed next to her. She indicated the two semicircles of bruises Aphra had left behind.

"I'm sorry," Aphra said, suitably chastened. "I...I sometimes forget what I'm

doing during sex.”

Before Margareta could reply there was a pounding on the bedroom door.

“Princess? Your presence is requested by your husband.”

“Shit,” she cursed under her breath. “You need to help me dress,” she told Aphra with a sigh. “Apparently my husband needs me.”

Chapter Seven

Prince Martin looked down at the whore he had purchased for the evening. Because his father didn't approve of Martin bringing whores into the palace, he was forced to visit the red light district. That was fine with Martin. He had more choices that way and if he was displeased with his initial selection, it was easy to change to someone new. Or to add another body to the bed. Or to ask the madam for toys or restraints. The possibilities were nearly endless.

And the whorehouses didn't mind if he created a minor problem or two. An injured whore. A broken bed. A disturbance where the city guard was called. All of these could easily be dismissed by either Prince Martin's authority or some coins. There was also the bragging rights and notoriety. What whorehouse wouldn't want to have the Prince as a client?

The boy he had hired—well, really a man with boyish good looks and a thin enough body to pass for an extremely young man—sucked happily on Martin's cock. He was skilled at what he did. Obviously the boy whore had spent more than a few days plying his trade. He knew exactly how hard to suck (slightly more than when drinking a beer but not so hard if he were cleaning his teeth) and where to focus his tongue (along the underside vein and around the corona of the glans) and how to handle the balls (firmly, as if handling freshly laid chicken eggs, but not so rough as to break the shells) and—hopefully, Martin thought—how to swallow the load of cum that was sure to fill the boy's eager mouth.

Gazing at the beautiful boy, Martin ran his hand through the whore's slightly too long hair and curled it down under his jaw. He briefly forced the boy's mouth off his cock, causing the whore to startle. "Have I not been pleasing you, my p—my lord?" It was common knowledge that Prince Martin frequented the house, but it was also well-established that no one was to acknowledge that fact.

"You suck cock beautifully, boy," Martin said, leaning forward and kissing the boy. His lips were soft and wet. He could just barely taste his precum on the whore's tongue. "But I've had my cock sucked by men with years of experience, men who truly know how to make love to another man." He paused and pushed the whore back, looking down his thin chest. There was plenty of muscle on his body, but it was carefully maintained to belie his age. Martin admired the deception. The whore was certainly older than he pretended to be. He shaved his

face and chest. Martin moved his eyes lower. And his belly. Or maybe he was naturally hairless there. But the bulge inside the boy's underwear was impossible to hide. Martin wanted to reach inside and find the hidden treasure to see if the boy's lack of body hair extended to his cock and balls. But it was too soon for that. He would wait it out, teasing himself until the right moment. There was no hurry.

"Are you displeased?" the whore asked. He modulated his voice perfectly, keeping it light and high. He was truly a professional. He had matured into a man years ago, but did everything he could to make himself seem younger. The wide-eyed innocence was cute, but not convincing. The false cracking of his voice however, that was a masterstroke that was almost enough to fool Martin.

This whore was worth every silver penny he had paid.

"No, no," Martin reassured him. "I'm just looking for something...something more. Don't be offended, but you are the tenth or the hundredth pretty little boy whore who has sucked my cock. Sucked it like you were born to the task." He cupped the boy's jaw and admired his slightly feminine looks. "Sucked it like you actually desired it. And maybe you do. But I want—I need—something more."

The boy wet his lips with his tongue, the saliva on them having dried up. "Something more exciting? I can bring in another boy..."

Martin dismissed the suggestion with a scoff. "I've had more boys than you can count. Something else, please!"

Now the boy—what was his name?—bit his lip. "Are you looking for something exciting and...dangerous?"

Leaning forward and bringing the boy's face to his own, Martin said, "Yes. That. Exciting and dangerous. What did you have in mind?" He rewarded the whore with a little kiss.

The boy hopped up from his position on the floor and hurried over to an ornamental box on the low table next to the bed. Lifting the lid, he removed a carefully crafted leather leash with an elaborate buckle and clasp. He showed Martin how the device worked. Martin frowned. "I've been tied up before. It takes at least four ties for me. This is...pathetic."

“It’s not to tie you up, my lord,” said the whore. “You put it over your head and tighten it around your neck.” He demonstrated on his forearm how easy it was to constrict and release the leather strap.

