

She killed the engine to her motorcycle as she curled into the courtyard, back wheel spinning and kicking up a cloud of dust that left her seneschal politely trying not to cough. She suppressed a grin, though he wouldn't have been able to see it underneath the travel-worn helmet that covered her muzzle and flattened her large, round ears to her head. With one swift kick, she snapped the stand into place before, weary and grateful, she stood and looked up at her palace.

"Your Majesty," the seneschal said, bowing deeply. He was a rat, like her, like most of the royal household, though his fur was piebald in contrast to her normally-white pelt. She was dusty, even under the heavy royal armor, itself so covered in dirt that her royal crest was obscured.

"Etienne," Queen Thérèse said, her voice processed by her helmet so that it boomed out and reverberated around her courtyard. She growled – also echoed and amplified – and yanked the thing off. One of her retainers hurried forward with the heavy, wrought-iron crown, and she sighed as she allowed him to place it on her head. It dug into her scalp, flattening her short-cropped hair and causing her ears to splay uncomfortably. "What news?" she said at last, allowing more scurrying retainers to remove her armor, the complicated electronics inside checked before each piece was packed away.

"Little, your Majesty," Etienne sniffed at the dust. He pulled out a handkerchief to pass over his nose, but she caught his smug grin. The sly dog, she thought. "Nothing that cannot wait until tomorrow. Has your Majesty any news for the court?"

She glanced over her shoulder as a page, clearly a new hire, worked to undo the sinuous, interlocking plates that covered her tail. The clasps were right at the base of her tail, and only the barrier between her skin and his hand was her nearly skin-tight arming doublet. He peeked up at her, and blushed so furiously she could see it through his dark brown fur. Equine ears pinned back, and she stifled a laugh. "Ah, no, Etienne." Nothing, at least, that wasn't covered in the hundreds of messages she and her generals had send back to the palace.

Finally, she was fully divested of her armor, her motorcycle was being packed in the stables, and her retainers were ushering her into the drafty palace. It was dark, after the bright autumn sun outside, and a little musty, and insufficiently heated. Courtiers and functionaries crowded around her, but were kept at a respectful distance by tall, silent Etienne, whose glower could cow even the most insistent noble.

He swept the party through the castle and into the royal quarters, where the courtiers were forced to wait by armored guards and their humming, laser-powered halberds. Within a dozen paces, they were in blessed silence and even more blessed warmth as the heated floors did their work.

"Here, your Majesty," Etienne said, opening the door to the royal baths. He waited at the entrance just long for her to throw the crown into the cracked and broken tiles of one wall, and then retrieve it from the small pile of broken ceramic. "I will see you in the morning, your Majesty," he called over the sound of running water. She grunted in response.

Thérèse waited until Etienne's footsteps vanished into the distance, then she peeled out of her sweat-soaked doublet. Tossing it into the same cracked-tile corner, she slid into the hot shower and started massaging the sweat and dirt of the long campaign out of her fur. Her hand lingered between her legs, one hand tracing over her pussy, and she let out a soft moan of longing. Opportunities for alone-time were slim in the field, and with the princesses-consort safely ensconced in the palace, there was little entertainment to be had for several weeks. With a sigh, she forced herself to keep cleaning. She had put it off this long, she told herself, she could last a little longer.

Eventually, clean, she climbed out of the shower and into the fog that filled the bathroom. She toweled off, and fixed her fur as best she could. It took her a moment to locate where Etienne had left her bathrobe, a heavy cotton robe against the cold, now a little damp from the steam. With a silent thank-you to her seneschal, she pulled it on, nice and warm against her damp body.

The halls were silent, which suited Thérèse just fine. She was already lost in a fantasy of her massive, canopied bed when she opened the door to her rooms. She stopped short, just past the threshold, when she realized that her room was not as empty as she had anticipated.

Her shock faded to relief, perhaps tinged with a bit of hunger, as she realized these were not courtiers, but her princesses-consort. On her left was the Princess Madeleine, a skunk a few inches shorter than Thérèse and noticeably rounder than the muscular queen. She had medium-length hair, dyed an outrageous purple to match the once-white stripe down her back and massive tail. She was wearing a diaphanous robe that left absolutely nothing to the imagination, from her impressive bust to her dynamite hips.

On the right was the Princess Véronique, taller than the other two royals, though not by much. Her hair was in long, dark-brown ringlets, curling curiously where Thérèse knew the scars from antler-removal surgery were. Her fur was already darkening to a rich, woody brown in anticipation of the winter, and would turn full-black before the month was out, except for the white patch stretched across her rump. She, too, was wearing a flimsy, near-invisible robe that left her modest breasts revealed, but a pair of lacy black panties, pulled high on her hips, hid her small sheath.

