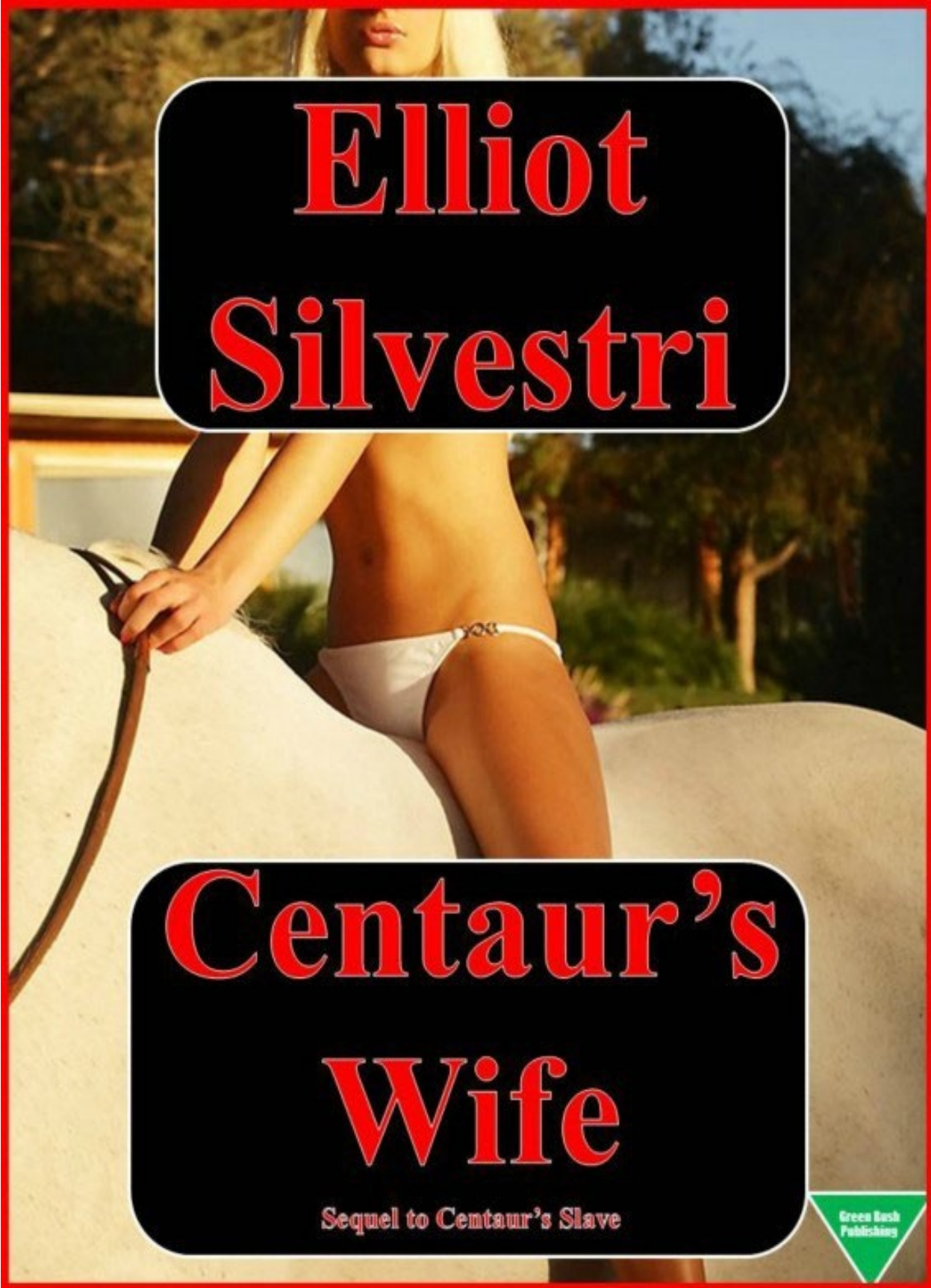


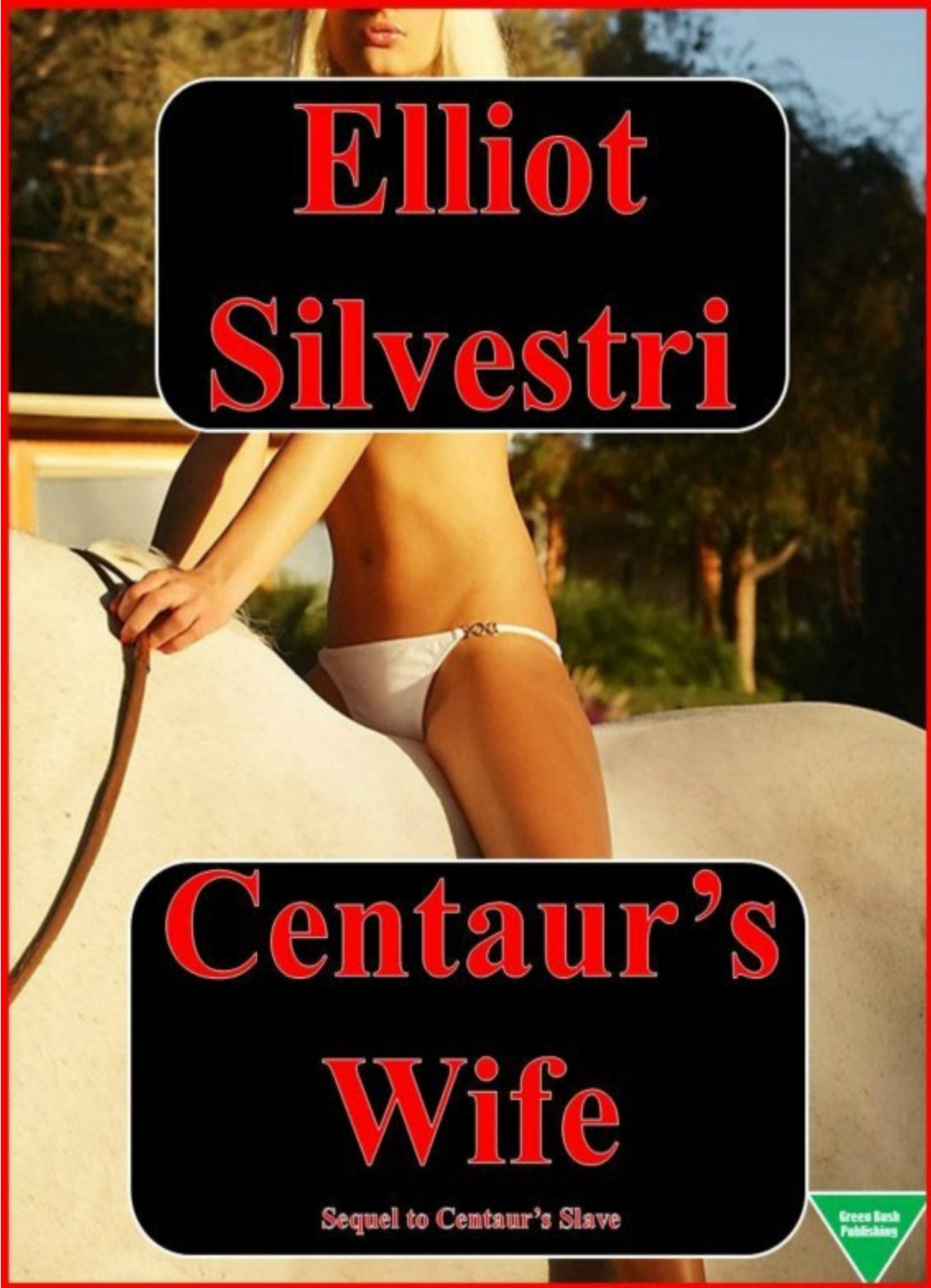


Elliot
Silvestri

Centaur's
Wife

Sequel to Centaur's Slave

Green Bash
Publishing



Elliot
Silvestri

Centaur's
Wife

Sequel to Centaur's Slave

Green Bash
Publishing

Centaur's Wife

by Elliot Silvestri

Copyright © 2015 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

All rights reserved. No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this work are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