Martin smiled. “I’ve heard of this. Restrict one’s breathing at the moment of crisis and the peak is much more intense.” He took the leather strap from the whore, experimented with the buckle and then placed it around his neck, snugging it up to his throat, but not truly tightening it.

“Control it with your off hand,” said the whore. “It’s too easy to over-tighten if you use your strong hand.”

An eager nod showed that Martin understood and a moment later the whore was back on his knees with Martin’s still-rigid cock in his mouth. Martin waited to tighten the leash, waited until he was approaching the moment of crisis. He didn’t want to go without air for too long, he wasn’t stupid, but he was willing to take great risks for new pleasures.

Once he was almost there, Martin pulled on the leash, tightening the slip buckle, making it impossible to breathe. The whore was right. The world got fuzzy at the edges of his vision, but Martin could feel the intensity of his orgasm building and building. Darkness pressed inward.

When he cock erupted, the whore managed to keep his lips hooked over the ridge of Martin’s glans. He swallowed in conjunction with each jet of Martin’s ejaculations.

Keeping the leash tight during his orgasm proved fairly simple. It was the most intense climax of his life. When he tried to loosen the leash, Martin found that impossible because a figure approached from the darkness on the other side of the bed and made sure his hands were well away from the leash unable to make the buckle slip free.

Strangling a man to death takes a long time. Long enough for the whore to have more than enough time to leave without panicking. The figure in black fought for a minute with Martin, but the prince was already spent from his orgasm and the assassin was far too strong for him to resist. Martin had no leverage or strength and he slowly faded away. The assassin was no fool. He had done this before. Though Martin continued to kick and struggle for the next few minutes, he was already gone, the prince’s efforts were feeble at best.

The nice thing about working in a whorehouse, the assassin thought as he slipped from the room through the one window, was that no one ever disturbed him while he was working. Both murder and sex needed a good deal of privacy.

Chapter Eight

Prince Roderick sat in the chair immediately to the right of his father's desk in the private office while he listened to the reports. None of them were good. He was still in a state of shock but was able to think clearly enough to take in all the information he was hearing.

The captain of the royal guard's report was well-organized and exceedingly well put together considering the circumstances and the short amount of time he had to write it. He spoke easily on the matter, only occasionally checking his notes. Roderick liked the man, he was cold and distant, but that was more a function of his job than his personality. It seemed unfortunate that the man might have to face the executioner's noose for this massive failure in his duties.

"All the attacks took place at or near the same time. They were well coordinated. They were not, however, particularly successful," Captain Gillard said.

"Give me the tally," said Crown Prince Bradford. Roderick glanced at his father after spending most of the time in the meeting glaring at the captain. His father spoke as if he were asking for the latest results of tax collections.

"Eighteen attacks total, so far that we know," said Gillard.

"Give me the names."

Gillard grimaced and consulted the list in his hand. "Those who were killed. Lord Jonathan Everrind. Sir Winford Moulod. The Marquis of Greenvale, Andrew Carnad." The list continued for several more names. "Those attacked and survived: William Everely, Lord of Avon, stabbed. Sir Harvey Whitmore, shot in the shoulder. Earl Alexander LaValle, attempted strangulation." There were four more names. Roderick recognized them all.

"Of those who survived, were the perpetrators captured?" asked Bradford.

"Some. Two were killed, one escaped, the rest were captured and are being transported to the royal prison for interrogation."

Roderick did not envy those men the rest of their short, miserable lives. The

crown prince then changed the direction of his questioning of the captain of the guard.

“How did the assassin get into Prince Roderick’s apartments?”

“We’re still looking into that. It seems that the assassin snuck in before Captain Broadess or the prince went inside. Presumably he was hiding in one of the wardrobes.”

“What about Mistress Petnard?”

“She’s fine. Unharmmed.”

“Fine except for seeing a man murdered right in front of her.” That statement from his father made Roderick take his eyes from the captain and look at the crown prince. His father had never been a big supporter of Roderick’s relationship with his mistress. “But I wasn’t asking that question. I wanted to know if the assassin was in the rooms before she entered.”

“I don’t—that is, we are still investigating.”

“Or perhaps the assassin entered with her?” he suggested.

Roderick now glared at his father, hating the implication. His mistress, the mother of his unborn child, did not plot to have him killed.

