The Breast of Night

Elf Milk Part Three



by Elliot Silvestri

Green Bush Publishing

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Also by Elliot Silvestri

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The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Gretchen's Twins

His and Hers Affairs

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

The Milk Thief

Misanthrope – First Summer

Never Too Many Pregos

The Red Collar

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

A Virgin Sacrifice

Chapter One

Councilor Eris found it unnerving to address Dawn as she sat on her makeshift throne. It wasn't that the girl had set herself up as queen, the latest ruler to hold sway over a small splinter group of elves. That was a political issue easily dealt with. The fact the girl didn't bother to cover her breasts was the maddening part. Eris wasn't put off by the nudity—she had seen her fair share of beautiful maidens and handsome knights, and had secret affairs with both—but what it represented. Dawn was currently the only known elf maiden giving forth milk and every bit she didn't share with the general population where it was most needed Eris considered theft of the highest magnitude.

Dawn didn't share the Councilor's view. She viewed her milk as hers and hers alone—except for what she shared with her closes followers. And there were more followers—more who considered her their queen—every day. The shift of power was leaning ever more toward Dawn and the traditional ruling oligarchs didn't like that one bit.

"It isn't that we don't appreciate what you've done for all elves," Eris said. "Not at all. And we understand that you've had great military success against humans and kobolds. That is appreciated as well…though we believe if you would coordinate your strategy with ours the elf race would be better off. That's why I am here, to rejoin our two states and firmly establish an elf nation once again," she found herself repeating. Though Eris had risen to a high level in the ruling class, in her heart she hated politics.

Dawn fixed the much older elf with a doleful gaze and sighed. "No," she said. It was the same refusal she had given over and over since Eris had begun her plea. "I will not rejoin your side. Everyone who had come to follow me has done so of their own free will. I do not choose to make war upon my fellow elves—"

"Let's hope this never comes to that," Eris said softly.

"—but I have build my own realm here. I am happy for the first time in my life. Happy…" she trailed off as if she meant to say more but lost her train of thought.

“Two elf realms cannot stand at the same time,” Eris said firmly.

“No,” Dawn half agreed. Her hands had been folded in her lap as she politely listened to Eris’s please. Now she raised them up and cupped her breasts, feeling their weight, running her fingers over the supple skin and protruding nipples. “Would you like to join my realm?” she asked while raising up one breast as an offering gesture to the older female. “I offer you my breast, my milk. You cannot fully appreciate this gift until you have partaken of it.”

Eris was shocked. It was a bold attempt to sway her to Dawn’s side and that was not why the council had sent her to parlay with this new realm. She knew better than most the power of Dawn’s milk and there was no way she could allow herself to be so easily seduced. Just one mouthful, one drop was enough….Eris found her attention had wandered. Dawn was looking expectantly at her. “No. I think not.”

Dawn shrugged and let go of her breast. “I will allow the offer to stand, merely make your desire known and I am happy to share with you.” Dawn knew as well the power of milk over those who drank from her. Bringing Eris over to her sphere of influence would greatly upset the council and give her a powerful follower. “But in the meantime, we have nothing further to discuss.” She made a small signal to an attendant. Several elves Eris didn’t recognized filled into the small room that served as Dawn’s private chamber. Two knelt before the self-styled queen, took the girl’s nipples into their mouths and started sucking.

The moment her milk let down Dawn’s eyes fluttered closed and she felt an indefinable surge of power through her body. Ever since her escape as a slave her milk had become more copious and more powerful. Now it was like a drug to those who drank from her. Not only did it instill loyalty but it made those who drank—especially elves—more powerful in every way.

The display was slightly nauseating to Eris. To flaunt her abilities and her lactation like that was supremely un-elf-like. She laid her fine fingers on her chest and took a step back. “I’ll leave you to your feedings, Dawn,” she said brusquely.

“Most call me Lady Dawn,” she called out to Eris as the older elf quickly exited the room. “Some call me princess or queen,” she continued even though Eris could no longer hear. “All I wish is respect.”

She leaned back into her small throne and spread her legs. The pair feasting on her breasts didn't break their latch on her tits for a moment. Dawn's knee length skirt rode up her thighs and hinted at the treasure between her legs. A small half-circle of her newest followers had formed around her. A pair of guards—two soldiers from Karsten's troop who had first joined her almost a year ago—stood close watch over those enthralled by the milk and those who were waiting to feed. "Him," Dawn said pointing at one of those in attendance. The handsome elf she indicated looked surprised and then delighted. "Bind him first," she reminded the guard who stepped forward.

"Yes my lady," he answered and then moved behind the elf that Dawn had chosen. The manacles went around her wrists and for a moment a look of terror passed over his face as he realized he was both trapped and chained.

"Fear not," Dawn told him. "This is an honor."

He nodded nervously as the guard led him forward and then pushed him down to his knees in front of Dawn. The suckling pair was pulled off her breasts as the chosen one hobbled forward on his knees, his face pressing between Dawn's thighs. She sighed in contentment as his tongue probed forward and found her quim. Her juices were already flowing and the elf was eager to please the queen to whom he had recently pledged fealty. She decided he was a moderately talented cunnilinguist even without the use of his hands and performing in front of a group. She signaled for a new pair of feeders and they were brought forward to suckle on her. Dawn wished she could see the cock of the elf who was delighting her pussy. She was certain it was hard, but she couldn't let him pull it out and spill his seed in her honor. The risk was too great.

At the edge of the throne room Zarya watched dispassionately—and jealously. The elf who had been Dawn's constant companion since she had been freed from slavery knew her lover did what she had to do in order to build a new realm, but she couldn't fight her feelings. Watching Dawn be intimate with others always made her stomach sink and caused her anxiety to rise. Even on a mission of spying or fighting or slipping among enemies to assassinate some troublemaker her anxiety was never as high as when she had to watch Dawn make love with other elves.

No, that wasn't true, Zarya told herself. She never had to watch Dawn have sex. She liked to watch Dawn have sex, she just didn't like the fact that so many

others were in love with her as well. Zarya was the jealous type. She didn't understand why Dawn stayed with her or used her as anything other than a bodyguard. Dawn was beautiful with her long blond hair, perfectly pale skin, large breasts, and perfect body and face. From her breasts flowed milk that had all but literally created their new realm; between her legs was the treasure that every elf—male and female alike—wanted to worship. Zarya was almost the complete opposite of Dawn. Instead of long golden blond hair hers was plain brown and cut short for practical reasons. Her tits were small—barely more than what most males carried—her once pale skin was now covered with scars of all sorts, many had faded due to her constant imbibing of Dawn's milk, but most would never disappear. Indeed, Zarya's pointed ears had been mutilated in a long-ago, half-forgotten interrogation session that had turned to torture. These she would never have back.

But regardless of her appearance, Dawn seemed to genuinely love Zarya, which always puzzled Zarya and made her even more anxious, for she was constantly certain her lover would leave her.

The steady stream of supplicants came forward and suckled at Dawn's breasts. Some were new converts to their cause, while some were sick or wounded who needed Dawn's healing milk, some were recent lovers who Dawn had graciously allowed to revisit her breasts. There was a growing tradition in the new realm that if a couple was to suckle simultaneously from Dawn they would be bonded for all eternity. This was hardly the truth, but no one put a stop to the rumor. The young elf-boy continued to work between Dawn's legs until the newly ensconced queen grabbed him by the face and clutched his head to her cunt. She tried out with a wail of pleasure. From previous experience Zarya knew the queen was flooding his mouth with her sex's ambrosia. If the boy was smart he'd swallow it all.

When Dawn's moment of crisis had passed, she pushed her new lover away and immediately dismissed those in attendance. Most had suckled from her breasts already and were satiated, some were not. She didn't wait for the tiny throne room to clear. Dawn stood up and headed for her private bedchamber. She didn't need to but she gestured for Zarya to follow. Before the gesture was made the older elf had already begun following her lover. Automatically the pair of guards that always accompanied Dawn fell in behind them. Zarya considered the honor guard—as they called themselves—superfluous when she was around. After all she was an accomplished warrior and assassin so she could certainly protect

Dawn from any threat—especially here deep inside the secret wooded glen where their new realm had been established.