If you're the type of person to read copyright notices, why don't you go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free book at Smashwords.com.

***For a complete list of Green Bush Publishing's eBooks please visit
elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com***

Chapter One

Proval and Lianna walked into the centaur camp weary and covered with the dirt and dust of travel. They had been running for more than two weeks; Lianna had lost track of how long exactly. At first not one of the centaur's took notice of one of their missing members returning. Proval could easily pass as one of the many in the herd because he was a centaur, tall and strong, his equine hindquarters a brilliant glossy mahogany brown matching the more human-like hair that fell from his head. He was bare-chested, as was the custom of his race, except for the harness that crisscrossed his muscular torso. He only wore the harness to make it easier for Lianna to ride on his back.

The moment he was recognized, a shout of celebration went up and several of his comrades embraced him. In all the commotion Lianna slid from her mate's back and took a few steps back, away from the crowd of centaurs. She pressed her back up against one of the canvas tents that formed the bulk of the camp and stood there nervously, wearing only the leather collar around her neck, the cuffs around her ankles and wrists, and the scrap of cloth tied around her hips, hiding her sex from view. Her prominent breasts were on display and she was considered a beautiful woman among humans, but here in the centaur camp and covered in dirt and dust, she was barely noticed.

Just days before she had been a slave in Duke Nuekome's harem, a performer trained to be fucked by one of the other slaves, Proval the centaur. They were such a great hit doing their sexual performances in the Duke's hall that he had them taken on a tour so more could enjoy the show. Proval and Lianna had taken the opportunity to escape when they weren't watched and Proval took them to his home. It had been years since he had been home. The celebration of his return from slavery showed that.

"And you brought a wife home with you!" declared one of the biggest centaur's with shock of black hair. More cheers went up among the centaurs. Lianna wondered why they didn't automatically conclude that she was a slave. Up until she escaped she had been a slave and, oddly, in her mind she still was a slave but without an owner. While being owned by Duke Nuekome she had quickly become accustomed to being a slave. It wasn't a bad life. She had no freedom,

but she had food, something that had always been in short supply while she was growing up, and a safe place to sleep, also something rare in her childhood home. Most importantly she had pleasure. Being fucked on a regular basis by Proval was the best part of being a slave.

The other centaur's directed their eyes to the human in their midst. Lianna suddenly felt uncomfortable being so closely scrutinized but resisted the temptation to hide her breasts and tug her loincloth into place, making sure it hide her pussy. These were instincts she thought she had overcome while serving Nuekome. Apparently among centaur's the reflex actions readily returned.

"Yes," Proval grunted. "She's mine." There was a deep pause in the celebration. "She's more attractive when she's not so filthy from the road."

"I'd fuck her right here and now," a burly chested centaur cried. His declaration was followed by laughter among the others. "Can I have her?" he asked Proval.

Before Lianna's lover could answer the big, dark-haired centaur spoke. "My nephew returns from slavery with but one possession, a wife, and you want to take that from him."

"Yes!" the second centaur declared with a laugh which was joined by most of the crowd.

"You don't want her now," Proval's uncle said reasonably. "She's too filthy and tired. We'll clean her up and hold a true celebration with her tomorrow!"

Cheers followed that decision and before Lianna could sort anything else out she found herself being dragged away by one of the younger centaurs. "Put her in my tent," the uncle called. "She'll be safe enough there for the night."

Lianna was pulled away by the young centaur and the last glimpse she caught of Proval was his emptying a wineskin into his mouth. Some of the red liquid was running down his face and chest.

After a quick trip through the maze-like layout of the camp's tents, she was thrust inside one that was painted with strange designs on the tan cloth. "Wash her and get her ready," the centaur grunted and then turned tail and trotted away. Because they were built for centaurs the tents were huge, taller than any room Lianna had ever been inside. The light was dim but once her eyes adjusted she

saw two figures approaching her. She expected them to be centaurs, but they were human. They were women.

“Hello,” she said brightly, trying to make friends with them. Being captives of the centaur’s couldn’t be any worse than being a slave of the duke.

The first woman to approach her lashed out with her hand, slapping Lianna across the face. Lianna gasped, felt the stinging pain lance across her cheek, and collapsed to her knees.

“Shut up,” the woman spat at her. “You’re nothing. You’re less than nothing. You’re a slave.”

Lianna looked up at the woman who hit her. She had long red hair that surrounded her face, half obscuring her visage making her look all the more fierce. Next to her meekly stood the second woman who had her brown hair. Both were naked but their bodies were decorated with tattoos and piercings, both of which made Lianna shudder.

“Shouldn’t we do as Hervar said?” the brunette asked uneasily.

“She can wash herself,” the redhead responded.

“She won’t know what to do, Miri.”

That caused Miri to whirl around on her companion and slap her as well. The brunette’s head snapped to the side, but she managed to stay on her feet. “Then why don’t you show her, Ruta!” Miri screamed in her face before stalking back to a corner of the tent and throwing herself on a woven rug. She picked up a bowl of food and resumed eating, glaring at the two women she had slapped.

“Don’t mind her,” Ruta said, helping Lianna to her feet and gently pulling her out of the tent. Lianna went along with the slightly built woman because she didn’t know what else to do. Outside in the fading sunlight of the late afternoon Lianna saw that what she had first taken for tattoos was mostly just body paint on Ruta’s skin. “She’s angry because she’s ugly.” A little smirk pulled at her lips as she drew Lianna along.

Unlike her, Ruta didn’t have a collar around her neck and cuffs on her limbs, but the tattoos marked her as property of a centaur. Lianna had heard of the practice

before, and Proval had told her all about it, but she still couldn't believe that any human would allow her body to be marked permanently in such a fashion. It seemed barbaric, but then again, of course it was. It was done by centaurs who all but owned the women. Proval told her the human women who lived with the centaurs were called wives, but they were slaves in all but name.