The captain glanced once at Roderick and then answered. “Like I said, sire, we are investigating. No determinations have yet been made.”

“Do you really think that Mistress Petnard plotted against me?” Roderick burst out, all but accusing the captain of treason.

The captain was silent a moment. “Again, Prince Roderick. We are still investigating. I would be remiss in my duties if I excluded any possibility without thoroughly considering what might have happened.”

“You do realize what is happening here, don’t you?” Roderick asked his father.

“I’d be a fool not to,” said Bradford.

“Someone is trying to wipe out your bloodline,” said the captain. All of the names he had listed were direct blood relatives, all of who had a claim on the throne, though it would be unlikely any one of them would try to assert their claim.

“Look at the survivors,” Bradford said to Captain Gillard. One of those attacks might have been staged to throw suspicion away from them.

“We need to discuss Martin,” Roderick said as the captain started to leave the office.

“Your brother is dead,” Bradford told his son, telling him nothing he didn’t already know. “Killed by a whore. The guard is shutting down the house where he was killed. The less said about it, the better.”

“That’s it?” Roderick asked, aghast at his father.

“What more do you want. You will be next in line for the throne. You’ve moved up one notch in the order of succession. Congratulations.” His voice was flat, as if he didn’t care. “Go to your wife and secure the bloodline. It would be nice if when your grandfather died he knew he that his last direct heir wasn’t a bastard.”

The captain squinted at Roderick and the prince suddenly understood. The person who profited the most from Martin’s death was him. Martin was never going to marry, unless directly ordered by his father, he loved men too much. The chance of him having a child was remote. From an outsider’s perspective, it would be easy to see that Roderick would have his brother murdered.

Roderick was offended at the implied accusation. He stood up and left the office. Let the intrigues and affairs of state be left to men who plotted. That was not the life for him.

Chapter Nine

Roderick had Princess Margareta summoned from her private bedroom. She barely looked put together, which was strange for the princess, but Roderick attributed that to the series of attacks including the one on her life.

“I heard that you were attacked as well,” he greeted her.

She frowned at him, not even bothering to glare. “I survived, in case you were wondering.”

He ignored her sarcasm. “What happened? I was not given any details.”

“Some...commoner shot at me. He missed. Killed a footman. I was saved by my bodyguard.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” he said truthfully.

She doubted him for just a second. “Is it as bad as I’ve heard? There are rumors of many deaths...”

“Yes. My brother and too many cousins and relations to think about.”

“I...I see.”

“Father has ordered me to perpetuate the bloodline,” Roderick said flatly.

She sniffed. “Haven’t you already done that? Aren’t we just awaiting the birth?”

“He wants an heir that isn’t a bastard.”

“But a bastard is better than nothing, I suppose,” she sniffed.

Roderick didn’t want to argue. “It’s what we were both born for. It is our duty.”

“I don’t want to fuck you,” she said. There was no emotion in her voice, only a resignation to having to do the expected.

“You don’t have to fuck me,” he told her. “You just have to lay there. That’s all

that's really expected of you at this point. You're hard work comes later." He removed his jacket and started undressing, going through the motions because that's all he knew how to do at the moment.

She didn't move and Roderick saw her lack of activity. "Should I call a maid to help you undress?" he asked.

"I can do it on my own. I just don't want to."

"You have to," he informed her, which told her nothing she didn't already know.

"I'd rather fuck anyone else."

He paused in the middle of unbuttoning his shirt and looked on her with disdain. "I find that insulting."

She frowned and corrected herself. "I'm sorry. I meant to say I'd rather fuck someone else."

The words gave his cock the vaguest of stirs. He remembered how, when they were first married into their political marriage they could fuck with such great enthusiasm that would put shame to the basest of animals. On occasion she would share her secret thoughts about sexual relations with other members of the court. It was all a game. Was she still willing to play it?

"Who?"

Margareta caught his eye and looked deeply into his soul. "I've already fucked someone else."

Those words brought up to emotions that coiled around his brain in a confusion he couldn't comprehend. At once he was angry that his wife had cheated on him, but that anger and jealousy blossomed into a lust that he didn't understand. It wasn't just the betrayal—after all, he had been enthusiastically fucking Pauline for two years now—it was that she would risk falling pregnant with someone else's child.

"Who." He demanded this of her now. He wasn't asking a question. It was information that was vital to his life. He knew she could tell that his tone implied an execution would soon be in the works for the man who had stolen from the

prince of the realm.