"Welcome home, my queen," Madeleine breathed, and she and Véronique glided forward simultaneously to grasp either of Thérèse's arms and pull her into the bed. Somehow, in the three steps she took, her robe was pulled away and wound up in a heap with two sets of flimsy gauze robes. She found herself kissing Véronique while Madeleine nuzzled at her shoulder, one hand gently urging Thérèse's legs open. Then there were two hands down there, each princess exploring the queen's sex, soft hands tickling at her most sensitive parts. Véronique's finger found her clitoris and began to tease it, her touch feather light.

Thérèse tried to squeak out a protest, but it was lost in a shivering moan and a giggle as Madeleine slide two fingers into her. Véronique ducked down to leave gentle kisses over Thérèse's breasts, and Madeleine slid up to kiss Thérèse properly, murmuring sweet nothing into the queen's lips. Thérèse let herself sink into the tender ministrations of her princesses, until

Véronique found one of her nipples. The bite that followed was gentle, but it nevertheless felt like a bolt of lightning through Thérèse's body.

She scooted back, half-propping herself up on the mountain of pillows heaped on the bed. Both of the princesses looked up at her with angelic faces and bright, expectant smiles. She raised an eyebrow at them.

"Right away, my queen," Véronique responded in her warm, husky voice, though Thérèse hadn't actually told her to do anything. No matter; Madeleine was already laying on Thérèse's right leg, tongue running along her vulva. Véronique joined her in an instant, and the two princesses were exploring her simultaneously. Thérèse leaned back into the pillows and moaned happily, her own hand playing with one of her nipples as she let the princesses have their way with her.

They knew her intimately, and she knew them just as well. It was Véronique's tongue on her clit, broader and more talented than Madeleine's, which was currently as deep into her as it could go. Thérèse's free hand clawed at the sheets until she could grip a handful and squeeze, her breath coming out in ragged gasps.

The princesses shifted position again, pausing long enough for Thérèse to catch her breath, and then it was Véronique's tongue delving into her pussy, roaming about her sex, seeming to leave no part of it untouched. Madeleine, meanwhile, had managed to stuff a pillow under Thérèse's back, and was halfway under Véronique, delving into Thérèse's anus. She moaned, tensing up under the attention. She managed to get her legs free, drawing them up to her chest, but that gave the princesses unrestricted access.

While Madeleine explored her back door, Véronique's tongue went into overdrive. She pushed deep into Thérèse's sex, then lapped up at her clit. She was an expert at this, and knew exactly where to touch Thérèse to drive her crazy. Madeleine was going slow, tip of her tongue making abstract shapes under Thérèse's tail. It didn't take long, under this focused attention, for Thérèse to experience an earth-shattering orgasm. She was pretty sure her scream would be heard all throughout the palace.

Thérèse lost track of herself for a moment, but when she regained her senses, Véronique was still eating her out, though Madeleine appeared to have gone missing. Thérèse sat up as best as she could and saw Madeleine kneeling on the floor in front of the bed, head obscured under Véronique's rump. From Véronique's whimpers, Madeleine was subjecting her to the kind of attention that she had been most recently lavishing on Thérèse.

With reluctance, Thérèse pushed Véronique away and climbed unsteadily to her feet. As she walked to the large chest of drawers holding their toys, the princesses switched places. Now Madeleine sat on the edge of the bed and Véronique, on her hands and knees, was tongue-deep in the other's sex. Madeleine had her hands on Véronique's head, and was running her fingers through Véronique's long hair.

Thérèse watched, smirking, for a moment, before turning back to the chest of drawers. From the top-most drawer, she selected a long, thick vibrator, one end a blunt-headed shaft

shaped like an equine cock, right down to the prominent medial ring. The other end hooked up at almost a ninety-degree angle, and was the shape of a large, textured bulb. That part she slipped inside of her, before holding the vibrator in place with a special harness.

Véronique was still eagerly lapping at Madeleine's pussy. Thérèse could see the deer's tongue sliding into Madeleine's sex, could smell both girls' arousal filling the large bedroom. Madeleine wasn't running her hands through Véronique's hair anymore, but had gripped it one-fisted at the base of Véronique's neck. The other hand was squeezing the edge of the bed. Unlike Thérèse, Madeleine did not have a booming voice – she had bitten her lower lip, her eyes lidded but not closed, and made no noise louder than the occasional squeak.

Thérèse watched the princesses as she thoroughly coated the equine vibrator with lube, rubbing it along the silicon shaft with her right hand, and only stopping when the lube began to drip onto the floor. She knelt behind Véronique, admiring the heart-shaped white marking on her rump, and slid her lube-slick fingers under the little puff of a tail. Véronique gasped and lifted her head as Thérèse pushed her index finger inside. Madeleine grunted when Véronique's tongue stopped its magical work. She guided Véronique back between her legs while Thérèse pushed her finger in as far as it would go.

