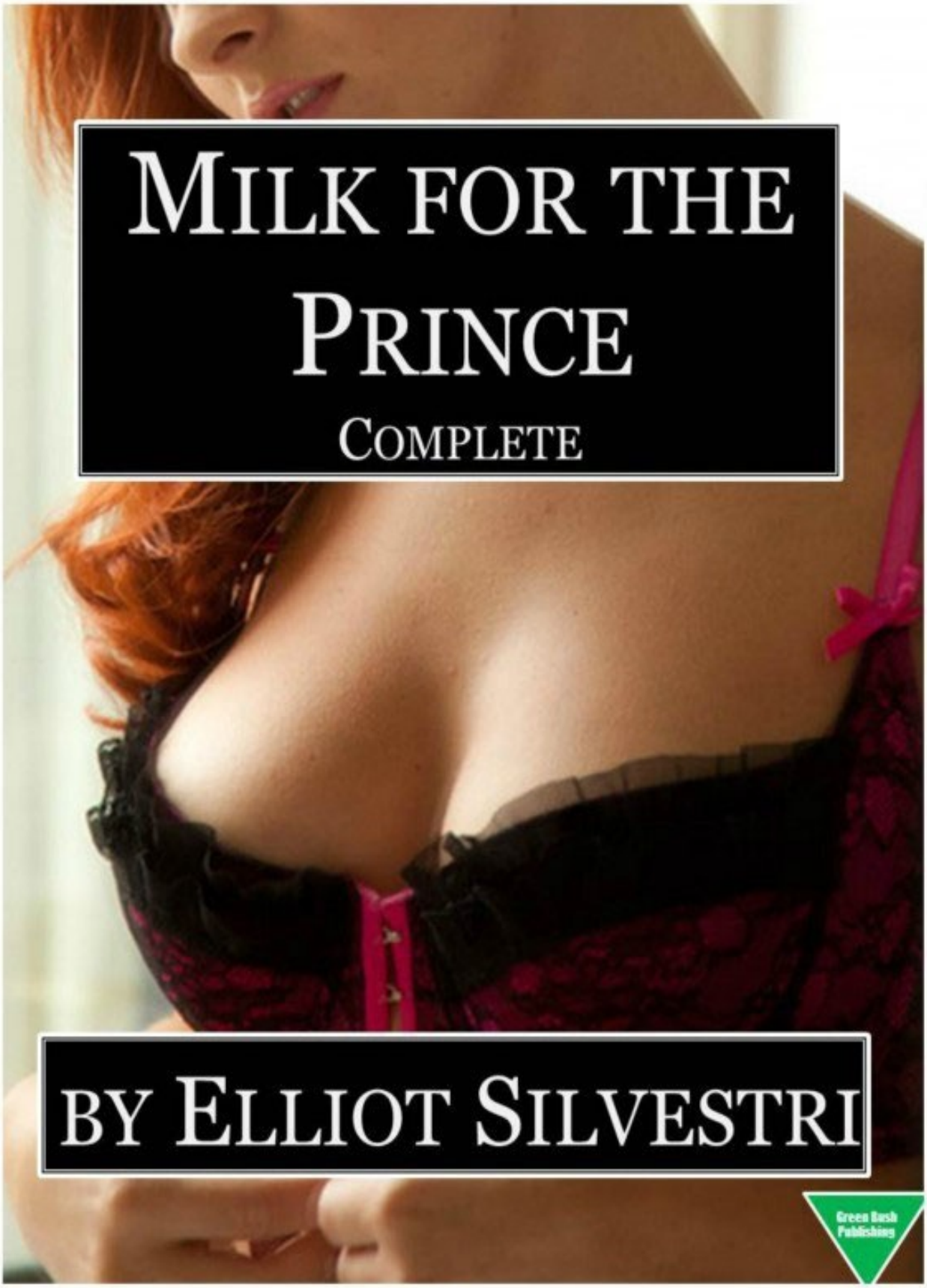
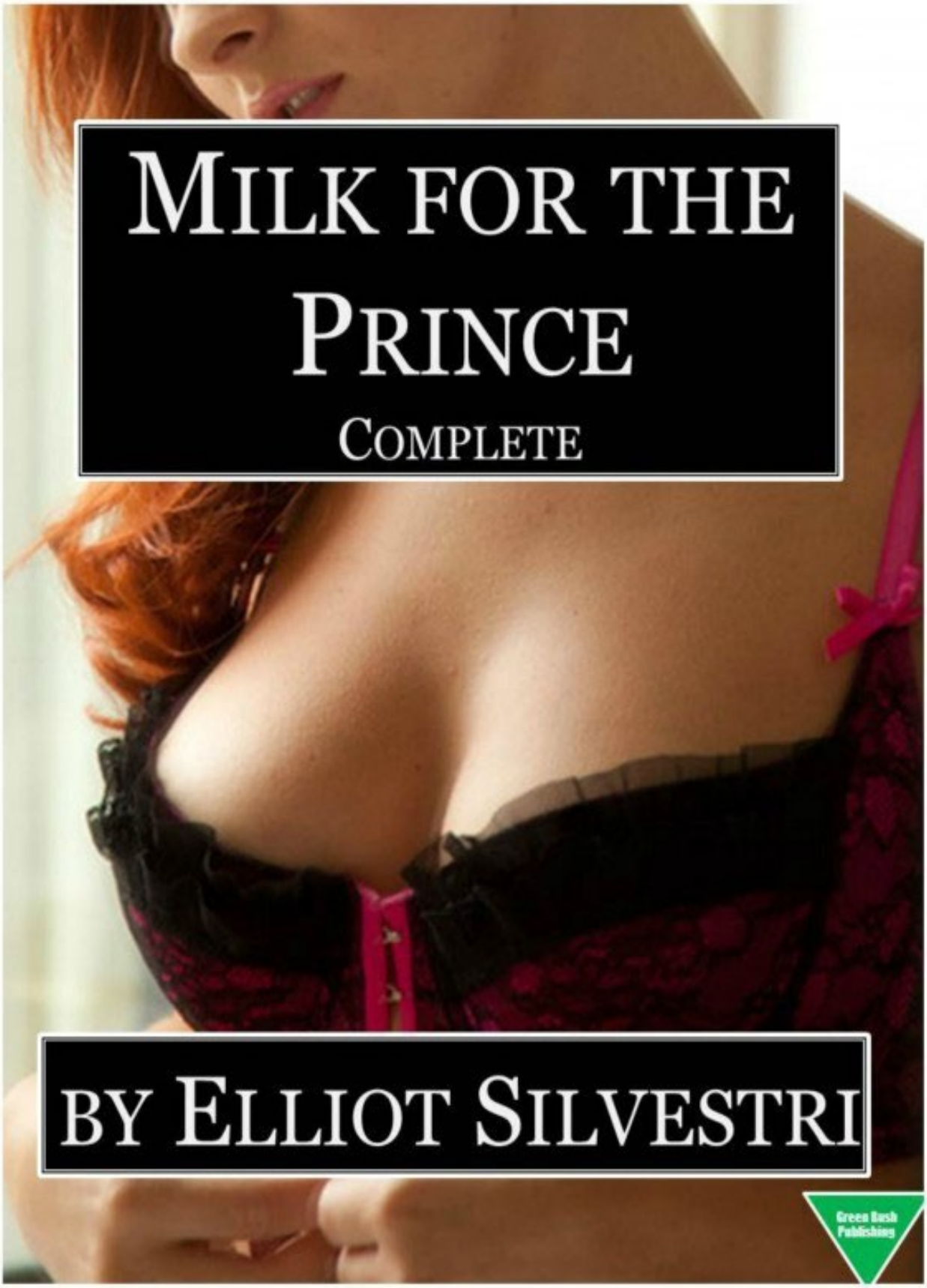

MILK FOR THE PRINCE
COMPLETE
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing


MILK FOR THE PRINCE
COMPLETE
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing

Milk for the Prince

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2014 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

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

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author. Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older. This work is a fantasy; in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices.

If you’re the type of person to read copyright notices, why don’t you go to elliotsilvestri.blogger.com for a coupon code at Smashwords.com.

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

Part One

Chapter One

“Bring in the whore then.” The words were spoken with a resigned sigh. A servant nodded and backed out of what served as the prince’s sick room. The prince, just a few weeks earlier a vibrant and athletic young man, now lay on the bed all but unmoving. His chest rose and fell steadily, but every breath was a struggle. The story was he had been seriously injured in a horse riding accident and was now on death’s door. The truth was no prettier, but more accurate. He had simply fallen sick to one of the many diseases now making their way through the country slowly killing off bits and pieces of the population. His mother would be much happier to have a son dead from falling off his horse than a dead son who contracted the pox from a cheap whore.

The prostitute in question was brought into the bedroom. While she wasn’t exactly dragged in, there was a certain amount of resistance. She wasn’t brought in by the servant—he trailed behind—she was escorted by a burly and competent guard. The whore was practically spilling out of the top of her bustier, not an unusual state for a woman in her profession, but in this instance the amount of cleavage and flesh on display was impressive even for a woman who would perform any mean act for coin.

The room wasn’t the height of opulence, but it was close. Two guards stood outside in their tunics holding spears and standing as straight as their weapons. Two more stood inside the room just inside the door. Servants hovered in the background. The heavy velvet drapes were half-drawn against the afternoon’s brilliance and heat. The bed was covered with a richly embroidered cover, not too warm or too thin. The furniture was well-built and from the heaviest hardwoods of the king’s forest. The floor was laid of native stone—only the king was allowed to have imported marble floors—but was richly colored and highly polished. In all it said the residence was occupied by a family of power and wealth—if only just barely.

“You don’t have to drag me, buster!” she complained as she was hauled to the foot of the bed where the prince’s mother could examine her. His mother was old, not elderly but of advanced enough years that there was no chance of her producing any more children. She had been a beauty in her day, but that luster

had faded though she could still manage to turn the heads of more than a few noblemen. In any other instance she would have carried the title of princess or queen, but that wasn't the case with Lady Benowith. The prostitute spied the prince's mother and paused. She considered a curtsy and then considered copping her usual saucy attitude that often won her the attentions of men from the nobility who often patronized the house she worked in. But she did neither; she just stood there a moment and waited to see what would happen next.

"Do you know why you're here?" the lady of the house asked in the imperious tone she had developed over the years. Her noble title might be in question but her authority was not.

"House call," the prostitute said. "I get them all the time. Some of the gentility think it's more discrete than actually sneaking into Madame Roussouse's. Her irascible nature came to the forefront now. "But I've never done a young guy and his…benefactor before." She grinned knowing what she was implying. "Not that I'm above that, but it's not my specialty. You should have asked for Trina, she only does couples." Her grin didn't change.

Lady Benowith nodded to the guard holding the prostitute's arm. He smacked her across the face once, hard and sharp, as if it were something he was accustomed to doing, either professionally or as a hobby at home.

The impact of the slap knocked the tart's head to the side and she let out a yelp of pain. "Fuck," she cursed under her breath. "If that's what you're into you should have requested SallyMae. She actually likes that shit."

The guard raised his open hand again. She shrank back and raised her own hands in defeat. "Okay, okay. I apologize. I didn't realize what you were looking for."

"I'll appreciate if you'll hold your tongue and speak to me in a manner befitting your betters," Lady Benowith said sharply. The guard didn't let his arm drop yes.

"Yes, my lady," the girl said. "I am deeply sorry. When you do what I do, sometimes the only defense I have is my mouth."

"I'm certain it's gotten you in trouble before."

She wanted to spit out any number of filthy replies, but decided it would be better if she was merely polite and obsequious. "You're right, my lady."

“I shall repeat my question. Do you know why you are here?”

The answer this time was respectful. “Madame Roussouse had a special request from a client that wanted…services at his house. Yes, I know why I’m here. The only question is why exact services are required. I don’t do everything.”

“Do you know who I am?” Lady Benowith asked.

“You’re the lady of the house.”