Despite the danger of the admission she was making, Margareta stood up straighter and stiffened her spine. It was not her life that was in danger. It was the life of her lover and Margareta was apparently willing to allow her lover to accept that risk.

“Aphra McGuire.”

Roderick’s brow furrowed in confusion. He didn’t know the names of every member of the court or those who served in it, but that one was particularly strange because the name, though old-fashioned, was that of a woman.

“Aphra McGuire,” he repeated. “Who is this...person?”

“She is my bodyguard. She is the one who saved me from the assassin’s bullet. I suppose I rewarded her.” Margareta sighed. “And I rewarded myself. She is the best lover I’ve ever had.”

Roderick should have been insulted. He was insulted. But he was also excited. His cock was straining at the closures of his trousers. While she had insinuated in the past she had dalliances with other men before she was pledged to Roderick, never had she shown interest in bedding a woman.

“Your desire to fuck a woman has no bearing on your duty,” he said. It was what he was supposed to say and yet his cock struggled to free itself of his trousers. If anything, her admission had inflamed his desire even more.

She saw the tight bulge on the front of his pants. She knew what he desired. “Do you want to see me fuck her?” Margareta asked. “Do you wish to watch your wife debase herself with a woman?” She was taunting him because she was eager to see his reaction.

Even Roderick was surprised what he did. “Shut your mouth!” he all but screamed at her, striding across the bedroom and tearing his shirt from his body. She was terrified at his sudden anger and stood stock still in response. He grabbed her and whirled her around, all but throwing her to the bed where she landed face down.

Rushing because he could barely contain himself, Roderick pulled her dress up

to her waist, tearing the expensive purple and black fabric in the process. Her loins were still covered by the white cotton underclothes demanded by propriety. He didn't care. He pulled and tore at the thin fabric until it lay in tatters on her legs, her sex exposed. For all the violence he promised her, instead of shaking in fear, she was shaking with anticipation. Her cunt was wet and he could smell her desire.

As he struggled to open the closures to his trousers, she got up on her knees and opened up her stance to accept him into her body. He had been expecting the encounter to be yet another effort of dreary duty; instead it had changed to something else entirely. His prick was as hard it had ever been, even harder than when he had pursued the maids in the palace when he was a youth. Sinking his rigid member into her wet and open cunt was as easy a task as breathing.

He fucked her with a desperation he hadn't felt in years. Pinning her body down was easy. Fucking her was even easier. Their state of half-dress made the sex even better. She grunted and groaned under his body, but they were noises of pain, they were of pleasure. Margareta didn't fully understand why she needed pain during sex with a man, but it always made it better. She arched her back and allowed him to pull back on her hair while he fucked her. If Aphra had been there she would have been ashamed. Or maybe she would have been thrilled for her lover to see her helpless like this being fucked by her husband. It was oh so confusing.

The sudden gush of hot, liquid pleasure that Roderick deposited in her body was more than she could take. The orgasm was more satisfying than she would have anticipated and Roderick rolled off her almost at once, panting heavily as if he had sprinted the length of the palace. How they had fucked was unnatural and wrong and she had loved every minute of it.

Only one thing was missing.

Aphra.

Chapter Ten

The ceremonial duties of burying his son—his queer son—along with the stress of dealing with the attempts on the life of his other son and his daughter in law had put Crown Prince Bradford in a foul mood. There was only one way to pull him out of that mood. Long ago he had realized that drink was at best a temporary solution with vomit inducing repercussions. Violence against others—sparring partners, his wife, a useless servant—was only a temporary relief but often generated other problems. It was easier and better to lose himself in the cunt of an available woman.

Bradford strained as he attempted to fuck his partner harder and faster. He wasn't the young man he had once been, but he considered himself more than virile enough for the fairer sex. His wife might be past her breeding years, but it was never a bad idea to have one or two secret bastards hidden in the service chambers—especially now with all the murders—just in case his one remaining legitimate offspring was killed.

The fact that he was fucking a woman other than his wife didn't bother him in the least, even if he had recently chastised his son for having a mistress, a pregnant mistress no less. There were the expected behaviors of the nobility and there were the required behaviors of nobility in order for them to survive.

