
Elliot Silvestri
The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk
Part One
Green Bush Publishing


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By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

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Dramatis Persona

Queen Illyana – Exiled ruler of the kobold realm

Sir George – former knight of King Roland, now Queen Illyana's champion

Mahrina – a serving girl in Illyana's home

Honoria – another serving girl

King Roland – ruler of the human realm

Queen Lenore – Roland's wife

Duchess Carmin – Roland's mistress

Earl Edmund – Carmin's husband

Part One

Day One

George strained against the steel manacles holding him against the rock wall. He knew it was useless but he had to try regardless. He failed to break the steel bands. He wasn't surprised.

It was cold in the dungeon especially since he was wearing only a loincloth. He had stopped bleeding from the multiple small wounds all over his body, but that was only a small bit of good news. None of the injuries were immediately life-threatening, but they would all need to be seen to if he didn't want them to fester. The problem was he was in the dungeon and shackled. His captor didn't want him dead, but suffering was apparently acceptable.

He remembered the battle. It was horrific. He remembered the fight with the evil queen's champion, which he had won, but he didn't remember getting captured. He didn't remember much.

The dungeon was dark, but there was a faint light coming in from the tiny barred window cut into the heavy wooden door. From what he could tell the cell holding him was fairly large. That made him nervous. A tiny cell meant imprisonment. A large cell meant something else. Torture, most likely, interrogation was for certain surely.

He hated waiting but there was nothing for him to do but wait. He was seated on the floor. His arms were up and held against the wall. There was nothing around his neck or feet, but that was of little consequence.

After a few minutes he realized how thirsty and hungry he was. The hunger was easy to ignore. The thirst was the real problem. Sleep was a way to fight both of those problems, but after waking up he found it impossible to go back to sleep while trying to ignore the needs of his body.

It might have been a few minutes later, it might have been hours. The heavy door dragged open and an imposing woman walked in. She carried a bauble in her

hand. It lit up the entire dank, ugly cell. In the midst of the cell's dark, the woman was a center of light and beauty. She had long blonde hair falling down her back, the fairest, unblemished skin George had ever seen, and was dressed almost modestly in the most recent fashion of the king's court. Her undercorset was bright green; it served to push up her large breasts which were modestly covered by her pale white dress embroidered with fine threads. The neckline of her dress revealed nothing; it went to her neck and the sleeves were large, almost poofy, gathered at the forearms. Beneath the corset the dress's skirts descended to her knees, which was different from what was worn in the court. The ladies' dresses there reached the floor. Here in the dungeon the skirt stopped, somewhat practically George thought, at her knees, revealing a band of skin between the hem and the top of her supple white leather boots. The boots had an incredibly high heel, impractical for the dungeon, or anywhere, but she walked in them with ease.

Her face…George blinked at her face. There were strong hints of beauty: a fine jaw, pale skin, high cheekbones, brilliant sapphire eyes, but this was all obscured by a mask of the sort worn a masquerade balls. George wondered why she would wear something like that.

The bauble was brighter than a candle or a lantern. It hurt George's eyes to look at it so he focused on her other hand that was carrying a cup. Right away he knew what was in it, water or wine. The dryness in his mouth increased.

"What do you want?" he rasped after a long moment of her just staring at him, studying him.

"The question is, what do you want?" she asked, half offering him the stone goblet, but holding it more than an arm's length away. And he couldn't grab it because he was pinned to the wall. She was taunting him. "Would you like a drink?"

To his shame he was mortified to hear himself beg. "Yes."

The woman—and he knew whom she was: Queen Ilyana the evil leader of the secretive nation of the kobolds that lived under the mountain on good King Roland's lands—took a half step forward, the goblet still proffered. "Then I just need one thing from you."

George said nothing. He remembered his training, his loyalties, his oath. He was

silent. “You killed my champion,” Queen Ilyana said.

“It was my duty to do so,” George whispered.

“I need a new champion.” The words were stated flatly, but he knew immediately what she was asking.

“No,” he said.

She wasn’t the least bit disturbed by his answer. “Do you know how long it takes a man to die of thirst?” He shook his head. “Three days for most. Four or five for a strong man.” She stepped forward again, but moved the goblet back, away from him, and squatted down in front of George. She ran her fine fingertips lightly from his sternum down to his abdomen, stopping just above his loincloth. “You are decidedly strong, but wounded. You’ll be lucky if you last three days.”

He brought up his eyes and glazed into hers. “No,” he repeated.

She smiled, not annoyed, not amused, not angry. Bemused. “We shall see,” she promised and poured out the contents of the goblet on the flagstones between his legs. Before standing up she tugged down the edge of her dress’s neckline, giving him a quick glimpse of her cleavage. Despite the situation and his wounds, George still looked down hoping to catch a view of her naked nipples. But he was either too slow or it was too dark. Nothing. It was still enough to cause his cock to stir which further shamed him. “We shall see,” she repeated as she stood. His eyes went to her bottom. The material of her dress pulled against her buttocks. There wasn’t much to see, but there was enough.

George hung his head and cried in shame as the door closed and left him in the dark.

Day Two

It was impossible for George to tell how much time had passed, but he simply assumed when he work up it was the next day. There was no food or water brought to him. The door opening would have woken him. It was the door that woke him, but it was Queen Ilyana walking in. George's heart quickened. This was hope for escape, but not a good hope.

"Have you reconsidered your answer?" Ilyana asked him.

George shook his head weakly. "I haven't changed it."

"You're dying," she told him while dropping a silk handkerchief on the floor in front of him and placed one knee on it. "Do you want to live?"

"Yes," he moaned. "But not on your terms."