She let Véronique adjust before adding a second finger, and a third, and was soon pistoning those fingers in and out of the princess's rear. Véronique began rocking back into Thérèse's hand, soft moans escaping her throat as she continued to eat Madeleine out. The skunk, for her part, was leaning farther and farther back until she was laid out on the bed.

Madeleine's breath caught in her throat, and Véronique stopped humping Thérèse's hand as the Madeleine held her fast. With a shudder and a nearly inaudible cry, Madeleine came explosively. Thérèse pulled her fingers free of Véronique and watched as Véronique lapped up Madeleine's messy, extended orgasm. Finally, when Madeleine had relaxed and was lying on the bed, gently smoothing Véronique's hair, Thérèse sidled up behind Véronique and pressed the blunt head of the vibrator against her rear. She pushed forward until the very tip of the toy slid inside the deer.

Véronique shouted and tensed, locking Thérèse in place. Madeleine took advantage of the brief pause to escape from under Véronique and rummage in the chest of drawers. Eventually, Véronique relaxed and Thérèse grabbed her hips and pulled, inching her down the shaft bit by bit, until the medial ring bumped against Véronique's ass. Reaching down between her own legs, Thérèse turned the vibrator on, then rocked backwards until just the first inch or so remained inside Véronique.

Véronique lowered her front half to the ground and moaned as Thérèse pushed back inside. Holding onto the princess's hips, Thérèse started a slow, steady rhythm, panting in time with Véronique as the vibration worked on both of their bodies. Véronique's small shaft was already half-erect and poking out of her sheath, dribbling clear fluid onto the floor.

Madeleine reappeared with a vibrating wand, and knelt down to run it along Véronique's length. Her other hand slid between Véronique's chest and the floor, blunt claws tickling over

one of her breasts before founding Véronique's nipple. Véronique arched, inadvertently pushing back just as Thérèse thrust forward, and the medial ring popped into the deer. She howled, squirming as Thérèse kept pushing until their hips met.

The dribble of fluid was now nearly a river, and Véronique was squealing. Abandoning subtlety, and her own breath ragged, Thérèse leaned over Véronique and began to slam in and out of the deer, leaving the majority of the toy cock stuffed inside the princess. Their heads now close together, Madeleine released Véronique's breast and pulled Thérèse's lips to hers to kiss the queen deeply. Thérèse growled in approval, while Véronique whimpered and moaned happily below them.

Warmth was once again spreading through Thérèse's loins, and between the vibration and the constant stimulation of her pussy and clit, she quickly came again. Her howl of release was muffled by Madeleine's lips and tongue. She hilted the toy in Véronique, who clenched tight around it, locking Thérèse in place. A second later, Véronique, too, was coming, her body convulsing in Thérèse's grip. Madeleine dropped back, still panting, a happy gleam in her eyes as she watched the other two.

Thérèse and Véronique, still locked together by the vibrating dildo, shivered against each other. Véronique grabbed one of Thérèse's arms and hugged it tight, tender moans escaping her lips as their orgasms seemed to stretch to infinity. Eventually, however, Thérèse regained enough of her faculties to reach down and switch the vibrator off. A moment later, she pulled the shaft out of Véronique, and both women fell to the ground, breathing heavy.

Madeleine helped Thérèse remove the toy, which was left on the floor for the – hopefully very understanding – cleaning staff, and then guided Thérèse and Véronique back to the showers. Thérèse was happy that the guards remained at their posts instead of coming to investigate all of the screaming, and the path to and from the baths was empty of eavesdroppers. She toppled, still damp, into bed, exhausted but sated, and the princesses followed after. Véronique was first, snuggling into Thérèse's side and using her shoulder as pillow. Madeleine pulled the blankets over the others, and then climbed in to spoon up behind Véronique, one arm draped lazily over the deer and hand resting feather-soft on Thérèse's lower stomach.

Thérèse didn't remember falling asleep, though she was awoken by a loud knocking. She grumbled and shifted, and noticed that the princesses had rearranged themselves during the night. Véronique whimpered softly, her head on Thérèse's belly, while Madeleine had managed to get onto Thérèse's other side without Thérèse noticing. Her head was just above Véronique's, not quite on top of Thérèse's breasts, and one of her hands was tucked between Thérèse's legs. The hand wasn't doing anything, but Thérèse shifted pleasantly all the same. She stroked Véronique's hair to sooth the deer.

The knocking came again. "Majesty?" came Etienne's voice. How long had she been asleep? The sun was peaking in through the tall window, high above the bed. "Are you awake?"

"Later," she snapped. Both of the princesses shifted against her, and she rubbed their backs until they settled back to sleep.

“Of course, Your Majesty. This afternoon, perhaps?” Thérèse gritted her teeth; she could *hear* the smugness in the seneschal’s voice. But she could also hear him walking away, and calling him back to yell at him for being pleased at her would be a waste of time.

And besides, she thought, the bed was warm, and two beautiful women were holding her in place. Allowing herself an indulgent smile, she drifted back off to sleep.