Besides, the girl was prettier than his wife with ripe young tits perfect for sucking and pinching. She giggled and moaned underneath him in all the right ways. She knew exactly what she was doing. In the back of his mind Bradford knew that there was a good possibility that she was faking some of her reactions for him because flattering the prince was a much better choice than telling him he was a terrible lover. Still, he was flattered, partly because of her youth and beauty, but also because he knew he could please a woman in bed. He hadn't fucked dozens of maids, coquettes, and noblewomen in his lifetime without learning a few tricks.

This one was especially good. Yes, he knew she was far too young for him to have as a wife—and she was even a questionable choice as a mistress because her family was of such low social standing—but his body still responded to youth and beauty like it always had.

She looked up at him and gasped as he ground his cock into her. Her eyes went wide for a moment and then she scrunched them shut while letting out a noise of pleasure. Undeniably she was beautiful. Her skin was flawless and when she smiled little dimples appeared on her cheeks. Her lips were unnaturally red; he was certain that she dyed her hair to match their color. The way her breasts stood up proudly on her chest, not yet victims of the ravages of age or childbearing, stirred his cock more than he liked to admit, even to himself.

He slammed his cock into her again which made her yelp in surprise and delight. “You like that, do you?”

She moaned. “Oh, yes my prince. Do it again.”

He did so. He did it without thinking about it. Her cunt was moist and inviting. She had no trouble spreading her legs for him. If she got pregnant, so much the better for the both of them because then they would both get what they desired. Her throat let out little sounds that could have been cries of pleasure or of pain. It didn’t matter. Bradford was going to use her as he pleased.

Pulling back a bit he brought her legs up along his body, allowing her feet to drape over his shoulders. This opened her up and he could pound his cock deeper into her cunt, something she seemed to appreciate. He couldn’t hold that position for very long, only managing it for a few deep, heavy thrusts, but it was enough to make her body tremble uncontrollably as she reached her little death.

He collapsed on top of her, but he wasn’t done yet. His cock was still hard and her cunt was still wet and hungry. Her hands went from his shoulders, down his back, to grip his buttocks in an effort to pull him more deeply into her body. “Beautiful girl,” he whispered as she gripped him tightly, pulling him into her. He couldn’t remember her name—Tamara? Tara? Tilda? It didn’t matter—but he knew that women liked to be called by their name when he fucked them. It made them feel like he actually cared.

“My prince,” she said again.

She was beautiful. Maybe she wore too much jewelry, but that was the style of the younger women at the court. The necklace around her throat sported too many jewels, but it did match the earrings that hung heavily on the pillow she was using. The bracelets on her wrists chimed with her every movement, and the rings on her fingers were distracting. He didn’t like it when she was handling his

cock and half of what he felt was the hard metal. What he did like most about her was the thin chain that circled her waist. It was an affectation of the younger women at court; he knew that. Supposedly it was a charm designed to guarantee impregnation. When she had taken off her dress and he saw the charm around her waist, he knew exactly what she wanted—it was what he wanted as well.

He thrust hard a few more times. He was almost there. The maiden grunted with each thrust. She smiled up at him, waiting for her reward. “My prince,” she moaned at him. Her fingernails scratched at his back. It heralded the start of his orgasm.

It was quiet and intense. He strained hard, proving to her that he was as virile as any younger man. He was determined to get her with child, come hell or death or worse.

The groan he let out as he finished cumming was low and drawn out. The girl struggled underneath him for a moment, forcing him to roll to his side as he panted to recover from his exertions. His breathing slowed and at the same time became more labored.

“My prince?” the maiden asked, looking at him as she sat up and clutched some of the bedcovers to her chest, covering her perfect tits.

Bradford’s breathing slowed further and his eyes brightened. He realized that something was wrong. He tried to cry out for help, but could only manage a weak wheeze. Tremors ran through his limbs and he started to froth at the mouth.

The girl reached out and pinched his nipple as hard as she could. There was no reaction from Bradford. “I’m sorry,” she said to him. “But I had a job to do.”

As she started to get out of the bed, the private door to the bedroom quietly opened. Princess Annedulisia walked in, giving the girl pause. “Is it done?” she asked the younger woman.

The pretty redhead looked both pleased and guilty at the same time. “Yes. I’m sure it was painless for him.”

Annedulisia looked at her husband. His eyes were unfocused but he was still breathing. “He’s still alive.”

“The poison takes a few minutes.”

“Get dressed, Miss Tamar.”

“Yes ma’am.”

