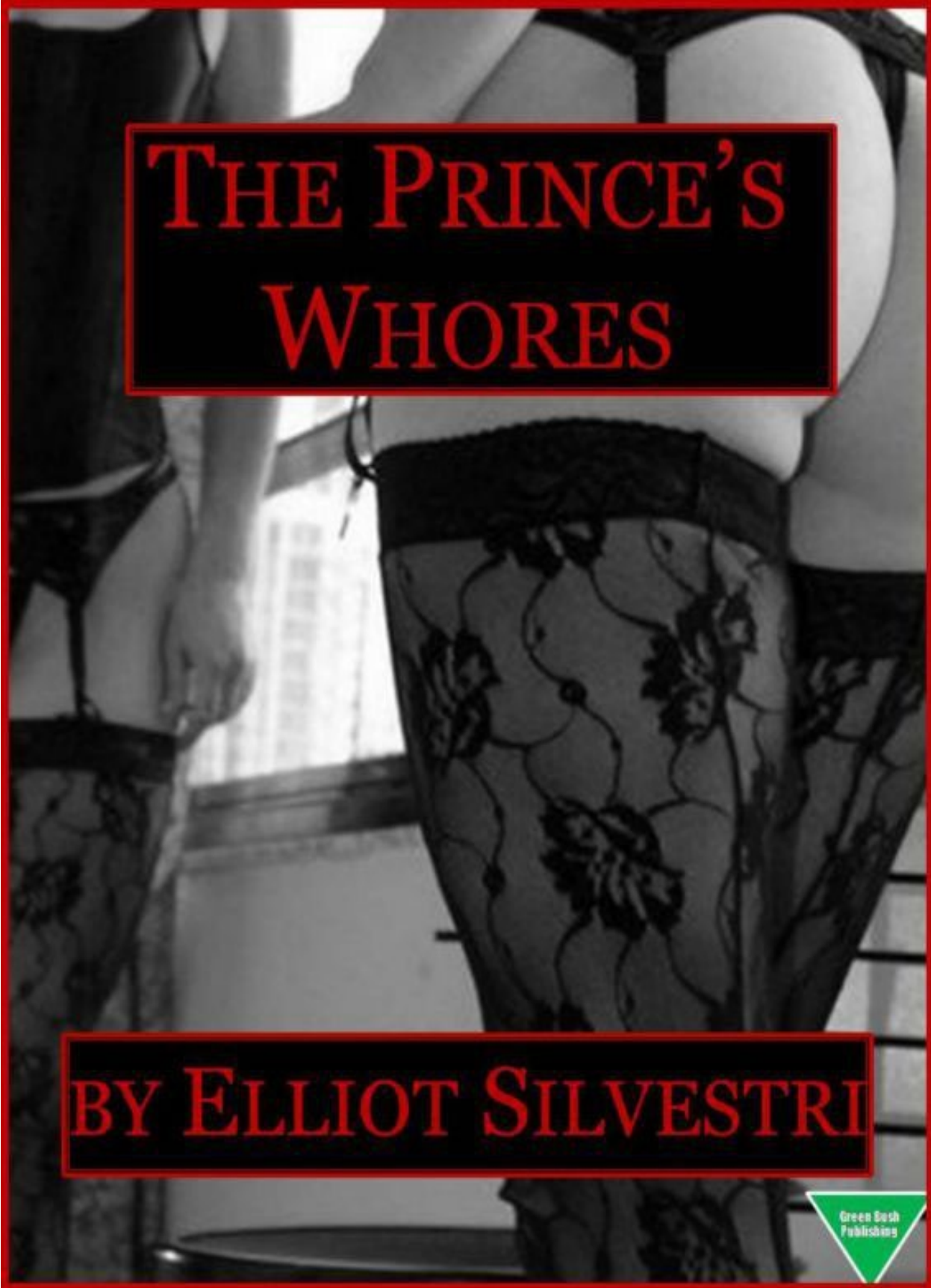
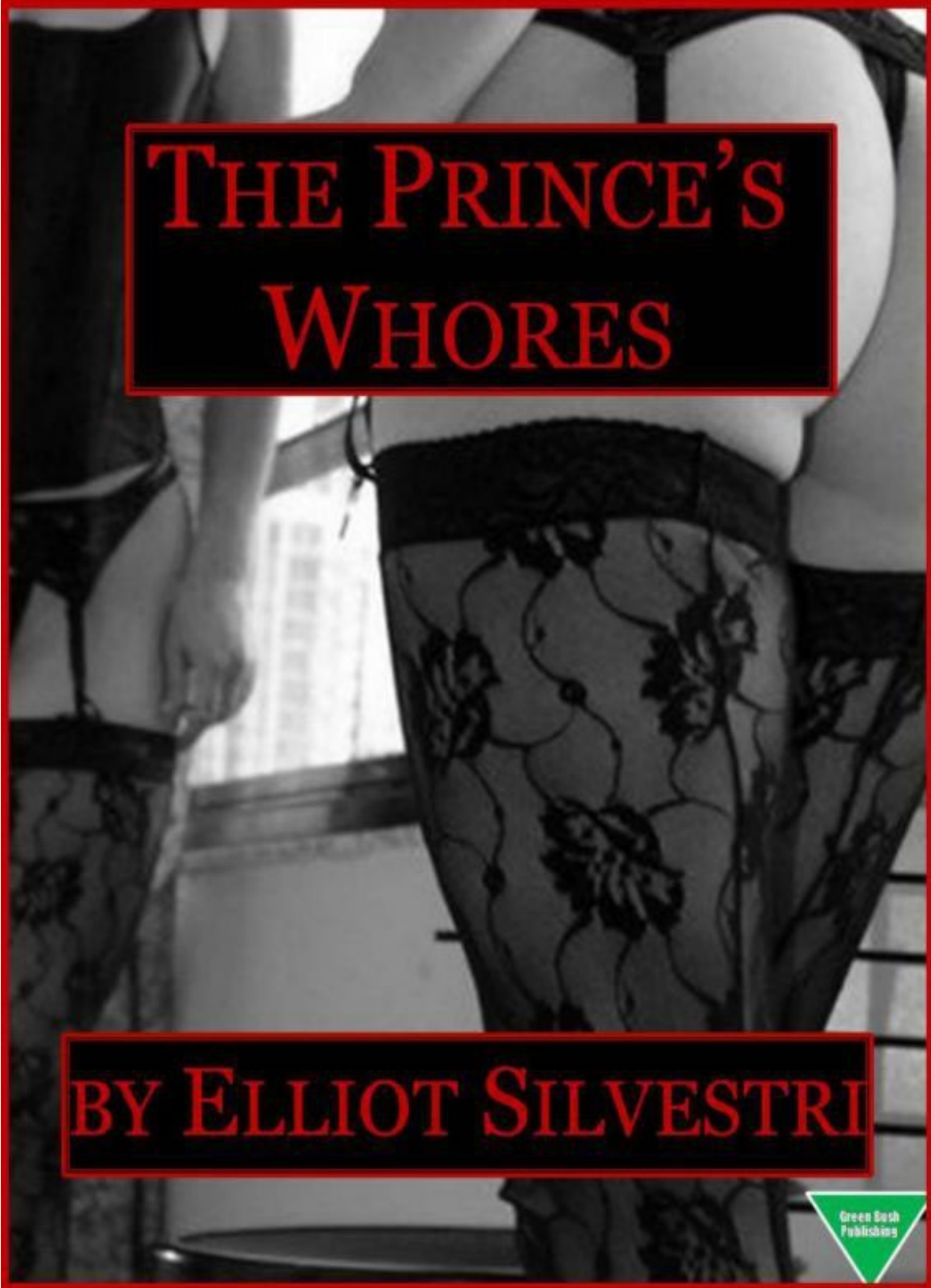




THE PRINCE'S WHORES

BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI

Green Sash
Publishing

A black and white photograph of two women from the waist down, wearing lace-trimmed stockings and garter belts. They are standing in front of a window with a view of a city skyline. The image is framed by a thick red border.

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Chapter One

Prince Henry knew he was being watched, he just didn't know by whom. It was something he had become accustomed to after a lifetime of being protected by bodyguards and watched by spies and nannies. Normally when he was with his courtesans he enjoyed when one watched while he fucked the other. That sort of watching was perfectly acceptable. Knowing there was usually a spy of some sort watching him wasn't a concern; he always took care when sneaking into Madame Giolla's house of ill repute so no one knew who he truly was. Showing off for spectators was part of the game. But tonight something else was going on. He could sense other eyes on him besides Gabrielle's and Lyrissa's.

He was relaxing in the big overstuffed bed. Madame Giolla knew all about the comfort of the bedroom. The feather stuffed mattress here in what was really just a glorified whorehouse was much softer and more luxurious than the one in his manse. The girls were all over him, as usual, trying to please him. It was their job after all. They had helped him out of his clothes and then stripped each other down to their most essential bits of lingerie before collapsing into bed with him. Once they did Henry ran his hand over the roundness of Lyrissa's belly.

"How far along now are you?" he asked her admiring the girl's smooth curves and supple skin.

"Halfway there, your lordship," she answered with a giggle. She knew he liked to touch her tummy and was more than willing to let him do as he pleased. Just because she was a whore didn't mean she was stupid. The more she pleased him, the better the tip he would give her at the night's end.

"Have you figured out who the daddy is yet?" he asked, a sardonic grin on his lips.

The brown-haired slut laughed again and shook out her long hair. "No one has claimed ownership yet, sir," she said. "It might be yours for all I know."

A half-grunt of laughter escaped his lips. "Not unless you got knocked up through your mouth or ass."

Both Gabrielle and Lyrissa laughed at his reply. Both were well aware of Henry's preference for anal fucking. He didn't mind being sucked off by a particularly talented set of lips, but he never fucked a whore in her cunt, that had always been his policy. "Are you going to fuck her or me first tonight, your lordship?" Gabrielle asked.