They eventually came to the small stream she and Proval had been following through the grasslands for the past week. It was how they had managed to stay alive and find Proval's family herd. The stream ran into a small pool that had been dug out, presumably by the centaurs, and was used as a makeshift bathing area. Ruta led Lianna into the pool, grabbing some washing supplies stored on a rock as they went in. It was obvious to Lianna that Ruta must have spent a good deal of her life unclothed like her. She wasn't the least bit ashamed of her naked body. That was a state Lianna and quickly come to enjoy after she had been sold into slavery by her poor family.

"Your designs," Lianna gasped as the water quickly reached the women's waists and started washing away the body paint that decorated Ruta.

The girl just laughed away Lianna's concern. "Doesn't matter," she said. "We do the paint over every morning."

"Oh," she said softly as Ruta pulled Lianna's loincloth off her and tossed it to the bank. Lianna would have told her not to bother, she didn't intend upon wearing it ever again if possible. "They are very pretty."

Ruta ducked her head as she started scrubbing the dirt away from Lianna's skin. "Thank you," she said softly. "They're done by Miri. It's her talent. She's mean and rude, but she's a talented artist. That's what Dorrrkar keeps her around." It felt good to be washed by another person and Lianna started to think she was back in the duke's harem, being tended to by other slaves. She had enjoyed that part of her life. "You're filthy," she commented. "How long have you been travelling?"

"Two weeks."

"I see. Let's make sure you're extra clean," she said, passing the cloth between Lianna's legs, lightly rubbing her pussy, lingering longer than was strictly necessary, but Lianna didn't complain.

"Thank you."

Ruta nodded her head. “You have no tattoos or jewelry?” she asked, mildly surprised. Lianna took a second look at the woman’s body and saw that roughly half her decorations were true tattoos. The absence of most of the body paint revealed that Ruta also had many pieces of fine metal piercing her flesh in the centaur tradition.

“No.”

“I would have thought that Proval would have started your piercing regimen since you are his wife.” Such a thing had never been decided and Lianna wanted to know how the other woman made such a conclusion.

“No. We were slaves of Duke Nuekome. He had no say in this body,” she said indicating herself.

Ruta laughed. “This body,” she repeated with a smile. “Why don’t you say ‘my body’?”

Lianna opened her mouth to answer and found the reply difficult. She had so fully immersed herself into the role of a slave... “I’m a slave. I was a slave. When you’re a slave, your body belongs to your owner and your owner gets to decide what to do with it,” she said, the words coming slowly. “The duke wanted my skin pure and by neck collared. I didn’t have a choice. No slave does. Proval had to wear his harness because he was a slave.”

That made Ruta laugh again. “No he wasn’t.”

“Yes,” Lianna said, her brows furrowing in anger at the silly girl. “Of course he was. He was part of the duke’s circus, just like I was.”

A toss of Ruta’s head dismissed Lianna’s insistence. “He might have been pretending to be a slave, but he was really a spy,” she confided in the woman she was washing. “I know. I overheard Dorrkar speaking with the other members of the war band. He said once Proval returned from his spying the centaurs will make war with the humans once again.”

Lianna didn’t know what to make of that story. It was possible, certainly, but how could a slave be a spy? Maybe it was just a story that Dorrkar was telling to save face among his peers. She certainly didn’t know.

While they were talking Ruta finished washing Lianna and herself. She sluiced water over the Lianna's blond hair, working a comb through the tangled knots until it hung clean and straight down her back. Lianna returned the favor and the two climbed out of the pool with clean skin. Right away Lianna saw that the tattoos that remained on Ruta's skin had a similar theme all over, a repeated pattern of flowers that made her look like a walking garden.

"We'll have to get your collar and cuffs removed. Centaurs don't like such things on their wives."

Lianna let her eyes glide over the many bits of metal that had been forced into Ruta's flesh. She had rings through her nipples and one nostril; there were multiple studs following the outer curve of her ear; she didn't know exactly what, but something dangled from the woman's pussy, a little charm hanging between her thighs; a coil of metal was stuck multiple times through her lower lip, and when Ruta saw that Lianna was carefully inspecting her body, she stuck out her tongue showing a thick piece of metal there as well. All of this was in addition to the tattoos on her body and the body paint which was now gone. "This will all happen to you as well," Ruta said, indicating the many piercings she had.

"Why?" was all Lianna could say. It seemed an especially barbaric practice and it scared her.

"Because as a centaur's wife, Proval will decorate you as he sees fit," Ruta said with a shrug. "You don't have any choice in the matter."

"Is it to show that they own us? Piercings instead of collars?"

Ruta frowned and shook her head. "No. They don't own us. They just want to make sure we don't go back and live with humans again. We're centaur wives for the rest of our lives." She gestured to her body again. "With all of this, there's no way to be accepted back into the human world." She shrugged and grinned. "Not that I would want to."

It occurred to her that Ruta didn't consider herself fully human any longer. She was something else, something she called a centaur's wife.

"When does it start? When will...when will I be pierced?" Lianna asked with a fearful shiver.

Once more Ruta shrugged. “Whenever Proval wants. He is your husband, is he not?”

“I suppose he is.”

“Then he’ll want to fuck you tonight,” Ruta said with a definitive nod of her head. “Unless he wants to share you with someone else.”

Chapter Two

THE MOUNTING BLOCK used in Dorrkar's tent wasn't all that different from what was used in Duke Nuekome's manor house. The design was the same, maybe it was made of roughhewn wood and lacked padding, but it was well-worn and much older. When Proval and Dorrkar came to the tent where Lianna waited the Ruta and Miri, right away her lover ordered her to the mounting block.

She almost ran to it, eager to prove herself in front of her lover's uncle. Unlike her first time at the Duke's house she wasn't tied down to the mounting block, she just gripped the bars in the correct spot, arched her back, and offered up her wet pussy to Proval. There was much laughing and drinking when Proval and Dorrkar had returned. All the women knew what to expect, it was just how the centaur's wanted them; they were just waiting for orders. Once the command came, Lianna knew exactly what she had to do. She knew she was being tested, not by Proval, but by Dorrkar. The older centaur watched the entire mating with his sharp eyes.

The mounting block wasn't much more than an inclined bench with some attached rests for her knees and forearms. There were obvious ways that she could have been tied down, Lianna saw that, but those weren't necessary. Strictly speaking the mounting block wasn't needed for a centaur to fuck a woman. Traditionally a centaur's wife would get down on her hands and feet, bent over with her ass in the air, and he would mount her like an animal, slowly forcing her down as he took his pleasure from her. The mounting bench just made the positioning of their bodies that much easier.

It also made it possible for those watching to get a proper view of the woman as she was fucked. That was the true purpose of the mounting block; it made the centaur's wife an object of pleasure for all those watching.

This wasn't anything new for Lianna. She had been fucked multiple times by Proval, her only real lover. She had played around with boys back in her village before she had been sold into slavery but had never been actually fucked. Proval had been her one and only lover. It wasn't unheard of for women to not be able

to accommodate a centaur's cock. Death wasn't unknown, though it was rare. But that wasn't Lianna. She could take the massive member of a centaur with ease. And not just with ease. She enjoyed it.

Proval was eager to prove to his uncle what he had accomplished during his time away from the herd. Bringing home a wife was a great accomplishment...if he knew how to use her. His cock was hard just from watching Lianna get on the mounting block. He didn't make her wait. He went right to her, put his four equine feet in place around her body, and bent down to push his cock between her wet and glistening pussy lips.

For just a moment her cunt resisted penetration by the long and thick weapon that hung under his body. It was hard, prominently hard. While it wasn't an iron bar, it was more than sufficient for the service it was being pressed into. After just a few seconds of defiance her lips split and Proval was able to sink his rigid pink cock deep into her. Proval didn't do anything obvious once he was inside Lianna, he didn't look over at his uncle nor did he ask if he was doing it correctly, but he did surreptitiously glance over at his uncle for half a second, making it seem like he was adjusting his stance.

Dorrkar was on one of the thick woven rug that covered the tent's floor. He was lying down with Miri curled up next to him. His large hand periodically stroked the wife from the top of her head down along her back ending up on her buttocks, where he patted her tattooed flesh. Both wore impassive expressions on their faces.

Once Lianna was properly mounted, her body responded as it always had. She started panting and writhing under treatment of Proval's cock. She could feel him deep within her and she wanted—needed—him to cum inside her. She loved the feeling of his thick cum filling her up and splashing out between her legs. It was the perfect sensation, making her feel wanted and used and owned and loved.

She didn't know if Proval felt the same way about their matings. He was always eager to fuck her but said little about it beyond claiming he liked fucking her and giving her instructions on how better to please him.

It didn't take either one of them very long to cum. Traveling through the grasslands had been difficult on both of them. They didn't really have time to

fuck on the run because they were undoubtedly being pursued by the duke's men. This was as much a celebration of their escape as it was a performance for Dorrkar. Lianna cried out several times letting those watching know she had climaxed and was ready for more. Her pleasure calls were enough to push Proval over the edge and he came, filling her up and overflowing with his cum. He grunted hard with each spurt, using her body for its intended purpose.

Lianna felt a moment of sadness as he withdrew from her, but she knew he would want to fuck her again soon enough. Proval stumbled away, then got his feet properly underneath him, and proudly walked to his place of honor on a rug next to his uncle. It took Lianna a minute to climb off the mounting block and start to make her way back to the other side of the tent. But Dorrkar stopped her.

"Hold," he barked out as he stood up, pushing Miri aside. "I want a turn at her, if you don't mind, nephew."

This was something new to Lianna. Something she didn't expect. She froze, and then looked across the tent where Proval had already settled down onto his rug. It wasn't all that surprising when he nodded the affirmative. "Get back on the block," he barked at Lianna.

She hurried to comply, partly because she knew she had to and partly because of the tone of his voice. She liked being told what to do.

And—secretly—on the inside hidden away even from herself, she wanted to see what it was like to fuck a different centaur.

But she also was nervous. She'd never fucked anyone other than Proval in her life and she was made doubly nervous by being fucked by Proval's uncle right in front of him. If seeing his lover used by his uncle made Proval upset, it didn't show on his face.

As she reset herself on the mounting block, Miri knelt down next to Dorrkar where he was waiting impatiently. Lianna couldn't see exactly what Miri was doing, but it was easy to guess. She was sucking on the centaur's big cock. Whether he actually needed such attention or if Miri was just asserting some sort of status with the handsome centaur, Lianna didn't know. All she could do was wait patiently. It occurred to her that she was in the same position among the centaurs as she had been when entering Duke Nuekome's service. She was at the bottom, she had no status whatsoever. She was just a toy for them to play with.

She had no complaints.

Once Miri was done, Dorrkar moved in close. Lianna could smell his musky scent and feel the heat coming off his body. When he was in position she arched her back and widened up her stance. Dorrkar's cock wasn't any bigger than Proval's. As soon as he pushed into her, Lianna realized that. But it didn't matter. It felt good. This was the life she was born for, to be fucked by huge centaur cocks and used for their amusement. Dorrkar's big cock started to piston in and out of her pussy. She responded to him as she always responded to Proval's cock. It was a mix of pleasure and desire and a need to properly combine the two.

Dorrkar had more control than Proval did. He fucked her longer and harder than Proval did. He made her cum more times than she could remember. Her body was little more than an exhausted bundle of nerves and limp muscle by the time Dorrkar came, flooding her cunt with his copious spunk.

After withdrawing he wiped his horse-like cock on her back, cleaning it off, and nodding once to his nephew. "She'll do. You can have her."

Lianna found she couldn't move off the mounting block. She was breathing more heavily than she thought possible for someone who was just laying down, getting fucked. Her body was covered with sweat. Centaur spunk was leaking from her cunt, dripping down the insides of her thighs. Her body was thoroughly used. After a bit more rest she managed to turn her head and look at her lover. Proval was staring at her, nodding and grinning.

She barely remembered stumbling to her place on the wives' rug and falling asleep. When she woke up her muscles were still sore, but Ruta was shaking her awake. Light was streaming into the tent from the open flap. "Wake up," the slightly built brunette was saying, lispng slightly around the metal coil in her lip. "It's time to get ready."

"Ready for what?" Lianna asked as she struggled to her feet.

"Time to get you properly presented for Proval," Miri snapped as she approached the two from the opposite side of the tent. It was early in the morning and yet Miri looked like she had been up for hours and was prepared

for the day. And oddly beautiful as well. With the tent open and the morning light streaming in, Lianna got her first really good view of the other woman. She wasn't nearly as tall as Lianna, but had full breasts and wide hips, which was the perfect body for being fucked by a centaur. Her red hair was tied back in a braid revealing the plentiful freckles sprinkled all over her skin. Lianna knew some girls back in her village that had similar freckles, but not nearly as many. Miri had so many, she reasoned, because she spent most of her time naked like other centaur wives.

The morning light revealed that her skin was covered not just with freckles, but with tattoos as well. Her tattoos were little tiny flowers so that they almost blended in with her freckles. Green vines were drawn on her body, up her legs, across her torso, and down her arms. From the vines the small red, yellow, and blue flowers sprouted.

Beyond the tattoos other changes had been made to Miri's body, the most obvious of which were metal studs through her nipples, similar to Ruta's, and large hoops were forced through her earlobes. She had a heavy ring through her septum, emerging from both her nostrils and hanging against her upper lip. Lianna couldn't help glancing between the other woman's legs, but didn't see any jewelry dangling there, unlike Ruta. She did, however, sport a rather large ring through her belly button; the gold ring caught Lianna's attention. But then she noticed that Miri's belly was bulging ever so slightly. Her first instinct was to suppose that the redhead was fat because of her position of status with Dorrkarr, and then the more obvious reason dawned on her. Miri was pregnant.

"But they had me last night."

Miri snorted and shook her head. "So they fucked you. So what? You don't look like a proper centaur's wife yet. It's my job to fix that." She flicked her eyes over to Ruta. "I'm taking her to Dirna. Get my tools ready for when I return."

Ruta shivered and nodded.

"Who is Dirna?" Lianna asked as Miri grabbed her elbow and propelled her out of the tent.

"She's the woman who is going to place your rings."

As it turned out Dirna was an older woman whose long black hair had a few

streaks of gray in it. Her body was completely covered in tattoos. As far as Lianna could tell, none of the images were body paint. Various bits of metal jewelry adorned her flesh here and there, but what struck Lianna the most were the nipple rings the centaur's wife wore. They were easily the thickness of a man's finger ring. They weren't merely decorative; they were dragging her nipples and breasts downward from their weight.

Lianna took all of this in when Miri ushered her into the tent occupied by Dirna. The tent was slightly smaller than the one occupied by Dorrkarr if that was any true measure of status in the centaur herd.

"New one for you, Dirna," Miri barked out the moment they pushed through the tent flap. Dirna was sitting in front of a brazier where leaves and small bits of vegetation were slowly roasting, a thick, lazy smoke rising up from the slow-burning flame. "Time to get her ready."

Dirna looked up at the pair, not surprised, but bored. Her eyelids barely opened enough for her to actually see them. After taking a few breaths of the smoke-laden air Lianna realized the woman was intoxicated by the sweet haze. Her head slowly started to spin but it wasn't in the same euphoric manner she felt when Proval fucked her.

"What does she need?" Dirna managed to slur out at them.

"Everything, but you can start with her tits. See how much she can take and then send her back to me when you're done."

When Miri started to turn on her heel and leave, Lianna grabbed her by the arm, restraining her. The redhead glared at her but Lianna ignored the possible consequences of such rudeness. "You're not going to leave me here with her, are you?" Lianna wasn't sure what scared her more, being alone with the mind-addled woman or facing what Dirna was supposed to do to her.

"Of course I am," Miri grunted, shaking Lianna's hand loose. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I...I'll leave. There's no guard here."

Miri burst out laughing. "No, there isn't, but you're a stupid girl if you think we need guards to keep you here. How long did you march with Proval to get to our

camp? Do you think you could make it that far by alone on your tender feet?” Her lip curled up into a sneer. “Do you think you could outrun a centaur for more than fifty feet? Do try. The consequences you suffer will be worse than what the old crone will do to you today.”

At the old crone comment, Dirna grunted but gave no other reaction beyond the simple noise.

“What...what is she going to do?” Lianna asked, changing tactics in an attempt to get out of what already seemed fait accompli.

“She’s going to put rings through your nipples. Don’t be fucking stupid.” She shook her own heavy breasts at Lianna, indicating the studs through her nipples.

Lianna gasped at what she was going to have to suffer, she bit her lip to keep from crying but her distress was patently obvious to Miri, who softened slightly when she saw tears forming in the corners of Lianna’s eyes.

“Don’t worry,” she said softly after stepping close to Lianna. “It only hurts for a moment. Much less than this.” Abruptly she slapped Lianna across the face. The slap stung and Lianna realized it was the second time Miri had slapped her in as many days. The sting was enough to push Lianna over the edge. The tears started sliding down her cheeks and her torso shook with sobs. “Don’t be a fucking baby,” she said, disgusted. Miri shifted her gaze to Dirna. “Put both nipple rings in. And the septum. A little bit of suffering will be good for her.”

She left Dirna alone with Lianna who was still on the ground. At that moment it struck her for some reason that the rug she was sprawled on was soft and intricately woven in a red and gold repeating block pattern.

It was Dirna who spoke first after Miri left. “It’s easiest if you kneel. If you think you won’t be able to endure the pain I can tie you to the tent pole first.”

Lianna looked up and saw that Dirna had unwrapped a roll of cloth that held a series of sharp implements along with bits of metal jewelry. Her fate was already sealed in stone. She screwed up her courage and said, “No. I can take it. I don’t want to give that bitch the pleasure of knowing I was afraid. I can do it.”

Dirna laughed softly, her voice gravely. “She already knows you’re afraid. The only thing you can do now is show her you’re tougher than she thinks.” Dirna

held up a thick golden ring, not as thick as her own, but enough to give Lianna pause. “Want to prove how tough you are?”

A nod answered Dirna’s question in the affirmative. Lianna was seated on a low stool in front of the old woman while she prepared her tools and Lianna’s nipples. It was a simple procedure, or so Dirna said. She had a sharp, thin awl-like tool, the ring and a two thick pieces of leather. She offered one to Lianna. “To bite on while I pierce you.”

At first Lianna shook her head, wanting to do it without any aid, but then Dirna insisted. “This is your first time. You’ll need it. I won’t say a word to Miri.”

After accepting the leather and placing it between her teeth, Dirna lined up the awl and the leather on opposite sides of Lianna’s right nipple. “I’ll do it on the count of three. Are you ready?”

“Yes,” she said around the leather. There was grit and determination in Lianna’s voice, even if she didn’t fully feel that boldness.

“Count with me.”

“One,” they said together and abruptly Dirna shoved the awl through Lianna’s nipple. She let out a muffled shriek that was mostly obscured by the leather gag.

“A little lie to make it easier,” Dirna said as her nimble fingers worked quickly. The pain repeatedly stabbed Lianna’s nipple as the gold ring was fitted through the newly made hole and crimped into place. Every motion she made, even breathing, hurt, but she refused to cry.

“Quickly now,” Dirna said, “let’s do the other little girl.

She lined up the awl and leather on Lianna’s left nipple. “Again on three. One...”

Lianna jerked away. Dirna had been expecting the reaction. She hadn’t even attempted to push the awl through.

“For real this time,” Dirna said. “Again on three. Understand?”

“Yes,” Lianna mumbled around the leather.

This time Dirna reached two before she used the awl. Lianna didn't shriek this time.

"Easier the second time, isn't it?"

"A little," Lianna admitted.

"Ready for your nose now?"

"No."

"We're going to do it anyway," Dirna said with steel in her voice. "You don't want to go back to Dorrkar's tent with just your nipples done, do you?"

Lianna said nothing and looked down at the rings that were now through her nipples. She had seen plenty of women and men who wore earrings as a sign of wealth and status, but this was different. This was ownership even if the centaurs didn't say that. The gold contrasted with her skin, both in color and firmness. The metal was so much harder than her flesh. She saw tiny spots of blood forming around where the gold penetrated her body and she couldn't think.

"No. I don't want that."

Whatever the intent of Lianna's words were ignored by Dirna. She started preparing Lianna for the next step. The blonde didn't resist. The pain from her nipples wasn't intense, but it was strong enough that she was distracted from everything else.

Dirna moved Lianna over to the tent's center pole, sat her down, and placed the back of her head against the pole and repeated the piercing procedure by pushing the awl through one nostril and out the other, making a small hole in Lianna's septum.

She barely felt the pain.

A few minutes later Dirna was leading Lianna back to Dorrkar's tent. On the short walk Lianna kept touching her nipple rings with her fingers. She couldn't help but stick out her tongue to feel the warm metal of the golden ring that went through her nose and laid against her philtrum. She was dizzy from the experience.

“Here she is,” Dirna grunted as she delivered Lianna back to Miri’s control.

“Problems?” the redhead asked.

“Nah. She was good. I just put in the three. I don’t feel like wasting my time if she’s not going to last.” Her report given, the older woman walked away.

Miri grabbed Lianna’s chin and moved her head back and forth, inspecting the ring through her nose before nodding once in approval. After quickly tweaking Lianna’s nipple rings causing her to gasp in pain, Miri ordered the blonde to a position on the rug in her corner of the tent.

“Tattoos now?” Lianna asked, her voice low and flat, resigned to her fate.

“Of course not,” Miri snapped. “We have to make sure you’ll last, like Dirna said. I’m just going to put paint on you today. I do it several times in several different patterns to find out what’s right for your body. Lay down.”

Lianna nodded and obeyed. Somehow having her flesh pierced and painted was more dehumanizing and humiliating than being turned into the duke’s slave and made to fuck a centaur. At least she enjoyed being fucked by Proval. Getting pierced was just painful. The painting shouldn’t hurt, she knew, but the eventual tattooing was going to be agonizing as well.

Miri went all over her body with different colors and patterns, taking her time. It was obvious the woman enjoyed doing this. It wasn’t merely her duty, it was her calling. By the time Miri was done with her, Lianna didn’t recognize her own body. The designs and symbols that Miri had spent several hours drawing on Lianna body made her look foreign and not her true self. Even when she was done Miri shook her head and said, “No. It’s wrong. Wash it off later and we’ll try again tomorrow.”

“As you wish,” Lianna mumbled as she started to get up off the rug. The paint make her skin contract and it crackled as she began moving.

“No! Wait. I forgot a very important step. Maybe this will help me. Lay face down, put your left cheek on the ground.”

Muffling a sigh Lianna did as she was told and Miri moved in close, bending the cartilage of her ear forward, exposing the bit of bare skin between her hairline

and the ear proper. “A little mark so I know where to start...and who you are mated to.” She put a heavy weight of some sort on Lianna’s ear, most likely a rock, but Lianna couldn’t see it. I knew it was a good idea to get all my tools out,” she said to herself.

A moment later Lianna felt a tiny pinprick on her skin and she inhaled sharply. “Don’t move, you’ll only make it worse and I’ll have to repeat the process until I get it right. You can endure a little pain, can’t you? You were a slave, after all. You can take a horse cock in your cunt. You managed to flee through the grasslands to safety. A little pain is nothing.”

After a second’s pause Lianna heard herself say. “Yes. Nothing.”

“Good.” Miri set up a rhythmic tapping that seemed to penetrate right through Lianna’s skin and into her bone. Almost immediately it started to give her a headache and she wanted it to stop. All it would take, she was, was a word of protest and a firm hand brushing Miri’s tortuous instrument away.

Lianna did nothing except endure.

The process was surprisingly quick. “There. Done. Now everyone will know you belong to Proval.”

Touching behind her ear, Lianna’s fingers came away lightly smeared with blood and black ink. She gazed at her fingers blankly. “What’s this?”

Miri gave the other woman’s fingers a dismissive shrug. “Blood and ink. The aftereffects of a proper tattoo.” She looked across the tent where the little brunette was sitting with her head resting on her upraised knees. “Ruta, come show our new companion what she’s wearing now.”

Obediently Ruta walked across the tent, knelt down, and bent her right ear forward, displaying a small design in black ink.

“What is it?” Lianna asked.

“Dorrkar’s name. So everyone knows she is his mate.”

“I have Proval’s name?”

“Of course.”

“Whose name do you carry?”

Miri turned her head and bent her ear aside. It was the same design as Ruta’s.

“Dorrkar’s, of course.”

“Is he the father of your child?” Lianna asked, gesturing at Miri’s slightly bulging belly.

A smile curled around Miri’s lips. “As far as I know, yes.”

“Why do you say it that way?”

“He is not the only centaur to mount me. Pray you start carrying an offspring shortly,” Miri said. “If you don’t, Proval won’t claim you and he’ll put you out to common property to be used by every centaur in the herd. You don’t want that.” Miri paused and reconsidered her words. “Or then again, maybe you do.”

Lianna let the insult go.

Late in the afternoon she went back to the stream with Ruta and washed away her body paint. She looked on in fascination as most, but not all, of Ruta’s dissolved away. She went back to the tent nearly as pure as when she had started.

Nearly, but not the same.

They were made to help prepare for the full celebration of Proval’s return. Mounting blocks were brought out of tents and set around the fire pit for a bonfire. Food was made. Wineskins were opened. Centaur wives were brought out and placed on the mounting blocks. Lianna knew her turn was coming soon and she said as much to Ruta.

That made the little brunette laugh. “Well, with Proval, yes. But these women are the herd’s common property. They’ll be fucked by whichever centaur wants to have a go at them. It’s a crime to mount another centaur’s wife. The penalty is death.”

The sun was going down. Lianna looked into the distance as the sun painted pink hues across the faded blue firmament.

“Death?” Lianna asked.

“Of course. But don’t worry. Proval will mount you tonight, everyone will watch, not just his uncle. They’ll all know you two are mated.”

“You and Miri are mated to Dorrkarr. Does he have other slaves...I mean, wives?”

She shook her head. “No, just the two of us. There were others but they...” She trailed off and Lianna didn’t press the issue.

The celebration was little more than a drunken orgy, but Lianna supposed that was celebration enough for any centaur. For most of the party she watched as the common property women were fucked by the many centaurs who lined up to use them. Lianna was allowed enough wine to take the edge off her anxiety. She didn’t know why she was nervous. She had been fucked by Proval many times before in front of crowds just as large and just as drunk. She had even been fucked by him in front of other centaurs, though that only really included his uncle. It was easy to tell herself that was the reason as she listened to the screams of the common property women...Lianna wasn’t sure if they were screaming from pleasure or exhaustion or...something else.

She took another pull from her wineskin.

All too soon, but not soon enough, she was summoned to her mounting block. Lianna went willingly. Her lust was rising and she needed to feel Proval’s cock deep in her body. Looking over at the woman next to her, Lianna noted that she had to be tied to the mounting block in order to keep her in place. Lianna smiled widely. She didn’t need such restraints. She needed centaur cock as much as she needed to feel the sun on her face, as much as she needed air in her lungs, as much as she needed to drink sweet water.

There was a huge jubilant cry when Proval appeared from his uncle’s tent. Lianna looked over her shoulder at him. More specifically she looked at the large weapon he carried between his legs. It was already hard and wet. She didn’t need to see Ruta following him out of the tent, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. It was easy to dismiss the scene; Lianna knew that Proval was

infatuated with her and not any other woman.

She arched her back and spread her legs wide, letting the scent of her pussy waft through the air reaching his nostrils. He didn't need any more encouragement than that. Proval stepped up to the mounting block, planted his four hooves around the heavy structure, grabbed her shoulders with his thick hands, and plowed his big cock into her cunt. She grunted once as he sank it all the way deep into her body. The crowd cheered again. One of the centaur wives offered Proval a wineskin. He drank deeply from it and then it was offered to Lianna, but not handed to her. The woman simply presented to skin's spout to Lianna's mouth and squirted the wine onto her lips. Lianna opened her mouth and drank greedily at the liquid. It burned its way down her throat. Half the liquid missed and ran down her neck to drip off her breasts.

