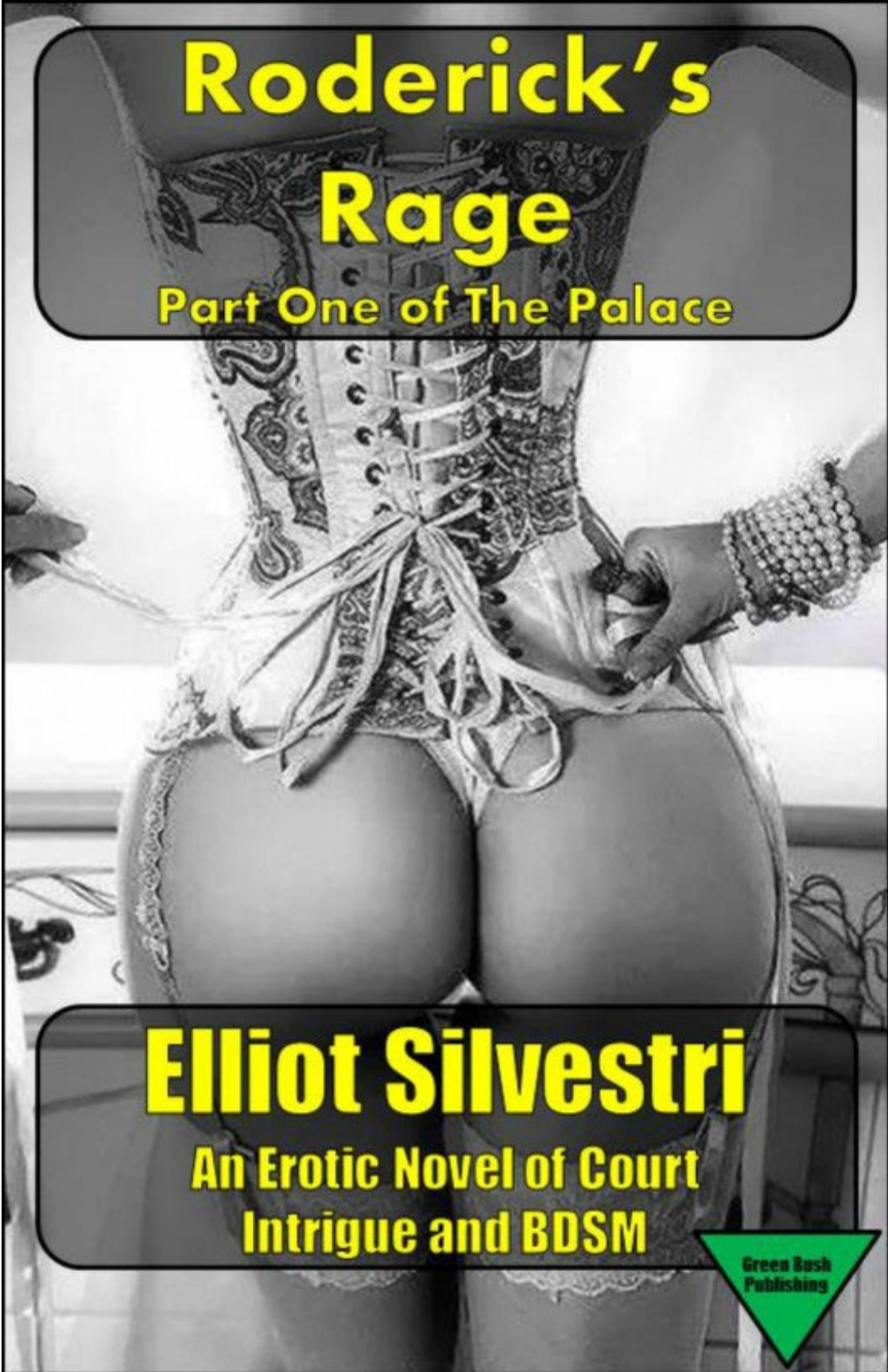




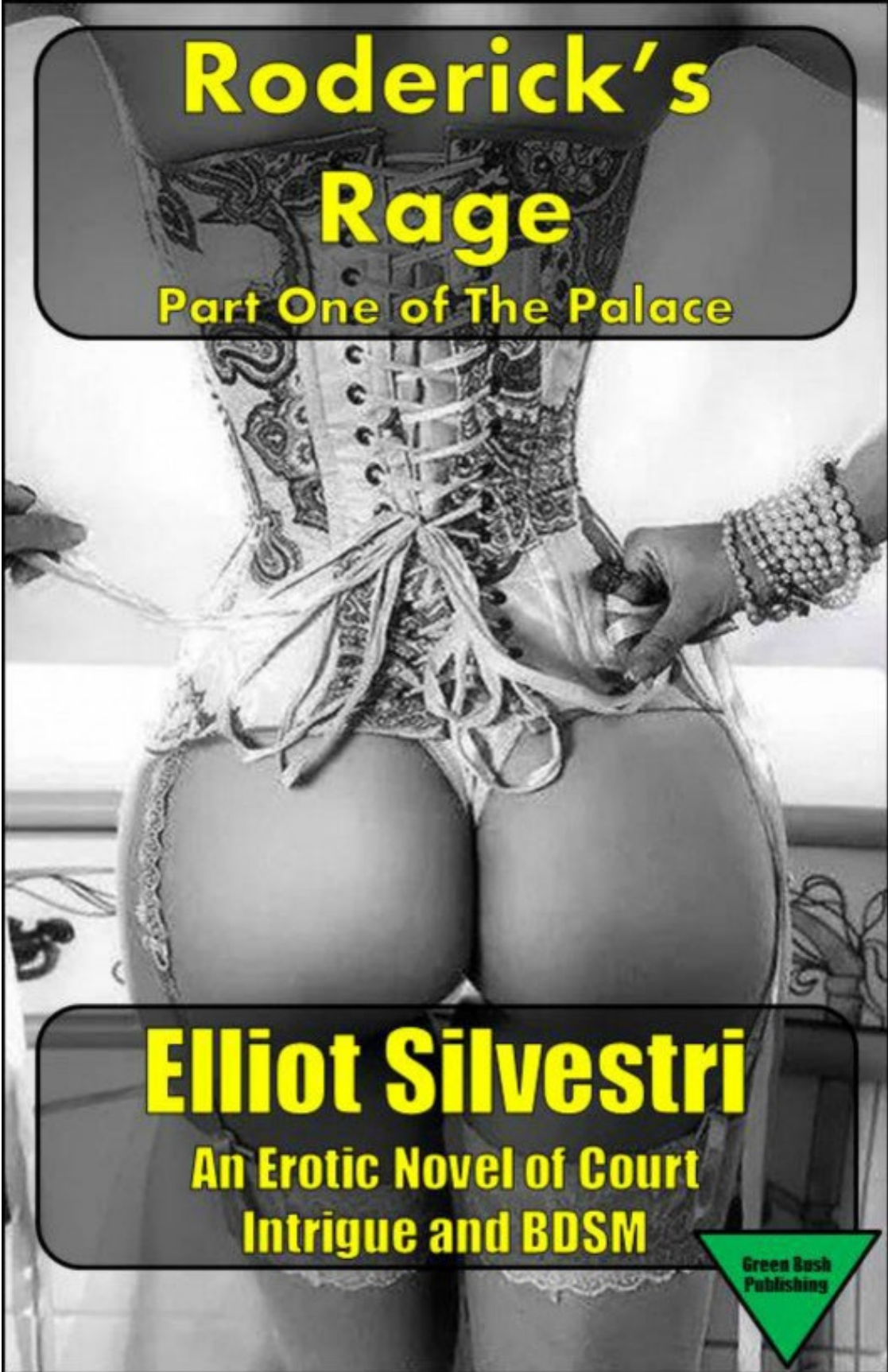
# **Roderick's Rage**

**Part One of The Palace**

**Elliot Silvestri**

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

**Green Bush  
Publishing**



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Smashwords Edition

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, organizations, and events portrayed in this work are products of the author's imagination. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Roderick's Rage  
Part One Of The Palace

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# Chapter One

As she wandered through the court Pauline was alternately given withering glares from jealous and judgmental ladies, especially from the ladies that attended Margareta, and words and nods of admiration, mostly from the lords and minor nobles that sought to curry favor from Roderick but often from the men who were admiring Pauline's beauty.

It wasn't a contest, but Roderick enjoyed having the court debate the two beauties who alternately shared his bed. Princess Margareta was almost doll-like in her beauty: china pale skin, sapphire blue eyes, and brilliant blonde hair. That she was barely taller than a boy entering adolescence only enhanced her doll-like charm. In contrast, Pauline cut a near-towering figure with her sharp features, black hair and olive-toned skin. Her eyes were dark and flashing and full of mirth.

There was an athleticism to the way she held herself and moved, probably owing to her early years where she trained as dancer, an indulgence of her father, a merchant who quickly became wealthy trading in goods of questionable origin and morality. The bulge of her stomach was enhanced by her dress. What good was it to be the prince's pregnant mistress if she couldn't show it off?

"My princess," she said to Roderick's mother, performing the best curtsy she could considering the circumstances. It was tradition for all ladies to present themselves to the next queen-apparent.

"Mistress Pauline," Princess Nadine replied neutrally. "So good to see you back at court." It was an obvious lie to everyone in the court, but no one called her out on it. "Your visit to your family was pleasing, I take it?"

"Yes, Princess," Pauline replied. Nothing more was required of her. She faded into the background and the events at court continued around her, but all eyes were on her. Or flicking back and forth between Roderick and his mistress. Roderick was standing off to the side, next to his very un-pregnant wife.

The baths at the palace were much better than the ones in her family's home. The marble was smoother, the water was hotter, the soaps were perfectly scented, and having the maids attend to her was much better than having to do everything for

herself. While her father might have amassed a huge fortune, he was extremely tight fisted in spending it on anything that he viewed as unnecessary. But soaking forever in the hot water was a luxury she could never have in her father's house.

"If you stay in there forever, you'll turn into a prune," Roderick said with a smile on his face.

Pauline was leaning back on slope of the bath, her head resting on a rolled up towel. Parts of her body were just visible above the bubbles and water. Her knees. The tops of her breasts. The swell of her belly. They all made little islands in the water.

Her eyes were closed but she recognized the voice of her lover right away. How could she not? "Would you like me that way? A prune instead of fat and pregnant?"

"I'd love you no matter what you looked like."

It was too much effort to open her eyes, but Pauline knew he was lying. Roderick took pleasure in her beauty and her body and how she offered both to him. If she couldn't breed, she'd be useless to him. He claimed to love her—and while she found the emotion a sweet gesture—but she knew it was untrue. It was just something he said to keep her in line. It almost worked.