Though they didn't know his true identity the girls working at Madame Giolla's had automatically given him noble status. The story he had always used was that he was the wayward son of a wealthy merchant. In truth they didn't care. They were happy to fuck him as long as his money stayed gold.

"I thought I might watch the two of you play for a bit first. The most precious love is that love shared between two women." They laughed at his bold statement but didn't need any further instruction. Lyrissa reclined into the overstuffed pillows and spread her legs. Her bulging belly made a little round hump above her furry pussy. Showing no hesitation Gabrielle put her face between her partner's legs and kissed the red lips of her pussy. Henry always enjoyed watching the two play sex games. And they knew exactly what he liked. Gabrielle put her ass up in the air letting Henry admire her cunt and anus. She knew exactly how to tempt him.

Her milk white skin was flawless but for the prostitute license tattoo on her ass. Once more he looked at it just to make sure he was getting good value for his gold. Whoever had done the work was a true artist. Contained within the circle was a red lantern, Lyrissa's name etched in the old style script, the name of Madame Giolla's establishment—The Dancing Vixen, and the official seal of the city. It was an old law that prostitution was legal within city limits as long as both the prostitute and the establishment were registered and marked. Very old provisions of the law actually had the prostitutes branded, but most who chose to sell their bodies in the better houses got a tattoo. In the distant past there were concerns from some men that they might be marrying a woman who had literally been a whore. A quick inspection of her body would assure him that his wife-to-be wasn't a lady of the evening.

He liked watching these two women together. Lyrissa's pale skin, blond hair, and thin limbs were in high contrast to Gabrielle's curves, dusky skin, and dark hair. He knew that Gabrielle sported a near identical tattoo on her ass—he had seen and admired it many times. The tattoos were never enough to stop a man's lust—supposedly that had been part of the idea years ago when the law was instituted

—in fact it often seemed men who visited the Dancing Vixen were eager to make sure the woman they selected had gone under the needle. But never for a wife, a nobleman's wife, a merchant's wife, even a lowly laborer was often averse to taking a woman who had been used by other men. Henry didn't understand why. To him it was just proof that the woman was undoubtedly a good lay.

"Get your ass closer over here, Lyr," Henry said. She wiggled and moved over so that her tiny and smooth buttocks were close to him. As usual she had left on her silk stockings, white things that were held up to her mid-thigh by fancy garters. It made a nice contrast to her body. The girls were rarely ever truly naked; they wore stockings and slippers and garters and other tiny bits of silk and lace that didn't cover up their nudity, but enhanced it. And Gabrielle seemingly wore a ring on every finger and a few on her toes.

Henry ran his pinky along the outside of Lyrissa's quim, moistening the digit with her juices. She wiggled her hips attractively and encouraged him to enter her velvety cunt. Instead he wormed his finger into her rear end. She gasped as he penetrated and pulled her face back from Gabby's tasty pussy.

"Your lordship!" she said in false shock. "You violate me in the most vile ways."

"Indeed I do," he agreed as he pushed his finger in up to the second knuckle. She didn't protest as he went deep into her. She was used to accepting his cock in her bunghole, a finger was nothing to her. Moving carefully he started stuffing his fingers, one by one, up into her pussy. If she noticed she made no indication. If she minded she wouldn't have said anything—he had paid for her body and he'd use it as he saw fit.

Once his ring, middle, and index fingers filled her quim Henry lowered his thumb onto her clit. That she noticed with a little jump and a groan into Gabrielle's pussy. "A little game," Henry announced. "If Gabrielle cums first, an extra gold piece for the bold of you. But if I make Lyrissa cum first, no special tip at all."

Upon hearing those words Lyrissa doubled her efforts between Gabrielle's legs. The darker skinned whore let her head flop back into the pillows and pinched her nipples. Both wanted that gold piece; Henry loved making the two act like true whores. Lyrissa loved having her ass and clit teased but to his surprise Gabrielle

was able to reach her peak just from Lyr's talented tongue. A little squirt from her cunt and a cry from her lips announced her climax.

"Well, it looks like you girls robbed me of another piece of gold." Henry pulled his fingers from Lyrissa's cunt and ass. She was a bit disappointed by their sudden absence, but was happy with her night's extra earnings.

"A piece of gold for a golden piece of ass," Lyrissa told him, spreading her legs a bit more and arching up her hips so he could see the soft yellow curls that adorned her cunt.

Henry just grunted. He'd heard the girl say the same thing a hundred times before. "Get on your hands and knees," he ordered Gabrielle. "I'd like some pussy tonight."

As the prostitute struggled to turn her body over Lyrissa frowned at her client. Gabrielle was starting to get to the point where her pregnancy was starting to weigh heavily on her body. "I thought you didn't like pussy," she commented to Henry. He was on his knees behind Gabby, his erect cock in hand.

"Fuck no," he told her as he searched for the entrance to Gabby's pussy. "I love pussy. I just don't want to knock up either of you whores."

Lyrissa watched with disinterest and a vague sense of boredom as Prince Henry fucked Gabrielle. He leaned forward onto her, making the slattern woman support his weight as he fucked her and ran his hands over her bulging belly and squeezed her heavy tits. It didn't take him that long to cum, his balls emptied into the girl's pregnant pussy and he collapsed back on the mattress to watch the thick strands of semen seep from her open cunt.

"You're a good fuck," he complimented her.

"Thank you, my lord," Gabrielle replied, smiling at him over her shoulder. He looked over at Lyrissa.

"You didn't get to cum tonight," he said.

"That's not necessary, my lord. We're here for your pleasure."

He ignored her words. "Do you want Gabby to eat your pussy or would you like

me to make you cum with my hand?” he asked. “I doubt I can get it up again before I have to return.”

Though she didn’t want to say it to him, Lyrissa wanted her partner in crime to go down on her. They never discussed their relationship in front of Henry—or any of their clients—but he was certain the two shared a bed on a regular basis even when they weren’t sharing a client. Making love in front of him wasn’t exactly a difficult task for them. But more than anything else Lyrissa wanted to please her clients. “You’re hand would be most delightful,” she told him. “Especially if you would deign to violate my bum again.”

He laughed at her. “Get on your back and put your legs up in the air.” She complied happily and quickly. Again his pinky went up her ass, this time all the way to the third knuckle and then, unceremoniously, he pushed all three remaining fingers into her cunt. A grunt of surprise met his violation of her body. “I thought you were enjoying this?” he asked sharply.

“I am. Put your finger on my button. I want you to see me cum.”

That was a request he could easily fulfill. Henry didn’t bother with any gentle technique. He just rubbed her clit as hard and fast with his thumb as he could. Lyrissa almost immediately started hyperventilating and squirming under his hand. He paused for a moment. “Should I make Gabby do this for you?” he asked.

“Fuck no! Make me cum!”

It only took a minute before she did. He didn’t know why he bothered to please her. Truly he had some affection for this two favorite whores, but it wasn’t his job to make them happy or to please them in bed. they were there for his use only. When she was done cumming he pulled his hand away from her and got up from the bed.

“It’s been lovely girls,” he said as he dressed. “But I do have other obligations.” With that he gave them a mocking bow and exited the room. The corridors in Madame Giolla’s establishment were narrow and poorly lit—intentionally so—and he wended his way to the Madame’s office. It was locked, but he produced the key from a pocket inside his heavy woolen coat and let himself in. As usual the place was empty. From the cabinet behind Giolla’s desk he took a bottle of spirits, poured himself a healthy glass, sat down in the leather covered guest

chair, and waited.

It only took a few minutes for Madame Giolla to appear with her bodyguard at her side.

“So nice you could meet me here,” Henry said, saluting her and the guard with his drink. She glared coldly at him.

“You may leave, Deek,” she told the guard and closed the door behind the lumbering man.

“I still haven’t figured out how you’ve set up an alarm to your door,” he commented before she could say a thing. “Care to tell me?”

“No, your grace, I do not.” She was an older woman who had worked her way up through the house to become the madam nearly twenty years ago. She was remarkably well-persevered and still worked with clients upon request. Henry had never requested her. He preferred obscenely young and beautiful girls.

His face soured. “Don’t call me that here. I came to settle accounts.” From another pocket in his greatcoat he produced a purse full of coins and tossed it on her desk. “I’m sure that will pay me up through today,” he said. “Will you give me a receipt for my next visit?”

“If your grace so desires.”

He frowned again at her. A few gray hairs had mixed in with her black tresses and her cleavage was on display through the miracle of a powerful corset. For a minute he wished she was thirty years younger. “Actually, no. I’ll take my leave now.”

She nodded and stood up from behind the desk, went to the small fireplace in the room’s corner. There she put a key in a hidden hole and lifted a latch giving the Crown Prince access to the hidden snickleway behind the fireplace’s heavy bricks. He picked up the lantern next to the fire, opened the shutter, and snuck into the small space. It was a long way back to his manse in the secret tunnel, but the walk was more than worth it, both ways.

He still couldn’t get out of his mind that the entire time he had been in bed with Gabby and Lyr he was been watched. Something was rotten in the city of Yort.

Chapter Two

Midori sat quietly in her bedchambers reading a book. It wasn't a very good story, but it kept her distracted until Danieru returned. She didn't have to announce herself, she never did. Though she was supposed to be Midori's lady in waiting, her maid, she was so much more. "Report, Danieru," she ordered. Midori hadn't truly heart the other woman enter the room, she was far too quiet for that. It was more an awareness of her presence that alerted Midori.

"Your husband spent the night at a whorehouse, my lady," she said without preamble.