The girl slipped out of the bed and started gathering her clothing. Annedulisia made no motion to help the girl. That was not her position in the world, even if it would help secure her alibi.

“The poison is untraceable?”

“Of course, ma’am. There’s no perfect guarantee, but my society prides itself on our discretion.”

“That’s why I hired you,” said the princess. She looked at her husband, slowly fading away on the bed. It wasn’t that she didn’t have any affection for the man, after all he had given her two children, even if one of them was a raging queer. And he was a decent enough lover. And he had given her the opportunity to be the originator of a new dynasty of her adopted country. She turned back to Tamar and saw that the girl was in the middle of pulling on her dress. It wasn’t of the extremely fancy style that was popular in the court, but it was easy to get in and out of, which was important for Tamar in her line of business. Annedulisia waited until the girl was in the middle of slipping her arms down the long, tight sleeves.

The knife was long and thin...and sharp. Annedulisia drew it from the hidden sheath in her outer corset. The stiff bit of clothing was difficult to wear, but it was excellent to hide a stiletto. Annedulisia grabbed Tamar from behind, clamping her hand over the girl’s mouth a second before she slipped the blade between her ribs. At first Tamar was genuinely surprised. She shouldn’t have been; betrayal was a common thing in her society. There was only the sensation of a pinch on her back, and then a pause, and then a burning sensation. She struggled for a few seconds, but the older woman was no shrinking violet. One of her last thoughts was that the princess must have had some experience with death before.

She didn’t give up. She struggled and tried to get her hands out of the dress’s sleeves, but Annedulisia knew what she was doing and kept the assassin off balance. The princess pulled the blade out and stabbed the girl in the back

several times in rapid succession. Each time the blade went in Tamar jumped a little at the jolt of pain. She looked down at her chest and half expected to see the blade sticking out of her body. Instead all she saw were droplets of blood spreading across her skin. Somehow she managed to free one hand and wiped at her lips. Her fingers came away bloody.

Annedulisia dropped the girl's body to the floor and wailed at loud as she could several times. There was no immediate response. Only then did she scream for the guards. For Annedulisia the hardest part of the day wasn't killing a pretty young girl or her husband, it was having to act like she had nothing to do with it.

Chapter Eleven

While his father was being murdered on the opposite side of the palace, Roderick carefully watched his wife from across the room. Her private bedroom afforded them slightly more privacy than in his bedroom, and they were safe inside her place, making need of his bodyguard unnecessary. She knew he was watching. That was the whole point. He was rather impressed with Princess Margareta's bodyguard. She was nearly as tall as he was and it wouldn't have surprised him that she was as strong. And she looked good in her dress which was even stranger. It was odd to see two women kissing each other, not courtly kissing, but intimate kissing, the types of kisses exchanged by lovers.

He liked the way it made him felt, watching his wife kiss another woman. His cock certainly liked it. He was uncomfortably hard inside his trousers, but that was enjoyable on a certain level as well.

"Help her undress," Roderick said.

The bodyguard, Aphra was her name, started to move behind the princess. As she reached for the long row of buttons down Margareta's back Roderick spoke again. "No, no. The other way around. I want Margareta to undress you."

Aphra looked at the prince with her angular eyes and then just nodded. The two turned around so that Aphra's back was to the princess. With fumbling fingers she slowly opened up the row of buttons. It wasn't that Roderick was eager to see the woman naked—though he was—it was that he wanted to humiliate his wife a little, to make her feel inferior to the bodyguard, a woman of no social status.

Margareta knew all of this, of course, and she went along with it. She wasn't ashamed. She wanted to show off in front of her husband. She wanted to please her new lover.

The dress came off slowly. Margareta undressed her bodyguard and Roderick watched. Margareta gave her lover little kisses as more and more skin came into view. When Aphra looked over at the prince, she actually blushed slightly. He noticed this and spoke to her.

“You served in the king’s army?” he asked.’

“Yes, my prince.”

“In the intelligence corps?” he asked as Margareta untied the stays at the back of the woman’s corset and freed her breasts. His wife gasped a little as she did so, but Roderick didn’t hear her. He was distracted by the light brown nipples that surmounted the little mounds of flesh.

“I was well-accomplished in the corps,” she said, not giving away more than she had to. The vow of secrecy and silence on her service was still strong.

