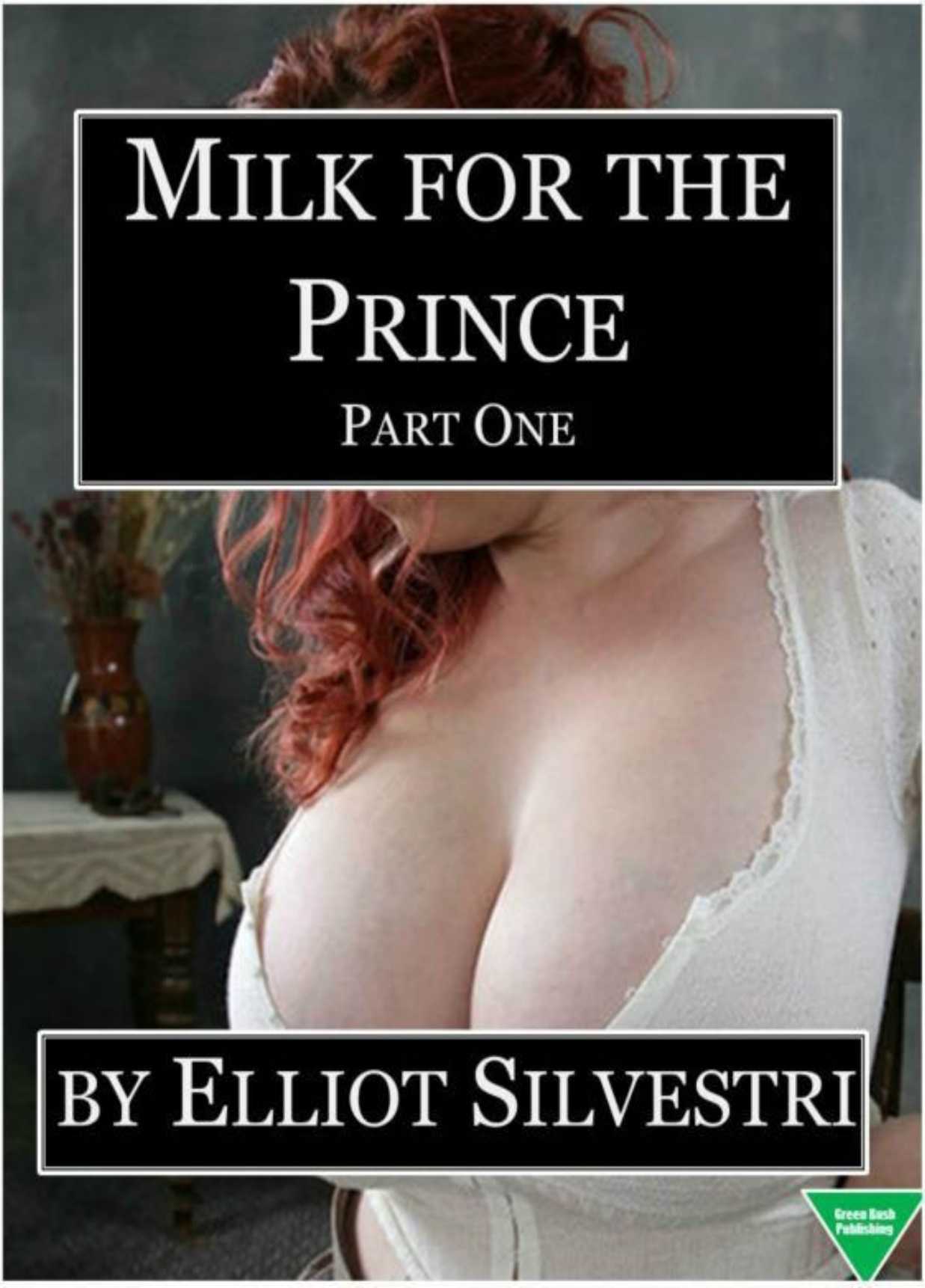
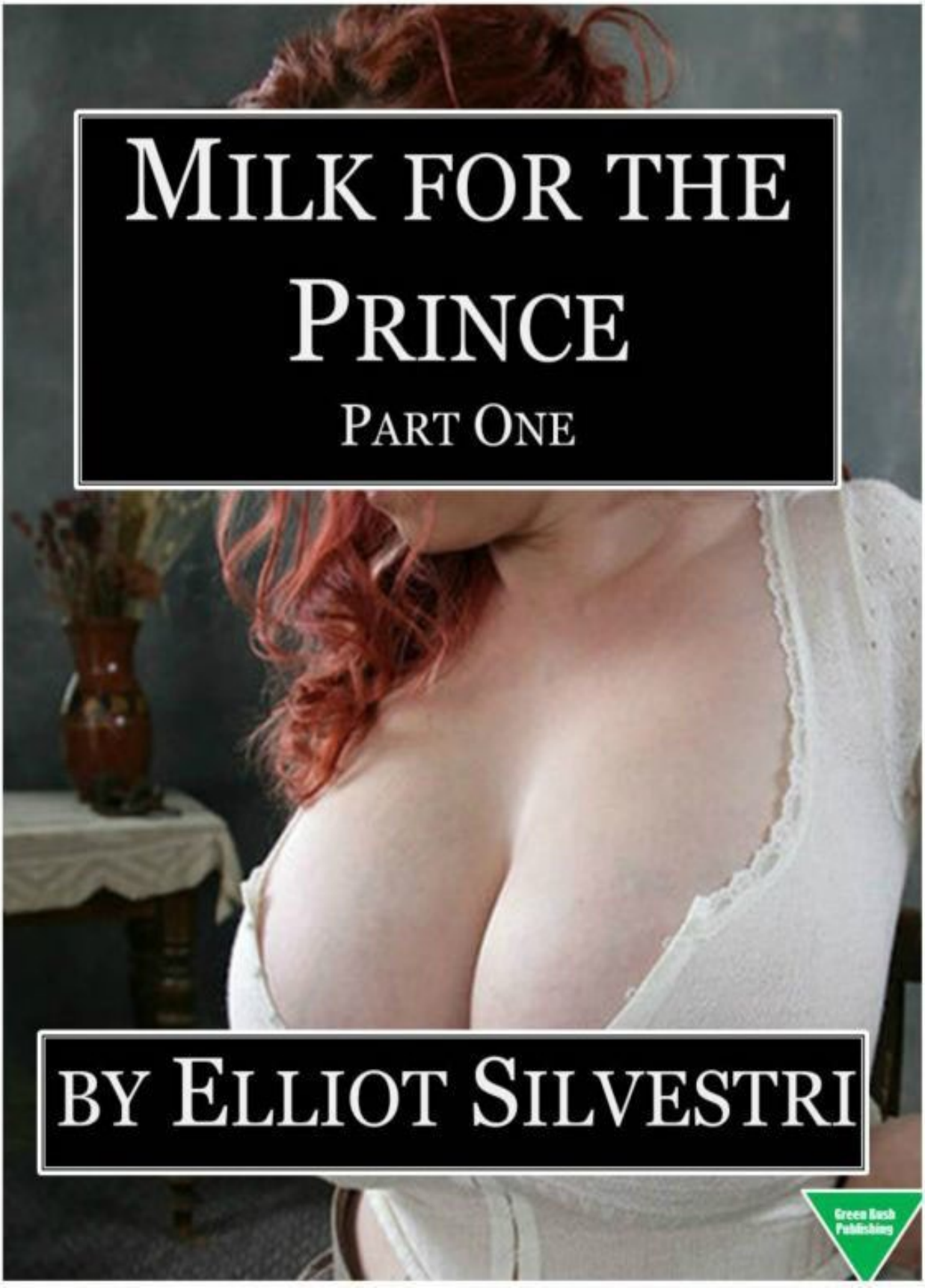

MILK FOR THE PRINCE
PART ONE
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing


MILK FOR THE PRINCE
PART ONE
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing

Milk for the Prince

Part One

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 through 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.

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