"Liar," she accused him, but it was said without malice.

He gasped in mock surprise. "I love everything about you," he said. "Your face, your hair, your skin, your legs, your toes," he said as she allowed her feet to float upward in the bubbly water, "your back, your ass, your tits, your tummy, and your cunt. I love all of you."

She smiled sweetly at him while forcing her eyes open. Pauline didn't comment on the fact he didn't say a word about her personality and how he enjoyed her company. That didn't matter. They were using each other for purposes other than love. "Do you want to show me how much you love me?" she asked as she forced herself to her feet, taking care to move cautiously on the slippery surface of the tub.

Pauline stood unashamed and naked in front of the prince. Her tummy swelled

out in front of her, but that was the bond that held them together. Her eyes went to the front of his pants. The bulge in the front told her everything she needed to know.

“I’d love to show you how much I love you,” he said, pulling at his clothing. Even with the overly ornate uniform the crown prince demanded all members of the aristocracy wear to court, Roderick was able to get out of his clothes in the blink of an eye. He wasn’t the least bit shy about joining his lover in her bath, kissing her, feeling the slick soap on her skin, and basking in the heat of her skin, her body having been warmed by the hot water. He wasn’t able to bend her back slightly and press his body to hers, not because of his erection, but because of the bulge of her belly. The bath was deep enough to come up to her thighs and was large enough to accommodate many more than just two bathers.

She allowed his kiss for a minute and then turned her head. “If you truly love any part of me, it’s my cunt, isn’t it, my prince?” she asked coyly.

Roderick laughed at her. “Why would you say that?” he asked, kissing her neck, another part of her body he professed to love.

“It’s to path to my womb,” she told him. “Where your child is growing...and that’s the true reason you profess your love for me.”

He laughed again and forced a kiss on her which she willingly accepted. “You think I only need you to carry my child?”

She allowed her hand to trail down his muscular chest to where his cock stood up proudly from his crotch. Roderick shivered as she ever so lightly ran her finger on the underside of his manhood. Her skills as a lover was another reason he was sure he loved her. “I think your wife isn’t able to carry a child, so I’m the next best thing.”

His lips twisted in amusement and a second later he spun her around, aided by the slippery floor of the tub. She was so much smaller than he was, so she was helpless to resist, but he also caught her as she started to fall. His arms cradled her gently as he pushed her into position. His cock quickly found its way between her legs, but couldn’t find the entrance to her cunt.

“Does my prince love me so?” she asked as she did nothing to aid his entrance.

“He would love you more if he could get into your sweet cunt!”

Laughing with delight she reached down between her thighs, found his manhood, and guided it into her wetness. They groaned together as their bodies were joined.

“You don’t have to do this, my prince,” Pauline panted as Roderick grabbed her hips and started pumping his cock in and out of her. They were half bent over, her hands on the stone shelf next to the tub.

“I want to do it,” he grunted.

“You can’t get me any more pregnant than I already am,” she pointed out unnecessarily.

“The good doctor told me this was good for a woman with child,” he said as he increased his speed and force. “Besides, it’s your duty.”

“My duty?”

“To serve your prince in any and every way he desires and needs.”

