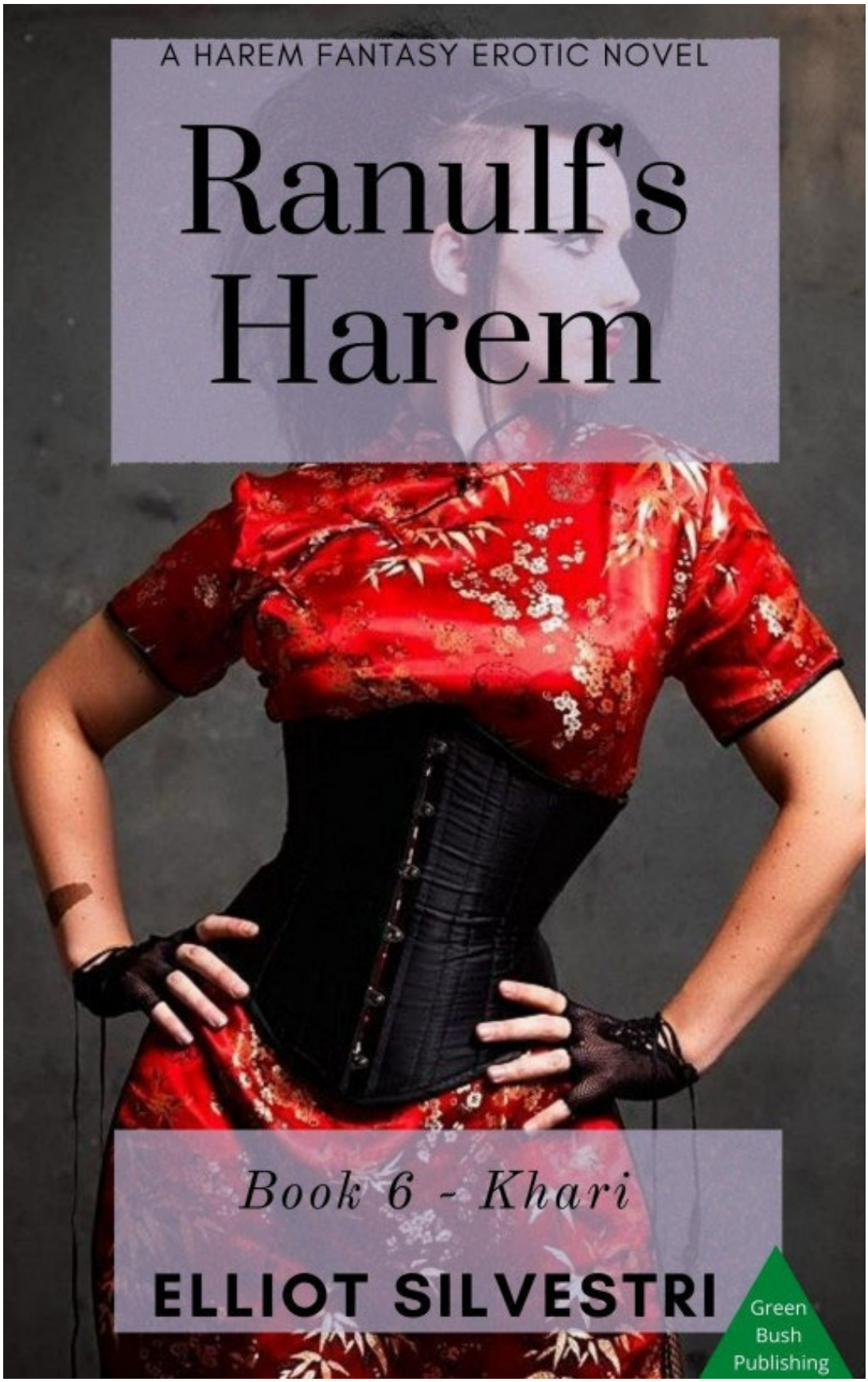
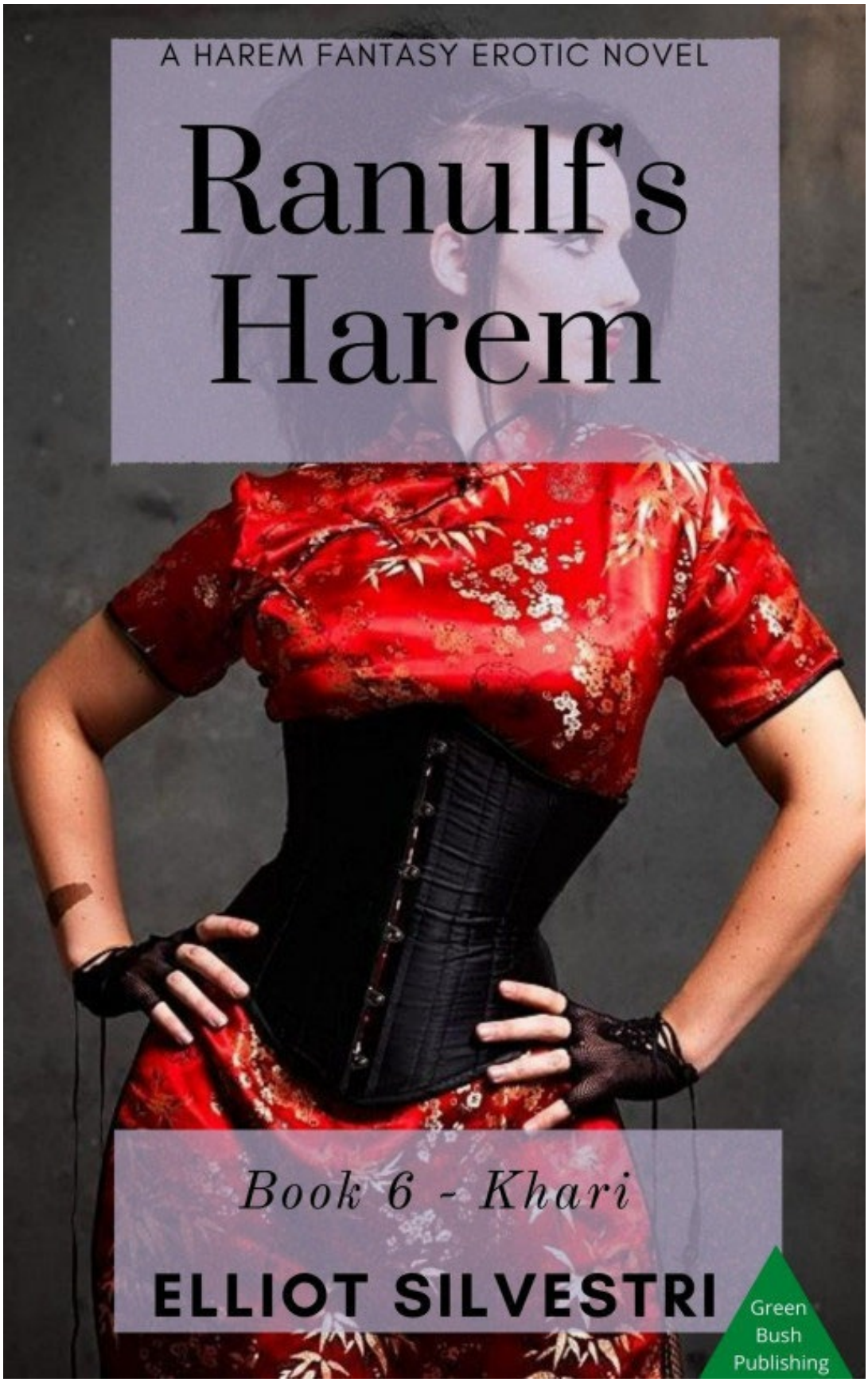

A HAREM FANTASY EROTIC NOVEL
Ranulf's Harem
Book 6 - Khari
ELLIOT SILVESTRI
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Ranulf’s Harem

Ranulf’s Harem 6: Khari

A Harem Fantasy Erotic Novel

Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Ranulf’s Harem 6: Khari

A Harem Fantasy Erotic Novel

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Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences. This work is a fantasy, but in your own life be sure to follow safer sex practices. All characters depicted in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.