Midori turned slightly to regard the unremarkable woman standing just outside the direct light from her reading lantern and the glow from the fireplace. Danieru was of average height and was neither beautiful nor ugly. She was plain and as such would have been easily overlooked if not for her distinctive black hair and the almond shape to her dark brown eyes. Her honey-colored skin and dark eyes would have been overlooked back in their homecity, but here in Yort both her and Midori were easily recognized. Still, everyone would overlook Danieru when Midori was around. She could fade into the background seemingly on whim. It was a talent she had developed to near-perfection.

"A whorehouse?" she asked. The answer could have been worse, but Midori didn't see how that was possible.

"The Dancing Vixen, ma'am. I haven't been able to determine how he gets there, yet. I presume there must be some hidden passage under the city connecting the manse here with the whorehouse. He spent the evening with two prostitutes."

Midori sighed. "Apparently my husband with sire a bastard before he gets me with child."

"I don't believe so, my lady," Danieru said.

This surprised Midori. "How so? Does he discuss deep philosophical matters or political problems with these...prostitutes?"

“No. Of the two, one was pregnant. He had sex with her but based on their conversation it seems he is not the father of her child. The other one only pleased him with her hand and her...activities with the other whore. He stated that he only had sex with pregnant whores and used their mouths and bottoms for sex. Apparently he never uses their...woman parts for sex.”

Midori arched her eyebrow. “Woman parts?” she asked but then moved on. “That is most informative, Danieru. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, ma’am.” The lithe woman started to step back and disappear into the small chamber next to her lady’s bed, but Midori stopped her.

“Why are you so shy, Danieru?” she asked abruptly.

“Shy?”

“You said ‘woman parts’.”

“I didn’t wish to offend my lady.”

“By avoiding the words pussy or cunt or ass?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Midori silently regarded her faithful servant a long moment. “I see. Do you like women, Danieru?”

“Like women?” her servant and bodyguard asked.

“Have you had sex with women?” Midori asked bluntly. “You were a present given to me by my father two years ago when my marriage bound Yort with Otira. Before then I knew nothing of you. Father said you were a nun from the Yobina nunnery, sworn to serve and protect those who bought their services? That’s true is it not?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Everyone says that nuns from Yobina have no compunction about with whom they mate. Is that true?”

Danieru tilted her head to the side and considered her answer. “I don’t know what everyone in Otira says, ma’am. But to answer your question directly, I have lain with both men and women.”

Her answer was bolder than Midori had expected. “Oh.”

Another long moment passed between them. “Do you need some sexual outlet, ma’am? Is that what you are asking? I can provide that for you.”

That answer was even bolder than the previous one. “No,” she said quickly. Perhaps too quickly. “I do have an assignment for you, however. Find how my husband is getting to this place of ill-repute, this Dancing Vixen. And I believe we will make a visit to this establishment. Make that happen as well.”

If Danieru was surprised by the second request she didn’t show it. “Yes, ma’am. I’ll do both as soon as possible.” With that she slipped away leaving Midori alone with her thoughts.

The wife of the city’s Crown Prince stared at the fire a while longer, then retired to her bed with nothing for comfort but her hand.

When Danieru led the Princess Midori to the entrance of the Dancing Vixen she was surprised. The establishment was clean and attractive on the outside, seemingly nothing more than an upscale restaurant and tavern with an attached hotel. After a moment’s cursory inspection small details revealed that the Vixen was not just a common inn, chief among them were the red lantern held by the vixen on the house’s sign along with the appropriate prostitution license in the front window. Midori and Danieru were dressed plainly, modestly, but in the garb of women in the wealthy merchant class. It was Danieru’s plan that they were to appear as the wife of a rich merchant or trader along with her maidservant. In the style of the day Midori wore a semi-translucent veil across the upper half of face to help disguise her identity, not that many patronizing the Dancing Vixen would recognize the wife the city’s Crown Prince.

Inside they moved about unmolested for less than a minute before one of the many half-dressed employees confronted them. “What can I do for you ladies?” she asked boldly, her wares on display under the filmy half-dress she wore.

“I would like to speak to the madame,” Midori told her.

The girl smiled at her. “I’m sure I can help you with whatever you need—”

“I would speak with your madame,” Midori repeated herself in her most authoritative voice, one she had perfected after years of being a noble-born woman, one now married to the city’s prince. The prostitute hesitated a moment, then nodded and beckoned for the pair to follow her. They were led to Madame Giolla’s office and ushered inside where they waited. Only a few minutes later the owner and manager of the Vixen walked in. After quickly sizing up the pair she asked without preamble, “Are you ladies looking for employment?”

Midori was immediately offended by the question. “No. Of course not. What do you take me for?”

The older woman merely shrugged her shoulders. “When two beautiful women ask to see me they are usually selling themselves. I can assure you that if you choose to work under my roof you will be well-rewarded, especially for a pair of exotics like yourselves.”

It was all Midori could do to prevent her lips from curling back in disgust. “No. I’m here to ask that you no longer allow my husband to patronize your house.”

Madame Giolla’s answer was short and to the point. “No.” She paused a moment and let the force of her reply sink in. “Is there anything else I can help you with? I’m a busy woman.”

“But you haven’t even listened to my reasons—”

Giolla didn’t give her the opportunity to keep talking. “The Dancing Vixen pays all taxes, fees, licenses, and bribes when appropriate. We are a legal business operating within the walls of Yort and as such we are required to treat all those who seek our services equally—according to the money they pay us, of course. I doubt the wife of a noble merchant could possibly pay me more to prevent him from dipping his wick than he could.”

Midori frowned at the statement, but she knew it was true. “I could have your whorehouse shut down,” she threatened. “I have close ties to the rulers of this city.”

An amused smile pulled at Madame Giolla's lips. "I doubt you have the ability to close down the most popular entertainment venue with our city's ruling class, Princess Midori."

Unbidden, a gasp escaped Midori's lips. To her side Danieru took a half step forward and placed her hand next to the hidden slit in her skirts that allowed access to her concealed short sword strapped to her thigh. "How did you...?" Midori asked.

"I know much of what happens in this city, and I know everything that happens in this house." She looked pointedly at Danieru, "Though I will admit that it took me a little while to discover what your...maidservant...was doing skulking about the premises."

"I see," said Midori. "We will take our leave now." She rose from the chair but Giolla stopped her.

"Why don't you leave through the snickleway?" she asked. "It's behind the fireplace. I'm sure your guide can get you home without difficulty." The madame walked to the fireplace and opened the secret passageway for the pair. "Our doors are always open and welcome to you and your family," she said.

Midori didn't acknowledge the woman when she left, Danieru nodded her head in thanks.

That night Henry came to Midori's bedchambers. He wasn't drunk, he wasn't rude, he wasn't demanding. He just wanted what was expected of her. Midori knew her only role as his wife was to produce an heir. If she couldn't there would be dire consequences, but it was difficult for her womb to quicken with child if he only rarely spilled his seed within her.

As it was Midori was only too happy to accommodate Henry's lusts. Though he might treat her as a proper princess in the public sphere, she relished being ravished when they were alone. When he slipped into her room she rose up from her chair with a question. Before she could speak he advanced on her and pressed his lips to hers. Then he was clawing at her clothing. There was no reason for Midori to resist. She helped him strip her body of every stitch of clothing. When he practically threw her on the bed she tried to roll to her back to

open her legs and welcome him into her body. This he stopped with a sharp slap to her naked buttocks.

“Stay on your face,” he ordered her as he quickly divested himself of his breeches and tunic. “Get your ass in the air.”

Midori wanted him to fuck her as a proper wife, on her back with her exposed pussy waiting for him. That’s not what Henry wanted; she bowed to his demand. She dropped her head to the mattress and moved her knees forward making her ass rise in the air. He moved behind her, quickly checked her quim with an open hand, feeling for her moistness, then simply plunged his hard cock right into her.

“Unf!” Midori grunted as he unceremoniously penetrated her. She reminded herself she was there for his pleasure. He didn’t need to please her. “Good.”

In response Henry wrapped her hair around one hand and jerked her head back while pressing down on her back with the other hand. The position he put her in was difficult to maintain and downright painful. She didn’t protest but instead focused on his cock that was going in and out of her cunt. The sensations running up and down her body all grew out from her cunt and she didn’t want it to stop. If Henry knew his wife wasn’t a virgin when they married, he never gave any indication he cared. The logic of Midori not being a virgin was that she would be able to keep her husband amused in the bedroom until she could give the house of Yort an heir. Midori didn’t care either. All her practice sessions with the beautiful men and women from her father’s harem had been pleasurable from start to finish.

“Slut,” he called her, then, “Whore! Cunt!”

“Fuck me!” she grunted back at him in her accented lilt. “Fuck me harder.”

He did as she bade, lifting his hand from her back to smack her ass as he continued to plow into her cunt. It was painful when he beat her, but she enjoyed it nonetheless. When his jism flooded her cunt she called out in relief. He grunted once, then twice, then fell upon her body, forcing her down to the sheets.

They reveled in the afterglow a minute before Henry rolled off her prone body. “That was a good fuck,” he declared.

“Yes, it was, husband,” she agreed with him. She waited the appropriate amount

of time before asking her question. “Every time you fuck me it is good. It is wonderful. But then...why do you waste your time in whorehouses?”

He grunted at her question. “I don’t go to whorehouses,” he told her.

Midori seethed, but controlled her anger. “I have reports from loyal servants that you do. The Dancing Vixen.”

“Heh. Ha. I should know better. Your little serving girl is a clever little spy. Truth is I only go to one whorehouse and that would be the Dancing Vixen. And Madame Giolla prefers to call it a bordello. I don’t go to whorehouses.”

“Why go to one at all?”

“Because I need variety. I can’t keep fucking the same wife every night of my life. You might be beautiful and noble-born and an excellent political match, but in bed you can hardly compare to the skills of the women in the Dancing Vixen.”

Midori seethed with anger. “I see.”