Her eyes were closed, but she wasn’t focusing on the pleasure, she was focusing on keeping her thoughts straight. “Your needs, my lord?”

“I need to fuck you,” he said. “I need to drain my balls. You should know that. It’s not good for a man to abstain.”

Pauline didn’t know the truth of that, but she enjoyed being fucked by Prince Roderick. He could have chosen any other woman in the kingdom to fuck—his wife, a daughter of a minor noble, the daughter of another rich merchant, a scullery maid—but he kept coming back to her. Was it love or lust? Did it matter?

“I’m so glad you chose me, my prince.” It wasn’t a lie. Before Roderick had picked her from a bevy of other available and willing doxies, she had been forced to get her sexual pleasure from herself or on a few occasions by letting a man spend himself in her ass. There was no way she was going to risk falling pregnant with a commoner’s or low-born’s child when the prince was a possibility. His cock in her cunt was the culmination of a too-short and

completely misspent adolescence. “My cunt desires your cock more than you can imagine.”

It sounded like the words a courtesan would say to flatter a lord. It was exactly what she was doing, flattering Roderick. But she wasn’t lying. She loved the way he fucked her.

His thrusting became more vigorous to the point where her whole body was shaking. Her tits, having grown fuller from her pregnancy, were bouncing back and forth painfully. The slap of his wet flesh on hers filled the air of the bath. It was raw and visceral and she wouldn’t have changed it for anything in the world.

Her hand stole down to her cunt and quickly found her swollen clit. When she was like this all it took was a rub or two so she needed to resist until the last moment; it would be a terrible mistake to disappoint her lover.

Roderick’s fingers dug into her soft, fleshy hips. It hurt, but she savored the pain. “Slut. Coquette. Doxy. Whore!” He said the words like a mantra and it worked perfectly well. With the last declaration of her status in the world, his cock started jetting its viscous white fluid into her. Now was the moment. She briskly manipulated her over-stimulated clit and was rewarded with a sudden burst of energy and relief. Her cunt tightened down on his cock and their dual orgasms washed through their bodies.

When it was over, he signaled his completion by smacking her smartly on the ass. Pauline eased herself down to the edge of the tub and then slid down carefully into the hot water. Pipes under the tub kept the water perfectly warmed like she was in a stewpot. She was glad to be in the soapy water because it washed away the sweat that had formed on her body along with the cum the prince had deposited in her.

But Roderick wasn’t done with her yet. While she had exerted herself to exhaustion, he was young and fit and not yet fully spent. He didn’t give her an opportunity to complain, but just presented his cock to her face. Pauline knew what was expected of her. She delicately took his cock in her hand and pulled it to her mouth, carefully sucking off his leavings and her pungent secretions. There was no way for her to tell if he actually enjoyed this treatment or if he just did it to control and humiliate her.

There was no depth that Pauline wouldn’t plumb to humiliate herself for him.

When he judged his cock was sufficiently clean he lowered himself into her bath, using it for its intended purpose.

“Are you going to join me for my beauty time?” she asked him. “Lounging with your lover instead of attending to matters of state?”

He scoffed at her mild teasing. “What affairs of state? Grandfather sits on the throne, but father runs everything. My brother is ready to step in the moment Grandfather passes. I’m merely an afterthought.”

“You have estates and obligations,” she pointed out.

He snorted outright at her statement. “Right now my only obligation is to get my wife pregnant. What grows in your belly very well might be the eventual king if my brother can stop sucking a different cock every other day and bed a woman for once. And if my wife can’t keep a baby in her belly.”

He let the words hang angrily between them. They both knew her father only encouraged the affair between her and Roderick as a means of further legitimizing their station in the kingdom. It was fine to be a rich merchant, but without a landed title, it meant little. Once Roderick’s bastard was born, there was the promise of a title in the family, if not for Master Petnard then certainly for his bastard grandchild, and that would be entrée into the ruling elite.

“So why don’t you go fuck her then?” Pauline asked, her anger just barely kept in check.

“I’d rather fuck you,” he said. It was an honest admission.

“You just did.”

“I don’t think I can get it up for her, not today.”

“Would you like me to suck it for you?” Pauline asked, surprising herself. The pregnancy had made her randier than normal, which was good. “I can send you to your wife’s bed good and hard.”

“That won’t be necessary.”

She sloshed across the tub and curled up next to him. Her hand went between his

legs and found his cock. It wasn't hard, but neither was it completely soft. It wouldn't take much effort at all to get him hard. "Would you like me to join you in your wife's bed?" she whispered in his ear. "I can show her the right way to make love to a man. She just needs to be taken in hand and then she'll give you what you want." She kissed Roderick, feeling the slight stubble of his beard on her cheeks, even in the tub. The promise she made her lover wasn't idly pillow talk. She would do anything and everything for him. It was a promise she had made herself—and her father—long ago.

"I doubt she'd like that," Roderick said sourly, pushing her hand aside.

"She might not, but I wouldn't mind at all." Pauline gave him another kiss and turned her body, letting him feel how her skin felt as it slid along his. "And I'm sure you'd love it." Her hand went back to his cock.

Once more he freed himself from her grasp. "As tempting as that is—and I'm only say no for now, not forever—I had best go to my wife alone this evening."

"With the stink of another woman's body on yours?" Pauline teased.

"That's why I'm taking a bath," he explained to her. "So she won't know our little secret."

## Chapter Two

The squire gripped the corner post of the bed and held on for dear life. His hands were bound tightly together with a leather thong and he was naked but for his flowing cotton shirt. Getting himself free wouldn't have been a problem—all he would have had to do is stand on the bedframe and lift his hands over the top of the post— if not for Prince Martin behind him.

Not that he really wanted to be freed.

The prince tangled his fingers in the squire's long brown hair and pulled back his head, exposing his throat. It was an uncomfortable position to be forced into, but the pain was slightly relieved when Martin kissed him, filling his mouth with a forceful and probing tongue. The squire jerked nervously when Martin's hand snaked down between his legs and found his already-hard cock.

Martin broke the kiss and laughed. The laughter was joined by Lord Davis—at least the squire thought Davis was a lord, but the extent of his knowledge was that Davis was the prince's lover and that was more than enough reason to defer to him in all things.

“Never felt a loving caress before, boy?” Davis asked between giggles. He was lounging with his feet up on the bed, leaning back in an armchair that was most likely had one too many naked bodies on it. Not that Davis was naked now. He wore riding breeches and boots, but was shirtless.

Only Prince Martin was fully naked. The squire had been brought back to Martin's bedchamber as an amusing plaything to pass the time. He didn't know what to think. The squire preferred girls, but had been told to say yes to any and all requests from the prince. Not only would that make the prince happy but it would possibly confer some favor on the squire and his family.

They had plied him with some strong liquor and before he knew it, he was half-naked and being bound to the bed poster.

“No, my lord,” the squire answered Davis, not knowing what else to say. That caused the prince and his companion to burst into a laughter again. “I mean, yes, my lord.”