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Chapter 20

Ranulf was shaking when he woke up. At first he thought he was shivering because of the cold, but the fire was burning cheerily and under multiple blankets he was sweating.

Sitting up he saw that he was in Beka's house and had no idea how he got there.

"You're awake," said the healer from her chair next to the fireplace. She was writing in a book while consulting several jars on her work table.

"How long was I out?"

"You slept through the night."

The previous day's events rushed back to him. Khari and her squires.

"The others! The squires…are they? I killed the one but…?"

Beka put down her quill and book. She frowned. "The first one you killed outright. The second…" Her expression hardened. "You nearly cut his leg off at the knee. I tried to save it." She looked down at her hands and curled them up into fists.

Ranulf swung his feet out from the bed. He was wearing just his breeches. How did they get his armor off without waking him? It had to have been the potion. He saw his armor and equipment piled next to Beka's chest and breathed a sigh of relief. Taking quick stock of himself he realized he was physically fine. Even the last vestiges of sleep were slipping away.

"The second squire?" he prompted her.

"I tried to save the leg. That wasn't possible. I had to amputate. He died in the night. Too much blood loss."

Ranulf frowned. He had killed men before. Too many men. He didn't know how he felt about the deaths of the squires. They were members of the Devoted Guardians but that hardly made them respectable men.

"Thank you for trying," he said.

Beka said nothing, she just kept staring at her hands. Surely she had seen men and women die under her care before.

“Is Khari alive?” he asked, wanting to know but afraid of the answer.

“She’s in chains in the meeting house. She’s alive. I checked her. Her pregnancy seems fine.”

“Thank you for that favor. I suppose the best course of action is to hold her in chains until I leave the village. You can send her back to Telemere after that.”

“We’re not doing that!” Beka was vehement.

“Why not?” Ranulf was confused.

“I’m not going to let the village be blamed for the deaths of three Devoted Guardians. We’ll either have to hold her here until the end of the winter. Then we’ll have to execute her.”

“What?!”

“That’s if more Devoted Guardians don’t show up looking for her. Or you.”

“You can’t kill her.”

“Don’t worry. We won’t do it until after the baby is born.”

“You can’t kill her!”

Beka eyed him, meeting his gaze for the first time. “Why not?”

“It…it would be wrong.”

“You mean you don’t want us killing your former lover, the mother of your child.”

“I didn’t get her pregnant!” Ranulf declared.

“But she is your lover.”

“Former lover.”

“Is that what got you kicked out of the Devoted Guardians?” asked Beka.

He stared at her a moment and then burst out laughing. “I was, and I want to stress that point, I was a Devoted Guardian. I left the order.”

“Before or after knocking up Khari?”

Ranulf snorted. “That had little to do with it.”

“I thought Devoted Guardians weren’t allowed to have carnal relationships.”

“That’s not entirely true.”

“At least not with each other.” She was glaring at him now.

“There are few female members of the Order.”

“That I know. The men of the Order tend to use whores…and each other.”

“Not me.”

“Which didn’t you use? The whores or the men?”

Before he could answer, the door to the cabin banged open and Amella hustled inside. “You need to come right away!” she cried and then saw that Ranulf was awake. “Oh. You too…um…Thome.”

“His name is Ranulf,” said Beka.

“Is that what we’re calling him now?”

“It’s his name,” Beka said.

“It’s my name,” Ranulf confirmed.

Amella just shook her head. “You need to come now. Both of you.”

“For what?” asked Beka, grabbing a small canvas bag that Ranulf had seen her carry before. “Who is hurt?” It was obviously her healer’s kit.

“Uh…no one.”

They looked at Amella and Ranulf quickly threw on some clothes. A minute later they were out the door.

Outside it was bitterly cold and a heavy wind had settled in during the night. Conversation was impossible; they just put their heads down against the wind and hurried to the meeting house.

Inside Ranulf kept his face impassive, but it pained him to see Khari in chains.

She had been stripped of her armor and dagger. It was nowhere in sight. The village women had left her in the soft cotton underclothes worn to protect against chafing from metal armor and leather straps. Her wrists were chained in front of her, but her ankles were chained together and that chain was connected to a third that was bolted to the wall. She could walk a grand total of two steps in either direction.

And still she was the most beautiful woman Ranulf had ever seen.

He kept his eyes away from her bulging stomach. Her pregnancy was further along than he remembered it. That only made sense considering how long he had been gone. He gave her credit for pursuing him into the mountains in her state.

“You asked to see me?” said Beka after they entered.

Khari barely glanced at the healer. Her eyes were on Ranulf.

“I wanted to see you again, Ran.”

“Don’t call me that!” he snapped at her.

“Oh, and what name are you using now?” she sneered at him. “You’ve had so many I can hardly keep track.”

Beka looked at him, waiting to see what he would say.

“Don’t use my familiar name,” he clarified.

Stepping between the feuding lovers, Beka said, “So do you need to see me or not?”

Only now did Khari take note of the healer. “I can’t believe you allow a pregnant woman to be treated in this way,” she said, shaking her wrists, rattling her chains for emphasis.

“Are you in need of healing?” Beka asked flatly, uninterested in a conversation.

“I want you to make sure my baby is unharmed.”

“You weren’t touched when I killed your squires,” Ranulf spat.

“Are you bleeding?” asked Beka, clearly uninterested but doing her duty as the village’s designated healer.

“No, at least I don’t think so. But I can’t get my pants down with these.” Once again Khari rattled her chains.

“Don’t release her,” said Ranulf. “She’s just looking for a way to escape.”

Ignoring him, Beka stepped forward. “Lay down on the bench,” she ordered the knight.

When she did so, Beka carefully laid her hands on the woman’s stomach, examining her. She made Khari part her legs and saw no sign of blood, but went so far as to put her hand down Khari’s waistband to physically inspect her sex.

“You’re not bleeding. The baby seems fine.”

Ranulf had watched the whole process with disinterest. “Time to leave,” he told Beka as Khari sat up.

“Please, don’t leave me alone in here,” Khari begged.

Amella, who had waited patiently near the door the entire time, stepped forward. “I’ll be here with you,” she said pleasantly. “More guards will rotate through the day.”

“I want to speak with Ranulf,” said Beka, changing tactics. “Alone.”

“Of course you do,” he said, exasperated.

“I’ll leave you two then,” said Beka.

She quickly exited the meeting house, leaving Ranulf glaring at the captured knight. He noted that even Amella had retreated out of the building.

“I see you still have your charming personality,” said Ranulf with acid on his lips. “You know that your simple charms don’t work on me.”

“That’s why I liked fucking you. When you came to my bed and came in me…it was because you wanted to.” She licked her lips. “We’ve never done it when I was restrained. I’ve always wanted to try it.” She rattled her chains once more. “Now is the perfect time.”

“No.”

“You’re no fun.”

“Which is why I left Telemere as I remember. The only reason I’m not going to kill you is because that would mean the death of a presumably innocent child.” He looked at her bulging stomach.

“You’d murder me?” she asked sweetly.

“Yes. Just like you’ve done to so many others.”