When Margareta stripped off the last of her underclothes, she stood without shame in front of the prince. She slightly bent her knee and twisted her hips, posing for him. Roderick wasn’t a fool. He knew what she was doing. Her time in the intelligence corp. hadn’t been wasted.

“Turn around,” he told her.

There was just a moment of hesitation before she did so.

Roderick wasn’t surprised at the tattoo on her back, nor at the scars. “You didn’t tell me,” Margareta said softly.

Aphra looked over her shoulder at her lover. “Why would I?” she asked. It wasn’t intended to sound cold. It was the words of a spy, a woman pledged to serve her country.

Looking at the scars, Roderick counted five. The tattoo wasn’t new, nor was it very large. It was the familiar crest of the country combined with the insignia of the king’s army. It was supposed to be give only to the most loyal of soldiers. The five scars signified something else. “Only five?” he asked.

“That’s all my commanders would credit me,” she said.

“How many do you claim?”

“Twelve.”

“Twelve what?” asked Margareta.

“Twelve men,” said Roderick. “She’s been credited with killing five men, but claims twelve.”

“Twelve people,” Aphra corrected him. “They weren’t all men.”

“Why do—why do you have scars for that?” Margareta couldn’t understand. The tattoo made some sense. Everyone knew about the secret intelligence corps and their rituals, but the scars, five parallel lines across her lower back, puzzled her.

“Each time anyone in the intelligence corps is credited with a killing of an enemy agent or spy, a scar is added to remind our people of the gravity of their actions,” said Aphra.

The political talk was distracting Roderick. “Undress her,” he ordered as he loosened the tie around his neck. He had already tossed aside his jacket and removed his boots.

Aphra eagerly turned to face Margareta and gave her a kiss before spinning the other woman around to begin undressing her. The princess didn’t resist. She was in a state of shock. Her lover was a killer. She had almost realized that when Aphra had been defending her from the assassin, but to be confronted by it here and now was more than unsettling.

She allowed herself to be stripped, but the bodyguard stopped when the princess was wearing only her sheer silk chemise and panties. “Is this how you want her, my prince?” Aphra asked.

“Do you know she likes to be tied up when she’s fucked?” he replied.

Aphra smiled at him, completely comfortable even though she was naked. “I had my suspicions.”

“Do you know how to bind a person, to keep her helpless?”

“Naturally, my prince.”

He pointed to the wardrobe where their tools of their lovemaking were stored. “You’ll find bindings in there. I’ll watch as you use them. Make sure she can’t escape.”

This gave both women a moment to shine together. Margareta was a perfectly submissive partner to the games of bondage and, much to Roderick's surprise and joy, Aphra was a skilled practitioner of the art of fine rope work. He realized, after the two of them began, that Aphra's skill with rope came not from time in the bedroom or even a whorehouse, but from her time in the intelligence corps. Instead of using the convenient thongs that Roderick preferred to tie up his wife, Aphra used the lengths of rope that had been thoughtfully supplied to the prince months ago. Because Margareta was a happily willing victim, she soon found herself bound to the bed, but still wearing her chemise and panties.

She looked achingly vulnerable. Roderick looked upon her body with lust and quickly realized that Aphra shared the same gaze.

"What would you do to her?" Roderick asked, seeing an opportunity that had never been presented to him before.

"What would you have me to do her, my prince?" Aphra asked. She had played games of power and politics before. She wasn't a fool.

Roderick was second in line for the throne. There was very little that he could not voice his desire for and not be granted his wish. "I want you to make her cum. I want you to make her scream like a virgin being deflowered. I want you to make love to her and torture her at the same time."

Aphra's eyes lit up at the prince's words. Whether she was just playing along with him or if she actually desired these things, he didn't know. He didn't care either.

"Does she like pain?" Aphra asked.

"No!" protested Margareta.

They both ignored her.

"Yes," said Roderick, adjusting his cock still trapped in his trousers. "Very much so. But don't damage her. I need her to breed an heir."

"Of course my prince. I wouldn't dream of such a thing." She paused and licked her lips. "The screams of a woman in passion and a woman in pain are hard to distinguish. Would you like me to demonstrate for you?"

“Please,” said Roderick as he settled into his chair to watch. He adjusted his cock once again and absently rubbed himself though the woolen material.

