

privacy, then pulled down the top of her shift, exposing her breasts. They were big, as William had seen, but they had the large nipples and visible veins of a woman who has suckled children, and William was a little disappointed. Nevertheless, he pulled her to him and took her breasts in his hands, squeezing them and pinching the nipples. "Gently," she said in a tone of mild protest. She put her arms around him and pulled his hips forward, rubbing herself against him. After a few moments she pushed her hand between their bodies and felt for his groin.

He muttered a curse. His body was not responding.

"Don't worry," she murmured. Her condescending tone angered him, but he said nothing as she disengaged herself from his embrace, knelt down, lifted the front of his tunic and went to work with her mouth.

At first the sensation pleased him, and he thought everything was going to be all right, but after the initial surge he lost interest again. He watched her face, as that sometimes inflamed him, but now he was only reminded of how unimpressive he appeared. He began to feel angry, and that made him shrivel even more.

She stopped and said: "Try to relax." When she started again she sucked so hard that she hurt him. He pulled away, and her teeth scraped his sensitive skin, making him cry out. He struck her backhanded across the face. She gasped and fell sideways.

"Clumsy bitch," he snarled. She lay on the mattress at his feet, looking up at him fearfully. He threw a random kick at her, more in irritation than malice. It caught her in the belly. It was harder than he had really intended, and she doubled up in pain.

He realized that his body was responding at last.

He knelt down, rolled her on to her back, and straddled her. She stared up at him with pain and fear in her eyes. He pulled up the skirt of her dress until it was around her waist. The hair between her legs was thick and curly. He liked that. He fondled himself as he looked at her body. He was not quite stiff enough. The fear was going from her eyes. It occurred to him that she could be deliberately putting him off, trying to deflate his desire so that she would not have to service him. The thought infuriated him. He made a fist and punched her face hard.

She screamed and tried to get out from under him. He rested his weight on her, pinning her down, but she continued to struggle and yell. Now he was fully erect. He tried to force her thighs apart, but she resisted him.

The screen was jerked aside and Walter came in, wearing only his boots and undershirt, with his prick sticking out in front of him

like a flagpole. Two more knights came in behind him: Ugly Gervase and Hugh Axe.

"Hold her down for me, lads," William said to them.

The three knights knelt down around the whore and held her still.

William positioned himself to enter her, then paused, enjoying the anticipation.

Walter said: "What happened, lord?"

"Changed her mind when she saw the size of it," William said with a grin.

They all roared with laughter. William penetrated her. He liked it when there were people watching. He started to move in and out.

Walter said: "You interrupted me just as I was getting mine in."

William could see that Walter had not yet been satisfied. "Stick it in this one's mouth," he said. "She likes that."

"I'll give it a try." Walter changed his position and grabbed the woman by the hair, lifting her head. By now she was frightened enough to do anything, and she cooperated readily. Gervase and Hugh were no longer needed to hold her down, but they stayed and watched. They looked fascinated: they had probably never seen a woman done by two men at the same time. William had never seen it either. There was something curiously exciting about it. Walter seemed to feel the same, for after just a few moments he began to breathe heavily and move convulsively, and then he came. Watching him, William did the same a second or two later.

After a moment, they got to their feet. William still felt excited. "Why don't you two do her?" he said to Gervase and Hugh. He liked the idea of watching a repeat performance.

However, they were not keen. "I've got a little darling waiting," said Hugh, and Gervase said: "Me, too."

The whore stood up and rearranged her dress. Her face was unreadable. William said to her: "That wasn't so bad, was it?"

She stood in front of him and stared at him for a moment, then she pursed her lips and spat. He felt his face covered with a warm, sticky fluid: she had retained Walter's semen in her mouth. The stuff blurred his vision. Angry, he raised a hand to strike her, but she ducked out between the screens. Walter and the other knights burst out laughing. William did not think it was funny, but he could not chase after the girl with semen all over his face, and he realized that the only way to retain his dignity was to pretend not to care, so he laughed too.

Ugly Gervase said: "Well, lord, I hope you don't mind."