“Don’t worry about it,” he said dismissively. “Everything takes practice. I don’t know who taught you to fuck, but they should have gone beyond telling you to lay there and groaning.”

“I see,” she repeated. Could her instructors in the harem have indulged her that much?

“Anyway, I needed to fuck you at least one last time. I’ll be doing a bit of travelling for the next several months. The life of a diplomatic prince is always busy.”

“I...understand, husband,” Midori answered as she plotted what to do next.

Chapter Three

“I would like to take your offer,” Midori said. She was seated in Madame Giolla’s office once again. Danieru was seated next to her this time, they were still dressed demurely though Midori had taken off her veil. There was no need to wear such a disguise when sneaking through the hidden passages that ran beneath the city, and of course Madame Giolla knew who they were. “We both would.”

The madam’s lips twisted slightly into a smile. “Wonderful. The Dancing Vixen can also use more exotic beauties to fulfill the needs of her clients. Can I ask you why you’ve changed your mind?”

Midori had prepared herself for this question so she wasn’t surprised by it. Still, saying the lie was more difficult than she anticipated. “My husband has expressed dissatisfaction with my...performance in bed. I wish to become more skilled at lovemaking.”

“Mm-hmm,” intoned Giolla non-committally. “I see. That would explain your presence, Princess. But what about your handmaiden?”

“I go wherever my mistress goes,” Danieru said quickly. “I cannot permit her to do this alone.”

“I...understand. But if you simply want more experience in the bedroom to please your husband you could hire our services. You don’t actually need to become a...whore.”

For that Midori didn’t have an immediate answer. She swallowed and tried a different tack. “There is also the matter of my own pleasure...” she offered.

That made Giolla laugh. “You’ll find being a whore is often more effort than it is worth. And you’ll be trying to please others—they won’t care a whit if you enjoy yourself.”

“I want to experience more out of life than being a simple vessel for my family’s

offspring,” she burst forth shocking both herself and the madam. Danieru, as always, was calmly accepting of the situation.

“Well, that certainly is a more honest answer. And some of the experiences you’ll have here in the Vixen will not be found elsewhere. Very good then. Please stand and take off your clothes so I can assess if you are worth it or not.”

“Excuse me?” Midori asked.

Giolla stared levelly at the princess. “If you can’t strip naked here in the privacy of my office, how do I know if you’ll be able to fuck a complete stranger?”

Desiring to put her mistress at ease, Danieru rose and started undressing herself. After a moment Midori followed suit. It was strange to her undressing herself. For many years she had always had a maid to help her with the task. As a consequence it took her much longer to undress and stand nude before Madame Giolla.

“Very nice,” Giolla complimented. A small smile crept across Midori’s lips...and then she realized Giolla was assessing Danieru. “Very lithe, small breasts, but nicely shaped. Plain, but girlish. Your face isn’t your strongest suite, it’s your body, but you already knew that, didn’t you?”

“Yes, ma’am,” Danieru said. Her eyes were slightly lowered, but she stood proudly. She wasn’t ashamed to be naked. Midori had thought herself beautiful and near perfect, but next to her protector, she suddenly had to re-evaluate her status.

“And you, Princess,” the older woman said. “Well, your face is your strongest feature. Very pretty. Your green eyes are extra exotic. Long black hair is always popular. But your breasts...perhaps a bit too large for your thin frame. Nice hips, but your stomach...too soft and bulging. It would be acceptable if you were with child, there’s always a market for that, but you are starting to look fat. Still, we can sell you as a noblewoman gone bad. An exotic noblewoman.”

“I’ll need to conceal my identity,” Midori blurted.

Madame Giolla chuckled. “Very few men will be looking at your face, my dear.”

“Still...” Midori insisted.

“Yes, yes, I understand. It wouldn’t do for the next queen of the city to be found out as a whore, would it? Your lace veil will serve for the time being. There are some masks I can have made up that will enhance your features. We’ll have to monitor your body. I can’t have girls working here who don’t maintain their bodies appropriately. No more fatty foods for you, young lady.”

“I understand,” Midori said. Though she wasn’t a glutton, this choice she had made was starting to become more difficult by the moment.

Reaching into a desk drawer Madame Giolla said, “You’ll need these before we go out into the house. Put them on.”

Into Midori’s hand she dropped what appeared to be a heavy necklace made from a silver chain and sporting a brass pendant. When she saw the pendant Midori realized it was a prostitute’s license tag. Her stomach sank to the floor and she started having second thoughts about her plan. “You plan on selling me today?” she asked. Her voice trembled with shock. Danieru calmly took hers and fitted it around her neck.

“Let me help you,” Giolla said to Danieru. In her hand she had a simple key. “Officially the license is supposed to always stay on, but there are ways around that. The lock can be removed but only with an official city key.” This she brandished to the servant. Danieru turned around and let the madame lock the chain around her neck. Midori didn’t move and could only contemplate the badge of office in her hand.

When Giolla turned around to help Midori her face turned down into a frown. “Put it around your neck, girl. Time is wasting away.”

“But...”

“I’ll remove it when you are done. These are only temporary licenses for girls I’m contemplating hiring. No need to get the tattoo or piercing before I know if the goods are worth it.” She took the chain from Midori’s hand, looped it around her neck, and locked it into place. “Put your veil back on. We’ll need to remember that for you, always. Now, on to the second floor. There are always a few gentlemen looking for a freebie. I want a neutral party to evaluate the two of you.”

What followed was a whirlwind of corridors and doors, a few smiling men half

obsured from behind her veil, before Midori found herself in a small bedroom with a man who claimed to be a knight errant but looked much more like a mercenary than a knight, even if he did wear a rapier on his hip. "It's been a good long while since I've tasted the honey from a dark-haired beauty like yourself," he was saying to her as he removed his clothes. She was seated on the edge of the bed, terrified over what was about to happen "Lay back and open your legs, girl. I like to eat a little pussy before I plunge my cock in what might be contaminated waters."

She knew exactly what he was asking for. It shouldn't have shocked her, but it did. Why would a man hire a prostitute just to lick her cunt? It didn't matter. In a minute he pushed her back and wrenched the thighs apart and pressed his face in close to her pussy. She struggled for a minute, but when his tongue touched her cunt she all but melted under his care. Now she understood why so many of the serving girls giggled about oral love.

Getting her pussy licked out by a sellsword was an enlightening experience. Her veil was in place so certainly he didn't care about her face or her beauty, but he threw himself into eating her sex with more enthusiasm than the love players in her father's harem. She squirmed and writhed under his tongue. Her breath quickly came in ragged gasps and before she knew it her thighs were squeezing together as her body shook with orgasm. Never before had she cum with such strength. The unknown man between her legs rode out her bucking body as she cried with the odd combination of pleasure and shame and relief every orgasm brought her. When she was done he raised his face up from her cunt. She looked down at him and saw his smiling face covered with her juices. He looked ever so pleased with himself.

"It's you who should be paying me," he told her. "You've just been the lucky recipient of the most acrobatic tongue in the city, if not the entire realm and beyond."

"I-I-I'd have to agree, sir," she told him. Her body was still quivering and her breath came too rapidly. She wanted more and was ashamed to admit it.

"No, if you don't mind, and you won't because I've paid for your body tonight, I'll be taking my pleasure now. I like getting a whore worked up first," he said absently and he knelt above her and displayed his cock in his hand. It wasn't large or remarkable, but Midori suddenly desired it more than any other object in

the world.

She spread her legs wider as he lowered his body onto hers. The velvety head of his cock slipped right into her cunt, it was wet and wide open for him. There was no resistance as he buried his manhood inside her body. It felt wonderful, and that feeling redoubled when he started thrusting his cock in her tight cunt. Her legs curled around his waist and she let him use her body as he desired. In the course of their fucking her mind shut down and she became nothing more than a vessel for the mercenary to cum inside.

When his cock started erupting inside her noble pussy another orgasm wracked her body and she wailed in pleasure. And then she came to her senses and realized a lowborn bastard was filling her open womb with his seed. She started to struggle against him, pushing him back, trying to expel him from her cunt before the damage was done. But it was already too late. He was too strong; there was no way to dislodge him until he was done pumping her full of his jism. When he was done he collapsed on her and rested for long minutes and Midori considered what she had just done.

The mercenary or son of a rich merchant or rake who had come into a small fortune had laid for the appropriate amount of time he rolled off her and pulled on his clothes. There was no need to acknowledge her until he was at the door. "I'll give a favorable report to Madame Giolla," he said with a smile and was gone.

Midori closed her legs and felt his cum seeping out her cunt. She contemplated what she had just done and what she should do next. When the door opened she was still laying there, unable to come to a decision. Her emotions were so raw and still forming she didn't bother to hide her nudity from the intruder. What point was there? It didn't matter because it was only Madame Giolla checking on her.

"You'll be pleased to hear that Sir Temjay gave you an excellent review," she reported. Her lips were twisted into an amused and ironic smile. It wasn't the first time she had seen the exhausted and shocked look that was on Midori's face; she had seen it countless times before on other young women who had just participated in their first act of prostitution. For some it was liberating, for others it was horrifying. "Did you enjoy it?"

“Enjoy?” Midori automatically repeated.

“Yes. Enjoy. I only hire girls who take pleasure in their work otherwise this house is nothing more than a roof with streetwalkers under it. The Dancing Vixen is better than that. We only have the highest quality whores here. She must love getting fucked by all manner of men to do as they request.” Her smile hadn’t changed. In fact it increased when she said, “Your ladymaid, Danieru, also received an excellent review. I’m waiting to tell her if she can work here based on your answer. I want the two of you as a pair.”

The shock had still taken control of her brain. She knew that this is what she wanted, this is part of the plan she needed to keep her family’s alliance alive. There was no reason for her to think, there was only one answer.

“Of course Danieru and I will be working for you,” she said, regaining a bit of her ladylike grace.