Aphra crawled onto the bed with Margareta. The bodyguard had seen the toys and tools available to her in the wardrobe, but she wanted to warm the princess up first with some honest skin to skin contact. Margareta tried to shy away, but she was so tightly bound that her motions were pointless. Aphra surprised her by starting with a little kiss.

“Just relax,” she whispered. “I promise you’ll enjoy every little part of this.”

She kissed Margareta again, who kissed her back. Aphra then proceeded to kiss her way down the bound woman’s body: her neck, the hollow of her collarbone, her little mounded breasts, she even went so far as to bite at Margareta’s nipples before proceeding down to her belly button which she tongued for a moment before journeying the rest of the way to the slit hidden by the rounded triangle of Margareta’s fleecy hair. Aphra slipped her tongue into Margareta’s wet passage, but then went back up to the pulsing little nub. Margareta gasped when Aphra sucked on her clit. Aphra lifted her head, and with lips wet from Margareta’s cunt, she asked, with a smile on her lips, “Did you like that?”

“Uh-huh,” Margareta said in an unsteady voice.

Aphra slipped two fingers inside the other woman and rubbed her on the inside while gently sucking on her clit. Margareta groaned a little at the attention and then shrieked when Aphra bit on it.

“Did you like that?” she asked, half laughing. Roderick laughed as well when Aphra went back to sucking on Margareta’s clit again.

The princess did. She moaned again as Aphra resuming licking and sucking on Margareta’s cunt. Roderick kept a close eye on them both while rubbing himself through his pants. It was too much to resist, and since he was the prince, there was no reason to resist. He opened up his trousers and pulled out his erect cock. Joining the women on the bed, he knelt behind Aphra and reached between her legs, inspecting her cunt with his hand. She didn’t seem to mind—not that she truly had a right to complain about anything the prince did to her.

“You’re wet,” Roderick commented. “You like eating cunt so much that it gets you wet?”

Aphra made a non-committal sound. That was good enough for Roderick. He pushed his cock into her. The bodyguard made a grunting sound but didn't otherwise react to Roderick's penetration. Margareta's eyes opened enough to see what Roderick was doing, but she didn't comment either. He was the prince. He could and would do as he pleased. The two women had little say in the matter.

Roderick was pleased with Aphra's cunt. It was tighter than he would have imagined on such a tall and bit woman, but at the same time it was inviting and warm, wrapping around his cock comfortably. She didn't let herself get distracted by Roderick grabbing her hips and fucking her hard enough to shake her body with each thrust.

As he fucked her he touched her tattoo and scars. She was a dangerous woman, a killer and maybe an assassin. Having sex with her while his wife watched—while Aphra ate his wife's pussy—was a dangerous act and only heightened the thrill. If Aphra was annoyed or offended by his curious touches, she didn't give any indication. He liked that. He had given her a task and she performed it without complaint. The impression that he got was that Aphra enjoyed performing the fine art of cunnilingus. Seeing the two women together combined with the novelty of fucking a new woman, put Roderick on the edge almost right away. For the briefest of moments, he considered holding out, drawing out his pleasure and bringing off Aphra, but there was no point to it. She was there to protect Margareta and to serve the crown. He was the crown. So therefore she was there to serve him.

Grabbing her hips as hard as he could, he slammed into her a few more times before releasing the flood of his cum into her pussy. When he was done, he slapped her on the ass. "Did you like that?" he demanded from her.

She picked up her face from Margareta's cunt and looked over her shoulder at him. Her face and chin were covered in Margareta's juices. "Uh-huh," she moaned at him, but Roderick wasn't convinced. For a woman who had undoubtedly spent time spying for the crown, she wasn't a very good actress when there was a cock in her cunt.

"Did I make you cum?" he asked.

Hearing his tone, Aphra decided that honesty was the best route because the

prince heard more flattery than he could stand. "I'm sorry, sire, but you didn't."

He nodded his head and grunted. "I want to see you cum," he said. "The princess can do it for you."

"My prince?" she asked confused.

"Shove your quim into her face and let her eat you out," Roderick explained in careful, precise language. "I want to see my wife make you cum."

There wasn't anything to misunderstand about that order.

Roderick pulled his cock out of the bodyguard and watched as she carefully crawled up Margareta's bound body. Amusement pulled at the corners of his lip as Aphra carefully squatted over the princess's face. The last thing his wife saw was Roderick grinning at her while Aphra lowered her used and dripping cunt to Margareta's face.

Neither woman complained.

End Part Two

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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