

Princess Heather left the dance hall, more than happy to leave behind her lecherous teacher and his roving eyes. She had barely closed the door behind her that her hands rose before her eyes of their own volition. They looked as if her wrists had been pulled by a puppeteer's invisible string, her fingers inert and dangling loosely.

"W-what's this?" she asked herself, cocking her head with curiosity.

There was no answer. Her fingers suddenly came alive, stretching and clenching rapidly without her consent. What was this? Was this some experiment-gone-wrong from that inept sorcerer that dwelled in the castle's basement? Cathol! If this was his fault, she'd have him castrated!

Her thoughts of cruelty and revenge were interrupted by her hands moving together toward her face. Her left hand held her face in place while the right one tweaked her nose. What childish prank was this? Who dared have this kind of fun at her expense? Whoever it was had to know the kind of retribution would befall anyone who meddled with her.

The hands weren't done, however. They left her face and moved down to her chest to cup her breasts through her pink dress. Her own fingers kneaded the heavy flesh beneath the fabric with the same practiced ease Heather displayed when she did it willingly. It was shockingly pleasurable and she felt her nipples stiffen at the tip of her boobs. She willed for her hands to stop, but they kept going.

The princess realized she was still standing in the middle of the corridor and knew she needed to hide in case this went any further. She also knew she needed to go where there'd be no intervening door since she didn't have hands to open them.

"The chapel!" she thought. With any luck, there would be no one there in the middle of the afternoon.

She promptly headed in that direction. Her hands kept groping her breasts with embarrassing boldness (and expertise), and by then her nipples had gotten so hard that they poked through the thin material covering them.

"Damn it," Heather grumbled. "This can't be happening!"

Her hands seemed to have had enough with massaging her breasts and moved up to her rigid tips. They pinched and tugged them, and rolled them between their fingers in that *exact* way that drove Heather wild with passion. Except that this time, her hands weren't doing it *for* her, they were doing it *to* her. She wasn't safely in the chapel yet. If someone caught her touching herself like this in public, she would be mortified. No matter how she tried to stop her hands, however, they carried on lewdly as if she was in the privacy of her bedroom.

As Heather entered the last corridor leading to the chapel, both her hands firmly gripped the collar of her dress. In a forceful gesture, they ripped it outward, liberating her boobs. They bounced freely as she hurried toward the chapel's entrance. Her hands quickly grabbed hold of them and resumed the merciless—and profoundly arousing—treatment of her nipples. Every pinch, tug, or squeeze of her stiff tips quickened her heartbeat and her breathing. By now, she felt her nether regions stirring with desire, heedless of the embarrassment and humiliation she otherwise felt.

"Finally!" she thought as she entered the empty chapel.

To be on the safe side, she slipped behind a large tapestry hanging on the wall. Whatever happened next—and she suspected where this was all headed—she'd have a modicum of privacy to preserve some remnant of her shredded dignity. She needn't have bothered. The denizens of the castle were hardly religious and only visited this chapel during morning service. It was otherwise abandoned during the day.

Heather sighed with relief while her hands continued to grope her breasts and nipples in an alternating motion that resembled the milking of a cow. The notion of being treated like a lowly farm animal deepened her shame. This was outrageous. If she found...no, *when* she found who was doing this to her, there would be reprisals of epic proportions.

Her hands, however, seemed unmoved by her wrath or mortification. They fondled her chest relentlessly. Then, finally, her left hand let go of her tits, giving room for the right one to grope each side in turn. It slithered down her stomach until it reached her crotch, and slipped its middle finger right along her labia. Heather pressed her thighs tightly together. She might not be able to stop her own hands from groping her boobs, but she sure wasn't going to let them finger her pussy.

That didn't seem to matter to her left hand. It wasn't trying to penetrate her, only slide back and forth along that tiny pearl that seemed to be the source of so much female pleasure. Heather gritted her teeth as she mustered her will to resist. The merciless caresses of her tits and nipples had awakened some desire in her, and the ministrations of her left hand along her pleasure button were ramping up her already rising lust. Her hand squeezed in a second finger, increasing the pressure against her sweet spot, and Heather found her will weakening. There was no one here. What could it hurt? The heat between her thighs clouded her judgment. She felt like her mind was wrapped in warm cotton. She could do this. There would be no consequences.

Almost without realizing it, Heather relaxed her thighs. Her left hand finally had enough room to fully grab hold of her pussy through the dress. It pressed its palm against her clitoris, its fingers making thrusting gestures against the blocked opening. Heather, lost in a fog of sexual arousal, imagined herself naked, with both hands at work on her tits and pussy, and knew this was what she wanted right now.

"Oh, Cathol!" she thought. "Take me! Ravage me! Wreck my *fucking* pussy!"

She was shocked at the intensity of her own desire, which only drove her even wilder with lust. Her left hand seemed to understand what she wanted—or perhaps it just did it because it wanted to—and ripped open the fabric that covered Heather's crotch. The princess spread her legs and thrust her hips forward in invitation. Her hand responded by sliding one, then two, then three filthy fingers in her snatch, finally pumping her with hard, vicious strokes.

"Oh, fuck!" Heather said out loud. "OooOooh, fuuuck! I'm fucking myself! Oh, Cathol, YES!"

Both hands were masturbating furiously by then. The assault on Heather's senses was quickly bringing her over the precipice. She came quickly and hard, pushing her back firmly against the wall. Her legs opened and closed around the hand in her pussy, which kept pumping inside her throughout the orgasm.

"CUMMING!!!" she screamed. "GAAAAAAH!"

The climax stormed through her like an army of rampaging barbarians, then left her once the job was done. She slid to the floor, sitting on her heels with her legs spread lewdly. She was

below the tapestry at this point, and anyone entering the chapel would see her exposed pussy. She didn't care.

Her hands were inert now. One rested on her flushed tits, the other still jammed inside her drenched slit. She tried moving her fingers and realized she was back in control. It was finally over. She could leave, now.

And while Heather would never have admitted this to any soul, a secret part of her wished it had gone on a little longer.