Her expression soured. She didn’t like the accusation. “If you’re going to leave, you should do it soon. If I don’t return to Telemere soon, the Order will send more knights to find me and to hunt you down.”

“I’m leaving. The only question is what the village will do with you.” He took a risk. “How long before you give birth?”

“A few months.”

“It’s dangerous to travel into the mountains during the winter. The Order will wait until spring to resume their hunt.”

“I like how you take risks.” She rotated her hips as if aroused.

He was unimpressed. “By spring you will have given birth. The women of Nonmondaine will raise your baby. I’m leaving orders for you to be executed if you survive the birth.”

“You wouldn’t do that to me,” she said smoothly.

He was impassive. “I value my life more than yours.”

“Is this an elaborate scheme to escape from being a father?”

“The child isn’t mine.”

“You don’t know that.”

“I do,” he insisted.

“If you’re going to have me killed—and I seriously doubt these women would just do whatever you asked—the least you could do is fuck me one last time before you leave.”

“No,” he said. His words were firm and his resolve was strong.

He knew exactly how powerful Khari was…and he still underestimated her.

“Fuck me,” she ordered putting unnatural energy into her voice. He saw her fingers tracing arcane symbols in the air. Normally she could use the Call on others just by speaking. He was immune to that. But when she added less innate magic and pulled on the energies that filled the world, he was victim to her influence.

“You can’t make me free you,” he grunted, stepping back.

“I don’t want you to free me,” she said. “I want you to fuck me.”

“You can’t compel me,” he grunted even as his body responded. His cock hardened and he wanted to leave, but he couldn’t force his feet to turn around and march out of the building.

Khari reached up and pulled open the laces to the loose neck of her cotton undergarment exposing her small tits. Her hands were restrained but not immobile.

They were bigger than Ranulf remembered. They were still capped by bright pink nipples, full and ripe and begging to be sucked, but now her flesh was

swollen, making her chest larger than before. It was the pregnancy, Ranulf told himself. It wasn't that his memory was faulty.

"Fuck me," Khari repeated, undulating her torso back and forth, making her more enticing. Still seated on the bench she was incredibly attractive and eerily sexy. "I'll even suck your cock," she added, but didn't use the Call to those words.

Ranulf swallowed.

He wanted to leave.

He wanted to stay.

He wanted to fuck her.

He wanted to shove his cock in her mouth and make her shut up.

She couldn't escape.

Her hands and feet were bound.

Ranulf didn't have the key.

Hild's chains would hold fast.

"I fucking hate you," he grunted at her, advancing forward, pulling on the laces to his breeches.

"As long as you fuck me."

Ranulf hated not knowing if it was the Call that had affected him or if he just had an irrational attraction to Khari or if he was just unnaturally horny.

It couldn't be that he was unnaturally horny. Beka had seen to that.

Still, he pulled out his hard cock and presented it to Khari's face.

She stuck out her tongue and licked the underside of his impressive manhood. She tugged down her undergarment, making sure it was under her tits, exposing them fully.

“You taste like quim,” she said after circling her tongue around his corona.

Ranulf grabbed the sides of her head and shoved his cock into her mouth. It went all the way to the back of her throat and further.

Showing off skills that she had cultivated over the years, Khari opened up her mouth and throat and easily accommodated all of Ranulf’s cock.

Waiting just a second with his pubic bone resting against his nose, seeing if he could choke her to death, Ranulf pulled partway out and started to face fuck her.

Khari didn’t complain. This was something she had done more than once.

He hoped that he could cum in her mouth and then leave as his lust abated. He knew she used her feminine charms to influence men.

But Khari wasn’t so easily thwarted. She allowed him to go for a bit, and then turned her head. His cock slipped free and he groaned in frustration.

“My quim misses her favorite visitor,” she panted, saliva running down her chin and onto her chest. “You always fucked me better than any other man. Or woman,” she added with a lascivious grin.

“Shut up.” Her words didn’t so much anger him as annoy him.

“Are you going to cum down my throat or in my quim?” she asked. “I’m safe either way,” she laughed. “Or do you want to fuck my ass? Lots of Devoted Guardians like fucking ass, don’t they?” she teased.

“Shut. The. Fuck. UP!” he cried at her, spitting out each word between clenched teeth and punctuating the last word by slapping her across the face.

Instead of ending their impromptu and poorly planned and terribly thought out fuck session, the slap only seemed to excite Khari.

An imprint of Ranulf’s hand was left on her cheek. She looked up at him and grinned, lust in her eyes. Experimentally she spat on the floor and noted with some mild disappointment that her saliva was clear of blood.

“You know what really gets me going, don’t you? That’s what I love about you.”

In response Ranulf yanked Khari to her feet, spun her around, yanked her loose underclothing bottoms down over her hips and bulging stomach. Not caring what happened to her, he shoved her back down on the bench, forcing her to her knees, ass proffered to him, ankles tangled in her chains. She kept her torso off the bench by using her elbows. The manacles around her wrists were tangled holding them tighter, but she didn't care.

Not when she sensed Ranulf getting down on his knees behind her.

There were no further preliminaries. He just shoved his hard cock into her. It took a few attempts, the first going between her thighs instead of between her lips, but she was drooling so much amrita that only served to further lubricate his hardness.

When he shoved it all the way into her, she gasped in shock and delight. Her cry of pain would have alerted her comrades on the battlefield she was injured, but there was no one to come to her rescue.

"Fuck. Me. Hard!" she begged.

Ranulf had already been doing that. He had grabbed her hips and started slamming into her as hard and fast as he could. Her words further annoyed and angered him. Ranulf couldn't deny the passion that Khari stirred in him, but his feelings toward her ran rapidly back and forth between love, lust, and hatred.

"I told you to shut the fuck up!" he barked at her.

Khari only laughed at him as he tore at her undergarment ripping a long strip of the soft cotton from it, ruining her clothing.

Neither cared.

With his cock still in her, he tore at her underclothing again. One strip he wadded up and the other he quickly measured with his eyes. Reaching around to her face, he shoved the wadded up material in her mouth and then wrapped the long strip around her head, effectively gagging her.

It wasn't a safe thing to do at all. He knew she could choke on the gag. She couldn't use her hands to remove it. It made her breathing hard, endangering her and her baby.

Ranulf didn’t care.

He resumed fucking her as hard as he could, just as interested in hurting her as he was in cumming.

He didn’t care at all about her cumming.

Khari was forced to breathe through her nose. She wasn’t getting enough air which made her light headed.

Her orgasm shook her body. Her quim heated up and tightened on Ranulf. He hated that. His hatred was enough to push him over the edge and he came in her.

Ranulf loved cumming in Khari’s quim. She was an eager and passionate lover. The times he had spent in her bed and in her body were the happiest of his life.

He just hated her almost as much as he hated himself.

He screamed as he came. The first two ejaculations he deposited in her quim, but the rest he sprayed on her ass and back.

Resting a moment, he breathed heavily and listened to her struggle to breathe. He couldn’t let someone die that way and he finally unwrapped the strip from her head and pulled out her gag.

She coughed a few times and said, “You know how to show a girl a good time.”

Disgusted with himself and with her, Ranulf got to his feet, pulled up his pants, tucked away his cock, grabbed his cloak, and marched out of the meeting house.

Khari giggled the entire time.

On the way out he stopped where Amella stood next to the door. “Don’t go in there alone,” he warned her. “She’s a devil in a woman’s skin.”

“I heard you fucking her.”

“I’m not surprised and I regret it.”

Before she could say anything else, he stalked away, headed for Beka’s.

Chapter 21

“What’s the matter?” asked Beka when he walked into her stone cabin. “I had hoped you were leaving and—” She bit off her words.

Ranulf couldn’t speak. He couldn’t imagine the expression on his face.

Beka’s expression went from annoyed to concerned. Despite all her other misgivings, she went right to him and wrapped her arms around his torso.

He kept his arms straight down. His body was shaking with anger. With rage. With unfocused energy that threatened to tear him apart.

It was much to his surprise that he started crying. He couldn’t remember when it was the last time he had actually cried.

To her credit, Beka said nothing. She just gave him the warmth of her body and unspoken understanding.

He didn’t know how long he stood there crying. It was longer than he wanted it to be.

“I’m sorry,” he apologized.

“For what?” she said, backing away. Her job was a healer and that applied to both the physical and the emotional.

“For acting ridiculously. I should have better control of myself.”

“You can’t control your emotions all the time. But let me ask, what brought this on?”

“I fucked Khari.”

A small smile tugged on Beka’s lips. “Was the sex that bad?”

“She’s a former lover of mine,” he said, but Beka already knew that.

“You’re the one who wanted her in chains. You could have walked away.”

“She used the Call on me.”

Beka grimaced. “Magic?”

“Simple magic. It’s somehow innate in her. Some long dead ancestor must have made a deal with a devil or…”

“Or fucked one for a touch of power,” Beka said, understanding.

“I didn’t want to fuck her,” he said. “She…she made me.”

“I’ll have some wards put in place so that she can’t use that power any longer.”

“That’s a good idea.” He pulled in a deep breath and re-centered himself. “This day is ruined. Do you mind if I spend one more night? I’d rather start my journey early in the morning tomorrow.”

“That’s fine,” she said. “Would you like to see Lushanna’s baby?”

He looked blankly at her. “I don’t think that would be a good idea.”

“Why not? You helped in her birth.”

“Babies aren’t…I should avoid getting further involved.”

“Does this have something to do with fucking Khari? Some men are very uncomfortable having sex with a pregnant woman.” She paused. “And some love it.”

“Khari says her child is mine,” Ranulf blurted.

It took all of her control for Beka not to react badly. “Is there any truth to that? Could it be possible?”

Before he answered, Ranulf gave it another thorough thought. “There is an outside possibility. Anything is possible in this world, no? But it’s unlikely. She had a well-deserved reputation and there are too many candidates for me to be the one.”

Beka nodded silently with his words. “I can find out the truth for you,” she offered.

That made Ranulf laugh. “I doubt anything that Khari tells you would be

anywhere close to the truth."

She dismissed his words with a shake of her head. "No. I'd use my healer's skills. There is a way to do it with a child. If I have both the child and one parent in hand, it's fairly easy to determine the other parent."

"I suppose if you can do that—"

"The only problem is for me to do it while she is still pregnant, I'd have to penetrate her."

"Her quim?

"Yes."

"Could you do that under the pretense of a midwife exam?"

She shrugged. "I suppose. She might be wondering why I was tasting her amrita."

"That's how it's done?"

"That's how it's done."

He gave this some thought. "If you wouldn't mind doing it, I would appreciate it. I'll pay for the service or—"

"You don't have to pay me anything."

"I'd feel better if—"

"I feel that I owe you."

He blinked. "Fine." Ranulf seemed to visibly relax. "No offense to you or the village or all the other women, but I want to get out of here as soon as possible."

She frowned. "Maybe you should leave now then, even if you don't have the day to travel."

"If I leave now, I won't know what you discover from Khari."

After sighing, Beka said, “There’s a snowstorm coming. Sparrow visited me while you were…occupied. She says it’s going to be a bad one.”

Ranulf gritted his teeth. “Is she ever wrong about this sort of thing?”

“No. If she says we're going to be snow bound for a week, she’s going to be right.”

“Shit.”

“Indeed.”

“When are you going to…get the information from Khari,” Ranulf pressed.

She laughed at him. “You don’t need to be delicate about it. You can say, ‘When are you going to shove your fingers up Khari’s twat to see who knocked her up?’”

“I was trying to be couth.”

“I bet you were,” she smirked. “Anyway, I’ll do it this afternoon. She needs a bit of rest if you just fucked her and I need to do it before the storm comes. The last thing you want to do is…wait.”

Ranulf didn’t know what to say to that.

They had a small meal and sat in silence for far too long. Finally Beka deemed it was the right time. She gathered her healer’s bag and was ready to go to the meeting house. Not knowing what else to do at the moment, Ranulf gave Beka a kiss at the door.

It felt wrong.

But that was when he saw the storm clouds marching in from the west. Even he could sense the snow that was to arrive.

“Hurry,” he said.

Beka just gave him a knowing smile.

Before going into the meeting house, Beka consulted with Amella. They knew the general nature of the Call that Khari was using, but didn't have the details. They didn't have much time to create a decent set of wards, but something was better than nothing, they reasoned.

It took the two nearly an hour to build magical wards around the building with the idea being any magical energy inside would be contained. They didn't worry about exterior magic infiltrating the structure.

"Why are you doing this for Thome?" asked Amella when they were done.

"He's earned it. He needs some peace of mind to go on to his next life."

Amella shook her head. "I liked fucking him and all, but I don't think I'd do this for him."

"Why not?" asked Beka with a crooked smile. "She might be more muscular than most women, but she's attractive enough."

"It's a little too much like fucking Hild."

"You don't like fucking Hild?" A grin played on Beka's lips.

"Elves and orcs don't generally mix well."

"You're a half-elf and she's a half-orc. Be more accepting."

"I'd rather fuck you or Jan or—"

"How about I take advantage of Khari and we get the hell out of here?"

Amella nodded. "Good idea. Do you want me to go in with you or should I wait here?"

"Wait here. Give me an hour. Then come in and save me. Or if you hear either of us screaming bloody murder…"

The half-elf sorceress laughed and gave her friend a kiss on the cheek. "I'll come

to your rescue."

Beka went into the building on her guard. When she cleared the entryway she found Khari sitting on the bench. Her underclothes were in tatters, but she had a blanket wrapped around her body to keep warm. The blanket wasn't entirely necessary. There was a small magical fire burning in the fireplace. It was a simple spell to keep a room warm with no real danger of burning.

"Took you long enough," Khari complained.

"Were you waiting for me?" asked Beka innocently. She looked the other woman up and down. The knight's muscles were clearly defined and Beka realized that Khari was a tall woman and easily stood over her. She was intimidating even in chains and half naked.

Somehow that made her more intimidating.

"I've been waiting for someone to feed me. For someone to bring me a proper change of clothes. For someone to…release me."

"Your tricks won't work on me," said Beka as she felt the Call tug mildly at her base urges.

"Why are you here?" Khari demanded, dropping the ineffective influence of the Call.

"Medical inspection." The healer held up her kit. "You're pregnant. You were recently in a physical confrontation. It's my duty to the village to keep all women healthy."

"I've recently fucked your lover as well. Is that why you're here?"

Beka just smiled at Khari. "Please take off your clothes." Her eyes traveled up and down Khari's body. "What's left of your clothes."

The knight held up her chained hands. "I can't." She went on to rattle the chains on her ankles. "But if you release me."

"Your tricks won't work on me, knight."

“A warrior can try.”

“Stand up,” Beka ordered.

To her mild surprise, Khari did as she asked and dropped her blanket to the floor. Beka used a sharp blade from her kit to cut away the torn remains of the knight’s underclothes.

Beka carefully evaluated Khari’s body. There was hardly an ounce of fat on the woman. She was all lean muscle and taut skin, except for her stomach. The bulge of her belly gave evidence that she was most definitely pregnant.

“How many months do you think you are?” asked Beka.

The knight shrugged. “Maybe six.”

“May I feel your stomach?”

“Yes.”

The answers Khari gave were unemotional and detached.

Beka did a quick exam and came to the conclusion that there was a good chance that Khari was more than six months into her carrying. It was possible that her physique had hidden evidence of the pregnancy from Khari until much time had passed.

“Lay down on the bench. I need to do an internal exam.”

“Are you that eager to get your hands on my snatch?” asked Khari haughtily.

“Believe me, I would not be doing this unless I thought it was necessary.”

“Your lover didn’t think it was necessary, but he loved it.”

“He’s not my lover,” said Beka as Khari moved into the position the healer wanted. The knight complained a lot, but was following her requests.

“Hasn’t he fucked you?” asked Khari as she parted her legs to allow Beka access. “He fucked me.”

“I’ve fucked a lot of men…and women,” she added just to get a reaction from the knight.

“Pervert,” spat Khari as Beka’s fingers penetrated her.

Beka was silent a moment as she rested a hand atop Khari’s bulging stomach while her other was inside the woman’s quim.

“Do you like doing this?” asked Khari.

“Yes.”

“I bet you do. You’re a pervert. Do you like fucking women?”

Beka’s lips twitched. “Yes.”

“Do you even like fucking men?”

“Yes.” Beka adjusted her hands as her exam continued.

“What perverted things do you do with women?”

“Whatever I want,” said Beka.

“Do you fuck monsters?”

“No…”

“I bet you fuck orcs. You look like an orc fucker.”

“I have bedded an orc or two.”

“Sick deviant.”

Beka was finding it difficult to focus on the exam and then she reminded herself she didn’t need to do a full maternity exam. She just needed a sample of the woman’s amrita.

As it was, Khari was well-lubricated. Beka withdrew her fingers and surreptitiously tasted them.

The flavor was strong. The musk that clung to her fingers was intoxicating.

“Do you like how I taste?” asked Khari. Beka now noticed that the other woman’s fingers were twitching.

“Yes,” she answered automatically.

“Do you like the taste of women’s quims?”

“Yes.”

Khari hefted up her small but full breasts. “I’m starting to leak. I never thought my body would make milk, would grow a child.” She met Beka’s unfocused eyes. “Would you like a taste of my milk?” She paused. “Just to make sure it’s healthy.”

It took Beka a second to understand what Khari was asking.

“Yes. I’d love to.”

Khari sat up slightly on the bench and offered her breast to Beka. The healer moved from between Khari’s legs to her side. She didn’t give a second thought to taking up Khari’s nipple and sucking.

The knight moaned a little as Beka sucked. The nipple in Beka's mouth hardened at the attention. Beka had done this before more times than she could count. Khari’s breasts were full and ripe and her nipples were the dark pink that just begged to be sucked.

Khari allowed herself the little pleasure of having her tits sucked. Beka didn’t give any thought at all to what she was doing.

It took a minute for the reaction that Khari was looking for. It started slowly at first and she couldn’t quite tell, but almost right away Beka tasted the sweetness of Khari’s milk.

She had tasted mother’s milk before. She had assisted many women in childbirth and nearly as many by instructing them on how to nurse. She couldn’t remember the last time she had been with a woman who had been lactating, but once she tasted Khari’s milk, she realized how much she had missed it.

The knight's tits weren't making that much milk yet, but Beka eagerly sucked up all that she could, switching back and forth between nipples, swallowing down every last drop of the sweet nectar, sucking on the sensitive little bits of flesh to the point where she was causing Khari pain.

Khari didn't mind. She had been in true pain before. A pair of sore nipples was an easy price to pay.

"Yes," she said softly, but with great intensity. "Suck my tits. Drink my milk.

Beka was swept away in the moment.

She moved a hand between Khari's legs and rested her fingers against the tight dirty blonde curls covering the knight's quim. The temptation was too much and Beka didn't hesitate to slip a pair of fingers into the woman's tunnel. She got her fingers wet with amrita and used the lubricant to coat Khari's clit.

The knight moaned appreciatively as Beka masturbated her. There was no reason she couldn't enjoy sex with the woman currently being bedded by her old lover.

Khari kept her legs spread, allowing Beka to do as she pleased. Beka wanted to please this ice-cold blonde woman. Even pregnant, she was incredibly sexy. Perhaps her pregnancy made her sexier. Beka couldn't tell.

Realizing that Khari's tits had given up all the milk she had stored, Beka stopped sucking on the knight's nipples and kissed the blonde woman.

Khari was surprised by the unexpected kiss. Getting her tits and quim properly seen to she had expected, even wanted, but the kiss was something else. Beka's tongue pushed between Khari's lips and the kiss became more passionate. It would have been best to deny the kiss, but no one was around to witness Khari's descent into perversion. She gave herself over.

All the while, Beka's fingers were busily dancing on Khari's quim. The tit sucking, the kissing, the clit teasing all became too much for Khari.

She came.

She came hard, harder than she could ever remember cumming before.

Still, she kept her focus and pushed out with the energy that had built up in her body.

A magical warmth spread over Beka, focused on her clit and nipples. She needed reciprocation, but Khari wasn't able to provide that now, not with her hands and feet chained.

And the key to the locks was held by Hild.

"Do you need to cum?" Khari asked Beka.

The healer nodded eagerly. Her hand was still between Khari's legs, manipulating her sopping quim.

"Do you expect me to help you with that?"

"Please?" Beka begged and hated herself when she heard what she was saying.

"No. Service yourself."

That was all the permission Beka needed. She pulled her hand back from the knight and shoved it up her dress, seeking out her quim. It was soaking wet as well. In less than a minute she was trembling with orgasm and she breathed a sigh of relief.

But the relief was short-lived. Her lust remained strong.

"Not enough," she moaned.

"I know, dear, I know," purred Khari. "But maybe I could help you out if you freed my hands?"

Slowly Beka shook her head. "No."

Keeping a positive attitude, Khari asked, "Why, my love? Why wouldn't you want to free me?"

"I don't have the key."

Khari frowned. "Who does?"

Beka pouted. “Don’t know.”

Khari frowned and thought for a moment while Beka kept her hand up her skirts, idly rubbing her quim. She didn’t want to make herself cum again. She wanted to play with the other woman. Or any woman. Or any man.

A thought occurred to the knight. “Maybe if we called some of your friends here, they could help you and me out. What do you think of that?”

The suggestion was enough to make Beka clap her hands together. “That sounds wonderful!”

Before Khari could further react, Beka jumped to her feet and raced to the meeting house door. Amella was outside with one of the other half-elves that inhabited the village.

“Amella, come inside with me. Vonda, go and bring a few of your friends. We’re going to need some help.”

Curious, Amella did as her friend and occasional lover asked. Vonda, a strange look on her face, did as was asked of her as well.

“I see she’s still naked and still pregnant,” said Amella. “Did the exam go well?”

“It went perfectly,” said Khari. “But I could use some of your help. Would you like to help me?”

Amella was well attuned to the magic that permeated the world and converged on Nonmondaine. She knew right away that Khari was using the Call. However, the magic wards she had erected with Beka proved her undoing. Instead of dissipating the Call, it instead focused the magic. Amella was helpless to follow Khari’s suggestion.

“I would love to help. What can I do?”

Khari lifted her hands again. “Free me.”

Amella shook her head. “I cannot. I do not have the key.”

It wasn’t that Khari was expecting immediate success, but she was starting to get

frustrated. “Perhaps you can keep my midwife busy while we wait for the other women.”

Beka and Amella looked at each other with lust in their eyes. “Take off your clothes,” Khari commanded.

The two women stripped. Despite her situation, Khari was aroused and interested in their disrobing.

“Now fuck each other silly,” Khari ordered.

That Beka and Amella were happy to do.

They embraced. They kissed. Khari watched as their tits mashed up against each other.

“Let me see your tongues,” she said, using the Call.

The two women turned and stuck their tongues out at the knight which only angered her.

“No, you fools. Open mouth kisses. Make it sloppy.”

They turned back to each other and resumed kissing, this time making a show of it.

When Amella reached between Beka’s legs, the healer opened up her stance to allow Amella to satisfy her urges. Seeing this, Khari pushed her hands down her body to her quim, but was stymied in her efforts because of the way the wrist chains were attached to the bench. She couldn’t abuse herself as the half-elf and healer committed such beautiful sins.

Adjusting her position on the bench, Khari managed some friction on the bench’s edge and pressed her thighs tightly together to stimulate her clit.

By now the women had slipped to the floor. Amella was eagerly licking between Beka’s thighs but the human was writhing about in a manner that said anything but happiness.

“What is it? What is the matter with you?” Khari demanded. The healer was

ruining her fantasy.

“I need to eat her quim,” whined Beka.

Khari rolled her eyes. “Fine. Turn around. Do it to each other at the same time. Sickening.”

The lovers quickly rearranged their bodies so their faces were positioned right in front of the other’s quim and they set to simultaneous stimulation.

Khari smiled, circled her hips faster on the padded wooden bench and pressed her thighs more tightly together.

Women were easier to control. A simple orgasm wouldn’t break the influence of the Call.

She had both women keeping each other on edge. As one paused in her oral attentions as she approached orgasm, Khari would tell the other to stop. It was a gentle sort of torture, but one Khari loved to witness.

By the time Vonda returned with three other women, Beka and Amella were covered in sweat, panting heavily, and begging for release.

“What the hell is going on here?” asked Vonda, trying to put some control on the situation.

Immediately her gaze was caught by Khari. “Why don’t you join us?” she suggested.

It wasn’t an order or command. With Beka and Amella already fornicating on the floor in front of her, she just barely needed to use the Call to influence the interlopers.

The quartet briefly tried to resist, but the open sexuality of the residents of the village made them susceptible to the influence of the Call.

Slowly they made their way across the room, disrobing as they walked. By the time they reached Beka and Amella they were mostly naked, kissing and embracing each other, sliding down to the floor to join the first two.

The room was slowly turning into an orgy, an unintended consequence of the magic used by Khari, but the knight didn't worry about that.

She let them have sex for a minute. Hands between legs. Mouths kissing. Fingers probing. Nipple erect and being sucked. Moans filling the air.

It was all very arousing to the knight…and frustrating at the same time. She wouldn't deign to accept sexual attention of the other women, but she would watch. It was frustrating not being able to reach her quim and rub her clit. She was able to pinch her nipples and massage her breasts, but that wasn't enough.

Once the six on the floor were fully involved in each other she started catching them one by one and addressing each woman as if she were the only person in the room.

"Do you want to release me?"

"Yes…" the moan would inevitably come.

"Do you have the key?"

"No…"

"Do you know who does?"

It took some time but eventually Khari discovered the disgusting half-orc who had bound her wrists was the keeper of the key. That only made sense. It was a risk to send any of the six outside the meeting house. They could break free of her influence. Instead, Khari slowly spread the reach of her magical abilities. It would take time, but she was a patient woman when she had to be.

And she had the entertaining show of six women debauching themselves in front of her while she waited.

Chapter 22

Ranulf was pulled from his reverie by a loud knocking at the door to Beka's house. He had been brooding in silence. He should have left but without knowing the result of Beka's experiment with Khari he couldn't force himself out the door.

Plus there was the coming storm.

All the other women in the village would just barge into Beka's house whenever they wanted. It seemed the healer never locked the door.

He opened the door and was mildly surprised to see the figure of Mother framed by the dark clouds outside.

"Come in…Mother," he said, his tongue tripping over the name that was an honorific. He hated saying the word, but forced himself. "It's cold outside."

"It'll be getting colder," she declared as she moved inside on unstable legs and sat herself down next to the fire. "We are in danger."

"That much is obvious," he muttered. "Storm. Devoted Guardians undoubtedly coming to find Khari. Drake problem that might be fixed, might not be."

She shook her old head slowly back and forth, her snowy locks framing her face. "There is danger here and now."

He rested his hand on the hilt of his sword. He hadn't removed it from his belt. He was ready to travel. He was ready to fight.

"Where?"

"The meeting house."

He was confused. "But…Beka is there."

Mother nodded her head. "With that witch, Khari."

"She's no witch. She's a knight of the Devoted Guardians."

"Don't be a fool, boy."

Ranulf’s lip curled back. “I’ll kill her!” He stalked to the door but was stopped by a question from Mother.

“And the child?”

“I’ll drag Beka out of there.”

“Half the village is in there…fucking.”

“Right now?” He was mildly surprised.

“Yes. You can’t go charging in there. Her power is peaking as we speak.”

“Can I wait?”

“No. You need to go in with a plan and with allies.”

“You?”

“And Hild. And Sparrow. The idea is to save those under Khari’s influence, not to hack and slash your way to certain death.”

He nodded in agreement.

“Do you have a plan?”

Mother smiled, showing a dearth of teeth. “I always have a plan.”

It was nearly an hour later when Ranulf marched into the meeting house accompanied by Hild and Sparrow. Hild had been careful to leave the key to Khari’s chains with Mother who was waiting in Beka’s house at the edge of the village, outside the influence of the knight-witch’s growing spell.

When the trio entered the meeting house, Khari looked up in glee, ready for more women to fall under her power. Immediately her lip curled back when she saw Ranulf in the lead of the trio.

She opened her mouth and used the Call on them.

Ranulf and the others didn't hear a single word of poison that dripped from her lips. They had placed masks over their faces not to obscure their visages but to avoid meeting the evil woman's gaze.

Khari screamed at them. Ranulf thought that maybe he heard her voice, but it didn't work on him. He smiled but the witch couldn't see that. His sword was at his side; there was no need to draw it.

Keeping his eyes downcast Ranulf carefully stepped over the writhing naked bodies on the floor. The women were performing unspeakably erotic acts on each other and Ranulf's cock responded. He wanted to join in but he had a job to do first.

Chained as she was, there was little that Khari could do to prevent Ranulf, along with the able help of Hild and Sparrow, from shoving the large gag into her mouth and tightening the leather straps behind the back of her head.

Once it was in place, Hild used a finger to dig the wax plugs out of her ears. It was an uncomfortable process but it had saved them.

"That was easy," she commented as the other two struggled to clear their ears. Hild looked around at the women on the floor, having the time of their lives. "How do we break them out of this?"

"Mother said there was only one way to break the spell," Sparrow commented.

"What's that?"

"Make them cum."

Hild grinned. "I can help with that." She sought out a woman than Ranulf couldn't remember seeing before. Hild shoved her face in the other woman's quim and got to work.

Sparrow gave him a wan smile. "I suppose I should help. Going to join us?"

Ranulf gave her a short, sharp nod. "In a minute."

When Sparrow had moved away to join a busty halfling who was rubbing her quim while watching a pair of women, one with horns and one with deep orange

skin, use metal dildos on each other.

The warrior turned to Khari. “You’re going to wear that gag until the child is born. You’re lucky I don’t cut out your tongue, slice off your ears, and blind you.”

She hissed at him from behind the gag.

“You’re going to give birth in chains. I’m never going to see you again. The women of Nonmondaine will do with you what they wish. I hope they execute you. The only reason they might not is because they still fear the Devoted Guardians.”

He spat in her face. “I don’t fear them. I hate them.”

Ranulf turned his back on the woman he had loved and hated passionately. It took him only a moment to spy Beka in the scrum of women. Her face was buried in the quim of a half-elf who was kissing the only other half-orc Ranulf had seen in the village besides Hild.

He didn’t say anything. He could feel Khari’s eyes on him. Beka’s lover was on her back, legs spread with the half-orc next to her. Beka was on her hands and knees. Ranulf didn’t ask permission, he just opened up his breeches, pulled out his hard cock, knelt behind the healer and shoved his cock inside her.

She made a little mewling sound when he entered her but didn’t stop eating the other woman’s quim. She was incredibly wet and hot. He could tell she was right on the edge of orgasm, but Khari’s spell had prevented it from happening. Once the knight-witch was silenced orgasms began breaking out all over the room. Ranulf only had to pump Beka a half dozen times before she finally left off her cunnilingus and let out a series of passionate screams as her quim trembled around Ranulf’s cock.

“Th-th-thank you,” she stuttered out to him, her head no longer fuzzy with the influence of Khari’s spell.

“My pleasure,” he replied with a grin.

“No. Mine, but that’s fine.”

“Can I cum in you?”

She was pleased he asked, but she still shook her head. “No. Use your cock on some of the other women. This is going to take a while to clear up.”

While he didn’t have the chance to fuck every woman in the village right then, but Ranulf quickly lost count of how many women he fucked to help break Khari’s spell.

No one seemed to care.

Chapter 23

Ranulf finished lacing up his boots and looked out the window of Beka's cabin. The storm clouds were still building. It would be snowing soon. That wasn't going to stop him, not now.

Beka got up from the bed and wrapped a blanket around her naked body. "You can't leave now," she said. "The storm."

"It's the perfect time to leave," he declared. "When the Devoted Guardians come, they won't be able to track me."

"You'll die in the storm."

"I'm willing to take that risk."

They stared at each other for too long. He wanted to leave. He wanted to stay. He didn't know what she wanted. He never knew what other people wanted. He wondered if that meant there was something wrong with him.

"Don't you want to know about…Khari?"

"Kill her or don't. I care not."

"What about her child?"

He had been purposely avoiding that issue. "I suppose I should know…but I don't want to know."

"Do you want me to tell you?"

He sighed in frustration. "Yes." He rubbed his forehead. A headache was coming on.

"She's not carrying your child," she lied to him.

Ranulf breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank the gods."

"I think you should thank whatever man impregnated her before you had the chance."

“I had plenty of chances, I suppose I’m just lucky.”

“Or unlucky.”

That made him laugh ruefully.

“Do you have any children?” Beka asked him.

Ranulf shook his head. “No. I mean, it’s possible, but…the whores of Telemere are notorious in using magic and herbs to never get pregnant.”

Neither of them were willing to voice concern about one of the women of Nonmondaine possibly carrying his child.

“Don’t leave,” she suddenly begged him. “Stay here in the village. Help protect us. We’ll help protect you.”

“Men don’t live in Nonmondaine,” he said. He knew the rules.

“No, but you can stay here until the spring, when it’s safe. Winter is truly upon us and the Devoted Guardians, if they do send another contingent to find Khari, won’t be able to reach us after this storm. We’ll be safe until then.”

Ranulf shook his head at her. “I never thought you were a sentimental woman.”

“I’m not,” she said proudly.

He stepped forward and kissed her, pressing his body against hers, pinning her to the wall. There was nothing more that he wanted other than to stay there forever.

He couldn’t.

“I’m leaving,” he said firmly.

“Don’t,” she said. She wasn’t begging. She had pride.

“You could come with me.”

She shook her head. “I can’t leave Nonmondaine.”

“Maybe someday I’ll return.”

“You won’t.”

“I didn’t promise, did I?”

They glared at each other for a minute. He could feel her anger and her lust.

He hoped she could feel his as well.

When he left, she locked the door behind him. It wasn’t snowing yet, but it would soon. He wanted to get as far as possible into the mountains before he needed to find shelter.

The journey to Thome’s rude grave took him less time than he anticipated. The rocks that formed the cairn were exactly as he remembered them. Some small amounts of snow and ice were trapped between the rocks, but it was otherwise exactly as he had last seen it.

He stood in front of the pile of rocks and wondered if the body of Thome Innocente of the Order of Devoted Guardians would ever be found. From his pack he took a small stone that he had been working with a knife over the past weeks. The time he had to work on a piece of art was small, but calling the rock a piece of art was insulting to artists. All he had managed to do was roughly scratch THOME on it. As a marker, it served, but only barely.

Carefully Ranulf placed the marker stone into the cairn where it could be seen by anyone who took a moment to investigate but was safe enough that it wouldn’t roll away.

“I’m sorry, my friend, this is no place to die. You were too young for this. You did not deserve this. I’m sorry I stole your name. I’m sorry I stole your armor. I hope I made good use of them in the village.”

He stared at the grave for longer than he wanted. A wry smile suddenly bloomed across his face. “Maybe someday a kid from Nonmondaine will come looking for their father, find this grave, and wonder what the hells happened. Gods forgive me, I wonder what the hells happened as well.”

After another minute of staring at the cairn, Ranulf nodded and cinched his pack tightly closed. Snowflakes were just starting to fall from the sky and the wind was picking up. With any luck he'd find a cave or a hunter's shelter to survive the night. If he wasn't lucky he would have to set up his survival tent. If he was extremely unlucky, he'd wind up dead.

They were all going to be dead someday.

As he rounded the bend where he had first encountered Thome weeks before, the scrying spell that Beka used to track him slowly faded away. Back in her cabin she knew she could use her abilities to increase the power on the spell, but that seemed unnecessary. She had put a traveler's pebble in his boot. She wouldn't lose track of him. She couldn't. She would have to unite him with his children some day.

Beka rubbed her hand over her belly. It was too soon to tell, but she had a good feeling. The others were unknown as well. Hild. Amella. Sparrow. Every other woman he had fucked in the knight-witch's magic influenced orgy. She had high hopes.

She hoped he would return before the Devoted Guardians came to slaughter them all.

END

Preview

Spilling the Milk 2: Dripping

It was weird, but it was good at the same time.

I was laying on my side looking down at the top of Garrett's head. I was able to formulate the thought that he should let his hair grow a little longer to show off the loose curls he was hiding.

Then because I was completely distracted by his mouth on my breast, I just closed my eyes and focused on what he was doing to me.

Namely drawing out the milk that his breast fetish and my body had created.

It was weird and wrong, but I was enjoying it a hell of a lot more than I thought I would.

Sometimes life is perfect and the partner you find has the same kinks as you.

I was that lucky.

There was nothing that could go wrong, even if we were only three months into our relationship.

I had never really wondered what it would be like when my breasts made milk. I just figured it would happen when I got pregnant and had kids. It was weird. I kept using that word, but it was the only way to describe it. I could feel my breasts making milk which didn't make sense, but I knew they were and I could feel it.

It felt even better when Garrett was sucking on my tits, drawing out the milk, making me moan and pant because he was going to make me cum in a minute.

We had fallen into this ritual far too easily. We'd go to bed at night, I'd pull up my shirt and take off my bra and he'd nurse from me. I was making plenty of milk now for it to be a more than adequate late-night snack. He'd nurse until I went dry or I came or both.

And then we'd have sex.

I was honestly indifferent to the sex, as long as I got to cum at least once from my tits, I was happy.

Even so, the sex was fantastic.

He sucked and sucked and when I couldn't stand it any more, I came.

"You're going to make me fat," said Garrett after he released my nipple. I still had milk in me and I could feel it leaking out. Garrett poked gently at it, making my soft flesh jiggle and the milk come out faster.

"No I'm not," I said quickly.

"Breast milk is high in calories, isn't it? What about fat?"

"Uh...maybe?"

"You're going to make me fat," he repeated and kissed my left breast. "I'm going to love it."

"Uh-huh," I said dismissively. I was still floating from the orgasm. My hand found his cock. I absently stroked it and he moaned in appreciation.

"Are you going to make me cum?" he asked. "Make me shoot my load all over your tits?"

"Would you like that?" I asked, thinking about his cum mixing with my milk. Kinky and weird, but apparently I was into kinky and weird so much that I didn't realize it.

"I sure would. I'd also like to fuck you like a boring married couple."

He pushed me onto my back, which was easy to do, and was between my spread thighs, seeking to enter my pussy with his hard cock. He always got hard from nursing from me. I liked that.

Taking a moment he sat back on his heels and ran his cock head along my slit, getting it slick with my amrita.

“You should shave your pussy,” he commented.

“Just put it in me,” I begged while twisting my nipples, waiting.

“You don’t need this hair,” he said, running his finger over my little isosceles triangle of dark red curls.

“Just put it in me.”

“Did I ever tell you I like shaved pussies?”

Garrett was ruining the mood.

“Just put it in me,” I repeated for the third time.

“It’s easier and more fun to fuck with a bare pussy,” he commented as he fitted his cockhead into my entrance.

I gave him a wan smile. “But it’s a crime for redheads to shave their bushes.”

He frowned. “With your pale skin, you don’t need that bush. Your freckles are all you need.”

I was tired of debating with him.

“Just fuck me hard and I’ll shave it!”

Garrett shoved it in hard and deep. I gasped in appreciation.

“Fuck yes!” I moaned.

He started going to town on my pussy, crushing my small tits into my chest with his weight.

It was a good thing that he had drained them first because otherwise the pain would have been outrageous.

Over the past few weeks I had learned that my body was excellent at making milk and it needed to be drained on a regular basis otherwise it was painful. Luckily my boyfriend was a milk kinkster so it all worked out.

I just didn’t know how long we could sustain this.

I stopped worrying when I came. I worried much less when he came in me.

Having my breasts unexpectedly start lactating wasn’t all fun and sex games. I discovered that some of my clothing didn’t fit the way I wanted it to fit and my bras weren’t exactly comfortable now.

I resolved to go on a fun shopping spree. There was no way I was going to drag Garrett along with me on that adventure because he’d either want to have way too much input on what type of bra I should be wearing or he’d be bored out of his mind and just be annoying.

Since I couldn’t get my cousin Matti to accompany me, I decided it would be a shopping trip just for me. It would be all about efficiency and finding the perfect clothing for my slightly enhanced bust line.

The trip started with a stop at the local juice bar. Why Tristyn didn’t just go to a full coffee bar was beyond me, but she was making it work. Juices, smoothies, baked goods, everything I needed to get going in the morning except pure caffeine in liquid form.

I ordered my usual. Tristyn was behind the counter with a couple of her employees. Things weren’t too busy for them so I took a seat at a table and waited.

When Tristyn sat down at the table with three drinks I was a little surprised. We had become friendly over time and sometimes we shared morning chit chat but I was puzzled at the extra drink that she slid my way as she sipped from her own special concoction.

“What’s this?” I asked and then took a sip of my usual.

Tristyn gave me a sly smile. “It’s an enhancer.”

“I didn’t know you were slipping THC into your products.”

We were in a legal state, but she still rolled her eyes at me. “No silly. Okay, I’m guessing here, but either you’re pregnant or you’ve had a boob job and if you did, you didn’t get them that big.”

I glanced down at my only slightly larger chest and immediately blushed deep red.

How many people at my office had noticed but said nothing?

Shit!

“I...I didn’t get a boob job.”

“Good. You’re positively glowing.” Tristyn tucked a long lock of her dyed black hair behind her ear. While it made no sense, it was a sexy move.

I looked down at my pale skin. “I’m not glowing. I’m a sun-hating natural redhead. I’m always this reflective pale.”

“Glowing and bigger boobs,” she said definitively. “You’re preggers.”

I blinked. My brain shut down. I blinked again. “I’m not pregnant.”

Tristyn paused while sipping her drink. “Are you sure? You have all the signs.”

Without thinking, I just said, “I have a new boyfriend. That’s it.”

“Been using condoms or do you have something else for BC?”

I slapped my hand down on the table making it jump. “I’m not pregnant.”

Tristyn’s eyes went wide. I could feel the customers looking at me. There was that terrible uncomfortable pause and silence you never really experience anywhere else other than when you make a fool of yourself in public.

I cleared my throat and lowered my voice. “I’m not.”

I hoped everyone went back to work. I forced myself to look at Tristyn and nowhere else. “Okay then...have you taken a pregnancy test?”

“No and I don’t need to,” I insisted. “I had my monthly visitor a couple of weeks

ago.” I purposely left out the fact that my period was definitely less than usual, but I chalked that up to good living and a positive attitude.

Tristyn eyed me skeptically. “Fine then. Explain your glow and your bigger tits.” I liked her challenging gaze.

“I’m glowing because I’m in love with Garrett.”

Tristyn was skeptical. “Sure.”

“And my naturally pale skin as well.”

“That I would believe,” she agreed. “But how do you explain your bigger boobs?”

I shrugged...which made my boobs bounce more than I intended. My bra wasn’t doing its job. “I’m putting on weight?” I suggested.

“No you aren’t.”

I needed to confide in someone...and it wasn’t going to be my big-mouthed cousin Matti.

“Okay...would you believe that I’m lactating?”

“You just said you aren’t pregnant.”

“I’m not...but if you have someone playing with your boobs all the time...well, there are side effects.”

She blinked. “I don’t think I was prepared to hear that today.”

I sucked in my tummy a bit and thrust out my chest a little more. “Jealous?”

“Yeah. A little.” She pulled back the drink she had slid across the table to me. “You won’t need this.”

I frowned at her. “Why not?”

“It’s a special blend that’s supposed to be good for pregnant women.”

“Is it?” I asked skeptically.

Tristyn shrugged. “Sure. Why not? It ain’t gonna hurt them. Probably.”

“Do you have anything for lactating mothers?”

She slid the drink back to me.

“That’s the same drink.”

Tristyn lowered her voice. “Do you think any of this advertising horseshit we say about these drinks has any basis in reality?”

Glancing at the gigantic signs advertising all the health benefits of the juices that Tristyn’s Juice Bar was pushing, I came to a decision. “I was hoping so, yes.”

“Maybe it does. Anyway, the juices I suggest for pregnant mothers are the same for lactating mothers.”

“Who says I want to lactate?”

Her smile said it all. “If you didn’t, you would have refused the drink.”

That gave me a lot to think about as I shopped.

I decided to go all out and had made an appointment for a proper bra fitting at the fancy lingerie store. Madame Trousseau’s straddled that line between lingerie that served its intended purpose while being sexy and straight-up fetishwear.

I had been wanting to try their services for years and this was the perfect opportunity.

Everything was going perfect. I was on time. My fitter was a small middle-aged woman who gave off no-nonsense vibes but with her trim figure and glasses I had no trouble imagining she was more than one teenage boy’s MILF fantasy.

She measured every inch of my chest and got rather personal. That was fine. I was ready for it.

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About the Author

Elliot Silvestri has a complicated relationship with erotica and epic fantasy and sexual politics. He has a simple relationship with you: buy his books and he'll keep writing them. He lives in upstate New York, far away from most of humanity and that's a good thing. Feel free to contact him:

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