If Madame Giolla was surprised she didn’t let her face show it. “Wonderful. I’ll see you two back here tomorrow for some final arrangements. Then we’ll put you on the schedule.” She glanced at Midori’s ravaged quim. “I’ll have one of our hedgewitches visit as well. She has a potion that will keep Sir Temjay’s seed from planting in your womb. I assume you don’t want to carry a nobody’s bastard, do you?”

To Midori’s great surprise, returning to the Dancing Vixen was easier than she ever might have guessed. Waiting the morning was the most difficult part. She had formal goodbyes to give to her husband. Prince Henry came into her bedroom early in the day, pushed her face down on the bed, lifted her skirts, divested her hips of her undergarments and fucked her good and hard. She willingly submitted to Henry’s lusts, after all she was the wife of the prince and it was her job to present him with an heir, even if he was barely holding up his end of the bargain. It helped quite a bit that her lusts had barely abated from the night before and spreading her legs for a cock—any cock—only cooled the fire that burned in her loins. But only temporarily.

When he was done Henry smacked Midori on her soft ass and said, “Maybe when I get back from my diplomatic tour your belly will be filled. That would be a delightful present for your husband, don’t you think?”

“Yes my prince,” she replied demurely, but kept her legs open, her pussy exposed, his jism slowly oozing down her thigh. She wanted him to mount her again. If he noticed her unextinguished lust he took no action on her needs.

“I should be back in a month,” he told her as he pulled his clothes back on. “See to it that the household doesn’t fall apart.” And with that he left. Midori was unsure if he was mocking her or if he was serious. Almost all the affairs of the manse were run by his butler; there was precious little for Midori to do at all. She was nothing more than a prop, a breeder for his lust, a decoration for his arm during parties.

Going back to Madame Giolla’s in the late afternoon was incredibly easy. She was accompanied through the secret tunnel by Danieru. Midori was unsure if her loyal maid came with her to protect her, or was there out of faithfulness, or if Danieru had been seduced by the pleasure to be found in the bordello. It didn’t matter. Danieru lead the way down the passage holding the oil-filled lantern high. For just a moment as they traveled in silence Midori wondered if her maid was a lusty as she was.

At the passage’s end the door readily swung open and Madame Giolla was there waiting for them, as if she had been forewarned of their arrival. With her was a young woman Midori didn’t recognize but quickly realized wasn’t a whore for the house for she was dressed in a modest frock that was almost completely covered with a heavy cloak.

“This is Ervanda,” Giolla said without preamble. “She will provide you with the solution to the problem faced by so many girls who work here.”

Silently Ervanda held out a pair of drinking earthenware mugs filled with a thick liquid. Midori hesitated. She didn’t know if she was carrying a child and she wasn’t sure she wanted it gone either if she was. And then there was the complication that if she was pregnant, the child might be her husband’s. Danieru displayed no hesitation and quickly grabbed the mug and downed the contents, wincing at the strong, acrid flavor.

“Wine?” Danieru asked when she finished. Madame Giolla quickly supplied the palate cleanser for Danieru and looked expectantly at Midori.

“What are you waiting for?” the madam asked. Realizing she was in no position to say if she was pregnant she wanted to keep the baby, Midori upended the mug

and followed it with a quick swig of wine.

“Excellent. Now on to the more important part of the evening.”

The silent Ervanda stepped over to the desk where a set of tools and jewelry had been laid out. For a long moment Midori didn’t understand what she was looking at, then it dawned upon her and she felt faint. Her knees started to buckle and she staggered to the comfortable chair in front of Giolla’s desk. Misunderstanding what was happening the madam was pleased. “So brave of you to go first, Midori. Please bare your left breast.”

Since she wasn’t thinking clearly, Midori automatically complied with the request. Her naked breast plopped out in front of the assembled women and Ervanda set to work. She was fast. Midori barely felt the clamp squeezing her nipple. The needle piercing her tender flesh was a surprise and made her jump. The actual process of the metal ring following the sharp needle was more uncomfortable than the piercing. Before she knew it, the process was over and there was a silver ring piercing her nipple from which dangled an elaborate charm announcing her availability as a prostitute at the Dancing Vixen.

“I thought a tattoo,” Midori breathed. “No, a necklace...”

Madame Giolla laughed a deep throaty chuckle. “Silly girl. The city inspectors are in here all the time. They’d recognize you too quickly if you wore the one-night necklace. That was just a special treat.”

“But—” she wanted to protest yet no words came to her lips.

“I thought a prostitute tattoo on the ass of the prince’s wife was a little bold. There would be no way I could explain that away. But the nipple charm is removed easily enough when you decide to leave our vocation. Many of my best girls—especially those from the noble families—choose this option. See?” And to Midori’s amazement Madame Giolla loosened the strings to her bodice and let her own breasts fall out. In the nipple of her left breast was a ring with a charm that matched the one recently attached to Midori’s nipple. “I suppose I should get a tattoo as well—my family has long since disowned me—but I have a certain sentimental attachment to this one.” After a moment’s inspection Giolla tucked her flesh away and laced herself back up. “Your turn, Danieru.”

The house madam helped Midori out of the chair, gave her a bracing glass of

wine and watched as Danieru exposed herself. The piercing process was repeated on Midori's maid. When the sharp needle went into Danieru's smaller tit the woman didn't even flinch. She stood up when the procedure was done seemingly with no ill effects. Midori wondered if it was her previous training that had given her such resilience.

"You girls come back tomorrow," Madame Giolla ordered. "I've already set up special clients for you."

The journey had been long and boring. There was nothing about travel that Prince Henry liked: horseback was fast but exhausting, coach was more comfortable but slow, ship wasn't bad except for the occasional bouts of seasickness. When he arrived in Fulvalo there were the usual series of diplomatic niceties' and dinners of honor and long discussions of trade and minor political disputes. Henry was horny and wanted to fuck the first available woman he could find, but bedding one of the wives of the many diplomats and ambassadors at the summit wasn't a real option. He didn't feel like dealing with the accusations of rape or fatherhood from a servant.

It wasn't hard to find the local red light district. He only took one of his bodyguards with him, the better to hide his true identity. The place recommended by one of the many nobles hobnobbing about at the last state dinner wasn't far from the palace and supposedly catered to, "exotic whims," in the old man's parlance.

"You prefer to take your pleasure in your partner's backside?" the madam asked him. Unlike Madame Giolla this woman was nearly ancient, someone's grandmother, possibly great-grandmother, but a pleasant woman to talk to. "We have a few cut boys, but I thought you said you wanted a woman?"

"What?" Henry was puzzled. "Cut boys?"

"Do you not have castrated boys in your city?" she asked.

Henry quailed slightly. "I don't believe so."

"They are a highly desired treat, for some," she said. "When the boy is young his testicles are removed in preparation for his service in the bordello. That prevents

his cock from growing and gives him a more feminine appearance, another highly desired trait. Some of my clients will only make love with a cut boy. They say the boys' back holes are tighter than any woman's cunt and the boy is so willing to please his client. Will you indulge yourself tonight? They are our specialty."

Henry thought back to the older man who had recommended this whorehouse and quickly re-evaluated him. "I think not." Though he considered himself a man always interested in a new experience Henry had no desire to bed a near-man with a boy's penis. Instead he and the facilitator finally settled on a exotic woman "from a far away land" that was promised to show him arts of love that men from his city had never dreamed of.

While he doubted that was true, he still chose the girl. When she walked in the room he couldn't decide if Navara was exotic enough or just another variation of what he'd seen before. This house's custom was for the prostitutes to be naked at all times unless at the request of a client. She was pretty enough. Her black curly hair floated down past her shoulders. It was her skin that supposedly made her exotic, it was dark beyond tan, beyond the hue of almost any maiden or whore in Yort. The tone changed over her skin, but it was her nipples that held Henry's attention, they were nearly perfectly black and were pierced through with golden rings. While some of the prostitutes in Yort wore similar rings as a license to ply their trade, these were seemingly ornamental for the girl for she wore matching bangles on her wrists and ankles. A heavy gold necklace encircled her throat. If it was of pure gold then it probably signified her entire fortune.

"How do you want me, sir?" she asked politely.

"All you need to do is suck my cock," he told her pulling down his breeches and settling back in the overstuffed leather chair. "When I can see what you can do, we'll go from there."

She took his semi-erect staff into her mouth and sucked eagerly and competently. Her technique was good. Her lips were full and her cheeks hollowed nicely when she sucked hard. When she looked up at him it was always with respect, even awe. Navara wasn't afraid to use her hands when necessary, lightly tickling his sac when he needed a bit of encouragement to get over the final blockage to his orgasm. Henry wanted to show he was her master so when he felt the moment arriving he forcibly pulled out of her mouth and shot his jism on her face.

Navara willingly accepted his method of humiliation. If she felt the least bit of shame there was no indication from her smile.

“Would my lord like to me swallow his seed?” she asked politely.

He looked at her for a long moment. “No, just wipe it off,” he said softly. Just because he didn’t want to her to swallow his cum didn’t mean he was done with her. A towel was produced from the cabinet next to the bed and she removed all evidence of his gift from her face. The entire time she stayed on her knees in submission to him. He studied her the entire time as she moved about and cleaned her face. There was a certain grace to her movements and she was comfortable with who she was and what she did. Her breasts were almost perfectly sized for her frame, neither too large or too small and attractively capped by the rings.

After cleaning herself Navara knelt in front of him again and waited. Henry reached out and felt her breasts, evaluating their weight, running his fingers over the smooth skin, inspecting the flesh where the gold rings entered unnaturally. As was right for her, Navara waited patiently for her client to finish his inspection. This was what she was there for, his pleasure.

“Have you ever had children?” he asked her unexpectedly.

“No, lord.”

“What are the rings for?” He tugged on the jewelry. She didn’t protest his harsh handling.

“Decoration.”

“Odd decorations.”

“They are very common in my home country,” she said.

“All the women wear them?” he asked skeptically.

“All girls get them when she becomes a woman. They stay in while she is a maiden.”

Henry burst out laughing. “You’re no maiden.”

“I’m unmarried. I’m without child. Among my people that makes me a maiden.”

He snorted. “Should I give you a child?” he asked sarcastically.

“If you wished to try, my sex is open to you.” Her answer was calm and practiced. Henry was sure that the whore was sipping some hedgewitch’s potion to keep any man’s seed from taking root in her womb.

“No,” he told her. “Take me in your mouth again.”

“As you wish, lord,” she said and leaned forward to suck his cock again. He hadn’t bothered to wipe off. She probably tasted some of his salty milk. That he didn’t give a second thought. His cock was still soft and it took her some effort to make it rise again. But she wasn’t ugly and her tongue was strong. Eventually he filled her mouth with his hardness and he pulled out.

“Am I displeasing you, my lord?” she asked. Her concern was genuine and she wasn’t afraid.

“No. Get on the bed, hands and knees, put your ass in the air.”

She complied like a good whore. Henry got on the bed behind her and inspected her ass. Doubtless she thought he was staring at her pussy. He was actually looking at the tight ring of her small asshole. “Do you have any lard or fat that will make my entrance easier?” he asked her.

“My lord?” she asked. Maybe she was confused by his request. Maybe she hoped to dissuade him from his plan, but Henry would not be turned.

“I’m going to fuck your ass,” he told her. “We can do it with the bit of spit you’ve left on my cock or you can make it easy on yourself.”

She crawled across the bed, pulled a small pot of a thick cream from the cabinet that had contained her towel. Taking the pot from her Henry slathered his cock with the ointment and then pressed the head against her softly pulsing ass.

“Have you done this before?” he asked her. “Been fucked in the ass? I don’t like virgins and I hate liars.”

“Yes, my lord. I’ve made love like this before.” She was panting slightly. He

couldn't tell if it was from anticipation or from anxiety. He didn't care which.

“Good. And it's not making love. It's fucking. Brace yourself.” He pushed his cock into her ass. Navara made the appropriate moaning and groaning noises which he appreciated. She moved under him exactly as he liked. Since he was here for his pleasure he didn't bother playing with her tits or pussy. She didn't touch herself either, not that he cared. The fucking lasted longer than he had expected. When he was done his seed was left deep within her bowels. Narava didn't complain.

Lying on the bed recovering as the whore gently cleaned off his cock he wondered what his wife was doing at that moment. Henry was taken aback to realize he missed her presence.

At that moment Midori was lying on a bed in the Dancing Vixen devoid of all her clothes and her legs spread wide. Danieru was between Midori's legs feasting on her lady's pussy at the request of their client. He was an older man from the merchant class who had worked hard all his life to build a small empire in trading spices. Now he was intent on spending most of his fortune in the fleshpots of the world. Why he had traveled half the continent to arrive in Yort and select two whores of the black hair and honey skin that he could have gotten months and miles before was impossible to say because of the man's inscrutable thought processes.

Trader Vitoron was well-endowed. His manhood was larger than Prince Henry's which was why Midori was having trouble getting it down her throat as her head hung over the edge of the bed. It had barely been a month since she had started working at the Dancing Vixen but her limited skill set had expanded greatly once she was required to take on intimate duties with so many different men. For most of her life Midori had been convinced she would be fucked by one man alone—her husband—after her short training in her father's harem. Now within a month nearly twenty men had taken pleasure in her body. She knew she should have been ashamed at what she was doing. There was only one small problem.

Midori loved every minute of it.

She loved the attention. She loved serving other men. She loved eating Danieru's pussy as her clients watched. She loved taking off her clothes and being admired

by the guests in the Vixen's common room. She loved being thrown to the bed and taken every possible way. She was behaving exactly like a whore and her shame was largely absent.

Her greatest worry was that her husband would return from his trip too soon—before she had fully debauched herself. She liked the feel of the ring in her nipple and the heavy charm that pressed into her breast under her dress and corset. She knew she was a whore and she took a certain pride in it.

Vitoron abruptly pulled his long dick out of her throat. As he did so she gagged slightly at the unexpected vacancy, then, just above her face, he stroked his cock several times until his jism shot all over her face, neck, and chest. He grunted as he came. Midori reached up with her tongue and gently licked his tight balls as he spasmed with his orgasm.

“Lick it off her,” Vitoron ordered Danieru. The maid obeyed the order, crawling up Midori's body licking up the drops of jism he had left behind. Her tongue darted between the Princess's tits, lapped at her neck, her cheeks, her chin, and finally ended with a kiss. Midori opened her lips and accepted the salty flavor that clung to Danieru's tongue. Vitoron looked on appreciatively.

“Very good. You two are the finest fucks I've had in a long time.”

Midori wasn't sure that was true or not, but she accepted the compliment with a coy smile.

When Vitoron was finished and had washed himself and dressed Midori felt it was time to relax. She pulled her lace mask off her face and tossed it on the bed. She laid back into the pillows and wondered what it would be like to spend the night at the Dancing Vixen instead of going back to her husband's manse and sneaking into her bed. Idly stroking the red silk stockings that encased her legs up to her thighs she looked at her maid. Danieru was checking the lock on the door. In her hand she carried the long dagger normally kept under the bed—“for protection” she always insisted to Midori who didn't bother to argue—and she too wore red silk stockings that matched Midori's. They had quickly gained a reputation as a pair of exotic twins—though even a casual viewer would quickly determine they most certainly were not twins.

Midori admired her maid and protector's body. By nature of her role Danieru had to be fit and it showed in her body. There was the play of muscles just

beneath her skin and her trim stomach and her tiny tits; these were all things that Midori did not have. Her skin was taut with just a hint of too much fat, her tummy bulged and her tits were large, though not obscenely so. Jealousy was the emotion she felt second-most when looking at her maid. Lust was the most common emotion. She desired her lady maid and took advantage of her protector's body whenever their clients gave her the slightly permission to do so.

"We should leave soon, my lady," Danieru said. They were safe in the room, but Danieru didn't like leaving the Vixen terribly late, even if they were just sneaking back through the secret tunnel.

"Why don't we just stay the night here?" Midori asked. She nestled back into the pillows, brought up her knees and parted her thighs just a bit. She tried to make it seem natural but there was nothing more she wanted at the moment than to seduce her maid. Sex with the younger woman was enjoyable, but she wanted to do it in private, not with some man watching or joining in. "We can sleep in the quiet and enjoy ourselves."

Danieru shook her head. "No, Lady Midori, we should leave now. It is not safe for us to remain here for the night."

"But the bed is so comfortable."

"And what would happen if your bed was discovered empty in the morning?"

"I run that risk in the middle of the night too," Midori said dismissively. She dropped her hand between her legs and idly toyed with her soft pubic hair, occasionally dipping her fingers down to her pussy to tease her clit.

"That is a risk that cannot be avoided," Danieru said. "We need to leave. Now," she insisted.

Sometimes Midori wondered who the noble lady was and who the servant was. She sighed and got off the bed. A few minutes was taken to pull on her plain dress. She didn't bother with undergarments. Danieru quickly followed suit and they walked through the labyrinthine hallways of the Vixen until they came upon Madame Giolla's office. A single knock announced their arrival, then the pair walked in without permission.

As always Giolla was waiting for them. She was smoking one of her thin

cigarettes and contemplated the pair as they walked in. “Vitoron was pleased with your performance tonight,” she said without any niceties. “He requested you two the next time he returns.”

“If it pleases him,” Midori said without any real feeling. She didn’t care which man she fucked, she just needed a steady supply of cock. She looked at the hidden exit next to the fireplace and was upset to see it was closed and locked. More than anything else at the bordello Midori hated that Giolla acted as a special gatekeeper for her and Danieru.

“There are a few small items of business before you two scuttle on home,” the madam said. “First, your first full purse.” From her desk she removed a small leather pouch that clinked with coins as she dropped it on the thick wooden surface.

“What’s this?” Midori asked as she loosened the purse strings to reveal a bevy of coins contained within. Her eyes went wide. Every coin was gold. It was a small fortune. True, it was small, but it was her money she realized. The shock of the thought made her proud. It belonged to no one else but her.

“Your payment for your first month’s work. To be split between the pair of you.”

It belonged to no one else but her and Danieru, she silently amended to herself.

“And here is your monthly dose from Erwanda. You don’t want to carry some bastard in your belly, do you?” She pushed a pair half-full glasses across the desk. Danieru immediately picked hers up and quaffed the liquid.

“Really, Madame?” Midori asked disdainfully.

She shrugged. “It’s your option not to drink, to carry another man’s child.”

Midori sighed, lifted the glass, consumed its contents, grimaced, and then gestured to the fireplace. A moment later they were walking through the secret tunnel. They hadn’t gone far when Midori discretely turned her head, paused in her progress, and spat out the thick liquid.

Danieru paused at the sound of the elixir splattering on the cobblestones lining the tunnel’s floor. “Is that wise, mistress?” was all she asked.

“None of your concern, Danieru.”

They continued up the tunnel to the manse.

Midori sighed contentedly as she spread apart Danieru’s thighs and shoved her face into her maid’s pussy. Danieru writhed and responded in all the right ways to the delight of the three men in the room with them watching the two women make love. That was how they had put it. “Make love to one another. We want to see how women do it.”

The men were young. Very young. The scions of noble families or rich merchants. They barely looked old enough to be admitted to the bordello, let alone be given the opportunity to fuck experienced prostitutes. Midori didn’t care; their gold was as good as the next man’s. She licked and sucked on Danieru’s pussy trying to make her maid cum on her mouth. Midori was delighted when one of the men—a boy really—spread her thighs and felt between her legs. He was tall and blond and beautiful in his own fashion.

“She’s soaking wet,” he announced to his mates. They laughed at that revelation. Tonight Midori and Danieru were wearing blue stockings and masks. The boys didn’t complain. They were happy to have their whores. “Should I fuck her?” he asked his friends, hoping they would buck up his courage. Midori was unsure if any of the three had ever been with a woman before. If they chose to lose their virginity this way, she would happily assist.

The cheers and encouragement from the other two impelled the first along. He dropped his breeches and grabbed his cock, leaning into Midori, probing between her ass cheeks looking for her cunt. She reached behind her, grabbed his cock, and expertly guided it into her sex.

Barely a minute later had she decided that it was her client’s first time with a woman. He flooded her cunt with his jism. She groaned louder than she intended. While he jerked around and tried to control himself Midori relished the little orgasm he had given her. It wasn’t much, but it was nice.

“Move aside,” one of the other boys said. For a moment Midori thought he was talking to the one with his cock still in her cunt. Then she realized he didn’t want her, he wanted Danieru. She blundered about a bit as she expelled the cock from

her sex and moved away so that Danieru could be fucked.

“Don’t you want my sloppy seconds?” the blonde asked as his companion plowed into Danieru. Midori watched, fascinated, as his cock disappeared and reappeared in Danieru’s cunt. The other boy moved up to her face and tried thrusting his cock into her mouth. She didn’t resist, but the boy was so excited his cock was so hard that it curved upward and away from her lips. Finally he managed to slip his head between her lips and Danieru sucked on him for a few brief moments before he came. Ropes of thick white cum decorated the pillow and Danieru’s cheeks and lips when he was done. Danieru was nonplussed by his orgasm. The dark-haired boy fucking her lasted the longest. Midori was surprised because he was the ugliest of the bunch but in short order he too popped off. When he withdrew his cock from Danieru’s trim pussy a small gush of his thick leavings escaped as well.

The boys were delighted with their performance and all but ignored the women they had just used when they put their clothes back on and left the room with nary a look back. Midori wondered if they had used her and Danieru as some sort of bonding ritual or if individually they were afraid to hire a whore. It didn’t matter. She had already forgotten them when they were gone. “What is it with the masks and stockings?” the beautiful blonde boy asked the others out in the hallway. “It’s not like we’re going to marry them. Who cares who they are? Who cares who we fuck?”

This night upon leaving the whorehouse Giolla briefly detained them. “Rumor has it your husband will be returning to Yort shortly,” she said to Midori.

The wife of the Crown Prince paused. “Thank you.”

“Should I expect to see less of you when he passes the city gates?”

Midori regarded the madam for a long moment. “No. Why should his appearance change anything?”

Chapter Four

Miles and days away Prince Henry regarded the nude girl in the bed. She was undoubtedly beautiful. Her skin was perfectly clear with nary a blemish or mark on the smooth ivory surface. A cascade of thick blond hair fell from her head, partially covering her face and obscuring the light pink nipples that topped her breasts. The hair between her legs was a bare shade darker than the tresses on her head. She wore not a stitch of clothing and slowly writhed on the blanket because of her hand playing between her thighs.

“Does she not please you?” the old woman asked him. He glanced briefly at the woman who was the face of the whorehouse. She might have once been a great beauty working the red lantern lane but time had taken its toll and now she would not have been noted as anything but another old woman. Briefly from the profile view he was afforded of the two women, Henry noted a resemblance between the young whore and the old madam. Was the girl the procuress daughter? Her granddaughter? Did it matter? “Is she not pleasing to the eye?”

“Oh, she’s pleasing certainly, to the eye. It’s just that...”

“Yes...?”

“She’s too young,” he abruptly decided.

“Too young?” the retired prostitute asked. “She is perfect, ripe and succulent. You did ask for a girl who was with child, did you not?”

Henry stared at the giant swell of the girl’s belly. It was huge. She appeared to be eighteen months pregnant. He knew that was just an illusion. The girl was so thin and young that the massive belly was just that much larger as a consequence. Certainly she would be a mother shortly, maybe within days, but it wasn’t the belly that put him off. He admired pregnant women for their fecundity.

“She’s too young, she’s barely a woman,” he complained, but it was no use. His cock was already rising beneath his clothes. He wanted her but hated himself for

wanting her.

“I can assure you, gentle sir, she is fully ripened and a woman in every respect. We don’t sell children here, only women.”

“Of course,” Henry found himself agreeing with her. He had requested a pregnant girl and they had provided one. He hadn’t specified beyond that. The blonde hair was nice. The face was nice. It was her youth that was troubling. Had he become a perverted old man?

“Turn over,” he told her. The girl obeyed as he she had been faking the pleasure she had been giving herself. The procuress withdrew silently. When she was on her hands and knees Henry got behind her upraised ass with his cock in hand. He plunged it into her without difficulty. Maybe she hadn’t been faking her passion.

Fucking the girl was perfectly pleasant. She moaned and groaned at all the appropriate times; wiggled her ass in just the right way. When he ran his hand over her rounded tummy she nearly purred in pleasure. She even knew how to clamp down with her pussy muscles to make his thrusting all the more exciting. The moment he started cumming she howled in approval asking him to do it more to do it harder.

When he was done he pulled out, tossed her a few extra gold coins, and walked out of the whore house.

“It’s time for me to go home,” he told his waiting bodyguard.

“Had enough of the fleshpots?” the grizzled soldier asked.

Prince Henry paused before replying. “Enough? Never. Enough of this one? Yes. I like the familiarity of home.”

Midori was happily bouncing on the cock of a mercenary who went by the name of Sir Jeremy Lyons. She knew it was an alias as were the names of nearly every customer of the Dancing Vixen. Although he was an excellent and demanding lover Lyons was—as more than one of the girls in the common room had put it—the biggest dick to ever visit the Vixen. They meant it both figuratively and literally. Lyons cock was bigger than any beast—mythical or real—that had ever

been known in the world. When she first saw it Midori wasn't sure if his massive tool would fit in her cunt. Then she reasoned that it certainly would. Other girls in the Vixen had serviced Lyons before and they were none the worse for wear. Midori wouldn't let herself be shamed by some common slut. She was a princess after all; she could handle the best cocks Yort had to offer.

"You need bigger tits," he told her as she moved her hips up and down on him.

"Uh-huh," Midori replied absently.

"You're a bit chubby," he went on. "Sometimes I like that. Like now. But chubby girls need big tits." Then he slapped her left tit with his hand. She yelped in surprise. The blow stung especially because he purposely caught the nipple forcing the metal of her license into her flesh. "Oh, but she shrieks nicely. Do that again," he ordered.

Midori knew how to please her clients. She got ready to yelp again when he slapped her tits, but instead this time he reached out and grabbed her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. She squeaked in surprise. The crushing pain in the left nipple was the worse because of the way he had caught her silver ring.

"Oww!" she complained. Tears sprung to her eyes and she stopped moving her body while he pinched her nipples. "That hurts."

"It's supposed to hurt," he said, a sardonic smile played in his lips. He was a handsome man and he knew it. He could be charming or he could be cruel. Sometimes he was both at once. "I didn't tell you to stop moving."

Reluctantly Midori resumed her pelvic motions, raising her hips up and dropping them back down onto his cock. He refused to move his hands so every bit she moved caused a painful thrill to run through her body originating in her nipples and terminating in her pussy. She hated and loved the abuse at the same time. Without realizing it her breathing came quicker and heavier. Her eyes rolled halfway up into her head and she shuddered at every little sensation on her skin.

Lyons had fucked many women in his life. He knew when they were about to cum. "Don't you fucking cum, you slut!" he ordered her. Midori stopped pumping her hips and allowed her eyes to open. He pinched her nipples harder. "I didn't say stop either!"

Once again she resumed her fucking motions and her tears seeped out of her eyes wetting the edge of the mask she always wore. "I'm going to cum sir, I need to stop or cum."

"Neither," he said with a cruel laugh and a twist of her nipples. The pain thrilled her body again and she desperately wanted to cum but told her cunt to calm itself. She breathed heavily at the abuse and prayed for some resolution. "Maybe I will let you cum..." he pondered aloud.

"Please..." she begged.

"Take off your mask," he ordered. "I want to see who you really are. Then I'll let you cum. Maybe."

Not even considering his request, Midori shook her head, her long black hair swayed back and forth, framing her face. She wanted to cum for him but controlled her body. "No," she mumbled as she bit her lip.

"Take it off," he ordered squeezing harder and then twisting her nipples. She cried a bit at the pain but shook her head again and kept her hips moving up and down. To make matters worse he started thrusting his cock up inside her. Eventually she knew she would fail and her pussy would cum. That would upset Sir Lyons. Last time he had gotten upset with a whore he had hit and beaten her, splitting her lip and blackening one eye. Midori didn't take pleasure in having to explain those injuries.

"The lady said no," a familiar voice said.

Midori's eyes snapped open and she stopped moving her hips. Sir Lyons also stopped thrusting with his cock. A tall man stood over the both of them. In his hand was a slim rapier that was held inches away from Lyon's exposed throat. The first thing Midori wondered was where Danieru was. She was supposed to protect her from just such an occurrence. Then it fully registered with her who the man with the sword was.

"Who the fuck are you?" Lyons demanded. Even with a blade at his throat he was a bold dick.

"I'm the lady's husband," Henry answered. "And I'd appreciate it if you'd get your cock out of her."

Lyons snorted. "You married a whore?" he asked. "You must be as stupid as you look."

Henry ignored the insult and let a smile tug at the edges of his mouth. "She wasn't a whore when I married her."

Lyons let go of Midori's nipples and flicked the charm announcing her license to prostitute. "Her ring says otherwise."

"And what's wrong with being a whore?" Henry asked.

"A man who lets other men fuck his wife is no man at all," Lyons replied and went to knock aside the blade but Henry was quicker and thrust it forward just enough to produce a drop of blood from the pierced skin. Lyons froze.

"Perhaps I enjoy seeing her fucked by other men," Henry suggested.

"Doubtful." Lyons didn't know when to stop. He didn't know he was a dead man either. His eyes narrowed. The limited lighting came from behind Henry partially concealing his identity. "Do I know you? You look familiar."

"I'm sure you might have seen me before. But that doesn't matter now. Darling, please get off the man and find yourself some clothing." Midori made to get off her lover's body, his cock plopped out of her cunt as she moved and Lyons was just brave enough to move his hand enough to pull aside her mask. At once it registered with the accomplished mercenary who he had been fucking. He chortled in amusement. "The Prince's wife is a whore. How did I get so lucky?"

"I'd hardly call it lucky," Henry said, his small amusement turned to anger.

"Wait until I let the city know Prince Henry's wife takes on all comers for a gold coin."

"Unlikely," Henry said and shoved the blade forward. A small fountain of blood erupted from the man's neck, spraying both Henry and Midori and coating the bed. He gurgled a protest and grasped the sharp blade with his hand, but it was already too late.

Henry pulled the blade back and advanced on his wayward wife. She had backed up against the small dresser in the room. "While I've been away you've been

opening your legs for anyone with the right coin?" he asked. His voice was thick—she was certain it should have been with anger, but his tone was wrong. "Is that true."

"Yes, husband," she answered, dropping her chin to her chest. There was no use denying it. He had caught her in flagrante delicto in a whorehouse wearing a prostitute's license.

"Did you enjoy getting fucked by all manner of cock?"

"Yes, husband."

He tossed his rapier on the bed, grabbed Midori, whirled her around, slammed her against the wall, and kicked her legs apart. She didn't protest his rough treatment.

"Any other reason?" he asked as he held her by the neck against the wall. She expected him to kill her with his sword, or perhaps the dagger he carried in his boot.

"I wanted to give you a child," she said. "We had been married for so long and I needed to know if I could have a child with another man." She hoped her honesty would keep her from burning in Hell for all eternity.

"Slut!" Henry branded her and slammed his body against hers. For a moment she didn't know what was happening, but then felt his erect cock probing between her legs. Doing whatever it took to stay alive she reached down and guided him into her wet pussy.

The fucking he gave her was fierce and violent. Her body was slammed repeatedly against the wall and her cunt was ravaged by his rock hard cock. It was a short and ferocious fucking; she enjoyed every moment of it, especially when he came hard and thrust twice as hard into her lifting her up off her feet. She mewled in supplication to him. For a minute she wanted to thank him for the orgasm that gushed through her body, but thought better of it. If he wanted to know if she had been satisfied, he would ask her.

When he was done he let her crumple to the floor as he pulled up his breeches. "Get dressed," he ordered. "We need to return to the manse in short order. Your lady maid is waiting for us. I was told she was pleasing a merchant with a taste

for strong women. I'm sure she'll want to see that you are in good health."

He marched out of the room, his sword sheathed at his hip. A glance at the dead body of Sir Jeremy Lyons showed Henry had cleaned his blade on the man's chest. She followed him as quickly as possible after donning her too short shift dress. Naturally she found him in Madame Giolla's office. He was tossing some gold coins on her desk. "Sorry about the mess," he said. "Use this to clean up the place and get rid of the body. And here's a few for use of the whore. She was well worth the fee. I'll have her back on the morrow. I can use the extra income she'll produce."

If Madame Giolla was concerned at this turn of events she took it in stride. "Of course, my prince." She indicated the pair of glasses on her desk filled with Erwanda's potion. "You might want to have your wife drink our preventative for she had been a busy girl these past months."

Prince Henry waved dismissively at the glasses. "I need my wife to produce a child," he said. "I'll thank you not to offer such measures again. Send her maid when she is ready." With that he ushered his wife into the secret tunnel.

He rested his hand on her navel and then moved it a bit lower, between her belly and her pubic hair. Midori was on her back, naked, and subject to her husband's whims. There was no hiding truth from him. Prince Henry pressed down slightly and felt the bulge. "Are you getting fat?" he asked her.

Midori shook her head, "No, husband."

A smile curled at his lips. "Call your maid," he ordered.

He got up from the bed and tucked his cock back into his breeches. There was no need to bother with a shirt. There was no need to put his breeches either, but he didn't want to distract Danieru from her duties. Since he hadn't given Midori permission to leave the bed she was forced to roll half to her side and yank on the bell pull. Less than a minute later Danieru appeared. If she was surprised to see Midori sprawled naked on the bed she didn't show it. "Yes, my lady?" she asked quietly.

"Your lady doesn't have need of you, I do," said Henry, taking control of the

situation.

“Yes, my lord?”

“Touch my lady’s belly. What do you feel?”

The two women exchanged glances, and then, unconsciously, Midori dropped her eyes to the heavy silver charm piercing her nipple. Henry and Danieru saw the movement of her eyes but neither said anything. Danieru took a minute to palpate her lady’s stomach, feeling for what they all knew was already there; she was merely needed for the confirmation.

“Well?” Henry asked expectantly.

“I...” Danieru hesitated. It was the first time Henry had ever seen the maid who was so much more hesitate in any action. He glared at her. “I believe my lady is pregnant.”

“And when did this happen?” he asked without guile.

Danieru considered her answer carefully. “It must have been close to three months ago, my lord.”

“Before I made my diplomatic mission,” he said.

“That would be correct, lord.”

“And before you and my wife started selling yourselves at the Dancing Vixen?”

“Yes my lord,” Danieru answered. Her eyes were slightly downcast, but she didn’t take her eyes off her for a moment, she still needed to protect her lady and herself. Husband or not, Danieru’s first loyalty was her lady’s safety.

“So...I am most likely the child’s father...if you are correct in your assessment.”

“Yes my lord.” Quickly Danieru glanced at Midori who lay motionless with an unconcerned air.

“So how is it that my wife—who desperately needs to get pregnant by my cock in order to seal the alliance between Yort and Otira—is conveniently pregnant

before she turns herself into a whore. And the slut who is her maid—who by all reports bedded more men in the Vixen than any other whore during the past two months—remains without a bastard in her belly?”

The silence was more than just slightly uncomfortable. Finally Danieru answered. “Madame Giolla supplied us with an elixir that keeps babies from taking root in the womb,” she offered as an explanation.

“My wife tried to flush out my child? Is that what you are telling me?”

Now Midori risked speaking. “No, husband. I never took the elixir. I wanted to keep the child.”

He glared at his wife. “And you did this knowing you were pregnant?” he asked angrily. “How many times had I fucked you in the month before I left on my mission? Twice?”

“All it takes is once, lord,” she said softly.

“Convenient,” said he. “And as it is I need an heir. Let’s hope he looks like me and not you...or someone else.” Henry moved his gaze back to Danieru. “It never hurts to have a backup plan,” he commented. “Take off your clothes.”

She had been well-trained. Danieru didn’t hesitate. Both he and Midori watched as Danieru undressed. Her body was much trimmer than Midori’s, but their facial features and general build and height were close enough. Henry wasn’t truly surprised to see the stiletto strapped to her naked thigh under the maid’s skirt.

“How do you get to that if you truly need it?” he asked, curious.

“There is a slit cut into the pocket of my skirt,” she replied.

“Clever,” he commented. “Wife, get her ready for me. I don’t feel like bothering to wet her cunt. Use your mouth.”

There wasn’t any doubt over what Henry meant. He had gotten all the information he needed from Madam Giolla. Danieru got on the bed next to her lady and spread her legs open. Her honey-colored skin shone in the room’s candlelight. There was barely any hair between her legs, but that didn’t bother

Henry. He watched as his wife crawled between the low-born woman's legs and lowered her face to the open pussy that was presented to her. His hand went into the front of his breeches and he absently stroked his cock as the lady went down on the maid.

Henry pulled down his breeches and considered his options. The women weren't twins but they were so close—physically and intimately it seemed. Midori's head was down between the girl's legs and her ass was up. Walking behind the pair he could see his wife's open cunt, pink and ready for him. But he didn't want it right then, not when he had access to another pussy he hadn't tried before.

"Is she ready yet?" he asked impatiently. Midori pulled back her face a bit and allowed Henry to thrust his fingers between Danieru's legs. She was sopping wet. "You're a talented quim eater," he told his wife. "Is that a natural talent or did you learn it at the Vixen?" He didn't need an answer to the question; he pushed her aside and presented his cock to the entrance of her cunt. Midori watched as her husband pushed inside her maid and started fucking the low-born woman like a proper lady, her on her back and him kissing her neck. Henry all but made love to the woman for he fucked her slowly and tried to make her cum. There was sinking cold feeling inside her stomach, she knew what was going to happen and there was nothing she could do to prevent it.

Danieru was unsure if she should fake an orgasm to please the prince or not, but the question proved moot a moment later when he grunted once, then twice, and then emptied his balls inside her cunt. The hot spunk flooding inside pussy overwhelmed Danieru and her body shook with orgasm. Only Midori was unsatisfied as she rested on her knees next to her husband and maid.

Henry rested atop Danieru for a minute, then pulled out of her cunt and presented his wet cock to his wife. "Clean it off with your mouth," he instructed her. Knowing everything that was at stake she obeyed and accepted his manhood. His cock was heavy on her tongue with Danieru's tartness and the bitter taste of Henry's cum. It was what was expected of her, the wife of a prince, the mother-to-be of the next ruler of Yort. She was a prostitute after all.

"This has been enjoyable," Henry said as he watched his wife suck his cock and Danieru laid on her back, letting his cum leak out from her quim. "We'll have to do it every night until your maid-slut gets a bellyful as well. It always pays to

have a backup plan.”

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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