The prince’s mother shifted her eyes from the prostitute to the young man in the bed. They then flicked over to another servant waiting at the door. Nothing escaped his gaze.

“Do you know exactly who I am?”

“No ma’am.”

“Do you know who he is?” With an incline of her head the lady indicated her prone son.”

“I assume your son.”

Lady Benowith sighed. “Since you’ll either figure it out eventually or someone will slip and tell you, I’ll give you all you need to know right here and now. Discretion is you ally in this endeavor, young lady. Throw away that discretion and you’ll be throwing away your life.” She paused and let that sink in. Although the prostitute worked in one of the best whorehouses in the city, she was familiar with the casual violence and death that often accompanied her profession. That violence and death was often part and parcel of the time and city she lived in. “Do you understand?”

“Yes, my lady.”

“My name is Lady Veronica Benowith. This is my son Prince Wallace Benowith.” She let those names and titles sink in.

The young woman’s eyes widened slightly. She had been in the employ of a number of men claiming to be nobility. Most were liars. She had also been in the employ of a few exclusive men who were actually nobility that wanted to

experience what it was like to slum in a whorehouse instead of utilizing an appropriate concubine or lover. She'd never been in the presence of an actual prince, or his mother. "It is a great pleasure to meet you, my lady. My name is __"

"I don't care what your name is," Lady Benowith cut her off. "That is unimportant. Let me ask you one final time. Do you know why you are here?"

The whore's eyes flicked from the prince's mother, to the prince's body lying in the bed, barely moving, to the various servants and guards in the bedroom. "I thought it was to provide…physical comfort to a refined gentleman, but that doesn't seem to be the case right now."

"Why would you say that?" Lady Benowith's eyes narrowed on the young woman. "Speak freely. I want to know what you think."

While the prostitute doubted that, she spoke as honestly as she dared. "I've done this sort of thing a few times before. What working girl hasn't? But it's always the young man's father who does the hiring. And he's always as discrete as possible. And it's never with a man who is obviously about to meet his maker."

"My son is not dying!" Lady Benowith thundered. Even the guards winced at her tone.

The prostitute said nothing.

"Have you heard that Prince Wallace suffered a fall while horseback riding?"

"Yes, yes I have, my lady."

The mother breathed a sigh of relief. "Good. Then the story is spreading. The story we want the city to know. You can see with your own eyes that he is uninjured, but he is ill."

"Yes, ma'am."

"An unending parade of doctors, most of them charlatans, have been in to treat him. Most did nothing. Those that tried to help accomplished nothing. In short, we've tried everything suggested with no good results. You, my dear child, are the latest attempt at saving my son's life."

“I’m no doctor, my lady. Nor am I a nurse,” she said as her voice caught in her throat.

“Ah, the truth of it comes out. You are a wet nurse, after a fashion, are you not?” The lady of the house asked the question already knowing the answer.

“I am…that is to say, I offer certain specialized services to those who want them in Madame Roussouse’s house.” She paused and thought of what to say next. “Begging your pardon, ma’am, but why me or why a tart from the red light district. I’m certain you could find an actual wet nurse from somewhere more… refined.”

If Lady Benowith heard the question, then she opted not to answer it. “The latest doctor says Prince Wallace is suffering from some rare disease brought up from the tropics during our long summer. He says the only treatment is time and luck and the patient’s stamina. My son can barely move to take nourishment. He can’t eat. He can barely drink. The doctor suggested—save my soul—that my son be supplied with the richest milk from a nursing mother.”

“But again, why me, my lady?”

“To bring a wet nurse here, to this house, for the purpose I am proposing, is scandal unmitigated. I will not shame my son or my reputation because of it.”

The question of Lady Benowith’s reputation was one of much discussion in the city’s taverns and salon’s. It didn’t seem to be the right time to bring it up now, however.

“We can hire you, a common whore, to provide what my son needs. Your sort lives in discretion, that’s why we hired from the…best,” it hurt her to give the grudging compliment, “house of ill repute in the city. We can trust you, or so I’m told, to keep quiet about this. No one must know about my son’s illness. He cannot be seen as weak.”

“You can trust in my discretion on that account, ma’am.”

“I should hope so,” Lady Benowith all but sneered. “For the obscene amount of money we’re paying you and your house.”

“I don’t set the rates, ma’am.”

From her look it was plain to see that Lady Benowith didn't care who set the rates. "You will feed him," she commanded. "You will literally nurse him back to health. Do you understand? Your life depends on it."

This was not a position the young tart wanted to be in, but plainly she had no choice in the matter. "Yes, ma'am."

"You will start immediately."

When the girl made to loosen the string that contained—barely—her straining bustier Lady Benowith clarified. "After I leave the room. You will feed him as often as needed, at his request."

"I'll visit whenever you call," the prostitute said happily. She was always ready to please a client.

The lady of the house shook her head. "No. You will be here to serve him. You will not be returning to your…house."

"What?"

It sounded to her like she was to be a prisoner.

"This is for your own protection and for Prince Wallace's. He will need your milk at all times of day and night. He needs to get healthy as quickly as possible. And we can't trust you to live anywhere else other than here because whores talk. It is well known."

The young woman in question wanted to point out that maybe common streetwalkers talked and bragged about their clients—mostly lies, but sometimes with truth—but ladies who worked at Madame Roussouse's were the epitome of discretion. She held her tongue.

"You will have a room in the servant's wing. You will not leave the house. You will be paid. You will be discrete. That is all."

Lady Benowith rose from her chair and started for the exit. The servant at the door opened it for her and closed it behind her. The prostitute said and did nothing. What could she do?

A man stepped into the middle of the room and introduced himself. “I am Doctor Rivers,” he said. He had a snowy halo of hair about his head, huge spectacles perched on his nose, and long, gangly limbs. In many ways he looked exactly like a doctor. “I will observe while you feed Prince Wallace.”

“You get off on this sort of thing, don’t you, Doc?” she asked him, once again reaching for her bustier strings to release her breasts.

“Not at all, young lady. I’m merely here to make sure Prince Wallace gets the best treatment possible.”

“Uh-huh.” She paused in the middle of unfastening her stays and looked at Dr. Rivers out of the corner of his eye. “Aren’t you going to ask my name? Or am I just a cow to you?”

The question caught the good doctor unawares. “Heavens no! You are providing an important service to the prince and his mother. You aren’t just a cow, as you put it.”

She waited politely for him to finish and then waited some more, her breasts still hidden, letting the time pass. She had plenty of it at the moment.

“So…” she prompted. “Ask.”

“Ask what?” he said and then shook his head. “Dear me. I forgot already. What is your name, young lady?”

“Call me Trixie,” she said brightly as she finished unlacing her stays, letting her breasts spill out of the bustier. They were impressive and, despite his professional distance, Dr. Rivers gasped as the amount of flesh that Trixie was suddenly displaying along with the brightness of her nipples and the way they jutted up into the air.

“Oh…my,” he said by way of compliment. Then he remembered himself. “Is Trixie your actual name?” It seemed a very common name to him for some reason.

“Of course not!” She was actually offended by his stupidity. “It the name every working girl uses.”

“Isn’t that confusing?” For an educated man, the doctor was easily addled.

Trixie rolled her eyes. “It’s not supposed to be,” she said.

His brows furrowed. “Should I…?”

She sighed. “Yes. Please call me Trixie.”

The doctor was still mesmerized by her breasts but somehow managed to come back to his senses. “If you would please feed the prince,” he said with a gesture toward the semi-conscious man.

It wasn’t how she usually treated her customers. Most of the men who feasted on her tits wanted her naked but for a pair of panties. They wanted to snuggle up against her. Most requested to call her mommy or some other variation of a mother’s honorific. In all honesty she didn’t mind it, but did find the behavior of her customers to border on the bizarre. There wasn’t anything really wrong with what they did—and they almost never requested actual sex, just nursing. Once it became known that Trixie offered breast milk to anyone with enough coin she almost never had to work a traditional john. Straight sex was out; nursing from her breasts was what earned her keep. There were the occasional freaks who only wanted to squeeze and play with her tits—that she didn’t mind. And then there were the ones who wanted to straddle her and rub their cocks between her big boobs. They always—always—wanted to cum that way. Depending on their manners she would allow it once in a great while, but they all paid dearly for the privilege.

But this, seeing the half-dead prince lying on his dead, this was different. “How should I go about this?” Trixie asked the doctor. Her tits were hanging out of her dress, no longer supported by her bustier. They weren’t leaking milk. Not yet. She needed actual suction on them first. That was always a disappointment to many of her johns. They always wanted to see her milk dripping, flowing, out of her.

“What?” Dr. Rivers said. He was still mesmerized by her naked breasts.

“He’s asleep. I can’t feed him if he won’t suck.” She stated this matter-of-factly. The doctor wasn’t perturbed by her question or reaction.

“Let me wake the young prince,” he said.

There then ensued a little bit of theater while the doctor shook the prince and shouted at him to rouse him from his slumber. If he had only been sleeping of a night's drinking or was simply indulging in an afternoon's nap he would have wakened immediately. It took the doctor three or four minutes to get the boy's eyelids to flutter open.

"Doctor?" Prince Wallace's weak voice was barely more than a whisper.

"That's right, my boy," the old physician said. "We have another cure for you."

"No," his head flopped back and forth in protest. "No more cures. Too tired."

The doctor's face cracked open with a grin. "I think you'll like this solution, my prince." He gestured expansively at Trixie who still had her breasts exposed. She stood with her weight on one foot, her hip cocked to the side, and one fist ground into her hip. At this point she was impatient and annoyed. If the feeding was going to happen it had better be soon because she wanted some sort of relief from the milk that was building up in her tits.

The prince's reaction was that of any young man seeing a beautiful woman half-naked. His eyes widened and his vision sharpened. "Ooh," was all he managed to gurgle out.

Trixie had had both better and worse reactions from men seeing her tits for the first time. She took his reaction as a positive one. Despite knowing exactly where she was and despite her precarious situation she couldn't resist being who she was. "Like what you see, honey?" she cracked as if she were meeting a new client for the first time. In truth, she was acting as if she were a common streetwalker. Madame Roussouse hated that. She always stated her place of business was the apex of class and gentility…except for the fact the women who lived and worked there were selling their bodies to men for sex.

"Yes," the prince managed to wheeze out.

"Miss…Trixie," the doctor interjected. "You aren't here on a salacious…social visit. You are here to assist with the prince's medical treatment. I will ask you to present yourself accordingly and act as if your life depended upon it. For it does."

For just half a moment she considered playing along with the attitude she had

coped, but then thought better of it. There were four guards she could easily see where she stood. She had passed many more in the halls as she was lead through the manor. Her life was truly on the line today if she didn't perform her services adequately.

"Sorry," she quickly apologized. "I forgot where I was. How can I best serve the prince?" She lowered her eyes and did her best curtsy.

Doctor Rivers nodded. "Very well. All you need to do is feed him. I'm sure you are familiar with the process?" His voice was sharp. His attitude had changed. It occurred to Trixie that his life might be on the line as well if his treatments didn't get results.

After a quick nod Trixie moved close to the bed, near the prince's head and leaned forward, offering him her full breast. She could see it was a struggle for him to turn his head. It was as if his strong body—she could see the definition of his muscles beneath the bedclothes and the tunic he wore—had suddenly lost all ability to move. Still, it was possible for him to move his head and with Trixie's assistance she brought her nipple to his mouth. His tongue came out and licked her dark nipple once, and then his lips opened wider and he dragged the thick nipple and the whole of her areola into his mouth.

"Very good," the doctor breathed. Trixie wasn't sure if he was speaking to her, or the prince, or if he was simply enjoying the sight of her feeding a young man. It wouldn't have been the first time she serviced one man while another watched. She still charged double in those situations even if the second man did nothing other than watch. Nothing in her world was free.

Trixie shuddered slightly once as Prince Wallace sucked on her breast. It was only once. It was common for her body to react that way with a new man, a new customer, a new encounter. It often happened on the first suck with old clients she had been with a dozen or more times before. She couldn't help it if her body enjoyed what men liked to pay for. It wasn't a sign of anything else…or so she told herself.

It took a few sucks—and the prince was more than willing to do that to an attractive if slightly older woman's breast—before her milk started to flow. This wasn't the usual circumstances of her talent. But when the milk started letting down and dripping from her tit, the prince was able to swallow and suck. And

then suck and swallow some more. The process seemed to repeat infinitely. Trixie closed her eyes and braced one hand on the bed's headboard and the other on the opposite side of the prince. She wanted to hold one hand to her free breast that was slowly dripping milk, but the position was awkward and that wasn't possible.

When the doctor noticed that her breast was dripping onto the bedcovers he quickly called for a dish to collect the wasted milk.

"Just get a towel," grunted Trixie. "The mess is part of the service." She grinned at the doctor. She couldn't help making an inappropriate joke despite the risk. Some of her clients liked the mess and would smear it all over their faces and elsewhere. Trixie put up with that as part of what they expected and paid for.

"We're not wasting a drop of your milk," the doctor snapped. Less than a minute later a servant appeared with a ceramic chalice that almost exactly matched the shape and size of Trixie's breast. Whether this was by chance or if the servant had an excellent eye for such measurements she couldn't tell. However, it was a male servant who appeared with the chalice. He handed it off to a maid who had been walking down the hallway. For some reason it was deemed unseemly for a man to hold a cup underneath a prostitute's lactating breast.

She let the servant hold the cup there, gathering her milk, but the position she was forced into was uncomfortable to hold for any length of time. After a few minutes she shifted about, letting the prince continue nursing from her tit, but making the servant stretch to accommodate her needs. As much as she didn't want to show it in front of all the servants, the guards, and Dr. Rivers, Trixie once again found herself getting turned on by all the attention focused on her milky breasts. Normally this wasn't a problem. Often her clients would be happy to fuck her after they had drunk all her milk. Those that declined Trixie's offer would do so politely and then exit her room, leaving her free to masturbate at her leisure. She couldn't do either of those here with the prince. She was simply forced to stand there, hunched over the bed, while the prince nursed.

But it still felt good to have the prince's lips on her nipple.

As an experienced milker, Trixie knew when her supply was running out. She let Prince Wallace suck at her near-empty tit a few more times then abruptly pulled back. His hips clung to her breast as it came away with a slurping sound. Her

motion was so unexpected that the servant with the cup nearly sloshed the entire contents on the bed.

“Watch it,” Trixie grumbled.

“You need to watch it,” the servant snapped.

Trixie started to raise her hand to slap the girl across the face and then remembered where she was. Dr. Rivers stepped in before the matter could escalate. “Give me the cup,” he ordered. The servant willingly handed it over.

After watching her breast milk drip out of her nipple, Trixie wondered how the good doctor was going to use it. The prince could barely suck and swallow. She doubted he would be able to drink from a cup.

To her surprise the doctor produced a soft rubber nipple from his supply box, poured the still warm milk into a small bottle, and affixed the nipple to the bottle. It was an ingenious solution used for some better heeled members of the nobility when their weak wives were unable to fully feed their infant children.

“Drink the milk while it is still fresh, Prince Wallace,” the doctor said to his patient as he introduced the nipple between the man’s lips. The prince sucked and swallowed. Trixie sniffed at the process. It seemed a waste to her. They had barely collected a quarter of a cup of milk.

The prince drank it down in less than a minute.

“Continue,” the doctor told her, gesturing to the prince’s reclining form. Trixie still had one full breast.

She shook her head. “No. I can’t bend over like that for another full feeding. It’s killing my back. At this rate I won’t be able to nurse him by tomorrow morning.”

The doctor was about to object, but thought better of it. What advantage was there in injuring his medical supplier? “How do you normally nurse your… customers?”

The tart smiled for him. “We snuggle together on the bed on our sides. It takes a little working out, but I find the best position for each of my johns. Everyone has their favorite position, doctor. What’s yours?”

He ignored the last question. “You can’t lie with him on the bed. He can’t move to his side. It will kill him.” He paused and thought a moment. “What do you suggest?” he asked her.

That surprised Trixie. She hadn’t been expecting to be asked her advice.

She gave it a bit of thought. “Some guys like to be on their backs while I feed them. I just climb aboard like I’m going to ride him afterwards.” She smirked. “Sometimes I ride him during.”

The cup servant gasped. “We can’t have that!”

The doctor ignored her. “Get on the bed. Be careful of the prince. We’ll be watching you.”

And so Trixie climbed on top of Prince Wallace’s body, her thighs on opposite sides of his hips, and lowered her one still full breast to his mouth. Some of the servants gasped and turned away—apparently watching an adult breastfeeding from a prostitute was perfectly acceptable, but watching her doing it while on top of his body was scandalous—but Trixie ignored them.

Prince Wallace eagerly gobbled up her breast and sucked for all he was worth. Apparently the consumption of breast milk agreed with his constitution. He was already stronger for his initial feeding. Trixie knew that wasn’t the case; she was certain he was just excited about such close contact with a willing woman. She wasn’t sure how old he was exactly—he was certainly an adult but had not yet come into his majority. The talk of Prince Wallace’s status was a frequent topic for the rumor mill at the bordello. Had he ever had a sex with a woman—or a man for that matter? She wasn’t sure. He hadn’t visited Madame Roussouse’s as far as she knew, but maybe he had a lover amongst the gentry or used a servant in his household for his physical needs.

She ground her hips down, but with great subtlety; she didn’t want to give away the game in front of all the servants. While mounting his body she had carefully arranged her skirts to hide everything, but the only barrier between the prince and her quim was the bed sheets. To her great disappointment he was as soft as an overcooked sprig of asparagus. It was the first time in a long time that Trixie hadn’t gotten a rise out of a customer.

Still, she was a professional. She leaned forward and offered her breast to the

prince. He drank from her accordingly. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the time they shared together. The position was much more comfortable even if she shocked all the servants. Through half-lidded eyes she watched Dr. Rivers. He didn't look away from her, but she couldn't tell if he was truly enjoying the show either.

All too soon her breasts were both empty of milk and she pulled back from the prince. "All done," she announced to the doctor. Prince Wallace looked disappointed, but enervated after his feeding.

"Excellent. Sergeant, please escort the young lady to her new quarters," Dr. Rivers said.

The sergeant practically dragged Trixie off the bed. "Give me a moment, Captain," she said deliberately using a wrong rank. "Let me at least tuck the girls away."

The large mustachioed man let go of her arm and watched carefully as she pulled up her bustier to cover her tits. A minute's work and she was almost presentable for a walk though the manor house.

The sergeant escorted her though a series of hallways and abruptly threw her into a small bedroom. Despite the presentation, Trixie was impressed with her new accommodations. It was nicer than her room in the bordello. Before she could ask anything of the sergeant he disappeared only to be replaced in the doorway with Dr. Rivers' slight form. "You will be provided excellent food and a healthy supply of drinking water. You are expected to produce as much milk as possible for the prince. His next feeding will be this evening." His lips smashed into a thin horizontal line across his face. "You will perform and he will get better." The second half of the threat went unvoiced. The door was shut and locked, leaving Trixie alone and a prisoner.

She pondered her situation for a few minutes before the door was unlocked and wrenched open. Whirling about to see what was happening, the young tart witnessed a servant bringing in a tray laden with food—meats, breads, fresh fruits and vegetables, better food than she ate at Madame Roussouse's—along with several pitchers of water. The doctor was hovering in the background. "You'll eat it all," he told her. Once more the door slammed and locked her in.

Eating wasn't a problem. The food was delicious. Trixie nearly stuffed herself

into a food coma and then rested on the bed until evening came. She was dozing, half-awake, when a guard roused her with orders to bring her back to the prince.

As she stumbled through the halls once more, Trixie was pleased with the heaviness of her breasts. The food and drink had done their job—along with the natural talents of her body. She was once again full to bursting with her nutritious milk.

The prince was still in his bed when she arrived, but his eyes lit up at her appearance. “One more time?” he asked weakly.

“Of course, my prince,” she said to him as she crossed the wide open space of the bedroom. She could feel the eyes of every servant in the room as she walked. It didn’t bother her. She’d been watched before while she nursed a client. She’d been watched before while she fucked a client. As she walked Trixie casually unlaced the front of her bustier, letting her big tits spill out. She heard at least one gasp of appreciation at the size and beauty of her tits. Her automatic assumption was that the compliment was from a new servant who hadn’t been in the room during the afternoon feeding, or maybe it was from one who had been there and still couldn’t believe what he had seen. Trixie didn’t care. She had a job to do.

Casually climbing onto the bed the prostitute climbed across the bed and onto the prince’s limp form. Once again she straddled his hips and looked down at him where she could see him admiring her heavy breasts. “Same as last time?” she asked.

He nodded eagerly. It was easy to see the change in his demeanor. She wasn’t sure if it because he was going to die a happy man or if his health was actually improving. Trixie leaned forward and offered him her left breast. Instantly his lips found the nipple and started sucking.

It would have been a perfect and lovely moment if not for the annoying servant who appeared with the annoying chalice to catch the few drops of milk that escaped from her right breast. Trixie glared at the girl but said nothing.

For his part the prince sucked eagerly. It wasn’t the hard pull that Trixie was accustomed to after working at Madame Roussouse’s for a few years, but it was strong. Stronger than before in the afternoon when Trixie first fed Prince Wallace. If nothing else he must have been looking forward to sucking on the

nipples of a professional prostitute and nursemaid. He had said nothing about enjoying what she had offered him—though most men, most of her clients, usually commented on the sweetness of her milk and how they had never tasted anything better in their lives. She was certain they were mere over-enthusiastic compliments from men looking for a discount or an assurance they would have ready access to her milk, but the words were still nice to hear. The prince, however, was largely silent.

He sucked and swallowed. He didn't bring up his hands to caress her hips or thighs or explore elsewhere. She missed that. She liked it when the men's roaming hands paid compliments to her body. It stimulated her and made her much more likely to say yes to an offer of sex after she was drained. It turned her on. But the prince didn't do that at all. He didn't move his arms; they remained at his side. He didn't move his legs to shift position on the bed. Even his cock failed to get hard even though Trixie was sitting directly on the lump of flesh that most men found to be the center of their universe. She knew the heat from her cunt had to have been felt by his loins—hadn't it?

The time passed quickly—too quickly. Trixie didn't even notice her first breast was dry until Wallace pulled away with a wet slurp, licking his lips. There was a little bit of her milk coating his tongue and beading on his lips. "You're dry," he managed to gasp out.

"I have plenty of milk," she contradicted him, a bit offended at the accusation.

He slowly shook his head. "No, I just drained your first tit. I want the other one now." There was impatience to his words and a twinkle in his eye.

"Of course," she said pleasantly and leaned forward, offering her full breast to his mouth. She had figured out that he was able to pick up his head and move it about, but only with some difficulty, and no one wanted to go through an entire nursing holding their head up at an awkward angle. But even as she was introducing her nipple to his lips, he pulled back a bit and shook his head.

"No," he protested.

"What's the matter?"

"I want you to squirt it into my mouth," he said with a lecherous grin.

That was a common enough request from her clients. She had done it many times, but this time Trixie had a bout of uncertainly. She was there to feed and nourish Prince Wallace. When she worked at the bordello it was for sex and play. Often her clients wanted her milk sprayed into their mouths, on their faces and chests, and frequently on their cocks right before they copulated with her. But this wasn't Madame Roussouse's. To perform such an obscene act in front of all the servants and guards…was it allowed?

After glancing at the cup-bearing servant and those others within view, she made a decision. No one seemed to be taking any action or was worried about what the prince had requested. Had they not heard his words?

Adjusting her position a bit Trixie knelt up and grasped her heavy breast in both hands. Using a rolling motion with her fingers she forced some of her milk out of her breast. The cup servant looked away in disgust. The problem with hand expressing her milk was the same for every woman—multiple milk ducts. There wasn't one straight stream of milk, there were several. From past experience Trixie knew she had six active ducts in each nipple and when she sprayed her milk, it would shoot out in a flower-like pattern. This is why she leaned in as close as possible for Wallace to see the milk being sprayed, but also for most of it to wind up in his mouth.

As much as she tried, her aim wasn't perfect. She suspected that through some superhuman effort the prince shifted his weight a tiny bit to destroy her aim and force the milk to coat his face. She giggled at this—the men she did the same thing to liked it when she laughed at the inherent messiness of expressing breast milk. Wallace grinned; he knew exactly what he had done.

"Let me clean you, my prince," the cup servant said with an exasperated sighed directed at Trixie. The maid produced a clean cloth and wiped up Trixie's milk from the prince's cheeks and chin. He allowed her but never took his eyes off Trixie and her breasts. "You shouldn't waste your milk like that," the maid scolded.

From the corners of her eyes Trixie could tell that everyone in the room was watching her. It was in her nature to entertain her clients in whatever fashion they requested. She liked being half-naked in front of them, her tits out for their inspection. Some pretended not to look, others leered plainly at her flesh. She didn't care either way. Still, she knew that ultimately she would have to face the

prince’s mother. There could only be a little bit of play in this case. “She might be right,” Trixie conceded and leaned forward a bit more. She didn’t quite go all the way to his mouth. He leaned up a bit to try to reach her nipple, but Trixie stayed out of range. She squeezed her breast one more time, spraying her milk into his open mouth. Wallace swallowed audibly and said, “Thank you.”

There wasn’t anything else to be said at that point. She leaned forward some more and his mouth wrapped around her flesh. He sucked. She sighed. The milk flowed. The tension in the room melted away as Trixie relaxed. She was the only one in the kingdom that could supply the resource the prince needed to live. She was indispensable.

Once the feeding was completed Trixie was again smartly marched away from the prince’s bed, shown her new quarters, was given a meal with proportions twice the size of which she was accustomed, and then locked in for the night.

Chapter Two

Trixie was awoken to the sound of her door being unlocked and slammed open. Lady Benowith marched in followed by a servant carrying a tray laden with food. Sitting up in her bed Trixie briefly glanced at her employer, and then quickly focused on the tray of food. She was starving. It was rare she had two clients in the same day and the two feedings Prince Wallace had taken from her yesterday left her exhausted. After eating her evening meal she had crawled into the bed, hiked up her skirt, lazily masturbated to an unimpressive orgasm, before passing out.

“You are not indispensable,” the imperious older woman said in a voice that was even toned, but carried heavy implications to Trixie’s bones.

“I’m not?” the sleep-addled whore said. She rubbed her eyes and focused on the food. Her stomach rumbled.

“There are any number of whores I can hire to feed my son. There are any number of wet nurses I could hire for him. You are merely the most convenient. I am willing to get rid of you and exchange less money for inconvenience.”

Trixie was all too aware that getting rid of her wasn’t merely showing her to the door and instructing her never to return. Madame Roussouse would need to find a new lactation specialist at her house.

“I understand,” she said in her most subservient voice.

“You will nurse my son back to health,” the lady of the house said. “Your life is now tied to his. Do not play games with him, do not have false dalliances with him. You’re performance after I left was reported to me by Miss Anna. It was most inappropriate.”

Miss Anna had to have been the cup servant. Trixie restrained herself from snorting in disgust. Trying not to sound superior or snobbish or impertinent, Trixie spoke up. “I’ve been doing this a long time, ma’am. I know how to nurse men but your son is a special situation. If you have a better suggestion as to how

I should nurse him, I'm listening. What I did yesterday was best for Prince Wallace. It was under the eyes of all your servants, and guards, and Dr. Rivers. He's the expert, is he not?"

Lady Benowith sniffed with disdain. "I will see that he carefully observes your activities today," she said and swept out of the room followed by the nameless servant who had delivered Trixie's breakfast. If nothing else, she was eating better than she had ever before in her life.

Trixie was fairly certain Lady Benowith wanted to chastise her for spraying her milk onto the prince, but the refined lady couldn't bring herself to speak the words. She had to play the game of the aristocracy and imply and talk around the problem. Trixie shook her head. That was the main reason she despised the upper crust of the city. They had the money and influence, but far be it for one of them to actually do something unexpected and prohibited. It would mean the end of their political and social life.

So be it.

Trixie had just enough time to consume her breakfast, pee in the chamber pot, and pull on the clean dress and bustier the servant had also delivered before the guard opened the ornate door to her cell—because that was what it was, a cell, not a bedchamber—and escorted her to the prince once more.

His eyes lit up when he saw her.

"Good morning, my prince," she greeted him, striding across the floor with an air of undeserved authority. As she walked she loosened the strings to her bodice allowing the neck to her dress to open, exposing her tits. There were new guards and more male servants in the bedchamber than the previous day. She wondered how much of that was chance and how much was the scheming of servants and guards letting friends get a good look at the whore's tits. "Are you ready for your breakfast?"

Her tits were full to bursting with milk this morning. If she didn't have an early morning client on days like this, Trixie would often hand express her milk. Today that wouldn't be a problem.

"Yes," he said eagerly and opened up his mouth. His color seemed better and his eyes were alive with an eagerness that said he wasn't ready to die, not just yet.

He had more life to experience.

She climbed aboard the bed, crawled across the messy bedclothes, and lowered her heavy tit to his mouth. Prince Wallace opened up immediately and started sucking. As always, Trixie's milk started flowing. She loved that feeling of her breasts actually releasing their goodness. The moment was spoiled when Miss Anna forced herself into their shared intimacy by shoving her cup under Trixie's slowly dripping breast.

"We can't waste any of it," Anna said with her superior tone.

Trixie ignored her.

The feeding went well that morning. Although she had plenty of milk for her prince it took him less time than the previous day to drain both her breasts. Dr. Rivers nodded approvingly as she finished up and pulled her dress back into place.

"Were your breasts full this morning?" he asked her in the dry, clinical tone of too many doctors.

"Yes," she answered. "Very much so."

"And the prince fed well?"

She laced her bodice back into place. Trixie would have liked to walk through the manor house with her tits hanging out, but that wasn't going to happen, not while Lady Benowith was in charge. "Yes. He was quicker than yesterday."

The doctor nodded. Prince Wallace lay with his head back on the pillow, a grin of satisfaction on his face. It was hard to tell if he was satisfied by Trixie's milk or his opportunity to suckle on the most wonderful breasts in the kingdom.

After the first few days, feeding Prince Wallace became a boring routine. She would be brought to him every morning where she would straddle his hips, offer her breasts, and he would drink her milk. There were always the lunch and dinnertime feedings, those were scheduled. Sometime the prince would call out for her to be delivered to his bed so he could have a snack or some additional

sustenance. Trixie didn't mind. He was a good and effective nurser. Not too gentle, not too slow, not too rough. She was certain that from all the food she was given and the number of times Wallace suckled her every day—six wasn't unusual—that her breasts had more than doubled their production. Though she only had the one bustier of her own, she could tell her tits were bigger than before and her milk flowed easily, steadily. It was usually at the sight of Prince Wallace that her milk let down, but eventually she could start leaking just at the thought of him.

And that was wonderful too.

The servants and guards eventually became bored with the routine. Even seeing Trixie's perfect breasts became like a dull knife: it was there, it worked, but it was hardly exciting to see in action. Their numbers dwindled back to the bare minimum.

The upside of all of this: the routine and near round-the-clock feedings was that Prince Wallace was becoming stronger.

It was easy for Trixie to figure out he was getting stronger. His wasting disease wasn't going to kill him. He didn't suddenly start sucking on her tits like he was trying to empty her breast in one pull. No. One day, with great subtlety, he carefully moved his hands on from their previous position on top of the bed covers to under her long skirt so that he could feel the soft skin of Trixie's legs. She felt his hands on her and she smiled down at him as he carefully continued the nursing of her tits. His finger moved, but just barely, stroking her outer thighs. She wished in her heart that he had been caressing her inner thighs, but one step at a time.

They both kept silent on the issue. There was no need for anyone else to know. They wanted to keep it a secret. It was more fun that way.

Prince Wallace wasn't perfect, of course, and Dr. Rivers showed he was a masterful physician when he noticed that Wallace suddenly had use of his hands once again. There were celebrations throughout the manor house when this happened, but it was news strictly limited to the house, not the city. If anyone took note of how it affected Trixie, it wasn't common knowledge. She was now just another servant who could fade into the background of the busy house.

But Trixie knew much more about Prince Wallace than his mother or Dr. Rivers.

Every day she straddled his hip so she could feed him. Every day the heat of her quim warmed the prince's loins. Not a week after the use of his arms returned to him, Trixie noticed that the prince's sword was no longer a limp lump of flesh.

"I'm a bit stiff, my prince," she told him as they exchanged sly grins. "Do you mind if I shift positions?"

"You have my leave," he said casually, as if granting an inconsequential request from an unimportant servant.

Trixie carefully moved her body. No one was watching. One of the guards even yawned. Dr. Rivers was nowhere to be seen. He hardly ever checked in on them any longer. She was an expert at this. Prince Wallace's cock was hard but not yet rigid. She got it between her legs and shifted her hips just enough to get his length running between her labia. When his manhood slotted in between her nether lips, she knew it not just by the wonderful sensation between her legs, but the way his eyelids fluttered.

From there it was a simple matter. She leaned forward and allowed him to nurse from her tits as normal, as they always did. As she did so, she also rocked her hips back and forth with a gentle rolling motion. It was sly. It was secretive. They both loved it.

Had Dr. Rivers intended this from the start? Surely he would knot that it was just as easy for Trixie to kneel beside Prince Wallace's body, lean slightly over him, and then allow him to suckle from her tit. She could just move around to the other side of his body when one breast was done, or just lean further other. She didn't need to ride astride his body like he was a gallant war horse. She didn't need to…but she and the prince both enjoyed it. Dr. Rivers couldn't be that naïve…could he?

At this point it didn't matter. Trixie rocked her hips. The prince did nothing at all other than suck on her big, red nipples. She knew exactly what she was doing. The prince knew what she was doing but she doubted anyone had ever done this for him before. It wasn't her preference—there was the sheet between them and she wasn't certain what the prince was wearing that hid his cock from the prying eyes of the servants, but it wasn't substantial. Of course Trixie wore nothing around her loins. Her clients wanted ready access to her pussy and she was more than willing to give it to them. She liked functionality over modesty. Her wet lips

were certainly leaving a smear on the bed. Would anyone notice?

She kept her motions slow and steady so no one would notice. They hardly noticed now as the prince sucked her nipples like a baby to get his daily sustenance since he was unable to eat normal food. It surprised her how much she was enjoying the game they were playing, but then again it had been almost two months since she had been trapped in the manor house. In that time at Madame Roussouse's she would normally feed over half a hundred men and have sex with nearly all of them. Her pussy missed sex. She missed sex. Her hand was a poor substitute for the variety her body had become accustomed to and now craved.

When her orgasm overtook her body she smothered her reaction as best she could. She was actually forced to bit the inside of her wrist to keep from screaming out with pleasure. One of the guards looked over at her as she squeaked with her pleasure, but barely looked at her for half a second before once again focusing on the window across from his position and falling into a near-sleep.

"Keep going," the prince grunted softly.

Trixie didn't need his encouragement. She kept rocking her hips and letting him nurse from her. It was as if she had ascended to the god's heaven, if she had believed in such tales.

Finally he came. She could feel the pulsing of his cock and the expenditure of his semen. As he came, her bit down hard on her nipple. Trixie didn't mind. She liked the sudden pulse of pain. It made her cum again.

The prince was sweating. He was exhausted and leaned his head back on the pillow, completely spent. His body hadn't yet recovered to the point of being able to endure and orgasm and continue to nurse. For appearance she keep her breast near his face for the next five minutes. He gently kissed and nuzzled her tit as she did so. He knew how to play along in this game.

Finally it was time for his feeding to be over. As Trixie climbed off the bed she saw the smear of her pussy juices on the sheet. It was possible the small stain was a combination of her natural lubrication and the prince's leavings, but she doubted her almost-lover's cum had soaked through the cloth so quickly. There was little she could do about it. Instead of panicking, however, the prince merely

shifted his position a bit, fluffed the sheets and carefully folded the offending stain into a subtle crease next to his leg. His arms were almost fully functioning now and he was well on his way to making a full recovery. It was incredibly shrewd, but Prince Wallace managed a quick wink at Trixie as she watched him do this. She barely caught his sly wink but was certain it had occurred.

Hadn't it? While she rearranged her skirts and tucked her tits back into her dress the prince spoke to one of the servants. "When was the last time my bedclothes were changed?" he demanded.

"Yesterday, my lord," the servant replied. He had been woken from a dozing state by the prince's sharp words.

"Are you certain? They stink!"

"I'm positive, my lord. It was done yesterday when you were out in the garden on your daily constitutional with your mother." The servant was plainly nervous at the question and his reply. For just a moment Trixie wondered if the servant was lying. It was much easier just to remake the bed and cover any noxious odors with a spritz of perfume. Had they actually changed the sheets?

Prince Wallace lip curled back. "Summon my valet. I'll be hauled out of this bed and I'll watch you change them this time so I am certain. When I'm done, you'll take me to the baths. I feel the need for a cleansing after your bald-faced lies."

Trixie was led out of the bed chamber by her guard who must have heard the prince's accusation but took no interest in it. Wallace caught her eye as she was exited and winked at her once again.

He was a sly fellow.

Back in her room she was once again locked in by the guards. Trixie waited patiently and just as had happened every day since her first at the Benowith's manor house, a servant appeared with her noontime meal. The guard unlocked the door and let the girl inside. Before she could make a quick exit, Trixie had a demand that she said loudly enough for both the guard and the servant to hear.

"I need to be taken to the baths today. It's been too long for me." It had been

three days since she had been permitted to clean herself in the warm natural springs that filled the bathhouse of the manor. It was a pool not far behind the manor's gardens. Everyone used it. There was a special schedule that Trixie had been fitted into, but of course the prince and his mother used it whenever they wished. As far as she knew, she would not be allowed extra or special times in the bathhouse.

The servant girl said nothing; she looked at Trixie in bland surprise. The guard at the door frowned. He spoke up. "Didn't you hear the prince was going to use the bath? There's no time for you today." For the guard that should have been the end of the matter.

Trixie wasn't going to let it go. "Of course I heard him. That's why I need to go. After him. Do you really think the prince will want to nurse from me after he's been to the baths and I haven't?"

The guard paused. There was a certain logic to what the milker was requesting, that he acknowledged, but he couldn't just bring her to the baths. He needed permission.

"Wait here," he grunted and jerked the servant through the door to lock it.

"Where else would I go?" Trixie asked the closed door.

She didn't have long to wait. The head housekeeper appeared with the guard not ten minutes later. "Do you think you are better than us?" was her only question.

Trixie curtsied. "No, ma'am. I just want to serve the prince as best and cleanly as I can."

The housekeeper considered that and after a long minute inclined her head slightly. "I suppose that would be…tolerable."

She spun on her heel and indicated Trixie was to follow by crooking her finger over her shoulder. It was a long walk to the baths and when they arrived there, the guard ever watchful of Trixie, the prince was still using the pool.

"You'll have to wait," the housekeeper informed Trixie. "I have better things to do with my time than to escort a…trollop all over the manor grounds." She fixed her authoritative gaze on the guard. "Watch her. See she cleans herself properly

and then escort her back to her quarters."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied smartly with a sharp salute. If the housekeeper caught the guard's leer, she didn't let on.

As it was, Trixie had to wait nearly half an hour before the prince emerged. Due to the landscaping and design of the bathhouse there was only one entrance and exit. When the prince left, he couldn't help but see Trixie waiting there for him.

In the previous weeks he would have been brought to the bathhouse in a litter. Today he was in a wheeled chair that was pushed by a burly valet and footman. Trixie's guard stiffened to attention when the prince emerged. Trixie simply curtsied as if it were a common gesture for her to make. "My prince," she spoke softly.

Wallace frowned at first, but then smiled softly. "Trixie. I didn't realize this was your bathing time."

"It isn't, my lord," she said. "But if you have a bath, it is incumbent upon me to bathe as well. You wouldn't want your nursemaid to be covered with filth, would you?"

"No, of course no." He indicated to his valet to push the chair forward.

This time Trixie bowed as deeply as possible, showing the prince her cleavage—a sight he had admired many times before—as he moved past. Only then was she allowed into the bathhouse.

The bathhouse was a house primarily in name. There was a structure built around the hot spring and pool, but it was also incorporated into the gardens at the rear of the manor. Trixie had taken her time to carefully inspect the bathhouse when she had used it before. There were open windows and gaps in the walls, purposely put there for air circulation and to stimulate the growth of certain plants and flowers that were kept on the upper ledges of the house. It was easy enough for even a casual passerby to look into the house while touring the garden. It was forbidden, of course, but the prince had no restrictions on his movements.

She gave him enough time and slowly entered the bathhouse where she took off her clothes before checking the windows at the top of the room. She couldn't see

anything other than shadows. The sunlight was bright and blinded her when she looked upward. It was fine, though, because she could see the outline of a man's form leaning into one of the windows. She smiled, and winked. She couldn't say for certain who was watching her, but she was being watched.

The water was blood warm. She luxuriated in it as long as she dared. She wasn't the only one who needed to use the bathhouse today. Still, no one would complain if she was being watched by the prince. Since no one entered as she bathed, she was certain it was him watching.

Floating in the water she parted her legs and allowed her hands to glide down over her slick body and nestle into her cunt. After a sigh and leaning her head back, she started working her clit with one hand and used the other to penetrate her pussy. She had already been on edge because of the prince's feeding and the play under the sheets. She had cum, sure, but it wasn't enough. Getting herself off had never been a problem. The show for the prince wasn't to entice him into something more. It was to show him that she was willing to do anything for him.

She was willing to do anything for him. He didn't even have to ask.

Part Two

Chapter Three

He didn’t ask, of course. He simply came to her in the middle of the night. She wasn’t that surprised at his strategy. What did surprise her was that he actually attempted to visit her.

The door unlocked and he was admitted. A valet was pushing the wheeled chair and Prince Wallace sat straight in the contraption.

“My prince,” she said as she woke up. For half a moment she gathered the bedclothes around her, but then remembered her place and let them fall to the mattress. She wasn’t naked. She wasn’t the sort of trollop that slept in the nude. Her chemise was sheer and everything on her body was clearly visible in the moonlight from the window and the lantern light from the sconces in the hallway. That was acceptable. She wasn’t nude. She was refined and elegant. “You should have called for me. I would be happy to feed you in the middle of the night.”

He tossed aside her concern with a wave of his hand. “Too many eyes,” he complained. “I’m on a night tour of the gardens,” he explained. “I couldn’t sleep.”

She understood immediately. “Of course, my lord.” She knelt up in the bed, letting him examine her body more closely. She knew exactly what he wanted. He wanted the same thing every man who visited in the middle of the night wanted. Her breasts were heavy, but not yet fully engorged. Trixie wanted to feel the weight of her tits, but that would be inappropriate in front of her prince.

Wallace nodded to his valet. “George can be trusted. Can’t you, George?”

The middle-aged man said only, “Yes, my lord.”

“He’s been with the family almost his entire life. Longer than I’ve been part of the family.”

“What is it you want, my lord?” Trixie asked. She knew how to play the game.

His grin was lopsided. “You know what I want.” He turned his head toward George. “Help me to the bed, George?”

The valet was experienced and strong. He pushed the wheeled chair next to the mattress and assisted the prince in struggling out of the only way he could make his way through the manor. Even though the prince was wearing elegant and expensive silk pajamas—his now normal outfit since he had been on the mend—the valet didn’t slip at all as he assisted Prince Wallace into Trixie’s bed. Once he was supine next to her, the valet withdrew and closed the door behind him. It was strange not to hear it lock when it closed.

“Would you like to feed first, my lord, or should we get right to business?” Trixie was experienced. She knew what the men who came to her wanted, but they still liked to be asked.

Prince Wallace knew exactly what he wanted. “Take off your slip. I want to feel your skin on mine. Then help me get my pajamas off.”

The first step was easy. Trixie liked being naked. She especially liked being naked in front of other people; even more so if they were men. The second step had a few practical difficulties, but she had worked with all sorts of men in the past. Getting a fit man with only some of his body under his control naked was hardly a challenge.

After she removed his trousers she moved slowly up his legs, letting one breast drag along the length of the muscular limb. She paused at his crotch and fastened her mouth around his swelling cock. It wasn’t fully erect, not yet, but it hardened in her warm, moist mouth.

“No,” he protested, pulling her hair to force her away from his manhood. “I want to suck on you,” he insisted.

That was easy enough. She moved up on the bed a bit more. Her heavy breasts brushed his cock, his stomach, his chest, until she reached his head allowed her tits to engulf his face. Prince Wallace turned his head and latched on to her right nipple. She sighed and shivered with the first delight, the first spring of lust that always accompanied the moment of feeding. Her milk let down and started to flow. It was heaven for them both.

Neither of them bothered with trying to stop the few drips of milk that escaped

her left nipple. It dripped down Wallace's cheek and onto the sheets. They didn't notice the waste. They didn't care.

As their relationship, such as it was, had developed, Trixie had been forced to remain quiet and unemotional as Prince Wallace had feasted upon her milk. That wasn't necessary now. She let herself go. Sometimes she had to act and put on a show for the men she found distasteful. Not with Wallace. Every gasp and moan that escaped her lips was honest. She wanted to reach between her legs and masturbate for him, but she knew he didn't want that. His pleasure was taken from her breasts. She wanted to reach between his legs and stroke him, but that was not what he wanted either.

Her milk flowed steadily into his mouth where it was swallowed with gusto. He nearly gulped it down. Once her breast was empty, she didn't pull it from his mouth nor did he stop sucking on her big nipple. She wanted him to stop at first. She wanted him to start on her other breast…but then it started to feel good as he sucked and got nothing from it. Her pussy was nearly as wet as his tongue. She wanted him to grab her cunt and frig her like a simple whore. She needed to cum.

She came. She came hard with a cry and a gasp of surprise. Never before had she cum just because a man was sucking on her nipple. Or a woman for that matter. The orgasm was weird and satisfying at the same time. Her pussy was dripping as fast as her still-full tit. "Oh fuck!" she exclaimed.

"Suck language in front of the prince," Wallace complained with a laugh.

"You didn't need to make me cum," she gasped.

"I liked watching you cum earlier today. It was even better the second time around."

"It was all for you, my prince."

His face darkened for a moment, but then his good humor returned. "No, it wasn't. But I still want to fuck you. Get on my cock."

"Of course, my prince," she said primly. Before she assumed her customary position astride his body, she moved down his form once again, as if to suck him a bit, to make him good and hard. It was unnecessary, of course, because his was

already as hard as a blast forged spearhead. She didn't bother to kiss his manhood, but she did squeeze a few drops of her milk onto his cockhead, letting the blue-white drops fall onto his rigid staff and slip down the smooth skin. Only then did she throw her leg over his hip, grasp his cock, fit it into her pussy, and let it fill her up.

"Oh." The word was strange coming from the prince, but it was hardly the worst reaction she had ever had. When she saw his face, she knew it wasn't a bad reaction. He just didn't know how to react when he felt her perfection of her pussy.

"You like that?" she asked.

He only nodded.

"I knew you would."

She leaned forward and offered him her full breast. He took it in his mouth, pulled hard at it, drawing the milk from her heaviness. She shivered and starting bouncing up and down on his cock. This was truly heaven, a cock in her pussy and a man's lips sucking on her tit. Trixie didn't resist at all. He had come here for her pleasure as much as his. When the orgasm rushed over her body she cried out in ecstasy and let everyone in earshot—for certainly there was more than one guard and servant listening at the door—know exactly how good a lover Prince Wallace was.

He didn't last long. That was fine. His cock jerked once, then twice, and her pussy was abruptly flooded with his hot semen. She came again with a little shudder.

Prince Wallace came hard. Each time he shot another load of cum in her, he grunted like he was fighting for his life.

There was no awkwardness when they were done. He called for George the valet. Trixie had already redressed him. George put him into the wheeled chair and rolled him back to his own bed chamber.

Trixie reveled in her post-coital bliss and kept one hand one her pussy, feeling his semen slowly seeping out of her body.

Chapter Four

Pulling her dress over her head in the morning before going to the prince's bed chambers Trixie was slowed because the laundry must have shrunk the dress. It was tight around the chest—it was always tight around the chest because she had such large breasts—but it was also getting too tight in the hips and stomach. She wasted far too much time trying to get the fabric to accommodate her body and finally gave up, pulled a bodice on over the dress and laced up it tightly. This forced her breasts to nearly spill out of the dress's low neckline. She was certain that the top edges of her areolas were visible when she breathed in deeply. This didn't bother her, but it might make her job more difficult if some of the more prudish members of the house staff were to see her on display.

Rapping twice on the door it was unlocked for her. Herman, the usual morning guard, was waiting for her and escorted Trixie through the corridors to the prince's chambers. It was a silly ritual, but she let them go through with it because it kept Lady Benowith happy. Trixie had no designs on escaping her captivity; she was happy where she was. She had other plans as well. She enjoyed feeding Prince Wallace her milk—especially because he was so happy to drain her so often during the day. It didn't hurt that he was more than happy to fuck her as well.

Certainly their affair was an open secret among some of the staff. That wasn't a problem for Trixie. The fact that Prince Wallace had chosen her as a lover said volumes about her service, beauty, and his desires. Other prostitutes—or even women of good breeding—could have been brought in on the prince's whim to satisfy his physical desires, but he didn't want that and it would cause problems with his mother who kept a firm hand on almost everything going on in her house.

Almost everything.

In her time in the Benowith manor house Trixie had learned a lot about the affairs of the family and why Lady Benowith wasn't the king's wife. She should have been queen. She was nothing more than a lady. That Trixie had known before she had gone into the prince's service. It was well known that the king

was supposed to marry the first woman who bore him a son. The king was a notorious lady's man and slept with all the ladies of good breeding—and low morals—looking for an heir before choosing a wife. He had five daughters born before Prince Wallace came along. Trixie had heard all the stories of the celebrations and proclamations. But then…something went wrong and no one outside the king's palace knew exactly what. The king not proclaim Wallace as his heir. Rumors abounded through the kingdom that other sons had been born, but the king didn't acknowledge them. More daughters were born and acknowledged. And the king never married. He had his two mistresses living in the palace with him, but neither ever provided him with a child.

It was amazing the Kingdom of Wychon managed to survive at all.

Trixie knew that Lady Benowith was hiding something. She was determined to find out what. She also knew that the prince didn't like discussing his heritage. There were stories that his illness was a poisoning from the family of a rival son. If Wallace could be eliminated then the king might acknowledge another boy as his possible heir. That was where Trixie came in. Was it luck and chance that she was selected to nurse the prince back to health? It was impossible to say. Was it actually her breast milk that kept her prince alive until he was able to recover.

She hoped so.

Once she was inside Wallace's chambers she quickly unlaced the bodice which allowed her tits to spill out. The room was mostly empty. The interest in seeing the prince actually die was long gone because it was obvious now to everyone he was going to live. Wallace stood next to the window, staring out at the gardens, clutching a cane in one hand to help balance himself. His recovery had been slow and steady four months now she had been nursing him. He regained a little more movement and ability with every day. At first she had been certain she was going to be dismissed once he could eat and swallow normally since her breast milk was no longer an essential ingredient to his daily living. But that didn't turn out to be the case. Dr. Rivers was certain her breast milk was healing Wallace's body, it was the antidote to the poison he had been given or the cure to the germ he had been exposed to.

Trixie didn't care which was the truth, as long as she had ready access to the prince's lips and cock, she didn't care.

With a nod Herman withdrew from the room and locked the door behind his retreat. George the valet helped Wallace from the window and into the bed and then he went to his small room just off the prince's private bedroom. Trixie stood in the middle of the room, her tits exposed, and let her lover look at her. He leered.

She loved it. Her breasts reacted like they always did. Her milk let down. She could feel the milk start to flow and drip from her nipples. He liked to watch that. She liked to let him watch.

"Aren't you thirsty?" she finally asked him after it had been too long. The neck of her dress was starting to get wet.

"A little. Take off the rest of your clothes first." He always knew what he wanted.

Happily Trixie stripped off her dress and tiny undergarments. She liked being naked. She liked serving him when she was naked. There wasn't a need to ask any more questions. She went to the bed and crawled in next to him. They were well beyond discussing what was to be done. Offering him her breast, Trixie half-reclined on the pile of pillows and he nursed from her. It was such an intimate and tender act—it was supposed to be shared by a mother and child, but here she was sharing it with her lover…just as she had shared her milk with so many other men.

"Isn't your mother going to get suspicious that a two-coin trollop is still nursing her precious baby boy after he's now able to eat normally and start walking about."

Wallace paused briefly from his liquid feast. "I get what I want. She doesn't suspect a thing."

"Probably because Dr. Rivers has convinced her that if you stop nursing for even a day you'll die immediately."

He sucked on her a little harder. The milk went squirting into his mouth. She wanted to reach for his cock, but a little more discussion was needed first. Wallace spoke again, taking a breath from the large swallow of milk. "I'm just glad she didn't try to nurse me herself," he said with a sour face.

That wasn’t an image that Trixie wanted in her head. “Be glad she’s past her breeding years,” Trixie commented.

“I wouldn’t put anything past my mother,” he answered as he shifted to her second breast. The first wasn’t drained yet, but he liked to taste her milk as the fucked so he had gotten into the habit of leaving her a little full.

With a bracing sigh Trixie asked, “What do we do if the worst happens?”

“Worst?” he asked between sucks.

She rubbed her hand over her smooth belly. “How would it look if the kingdom’s bastard were to father a bastard on a cheap whore?”

“You’re a cheap whore?” he asked. “I thought my mother was paying well for your services.”

“Okay, not so cheap, but a whore nevertheless. What happens?”

He shrugged. “I send you back to your whorehouse and disavow any knowledge of your child. Since you’re a whore you obviously were fucking some of the servants and guards in my house and one of them must be the father.” He bowed his head and sucked on her breast a bit more.

Trixie blinked at him. It was the answer he had to give, but the truth actually hurt her. “I don’t mean anything to you?”

Prince Wallace glanced up at her and reluctantly released her breast. “How do you mean?”

“If you got a child on me, you’d just get rid of me?”

“Yes.” He stared at her a minute. “Were you expecting another answer?”

She found control within herself. “You’ve fucked me how many times now? I might be carrying your child right now.”

He laughed at her. “You know a nursing mother can’t have children. That’s why fucking you is safe.”

“Don’t you need an heir if the king decides to accept you as his heir?” The question was pointed and showed she had a little too much knowledge of what was going on in the Kingdom of Wychon.

He pulled back from her and pinched her nipple. Not too hard, but just hard enough to temporarily staunch the flow of milk and let her know he was definitely in charge of her body. “First off, there’s plenty of time for me to have an heir with an appropriate woman. Second, what would a cheap whore know about kingdom politics?”

With a shrug she tried to dismiss his question. “The servants talk. I’m not stupid, you know. The men at Madame Roussouse’s talk and brag as well.”

That seemed to satisfy him. “Get on top,” he ordered. “I want to fuck you.”

It was actually less of him fucking and Trixie doing most of the work. She didn’t mind. Riding Prince Wallace’s cock was more pleasure than work. She slipped on top of his body, grasped his already erect manhood, angled it into her pussy, and slipped down the length of it. As always it filled her up with great satisfaction. Wallace grunted in approval and watched as she started humping up and down.

Their time together had made her thighs strong. She had to do most of the work when they had sex and consequently she was the one on top making him cum. Again, it was part of her job and she enjoyed it. But the part she liked the most was when she leaned forward.

Wallace had been leaving her tits partially full when feeding from her now. It wasn’t because he couldn’t handle the volume of milk she produced. It was that he liked consuming it when she was fucking him. Trixie only had to lean forward a little bit for her big breasts to reach his mouth. He eagerly opened his lips and sucked one nipple deep into his mouth. He caressed and teased the nipple with his tongue, swirling around the hard projection and sucking every drop of goodness from her body.

It had become an automatic reaction for her now. Trixie kept moving her hips up and down while her hands were braced on either side of Wallace’s shoulders. He nursed and she humped. The pleasure he caused in her body wasn’t because he wanted to see her cum or had a desire to please her. No, the pleasure she had was secondary. She loved to fuck while she was getting sucked. The orgasms were

just a side effect of what he did to her.

She didn't care. Before her first breast was fully drained she had cum twice. He switched to her other breast and she could feel his cock twitching in her body; it was hard and ready to cum. Oddly, throughout his ordeal with the illness he never had any trouble getting an erection or fucking. That was one thing that had never been denied him.

When he started to cum he hadn't fully emptied the second tit. It didn't matter. Once his first spurt erupted in her pussy, it was impossible to stop the next one and the next. Each shot of thick spunk bathed her pussy in sticky wonder. She had a little orgasm with each spurt, with each hot jet of cum that splashed on her inner walls she took divine pleasure from him.

Throughout the entire ordeal Wallace never released her breast from his mouth. When he was done cumming he kept sucking until she was completely empty. Trixie sat perched on his body, his slowly shrinking cock easing out of her pussy. When he was free of her cunt, she felt a little gush of his cum as it covered his cock and then continued to drain. Only when he was certain every drop of her milk was gone did he allow her off his body.

She was about to leave the bed and clean herself, but Wallace stopped her. "Where are you going?" Her response was to point at the washbasin near the bed stand. He shook his head. "No, you need to clean my cock first." When she started to pull away, her tightened his grip on her wrist. "With your mouth."

It was hardly the most humiliating thing that Trixie had ever done with a man by any means. She had swallowed her fair share of cum and had sucked it off more than one unfamiliar cock. This wasn't bad at all. He was semi-flaccid and his cock fit easy into her mouth. His spunk was thick and tasted slightly salty with a strong slightly acidic flavor on the back of her tongue. She licked up as much as she could and swallowed it all, bathing his cock with her tongue and lips, making him clean once more.

"Did you like that?" he asked her.

"I did not mind it, my prince," she answered when he let up to get the washbasin and rag. With those in hand she proceeded to wipe away the tiny remnants of his sticky cum and only then was she allowed to wipe at her pussy.

“That’s not what I asked.”

She considered her answer. “No. I didn’t like it. I don’t really like the taste of men’s cum.”

“What about women’s cum? Do you like the taste of another woman’s pussy?”

She didn’t answer right away and thought of the correct way to form her answer. “I’ve tasted a few other pussies in my time. They’re all different. The clean ones are nicer than the taste of a man’s cum.”

“Should I bring another whore in here to see which of you has the better pussy? Would you eat her out in front of me?”

That was an easy answer. “If you so desire, my lord. I’ve done it before. I don’t mind making love to another woman.”

“What about her milk?” he continued. “Would you drink the milk of another woman?”

“If you wanted me to, then yes.”

He looked at her, trying to determine if she was telling the truth.

“I’ll see you this evening for your milk,” he said dismissively.

She nodded and was escorted from the room by her guard.

Being brought back to the prince’s bed chamber was no big deal. It was the evening and the customary time when Trixie was expected to service Wallace. Her dress wasn’t fitting any better even after she had taken most of the day to adjust it, letting out several seams. Needlework wasn’t one of Trixie’s talents.

She was surprised to find Miss Anna waiting with the prince. There was nothing untoward about her being there, it was just unusual. “Take down your top,” Wallace immediately said to Trixie. That wasn’t surprising either. Trixie responded automatically by opening up her dress and exposing her breasts. It wasn’t anything that she hadn’t done before in front of a many different people

including Anna, but this time the serving girl smirked at Trixie.

“You know what to do,” Wallace said to Anna.

“Kneel on the bed, hands and knees,” the serving girl specified. She wasn’t carrying the cup that she had used many times before to catch the milk that dribbled out of Trixie’s breast. She was carrying a bowl.

“Do you know what Anna used to do before she became a servant here in the manor house for the Benowith family?” Wallace asked her.

“No, my prince,” Trixie said as she got on the bed next to him. She remained on her hands and knees, her large breasts hanging freely underneath her.

“My family has a farm up north,” the girl said. “We had a couple of cows. Every morning it was my chore to milk them. Now it’s your turn.”

Trixie turned her head toward Wallace and he just gazed at her impassively. “I want to watch,” he told her.

There was little she could do in the way of protest. “Fine,” she whispered and Anna reached for her breast after placing the bowl underneath Trixie’s body.

It wasn’t so bad being milked like a cow, Trixie told herself. Miss Anna had a firm but gentle grip that forced the milk from her breast in a series of thin streams that slowly filled the bottom of the bowl. There was no physical pain, it was all emotional. Trixie didn’t mind being nursed but she quickly discovered she hated being milked like an animal. Once or twice she glanced up at Wallace to see what his reaction was. It varied from blank to intrigued. She hung her head.

“Switch to the other side,” Wallace said to Anna. The servant complied and started releasing milk from Trixie’s full tit. After a minute Trixie realized that the amount of milk in the bowl from her first breast was hardly the same amount that she knew Prince Wallace was getting from nursing. She could tell her breast was still mostly full. There was no reason to point that out however. Wallace continue to watch and Anna continued to massage and squeeze Trixie’s big breasts until the prince called a halt to the process.

“You know what to do with it,” he told Anna.

There was a flared spout on the edge of the bowl. Anna used the small spout to funnel the milk into a cup which she then presented to the prince. It was barely half full, not a meal by any sense of the word.

“Thank you, Anna,” he said. “Now leave us.”

There was disappointment on the girl’s face but she didn’t have the audacity to complain. A moment later he was alone with Trixie while he held the cup in his hand. “Did it hurt?” he asked.

“No, my prince. She had a good touch. She’s obviously skilled at such things.” The insult was veiled but present.

Wallace’s lips twitched into a small smirk. “I see.” He took a small sip from the cup and nodded in approval. “Good, as always, but I still prefer it fresh from the source.”

Trixie said nothing.

“Try some,” he said, offering her the cup.

Her eyes went wide at the suggestion and she leaned back on her heels, half-kneeling now on the bed. “I’ve never…done that before.”

“You’re never tried your own milk?” he asked in amazement.

She shook her head. “No, sir.”

“Have you ever tried another woman’s?”

“No,” she answered honestly. It wasn’t the same question he had asked her earlier. Before he had wanted to know if she would drink another woman’s milk.

“Drink some,” he said as he pushed the cup into her hand.

After a moment’s hesitation she brought the cup to her lips and took a small sip. It was sweet, very sweet. She already knew that would be the case but to actually taste it for the first time was revealing. She tried another small sip. It was thick on the tongue but not unpleasant. It was easy to see why she got so many repeat customers at Madame Roussouse’s and why so many more complained she was

too expensive. Her services didn't come cheap and there were plenty of men who were glad to pay whatever was charged.

"What do you think?" he asked her.

"It's very good," she replied with as neutral an answer as possible without making it seem like she didn't care. Though she was a little disgusted at first, there was nothing inherently wrong with tasting her own essence. She had tasted her own pussy before—sometimes on men's cocks, sometimes on her fingers—and this wasn't anything different from that.

"Should I bring in another woman for you to nurse from?" he asked her, eager to hear her answer. He took the cup away from her and sipped at the contents.

It was a strange question. Trixie had been forced into serving the prince because she was one of the few—perhaps the only—prostitute in all of the city that offered breast milk to paying clients. Certainly there were wet nurses who provided milk to those in need, but those in need were normally infants. Was he asking her if she would have sex with another woman and him at the same time? If so, the answer was yes. She had done it many times before and often found it enjoyable. Was he trying to humiliate her? To make her do something no normal adult woman would do unless forced to?

"Why would you want that?" she asked him. "Don't I supply you with enough milk? You wouldn't want to waste another woman's milk on me, would you? If you want to see me fuck another woman, I'll do it happily. I'll fuck whomever you want whether you want to watch or participate." She said all of this as if she were dealing with a first time client. Some men were nervous about revealing their perverted desires and it had often been her job to draw out those desires.

After finished the last drops of milk from the ceramic cup Prince Wallace frowned. "No. None of that. You just need to remember that I am in charge here. You are my subject. You will do as I ask when I ask."

Since she was kneeling it was difficult to make a true curtsy, but Trixie attempted a clumsy one anyway. Wallace was unimpressed with her display. "What would you have me do today, my lord?"

No words issued from his mouth. Wallace simply grabbed her, forced her onto her back, and latched onto her naked breast, eagerly sucking up her nipple into

his mouth. She sighed and relaxed. Her milk immediately let down. Occasionally when he was waiting for her in his bed her milk started letting down immediately, but that wasn't the case today when Miss Anna was in the room. When Anna had been milking her, Trixie's body hadn't wanted to give up her precious milk. Every drop the servant extracted from Trixie's heavy tits was a struggle. Not so now. Now that her prince's lips were on her body, she was able to relax and allow her breasts to give up that essence that Wallace needed.

He was much stronger now. His legs still weren't fully functional, but there was much strength in his upper body. It was easy for him to hold her down, not that she was struggling against him. Normally she was the one on top, offering her breasts to him, but it was nice to have him on top now. It was delightful.

Her hands wandered, caressing his body, encouraging him to take as much from her as he wanted. When she circled her hand around his hip to grasp his rear end, even after months of relative inactivity his buttocks were firm. They weren't nearly as firm as his cock that was rampant, ready to be released from his trousers.

As he feasted upon her she opened his laces and pushed at his clothing. It was an easy task and he was eager to get naked with her. While his mouth was busy at her breasts, Wallace's hand strayed down her body, pulled up the hem of her dress, and explored her legs and thighs.

He wasn't truly interested in her thighs though she could tell by his wandering fingertips that he was intrigued by the smoothness of the stockings she was compelled to wear in the manor house. Once he was at the top of the stockings he ran his fingers on the border between silk and flesh. With that bit of play done, he moved higher to explore her pussy.

She opened up her legs for him and allowed his fingers to slip inside her wetness. Trixie, by her very nature, was eager to please those she went to bed with. Her emotional connection to the prince just made it easier for her pussy to moisten. While she hadn't fully tested his lovemaking abilities yet, she knew he was intrigued with her body; probably with all women's bodies. It was doubtful he had been with as many women as she had been with men. That was fine. Sometimes a man new to lovemaking more than made up for with eagerness in what he lacked in skill and experience.

It didn’t take him long to drain her tits. When he knew she was dry he clambered on top of her body. Since he was still recovering it was hard for him to move his legs, but Trixie didn’t mind that at all. She helped him get into the right position and happily pulled his cock into her pussy, letting his weight settle on top of her. It was right and good that his manhood so perfectly filled her cunt.

“Are you sure you’re ready for this?” she asked tenderly. Always before she had been on top. She made love to him because his body was still weak. It was her job and she was happy to perform it.

“Of course,” he grunted as he started thrusting his hips into her. His rhythm was irregular and he lacked a certain amount of accomplished skill, but it was more than adequate. Normally when fucking her clients Trixie didn’t let herself go; instead she put on a show for the man fucking her. That wasn’t necessary with Prince Wallace. He was a good lover and under other circumstances their relationship might have been something entirely different. With him, she allowed her body to respond as it wished. The small orgasm he gave her before he came was fine, not great, but it was more than she ever had with most men.

Wallace rolled off her with a groan of relief. “Fuck that took a lot out of me,” he exclaimed.

There was a huge amount of spunk between her legs so Trixie had to agree. “That was the first time you fucked me from on top,” she commented.

“I’m getting stronger. Soon I won’t be a fucking invalid any longer and I’ll set things right in this city, this kingdom.” He glared at the ceiling. At times he could be oddly intense and it scared her more than she liked to admit.

“I need to clean up,” Trixie said getting out of bed.

As she walked to the washbasin Wallace said, “I think your ass is getting bigger.”

She glared at him over her shoulder. She was wearing just the stockings demanded by the head housekeeper. That tended to make every woman’s ass look bigger if she wasn’t wearing anything else and she was about to snap off a reply to him when she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror on the wall. It was a huge mirror that befit a young man of his wealth. It definitely showed her hips were larger than she remembered. Her tits were bigger too, but that she

attributed to Wallace's near constant feeding over the past few months. She turned and looked at her ass over her shoulder. It was bigger. Wallace watched from his position on the bed. He stared at the fuzzy dark down between her legs, not wet with her desire and his cum. Somewhat to her shame she noted that her stomach was bulging more than she remembered.

"Too much good food," she told him. "Your cooks are making me fat."

"There's nothing wrong with a woman with sumptuous curves," he said. "Too skinny and you'll look like a peasant. Have you seen Anna's body? No tits and arms like sticks. I like yours better."

"The kind of body you look for in a wife?" she teased him as she squatted down with the rag from the washbasin and cleaned her pussy.

He shook his head.

"The kind of body you look for in a whore?" she asked.

He shook his head again but this time added, "The kind of body for a woman who can breed."

She frowned, rinsed out the rag, approached him with it, and started tenderly cleaning his cock. "You don't want to breed with me," she said flatly. "Prince fucks a whore and she gets a bastard he won't claim."

"You've got your milk," he reminded her. "You aren't getting a bellyful from me."

Trixie nodded and continued cleaning him, trying not to lick her lips as she admired his manhood. "Right," she agreed. Was it wrong that she wanted to fuck him again so soon after he was done? "Who are you going to give a bellyful?"

He looked up at the ceiling. Talking to her about other women bothered him. "There's a few daughters of noblemen my mother would be happy to marry me to. Right now it's all about the right politics. Who will put me on the throne once my father is dead…assuming he doesn't declare me his heir before he dies. Who is the most powerful? Who is the richest? Who has a daughter who will produce sons?"

With another nod Trixie finished and walked back with the rag, dumping it in the basin. “I should go,” she said as she pulled on her dress. “Call for me if you want to feed before sleeping tonight.”

The dress felt incredibly tight as she was escorted back to her room, her cell.

Trixie had turned in to bed and was trying to settle her mind so she could slumber when the door opened. As always, a guard was the first one through. It was Joseph who usually worked his shift at night. She was expecting either another guard or perhaps one of the servants to come through next. Instead it was Prince Wallace.

“My prince,” she said as she sat up and climbed out of the bed. She was in a sheer nightdress. The guard and the prince could see everything. She didn’t mind. “You should have called for me. There is no need for you to walk to my chamber.”

The prince dismissed Joseph with a wave of his hand. He stood steadily at the foot of her bed. The cane in his hand helped him balance but it wasn’t entirely necessary. “I need to exercise more,” he said. “I’ve spent too much time lying about. I need to regain my strength.” He looked her up and down. “Take off your clothes.”

She did so immediately. Her tits were heavy. He hadn’t called for her to feed at the normal time. It must have been because he was ready to make the trip himself under his own power.

“You have a beautiful body,” he said. It must have slipped out unwittingly. He had never paid her such a compliment before. “I want to fuck you,” he said almost immediately afterward in an attempt to cover up his honesty.

“Wouldn’t you like a drink first?” she asked as she raised up her breasts in her hands. They were heavy and full of milk. She wanted him to feed.

“I can do both.” In a minute he was on the bed with her. She helped him out of his clothes and in no time at all his cock was pushing into her pussy. As he did so he dipped his head and sucked at her tit. Her milk all but gushed out at him. It was good to be fucked and sucked at the same time.

Chapter Five

The door to her chamber slammed open. It was early in the morning. Sunlight was angled so low that it barely illuminated Trixie's room. She knew that being woken by a slammed door was never a good sign in the Benowith manor house. She blinked her eyes a few times and saw it was Lady Benowith who was accosting her. It wouldn't have been Prince Wallace. He would have slipped in quietly and fucked her while sucking on her nipples, pulling every precious ounce of her life-giving milk from her tits.

"Slut!" the lady of the house declared looking disdainfully at the barely dressed Trixie. Any other woman would have clutched the bedclothes to her body, hiding her partial nudity—the nightdress did nothing to hide her form, but Trixie while smart was never very wise. She sat up brazenly.

"I've been called worse," she said, speaking before thinking.

If Lady Benowith heard the words she gave no indication. "Hold her down," she ordered the two guards accompanying her. They weren't men Trixie recognized, not that it mattered. She doubted Joseph or Herman would have disobeyed their mistress. She allowed the guards to pin her down to the bed and briefly wondered if she was to be raped. It was a harsh punishment but certainly not unknown to prostitutes and other women of no status.

"Doctor Rivers, please perform the exam," Lady Benowith said in her usual imperious tone. The doctor had slipped into the room with a frown on his face.

"This is hardly the way I like to see my patients," he said softly to Lady Benowith.

She gave him a withering glare.

Rivers turned to Trixie and indicated the guards should pull up her sheer nightdress. Pinned on her back, nude for all in the room to see, it was obvious what the good doctor had been called in to examine. Showing his professional demeanor and excellent medical training he palpated the prostitute's abdomen

and did a quick visual scan. He didn't bother with a full pelvic exam, not in front of the lady of the house.

"She is definitely pregnant," he told Lady Benowith.

"Thank you, doctor. You are dismissed."

He hurried from the room.

"Let her up."

The guards let Trixie go and took a few respectful steps back from the bed. Trixie took her time pulling down her nightdress over her bulging belly. It wasn't big, not yet. It was partially hidden by her weight gain from the rich food she had been eating to nurse the prince, but even untrained eyes could see her condition.

"You aren't a stupid girl," Lady Benowith began. "I can only surmise you are smart enough to not have bedded a random servant or guard in your time here."

Trixie said nothing.

"Are you carrying my grandchild," she asked when Trixie offered no response.

Trixie had been brought up to always answer a direct question from a superior. She couldn't help herself. "Yes."

Lady Benowith nodded. "I haven't decided if it's better for your sake if it's a girl or a boy."

Again, Trixie said nothing.

"You have complicated my plans for my son."

Trixie remained silent. The wrong reply could easily result in her death. Lady Benowith did have that much power and she certainly wasn't above murder of a worthless whore if it came down to that.

Abruptly the older woman sat down in the wooden framed chair opposite the bed. In the space of a few minutes she had apparently aged twenty years. "Leave

us alone," she said to the guards and waited as they exited the room. She might be an older woman but she was hardly in danger from a pregnant one.

"I would have been happy for you to have your dalliance with my son. You nursed him—literally—back to health. You kept him happy during his recovery. You provided services that none of the female members of my staff would have. Oddly, according to Dr. Rivers you gave him exercise he needed. Even right now he is leading a contingent of our men in a tournament. But you knew that already, didn't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," Trixie said as she looked down at her hands.

"But you went too far. You couldn't resist. Or maybe he couldn't resist your charms…which I will admit are ample. You made him fall in love with you."

"I did not such thing, my lady," Trixie protested.

She held up a warning hand. "It is one thing to actually have intercourse with him…but when he put his face…" she trailed off, unable to say the words. "But when he put his face between your legs—oh yes, it was witnessed, I do have complete control over my house you know—when he did that, it was too much."

"My lady, I could not stop him. He wanted to do that!"

Lady Benowith's face soured. "Only a man in love does that for a woman. I can't have my son in love with a common whore."

The worst side of Trixie's nature took hold of her tongue. "Would the king not kiss your pussy when you asked?" The insult was crude and shocking.

For a minute Lady Benowith didn't react. Then she stood up, quickly crossed the room and slapped Trixie across the face. Trixie gasped at the blow. Four red lines bloomed on her cheek and that pleased Lady Benowith.

"You are a cheap whore and worthless to us. I don't know who you think you are, but you will be returned to the house of ill-repute we plucked you from and your bastard will be surely the death of you."

With that Lady Benowith whirled around and exited the room. Trixie held her emotions in check a minute, more than enough time for her tormentor to be well

out of earshot, before she broke down in tears.

Her return to Madame Roussouse's house was without announcement. Though the overweight woman who had taken in Trixie was surprised to find her wayward employee suddenly on her doorstep with a bulging belly, she wasn't turned away. Some men enjoyed nursing from a pregnant woman more than one with a flat tummy.

The reunion with her employer was a happy one, but it was with another resident of the house that Trixie had most looked forward to.

"Mama!" Little Hera bounced out of the private apartments where Madame had been keeping her safe, her blonde curls bouncing around her head in a halo of tangles. "Are you finally back from your trip? Did you see the world?"

Trixie kissed the top of her daughter's head and said, "Yes, I'm home. And I saw part of the world, but not all of it." She turned to Madame. "Thank you for keeping her safe."

The older woman dismissed the gratitude with an audible psht. "I took her upkeep from your pay." She arched a knowing eyebrow. "And the pay continued to come every week. I was impressed. I thought I was going to have a new scullery maid in a few years. I wasn't sure if you would ever come back." The wise madam looked at Trixie's full form and bulging belly. "And I certainly didn't expect you back with another bastard in your belly."

"Neither did I, Madame," she said in a flat voice, attempting to keep the sadness out of her words.

The professional procurer smiled softly and beckoned her employee to the back rooms. "Come, tell me all about it. There is a purse full of gold that might make you feel a bit better."

The gold was nice, but it wasn't enough to keep Trixie from literally crying on Madame's shoulder.

After her summary dismissal from the house of Benowith, Trixie kept busy with clients new and old. Many were intrigued with her condition, and all were happy that they weren't the father. No one pressed her on the issue. It was a common enough occurrence for any active working whore. Some men paid extra to drink Trixie's milk and then fuck her silly. Those that did always had hands roaming from her ass to her tits and then to her belly. She wasn't sure what thrill those men received in knowing they were fucking a pregnant woman. Maybe it was because the child she was carrying wasn't theirs.

A few weeks after her return to her house Madame announced to her after the midday meal, "New client in your private bed, Trixie. Cute one too. You'd probably fuck him for free."

The other girls in earshot laughed at Madame's teasing. Trixie smile d and shook her head as she began to ascend the stairs up to the working rooms. She had just entered the part of pregnancy where it was starting to get hard to walk up stairs. She wasn't waddling. Not yet, but she was getting there.

She entered her room where the client awaited. He was standing next to the bed, one hand resting on a walking stick as he looked out the window. His face was in profile and he didn't turn to look at her right away.

Trixie paused for half a second and then said, "I was wondering when you would show up."

"Am I so predictable?" Wallace asked without taking his eyes from the window. "You have a beautiful view of Victory Park from here."

"Madame believes it makes our place classier than the other whorehouses. And yes, you are predictable, but I expected you earlier. I'm disappointed."

"I didn't mean to disappoint you," he said with all sincerity.

"I got over it," she said as she unlaced the top of her dress. Her heavy breasts tumbled out and she pushed the garment over her hips and belly, letting it drop to the floor. Underneath she wore stockings and a simple pair of briefs hiding her pussy from plain sight. "Are you here to nurse or to nurse and fuck?"

The corners of his mouth turned down in a brief bit of anger. "I'm here to talk."

“Talk or suck or fuck, it all costs the same,” she said.

He knew she was trying to annoy him. It was working. But Wallace controlled his anger. “How is our child?”

“Are you going to acknowledge it as yours?” she asked him. “Are you man enough to claim fatherhood to a bastard of a whore?”

The silence between them told her all she needed to know.

“I thought so.”

“You know this is difficult for me,” he began.

“Do you want me to suck your cock?” she offered.

“No, I want you to listen.”

“Sure. Whatever.”

“It didn’t take me that long to find where you were, but I couldn’t come to see you right away because of my mother. You know what she’s like.”

Trixie sat down on the edge of the bed, still naked from the waist up, and said nothing.

“Then I wanted to find out more about you. I wanted to know why you were working…here.”

“In a whorehouse? Because I have no skills, my father disowned me for getting pregnant, and then I realized I did have one skill that men would pay dearly for. I knew how to fuck. And as luck would have it, they liked sucking my milk as well. Everyone wins. I’m one of the best paid whores in the city.”

“Pregnant?” he asked, a bit stunned.

She patted her belly. “This is my second. I hope you didn’t think I was a virgin when you fucked me. Would you like to meet my daughter? She’s downstairs.” Trixie started to rise but Wallace shook his head. It was a noble gesture but largely unnecessary because she couldn’t easily get off the soft bed without

assistance.

“I didn’t know…”

“Why do you think my tits were lactating in the first place?” she asked him sharply.

He didn’t answer that question. “You surely can’t have been the first farm girl to get pregnant before marriage. Is your family strictly religious?”

“Ha!” she barked at him. “I’m no farm girl.”

“Are you from the city?” he asked not knowing what else to say.

“I’m from the north. I’m no slattern farm girl. I’m Lady Gertrude St. Virth. Maybe you’ve heard of my family? We have holdings up north.”

He nodded slowly. “Of course…I didn’t realize your father had a daughter.”

“It’s my grandfather who is the current lord, but you probably didn’t know that. It matters not. I was a black stain on the family reputation. I ran away to the big city. I had my child. They think I’m dead. End of story.”

“But this solves our problems,” he said, his face lighting up with joy. “You’re of the right station to marry me.”

“No, I am not. I’m a whore. I’ve fallen too far. My milk and my cunt are yours, but my hand in marriage…never. You are close enough to a bastard yourself. Your mother has worked too hard to put you on the throne to see you marry a slut…a whore with an illegitimate child.”

“But…” he started to insist and then realized she was right.

Trixie flopped back on the bed and sighed in frustration. She wasn’t upset with the situation. She had never wanted to marry Prince Wallace. She wasn’t sure what she had wanted. To seek respect of her family…but that was never going to happen. To earn enough money to sail far away and never return to the kingdom…that was a possibility. To perhaps live her old life among the nobility…no, she had given that up long ago. “The best I can be is your mistress. I have some money now. You can probably get me some more and set me up as a

proper lady of ill repute. Maybe I can meet your future wife one day. We can talk and become friends. Our children can grow up together." It was a sick, twisted fantasy. Many noblemen had mistresses I the city but their bastards were nothing to them.

Prince Wallace knelt down on the floor between Trixie's legs. He reached up and pulled her briefs over her hips and down her legs, exposing her cunt. Her dark curls were already moist with anticipation. Although she sometimes hated her position in life, there were times she didn't mind being a slut. The son of the king pushed his face into her pussy and licked and kissed her there.

She gasped a little and then placed one hand on the back of his head and the other on one nipple. Her milk was already flowing. Quickly she brought a finger to her lips and tasted her essence. It was still sweet. It was sweeter than the day he had her taste it from the cup. She wanted him to nurse from her tits, but he needed to eat her pussy first. He was in love with her, even if she wasn't in love with him. It wouldn't be so bad to be the mistress of the prince of the city. She could have other men on the side as well. That would slake the thirst of her loins. And maybe she could keep nursing the prince, keeping him under her thumb.

His tongue slipped up into her pussy and she pinched a nipple as hard as she could. The pain was intense and wonderful. Wallace licked upwards, searching for her clit. It wasn't hard to find as engorged as it was. He glanced up at his love. It was impossible to see her face over her belly and tits. That was fine. That's what was most important to him anyway.

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.

He can be reached at elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com. He posts to his blog at elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com. Follow on Twitter @GreenBushPub.

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

Also by Elliot Silvestri

And Giselle's Mother

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Sale

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity