The Breast of Dawn

Elf Milk Part One



by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter One

Dawn stared with disgusted disinterest at the troll suckling from her engorged breast. After a year of captivity she had become accustomed to the monster draining her breasts daily of her milk. It wasn't a terrible existence. It could be worse. She was mostly well treated; there were no beatings or torturing, she was well-fed, she was even allowed to stay in the forest above the cave during daylight hours. Naturally she was chained by her ankle to a rock in the cave… but still, Dawn considered it a step up from her previous placement. The only downside was that her troll owner nursed from her breasts every day.

His lips were thick and strong, they pulled unnaturally at her nipples and his huge bulk closed in oppressively. Gronash was a typical troll as far as Dawn knew. He was huge, over seven feet tall, bulky, muscular, purplish skin, bald head, and pointed ears. Nothing remarkable. His thick lips latched to her breasts every day and drained her milk. She had become accustomed to it, but couldn't help cringing every time at the huge incisors that poked out of his mouth, threatening to slash her tender flesh. That never happened, even the first time he nursed from her. Gronash was surprisingly gentle with Dawn, which surprised her, for she had always been told that trolls were horrid monsters that were more likely to kill you than to look at you.

That turned out to be untrue. Trolls were supposed to be stupid as well, but Gronash was also intelligent, much more so than most of the humans she had dealt with most of her life. Perhaps he was so careful with her because he needed her and had paid a high price for her slavery and maybe it was the nature of trolls to kill and eat elves, humans, and other trolls on a regular basis. She didn't know. What she did know is that every time Gronash placed his lips upon her flesh she involuntarily recoiled—he said and did nothing about her autonomic response—and then she relaxed as her milk started flowing and she began to enjoy the sensation of being nursed.

That is what Dawn hated the most. The reason for her slavery was also one of the few pleasures in her life, a life of slavery.

As he continued to nurse from her, Dawn felt the tightness of her breast's skin

lessen. She knew that he intentionally fed her foods laced with herbs designed to make her lactate more than was natural, but since he was her only supply of food, she had little choice in the matter. Her breasts were too large for her thin frame, it seemed every bit of nutrition she took in immediately went to her breasts and then out to Gornash's stomach.

The first breast was drained. He released it with a smack of his lips and immediately glommed onto the full tit. Again she had her involuntary reaction of recoil, then her milk started flowing and her body responded to the stimulation Gronash supplied. She had been certain upon her capture the big troll would rape and kill her. That was not the case. He needed her milk. What she didn't expect was her growing attachment to the troll. True, he was her jailer and had only one use for her, but he showed her more affection and care than her previous owners.

She sighed heavily and rested on of her tiny hands on top of his smooth head. The other she let trail down to between her legs. A tiny scrap of material protected her modesty and innocence. Her fingers slipped under the magic cloth and caressed her nether lips. They were wet proving her arousal. The nub of her pleasure button was erect and she teased it with her fingertips before her hand was slapped away by Gornash's meaty palm.

"Not while I feed," he grunted at her then latched back on to her tit. She knew better than to argue. There were punishments that he had devised to keep her in line. They had largely become unnecessary lately, but there was always the threat. She nodded though he couldn't see the motion and continued to stroke his head—that he didn't mind. Her body continued its arousal and she absently rubbed her thighs together, waiting for him to finish his feed, waiting for him to leave, waiting for the opportunity to masturbate in peace.

What had surprised her about Gronash more so than her previous owners was his amount of self-control. He had never fucked her, had never abused her. Once she was in the possession of a troll she was certain rape and murder were in her immediate future. She had been wrong. She knew this was because the milk of a virgin elf was highly prized for its healing and other properties. It was why Dawn had been a slave her entire life, it was why she was still a virgin at the ripe age of nearly a hundred years.

"Done," he muttered, letting go of her empty breast. She looked down and saw her chest was noticeably deflated. Gronash always insisted she stand while he

fed from her. Because of their considerable height difference—he topped out over seven feet and she barely reached five—she was forced to stand on a short series of steps. She automatically assumed the position when he appeared for his evening feeding arms behind the back, chest out, back against the wall, eyes averted from his gaze. Once done with her milk he brought a bowl of her evening meal and left her in the cell.

She ignored the food and immediately got down from the steps and laid on her bed, legs splayed and both hands furiously masturbating her pussy. Now that she was alone and in relative safety she pulled off her tiny g-string leaving her wonderfully, gloriously nude. Her body was finely shaped into the epitome of elven beauty: long blonde hair tumbled down her back, pierced by her highly pointed ears. Her almond shaped eyes were angled upward following the line of her eyebrows and ears. Her skill was the purest white and not a hair grew on her body only on her head. She didn't understand why human women grew curly hair between their legs hiding their pretty pussies, maybe when she was older hers would grow.

It didn't take her long to cum, it never did. Once her body was excited by Gornash's nursing she just had to finish teasing her clit hidden among the folds of her taut pussy and a relaxing wave of orgasm overwashed her body. When she was done she slipped her g-string back on and ate her food. She had to keep up her strength, her only value in life was in the magical milk her breasts produced, and once that stopped she was useless.

Dawn knew that elven breast milk was used the world over as a general restorative and healing potion, but to keep an elf slave for that purpose was prohibitively expensive for all but the richest of lords and kings. Gronash wasn't terribly rich though she imagined he must have treasure of some sort. He was a troll after all. There was a steady trade in elf milk as an aphrodisiac—vials of such were often bought illicitly and most often were completely fake. The only way to be sure was to get it directly from the source. Dawn had been used to feed and heal many different humans by her first owner, but all of those she could see some obvious wound or illness, with Gronash there seemed to be no wound or illness from which he suffered. She doubted he kept her just as a trophy or because he savored the flavor of her milk—which she had to admit after tasting it many times herself was sweet and delicious. A few times Dawn had been used as the finest dessert table for the king, drinking directly from the source. Her milk had been highly praised and complimented.

But all that had changed a little over a year ago when she had gone to sleep one night in her cell and then been woken up in Gornash's cave. He never offered an explanation, but his treatment of her was better than her human master so she did not press the issue. She was a slave and that was her lot in life.

Chapter Two

Beventen peered through the brass tube given to him by the wizard he was certain was a fraud, but it turned out the old man was the real deal. He could see nearly a mile with the device, through trees and leaves and anything else. His vision came to rest on the chained form of the elf. She was beautiful, as all elves were, and wore only a tiny loincloth protecting her modesty from prying eyes. Of course, in the forest there were few prying eyes, but Beventen took his time to study her curving buttocks, her long hair, her full tits that were too large for her tiny frame, and he even took the time to study her hidden pudendum. All of that was perfect. There were two items that disturbed this otherwise perfect vision of loveliness. The first was the iron manacle around her ankle and the chair that kept her within easy reach of the troll's cave. That could be easily removed. The second problem was the scars and tattoos on her back. Some were exquisite, most were ugly. Those would be harder to correct. Still, that was a problem for the future. The immediate problem was her capture and dealing with the troll.

Being a treasure hunter and general hero-for-hire was often a difficult job. Beventen often rewarded himself with the treasures of the women he freed. That would be impossible with this particular recovery job. At first he was certain he would have been able to resist based upon the amount of gold he was to earn on the job, but seeing the near-naked elf sunning herself on a rock in the middle of the forest, he lost some of his resolve. Taking her back to the wizard deflowered would make her worthless. There would be a tired whore in Cantaville tonight.

He wound up his tiny crossbow, checked the quarrel already loaded into small weapon, double checked the rapier in his scabbard and started the march through the forest. Her rock was only a mile away, but by the time he arrived there the sun would be near the horizon, dusk settling, and her troll owner would be coming to collect his possession. Beventen needed to be there at the right time.

The little elf was still on the rock catching the last of the sun's rays when he arrived. No sign of the troll yet. That wasn't good, but Beventen wasn't worried, he was prepared. He didn't bother to conceal his approach and the elf's acute hearing picked up on him from a good distance. It was easy to see the sudden

change in her posture when she detected him. He didn't hurry or slow, but approached slowly and steadily. Once he broke into the clearing she regarded him silently.

"This is your lucky day," he told her. She looked at him blankly, expecting nothing from him. "I'm here to rescue you," he added.

"I don't need to be rescued."

He looked at her in surprise and then wondered if that was a ruse. Beventen looked around, expecting a sneak attack from the troll. But nothing was in sight. "You like being a prisoner?" he asked her, trying to look at her highly angled eyes and not directly at her oversized breasts.

"I didn't say that. I said I don't need to be rescued." Her voice was even and a bit sweet, not beaten down like a person who had been a prisoner her entire life. He mentally shrugged. What she wanted was no concern of his. He just needed to complete his job and get paid.

"When does the beast come to get you? Surely it doesn't leave his prize outside all night."

"Gronash will be here shortly. And then he'll most likely kill you."

"I doubt that."

"You don't look like you could kill a troll," she replied curtly.

If she wasn't so valuable he would have smacked her for her impertinence. But his job was to deliver her undamaged, even if she did have a smart mouth. "I'm more dangerous than I look," he muttered. And it was true. Though he wore some light leather armor and a brass helmet, carried a sword and a crossbow, he wasn't tall or physically imposing. In the past he had considered intentionally scaring his face or taking up a more dramatic cloak or tunic to wear, but there was never a need. Sometimes subtlety was more effective.

Before their conversation could continue the troll emerged from the cave entrance not far from Dawn's rock. The massive purple troll sniffed the air with his oversized nose and scowled at the unimposing figure cut by Beventen. "Thought I smelled human," Gronash muttered. He wore animal hides artfully

stitched into a suit, at his side he carried a heavy spiked mace. “Leave,” he ordered.

“Sorry, I have to take the elf girl,” Beventen apologized. “Nothing personal.” The troll was twenty yards away and he raised his tiny crossbow at the creature. He sprung the trigger and released the bolt. It struck the troll dead center on his chest. The troll reached down, plucked the tiny missile out of his armor, and tossed it away.

“That’s it?” he grumbled and charged Beventen, swinging his mace. He made it almost all twenty yards before he tripped over his big feet and went sprawling in the forest litter, sliding to a stop just in front of Beventen.

“Yes. Sorry,” he apologized and put the little crossbow away to draw his rapier. The troll wasn’t dead, merely stunned, struggling to get to his feet, but he had lost all control of his body and could merely flop around in the dirt.

Moving quickly but cautiously, Beventen moved in with his sword, avoided the giant’s flailing limbs and neatly sliced him across the neck. Bright red blood spurted and pumped from the open wound, staining the leaves on the forest floor. Dawn screamed at the unexpected and casual violence, seeing her captor and protector in his final horrifying moments before he died was a shock.

Beventen waited until he was certain the troll was dead, nodded once the body stopped moving and the blood flow dropped to a trickle. “Wait here,” he ordered Dawn and slipped into the troll’s cave.

“Where would I go?” she asked, mostly to herself. “I’m still chained.”

Inside the cave Beventen was impressed. It wasn’t an animal’s hole; it was a fairly nice home. There was no heavy, cloying animal smell. There were lamps lighting the darkness and furniture filled the rooms. Everything was neat and orderly. That made it easy to find the books Clotid had requested, along with additional restraints for Dawn. In a chest he found a shift and a dress she could wear. Once outside he recovered the key Gornash kept on his belt and approached Dawn with it.

“I see you didn’t try to escape,” he said to her.

“You know I couldn’t,” she sneered at him, her lip pulled back in anger. The key

was made of iron as was the chain that tethered her to the rock. The manacle that went around her ankle was an alloy of iron, copper, and perhaps brass. An elf couldn't tolerate cold iron against her skin, it would burn her tender flesh. There was just enough iron in the manacle to protect her flesh but also prevent her from attempting to remove it.

"True," he nodded. "Let's get you out of that manacle and into this dress."

"And those bindings?" she asked.

"Of course. I can't risk you escaping."

"This is your idea of rescue?" she asked.

"Yes. Well, at least you'll be treated humanely by a person instead of a troll," he pointed out.

"What makes you think I want to be treated humanely? I've been treated humanely before. Gornash's treatment was better."

"Too bad you don't have a choice in the matter."

After a short struggle he imposed his will upon her. The dress was over her body, the manacle was gone and leather bindings were wrapped around her wrists. Her arms were bent behind her back and a leather leash was attached to her wrists. Beventen held this and led her out of the forest.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"Does it matter?" he replied. "But not far. I have a boat waiting in the river just a few miles away. We'll be safely there before dark."

Dawn said nothing as her breasts started to ache.

They traveled along the forest path used by the now-dead Gronash and other forest creatures. Soon they came to the boat as Beventen had promised. He loaded her in and they set into the water, traveling with the current. It didn't take terribly long to reach the town of Cantaville. He pulled her out of the boat and led her through the mostly empty streets. Eventually they arrived at a crossroads were an inn stood across from a house of ill repute. Dawn was not surprised to

find herself taken to the whorehouse.

Inside Beventen was greeted with cries of congratulation and mockery, all of which he accepted good naturedly. There were several offers to buy Dawn, but he declined them all. He already had a room waiting upstairs and was led there by an attractive, but assuredly underage girl. Beventen made no attempt to hide his leer as he watched the girl's buttocks sway up the stair ahead of him.

Upstairs there was a bath waiting for him. But first he retied Dawn's restraints, then stripped down in front of her showing no modesty, and bathed himself while she stared at the wall. Once he was done bathing, he picked her up. She screamed in protest, but there was no help coming. He pulled off her dress and attempted to do the same to her panties, but they refused to come off.

"Fucking hell," he complained and pulled out his dagger from his pile of clothes.

"No, don't," Dawn protested.

"I'm not going to hurt you, girl," he said. "I just need to get your panties off. Then a bath to get that troll stink off you."

"You're not going to get them off with a knife," she cried.

"Oh?" he asked brandishing the weapon. "Then why didn't they come off when I pulled them?"

"They're magic panties," she told him. "Only I can remove them. They're impervious to any blade or attack."

"Really?" he said, impressed. "Chastity panties, how nice. A present from the troll?"

"No, from my previous owner. To protect me."

"Well, get them off and get in the bath," he ordered. He watched the elf as she carefully bathed herself. She was beautiful, he admitted again. With her panties off he could take her right there and fuck her brains out. Which would make her useless and worthless. And probably get the wizard Clotid would kill him. It wasn't worth it when for a few brass bits, he could have any whore in the house.

She washed her breasts very carefully. They were huge, which was nice, but she was taking too long. “Hurry up,” he ordered. “Get dressed.” He opened the door, found the hall attendant and ordered his reserved whore for the night.

Once back inside he looked at his prisoner. She was wearing her magic panties and nothing else. “You put back on your dirty panties?” he asked with a snicker.

“They’re magic,” she reminded him. “They can’t get dirty. Aren’t you going to get dressed?”

“I’m going to fuck a whore in a minute, there’s no need.” He called out to the hallway. “And get a fuckin’ servant to wash my clothes.” Then he turned back to Dawn, grabbed her and quickly put a metal collar around her neck. To this he attached an iron chain. “Don’t bother to try to escape,” he warned her.

“Where would I go?” she asked.

He pulled her from the bathing room to his rented suite. Inside the sumptuous rooms there was an oversized bed upon which lounged a pretty whore. Beventen ignored the half-naked woman and instead led the half-naked elf across the room to where a series of large metal rings were set into the wall. Picking one at random he locked the end of the chain to it and only then turned to the whore.

“Mabel, where have you been?” he asked her.

“Waiting right here for you, Bev,” she answered, but her eyes flicked over to the beautiful elf. “I see you have a prize already.”

“Yeah, but I can’t fuck her, and I’ve already paid for you.” He walked calmly over to her. The woman couldn’t have been more different from the elf. Her long brown hair fell in curls around her shoulders, her breasts were much smaller, barely bigger than those of a teenage girl which somewhat reduced her value as a prostitute, but once a man had experienced her pussy, that quickly changed. She wore a shift that was translucent, showing her dark brown nipples to the wandering eye and didn’t come down long enough to hide her sex. A bounty of tangled curls hid her pudendum from sight.

Beventen approached her, lifted the shift off her body and pushed her down on the bed. “Ready for a quick fuck?” she asked him, spreading her legs. He looked at her open sex and started forward, but then remembered himself.

“Wait a moment,” he said, turned to his pack on the floor and extracted a silver phallus with a white crystal affixed to one end.

“Don’t tell me you can’t get it up any more,” she giggled at him. “But if that’s your kink, I can indulge.”

“I’m not getting the drips from a two brass whore,” Beventen muttered. She ignored the insult and allowed the mercenary to slide the device into her pussy. It didn’t hurt, there was a tiny bit of pleasure involved in being filled, and he smiled once the crystal lit up blue. “You’re clean,” he announced and pulled the magic device from her.

“Of course I am,” she complained. “Lady Desdem runs a very hygienic establishment.”

“Uh-huh,” he commented absently. “Let’s get down to business.” He got on the bed and pushed her head down to his crotch.

She automatically responded, opening her lips and taking his substantial cock into her mouth. He responded almost immediately, his cock hardening and growing delightfully huge. Though too many women became whores out of need, those who worked in Lady Desdem’s houses actually enjoyed their work. They had to be beautiful and skilled, of course, but Mabel went beyond that to truly enjoying every sex act her performed. When Beventen was sufficiently prepared—hard, erect, and wet with her saliva— she tossed a leg of his hips and lowered her moist and hot pussy onto his cock. She sighed, her eyelids fluttering slightly as he filled her void.

He grunted in approval, bucking his hips a bit and then allowing her to establish a rhythm with her hips. Mabel was used to working with all manner of men who had all sorts of needs. From farmers and simple laborers at the bottom of the rung who wanted a simple fuck and suck because the wife was pregnant or there was no wife, all the way up to high class clients like Beventen who knew the finer things in life and wanted a quality whore to fuck. Still, that didn’t make him much different from every other client she had. The mercenary thrusted pleasantly in to her reached up and caressed her breasts like an affectionate lover. It didn’t take too many wriggles of her hips to extract a decent orgasm out of him. He came hard inside her cunt, a nice thick flow of spunk that filled her pleasantly. She faked a small orgasm for his benefit and then leaned forward,

letting her breasts and skin connect with him. He embraced her for a minute, basking in his dénouement. And then he—which did not surprise Mabel the least—lightly snored. It took him less than two minutes to cum and fall asleep.

She grinned and shook her head as she threw one leg over his prone body, releasing his cock from her body. Her immediate thought was to leave him sleeping there, go down to the common room and perhaps turn a few more tricks before the night was over. Beventen had paid for her for the entire night, but what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. Then her thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the elf-girl. "Before you leave could you get me a bowl?"

Mabel turned her eyes on the little elf. She had never fucked in front of an elf before and quite honestly had forgotten the girl was there. She didn't mind performing for an audience, though usually she got paid extra for that. Her eyes glanced at the elf's huge tits and for a moment she felt a pang of jealousy.

"Why would I get you a bowl?" she asked unkindly.

"I need to express my milk," the girl explained. "If I don't have a bowl…it will go on the floor. I don't want to upset anyone by doing that."

Everything clicked into place for Mabel right then. The girl was a virgin elf and lactating. Her milk was incredibly valuable, which was why no doubt that Beventen had been sent to fetch her. The man had forgotten to empty her breasts, silly man. There was an opportunity for money to be made. "Wait here," she told the elf, then giggled lightly. As if the chained girl would go anywhere.

She returned a few minutes later carrying a large ceramic bowl and several glass jars. "Here," she said. "Empty them and I'll take care of the milk."

Dawn rested the bowl on her lap and took up her right breast in both hands. Already a few drops of milk had formed on the impressive nipple. This the elf ignored and firmly squeezed her generous mammary pushing her hands from her chest to the nipple, forcing out the rich, creamy milk. It sprayed in several directions at once. The bowl was well-placed and large enough to catch all off the liquid. Mabel watched, fascinated, as the girl repeated the process again and again.

"How long will this take you?" she asked.

The elf-girl shrugged. “I don’t know. It’s been a very long time since I had to do it this way. There’s almost always someone who wants to nurse me.”

“Is it true what they say about elf milk?” Mabel asked.

“What do they say?”

“That elf milk is the magic elixir that cures every disease, mends broken bones, and turns men into horny satyrs because it’s also an aphrodisiac?”

Dawn shrugged. “I don’t know. Humans believe all that because if they didn’t I wouldn’t have spent my entire life as a slave.”

The latter comment all but fell on deaf ears, she had seen too many slaves of all sorts to care. “There’s an open market for elf milk. We get requests for it all the time here. The stuff you find is normally fake, but that doesn’t stop counterfeiters.”

The elf just looked at Mabel and continued to squeeze her tit.

“We can sell your milk tonight if you want,” Mabel offered. “Beventen will never know. We can split the money.”

“And where would I keep the money? And how would I spend it?”

Mabel immediately understood her argument. “Seems unfair that you have to empty your breasts and get nothing for it.”

“I’ve gotten nothing for it for most of my life.”

The silence that filled the air between them pushed the two females apart.

“I’m going to sell it anyway,” Mabel told her.

“Fine.”

She continued to watch Dawn express her milk. It was a fascinating process. “Can I help?” she asked after long minutes. The bowl was barely a tenth full.

“I don’t see how,” Dawn answered, squeezing again. The milk sprayed and decorated the edges of the bowl with little pearls of liquid that eventually slid

down and joined the growing puddle.

Mable tried to speak, lost her voice, and then forced out the words. “I could… you know…help you by sucking out the milk. It must be painful to be so engorged, so full. I’ve seen some of the mother’s here do it.”

“You want to drink my milk,” Dawn sighed.

“Well, no. I would save it in the bowl. So we can sell it.”

“It’ll mix with your saliva and be ruined.” Dawn released her breast and shifted her position slightly. “If you want to nurse from me, that’s fine. I don’t mind.”

Mabel licked her lips nervously. She did want to do that. She just didn’t want to admit it to the girl. “I don’t need to do it,” she said slowly. “I’ll just do it to help you out.”

Dawn slipped her hand under her full breast and lifted it slightly offering it to the human woman. “Go ahead,” she said. “I know you want to.”

She started to lean forward, then caught herself. Mabel couldn’t admit that she needed to nurse from Dawn. In her heart she knew that she needed to, but couldn’t bring herself to say it or do it. After a long moment Dawn shrugged and shifted the bowl back into place and started to squeeze her full breast.

“No. Wait!” Mabel said, placing a restraining hand on the elf’s motions. She didn’t know why should couldn’t voice her need, or even act upon it. On many occasions she had sex with another whore for the amusement of a client. This wasn’t even remotely the same thing. Instead of speaking, she closed her eyes and leaned forward letting her lips rest on the elf’s big breast. Dawn moved the bowl aside and placed it on the floor. Mabel said nothing, carefully kissed her way down the soft flesh until Dawn’s nipple slipped between her lips.

Automatically she began sucking. Dawn leaned back and enjoyed the sensation of being nursed gently. Her hand came up and stroked Mabel’s curly hair. Mabel was exhilarated by the hot milk filling her mouth and then the sensation of swallowing and having her stomach fill with a pleasant sensation. She sighed and rested her face against Dawn’s flesh. She knew she shouldn’t be drinking the elf milk because every swallow was more gold she would never see, but she couldn’t stop herself. It was delicious and inviting and the perfect food.

Dawn relaxed in the sensation of being nursed. She enjoyed sharing her milk this way. As much as she hated being a slave, she had resigned herself to that role, as long as her milk was drained every day. Her right leg came up and she rested the heel on the edge of the soft chair. She slipped her fingers into her panties and started playing with her clit. It was nice to masturbate at the same time as when she was nursed. Gronash didn't like it but the human whore didn't seem to mind.

Before she knew it, Mabel had completely emptied Dawn's breast leaving them with just the bowl of milk from the one breast. She was mostly sated, but it still took all her energy not to slurp up the cooling milk. Then she noticed Dawn's busy hand inside her panties. It was true that elf milk was an aphrodisiac, Mabel concluded upon seeing what the girl was doing. "Let me help you with that," she said huskily and tugged at the elf's white panties. They refused to move.

"I'll do it," Dawn absently whispered. Her hand pushed the silken material from off her hips and she spread her legs wide. Mabel immediately moved in and kissed the elf's nude clit, then dipped lower, pushing her tongue into the tiny pussy hole. Dawn groaned and rubbed her pussy on Mabel's face. Mabel responded by licking, then sucking the elf's clit and putting her own hand between her legs. Beventen's semen was leaking out of her pussy. She didn't mind the stickiness and eagerly frigged herself, unable to resist the siren lure of illicit sex.

It took Dawn almost no time at all to reach a peak of orgasm, announced with a shrill shriek and a small gush of liquid from her tight pussy. The shriek woke Beventen.

"What the fuck are you two girls doing?" he complained upon waking. He blinked, bleary-eyed, at them.

Dawn gasped and plucked her panties from the floor, pulling them back up and covering her quim. Mabel looked at the mercenary with annoyance as she kept her fingers busy between her legs.

"Oh." He grinned lasciviously at them. "Don't stop on my account."

Mabel didn't want to stop. She had fucked him without any real pleasure, had feasted upon Dawn's delightful quim, and had drunk the elf's milk. The combination of all three made her horny than a minotaur in heat. She needed relief. "Care to fuck me again?" she asked her while looking over her shoulder.

She waggled her naked, curvy ass at Beventen, splaying open her pussy lips for him to delight in the sight of his and her mixed fluids.

“I’ve already had you once tonight,” he said looking at her exposed sex, then flicking his eyes to the moisture that leaked through Dawn’s panties. “I’m looking for a little adventure.”

“You can’t have me,” the elf-girl said disinterestedly. “Rape me and my milk will be useless to you and whoever you plan on selling me to.”

This stopped him short even as he started rising from the bed for his cock had already risen from his crotch. “A little sucking won’t hurt you,” he said, looking now at her small red lips that surely would be a tight fit for his manhood.

“Do you know nothing?” Mabel asked him. “It’s not actually getting fucked that ruins a virgin elf,” she told him. “It’s your seed. Once it touches her body, she’s useless to you.”

Beventen stood in the middle of the room, idly stroking his cock as he listened to the whore. She probably knew what she was talking about. This was her line of business. And he couldn’t bring a deflowered and defiled elf to the wizard. He’d surely turn Beventen into a slug for such an affront, but the elf’s beauty was too powerful to be ignored. “I’m sure that’s true if I unload in her pussy, but her mouth doesn’t lead to the same destination, does it?” he asked the prostitute.

“Are you willing to risk that?” she riposted.

He stroked himself a few more times. “Fine. Bring me a young girl then, a pretty one with blond hair and a smooth pudendum. I’ll fuck the tart while the elf watches.”

Dawn held her tongue. She had no intention of watching him have sex with anyone. She had ignored his copulation with Mabel and could ignore a new whore as well.

Then he noticed the bowl of milk. “Drinking my profits?” he asked angrily.

“Saving them for you,” Dawn said calmly.

He grimaced and grabbed his pack that had been stowed in the room since his

arrival. He pulled out several metal jars and carefully poured the milk into them. “I shouldn’t have to do this,” he muttered, his erection twitching during the entire process. “Are you getting me a girl to fuck or not?” he snapped at Mabel.

She jumped up and ran out the door, not bothering with clothing, there was no need. She was back in a minute, towing a slightly built, yellow-haired and very young looking girl into the room with her. Her tits were smaller than Dawn’s but that was to be expected. Beventen sealed the jars and looked at the new whore. She was pretty enough and wore the filmy thigh brushing shift most of the girls favored when on duty.

“Are you a virgin?” he asked her, standing up and presenting the girl with his now half-erect cock.

She smiled in what was supposed to be a seductive manner. “I can be if you want me to be,” she said with a wink.

He walked over to her as Mabel watched and reached between her legs. Her pussy had been denuded but he could still feel a few random hairs on her cunt. It would have to do. “Strip and get on your hands and knees,” he ordered.

Dawn curled up on the oversized padded armchair and half looked away. Mabel perched herself on the side of the bed as the young whore stripped off her garment and presented herself to the mercenary. “Not like that,” he growled. “Turn around so I can fuck you while looking at her.” He pointed at the elf.

She did so without hesitation. Beventen found his magic phallus and pushed it inside her pussy. “Hey,” she complained as the cool metal invaded her flesh.

“Shut up,” he told her. The crystal lighted blue. He pulled it out and shoved it in her asshole.

“Demons’ hell!” she shouted.

“Shut up,” he said again, smacking her on the ass.

“Ass costs extra,” she said.

“Don’t worry about it, honey,” Mabel said. “It’s all covered.”

The crystal lit blue again and he removed the tool from her anus. “What’s it going to be first?” she asked him, waggling her hips a bit as enticement.

“Shut up, whore,” he said, getting behind her and shoving his now erect cock into her. He wasn’t sure why he was so angry or horny, but he needed to fuck.

“She has a name,” Mabel said. Then she paused. “What’s your name, honey?”

“Misandra,” the girl replied breathily. Unexpectedly she was enjoying the rough treatment and skillful cock play Beventen was giving her.

“You’re not a virgin, are you?” he asked as he thrusted. Once inside he didn’t look at her, he gazed at Dawn.

“No,” she groaned out. It was starting to hurt now. Though she always lubed herself before going to a client, sometimes it wasn’t enough. Mabel put a calming hand on the girl’s shoulder.

“How about here?” he asked, pressing his thumb against her puckered asshole. He didn’t move his eyes from the elf who didn’t even give him a sidelong glance.

“No!” she shrieked, pulling away from him. He grabbed her hips and yanked her back. She cried out in pain again. Mabel watched and did nothing other than drop her hand between her legs to masturbate again.

“Why not?” he demanded. “Are you saying ‘no’ because your ass as never had a cock in it before or because you don’t want me to fuck you there?”

“I’ve been fucked in the ass before,” she whimpered.

“Thought so,” he said, pulled out of her cunt, pumped his cock a few times with his hand and came over her ass and back. He heavy drops of semen decorated her skin in a pleasing manner. He smiled at his relief and her humiliation. “Clean her with your tongue,” Beventen ordered as he stared at Dawn. She gave no indication as to realizing what was going on in the room. She almost looked half asleep.

Mabel was still horny and fell to the task given her, licking up the salty and musky spunk from Misandra’s back. The girl knew not to move during the

process. Mabel tried to jill herself while she licked and swallowed Bev's spunk, but it was nearly impossible.

"You still horny?" he asked the older whore.

"Yes," she whined.

"How do you want to get off?" he inquired. Now that he had his pleasure twice, he was more relaxed and wanted to see how he could tease the poor girls given the duty to care for him tonight.

Mabel's hand went back to her pussy and she looked around the room. "I want her tongue," she said pointing to Dawn. Beventen smiled and pushed Misandra away.

"Get over here," he ordered the elf. "You need to make Mabel cum with your tongue."

The elf regarded the mercenary dolefully. "I don't have sex with humans…or anyone for that matter."

"Bullshit," he snarled. "I saw her with her face between your legs. Time to return the favor. You won't have any spunk on you. Don't worry."

She hesitated, considered refusing, and then gave it. Acquiescing was just easier. Mabel laid back on the bed, her feet on the floor. Dawn knelt on the floor between her legs; there was just enough length in the chain for her to perform the duty. She regarded the woman's red and open pussy. It couldn't correctly be described as beautiful or even pretty, but there was something compelling about the woman's raw and open sex. It was…hungry and inviting. Dawn looked up doubtfully at Beventen. He nodded. "Do it." The young girl whore was curled up on a corner of the bed, half-watching, half-asleep.

Dawn pushed back her hair, tucking it behind her pointed ears, and pressed her face to Mabel's open set. It wasn't bad, she immediately decided, finding the woman's clit and getting to work. It wasn't bad at all.

Chapter Three

The next morning Beventen woke to the bed rocking. He sat up bleary eyed and observed the two females on the other side of the bed. Mabel and Dawn were cuddled together. Misandra was nowhere to be seen. It took him a minute to understand what was going on. Mabel's head rested against Dawn's chest, she was nursing from the fine-boned elf. Somehow Dawn had managed to reach down and cup Mabel's pussy with her hand. That was the rocking; Dawn was getting the whore off while she nursed. The affectionate embrace was most alluring and Bev's cock hardened as he contemplated fucking Mabel as she nursed. Then he realized he was losing money.

"Stop! That milk is worth gold!"

Mabel let go of Dawn's heavy breast with a wet smack. A drop of milk ran out of the corner of her mouth and dripped down to her chest. Her eyes were half-lidded as if in a stupor. Was she drunk? "But it's so delicious," she moaned. "Nectar of the gods. You have to try it."

He recoiled slightly. "I don't think so. It's for babies and old men. And concubines apparently."

After releasing the teat, Mabel's head started to clear. She looked at Bev. Moving more quickly than he could have anticipated, she rolled across the bed, grabbed his face and kissed him, pushing her tongue into his mouth. It lasted a long minute before she broke from him. "Don't you want more?" she asked him.

He wanted to say no, but couldn't. Bev just nodded. She pulled him across the bed and lifted up Dawn's still full tit for him. Once he had tasted the residue from Mabel's mouth, he needed no further encouragement to suckle. His lips went to her breast and the milk started flowing. Mabel reached down, found his cock hard, and started to stroke it. Bev responded by vague thrusting his hips, looking to release his seed while he filled his belly.

"No!" Dawn protested. "I can't get his essence on me!" Mabel nodded. Bev never released her tit, already too far gone in the mind-numbing affection that

came with the drunkenness of elf-milk. Mable slithered down and took his cock into her mouth. As he sucked, she sucked. The ejaculation happened naturally and she swallowed every droplet of his semen as Bev finished Dawn's milk.

"Time to leave," Beventen announced when the group had recovered. "We've got an important appointment with a wizard down the river." He dressed as the women drowsed together. It was pretty to see them so affectionate together, but he didn't have time for that. He unlocked Dawn's chain from the wall. "Time to get dressed," he told her.

A few minutes later they were walking together through the busy streets of the town. No one paid any particular attention to the mercenary holding a chain around a slave's neck. Slavery, though not officially illegal, was the basis of much labor on the frontier, especially if the slave was an elf. He had procured from the whorehouse a dress that was appropriate for her to wear amidst the humans. His pack carried their meager supplies along with the bottles of her milk, kept in careful magic suspension.

The barge waiting for them was a fairly new riverboat that had its twin giant paddlewheels powered by some unseen and presumably magical force. They boarded along with a small crowd of other travelers. Bev bribed a purser for a better cabin and was settling in for a pleasant journey, after locking Dawn's neck chain to a heavy bolt in the floor, when there was a knock at the door.

Mystified he answered it and was surprised to see Mabel standing there, a wry grin on her face. He wasn't pleased to see her. "What are you doing here?" he demanded no letting her in.

"I'm coming with you," she announced.

"Ha. That's a lie I'm sure you've told many a time before."

Over his shoulder the concubine saw that Dawn was still with Beventen. She smirked at him and pushed inside. "You'll need some amusement on the trip," she told him.

"It's only two days and if there isn't another tart on the boat I'll just seduce whoever is available."

"You'll need my help to take care of her, to milk her," Mabel said as she took a

seat on the bed, crossed her legs and let the loose skirt she wore slide well up her thigh. “For some sexual release for yourself.”

“I don’t want you here,” he said. “Get out.”

“I’m not leaving,” she said, adjusting her cleavage which was impressive considering what she had to work with. Her neckline hovered dangerously low threatening to release her tits to full view.

“I’ll throw you overboard myself.”

She fixed him with a dead glare. “You’ll never hold out for the entire trip,” she told him. “Elf milk is…addictive. Once you’ve had a taste, you can’t stop drinking the stuff, I know.”

He scoffed at her. “Because you’ve had a taste or two last night and this morning?”

That smart remark caused her to frown in anger. She tried to keep control of her emotions under control. “You think I haven’t learned anything working in a whorehouse? Elf milk is the ultimate aphrodisiac. We’ve sold watered down versions of it before. Just enough to give a man a jolt. But here’s the thing: once you start on it, it’s almost impossible to stop. Why do you think virgin elf slaves are so valuable?”

“I don’t give a shit,” he told her. “You just want more of her milk. That’s not going to happen. I don’t care if you’ve addicted yourself. Get the fuck out.”

“You’ve drunk from her breast as well,” Mabel pointed out. “I know you intend to drink more from her on your trip. If you manage to keep yourself from going into a frenzy and raping her, you might be able to deliver her to the wizard. Assuming she isn’t despoiled, he’ll probably be glad to take her from you. You think you can do that all by yourself?” she asked while idly unlacing the front of her dress. As she spoke her breasts eventually came into view. “It’ll be a lot easier with me along for the ride,” she pointed out while running a finger around her exposed and erect nipple.

Beventen closed the door and said, “Take off your dress.” She stood up and did so, letting the material crumple to the floor. She wore a supporting garment that pushed up her tits and nothing else. “Take that off too and get down on your

knees."

Mabel knew exactly what to do and pulled Bev's cock out of his pants. It had only been a few hours since he had last cum, but already he was erect and ready to fuck again. She licked the head of his sex, a drop of precum had formed. It was sticky and salty. She savored it on her tongue.

"It'll be a few hours before we can milk her again. I'll get you through this." She sucked his cock into her mouth and he leaned back against the wall of the small but comfortable cabin. He managed to keep his eyes open for a minute as she fellated him. Dawn regarded him from across the room; her face wasn't angry, just resigned. She was a slave to her body even as she enslaved the wills of others.

Abruptly he pulled out her mouth. "Turn around and get on the bed. I want to fuck you in the ass." When she obeyed his orders, presenting her slim, pert buttocks to his cock, he slapped her once to prove he was still in control and scooped a bit of her leaking moisture from her cunt and spread it on his cock. "To ease the way," he muttered as he pressed the tip against her brown rosebud.

For a moment Mabel tensed, then relaxed her sphincter. It was a trick she had learned after working in the red light district for too long. Beventen's cock slid slowly into her. It hurt, but it was a good pain. Only when he started thrusting did her mind wander from the pain to another plane of existence. She was in another world. Her hand automatically slid between her thighs and she frigged her little clit. Eventually he came, emptying into her bowels and they slid onto the rough blanket that topped the bed. His weight on her felt nice. She didn't want him to leave her.

Together they turned their heads and watched the nearly motionless form of the elf-girl. She looked wistfully out the small window of the cabin. The motion of the boat rocked the room slightly. Her large breasts jiggled slightly in unison with the rocking. It was easily visible under the thin material of her borrowed dress. Mable and Beventen slipped off to sleep as they watched the object of the obsession.

It was hours later when they woke. Beventen had slipped off her but their bodies had remained pressed together. The cabin was small and warm, a sheen of sweat covered them both. His cock was soft between her buttocks and they pulled

wetly, tackily, apart. Dawn ignored them carefully. The couple awkwardly pulled their clothes back on and agreed to find the riverboat's dining room. They weren't gone long enough for Dawn's taste, but they did return with food for her. For that she was grateful but hated that they watched her eat. She took her time knowing they would want to nurse the moment she was done.

"Take off your dress," Mabel ordered. Dawn had been certain that the mercenary would be the one to order her about, but she complied nonetheless. "Now lay down on the bed between us."

Dawn did as she was bid. What choice did she have in the matter. Almost immediately the couple latched on to her breasts, one each. They suckled happily together. "You should try to stop," Dawn said to them, certain they weren't listening. Both held a breast in one hand, supporting her a bit as they nursed. "The more of my milk you drink, the stronger the addiction becomes. It isn't good for humans. I've seen what it does to men. I've seen men fight and kill over me."

Beventen opened his eyes and regarded her dolefully. "I regret that I cannot. Even your scent is heavenly." He grabbed her hand and brought it to his crotch. She felt his hard cock under his breeches. "See what you do to me?"

"I do that to every many who drinks from me. And every woman. When there is no wound or disease to heal, the milk drives humans wild with desire."

"And what about trolls?" Mabel asked, smacking her lips wetly as she let go of the girl's teat. "What did he get from you? Why didn't he go insane with desire."

"Maybe he did," she answered as the whore went back to her drink. "I don't know anything about trolls."

"And does elf milk affect women in the same way as men?" Beventen asked, reaching across Dawn's body and slipping a pair of fingers into Mabel's cunt. She was moist. Her lips were swollen and ready to be taken again.

"Yes," Dawn answered. "In many ways." Bev brought his hand back and probed at her mons trying to see if he could feel her pussy through the white panties. They were like steel beneath his fingers. "And you can see why I need to wear these," she pointed out.

Bev and Mabel ignored her. They were in another stupor as her milk controlled their minds and bodies. “This is why your master wanted you to bottle my milk, so you wouldn’t become an addict.”

“Too late,” Mabel giggled. Her breast was empty now, as was Beventen’s. The mercenary pushed at the elf’s body.

“Get away. I need to fuck my whore now.”

And the pair did. Dawn felt her desire rising as the two copulated fiercely. She retreated to her tiny bed in the corner of the cabin and pushed her hands inside her panties. The two would be in a milk-fueled frenzy now. They would fuck for a while until their desire was sated and then pass out. She had seen it happen before. She had participated in it before just as she had encouraged it this time. In her underlying nature it was natural for her to offer her breasts to whomever desired it simply because it pleased her to see other suckle from her teats. She knew the dangers it presented to humans, but she couldn’t help herself.

A drop of her milk welled up from her now soft breast. She wiped it up with a finger, brought it to her lips and swallowed. Her brain fired with desire and one hand’s fingers plunged into her cunt while the other vigorously jilled her clit until she came with a whimper as her new masters fornicated with wild abandon on the bed.

And so it went with the threesome was they traveled up the river. Dawn saw the pair becoming more and more addicted to her milk. Mabel was kind enough to perform cunnilingus a few times on the poor elf for some additional relief, but that was always a risk because she needed to remove her panties for that and they weren’t certain if Beventen could restrain himself. So they locked him out of the cabin while the girls made love. It drove him wild with desire and drew the attention of some of the other passengers. A few gold coins slipped to the purser took care of that problem.

On the morning of the third day they woke from their milk-hangovers and Beventen slipped his hand between Mable’s legs as she woke. She was wet and ready, as she always was now. He wanted to fuck her. Sleepily he rolled on top of her body, kissed the side of her neck, and then kissed his way down to her chest, taking one of the nipples into his mouth, pretending he was nursing from Dawn.

He was alarmed and delighted when he felt a trickle of milk in his mouth. Bev swallowed and backed off. He grabbed her breast with both hands and squeezed, trying to force more milk out of her tit.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Mable complained. She had been hoping for a fuck but now was just being abused.

“You’ve got milk,” he told her as a few small pearls of thin milk welled up from within her breasts, joined together on the tip of her nipple, then slowly slid down the slope of her small breast. Beventen leaned in and licked her clean, then latched on to her tit, sucking as hard as he could

Mable was awake now and she manipulated her free breast, playing with the nipple and fleshy tit until her other breast gave up a drop of milk as well. She wiped it up with her finger and brought it to her mouth. “Delicious. Why am I lactating?” she marveled at herself.

“It’s what elf milk does to human women,” Dawn said from the safety of her bed on the floor.

The two humans were in too much of a stupor to have any real reaction to Dawn’s words. “Don’t worry,” she said. “Her milk is nothing like elf milk.”

They continued to ignore her. It didn’t take Beventen long to empty the tiny amount of milk from Mable’s breasts. When he was done the two fell hungrily to the elf’s tits, sucking her milk greedily. They had all but forgotten why they had gone on this journey in the first place. When her breasts were empty they fell back to the bed and furiously fucked, fueled by the natural aphrodisiacs in the elf milk. It didn’t take long at all for Beventen to cum inside of the whore’s well-used pussy. Dawn wondered what terrible end would befall these two unfortunate lovers.

After a while they were spent and lounged together on the bed. The boat had stopped moving a while ago. Dawn was still chained by the neck to the bolt in the wall. Something was bound to happen soon and she prepared herself. She kept her back to the couple. There was no reason to treat them with respect now that they were addicted to her milk; they showed no self-control at all.

“Do you think the wizard knows about her tattoos and scars?” Mable asked as Beventen idly played with her tangled and matted pubic hair.

“Why?”

“If he thinks you damaged or marked her, you probably won’t get paid. You might wind up dead.”

“Don’t talk about me like I’m not here,” Dawn insisted quietly. They continued to ignore her.

“I think he’s smart enough to figure out the truth,” Beventen said. His eyes were barely open, he was still enjoying the mellowness of Dawn’s milk and the desperate sex it had fueled. Their reverie was broken by a sharp banging on the door.

Somehow Mabel managed to stumble to the door and open it for the purser. “I regret to inform you that we’ve reached our destination and all passengers must disembark.” He was a seasoned professional. Not Mabel’s nude body, the fact that she had obviously recently had sex, or the chained up elf-girl in the corner of the room flustered him.

“We’ll just take the return trip back down the river,” Beventen said. His eyes cast around the cabin looking to see where he had put his purse to bribe the agreeable man with some coin. “Let me pay our passage.”

“I’m afraid that’s not possible, sir,” the purser said. “Your party is waiting for you on the docks. I have orders to remove you.”

Beventen would have been happy to fight every member of the crew for the right to return, but that seemed like too much effort. It was also but a cloud dream for the two sailors that accompanied the purser had the trio packed, dressed and deposited on the docks in short order.

“You must be the mercenary Clotid hired,” said a man-at-arms accompanied by a group of four sell-swords. “And the girl is your quarry. Who’s the old woman?”

Beventen blinked in the bright sunlight. “She’s…Mable, my companion.”

“Who are you calling old?” Mabel said indignantly.

The man ignored her. “My name is Hartel. We have a wagon for the elf. You can accept your payment here and now, or you can speak with Clotid himself if you

so desire.”

“I’d like a wagon ride, please,” Beventen said. “I need to renegotiate the terms of my contract with Clotid.”

Hartel shrugged. “Your option.” The group got into the wagon pulled by four mules. Two of the sell-swords walked, two rode. Dawn was chained and bolted to the floorboards of the wagon. The mercenaries put up a cover over the wagon and they continued their journey in silence. It didn’t take long for Beventen and Mabel to fall asleep. Dawn wished she could do the same as her human captors.

It wasn’t long before the trio reached the wizard’s tower, were roused, marched through the gate, and unceremoniously in a large mostly empty room. The door was locked behind them. Only then did Beventen and Mabel realize that Dawn was no longer with them, she had been taken away by the guards. While not exactly a prison cell, the room was close enough.

“We’re fucked,” he told Mabel as he sat down on the floor, put his back to the wall, and let his throbbing headache take over.

Chapter Four

He wasn’t sure how long it was before the door reopened, but he was on his feet in a moment, scrabbling for his sword. It was gone along with his belt, scabbard, and dagger he kept in his boot. Beventen didn’t bother searching for other weapons he normally secreted on his body, they would be gone as well. He was a realist. Mabel was slower to react than him, slowly getting to her feet to confront the old man who stomped into the small chamber.

“You wanted more money,” he said bluntly.

“Who’s this?”Mabel demanded. Her head was throbbing with the first signs of withdrawal from elf milk. She was cold and hungry and her fingers were starting to shake.

“The wizard Clotid,” Beventen said, blinking at his temporary employer.

“He doesn’t look like much of a wizard,” she sneered.

The old man gazed at her with ice cold blue eyes. He wore a grizzled brown beard, an old linen shirt and brown leather trousers and boots like those of a farmhand. Barely visible beneath the thinning hair that fell over his forehead was a blue tattoo of a star. He knew he didn’t look like much and that was the way he preferred it. “Shut up, whore,” he said mildly. “I have business to attend.”

“Don’t tell me what to do, old man,” she snapped. It was a poor decision brought on by the irritation of withdrawal.

Clotid regarded her calmly for a moment, then snapped his fingers. She flew back five feet to hit the stone wall and suddenly she found she could no longer breathe. Mabel choked and tried to gasp, but found her lungs no longer operated correctly. Something was terribly wrong and she was certain she was going to die. Then as suddenly as it began, the threat was gone. She hauled in a breath and huddled against the wall. Clotid turned back to Beventen. “You didn’t like our deal?” he asked.

“It was a lot of work to get her here,” he said, trying to gather his thoughts. The milk intoxication laid heavy in his mind. “I don’t need extra money, just…I want to have a chance at her milk.”

“No,” the wizard said curtly. “You two are already addicted. You’re starting withdrawal now. It’ll be painful enough. Perhaps when it leaves your bodies, you’ll rethink your position, but for now you’ll remain here. I can’t have elf milk addicts running around.”

“That wasn’t part of the deal!” screamed Beventen.

The wizard didn’t let his anger rise. There was no need. “I gave you warnings. I supplied you with equipment to capture her body and her milk, but instead you partook of it. You must now pay for those actions. You and your…companion.” He turned to leave and then half-turned back. “I’m actually doing you a favor, believe it or not.”

“I don’t believe it,” Beventen said.

“Elf milk is dangerous,” Clotid said as he walked away. “You used it foolishly. You could have had a fortune, instead you let yourself be seduced by pleasures of the flesh.”

The heavy steel door opened as he approached, then closed silently as he passed through. Beventen raced after the wizard, trying to slip out the door and make his escape. He was too slow. He pounded his fists on the cold surface to no avail.

Clotid walked through his tower, more of a small manor house with a tower attached, but he always preferred the traditional wizard residence of a tower. There would be time to talk with the elf girl tomorrow. She was safe enough in her cell. The guards were locked out as securely as she was locked in. He went to his private chambers where Alixe awaited.

The handsome young man was merely a toy. The wizard how found him working at an inn as a stable boy and immediately decided that was a complete waste of the boy’s talents. He hired him as his assistant and brought him home, one of the many perks of being a rich, powerful wizard. Alixe was on the bed wearing his customary leather brassard, silver torc, and gold cockring. There was no reason for such a beautiful boy to wear more clothing. He was blonde, well-muscled, and knew exactly what Clotid liked.

He assisted the older wizard out of his clothes. Clotid lay down on the bed and allowed Alixe to take his cock into his mouth. Immediately the sex organ started rising and was hard and ready for sex in but a minute.

“How would you like me tonight, sir?” Alixe asked respectfully.

The boy had manners. He knew his role and place in the world. Clotid cupped his cheek with one hand and eased the boy’s mouth back to his cock. “In your mouth tonight, dear boy. I’m looking to relax. I have a lot of work with the elf tomorrow.”

“Yes, sir.” Alixe took the wizard’s proud cock into his mouth and sucked greedily. Clotid had never asked if the boy preferred sex with men or women. It didn’t matter. Clotid did as he pleased. The boy didn’t complain, he was the beneficiary of the wizard’s essence almost every day. Soon Clotid would grow bored with the boy and send him on his way—well-rewarded, of course.

In short order Alixe used his mouth and hands on Clotid teasing up a nice orgasm that the wizard spilled into the boy’s mouth. Alixe swallowed every drop. It was his job and his pleasure, at least from Clotid’s perspective. The boy didn’t even know what wonderful things were happening to him to have a wizard gift him with such untainted magic every day.

Chapter Five

Clotid silently watched the elf girl sleeping in the bed. He could appreciate her beauty, but had no desire to possess it. She was just a material good that was going to get him more power that he desired. “Wake up,” he said softly. It was all he needed.

In a moment the girl was awake and blinking at the wizard. It took her a moment to realize where she was. She sighed and sat back down on the bed.

“I’m not here to harm you, child,” Clotid said.

She sniffed and turned away from him. “I’m not a child. I’m older than you. And you certainly want something from me.”

“I doubt you are older than me,” he gently corrected her. “But that’s not important now. I’m sure your time here will be much more comfortable than with the troll or in the hands of the mercenary.”

“I’m sure,” she said into the wall.

“Ah, yes, I would need to prove my goodwill first, wouldn’t I?” he pondered aloud. With a wave of his finger the iron band around her neck fell away, releasing her from captivity.

“You’re freeing me?” she asked.

“Of course,” he said. “Where would you go?”

She opened her mouth to reply and no words came out. Dawn’s entire life, all her memories, had been one of captivity. She could run, but to where? Her eyes welled up with tears, but she refused to cry, not letting a single drop roll out of her almond-shaped eyes and down her cheeks. “Where would I go?” she asked, half to herself, half to Clotid, looking askance at him.

“My name is Clotid. You have free roam of my house. I warn you not to tempt the guards, they are few, but few humans have the will to resist the call of elf

milk.”

“I would never—” she began to say but the wizard cut her off.

“I know you would do whatever it takes to stay alive. You’ve manipulated your way here. That’s fine, but don’t lie to me. You put yourself at risk.”

She looked directly at him now. “I’m free to leave, but I have nowhere to go. You’re keeping me a prisoner just like Beventen, like Gronash, like the king…”

“I’m proposing an agreement. You can stay here and enjoy life in my home for as long as you like. I’m currently looking for your family, your country, your people, but elves are a secretive race and are difficult to contact when they wish to remain hidden.”

“What’s the catch,” she said knowing that everyone in the world had always wanted something from her.

Clotid continued as if he hadn’t heard her. “You can leave when you want, you have complete free will. I only ask for one thing.”

“My milk,” she finished for him.

“Your milk,” he concluded. “You are no fool.”

“You do want something from me.”

The wizard’s lip curled. “No one stays under my protection without contributing something. Your breasts are already starting to swell and hang heavy with their precious liquid. You’ll have to pump them or find someone to nurse from you soon.”

“You want to nurse from me,” she concluded with a sigh.

Clotid laid a hand on his chest. “Gods above, no. Never. I’ll never lay my lips on a woman’s breast—elf or human or elsewise. I prefer boys. And the last thing I need is elf milk causing havoc with my magic.” He grinned at his small rhyme. “If you’ll look in the wardrobe you’ll find a variety of garments you may wear. You’ll find a device that will efficiently pump the milk from your breasts. This bell pull will summon servants to help you as needed.”

“What’s to stop me from seducing one of your guards and getting rid of my virginity?” she challenged him, her bright eyes flashing, a little bit of life coming back to her.

“Nothing. Once your maidenhead is gone and you’ve been despoiled by semen, human semen no less, your milk will dry up, you’ll be useless to me, and you’ll be useless to your people. They don’t want a girl about to give birth to a half-breed. I don’t want a girl who can’t support herself. I’ll kick you out of my home and you’ll have to find your own way home. Your choice.” He nodded once and left her rooms.

Dawn sat on her bed for a long time contemplating her situation, then finally went to the wardrobe. As promised it was filled with clothes and on a shelf a case held a pair of glass cups connected with tubes to a central collection jar. It was easy to see the intent of the device but she couldn’t understand how it worked.

Since her breasts were steadily swelling and they were rapidly approaching the point of pain, she decided to make a calculated risk. She opened the front of the dress in which she had awoke, exposing her tits to the air. Immediately her nipples erected and she felt her body ready to spew forth her milk. Pressing the glass cups to her breasts they were suddenly soothed from the dull ache of being too full, then her teats were pulled forward, extracting her precious milk. The thin white liquid slid down the clear tubes to the collection jar.

A sigh escaped her lips as the tension eased away from her tits and the magical device got to work. She watched in fascination as the cups pulled on her tits, lengthening her nipples as the milk squirted out, then they released and the milk started to flow as if on its own. She closed her eyes, settled back in the chair next to the bed and let the pump do its work.

It wasn’t long before her breasts were delightfully lightened and she disengaged the strange device from her chest. As an unexpected bonus the toy had aroused her passion. Looking around to make sure she wasn’t being observed, she set the pump aside, making sure not to spill the milk, leaned back in the chair, hiked up her long skirt, and slipped her fingers into her panties.

She knew her body. Her pussy was wet and ready. Her clit was erect like her nipples had been minutes ago. It took her a few relaxing minutes to jill off and

scream in pleasure, her own pleasure. It had been too long since she had been so…free to do as she pleased and not for the amusement or pleasure of another.

Putting herself back in order she pulled the bell rope and almost immediately a wizened old crone appeared, pushing the door to her room open. “Yes, milady?” the woman inquired.

Dawn indicated the bottle of milk. “I assume you know what to do with this?”

“Yes, milady,” the crone replied. “I’ll take care of it. Would you like a meal or a bath or something else?” She hobbled over to the pump, disconnected the jar and waited expectantly for her orders.

Dawn knew not what to do. Never before had she been the one giving orders. “I think a bath, then a meal.”

“Yes, milady. I’ll show you to the bathing pool.”

It took her little time to settle into a relaxing routine in Clotid’s home. She pumped her breasts every morning, the milk was taken away by the crone servant. After that Dawn would bath, dress, wander the gardens Clotid maintained for his amusement or experiments, explore the library he maintained, sunned herself in the solarium, and looked for other amusements. Though she was safe and free to do as she wished, Dawn discovered she didn’t know what she wished.

She never heard anything about Beventen or Mabel, nor did she inquire. She did encounter the guards as she moved about the castle, but they were respectful and kept their distance, undoubtedly warned by Clotid about the danger she posed to them. She would visit the kitchens where she chatted with the fat old cook, Hester, and her ancient crone servant, Batilda. They both claimed to be widows now serving Clotid and his guards. They seemed happy and were too happy to chat with her, but avoided any subject that was either forbidden or unknown. They pushed her toward the library where she could read, they would play simple card games with her in their free time and little else.

“What happens to my milk?” she asked Batilda one morning.

“I don’t know,” the old woman admitted. “I deliver it to Clotid’s workshop and that’s it.”

“When will I know about my family?” she asked.

Hester could only hazard a shrug.

“Are the guards eunuchs?”

“I doubt it,” Batilda said. “But they’re also under spell from Clotid, so I doubt they pose a danger to you.”

“Are there other servants in the house?”

“A few in the gardens and farmland,” Hester admitted. “A few cleaning staff, old dwarves who keep to themselves.”

Dawn nodded and finished her card game with the old ladies. She continued to exist in her idyllic, safe, and boring existence.

That was all upset one morning when she rang for Batilda and instead of the old crone walking in, a handsome young man walked in. Dawn was temporarily surprised at his appearance, she hadn’t bothered to put on a proper dress and her breasts were exposed. This was nothing new to her, of course, but it was the first time it had happened in Clotid’s house.

“Who are you?” she demanded, taking on the role of a haughty lady of the manor.

“Alixe,” he replied while staring at her tits. “I’m Clotid’s servant.”

“Oh,” was all she could think to say while buttoning up her dress, tucking her breasts safely away. “You can take the milk.”

“I’m also his lover,” Alixe added.

Dawn rewarded him with a smile. “He must trust you,” she said.

He nodded and made no movement to pick up the glass jar of her milk. He held his head oddly and then looked at her out of the corner of his eye. “He trusts me too much, I think.”

“Why would you say that?” she asked warily.

“He thinks I only like boys, like him.”

“He’s a man,” she pointed out, trying to redirect the conversation.

Alixe shook his head slowly. “He’s a wizard. He’s not human.”

“I didn’t know that.”

“I’m human.”

“I can see that.”

“I like fucking women too,” Alixe said with a hint of menace.

Dawn swallowed and nearly lost her voice. “I’m not a woman,” she pointed out softly. “I’m an elf.”

He grinned broadly. “Close enough for me.” He advanced rapidly across the room, grabbed her arms and pinned her against the stone wall. For a moment she was too shocked to do anything, then started to scream. Alixe clamped a hand over her mouth. “Don’t make a noise,” he warned.

“Or what?” she hissed at him. She wasn’t sure if she should be angry or afraid.

Instead of replying he backhanded her, knocking her to the floor. In a moment he was on top of her, pulling up her dress and searching for her cunt. He found it blocked and tried to rip of her white protective panties. They stymied him.

“The fuck—?” he complained trying to tear the fabric away, scratching her skin in the process, but making no progress. The scratching and the unexpected blow of the pain cause Dawn to scream in fear and anger. She tried hitting him, but he was too big and strong for her blows to have any effect.

“Shut your face—” he started to say, raising his hand to smack her again, but the blow never landed. She had shut her eyes in anticipation of the impact that never came. After a moment she looked up and saw his fist raised up, but his entire body frozen. A moment later he lost his balance and tipped over to the side. She anxiously scrambled out of the way and cast around to see what had happened.

Clotid walked into the room, his head slowly shaking, the corners of his mouth

downturned in anger. With a wave of his hand, Alixe's frozen body skittered across the room. Dawn sat with her back against the bed, breathing heavily. She wasn't sure if Alixe was dead or alive or somewhere in between.

"I apologize," Clotid said. "I put too much trust in the boy. He didn't realize he was just a momentary distraction. One that should have known his place. Are you injured?" he asked kindly.

"No, I don't think so."

He nodded accepting her answer. "And your maidenhead is still in place. Stupid boy should have known better." Dawn just nodded. Hester then bustled in, her eyes wide with shock. "Help the girl clean up and calm her down. See to her injuries, if any. I'll speak to her in my library when you are done."

Hester nodded. Dawn then suddenly burst into tears. It was the first time she had cried in years. Hester cradled the girl against her bosom, rocking her gently. Clotid picked up the glass jar of milk and walked out of the room; Alixe's frozen body levitated up and followed the wizard.

After a few minutes Dawn regained her composure and looked up at the cook. "Where's Batilda?" she asked. "I called for her and Alixe appeared."

"She's…she's, I think she might be dead. I saw her body in the hallway when Clotid called me."

This caused Dawn to burst into tears again.

Chapter Six

An hour later she was in Clotid's private library, bathed, dressed, her scratches expertly cleaned and bandaged by Hester. The old wizard motioned for her to sit next to him in one of the many comfortable leather chairs. "I apologize again. I should have been monitoring the boy better. I thought he might have more resistance to your charms, but he turned out not to be anything more than a simple boy."

Dawn just nodded. "Where is Batilda?"

Clotid regarded her for a moment. "She's dead, killed by Alixe, knocked down a flight of stairs. Stupid boy. I've taken care of him; you've nothing further to fear. "

She nodded again.

"I had hoped to tell you this under better circumstances, but now is no worse or better than tomorrow. I have a place for you to go to live with other elves."

This information didn't even register with Dawn. "What?"

"I've found people who will accept you. You can go home."

"Go home? I have no home."

"You will now."

She nodded, not understanding, but going through the correct motions to appease him. Clotid understood her confusion and tried again. "If you like I can sell you back into slavery. King Meneles is still looking for you. He became quite the milk addict during your imprisonment in his castle."

The name broke her out of her reverie. Memories long forgotten were not brought to the forefront. She shuddered and finally met his eyes. "Meneles?"

"I hate the man," Clotid said. "I have my reasons to keep you from him."

She nodded again. “What happened to Batilda?”

“Dead, I’m afraid,” he said kindly. “I’m not sure if she fell down the stairs because of her age or clumsiness or if that wretched boy Alixe pushed her down. He’s been…dealt with. You don’t need to worry about him any longer.”

“Did you kill him?” she asked.

Clotid seemed taken aback by this accusation. “Whores of the gods, no! But I’ll impose upon you not to ask what exactly I did with him. Few people in this world would want to know and I believe at this point with your weak constitution, the information would be too terrifying.” He sighed. “Even I can be a fool. I allowed myself to be blinded by his beauty and…other skills. Even an old wizard has his weaknesses.”

“Fine,” she breathed out. “I’m to be a slave no longer?”

“That’s correct.”

“Who is coming for me?”

“An agent of the elf community. They’re currently organized in a tribe at the northern edge of the Adirindrak Forest. Your escort will be here in a few days.”

“Do I still need to give you my milk?” she asked.

“No.”

“Why not?”

He looked away, perhaps ashamed at the answer, perhaps bored by the conversation. “I have struck a deal with the elf council to which I am releasing you. Your milk paid for your stay here and your protection. That is no longer part of the bargain.”

“You don’t need my milk anymore,” she accused him.

He said nothing.

“I could despoil myself—as you have put it—with one of your guards,” she said,

half rising out of her chair.

“That would be a poor decision. I agreed to deliver you safely to the elves in pure form. It would be a waste of your time to try at this point. I have ensorcelled them to keep your virginity intact.”

“What do these elves want with me?” she asked.

“You’ll have to ask them when they arrive.”

“What if I refuse to go?”

“You can stay here if you choose.”

“But you don’t want me to.”

“You are a perceptive girl.”

“What deal have you made?”

Clotid smiled. “Everyone wants to ally with a wizard when they are weak and then kill the wizard when they are powerful. The elves wish to ally with me now. I’m giving them something they want—you—and in return they’ve agreed to a favor for me.”

“What favor?”

“That information is not for you,” he said clearly and firmly. The conversation was at an end. “Please feel free to use my home as you wish for the next few days until the elves arrive.” He left the library.

The next few days passed as if Batilda was simply taking a few days away and Alixe was back to working in the stables and out of the house. The guards were polite but distant with her. She continued to milk her tits every morning, leaving the milk in her room when she went to breakfast in the kitchen. When she returned it was gone, her pump cleaned and placed back in the wardrobe. It was still idyllic, even though she didn’t much enjoy her life.

Chapter Seven

Almost a week after Batilda's death Dawn was woken in the middle of the night with a hand clamped over her mouth and a blade at her throat. "Don't move, don't scream if you want to live," a rough voice said behind her. There was another body uncomfortably close behind her. She didn't know what to do and simply stayed limp.

The blade and the hand didn't move for a long minute. "Good," the voice said lowly, softly in her ear. "The wizard's guards and wards aren't all that effective, are they?" The question wasn't directed at her so she remained silent. Then the hand let go of her mouth and slid down her torso to feel her breasts. The hand expertly evaluated her tits' size and heaviness. "Full. Still a virgin? You may speak, but softly."

"Yes," Dawn managed to find her voice and not scream in panic.

"Good." The hand now traveled down between her legs, briefly pried at her panties which denied entrance, then slid a little lower to cup her pussy through the material. Dawn tensed but the hand didn't explore further.

"Has the wizard mistreated you?"

"No."

"Then what are these marks on your back?" She was pushed forward and her nightgown was pulled down, exposing the scars and marks on her back.

"From previous owners," she said. "Beatings, torture—"

"Branding and tattoos," the voice said, disgusted. "This torture will be paid for with flesh."

Abruptly the door flew open and the oil lamps on the walls ignited, flooding the room with light, all but blinding Dawn and her attacker. For a moment Dawn was temporarily paralyzed, and then realized the body behind her truly was

paralyzed. She slipped away from the blade at her neck and looked over to Clotid marching angrily into her room followed by four guards. She wondered why he even bothered to have guards if he was so powerful.

“I don’t like my home violated,” he raged at the masked and hooded infiltrator. “Even if it is done by an invited guest.”

Dawn looked at the figure on her bed. He was dressed all in black, wore a cloak and hood and a mask. Angrily she reached out and yanked off the hood and mask. She shouldn’t have been surprised to find an elf looking back at her. It took her a moment to understand the elf was undoubtedly female, but something was wrong with her appearance that Dawn didn’t understand at first.

“You should have used the front door and you would have been admitted,” Clotid said. “You’re lucky that a guard didn’t kill you. You’re even luckier that I didn’t kill you.” He paused and considered his words. “I’m still contemplating it.” He glared at the interloping elf. “What do you have to say in response?” he asked.

The elf remained frozen.

Clotid sighed. “It’s late.” He absently waved his hand, releasing the elf from his paralyzing spell.

“I needed to make sure she was as promised,” the elf replied. Her voice was slightly softer, but still harsh to Dawn’s finely tuned ears.

“I don’t like elves using their magic to slip inside my home. I don’t like my trust violated.”

The elf stood up from her half-folded position on Dawn’s bed. “Council’s orders. I didn’t have any choice in the matter.”

“It’s not wise to cross a wizard,” he told her. “Be sure to bring that message to your council.”

“I will.” The elf acted brave, but Dawn could tell she was intimidated to near her breaking point.

“What’s your name, elf?” Clotid asked.

“Zarya.”

Clotid nodded. “Where’s your sigil?”

The elf pulled off a glove and displayed a ring. Clotid nodded again. “They match. In the future, don’t be so foolish. We’ll finish this in the morning.” He turned on his heel and left the bedroom, followed by the guards.

Dawn found herself staring at the elf. “What the matter girl? Never seen an elf before?” Zarya asked.

“No.”

This simple response caused Zarya to pause. “Of course not. You’ve been a slave your entire life.” Her lip curled in anger. She threw off her cloak and started stripping off some of her outer garments. “I suppose you have lots of questions for me,” she said. Her voice was still husky even though there was no need to disguise her voice. That was when Dawn noticed the scar on the other elf’s neck.

“What happened?” she asked, touching her own throat.

Self-consciously Zarya’s hand went to the scar. “I’ve worked some dangerous jobs for the council. Haven’t gotten through all of them perfectly safely.” By now she had pulled off most of her clothes and was wearing only a form-fitting tunic and brief shorts. Her leggings, boots and other clothing had been tossed aside. Dawn noted the mature elf barely had any breasts in contrast to her oversized ones. She felt self-conscious, more so than she ever had before.

Her eyes roamed over the elf’s face and noted her highly angled eyes, arching eyebrows, and delicate features. Zarya had light brown hair that had been cut short, giving her a cute, almost pixie-ish appearance. It was then Dawn noted the elf didn’t have pointed ears.

“What happened…here?” she asked, touching her own ears.

Zarya’s eyes flashed in anger, then she closed them and calmed herself. “Sometimes jobs get dangerous. Sometimes you get caught. Sometimes you get your ears cut back to look like a human.” She glared at Dawn, challenging her. “Any other questions?”

“No.”

“Good. Take off your panties.”She stepped over to the pile of clothes that partly covered the small pack she had brought into the room.

“What?”

“Take off your panties. I can’t do it for you, that I already know. I need to make sure you’re a virgin.” She stood up holding a golden phallus in her hand. In the pack Dawn saw a variety of ropes and restraining devices.

Not knowing what else to do, Dawn pushed her only protection from her loins, exposing the soft flesh of her sex. “Lay down on the bed,” Zarya ordered. She did so, automatically opening her legs, knowing what the elf wanted. She was embarrassed and humiliated. Is this what it means to be an elf?

She wore only her short nightdress that contained her breasts, but not her modesty. Zarya kneeled between Dawn’s legs and pressed the golden phallus against the elf-girl’s sex. She tensed up and pushed back, trying to preserve her virginity. “Relax or it will hurt. I have to do this.”

Nodding unconsciously, Dawn tried to will herself to go limp. She felt her lips part and the cool metal penetrated her pussy. She wondered if this device would take her virginity or if she would still be considered pure to the elves. Zarya studied the girl’s sex carefully, then abruptly slipped the metal rod out of her pussy. “Good. Excellent. Now sit up and take off your top.”

Dawn knew what was coming and followed the orders. Zarya now had a small golden cup. She hesitated a moment. “It’s easier if you draw it out yourself and I catch it in the cup.” To this Dawn nodded, taking her large breast in hand and massaging it, squeezing it until her milk seeped up through her nipples, formed tiny beads on the pink flesh, then dripped off into the cup. “Keep going,” Zarya said as the milk started to fill the cup. When it was half full, Zarya pulled the cup away and studied the contents.

“You need to make sure my milk is good?” Dawn asked.

“Yes.”

“And the cup is magical? It does that like the silver cock?”

Zarya looked up from the cup and suddenly laughed. “No.”

“How then?” Dawn asked, puzzled.

“The dildo made sure your maidenhead was still in place. It is. The milk, there’s only one true test for its purity.” She closed her eyes and upended the cup into her mouth, swallowing the creamy liquid. “I should feel the effects shortly, no?”

“It’s an aphrodisiac for humans,” Dawn said.

“It’s an aphrodisiac for elves too,” Zarya replied. She pulled off her tunic and dropped her shorts to stand nude before Dawn. Her breasts were tiny. Between her legs she was as smooth as Dawn, not a hair in sight in contrast to human women and men. Dawn wondered if that held true for male elves as well. But all over her body were scars, some small, some large. All showed her time in service to her tribe had often been violent and dangerous. “Have you ever made love with a woman before?” Zarya asked, her eyes starting to get glassy.

“Sort of,” Dawn admitted. “But human women.”

“And obviously not men,” Zarya added. “Your milk is pure,” she declared, her hand straying to between her legs. Two fingers disappeared up into the swollen lips of her cunt. “You’ll have to give me some relief tonight,” she said while getting on the bed and pushing Dawn back down. Zarya’s lips kissed Dawn’s neck, then her collarbone, then her breast. Zarya had some self control, but Dawn tensed as the other woman continued kissing her way down the young elf’s body until she felt Zarya’s lips on her sex. “I’ve never had a virgin before,” Zarya said and then plunged her tongue into Dawn’s tight pussy.

There was no fear, Dawn simply relaxed and allowed Zarya to explore her pussy with tongue and lips and fingers. Zarya was an expert; she had done this many times before. Though Dawn had recently had sex with Mabel, it wasn’t nearly the same. The human woman was much larger than her, Zarya was almost exactly the same size as Dawn, except for her breasts. When Mabel went down on her, Dawn had no real say in the matter; she had to go along with the humans. Zarya seemed to know exactly what Dawn needed to climax. And she did exactly that, bringing the girl to a pleasant and relieving orgasm that Dawn had never been able to master on her own.

She sighed with relief, and then to her amazement, she began to cry. Zarya had

been resting her head against the elf's thigh until she noticed what Dawn was doing. Immediately she slid up the younger elf's body and embraced her tightly, letting Dawn cry as long and hard as she wanted.

"What's the matter?" Zarya finally asked her when the tears had stopped flowing.

"No one has ever done that for me before," Dawn managed to gasp out.

"What? Made you cum?"

Dawn shook her head. "No, not that. Others have made me cum. But the way you did it, because you wanted to give me pleasure, it was different and wonderful and beautiful."

Zarya kissed her gently on the lips. "You'll find life with elves is different than with humans. We live freely. You'll have to wait and see."

The elf-girl hesitated to ask her next question, and then quickly blurted it out. "Can I go down on you?

This made Zarya laugh, deep and throaty. "Yes, of course. I was hoping you would." The older elf rolled to her back and opened up her legs. Following Zarya's earlier example, she kissed her way down the elf's body, noting the hard muscles under her skin and he many scars that decorated her body—one that sliced partway into her left areola. She kissed the older elf's small breasts and nipples, both of them, then quickly progressed down her torso, landing on her open and wet slit.

She didn't pause and plunged right in, wanting to give the other elf as much pleasure as she had received. Her love making was clumsy, but earnest. Zarya rested a hand on the back of Dawn's head, guiding her mouth to the most sensitive folds of her pussy, encouraging her to use her tongue vigorously on her clit. Abruptly, unconsciously her thighs clamped around Dawn's head, and she twisted hard under the girl's ministrations. "Don't stop!" she ordered.

Dawn redoubled her efforts, licking and sucking on Zarya's clit while she slipped a finger into the elf's tiny pussy. The fact she didn't know what she was doing had little negative effect. "Cumming!" Zarya announced without warning, and then Dawn's face was soaked with the elf's girl-cum. She desperately

swallowed to keep from choking on the bountiful amount of fluid. Zarya's orgasm lasted much longer than Dawn could have anticipated but finally her legs relaxed and Dawn's head was released.

She backed up and smiled at Zarya, wiping the elf's sweet liquor from her face. "Sorry," Zarya apologized. "I cum pretty hard and usually it's pretty wet."

"It's fine. No, it's good." Dawn hesitated, not knowing what to say. "I was going to thank you, actually. I've never really made love with someone before. It's always been…just sex."

"Or worse?" Zarya questioned, prompting Dawn's unpleasant memories.

The elf-girl looked away. "Yes."

"Come here," she said. It was a request, not an order, but Dawn was happy to comply. Zarya kissed her after a embracing her, gently kissing and licking away her own leavings from the girl's face. "There's one more thing we need to do tonight. Do you trust me?" she asked.

Dawn shrugged. "Don't I have to?"

Zarya's eyes flashed in anger. "No! That's the answer of a slave, a prisoner. You have free will. Never forget that."

The vehemence of her answer caused Dawn to carefully choose her next words. "Yes, I trust you. There's no reason not to."

"Good. A much better answer." She got off the bed and went to her pack once again. "I hadn't planned on using this, but a good elf-scout is always prepared for all emergencies." She turned around and fastened a belt around her waist, shimmying it down to fit snugly around her hips. It struck Dawn again how boyish Zarya was with her tiny tits and slim hips. Then she noticed that what she was wearing wasn't so much a belt as a harness. There were additional straps hanging from the belt that Zarya clipped and adjusted into place between her legs, covering her quim.

"What's that?" Dawn asked, raising an uncertain hand to indicate the harness.

Zarya didn't answer her directly. "I'm going to take your virginity," she

answered while carefully attaching the golden phallus she had recently used to explore the shallow depth of Dawn's cunt. "It'll probably hurt a bit." She stood with one hand on her hip, the other holding up the tool that was now jutting upward from between her legs.

Dawn recoiled slightly. "Why?"

"I could make up an elaborate story, carefully crafted to make you believe this was necessary, but the true answer is I want to. I like fucking pretty girls and beautiful women. I know this is something you haven't done. I want to take your maidenhead."

"I—I thought you had to deliver me to the elf council a virgin."

Zarya laughed lightly and moved forward. "No, not entirely. I have to deliver you not despoiled by a man's penis or his ejaculate. The actual existence of your hymen is unimportant."

"Then what was that test for earlier?" she demanded, angry.

"I wanted to touch your pussy. I wanted to see for myself."

"That's awfully deceitful."

"I apologize, but when in the presence of a living, breathing dispenser of pure, unadulterated aphrodisiac…I can only say I'm proud I haven't ravished you yet."

"Ravished? Isn't that what we already did?"

Zarya pursed her lips. "No, in this case I'm using ravishing instead of raping."

"Oh," Dawn said in a small voice.

"Touch it," Zarya said, indicated her fake cock.

"Why?"

"Just touch it," she ordered.

Dawn complied. It was warm and a tingle went up her arm. "What's that?"

“I lied earlier. It is partly magic. Not strong, but there is a charm in it. Touching it raises your libido.” She smiled encouragingly. “Shall we give it a go?”

Dawn realized she had a choice. She also wanted to please Zarya because she was used to having to please everyone around her. She could refuse, but what would that bring her. As always, Dawn took the easier route. “Okay,” she acquiesced and lay back on the bed, spreading her legs and exposing her wet pussy to the horny elf.

Zarya didn’t wait for Dawn to change her mind. She was instantly on top of the girl, laying on her, kissing her lips and cheeks and neck, feeling the girl’s heavy breasts against her tiny ones. The golden phallus pressed against Dawn’s thigh and she contemplated the curve of warm metal as she absently kissed Zarya back.

Then the older female backed up slightly, took her faux phallus in hand and carefully parted Dawn’s nether lips with it. Dawn tensed up, stiffening all the muscles in her body.

“Shh, relax, honey, relax,” Zarya said softly as she carefully lined up the device and wiggled it forward to the still intact hymen. “The tenser you are, the more it will hurt.”

“It’ll hurt?” Dawn whined, her eyes were clamped and she had bitten her lower lip in anticipation of her deflowering.

“Only if you resist.”’

She forced herself to breathe and relax while sending her mind elsewhere, to the blackness of night pierced by bright starlight. Zarya pressed forward and there was an uncomfortable presence in her pussy that felt alien and wrong. Her breaths came quicker and sharper; her mind was reeling with the unreality of the situation. And then…and then a sharp flash of pain caused her to yelp in pain. It hurt like the tortures in the hells where only the most evil demons lived. And then it abated and she realized her pussy was full, but comfortably full. It was different than her finger, more robust and powerful. She felt…different.

And then Zarya started thrusting the phallus back and forth inside her. Dawn’s eyes rolled up into her head and her legs went around her lover’s waist. A low, rising moan escaped her lips and she knew ecstasy.

The next day she and Zarya were riding horses away from Clotid's manor. Dawn was still sore between her legs, but it was a pleasant soreness. Riding a horse was a new experience, always before she had been property transported in a wagon. It felt good to have a horse between her legs. Powerful and strange. In their packs was Dawn's pump and supplies for the journey which Zarya promised would last a week. She felt safe as they left the outer gate of the manor. Zarya reached across from her horse, taking the girl's hand in hers—making the guard at the gate jealous as he saw the two women being oddly intimate—and smiling with confidence.

"Ready to meet your people and become a proper elf?" she asked her lover.

"Yes." Her breasts bobbled slightly under her dress. She was bringing life-giving milk to her people and she would be happy she knew.

Dawn will return for more adventures.

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.

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