Despite the strangeness and difficulty of being fucked exactly this way, Lianna enjoyed every bit and every sensation. When Proval howled his triumph of returning to the herd and successfully mounting a human woman in front of the herd, his cum spurted from his cock, filling Lianna's pussy. Just like the wine it burned inside her body. Just like the wine it was a pleasant, euphoric burning.

She knew that she had found her place in the world. It was in the centaur's herd.

Chapter Three

“Get up,” Miri commanded, nudging her with a pointed toe.

Lianna rolled to her side, partly to wake up, partly to escape Miri’s annoying foot. Her head was pounding with the aftereffects of last night’s celebration. Her pussy pounded in counterpoint to the headache, but that was a pleasant pounding, exactly like the pounding that Proval had given her. She managed to force open her eyes. Proval was snoring next to her, his back to her. He had spent the night with her. That was a first that she could remember.

“Why do I have to get up?”

“Dirna has to work on you.”

With great effort Lianna managed to force herself to her feet and followed Miri out of the tent. She wondered why Miri was doing this lowly task. She thought the redhead held a position of importance in the herd. They hadn’t made it halfway to Dirna’s tent—though Lianna figured the tent probably belonged to whichever centaur Dirna was mated to—when Miri abruptly pushed her into a different tent. Lianna didn’t have time to resist. She simply wound up on her back, sprawled on the earth. This was a tent different from the other’s she had been in. It was obviously for women only. There was precious little in it. None of the rugs or decorations the centaur’s favored. A hazy smoke rose from a brazier in the middle of the tent, the scent almost too sweet to be enjoyable.

Several hands grabbed her, Miri’s assistants, no doubt, and Lianna was dragged forcibly upright by her arms and hair, both of which annoyed her, but the hair was the worse because pulling on her tresses just made her headache worse. She didn’t have presence of mind to bother resisting. “Squat and pee,” Miri ordered, shoving a large brass bowl between her knees. Peering into the bowl Lianna saw it was filled with white petals from a flower.

“What?” the command was nonsensical. She did have to void her bladder, but not in the middle of the tent in a bowl. It was an activity best done near, or in, the creek.

“Pee in the bowl,” Miri hissed at her. The other women got her into position on knees and toes with the bowl under her body. When Lianna looked questioningly at her, Miri slapped her across the face. “Just do it.” Another backhand followed the first slap and Lianna started shaking with fear. That was enough for her to start the stream of piss from her body. Most of it went into the bowl while Miri watched intently.

Even before Lianna was done Miri cried out with a curse. “Fuck!” She kicked the bowl, splattering the pee on Lianna and one of the other women. “Get her out of here,” Miri barked and stomped out of the tent. “Take her to fucking Dirna’s.”

The woman who was drenched with Lianna’s piss pulled her from the tent and herded her to the creek to wash off. “What the fuck was that about?” Lianna asked the nameless servant.

“You didn’t see?”

“See what?”

“The flowers.”

“In the bowl? Yeah. White flowers?”

The woman shook her head. “You turned them blue.”

Lianna splashed creek water on her thighs and furrowed her brow at the woman. “I peed on them. They must have turned yellow.”

Once more the servant shook her head. “No. You turned them blue. It’s a test we’ve learned. Jezebel flower petals turn blue when a pregnant woman pees on them.”

Half stunned into silence, Lianna didn’t resist at all when the woman took her elbow and guided her to Dirna’s tent.

The old woman was waiting for her, or so it seemed. The small tent was empty but for her and the tools she had already laid out. “Back for more?” she asked unkindly.

Lianna was silent while her escort said, “She’s carrying.”

“Good news, eh?” Dirna said with an amused grin. When Lianna remained silent she added. “I suppose that depends on your point of view. Leave us.” The last remark was directed at the escort who immediately left the tent.

Dirna brought Lianna to the center of the tent and took a minute to inspect the rings through Lianna’s nipples and nose. “They’re healing well,” she muttered, mostly to herself. “Now...what to do about your condition...”

“You aren’t going to take the baby, are you?” Lianna asked, suddenly frightened. There was a hedgewitch who had lived near her village that often helped out girls who didn’t want to have babies.

“No. Of course not. We just need to mark you so everyone knows.” She sat Lianna down, her back against the center tent pole and more closely inspected her nipples. “Oh yes. This will be very simple.”

Lianna didn’t even watch the procedure. She just felt some tugging and manipulation of her breasts and when she looked down she saw a short chain and been attached to both nipple rings. “Why?” she asked. It was a remarkably silly bit of ornamentation, Lianna thought.

“So everyone knows you belong to Proval.”

“But my tattoo,” she said, reaching up to touch behind her ear.

Dirna’s lip curled dismissively. “This is a more obvious—and removable—symbol. Don’t be so simple minded. Now lay down on the rug and open up your legs.”

Although she was certain she knew what was going to happen next, Lianna didn’t even bother resisting. Her mind had stopped fully functioning upon learning the purpose of the jezebel flowers. Once she was properly positioned Dirna moved in between her knees and spread her thighs further apart. Lianna didn’t give it any thought when Dirna began pulling and tugging on her sex, stretching and drawing out her inner lips. She barely felt the awl go through her flesh not once, but twice, which was followed by the now familiar sensation of metal through flesh.

To her mild surprise when she looked down Lianna saw not just two rings through her nether lips, but the two rings were interlocked, making a small but

not insignificant barrier to her pussy. She asked Dirna, “How is Proval supposed to fuck me now?”

Dirna laughed at her naïvety. “He’s not supposed to. No one is.” She lightly rubbed Lianna’s clit which was well above the new piercings. Involuntarily Lianna let out a little moan of pleasure. “If you need to cum, there’s your solution.” She withdrew her fingers and wiped them on Lianna’s inner thigh.

“Why?” Lianna asked.

“You’re pregnant and the risk of losing the baby because of a giant horse cock being shoved up your cunt is too great.” She smiled with self-satisfaction. “That’s why we came up with this little design to protect the centaur wives that have been bred.” She stood up and pulled Lianna to her feet. “You did well,” she complimented the young blonde. “Didn’t flinch at all. It’ll be pure pleasure to pierce you in the future. Go back to your tent. Miri will be waiting for you.”

Lianna did as she was instructed because she didn’t know what else to do with herself. She didn’t want to go back to being a slave for the duke. She couldn’t go back to live with her family because she didn’t know where she was and they wouldn’t want her back anyway. She wasn’t even sure if Proval truly wanted her.

In the tent there was much activity considering that the centaurs had barely recovered from their night of merriment. The women were strapping packs on the centaurs who had covered themselves in leather armor and brought out their weapons, spears along with bow and arrows. At the entrance to the tent Lianna paused, confused by the activity.

“Get out of the way,” Dorrkar grunted at her as he pushed aside the tent flap, followed by Proval who barely gave her a glance. She followed them for a few steps. What seemed like all the centaurs in the herd had gathered in the center of the camp where the bonfire had burned the previous night. All were armed and armored. Dorrkar reared up, screamed a battle cry followed with, “We ride!” The herd cheered and they galloped out of the camp. A few minutes later it was all but silent.

“What are they doing?” Lianna asked Ruta who had joined her to watch the centaurs leave.

“They’re going to make war on the humans,” Ruta answered. Lianna found the

reply slightly odd considering that Ruta and herself were human, but then realized that no, they really weren't. They were nothing more than centaurs' wives.

"Those who return will shower their wives with plunder," Miri said, obviously having gone through this before. "Those who don't...their wives will be claimed by another."

They waited over a week for the centaurs to return. During that time everything was remarkably normal, or at least normal as Lianna understood it. The women carried on as if the absences of the centaurs had been anticipated. They didn't try to run away or do anything untoward. Lianna didn't blame them. She missed Proval with her heart and her cunt for every minute he was gone.

She was kept busy, however. While Dirna was temporarily done with her piercing program, Miri started Lianna on a new path. The first morning the women were left alone Miri ordered Lianna to put her forearm on the low table in the middle of the tent. She pulled out her tools and started a tattoo pattern on Lianna's pale flesh.

It hurt to be tattooed. The tools were little more than a few pots of ink, a needle mounted to a board, and a small hammer. Miri dipped the needle into the ink. Carefully placed it on Lianna's skin and tapped it a few times with the hammer. She repeated this infinitely. The ink was driven deep into Lianna's skin, blood welled up, and eventually she was left behind with a slowly growing pattern. It was a series of lines with small yellow, blue, and red flowers. They slowly made their advance up her arm.

"How much of this?" Lianna asked on the third day. Her arm faintly throbbed with pain. She had become accustomed to the pain. She was starting to come to grips with the pattern on her body that she had no say in and no control over.

"Until it covers your body," Miri answered between taps of the hammer. She paused and gestured to her own skin covered with tattoos. "Or when Proval is pleased and tells me to stop."

"Oh."

What more could she say?

It was on the fifth day after the centaurs left that the urge became too great for Lianna...and apparently many of the other women as well. Miri had finished Lianna's tattoo up to her left elbow and Lianna was recovering from the pain when Miri returned to the tent. She had been tattooing one of the other wives and was exhausted. "No fucking relief," she complained as she put down her tools.

"Relief from what?" a mildly interested Ruta asked. She had been inhaling the sweet fumes from the herbs she had scattered over the brazier and her mind wasn't fully functional.

"You know from what," Miri grumbled. "A lack of horse cock." She cast her eyes over to Lianna. "Let me see your piercings."

Lianna sat up. This was the first time the redhead had taken a direct interest in Dirna's handiwork other than to make sure it was done. Knowing there was a risk if she refused, Lianna put her shoulders back and proffered her pierced nipples.

Miri shook her head dismissively. "I've seen those. They're fine. I want to see your cunt."

That had been Lianna's suspicion from the start, but it seemed wrong to begin by opening up her legs for another woman to peer at her sex. She laid back down and parted her thighs. Miri crawled between her knees and looked closely at the blonde woman's still-tender sex. She touched her rings and gently rotated them to make sure the flesh hadn't adhered to the rings.

"Healing nicely," she murmured as she inspected. "That's good."

"Thank you." Lianna had learned her lesson not to be rude to the centaur's wife who was obviously head above all the other women in the camp.

"Have I shown you mine?" Miri asked abruptly. Across the room Ruta lifted up her head, now interested in the goings on of the other women. Miri knelt up, arched her back and spread her knees wide so that Lianna could get a good look at her pussy. She was pierced similarly to Lianna, one ring through each inner

lip, but Miri's were not linked together. When Lianna questioned her on that Miri grinned. "I've already given birth once. I'm Dorrkar's trusted wife. You need to be bound a bit longer before your bond to Proval is proven."

"Where is your...child," Lianna asked carefully.

"My son is at the children's camp, safely away from here. This is a war camp, don't you know."

Lianna shook her head and made to get up, but Miri was too quick and went right back to looking at Lianna's piercings. She pushed Lianna back down and slipped one finger under the rings, resting it along her opening with the tip touching her clit. Lianna shivered. She had never been touched like that before, not by Proval, not by a village boy, and certain not by another woman.

"You've made love with a woman before, haven't you?" Miri asked as she wiggled her finger under the piercing and on Lianna's clit. "For the amusement of a man or a centaur? Yes?"

"No."

Miri grinned up at her with a wicked expression. "Good." She lowered her face and began kissing and licking Lianna's pussy. She knew exactly what she was doing and Lianna found it hard to think because of that. It felt wonderful, not better than Proval's cock, of course, but different and exquisite in its own way.

"You'll cum soon," Miri said taking a quick break, and then resuming the joyful torture.

Lianna came abruptly, almost without warning, and with enough ferocity to soak Miri's face. The redhead laughed in amusement. "My turn," she said and pulled Lianna up as she laid down, effectively reversing their positions which resulted with Lianna facing another woman's sex for the first time in her life.

She was still riding high on her unexpected orgasm. It wasn't hard to put her mouth on Miri's sex and pleasure her the same way she had been pleased. Her taste wasn't unpleasant, musky and sour with a bit of unanticipated tartness. The clash of metal on flesh as Lianna wove her tongue up and down Miri's pussy was odd to feel. Whatever she did Miri apparently loved it because she moaned and groaned until a climax was coaxed out of the redhead.

After the two women bonded in this strange way, their relationship became less strained. Ruta wanted to join the two, but Miri kept her away while at the same time allowing Lianna to sleep with her on the large mattress she normally shared with Dorrkar. For the next two days Lianna found the tattooing process to be less painful making her wonder if Miri was being unnecessarily rough with her before. In addition, there was the wonderful bonus of having a partner for regular sexual pleasure. This was what Lianna had been missing with Proval's absence.

The wonderful interlude came to an abrupt end when, on the evening of the eighth day, the centaurs galloped back into tent carrying their spoils of war. It wasn't much in the way of material wealth but when Lianna saw what Proval was carrying on his back, her heart sank.

The blonde was young, maybe younger than her, and equally, if not more, beautiful. She wasn't the only female captive, but she was undoubtedly Proval's possession.

"You!" he called to Lianna when he spotted her. At that moment Lianna's heart started thumping in her chest, excited at the return of her lover, the father to be of her child. Her pussy quivered and moisten in anticipation of their physical reunion. "Get the mounting stool!"

"At once, my love," she called to him.

"Do it quickly. You will be witness to how easily my latest wife takes to my cock!"

Those around him cheered at his bravado, but Lianna froze in place. Suddenly she understood everything. It was Miri who saved her; she didn't know what might have happened if she hadn't gotten the mounting stool.

"Move, you fool!" Miri urged her. "Do you want to live to see the light of tomorrow?"

Lianna disappeared into the tent as she wiped away her tears.

To Be Concluded

Enjoyed this story? Rate it on Amazon or Smashwords.

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

For a free publication from Green Bush Publishing go to elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com and get a coupon code for a free ebook at Smashwords.com.

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

A Cow's Tale

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Slave

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

Happy Hucows, Inc.

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Free

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking on the Farm

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain and Lactation

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sugarman's Milk

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Willing to Milk

Winifred Polk—Learning Curves

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 3

The Erotic Novels of Elliot Silvestri

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 7

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 8

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

Milking on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity