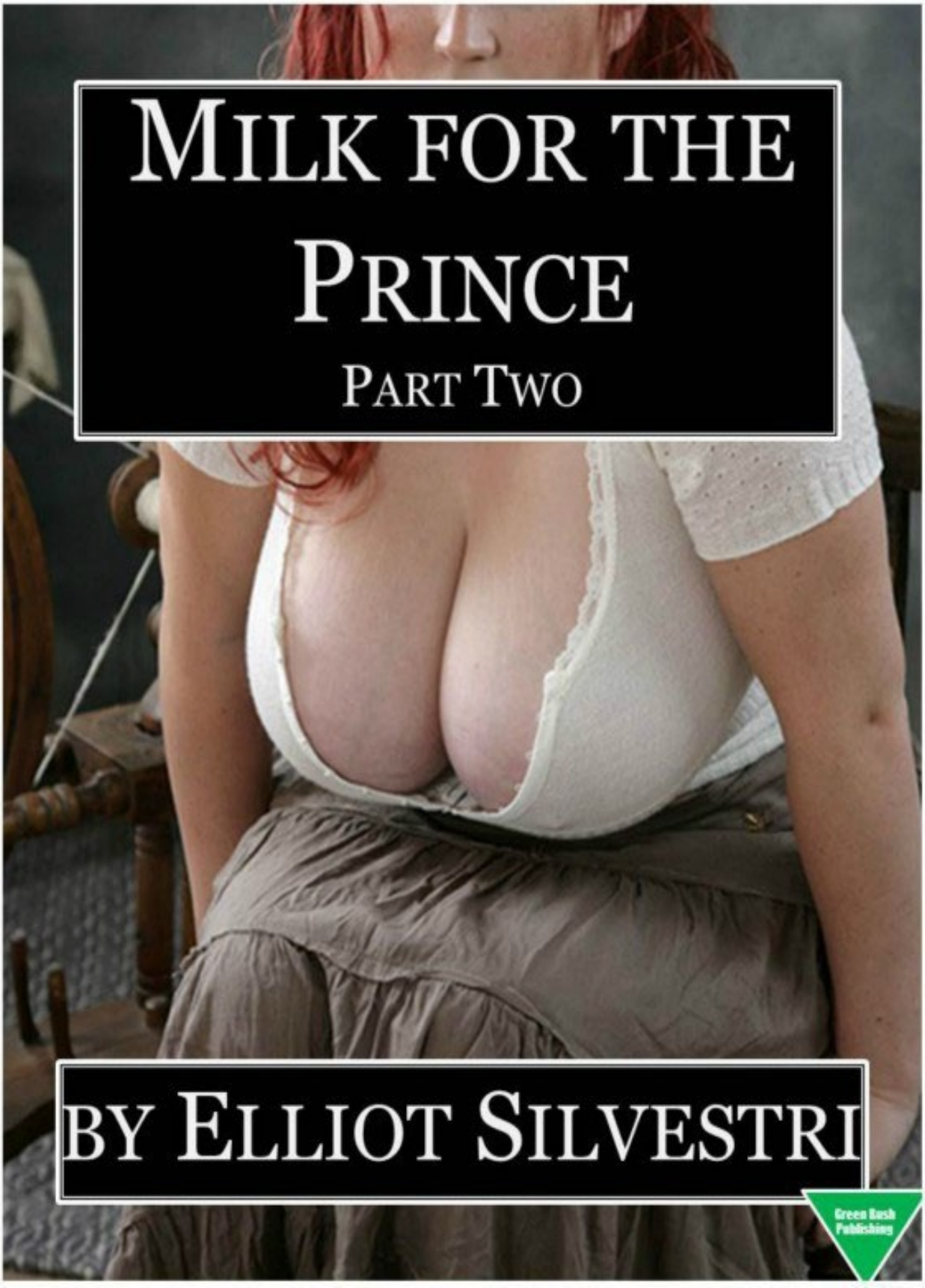
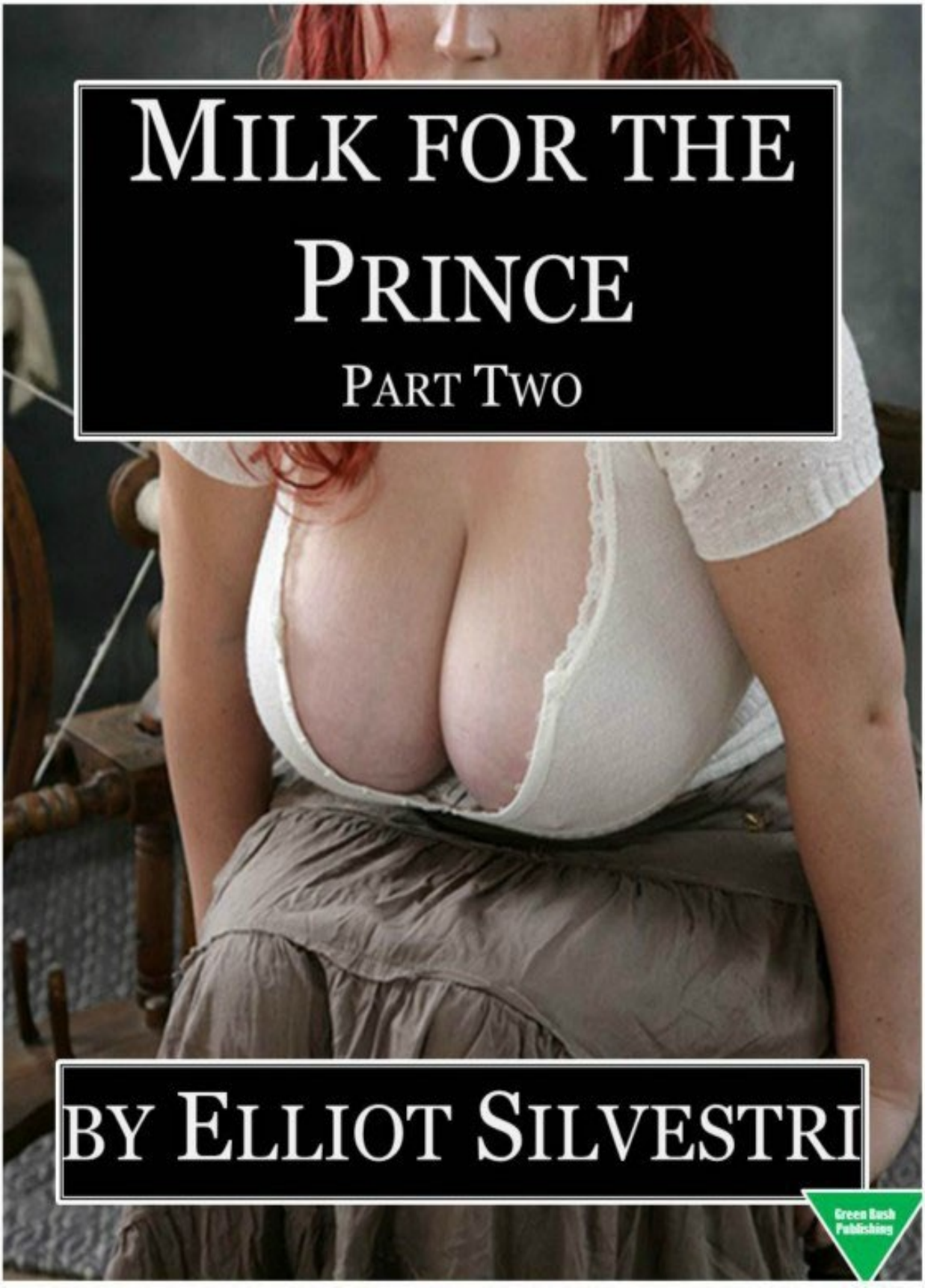

MILK FOR THE PRINCE
PART TWO
BY ELLIOT SILVESTRI
Green Bush Publishing


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Milk for the Prince

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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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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.

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