The walk to the bedchamber was a short one; directly upon entering the room Zarya was attacked by Dawn. Dawn's lips pressed against hers and the queen's tongue snaked into the warrior's mouth. Zarya kissed back with equal enthusiasm—then she noticed the guards and the attendants. The guards she knew and tolerated—the Queen's Maidens she despised.

There were a small set of young female elves—many former slaves rescued by Karsten's raiders—with few or no skills and of little use to the new realm. For the most part they were attached to the kitchens where they were simple serving girls. Somehow the group had gotten it into their heads that Queen Dawn—as they always called her—needed to have a retinue of Maidens to serve her. Never mind that Dawn had precious few needs she couldn't or wouldn't take care of herself. Zarya assisted her lover in almost every other need. The other bodyguards filled in for the rare instance where Zarya could not help. Dawn's Maidens had attached themselves to their queen to serve but never needed to serve.

Zarya saw the cleverness of the ploy—but it seemed that the girls were earnest in their desire to serve Dawn. There was no subterfuge here as Zarya had suspected, it was not even a ruse to get out of real work. Occasionally they served some purpose in completing some small task, but mostly they lounged about, looking pretty, and making it too-obvious they were more than willing to be Dawn's lovers.

Even this would have been tolerable to Zarya if the girls hadn't insisted on wearing next to nothing all the time. As far as she could tell there were seven of the girls. They wore odd blouses that covered their arms with long sleeves but were cut so severely that their breasts were constantly displayed. Sometimes they tied the hem of the blouse underneath their bust to enhance their cleavage, but most often their tops were left open so all could admire what was on display. Of course they didn't wear anything like modest pants or skirts. They had taken to knotting a triangular piece of material around their waists which served to cover their bottoms, but were purposely positioned so their sexes were always exposed. The girls were pretty, spent too much time styling their hair, cleaning Dawn's bedroom, and obsessing with beauty.

Though they were annoying Zarya lusted after them. She kept her desires secret from Dawn. She didn't want her lover to know she was tempted by others. Catching sight of one lounging on Dawn's bed and absently fingering herself while she watched Dawn kiss Zarya, her anger rose and she broke off the kiss. "Get out!" she barked at the three in the room. They were shocked—as always—by her rude manner, but they scuttled out quickly enough.

"You don't have to be so harsh with them," Dawn said as she pulled her lover to the recently vacated bed. She pushed off her skirt and rolled onto the bed, her knees bent and legs open. She smiled invitingly at her lover. "Join me. That boy made me so wet and ready for you."

Zarya couldn't help but smile at her. A quick glance around the room confirmed that they were alone. She knew the guards were right outside the only door and the Maidens wouldn't be admitted any time soon. The guards had discipline, that she could admire. It took her a few moments to strip off the leather armor she wore by force of habit. There had never been any attack inside the tunnels and underground network that was their home, but it never hurt to be careful. Dawn kept one had between her thighs as Zarya stripped but also grabbed an object from underneath the pillows.

Once she was naked Zarya joined Dawn on the bed and pushed the girl's hand aside. Her cunt was wet and ready. Dawn sighed as Zarya's fingers penetrated her. "Yes," she whispered. Once Dawn had been readied it wasn't hard to make her cum again and again. As usual it only took a minute of light rubbing for Dawn's clit to betray her and force the young queen to cried out in pleasure. "So fast, so quick," she mumbled.

Zarya kissed Dawn's neck, and then worked her way down to Dawn's heavy tits. She only suckled for a minute, just long enough to re-establish their bond and to make sure there was nothing left for her to take. There would always be more in the morning. She started to continue her way down to Dawn's sex with small kisses along her ribs, but Dawn stopped her. "No. Make love to me like a man," she ordered as she handed Zarya the porcelain device with its straps.

Zarya bit down on her tongue to prevent any sighing in frustration. The curved dildo was intended for the two of them to enjoy. And she did enjoy using it on Dawn. She just wished her lover would allow her the pleasure of eating her pussy first. One end of the device she inserted in her own cunt. It was easy

enough, her pussy lubricated easily whenever Dawn indicated she was ready for sex. Once the dildo sat nicely in place she took the straps and carefully attached them to the device's base; they went around her waist and thighs, up between her legs until it was locked into place. When she was done she had a phallus jutting out from between her legs just like a man's.

She understood Dawn's desire. Dawn had made love with many women but she had never been penetrated with a real cock. The risk was too great. If her body was contaminated with the semen of a man the power of her milk would be destroyed. It was the one rule that had saved Dawn's life and given her purpose to survive slavery until she had established her own elfin realm. A bit of careful choreography and she was on top of Dawn with the head of the white dildo at the opening of Dawn's pussy.

"Do you love me?" she asked abruptly, not yet entering her lover's body.

Dawn blinked in confusion. "Yes, of course I do," she answered and pulled on the straps around Zarya's hips, easing the dildo into her pussy. She sighed in contentment and wrapped her limbs around Zarya's muscled body. Dawn knew she was soft; it was why she preferred to make love with Zarya over the other females in her realm. They made love slowly at first, the motions of Zarya's hips thrusting the dildo in and out of Dawn's pussy was enough to slowly build their passion. As much as she knew she was serving Dawn's need, Zarya was enjoying herself as well. In almost no time at all Dawn reached orgasm again and Zarya followed shortly thereafter. When she was done the quickly undid the straps of the dildo and tossed it aside.

This time she gave Dawn no choice. She delved between the smaller elf's thighs and kissed and licked up all the leavings of their love making. "You enjoy that, don't you?" Dawn asked her as Zarya was busy between her thighs. Zarya just nodded her head and continued with her work. She delighted in the taste of Dawn's juices. She delighted in almost everything about her lover. Her skin was so smooth and without blemish, unlike her own, and to worship at her pussy was not just her duty but her honor. The bare slit that had created a new elf realm was virginal at least in respect to a male's invasion.

Zarya preferred sex with females though she had had sex with both male and female elves, and male and female humans. It was a risk and a reward of her former and current occupation. She much preferred soft females. Hard males

were a nice change, but if she never had a cock in her mouth or cunt ever again she wouldn't complain. To kiss her lover's pussy was the height of erotic submission for her. It was all she needed in life.

"Zarya?" Dawn said to her get lover's attention. She liked having her legs splayed open and Zarya between them. It was a delightful way to expose herself and open herself to her lover. Zarya made a small noise as she kept her tongue buried deep in Dawn's pussy. "You've had sex with men, haven't you?"

At this question Zarya pulled away and wiped her face with the back of her hand. "Elf or human?" she asked, delaying her answer.

"Either. Both."

Zarya decided she was done with her queen's pussy and moved back up the bed to lay next to her. "Yes to both," she answered bluntly.

"And you've never had a baby either?"

Although Dawn knew this information already, Zarya was willing to play along with her. "I've never been with child," she said. She ran a finger along a scar on her lower belly. "Too much damage from his wound most likely," she said. "But you know that."

Dawn nodded. "I want to have a child," she said.

Zarya snorted. "And the moment you do, your milk will become worthless to our realm," she said. "A drop of spunk is more deadly to our new nation than any of a hundred gathered armies. Maybe in many years your milk won't be needed so desperately and you can breed, but not now."

Dawn nodded again. "I've seen Karsten out on raids to free elf slaves, you know that as well."

"One of your more noble ideas and policies," Zarya said.

"I've ordered him to follow rumors of elf maidens being used as I was: a milk source for healing and an aphrodisiac."

"Less noble," Zarya blurted, and then realized what Dawn was actually saying.

“You’re looking for a replacement. You don’t want to be the fountain of plenty for our realm. There’s nothing noble about that!”

“I’m tired of being viewed as nothing more than a source of magical milk!”

“You’re viewed as so much more than that, believe me!”

“I want a child!”

“There are a hundred orphaned elf children in the common rooms. Pick one to be your heir, raise him or her to be your child!”

“Too practical,” Dawn dismissed.

“Our existence is dependent on practicality.”

Dawn rolled away in a huff, turning her back to Zarya. The warrior elf didn’t mind. She admired the queen’s curvy ass. “I want to have a cock inside me,” she finally admitted.

Zarya snorted again. “You want to destroy our realm because you want to get fucked by a cock. Trust me: having a man inside your cunt isn’t that great. I’ve had all sorts. Sex with a woman is much better. Stick with what’s best for everyone—including you.”

“I know what’s best,” Dawn said, a tear slipping out of her eye but hidden from Zarya’s view. “I won’t go fucking the next thing I see with a cock. But I still have the desire.”

Zarya just rubbed the young queen’s back. There was the irony. Zarya only desired females but she had had sex with men and women. Dawn apparently desired sex with men and women but could only fuck women because of her tits and her duty to the realm. It was enough to make even a god cry.

Chapter Two

Zarya woke up and rolled over to an empty bed. As usual Dawn was gone. It had become her habit to wake early in the morning and attend to her duties. Since her duties were both physical and mental Zarya had begun worrying about her lover. The young elf was wearing herself out trying to cover every aspect of building their new country. She had begun delegating some of her responsibilities to the various underlings, but not nearly enough to please Zarya.

Running her hands through the bedclothes all evidence of Dawn's warm body was gone. Zarya sighed and wondered how long she had been sleeping alone. Although it was her self-assigned job to be Dawn's bodyguard, she officially had no status in the realm. Not that anyone really did. All authority flowed from Dawn, what she declared was taken as law. Dawn had asked her to perform some dangerous jobs in the past few months, but those jobs were easy and safe compared to what she did for her previous lieges. As she rolled out of bed with the intention of dressing and finding some breakfast one of Dawn's Maidens came into the room. This caused Zarya to heave another mighty sigh. "What in fuck's sake are you doing here?" she asked the girl.

"I've come to clean Queen Dawn's bedchamber," the girl said softly. Like all the others she was pretty in a bland sense. Nothing stood out from her in particular as being beautiful, not even the whole package, but she was pleasant on the eyes in a way that wasn't memorable.

It occurred to Zarya she hadn't had to do any menial tasks lately. It was all taken care of by maids and servants—those who wanted to please Dawn. Zarya was just the secondary beneficiary of this benevolence.

"Fine," she said dismissively and stretched to welcome the day. She didn't mind being nude in front of the naïve girl because she liked flaunting her body when it was most inappropriate. There was a certain satisfaction in knowing she wasn't beautiful but still having a body that was admired by male and female alike, even for all its scarring and damage. This girl was no different from any other. Her eyes went wide as Zarya displayed herself; the girl shouldn't have been shocked for she was wearing only a few stitches of clothing more than Zarya and

those bits of material covered next to nothing.

“Get to work,” she said and instead of getting dressed and leaving the room Zarya instead sauntered to the chamber pot, squatted over it and unselfconsciously let loose with a stream of pee. The maid pretended not to notice. She started making up the bed and then actually began dusting. Zarya couldn’t help but laugh. Who in their right mind would dust when the entire complex was underground?

“Did I do something wrong?” she asked sweetly.

Zarya shook her head. “No. The whole situation is ridiculous.” She grabbed up her leather garb and started dressing.

“Would you like me to have that cleaned for you?” the sweet voice asked again.

“No.” her answer was short and blunt, but she stopped pulling on her jerkin. “Why do you serve Dawn?”

The girl bent over and picked up some of Zarya’s articles of clothing that had been quickly discarded the night before. Zarya admired her ass as she bent over; for just a moment she regretted the maids wore an open skirt that hid their ass but exposed their sex, she would have liked to look up the girl’s bum. “Why do any of us serve her?” the maid asked rhetorically.

“Milk, more specifically milk addiction,” Zarya said and tried to gauge the girl’s reaction.

“I haven’t yet been honored at the Queen’s breast.”

“Then why you,” Zarya pressed. “Don’t give me any shit about her charisma and comeliness. You left the other realm to serve here in a shitty position. Why?”

The girl paused a moment in her cleaning and regarded Zarya balefully. “Oppression,” she said her voice open with honesty. “If you aren’t part of the ruling class you aren’t really anything in the Old Realm. Queen Dawn has made the New Realm different. Anyone can achieve any position; one only has to work hard.”

“Even if that work starts at the literal bottom?” Zarya asked.

“Yes, even so.” She went to the small wardrobe that had been brought in to contain the few fancy dresses that had been given or sewn for Dawn. Opening it she selected a garment for Dawn to wear later in the day. “You had status in the Old Realm, didn’t you?” the girl asked.

Zarya stiffened. “Some. I was in the army. I was a spy and assassin.” Everyone knew this already. It was hardly a secret.

“But did your family buy you a position in the army?” the girl pressed.

“Yes,” Zarya answered. “My family had some influence and money. They were able to place me but it was through my work that I was respected.”

“Respected? But did you not have the same position in the army as when you started?”

“Of course,” Zarya said. “That is how it worked in the Old Realm.”

“And that is why those on the bottom of the heap didn’t like the Old Realm,” the girl said.

“Radical political thought.”

“Not here.”

“What’s your name girl?”

“Arye.”

“Pretty.”

“Thank you. It’s a family name.”

“I wasn’t talking about your name,” Zarya said bluntly.

Arye had presence of mind enough to blush and cast her eyes downward. “Thank you again.”

“Why do you and the other Maids dress so provocatively?” she asked.

“To let our lady know we are willing to serve her for whatever purposes she

needs, or if she needs us to serve others."

"Seems to me you're only a half step away from a whore or a concubine," Zarya commented.

"And both serve as well."

"What services do you provide?"

"Anything my lady desires or asks for."

"What has she asked you for so far?"

"Precious little."

"Has she asked to have sex with you or any of the other Maids?"

"No."

"Have you had sex with her?"

"No."

"Have you had sex with any of the guards or anyone in the New Realm, anyone who serves Dawn?"

"Yes."

Zarya considered her next question. "Who exactly."

"I shouldn't say out of respect for Queen Dawn."

Zarya crossed the room and stood too close to Arye. "You sleep with others but pretend to be serving her? I'm the only one sleeping with Dawn. She is my world and I am hers."

The girl lowered her eyes again. "As you say."

With a quick motion Zarya reached out and grasped the girl's sex. Her cunt was wet and Zarya slipped her finger in up to the first digit. Arye barely whimpered.

“You claim to be Dawn’s servant, but you’re wet just from me standing next to you.”

“You are…exotic my…lady.”

“Lady? It took you a long time to find that word.”

“I’ve never seen someone like you before. You are so striking and powerful.” Zarya stuck her finger in deeper and the girl gasped.

“Do you want to have sex with me?” Zarya asked her as she slowly circled her finger around the Maid’s clit.

“Yes,” she moaned.

“That’s not loyal to Dawn,” Zarya pointed out.

“I don’t care right now.” Arye half collapsed against the warrior elf.

Zarya pulled her finger out of the girl’s cunt. “Take off your clothes,” she ordered.

It only took her a moment to comply and then Zarya pushed her down on the bed, forced her leg between the girl’s thighs and leaned with heavy pressure as she thrust her tongue into Arye’s mouth. The slightly built elf-girl automatically responded. She was no neophyte in the bedroom.

Her body wasn’t nearly as soft as Dawn’s; Arye’s body knew the rigors of manual labor. She was warm and willing, however. Arye’s fingers caressed Zarya’s shoulders and slid down to her hips. Zarya pinched Arye’s nipple and the girl squirmed in appreciation.

“Like it rough?”

“Sometimes.” The two then continued their play. It didn’t take long for Zarya to twist the girl’s arms above her head and pin them down with one hand, hold her body down with one knee, and frig Arye’s clit with her other hand. She responded quickly and easily. Her breath came rapidly and raggedly, tearing in and out of her lungs. She was pretty when she squirmed under such rough treatment. A mewling cry gave way to a scream of ecstasy as Arye climaxed and

squeezed her thighs tight on Zarya's hand.

"You do like it rough," Zarya declared.

Arye said nothing and simply breathed heavily for a minute. She was almost unable to catch her breath. Zarya watched dispassionately as the girl hyperventilated and almost passed out but recovered just at the point of blackness. "Yes," she finally managed. "I like it when a man fucks me from behind and pulls my hair." The words coming out of her adorable mouth were almost shocking.

Zarya stroked the girl's long black hair, tucking a few stray locks behind her pointed ears. "Do you like it up the ass too?" she asked softly.

"Sometimes," Arye admitted. It could have been a lie but Zarya didn't care.

"How do you like to fuck a woman?"

"With my mouth."

In response to those words Zarya rolled to her back, pulled Arye up and pushed on the top of her head, guiding Arye's face down between her legs. It was nothing for the older elf to spread her thighs wide and invite Arye to kiss and lick her sex. She had lost count of the number of lovers she had had in her lifetime, one more wouldn't make a difference. In the back of her mind she knew it was wrong to be doing this on what was considered Dawn's bed in her private chamber, but once Arye's busy tongue got to work she lost track of any coherent thought.

The girl was experienced at Sapphic love. Arye slipped a finger into Zarya's pussy and pressed another at the entrance to her ass. Zarya was not shy in the bedroom and let her lover take the initiative. When it was time for her climax to come Arye moved oddly and spoiled the moment. It was only because of this amateurish behavior that Zarya saw the knife as it descended toward her breast.

Moving with inhuman speed Zarya rolled out of the way of the inexpert attack then quickly kicked the hand holding the knife. Arye was as good a fighter as she was a lover. She kept her grip on the weapon and slashed at Zarya's exposed leg. A small trail of blood was scribed across her calf but it only touched the skin, no serious damage was done.

Zarya was no novice to dirty fighting or fighting in bed or fighting for her life from an unexpected attack. She rolled again and kicked Arye in the nose with her heel. There was a sickening crunch as blood sprayed from her face. Acting on instinct Zarya quickly fell upon her enemy, wrenched the knife from the stunned girl's grasp, reversed her grip and plunged it into Arye's pale, soft, and exposed neck. There was another, larger, spray of blood, a nauseating burble of pain that was a last gasp for air, and then Arye stopped moving and breathing.

After a moment Zarya stood up shakily, stepped back from the bed, and said, "Oh shit."

It took her only a minute to dress and pull on her leather armor. Every moment she spent preparing herself she was certain meant another moment that Dawn was coming closer to death. Once ready she grabbed her short sword and ran out the door, leaving the bored guard at the entrance too startled to pursue her. Dashing through the underground complex that had become the de facto fortress and palace of the New Realm Zarya forced herself not to scream out warnings to the general populace. Either they would be convinced she was crazy or the screams would prove useless.

The distance to the throne room was short, but this morning it seemed too far. When she finally burst into the chambers all eyes immediately focused on her, taking the attention away from Dawn who was suckling a small group of new converts. Everything appeared normal. Though the New Realm hadn't taken up the customs of the Old, there was just enough decorum in the room for her to realize her appearance was unexpected and unwelcome.

She was pleased to see that the guards here were on alert and immediately moved forward to block Zarya's approach of Dawn. For her part the new queen was unperturbed by her lovers dramatic entrance. She slowed her running pace to a more stately walk. "There's a dead girl in our bed," she said far too loudly. The moment the words left her mouth she knew it had been the wrong way to start. "I killed her," she added by way of explanation. This did not help the situation.

The guards moved to intercept Zarya. Dawn did not stop them but she did speak when Zarya stopped walking forward. "Why is there a dead girl in our bed that you killed?" she asked.

Zarya had to admire the way her supplicants didn't let the disturbance distract them from their feeding. "It was one of your Maids," Zarya said after taking a moment to compose herself. She moved her hands away from her sword and kept still. The guards were skilled warriors, but she was sure she could disable or kill them if needed. There shouldn't be a need. She was handling this completely wrong and if she wasn't careful someone else would wind up dead or in chains. "She came to clean your chambers, we talked, when I turned my back and was vulnerable, she attacked me with a dagger." Zarya's mouth thinned to a grim smile. She knew that keeping secret her tryst with the girl was best for everyone. "She was obviously an inexperienced assassin."

"You have blood on you," one of the guards pointed out. Davrin was his name. Zarya recognized him. He was a good warrior and one of the first to defect from the Old Realm when word started spreading of Dawn's new country.

She wiped at her face and her hands came away red. It was the girl's half-dried blood.

"No," Davrin said. "On your leg."

Looking down she saw the steady trickle of blood from the minor wound Arye had managed to inflict on her. "It's nothing. Barely a scratch. We struggled and she got in a lucky cut."

"On your leg?" Davrin questioned.

"Yes," Zarya answered with disdain. "She attacked me from behind. I was getting dressed. We struggled and fell. She almost lost her knife and got in a lucky blow before I disarmed and killed her. Anything else you need to know?"

"Why did you come in here like you were about to attack the queen?" he questioned her. Then Zarya remembered he had pledged some absurd oath to be Dawn's protector laying down his life before hers could be at risk. Now he viewed Zarya as a risk because she didn't play the political games of the throne room.

"Because I thought she was going to be killed as well," Zarya spat out. "I'm not important, she is!"

"Which Maid was killed?" Dawn asked softly.

“Arye,” Zarya answered and then immediately regretted it.

“How do you know?” Davrin asked. “You treat all the Maids with contempt. You’d just as soon kill one of Queen Dawn’s servants as look at them.”

“We talked a bit before she attacked.”

“That’s not like you,” Davrin pointed out.

“It’s also not like me to be naked in front of a simple serving girl. I was trying to keep her distracted.” There were a few stray snickers around the room. Her previous reputation as an assassin willing to use her body to sleep her way to her target preceded her.

“Which one is Arye?” Dawn asked.

“The one who tried to kill me,” Zarya muttered.

Davrin’s brow furrowed. “I do not know. Gather up the Queen’s Maids,” he ordered one of the other guards. “We need to find if she has any accomplices.” He glanced back at Zarya. “And see to her wound,” he added indicating one of the others to act as a chirgeon.

“Come to me, Zarya,” Dawn said. “Your wound needs extra attention.” She lightly pushed aside the supplicant feasting on her right tit.

Zarya hesitated. “Others have greater need than I.”

Dawn shook her head. “Just a few drops,” she said.

Knowing that refusing in front of the ersatz court could be seen as an act of treason, Zarya moved forward, fell to her knees in front of her lover and took her breast. She only suckled a few moments, but the delight of Dawn’s milk on her tongue was almost enough to undo the composure she had worked so hard to gather once her anxiety had nearly destroyed her cool demeanor. She didn’t need much of the milk to help her wound. She hated being placed in so intimate a position with Dawn in front of so many observers.

“Thank you, my queen,” she said just loud enough for those listening closely to them.

“It’s nothing,” Dawn replied with a smile and leaned forward for a quick kiss on Zarya’s lips. Then her exposed breasts were returned to those who truly needed Dawn’s milk. It was only then that Zarya realized that the nursing and the kiss were public displays of trust for everyone to understand that Dawn trusted Zarya without limit.

In short order the girls were rounded up and presented in the throne room. The mood had shifted. The girls were now seen as possible assassins and traitors and no longer were loyal servants. Zarya was still trusted. The guards had found Arye dead in the bedroom just as Zarya had relayed to them. The whispers in the court were rumors of a plot to kill the queen and her advisors and protectors.

“Which of you is a friend of Arye?” Davrin asked once the six Maids were kneeling in front of their queen. He had taken the role of judge and jury. Zarya wondered if he would play executioner as well.

The girls looked at each other puzzled. “Who is Arye?” the boldest of the bunch finally asked when the silence had gone on too long.

“The member of your little group that tried to kill Queen Dawn this morning,” Davrin barked.

The group gasped and cries of horror went up. They protested then, all claiming none knew who Arye was. Davrin barked at them like an old weapons master trying to berate the truth out of them. A minute later Arye’s body was dragged into the throne room and dumped in front of them. Her dagger was still buried in her neck where Zarya had left it. Blood covered her neck and chest. The girls started crying in earnest now. “She’s not one of us,” their leader protested. “I’ve never seen her before.”

“She doesn’t wear our sigil,” another pointed out holding up a small silver pendant on a leather thong all six wore around the necks.

“There are six,” the guard from the bedchamber pointed out. Now that she had a minute to think Zarya recognized him as Ruven. “I’ve never seen more than six of the Maids as once. And I don’t recognize the dead girl.”

There were calls of confirmation of this. “So when did this girl come to us?” Dawn asked.

No one had an answer to that question.

Chapter Three

“More protection is what is needed at this time,” Davrin pointed out.

“I have to agree with Trooper Davrin,” Karsten said. He had recently returned from his latest raid. It had been a success with the rescue of a handful of slaves and the deaths of more than twenty humans who had been operating a long standing slaver operation. The closes of Dawn’s advisors were in her bed chamber: Davrin, Karsten, Zarya, the old nurse Engline, the merchant Heverford who now ran the day-to-day operations of the palace affairs.

“If a spy can slip inside our so-called secret palace then additional guards hovering around Dawn isn’t the answer,” Zarya pointed out. “We are no longer secret. The Old Realm or one of the human kingdoms have started to move against us. They see us as a real threat. More common sense and vigilance is needed.”

“Both,” said Heverford.

Dawn sighed wearily. “We have precious little time for this,” she said. “Increase inspections at the fortress entrances. I’ll always travel with a bodyguard—as before,” she pointed out. “Now please leave me,” she said. “I’m weary and need sleep.” The group got up to leave. Zarya stood with them, though she had no intention of leaving her lover. “Zarya, will you please get me something to eat from the kitchens?”

Zarya nodded but paused when Karsten said, “I need to speak with you in private, my queen.”

The entire group froze and suspicious eyes went to the soldier. “Gods and demons,” Dawn cursed. “If I can’t trust Karsten there’s really no point in continuing on at all, is there?” she asked.

They left and Karsten addressed his concern without preamble. “I have good—but disturbing—news.”

“Something worse and more disturbing than an assassin killed in my bed?”

“Possibly.” He paused and gathered his courage. “One of the slaves we rescued was a young girl, old enough to have matured, but it appears she’s been in the possession of the slavers her entire life.”

“So…?” Dawn prompted him after he gave a long pause.

“You realize what this means, don’t you?” he asked. She shook her head; she was so tired she was barely able to think straight. “The girl is a virgin. She’s been treated with the utmost care by the slavers. They were creating a milk slave.”

Dawn’s wandering attention snapped back. “Like I was,” she breathed.

“Yes. I’ve kept her full story quiet, only a few of my soldier know everything. But I’m sure her breasts are filling with precious milk. If she isn’t flowing already, she soon will be. If they’ve quickened then we will have doubled the milk production of the Realm. Our power will grow quickly and soon no kingdom will oppose us.”

Dawn did not voice her desire to stop her milk from being the basis of the entirety of the New Realm. If this girl was as Karsten as promised, she could step down as the milk maid of all elves. It would be a welcome respite.

She nodded in agreement. “Speak with Engline. We can trust her. Give the girl a private room. Put a guard on her. Have Engline make sure what you suspect is true. We’ll talk more tomorrow.”

“My queen,” he saluted her and left.

Zarya slipped quietly into the room and put a plate with a pair of pastries on the small table. “Thinking of losing your virginity and breeding now?” she asked her lover.

Dawn sighed. “How long were you listening?”

“I heard everything of consequence. He’s right, doubling the realm’s milk will provide us with power and riches. Filling your womb with spunk will only bring a mewling mouth into the world that we’ll have to feed and care for.”

“I know,” she sobbed, then broke down crying. Zarya put her arms around her queen, lifted her to her feet, and guided the sobbing girl to the bed they shared.

The elf girl that Engline brought before Dawn was literally exactly that, a girl. She barely looked old enough to care for herself but that contradicted the report that Engline had given her earlier. Farzana was shorter, slimmer, and smaller than Dawn in every respect except perhaps one: her chest was swelling far beyond what would be normal for such a young girl.

“How old are you?” she asked Farzana after studying the self-conscious girl for several long minutes after Engline presented her.

“I don’t know,” she said softly.

“She was abducted very young,” Engline filled in. “It’s impossible to know for sure, but I’d guess around fifty.”

“Fifty,” Dawn murmured. She knew she wasn’t much older; she was fairly certain she hadn’t reached her seventy fifth year yet, but even considering that most elves lived to be five hundred, fifty was little more than a child. “So young.”

“Yes ma’am.” Farzana automatically responded. She had been thoroughly trained by her owners before being freed.

“Call me Dawn.”

“Yes, Queen Dawn,” Farzana amended.

Dawn laughed lightly. “Dawn is more than enough. Save the title for when we are in public. You and I are much alike, we can consider each other equals.”

“Equals?”

“I was a slave once as well. It was my breasts, my milk that ultimately saved me?”

“I did not know my queen.”

Dawn stopped herself from sighing. “That’s fine. There is much for you to learn still. But I have an important question for you right now, it demands an immediate answer.”

“Yes ma’am.” Now Dawn closed her eyes for a moment at the response. How she worded and presented the question would determine how the girl answered. Farzana didn’t have her full freewill yet. She didn’t fully understand she wasn’t a slave anymore because she had always been a slave.

“Have your breasts starting giving milk yet?” she asked the girl softly.

Farzana and Engline exchanged glances and the nurse nodded confidently at the girl who finally gave an answer. “Just barely, ma’am. Just a few drops.”

“I confirmed this, Dawn,” Engline said.

Dawn sighed. It made her question harder. “You’ve been brought up to be a milk source your entire life. You have free will now, you can choose as you wish. Your milk—the milk of any virgin elf—is a precious thing. It is the source of our New Realm. Do you understand that, Farzana?”

“Yes…Dawn. Are you a virgin?”

Dawn smiled. “Yes I am.”

“It’s your milk that established the New Realm,” Farzana said.

“Yes. And we want to add your milk to the Realm so that we can continue to grow.”

“You want my milk?” the girl asked lifting her hands up over her breasts, protecting them.

“Yes,” Dawn answered bluntly. “We need your milk. It is precious and powerful and will go a long way to keeping our New Realm independent from the Old.”

“They never did anything to try to rescue me,” Farzana said with a fierce glint in her eye.

“No, but I don’t believe they had the power to. And they didn’t know of your

existence either."

"Who will get my milk?" she asked.

Dawn answered as honestly as she could. "Whoever needs it the most. The sick, the wounded, warriors going to battle, everyone we wish bonded to the Realm. Sometimes we will express it and it will be sold for gold our Realm needs." This was a secret known only to Dawn's inner circle. Elf milk continued to have a high demand in illegal markets as a curative for every ill and an aphrodisiac for old, weak men. "Every day you will have new elves suckling at your tits. You will not know them but you will be as intimate with them as you would with a lover. It will bind you to the New Realm…it will take away some of your freedom. You were a slave. You aren't any longer. If you say yes, you'll be a servant to the Realm in ways you can't imagine. You won't be truly free."

"I won't be a slave, but I won't be free?"

"That's right."

"Yes, I'll do it," she said quickly. At once Dawn knew that the girl was making the decision for the wrong reason. After a lifetime in slavery that was the only way she knew how to live. Being free scared her. Become a servant again made her secure. Dawn's smile became thin. She knew she had forced the issue and there was no way she would be able to sway the girl's decision.

"We thank you for your service in advance," Dawn told her and looked to Engline. "You know how best to treat and prepare her. Please do so." Engline nodded and exited the room with her young charge.

She wiped away the tear that had formed at the corner of her eye. Dawn gave herself five minutes before calling the court back into the room and resuming her daily duties, the first of which involved dropping her blouse and suckling two warrior elves who had been wounded in the latest raid on the human borders. Their faces meant nothing to her.

That night sharing her bed with Zarya she pushed her lover's face down to her quim and forced Zarya to eat her pussy until she came. It wasn't a task that Zarya minded, in truth she loved pleasing her lover any way she asked. But this night Dawn didn't ask, she just pushed and indicated with gestures what she expected of Zarya. There was no promised reciprocation for Zarya, Dawn just

needed the release of sex. It didn't take her long. Zarya was an accomplished over. When Dawn had soaked the older elf's face with her orgasmic juice, Zarya slid up the queen's body and attached her mouth to her breast. After long days in the court Dawn usually didn't have much milk left for her lover, but today there seemed to be a small but adequate supply.

"You were full tonight," Zarya commented to her lover when the last of the milk was drained. Dawn nodded and rested her hand lightly on top of the older elf's pussy, holding it to show that she was the dominant partner in their relationship right now.

"I have a question for you, Zarya," Dawn said and then suddenly

"Is this a question I'm going to regret having to answer?" Zarya asked.

"Maybe," Dawn said but then changed her answer. "Probably." She started stroking Zarya's pussy. After the kick of sex hormones from her milk Zarya was all too ready to take on any sexual activity. Her pussy quickly moistened and her legs spread wide; her clit became prominent and her journey to orgasm was proceeding rapidly. And then, shortly before she reached that peak, Dawn stopped her stimulation. She pulled her hand away and rolled to the side of the bed. Zarya groaned in complaint and wanted to frig herself to a quick—and unsatisfying—orgasm, but she resisted.

"Why'd you stop?" she complained and opened her eyes.

Dawn was kneeling next to her holding a pair of matching silver necklaces. The chains were thin and the pendants dangling down were two small intertwined rings. "The treasury is small," Dawn said. "But there was some extra milk in the past few weeks."

Zarya blinked. "Okay. That's good, but why spend what little money our realm has on necklaces?"

Dawn looked down, hesitated, and then snapped her head up, locked eyes with Zarya and asked, "Will you marry me?"

"What?"

"I love you and I want to marry you. I don't want to lose you because some

political game dictates that I have to marry a prince from a distant land."

"Oh." Zarya's response was underwhelming. It took every drop of Dawn's willpower not to start crying. However, her hands started to droop from holding up the necklaces. The instant Zarya saw that she answered. "Yes. Yes of course I'll marry you. I want you to be my wife."

She grabbed one of the necklaces opened the clasp and put it around Dawn's neck. Dawn repeated the process with her lover—now wife.

"There will be many not pleased with this," Zarya said.

"Because I chose to marry another female?"

"No, because you chose to marry at all. It is one of the political tools we have."

"We can keep this a secret if you wish."

"No!" Zarya burst out and then pressed a fierce kiss on her wife's lips. "I want everyone to know. I love you. I will never leave you."

"I love you as well. But you need to know why I asked you now."

Zarya closed her eyes and said a silent prayer to a goddess that probably didn't listen to the pleas of a race that had been all but destroyed. "Why now?"

"Farzana is giving milk. In a few weeks she'll be producing as much as me, Engline promised me as much. We'll have double the milk for the Realm in no time at all."

"Are you going to stop suckling for the Realm?" Zarya asked.

"No, I can't do that. We all need my milk still. But I won't have to be so… productive."

Now Zarya kissed both of Dawn's breasts, then teased the nipples with the lightest of flicks with her tongue. "I'll have these almost all to myself soon."

Dawn giggled, something she had done so rarely these past months. "Almost, almost," she promised her lover and wife-to-be. "We'll have a small but

boisterous wedding and then we can start a strong push to preserve our Realm for all time." She pushed Zarya onto her back and started kissing her way down to the warrior elf's pussy.

"I think once we tell anyone there will be many demands of a large wedding and ever more howls of protest for the marriage at all."

"That's not the type of howl I want to hear tonight," Dawn said as she buried her face into Zarya's pussy, pushing her tongue into her lover's cunt, then came back to tease and suck on her clit as she used a pair of fingers to find Zarya's hidden pleasure zone.

Zarya pleased her lover with the exact howls she was looking for. Dawn didn't tell her lover the full extent of what she was planning.

As Dawn had predicted the announcement of their marriage did not go over well with her circle of advisors or the general population of the New Realm. Dawn did not care for her decision was supported by Zarya and Farzana. The girl was completely enthralled by Dawn and would do anything her queen asked. As Farzana's milk production increased plans were made to move the New Realm from their underground fortress to the ruins of an old human castle deep in the woods.

It didn't take much persuasion to move the center of New Realm into the castle. There was much work to be done inside, but the old underground fortress was overfull and no longer suited their needs. The formal announcement and occupation of Castle Emelia coincided with the ceremony to seal Dawn and Zarya's marriage. The sealing of their bonding involved invitations to all the surrounding kingdoms: human, kobold, goblin, and the Elvin Old Realm. All of the human kingdoms responded, the kobolds and goblins ignored their, and much to Dawn's surprise the Old Realm council accepted and appeared.

"They see this as an espionage mission," Zarya pointed out to her. Dawn didn't seem to hear or care. She was glad they came so that she could show off the success of her new country.

Farzana quickly settled into her role as the new primary supplier of elf milk to the realm. She always performed her duties in the full view of the every member

of the court, always in public. It didn't take her long to go from a shy former slave to a confident servant to Dawn, though Dawn was always uncomfortable in her role. The Queen's Maids that had always been an source of annoyance to Zarya and were now shuffled off to serve Farzana; Dawn hardly seemed to notice. The elf-girl walked proudly through the castle topless, displaying her over-sized tits to every passerby. In her more modest moments she did take to wearing a corset that supported the bottoms of her breasts, but left her nipples exposed.

The actual ceremony for the wedding was surprisingly low-key. The dignitaries in attendance had been expecting something much more elaborate. There was the traditional exchange of vows where Dawn and Zarya declared their undying love for the other and their everlasting commitment. Their kiss at the end of the vows was undeniably chaste and the humans in attendance raised their eyebrows but said nothing. Then Farzana stepped forward and lowered the top to her dress. Dawn and Zarya knelt together, took up one of the girl's breasts, and suckled for long moments in front of the assembled crowd. The elves of the New Realm murmured their approval; the elves of the Old Realm turned away in disgust and envy; the humans did nothing but stare at the odd binding ritual with shock. When both Dawn and Zarya had drunk their fill to bind them together forever under the power of Farzana's milk the full celebration started.

The party was full of wine and food and music and dancing. The married couple had precious little time together but that was expected. Zarya was amused at some of the comments she overheard while moving among the crowd.

"Two females marrying, disgusting when we need more breeding elves."

"Zarya wearing a dress, odd. I'm certain Dawn thought she was marrying a man."

"Elf bitches love to eat pussy. It's true. Why else would they marry each other?"

"They're using the term 'consort' for her. Queen Dawn and Consort Zarya. What an odd pairing."

It was the last comment that caught Zarya's attention. It was spoken by one of the guards from the Old Realm. Zarya turned around to speak with him. "I'm not one to stand on titles. They wanted me to take everything from 'princess' to 'marquise' and every other ancient title they could dream up," she said. Only

after speaking did she recognize the guard.

“It’s not my place to question other titles,” he said.

“But you feel my match with Dawn is an odd one, Khendal?” she archly asked him.

The tips of his pointed ears flared just a bit pink with embarrassment. “I didn’t think you’d recognize or remember me, Zarya.”

Zarya couldn’t contain her smile. “I’d never forget someone who has as silver a tongue as you.”

The guard’s old confidence returned. He had been an old lover of Zarya’s when they had both served in the army. “I’m somewhat sad that you’ve left our side,” he said.

“I never had any special loyalty to the Council.”

“I meant having sex with males,” he leered at her.

“I know what you meant,” she said and took a sip of the weak wine. She wondered if it was intentionally watered down to draw out the party or to keep everyone sober. Still, it was nice to see servants constantly circling the party with platters of food and drink.

“You’ve committed to your new Queen fully then?” he asked. “I hope you like supping at her purse.”

“I love eating her pussy,” Zarya said.

“Too bad. I’d love to have a go at you one more time.”

“I never said I still don’t appreciate a good cock inside me.”

Her arched his already pointed eyebrows. “Oh really? Care to prove that?”

“On my wedding night?”

“What better night to celebrate your sexuality?”

“I should ask my wife first.”

“Maybe she’ll want to join us?” he suggested.

“Oh, I doubt that.”

True to her word, Zarya did make the suggestion. She was neither surprised or upset at Dawn’s answer. Eventually the party wound down. It took some small planning and sneaking about, skills that Zarya and Khendal had in abundance, but he was eventually smuggled into the Queens bedroom. The guard was surprised to see the queen sitting on a chair next to the marriage bed. She had changed her garments. Around her hips she wore a fancy white silk skirt. Above that she wore a short corset that left her breasts fully exposed.

“My lady,” Khendal said upon seeing her and bowing low following the old customs.

Dawn prided herself in never following the old customs. “My wife is eager to have sex with you, Khendal. Do you mind if I watch?”

He wasn’t quite prepared for such a direct question, but tried not to show he was caught unawares in his answer. “Not at all. Do you care to join in?”

The married queen lifted her chin just a hair higher. “I think not. Would you care for some sustenance before you begin?” she asked, lifting one breast for him to admire.

“I’ve never drunk at a breast providing pure milk before,” he said somewhat nervously. He had only wanted to get laid this night and enjoy the pleasures of Zarya’s body. What was developing was completely unexpected.

“You need to try it,” Zarya said, interrupting their conversation. She knelt down before her wife and took a breast in mouth and started sucking. Khendal watched as Zarya unselfconsciously played with Dawn’s breast. The queen kept a steady eye on the guard as he watched her. It only took a couple of minutes for Zarya to get Dawn’s milk to flow and to drain the breast. When she let go her eyes were wide with arousal. The queen had concentrated the wine she had drunk and passed much of the alcohol into her milk making the aphrodisiac qualities stronger than usual. “What are you waiting for?” she asked and pulled Khendal down next to her. “Drink!” she ordered him.

Normally Khendal didn’t need any encouragement to honor the body of a beautiful female. Dawn offered up her breast, touching the nipple to his lips. The scent of her milk alone was enough to arouse him, but as ordered he parted his lips and sucked gently at her nipple. Almost immediately he was rewarded with a light spray of milk and he swallowed. It took but an instant and he began to feel the effects of the milk. His cock grew hard and he was eager to fuck whatever was available. His hand dropped to his crotch and he unselfconsciously started masturbating through his breeches as he continued to suckle.

“He’s ready for you,” Dawn reported to her wife. Zarya had divested herself of all clothing and collapsed on the bed. She drew up one knee to expose and open her pussy. With her left hand she played with her clit as she watched Khendal drinking from Dawn. It didn’t take him long to drain her. Dawn had been sharing her milk—discretely—at the party for those who were bold enough to ask. When he was done Khendal was literally drunk with desire, he looked up at Dawn with fanatical lust, but she pointed a finger at Zarya’s reclining body.

Stumbling and suddenly unsure of himself, Khendal got to his feet and awkwardly stripped off his clothes as he watched Zarya trail a lazy finger back and forth in her slit. Once his clothes were gone his cock stood up strong and erect, and impressive size; larger than any toy that Zarya and Dawn had ever shared. He didn’t even see the scars and damage to Zarya’s body. He fell upon her and they squirmed together momentarily until he buried his manhood deep into her pussy.

“Yes,” she moaned. “Fuck me hard. Show her what you can do.”

Khendal was used to taking order. The pair rutted like wild elk in heat. Khendal had little staying power after being over excited Dawn’s milk. When he came in her pussy she could feel the thick liquid bathing her womb.

“Good, good,” she encouraged him. He was exhausted and unable to continue fucking, but Zarya wasn’t satisfied. She rolled him over. His cock was still hard. That was good she reflected. “We’re not done,” she told him.

“Uh-huh,” Khendal absently agreed. Dawn got to her knees, turned around and then straddled his body. She lowered her dripping cunt to his face as she laid down on top of him. His cum-covered cock went right into her mouth and she eagerly cleaned his seed from it. Khendal didn’t seem put out by the fact he was

cleaning his own cum from her cunt and licked and sucked at her slit. Though she had planned this as a way of keeping him hard, it turned out that was largely unnecessary. The hard flesh slipped from her lips as she reared up and ground her most intimate parts on his face. There wasn't a word of complaint from the male elf; there was no way for him to complain.

"You're beautiful," she said to Dawn as the younger elf stood up from her chair and dropped her skirt. The harness and dildo she strapped on her hips was familiar to Zarya, but it had never before been used on a man. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"More than anything."

Zarya had been absently stroking Khendal's cock as he pleasured her cunt. Now she stopped and gave his hard length a firm slap. He jerked in surprise as she pulled her cunt away from his face. "Get on your hands and knees," she ordered. He still had little will of his own. Khendal rolled over and did as he was told. Khendal had served in the army with her so she knew it wouldn't be the first time he had anal sex. Maybe the first time when a woman was behind him, but not his first time receiving. Zarya so wanted to kiss her wife, but she didn't dare. She knew there were still remains of Khendal's cum on her lips and cheeks and maybe in her mouth. That was okay for Dawn was focused on Khendal's ass at the moment.

Dawn had produced a small pot of lube. She opened the jar, scooped it up with her fingers, and spread it on her lover-to-be's anus. He shivered at her intimate touch. Zarya got back on the bed in front of him and spread her legs wide in front of his face. "A little something to take your mind off what she's doing."

He nodded and lowered his face to her pussy. Zarya sighed with relief as he continued his tongue lashing of her cunt. She kept her eyes open to watch her wife. Dawn seemed to know exactly what she was doing. She took the dildo in hand and placed it against Khendal's anus. He moved away slightly, but was trapped between Dawn and Zarya. The queen placed her hands on his rump, angled his back, and pushed the phallus into his ass. He groaned into Zarya's pussy causing an enjoyable flutter in her stomach.

"I'm in," Dawn said with satisfaction. She enjoyed the feel of Khendal's flesh against hers, then she pulled out half way and plunged back in again. Zarya

continued to watch her wife as Dawn fucked the guard in the ass. Zarya had been on the receiving end of similar fuckings—but always in her pussy, never her ass—so she knew that Dawn was familiar with the hip thrusts of cock fucking. Her eyes half glazed over as the trio continued their love making.

“He’s enjoying it,” Zarya reported.

“How do you know?” Dawn huffed. The exertion of being the dominant in the encounter was weighing on her stamina.

“His cock is still hard. I can feel it with my foot.” She flicked Khendal’s cock a couple of times to check his arousal. It wouldn’t be long now.

“Let me,” Dawn said and she bent forward, pressing her tits against his back as she reached between his legs with her hand.

“Careful, don’t get his spunk on you,” Zarya cautioned.

“I know, I know.” She could only see half of what her wife was doing, but it was obvious what was happening. Dawn stroked his length several times, felt and played with his smooth, hairless balls, squeezing them a bit, they took her hand away. “I can make him cum by just fucking his ass?” she asked.

“Uh-huh,” Zarya said. She was distracted by Khendal’s busy lips. Her orgasm was imminent as well.

Dawn abruptly increased her pace of thrusts. It only took a second and then his cock was erupting with heavy spurts of white seed. Some of it splattered on the bed, some landed on his belly as his cock twitched in the air, a bit went on Zarya’s leg as she tickled his manhood with her toe. Khendal slowed his sucking and licking of her cunt until she slapped his back. Understanding this bit of non-verbal communication he redoubled his efforts until Zarya rewarded him with a squirt of her own cum in his face.

He was barely able to remain on his knees as Dawn withdrew from his ass. Once she was out he fell to his side and panted heavily. “I think we wore the poor thing out,” Zarya laughed.

It took Dawn a moment to strip out of her harness. She brought a bottle of wine to her wife and Zarya drank deeply washing away the last vestiges of Khendal’s

semen from her mouth. She poured a bit of the white wine on a cloth and wiped her face with it. There was no reason to put her wife at risk. Only then did the two female elves kiss. “I didn’t think the first time I had sex after getting married would be with someone else,” Dawn said.

“I couldn’t think of a better way to celebrate,” Zarya responded and pushed her wife to the bed, splayed her legs, and kissed the younger elf’s wet pussy. “Look how excited you are!” she marveled, admiring the girl’s reddened pussy where she had removed the double-ended dildo. “And your clit is so happy to see me.” She leaned in and kissed the tiny nub. Dawn leaned back and let her wife do as she pleased for her every motion pleased Dawn.

Serving her wife was the greatest pleasure in her life. There was no place else where Zarya wanted to be. It was surprisingly easy to make her cum. When she was done they curled up together, one naked body against the other and slipped off to sleep. Khendal watched them silently and masturbated his still hard cock to orgasm one last time. Though he would never admit it watching the two females make love was better than actually fucking either one of them.

It was early in the morning when Zarya awoke. She silently slipped on Dawn’s silk robe that she wore in the mornings when preparing for the day. It was a tiny bit short on her, the bottom edges of her ass peeked out of the hem if she moved to fast. Zarya didn’t care. She sauntered down to the kitchens, greeting all she met and happily accepting well-wishes along the way. She returned carrying rolls and hot drinks for everyone. What she didn’t expect to see upon entered the bedchamber was Khendal tied to the frame and Dawn riding his cock like a wanton whore. It was all she could do to keep from dropping the platter with their food.

Closing her eyes and calming herself she set the platter down on the service table. The copulating couple watched her with great trepidation. Then she yanked Dawn bodily off Khendal’s cock, grabbed her dagger from the edge of the bed where she kept it out of habit, and was about to plunge it into Khendal’s chest when Dawn blocked her. “Don’t!” she cried moving in front of her wife to stop a murder.

“Don’t? He was raping you!” The words were wrong coming out of her mouth and she knew it.

“He was raping me?” Dawn asked. “After I tied him up and got on top of him and put his cock in my cunt?”

Although she was mollified Zarya didn’t understand what had happened. “What is wrong with you? What are you doing? You’ve ruined your milk for everyone! You’ve ruined everything!”

“No I didn’t!” Dawn insisted.

Zarya was slightly relieved. “He didn’t cum in you? Maybe everything will be okay.”

Dawn shook her head and wiped between her legs with her hand. She lifted her fingers up to show her wife Khendal’s leavings.

“Why?” she asked Dawn as she collapsed into the bedside chair. Then he gaze settled on Khendal. “You always were a short, quick fuck. No staying power.”

“Sorry,” he mumbled.

“Because I wanted to,” Dawn said. “Because I’m tired of being nothing more than a source of milk, the center of this country.”

“A country you created!”

“And I didn’t think that through carefully at the time. But we have Farzana now. We have two dozen pregnant elves who will supply all the milk we will need to survive forever.”

“When their babies grow up in, what, fifty years?”

“There are other elf girls out there, still virgins, who we can induce to produce milk. I can’t be the center of everything!”

“I can still kill this fucker for going along with your stupid plan,” Zarya said and pushed Dawn aside. The queen didn’t take her rough treatment willingly and grabbed hold of Zarya’s arm before she could attack Khendal.

“Do you really want to commit a murder of one of the Old Realm’s guards the day after we got married?” she asked.

Zarya paused. “Good point. I’ll just cut off his balls.” She grabbed his penis and raised her dagger again. Dawn put her hand protective over Khendal’s scrotum as he tried to wiggle away.

“Do you really want to do that of the elf that might have fathered the child you and I will raise?”

Dawn’s words were enough to stop Zarya from acting. Barely. Her weapons descended, but only to be put away. She viciously twisted his cock making him yelp in pain, only then did she let go. “I’d suggest you get the fuck out of our bedroom before I change my mind,” she told him.

In a sudden whirlwind of activity Khendal jumped out of bed, dressed himself, and disappeared.

“Did you fuck him just to get out of being the only source of milk for the New Realm?” Zarya asked while looking out the small window that occupied the southern wall of the room. There was no real view to describe; some daylight could be seen along with a few trees. Like everything else in the New Realm it was utilitarian, it had a purpose and was nothing more than that purpose.

“No.”

“Why then? To make me jealous? That wouldn’t and didn’t work. To throw everything away that you’ve achieved in so short a time?”

“No. To have a child.”

Zarya practically fell to her knees with a barking laugh. “Please tell me you’re kidding,” she said.

“No.”

“It’s unlikely he knocked you up. It takes a long time for elves to get preggers. We aren’t the most fertile of races, in case you haven’t noticed.”

Dawn stiffened at the insinuation. “I know what I’m doing.”

“I certainly hope so,” Zarya said. “I don’t want to have a pregnant wife who walks around clueless.”

The visiting dignitaries made a quick but respectful exit from the castle. There were promises of continued diplomatic missions and unspoken threats of destruction. None of this bothered Dawn, she had planned out everything.

It didn't take the court long to fully accept Farzana as the only milk supplier for the New Realm. Farzana was still a slave in her mind and didn't oppose any decision Dawn made for her. As Dawn's official courtesan and wife it was easier for Zarya to pull strings and achieve certain military goals. The battles the New Realm openly fought were smaller and the surrounding nations parlayed to recognize the new country. More than the battles, it was the assassinations Zarya engineered that achieved Dawn's goals. And little was said about the unusual and sudden deaths of several Old Realm guards and military advisors. No one mentioned to Dawn that Khendal had been found dead in his bed while Zarya was off on a spying mission.

It wasn't long before Dawn's stomach started to swell with the new life growing inside her. Much to her own surprise Zarya looked forward to the birth of the child. She was used to Dawn's softness, her swollen belly only added to her sexual allure. The couple had started referring to the baby as their child, as if the need for a male in the mix was not necessary. No one in the court was foolish enough to suggest anything about the child's parentage. Dawn and Zarya were both declared as equal mothers.

"What should we name her?" Dawn asked after her hard labor produced the female child she had so desperately wanted.

The three were laying on the bed together. The baby had just finished suckling from Dawn's tit and Zarya was still sucking on Dawn's other breast.

"Auroran," Zarya replied.

"That's an unusual name."

"It was my grandmother's. She was a milk slave when she was a girl."

"That's hardly an auspicious name for the first child of the queen of the New Realm."

"Don't you intend on raising her to use her tits to feed the nation?" Zarya asked.

Dawn smiled. “Yes, yes I do.”

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he spends too little time reading and writing and too much time on video games and mountain biking. His writing interests include erotica, science fiction, and fantasy, both low and high. He lives a private and secluded life in the company of three cats.

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