“Which is it, boy?” asked Davis. He was idly swinging a riding quirt in his hand. He and the prince had come from a ride through the palace's open forest and

were now taking full advantage of some free time before the evening's obligatory dinner and dance. "Yes or no?"

"Y-y-y-yes," said the squire as Martin ran his hand up and down the boy's muscular back and buttocks. To call him a boy was borderline insulting. He was a strapping young man, fully grown, but having been kept from the physical pleasures of the world by his work and obligations to the crown. That made him all the more tempting to Martin.

"Have you fucked a girl?" Davis said abruptly, bringing the quirt down on his thigh with a remarkably loud crack. The squire shivered in fear.

"No, no, my lord. Just kissed." He was eager to please and not tell a lie. He didn't know what the older men were going to do to him, but his erection told them that he wasn't exactly reluctant to be used for their pleasure.

"I'm sure," said Davis. "Have you fucked a boy then?"

"No," he said firmly.

"Are you sure you're a man then, boy?" Davis said far too harshly.

"I'm a man," he said firmly, just barely keeping his voice from cracking which made the two older men giggle even more.

"Are you sure, boy?" Davis repeated. Lust and alcohol went well with him. He wanted to free his cock from his riding breeches and fuck the boy or the prince, but decorum still kept hold on his baser needs.

"Stop calling him boy," said Prince Martin. "I'm sure he has a name. What is your name, boy?"

The squire couldn't tell if the prince was taunting him or not. He managed to stammer out, "St-st-st-stelleg!"

"Stelleg?" asked Martin. "Strange name. Sounds like steel leg." He ran his hands down the youth's legs and then back up to his cock. "Oh. Wait. I've found the reason for his name."

That made Davis giggle almost uncontrollably. While Stelleg's iron-hard

erection was the result of youth, it was aided by a leather strap the prince had tied around the base of Stelleg's cock, making it extra firm. Stelleg didn't protest. He didn't have a right to protest.

Davis watched a moment while Martin stroked the poor boy. A wave of jealousy washed over him. It was certainly the prince's right to pick his lovers—and he had many—but he always came back to Davis. The young lord tried to remember that.

“Are you going to fuck him or not?” asked Davis, looking at Martin's cock. It wasn't nearly as full as Stelleg's nor was it as hard, but that could easily be resolved.

“I'd rather see what his cock can do for me,” said the prince as he went down to his knees and awkwardly turned the young man's body. A second later his cock was in Martin's mouth. The prince sucked eagerly, happy to tease and suck his helpless partner of the moment.

The youth shivered in please and Davis shook his head. He won't last long, he thought as he stood up and moved around to the side of the bed where he and Martin had tied Stelleg. The youth had a beautiful body and Davis couldn't resist running his hand up Stelleg's thigh to caress his buttocks. This probably wasn't the way the squire had envisioned losing his virginity—either to man or woman—but Davis didn't care about that. Stelleg moaned at the caress, or maybe he moaned at Martin's talented tongue.

Davis knew exactly how skilled Martin was at sucking cock, he had been at the receiving end many times, but not nearly enough. Still, the fact that the boy was taking up Martin's attention and not sharing him or letting Davis do as he pleased annoyed him.

Without thinking Davis raise the quirt and brought it down sharply on Stelleg's firm buttocks. The squire screamed in surprise at the pain. Martin paused in fellating his newest lover.

“Why did you do that?” he asked Davis. He wasn't worried about the guards coming to investigate. They knew better. A scream or two or a dozen from the prince's bedchambers was nothing unusual.

“He annoyed me.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re sucking his cock and not mine.”

“You’ll get your turn.”

Davis changed tactics. “Because I want to fuck him.”

“Why didn’t you say so?” Martin said with the evil grin that could only be formed on the face of a member of the aristocracy that knew he was beyond common laws. “Go ahead and fuck him while I suck him off. Whoever cums first wins.”

While Stelleg had been savvy enough to understand he would be serving the prince’s amusement, he hadn’t expected this. Before he could say anything, Martin put his cock back in his mouth, and Davis picked up the small pot of grease Martin kept in the bedroom for just this purpose. Stelleg jumped again at Davis’s touch between his buttocks, finding the young man’s anus to grease his back passage.

“Don’t fight it,” Davis whispered in his ear. “Just relax and enjoy. We’ll make a man of you yet.”

As much as he wanted to say no, Stelleg found that he was enjoying the prince’s mouth on his cock and Davis promised him a world of pleasure beyond what he had experienced in his life. And it was never a bad thing to have the favor of the prince...

Davis pulled open the ties of his breeches and pulled out his cock. It was already hard. He loved seeing Martin suck cock, even if it wasn’t his own. Using the grease from the pot, he lubricated his erection and got into position behind Stelleg. The young man didn’t resist, he was too far gone now. That was a bit of a disappointment to Davis. He liked it when the new lovers that Martin chose fought back a little. The struggle was fun.

His cock easily slipped into Stelleg’s body and the boy moaned, half in pleasure at the intrusion and half in surprise. He didn’t know he could accomplish such a thing. He tightly gripped the bed poster and let the prince and his lover use him.

“He’s tight,” Davis reported. “Definitely a virgin.”

Martin didn't answer. His mouth was full of cock. It was hard for him to properly fellate the boy with his body shaking from Davis's vigorous thrusts, but they had done this before with other boys, with other men, and Martin knew how to adapt to the situation.

"You like that, Stel?" Davis asked gruffly between thrusts. To his surprise, the squire answered.

"Yeah," he moaned. "Uh-huh."

Davis paused in mid-stroke. "I thought you said you liked girls, Stel."

"Uh-huh," the squire replied. He was too involved in the pleasures the two men were inflicting on him to truly care about who he was fucking.

Looking around the boy's shoulder, Davis grinned down at the prince. Though his mouth was full of Stelleg's cock, Davis could tell by the look in Martin's eyes that he was truly enjoying himself and was amused by the boy's distraction.

"You know how to choose them, my prince," Davis said as he pressed his body tighter against Stelleg, turned his head around and kissed the boy. Stelleg kissed back with a need he didn't know he had.

"Beautiful boy," Davis said, resting his weight on the strong young man's back while reaching around to caress Stelleg's hard chest. He left the cock for Martin to enjoy.

Stelleg was doing a good job of holding himself up so Davis forgot about everything else and fucked for his own pleasure, trying to finish before Martin. He did so with a deep grunt as he balls tightened up to his body and he emptied his pleasure into the young man.

That was enough to get the squire off. The orgasm took him unexpectedly and he quickly erupted into Prince Martin's mouth. The prince was skilled in the arts of pleasure. He kept his lock on the boy's cock and swallowed every bit of the ejaculation. The fluid was sticky and thick and Martin took great satisfaction in capturing every little bit of it.

"As you well know, my prince," said Davis as he watched Martin back off the boy's still mostly hard cock, "it is your right to demand pleasure from your

subjects. It's not supposed to be the other way around."

Martin stood up and wiped around his mouth, removing both saliva and bits of cum that Stelleg had left behind. His cock stood up proudly from his crotch. "This young man is my subject. As my role of prince and eventual king, I am to serve and protect them just as much as they are to serve and protect me."

Davis had heard the little speech before. He wasn't sure how much of it that Prince Martin actually believed, but it sounded nice. What he did know was that the prince liked sucking cock, especially with new lovers and young men.

"And how am I to serve you, my prince?" Davis asked.

Martin drew him close and kissed him. Davis felt the prince's hard cock pressing into his belly. "You know how to serve me," he replied and put his hands on Davis's shoulders, pushing him down gently.

Davis did know how to serve his prince. He took his cock into his mouth and started sucking. It wasn't just how he served his prince; it was how he showed his affection for his lover.

Prince Martin let out a deep sigh and rested his hands on Davis's head. Stelleg, still bound to the bed post, watched the two older men, the men of the aristocracy, make love to each other.

## **Chapter Three**

Prince Roderick hated the dinners and balls and parties that were part of his role as third in line for the throne. The food was pleasant enough to eat. The dancing was usually fine with talented musicians and well-trained support dancers. The conversations at the parties were the worst. Nobles and merchants looking to curry favor or to angle a way where a suitable political and economic match could be made with his older brother, Prince Martin; that's what he hated. Roderick had no influence over any of that. He didn't trust any of them.

When enough time had passed and he had spoken to all the right people and danced with the correct amount of women, both young women looking to make a match or their mothers looking for the exact same thing, Prince Roderick said the correct polite things and retreated to his private rooms.

He dreaded going to his bedroom almost as much as he dreaded staying in the ballroom.

The Princess Margareta was waiting for him in his bed. She was wearing only a white cotton nightgown. He knew why she was there. She was there because it was her duty. It was his duty to service her. Margareta had left the party early than he had. She was allowed. She was the princess who was supposed to provide the next legitimate heir; she had only one duty to fulfill.

"Did you know that...she would be here?" Margareta said the moment he walked in and saw her lounging on his bed.

Roderick sighed and began undressing. His valet rushed to help him, but Roderick waved him away and dismissed him for the night. The valet was more than trustworthy and had witnessed more secrets than even the most experienced spy in the king's network. Roderick sent him away regardless.

"Of course I knew she would be here," he replied. "You saw her at court greeting my mother just like I did."

"You fucked her, didn't you?"

He opened the wardrobe that sat near the bed, partly to hang up his jacket, but mostly to avoid having to look directly at Margareta. "What does it matter?" he asked. He left the implied statement that Pauline was already pregnant so it didn't matter if he had sex with her one more time. The fact that Margareta

couldn't keep a child in her belly was the real issue.

"You're supposed to be fucking me," she said, the resentment obvious in her voice. "You and I have a duty to fulfill."

"A duty to fulfill," he sighed. "You make it sound so...enticing." He closed the wardrobe doors and turned to face his wife.

She was kneeling on the bed now and was in the midst of pulling the long white nightgown up over her head. Roderick found himself staring and couldn't deny how her naked body still managed to stir him. Maybe it was because she looked so young. Her breasts were small, capped by narrow areolas so pale pink that they barely contrasted with her snowy skin. While her hips flared out like any woman's, they seemed narrow, especially because of her flat stomach. There was a fine strip of golden curls between her legs which made her seem almost too young to be married. As it was she was becoming a spinster without children because of her age; if she had been unmarried at this point in her life, she wouldn't have been a prospect at all for Prince Roderick.

It wasn't that she didn't enjoy sex or wasn't accommodating to Roderick. Immediately following their marriage, they had spent just as much time in bed as out of it, eager to get her with child, both for their selfish reasons. She did and tried everything the Roderick suggested to give them both pleasure toward their ultimate goal. Roderick suspected that Margareta's father had hired a coquette for her to learn the fine art of lovemaking, for no innocent girl would do or consider or suggest half of what Margareta did.

It had been good, physically at least. They quickly discovered that while they enjoyed sex together, their personalities didn't mesh. She had been raised to be a tool of her family to improve their social standing and cement aristocratic relations. He had been raised as a spare prince in the case of a terrible tragedy that someone else would be there to take over the throne. He was an afterthought. They didn't have compatible world views.

A momentary frown crossed her face but was replaced with a seductive smile. She slid her hand up the inside of her thigh, skirting the edge of her sex and letting it come to a rest on her belly. Margareta knew exactly what she was doing. "Don't you want to fuck your wife?" she asked. "Don't you want to compare her to your lover?"

It should have pissed him off. Instead it appealed to his sense of virility. Could he fuck two women in one day? He knew he could. He knew his wife was proving a point. That he had one duty to fulfill and fucking his already pregnant mistress was a waste of his time. He wanted to fuck her, just to prove his own point.

“Don’t you think I know who is the better of you two by now?” he asked as he stripped off the remainder of his clothing. His cock wasn’t full hard yet, but it wouldn’t take much to get him there.

“Give me one last chance to prove I’m better?” she asked and then looked down at her body. Her hands cupped her small breasts and she rolled her nipples between her fingers, twisting them, causing her body to quiver.

“Harder,” he encouraged her.

“You like to see me suffer, don’t you?” she asked her husband.

“I like to make you suffer,” he said and opened up the door to the wardrobe again.

The long leather thongs he pulled out were intended to be used to lace up boots or close riding jackets. They had other purposes as well. Margareta didn’t resist. She offered Roderick her wrist. He efficiently tied the leather strap around it and then to the corner of the elaborately carved wooden headboard. A second thong went around her other wrist and she had to stretch a bit to reach the opposite corner of the headboard, leaving her face up and vulnerable.

If Roderick hadn’t fucked his mistress earlier in the day, he would have eagerly climbed onto her body and fucked her to get the act over with, but he had time and he was determined to take a little pleasure in the act. Margareta didn’t protest when another thong went around her ankle and it was tied to the footboard. There was no reason to fight the final thong around her last limb and then she was efficiently trussed up on Roderick’s bed, open and available to be used.

“Is this how you like me?” she asked. “Bound and helpless?”

“Quiet,” he told her. “Or I’ll gag your mouth as well.”

Margareta fell silent because of the threat. It wasn't that she was afraid of having a gag in her mouth, but having to wear one would mean that her mouth would be unavailable to be used by Roderick.

He considered her body. Except for being a little small, it was perfect. Too perfect. He reached into the wardrobe and removed a new object. She shivered at its sight.

"Scared?" he asked her.

Margareta opened her mouth to speak, but then remembered she was supposed to remain silent and just shook her head.

"I think you're lying," he said and brought the quirt down hard across her belly.

The only way to prevent herself from screaming was to clamp her lips tightly together and grind her teeth. Still, she made a hideous, though muffled sound, because she didn't want to anger her husband.

He wasn't angry, he was aroused. The arousal of his cock followed the rising of the bright red splotch across Margareta's belly. The color was in high contrast to her pristine skin. It was beautiful and ugly at the same time.

"Did that hurt?" he asked, transferring the quirt from right hand to left so he could stroke the length of his cock a few times.

She shook her head.

"Don't lie to me," he told her. "Speak. I want to hear your words."

Swallowing, Margareta said, "Yes it hurt. Of course it hurt. But I loved it too." She twisted her hips slightly, giving her husband what he wanted, trying to entice him.

"Liar." He transferred the quirt back to his right hand, smiled at her without affection, and brought it down with perfect precision onto her little mounds, first the left and then the right. This time the red splotches caused her to lose control. The cry she let out was one of pain and frustration. It should have been enough to bring a guard or valet or maid, but they were all smart enough to stay away. These were sounds they had all heard before.

“Did you like that?” he asked her.

As much as she wanted to lie, Margareta found that she couldn't. The pain was too intense. “No!” she wailed.

“Good,” he murmured and sat down on the edge of the bed while setting the quirt aside. His cock was rising proudly up out of his lap and he absently stroked it while he spoke to her. “You are so perfect, so beautiful, the only way to make you better is to make you ugly.”

Margareta said nothing as Roderick caressed the side of her face, trailed his fingers down to her small tits where he tweaked one nipple and then the other to get a little gasp out of her, then then down to her cunt.

It was open and wet and ready for him. Her heat was obvious. When his finger dragged over her clit she bucked her hips and he smirked at her reaction. It was easy to slip a pair of fingers up into her sex. She took them easily. He went as deep as possible, all the way up to his palm, and brought his thumb in contact with her clit which he rubbed viciously.

She groaned and strained, looking for even more friction.

“Do you like that?” he asked again.

“Yesss...” she moaned.

Abruptly Roderick yanked away his hand. “Don't enjoy yourself too much,” he cautioned her.

Margareta nodded in agreement, knowing this was all part of a game, knowing she had to play along and please him.

“Open.”

She opened her mouth and he placed his fingers into it. Closing her lips around his strong fingers she sucked greedily. It's what he wanted. She tasted herself. As always the flavor of her cunt surprised and delighted her. There was something so raw and animalistic about it. Maybe they couldn't stand talking with each other and being polite in the court or in the ballroom, but they did well together in the bedroom.

Tired of the foreplay, Roderick climbed on top of his wife and shoved his cock into her waiting cunt without ceremony. She gasped in surprise. It's what he wanted to hear and it's what she found she was unexpectedly enjoying.

Tied up securely as she was, Margareta couldn't embrace her husband. She knew he didn't want her kissing him. All she could do as lay there and be used by him. It was her good fortune to enjoy being used in exactly that way.

There was some small bit of play in thongs and she could move her arms and legs, but not to any real affect, but it allowed her enough movement to make it seem like she was struggling against him. Roderick liked that. She wasn't truly fighting him and he knew that, but it was all part of the ritual. He used her body like he would use his fist or a camp follower like he had during the war.

Her cunt was hot and wet and tight and perfect for fucking. She arched her back and clamped down with her pelvic muscles to enhance her husband's pleasure. Her pleasure was meaningless. All that mattered was that he fill her with his seed and complete the deed.

But she did enjoy it. She enjoyed it more than she liked to admit.

"Do you like that?" he asked as he pounded into her as hard as he could.

She did, but said nothing. She couldn't speak. She was gasping for breath, overwhelmed by what was happening.

"Slut. Coquette. Doxy. Whore!" When he completed his string of insults he climaxed, flooding her cunt with his cum.

What he didn't notice as he was finishing was that his wife had cum as well. It didn't matter to him.

It mattered to her.

## **Chapter Four**

Walking into his father's private office Roderick immediately sensed something was wrong. It didn't take a genius to puzzle out that fact. Instead of the usual small circle of advisors and a ceremonial bodyguard there was only his father, Crown Prince Bradford, his chamberlain, Lord Emile, and almost too many of the royal bodyguard to count. It was a struggle for Roderick to stifle the groan that started to form in his throat.

"Roderick, come in, sit down," his father boomed upon seeing him. The office, even though it was supposed to be the small, private office of the crown prince, was almost half the size of the formal courtroom used for ceremonial purposes and it was full of bodies in armor and carrying weapons.

"What now?" he asked his father without formality. "Are we plotting a war or an execution?" He knew that neither was likely. He already knew the truth.

"We have credible intelligence from the spy network that members of the royal family are under threat of assassination," Bradford said, pushing back his long brown hair that had gone gray at the temples.

"Again?" Roderick said without emotion.

Bradford frowned at his son. "This is a serious threat to your life and the lives of all your family," he said, wanting to bark out the gravity of the situation to his son, but keeping his voice restrained for appearances in front of the family guard.

"The last serious threat was a half-drunk woodcutter who was hired by Lord Argovain, I believe. A lord so minor he had never been to court but felt slighted when you took over his lands and he felt you didn't give him enough gold for what you took."

"The man was still inside the palace with a weapon."

"He was drunk and had a rusty, bent sword. He was no threat," Roderick said, exasperated.

His father regarded him a long moment. "Nevertheless, you will go nowhere

inside or outside the palace without an arm bodyguard. Inside the palace you can have just your man with you, outside a squad of no less than four.”

Roderick didn’t feel like arguing. “Fine. What about other family members?”

“Same rule applies to everyone.”

“Including...?”

“Including your wife and mistress,” Bradford said, not wanting to draw out the conversation any further.

Roderick brightened. “Excellent. Can I choose my own internal man?”

“Yes.”

“Excellent.”

“It’s good to have a bodyman I know and trust,” Roderick said to the man walking next to him.

“I’m not really trained to be a bodyguard,” said Eirik.

They were making their way through the long corridors of the palace, ignoring all the servants bustling about. “Doesn’t matter. Father said I could choose whomever I wanted and I chose you.”

“Being old friends from a few campaigns in the army isn’t exactly the best way to select a bodyguard,” Eirik grinned.

“You’re still a captain in the army,” Roderick pointed out. “Unattached to any company right now. You’re the perfect bodyguard because I trust you. I’ve seen you in action.”

“The only action you and I have ever seen has been in whorehouses, not the battlefield,” Eirik pointed out.

Roderick paused at the door to his private apartments. “That’s an ever better reason to have you next to me at all times.” He unlocked the door, nodded to the

two guards standing on either side of the heavy wooden portal, and walked in. The guards were stone-faced and gave no indication they even saw Roderick and his friend.

The apartments were entered via a short corridor that opened to the bedroom. “My lord I’ve been waiting for you.”

Roderick smiled happily to see his mistress lounging on his bed. She rolled to her side and got to her knees as he walked in. He was pleased to see that she wore only a loose skirt low around her waist so it showed off her stomach but hid her cunt. Her breasts were full and bare and when she realized that Roderick wasn’t alone, she almost brought up her hands to hide her nudity, but then realized that perhaps her lover wouldn’t want that and she quickly regained her composure. “So I see,” he said, amused at her emotional distress at the presence of an unknown man.

“I didn’t know you were having a guest,” Pauline said. “I should not have intruded in your apartments. I’ll leave.”

“No,” he stayed her. “There’s no reason to leave.” Roderick fell onto the edge of the bed, twisting his body so he was half-seated. “Captain Eirik Broadess, please meet Pauline Petnard.”

Always smooth and unruffled by turns of events, Eirik made a half bow to Pauline. “My lady, such a pleasure to meet you.” He displayed manners more in line with the ballroom than the bedroom, and manners that should have been reserved for a woman of breeding, not a jumped up woman of questionable family and motives. Still, Pauline extended her hand as if she were in a formal drawing room and allowed Eirik to take it in his and lightly kiss her fingers.

“She’s no lady,” Roderick said, amused at the display of manners they were both putting on. “She’s my mistress.”

“I might have hazarded that guess,” said Eirik, allowing his eyes to travel over Pauline’s full breasts and rounded stomach. “She carries your child?”

Roderick laughed while he reached out and caressed Pauline’s bulging belly. She smiled at him, unsure what was going on, but happy to do whatever her lover needed, not just to please him, but to carry out the duties of her family as well. “Of course. If the slut has someone else’s bastard in her belly, I’ll have to

execute her and the child.” The joke was coarse and inappropriate, but Eirik and Pauline laughed politely anyway.

“I’ll take my leave,” said Eirik after the moment had passed. He watched as Roderick let his hand travel down Pauline’s body to her thigh, and then up her thigh and under her skirt. It wasn’t that he hadn’t seen Roderick do such things before—he certainly had—but always before it was with whores, not a woman of some standing carrying the prince’s child.

“No you won’t,” said Roderick. “You’re my bodyguard; you’re supposed to be with me all the time unless someone takes over for me.”

“Be that as it may, I don’t think you want me to watch you with your mistress.”

“Of course not,” Roderick agreed. “I want to watch you fuck her.”

Eirik chuckled and then saw that his friend was serious. “I don’t think it’s a good idea for me to fuck your mistress.”

Roderick affected the air of a man done a minor injustice. “Why not? What about all those whores we shared in Arvignon?”

“Those were whores,” Eirik pointed out. He nodded to Pauline. “She’s a lady of breeding.”

“She’s a lady—barely—who has been bred,” countered Roderick. “I’ve taken my pleasure in her. Now I want to watch while you take your pleasure in her.”

“You want me to fuck your pregnant mistress,” Eirik said, making sure he understood his friend correctly.

“It’s not like she’s going to get any more pregnant,” Roderick pointed out. And she loves to be fucked. Her cunt craves cock like a drunken lord craves wine.”

Pauline should have been offended at the suggestion that she service her prince’s friend. She wasn’t a whore after all. She had been raised as a courtesan not a coquette. She should have been offended and upset...except for the fact that her cunt did desire cock like a drunken lord needed wine. That added to the fact that Captain Broadess was actually more handsome than Prince Roderick made it easy to give in to his wishes. She wasn’t going to say no to something that

pleased her lover. There were risks of course—this might be a test for her to fail—but she was willing to accept those risks.

A silence had permeated the bedroom when Roderick had made his assessment of her character and need of crude sex. Seeing that Eirik wasn't going to seize the initiative, she decided to push things forward. Tugging the thin skirt down her legs to reveal her cunt, she said to her lover's best friend, "How do you want me, my captain?"

This delighted Roderick. "Oh ho! See how eager she is for it, Eirik? She might act like a coquette, but she's the best type of coquette. Go ahead and show her what she's up against."

Roderick's statement was puzzling and Pauline glanced at him before going down on all fours and crawling across the bed toward where the men stood. She allowed her hips to sway back and forth, giving a small show of her body, not that there was much to reveal at this point. Her belly and breasts hung heavily downward while her rounded ass jutted up into the air. It was a vulgar display and Pauline enjoyed performing it.

Shaking his head, Eirik tossed his dark blue captain's jacket onto the overstuffed chair next to the bed and placed his sword and belt on top of it. He watched Pauline approach him and started unbuttoning his white shirt, eager to get to the meat of their encounter. Her eyes were level with his crotch and she could clearly see the outline of his enlarged cock under the heavy uniform trousers. What he promised her was indeed a treat.

"Don't mind me," said Roderick as he took a seat in the wooden chair next to the bed. "I'll keep guard...and a close watch."

The pair was already ignoring him. Pauline was unsure if she should embrace the captain and kiss him to possibly enrage and arouse her lover. It would be a risk, for certain, but she reasoned it was all part of the show. But then Eirik tossed aside his shirt, revealing an incredibly muscular chest lightly covered with black curly hair, and yanked off his boots to allow him to remove his trousers. He did this all quickly and she wondered if it was from military practice or just a general eagerness to get to business. But when he dropped his trousers, she found herself mesmerized by his cock.

It was huge. She had seen more than a few cocks in her time, both in person and

in art, but this was the largest she had ever encountered close up. It wasn't extremely long, and in fact might have been a bit shorter than Roderick's—it was hard to tell because he wasn't fully erect yet—but it was easily twice as stout as any man's. She reached for it and quickly discovered that her hand couldn't wrap fully around it.

“How many woman have you split in half with this thing of joy?” she asked and before he could answer, she licked him from the base of the underside all the way to the tip, tasting the dribble of precum that was leaking.

Roderick chuckled from his position in the viewing chair. “The whores of Arvignon made him pay double to fuck them,” he commented. “But they all loved it once he got it in them.”

Pauline just nodded absently, barely listening to Roderick. She was fascinated by Eirik's cock. It was a shade darker than the rest of his body and had a definite reddish tint, like it was angry or a deadly weapon. Once she gripped it, she could feel his heat and the blood rushing through it. There was a definite throb to his tool, in time with his heartbeat. His desire was obvious and she assumed he was smart enough to sense her own arousal.

“Use it,” Roderick encouraged her.

His mistress didn't need to be told twice. She opened her mouth wide and found her lips just barely accommodated Eirik's massive member. It was almost painful to take him inside of her. He didn't penetrate very deeply into her mouth and that was a good thing because she was certain he wouldn't just gag her, but he'd make her choke.

“Remember the redheaded bint in Careeral?” Roderick asked his friend.

Eirik's eyes were half closed, but he heard his friend's words. “Uh huh. She was a true whore. Managed to get all of me in her mouth.”

“I think you broke her jaw,” Roderick laughed. “Don't do that to my mistress.”

“Never,” Eirik replied and pulled back from Pauline's eager mouth. “I'd rather have her cunt.” He hurriedly added, “If you don't mind.”

“That's what I brought you here for,” said Roderick. He was gently rubbing

himself through his pants, not really masturbating, but keeping himself on edge just to keep the moment more interesting. “Turn around, Pauline. Stay on all fours, let him fuck you like an animal.”

The mistress didn’t need to be told twice. She did as she was commanded, but went down on her forearms, arching up her back a bit to better display her sex to Eirik, spreading wide her knees to give him the access he needed and to open herself up. The woman wasn’t a fool. She knew that taking his cock wasn’t going to be an easy task, but she was more than willing to try.

Eirik kneeled behind her, cock in hand, as he got into position. Once he was close enough, he could feel how wet her cunt was, along with her heat. He didn’t just shove his manhood into her sex. He had been with more than enough women to know the procedure; even with a woman who was fully aroused, he had to go slowly and carefully if he didn’t want to hurt her. It might be one thing to put a whore out of commission for a few days, but damaging the prince’s mistress was probably a capital offense regardless of his close friendship with Roderick.

He rubbed his cock’s length along her open slit several times, getting it wet with her effusion, before he introduced the head between her lips. It took him a moment to get seated, but once he began parting her lips, Pauline groaned at the invasion. It was easy at first, but as he went deeper and deeper with little strokes, she felt fuller than she had ever before in her life.

“Enjoying yourself, my dear?” asked Roderick with some delight. She was facing him across the bed and as much as she wanted to say something, the pain mixed with the pleasure was overcoming her vocal abilities. It was all she could do to nod just a little.

“Of course you are,” he said in agreement. “Such a good slut you are. You aren’t the first slut to enjoy Eirik’s cock more than she was able to admit.” He reached out and caressed her face, putting his thumb between her lips, letting her suck on it. His eyes flicked back to Eirik who was holding Pauline’s hips as he carefully began rocking his hips back and forth to pleasure himself using the slut’s cunt. “Don’t break her,” Roderick cautioned him.

“I wouldn’t dream of it, my prince,” the captain replied with an amused smile. He gripped Pauline’s hips tighter and started fucking her faster.

The noises the woman made were halfway between the painful cries of an animal and a woman in the heat of passion.

Roderick opened up his trousers and pulled out his cock. Resting one knee on the edge of the bed, he presented his cock to Pauline's face. "Suck me. Show me you can handle two men at once, you whore."

Even with her bulging belly and Eirik's massive cock in her cunt, Pauline had little trouble handling Roderick's cock in her mouth. She rocked her body back and forth, taking pleasure in Eirik's cock stretching her cunt in directions she didn't know she could accommodate, while at the same time lovingly sucking Roderick's manhood to show him that she was his willing lover in every way possible.

The two men ignored each other for a minute before they settled into using Roderick's mistress. Once they were acclimated, they looked up at each other and grinned. "Just like old times, eh friend?" Roderick asked.

Eirik grunted once before answering. "If you consider old times to be reliving our tours of the whorehouses of Arvignon, then yes." He slapped Pauline hard on her upraised ass. "She fucks like a whore," he commented.

Roderick grabbed Pauline's face between his hands and pushed his cock as deeply into her throat as possible. Her eyes went wide but she was able to accommodate his need. "Are you calling my mistress, the mother-to-be of my child, a whore?"

Not backing down in the least, Eirik firmly dug his fingers into Pauline's hips and slammed into her as hard as he dared. "That's. Exactly. What. I'm. Calling. Her."

When he came, she could feel the throbbing of his cock inside her. His cum felt incredibly hot and she moaned around Roderick's cock. Before she knew it, she was cumming as well, her entire body shaking but held in place by the two men. It was too much and she had to push Roderick out of her mouth so she could properly breathe and let out the sounds of her orgasm.

"I'm quite offended," Roderick said with some amusement as he stepped onto the floor. His cock was standing rigid, pointing up at the ceiling with its usual curved aplomb. He wanted to cum but he also wanted to see what was going to

happen with his best friend and his lover. “You’ve always taken my cock so well before, be it in mouth or cunt.”

“I’m sorry, my prince,” she gasped as she crouched on the bed. Eirik was still inside her. It took him some time to detumescere to the point where it was easy to uncouple from his conquests. “It was all too much.”

“You haven’t had her ass?” asked Eirik as he finally withdrew from Pauline’s cunt.

Roderick was mildly amused. “Of course not. She’s a lady of good standing. Not some cheap whore from Cunt Lane behind the priest’s chapel.”

Eirik laughed as he slid off the bed. “It looks like you have a bit of a problem,” he said, gazing at Roderick’s still rigid member.

“Not at all, my friend. You’ve warmed up my mistress’s cunt. It should be hot and inviting now. I don’t see a problem at all.”

Roderick walked around the bed to where Eirik had recently been. Instead of just kneeling behind Pauline like Eirik had, he instead rolled Pauline to her back. After putting a pillow under her ass, she was adequately angled so that he could enter her while kneeling and not crush her stomach.

“You’ve been fucking another man, haven’t you,” he accused his mistress.

The look of surprise and confusion on her face was priceless to Roderick. Her cunt was hot and sloppy from Eirik’s leavings. It had been far too long since he had shared a woman like this with Eirik. “My prince?” she asked in confusion as he began fucking her.

“A true and loyal trollop,” said Eirik as he dropped into the observation chair. His cock fell heavily on his thigh and as he watched Roderick fuck Pauline, it started to rise again. Pauline was in for a long evening that would truly wear her out.

“You think?” Roderick asked as he put Pauline’s ankles up over his shoulders to penetrate her deeply. He knew he was driving deeper than Eirik, which bolstered his confidence. “I think she’s nothing more than ditchwater doxy willing to spread her legs for the latest cock to come along.”

Eirik was mildly surprised at his friend's verbal abuse of his mistress, but that was not for him to judge. His hand went to his cock and he wondered if Roderick would give him another chance with the slut. It was a relief to fuck a woman whom he knew he couldn't get pregnant...but that made him wonder if Roderick had some basis to his vocal humiliation and degradation of the woman.

"If she doesn't produce for you," Eirik pondered aloud, "maybe you can sell her to one of the flesh mongers. The red light district is always looking for fresh castoffs." While he watched them fuck, his hand had unconsciously gone to his rising cock and he idly stroked himself.

Pauline was panting heavily. She had one hand on her fleshy breast and was pinching the nipple. She was on the edge and desperately wanted to cum before Roderick finished. His cock was hitting her in the right places inside her cunt, but she needed her clit, her little pleasure nub, properly stimulated.

It happened too fast.

"Slut. Coquette. Doxy. Whore!" Watching her getting fucked by Eirik and experiencing her used cunt had been too much for Roderick to hold back for long. His cock throbbed and he thrusting in as deeply as he could to deposit his seed into her already fertilized womb. The throbbing and hot flood felt wonderful, but it wasn't enough to make Pauline cum like she wanted. The pleasure was all Roderick's.

She was practically crying when Roderick withdrew. She had been so close.

"You've made the poor thing cry," Eirik commented.

His cruel streak had passed and Roderick actually felt bad for Pauline. "I need to piss and wash your cum off my dick," he said, covering for his unexpected emotions. Upon spying his friend's erection, he said as he headed to the interior privy, "Why don't you fuck her one more time. She's earned it."

**End Part One**

## **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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