

## **In another world to stop the demon lord... By becoming his bride? 4**

John took Amelia's hint. If he made out with Jacqueline and she joined in, Jacqueline would be caught in the middle of the most intense pleasure of her life. Far too intense to resist, almost certainly. Yet, he was somewhat hesitant. He didn't want to find out what Jacqueline would do to him if the plan didn't work out.

His best chance, he decided, was to act as though he was accepting Jacqueline's request, while giving Amelia her signal.

"You're right" he said, pulling his eyes away from Amelia, hoping she understood what he was doing. "You are appealing enough for me."

He reached out and cupped her chin, and leaned forward for a kiss. Jacqueline meanwhile leaned in as well, speaking softly "It's for the best. Amelia, go back to your room, when I turn around you had best not still be in here."

As their lips met, John put his arms around Jacqueline's shoulders, pulling her closer in. He needed to hold her firmly, but in a way that wouldn't rouse her suspicion. Jacqueline's lips seemed somewhat... Coarse. Unlike Amelia's who were soft and full, Jacqueline's lips felt like those that were almost constantly pursed.

A moment after the kiss began, he felt a change. She moaned into his lips, then began to pull away. She must have been feeling what he had felt moments ago... Though it was odd that he didn't feel anything this time. He held firm, and deepened the kiss, which seemed to confuse her.

Her movements were somewhat erratic; alternating from attempts to pull away, and returning the kiss passionately. Her hands wrapped around his back, pulling herself into the kiss, then releasing him as she attempted again to pull away.

The first time was the strongest attempt, though it barely took any effort to hold her in place. The next couple times seemed to lose confidence and finally after one last, half hearted attempt she gave in completely. Her kiss deepened and her tongue tangled with John's as her hands clung to his naked back.

After long enough had passed to be safe, John broke the kiss to take a look at what was going on exactly. Jacqueline was facing towards him on the bed, her pose now dramatically different. Rather than sitting on the bed and leaning towards him, her body was resting on the corner of the bed as she leaned towards him.

Her lower body had been rotated, and she was very tentatively touching the floor with her feet, with her underwear pulled nearly down to her knees and Amelia was behind her, with a hand between Jacqueline's legs.

Amelia locked eyes with John, and gave him a grin, a much prouder grin than he had seen on her before. When his eyes returned to Jacqueline's face, he saw a new expression on her as well; admiration.

“How... Are you feeling?” John asked cautiously, uncertain about this new way Jacqueline was looking at him.

“Wonderful, M’Lord...” Jacqueline replied, in a dreamy voice. It seems the experience really did bring about a change in her. It brought about a rather significant change in Amelia as well, come to think of it.

He wondered if he had changed as well. He didn’t feel any different than he had before. But then, Amelia and Jacqueline didn’t seem to be behaving as though they were aware of their own attitude adjustments.

John decided to put that to the test. “Do you still want Amelia to return to her room?” he asked, observing as Jacqueline’s eyes widened in response.

“N-No of course not!” she protested hastily.

“You seemed adamant about it a moment ago” John pressed.

“Well a moment ago, was different.” Jacqueline responded, a little of her original attitude peaking out. “I couldn’t possibly deny you after... That...”

He paused for a moment, needing a bit more clarification. “Because you don’t want to, or because you can’t?” he asked, watching her closely.

“Of course I am capable of separating the two of you, if it is prudent.” She responded, her terse tone returning to her voice, “I do not appreciate the implication that I would fail to conduct myself as appropriate.”

He looked across Jacqueline to Amelia, “Does she seem normal to you?”

Amelia simply shrugged “I don’t know her that much better than you do.” she answered, before returning her face between Jacqueline’s legs.

“So... M’Lord, huh?” he said, with a leading tone as he looked back to Jacqueline who was already visibly reacting to Amelia’s tongue lapping at her clit.

She nodded “Th-That seems... Appropriate...”

“Because I outrank you now?”

“Infinitely so...” She gasped, squirming from Amelia’s continued work.

“I think our unity may have affected your mind then.” he said “Would you say that you’re my servant now then?”

She scoffed almost as soon as he had spoken. Her expression hardening again. “I assure you, I am a servant to no-”

Before she could finish, he planted another kiss on her lips. This time, there was almost no resistance offered before her hands gripped him tightly, pulling him deeper into the kiss.

He made sure to wait a few more minutes, holding the kiss, as Jacqueline struggled to deepen it in any way she could. Her grip on him grew tight, and her breathing rough and desperate as her tongue probed for his. After some time though, he noticed her grip suddenly loosen.

He released her from his grip and looked her over. She now had a vacant expression with a mild smile, and slow, steady breathing.

“I think she’s done now.” Amelia said softly, her voice coming from just next to John. He turned to see that Amelia had gotten up from between Jacqueline’s legs. Which must have been what caused her to suddenly loosen up.

“I think we might have broken her.” John replied, prodding at Jacqueline’s unresponsive face. Even pinching her cheek elicited no reaction from her.

Amelia giggled in response, “Maybe a little. I heard you say something about her being a servant so I tried to direct the Unity to that end.”

“So, you turned her into our servant?”

“Into our slave, yes.” Amelia clarified, smirking slightly “I did offer up any woman you desire as your sex slave earlier didn’t I?”

“That’s a bit cold.” John replied, watching Amelia’s expression. “You seemed sweet before.”

“That? That’s how Jacqueline taught me to behave.” She replied casually “You know, during those many, many years of me being a slave here in the castle myself. But it turns out, I’m royalty, and now I get to turn the tables.”

Amelia’s face seemed to swell with pride as she spoke, though, a slight seriousness crossed her face before she continued “But we are still in a life and death situation.”

“Right, you need to learn magic, and I need to be a distraction.” John replied, settling back down from the high of having two beautiful women ready to service him. “Or the Demon Lord will kill us all.”

Amelia nodded, her expression growing somber again. “Yeah... I really don’t want to sacrifice you. You’re... A lot of fun. And you didn’t have anything to do with any of this...”

“We’ve been over that already.” John replied, trying to calm her. “If you learn quickly, I won’t have to endure as much.”

She nodded, and her expression returned to confidence. “You’re right! So I’m going to do everything I can to make sure you make it through this alive!” she said before grabbing John’s head and pulling it to her chest.

He was caught off guard, not expecting her sudden movement. In a moment, he found his lips wrapped around the princess's nipple and began to feel the unity power flowing into him. The mind melting pleasure once again erupting through this body through her nipple.

At first, he tried to pull away instinctively, but the princess's grip held firm. Before long though, all he could think to do was suckle at the princess's teat, as her soft voice spoke down to him.

"This is... Ah... A-A greater pleasure than anything... I know..." she said softly. "M-Maybe if... Ah... M-Maybe... It will..."

She trailed off, seemingly overwhelmed by the pleasure herself. Some time later, John felt himself being pulled away from Amelia's breast. He blinked a few times, disoriented and looking up at a Jacqueline who's eyes had become lucid once more, but who's expression seemed... Softer.

"Sorry, My Lord," She spoke, her voice calm, and submissive. "You two have been together for some time, and I fear my Lady needs her rest."

John nodded, feeling drained himself. "Y-Yeah... That's probably... Something..."

"I will carry her to her chambers then." Jacqueline said. "Tomorrow, I begin her training. If you need anything, anything at all, please feel free to summon me."

She then lifted Amelia's body from the bed. It seemed that she had already fallen asleep. As Jacqueline left the room, John felt how tired he was as well. He had no idea what time of night it was, but he could feel sleep coming for him as well.

Using what strength he had left, he dragged his body towards the pillow laying on the far end of the bed. His consciousness continued to fade by the moment, and soon he found himself slipping away into sleep.