She was carrying the same glowing bauble and the same stone goblet. She was still wearing the same white dress. George wasn't sure if it was the same dress or one exactly like the previous one, or if she had multiple dresses that were similar. Ilyana smiled sweetly at him. It was the smile of a woman being honest with a man. There was no hidden agenda behind her smile. What her motives were George couldn't say. "Shall I change the terms?" Ilyana stopped another silk handkerchief to the floor and placed the bauble and goblet on it. Reaching up to the tie that held the top of her dress closed, she pulled the string and allowed the dress to open up and fall down exposing her breasts. "Are you sure?" she asked as she noticed George's cock hardening inside his loincloth. "Is living so bad? Is death so honorable?"

His answer took too long. They both knew that as soon as he said the words. "Death is honorable compared to what you are offering me."

Her smile didn't waver. "Of course." In the weak light from the bauble George immediately noticed something was wrong with her breasts. It took him a moment to realize there wasn't something exactly wrong with them. They had

simply been altered in a way the women of the court would never consider. Golden rings pierced the pink flesh of her nipples. Light flashed off the pure metal as the queen moved. Her fingers moved nimbly over her nipples and their jewelry. It seemed it should have caused her great pain, but the rings were removed easily enough and she placed them next to the bauble on the silk square. Ilyana then picked up the stone goblet and showed George that it was empty. He wasn't sure if he should have been relieved there wasn't any liquid there to tempt him or if he was crushed she hadn't come to save him.

"No water for you today," she informed him.

"No," he vaguely agreed.

Then she did something that seemed more appropriate for the barnyard than a prisoner's cell. She held the goblet in one hand and massaged her breast with the other. It was a large, fully organ, swollen to the point where he could see the blue veins tracing under her skin, even in the weak light. She wasn't a fat woman by any means, yet her tits were outsized for her small frame. That was explained in a blink when her massaging miraculously produced a drop, then several, then a fine spray of white fluid from her breast. Milk, George realized right away. Apparently the queen was a lactating mother.

She continued the display in front of him for some time, until the goblet was nearly a third full, then she switched hands and proceeded to fill the goblet another third from her other breast. George looked on in curiosity and dread. What was she planning?

When Ilyana was done relieving her breasts of their milk—though George could detect no change in the size of her mammaries—she placed the goblet back on the silk handkerchief, put the rings back into her nipples, and tied the top of her dress closed.

"My milk will sustain you," the informed him, lifting the cup up in the air between them. "The stone was warmed before I came here. The milk is still warm, as warm as my heart. Would you like a taste?" she asked. "Would you like it all?"

George flopped his head back and forth against the uneven rocky wall. "No," he whimpered.

“You don’t seem to have much strength in your refusal,” she pointed out.

“I’d rather die,” George all but spat at her, but his mouth was too dry.

Ilyana lifted the cup higher until it was right under his mouth and nose. George could feel the warmth of the sustaining liquid, he could smell its sweetness and the promise it held.

“Are you sure?” She pursed her blood-red lips, licking them ever so slightly with the tip of her tongue.

“I’m a knight of the king’s guard. I will not betray him.”

“Not even to save your own life?” she asked. “Not even to serve me?”

“Especially for those reasons,” he shot back.

Ilyana nodded and stood up, picking up the silk squares and the bauble. She was about to tip the stone goblet on its side, spilling the milk where she had spilled the water the day before, but she stopped herself. “No. There’s no reason to waste good milk,” she said. “I know of others who would die just for a taste of my ambrosia.”

Once again she left his cell, the door slamming shut behind her, propelled by unseen hands, and George was alone in his misery.

This time he didn’t have enough energy to weep.

Day Three

The third day was the worse. George came to consciousness with his parched mouth and weak limbs. Long ago he had lost all feeling in his arms. There was not a drop of moisture in his body. He knew he was next to death. All he had to do was wait.

He hated waiting.

When the door opened to admit Queen Ilyana. George wasn't surprised. He was certain she wanted to see him dead. This time, while she was carrying the glowing bauble, her other hand was empty. The stone goblet was nowhere in evidence. George could barely lift up his head to look at her.

Ilyana didn't say a word to him. She was wearing her beautiful white dress with the green corset on the outside. The silk handkerchief went down on the stone floor and she opened up the top of her dress. Despite knowing he was dying, George couldn't tear his gaze away from the display. His cock struggled to come to life even as he approached death.

Today her nipple rings were still in place but now she had a matching golden chain linking her nipples together. George was horrified at what she had done to her body. It was bad enough that she had lowered herself to mar her body like the northern barbarians with their tattoos and body alterations, but now she was strutting about proudly and unashamedly as if mutilating her perfection was something to boast about.

"This is literally your last chance," the queen said to him as she once more went down on one knee before him, bringing her breasts even with his face, seated as he was on the floor. "You can choose to live or die just by taking a simple drink."

George studied her tits. They—like the rest of her—were beautiful…even with the chain and nipple rings. The pink of her areola's faded in from the perfect white of her skin. It was impossible to tell where her breast ended and the areola

began. On the other hand, the firm nubs of her nipples stood up in high contrast to the areolas. Then there were the small golden rings and the chains attached to them. Her entire torso was strangely beautiful. It was the conventional beauty of the king's court where warm skin tones were treasured along with dark, curly hair. Queen Ilyana had long blond straight hair. She would have found time in the court difficult to endure when listening to the high snark of the female courtiers and noblewomen.

"I must serve my king," he rasped out, certain they were his last words. It would be a noble death to have those syllables on his lips.

"You can serve me," she promised. "I am queen of my lands. Your service would be the embodiment of highest honor." Her hands went up underneath her tits, lifting them ever so slightly, offering them to George. He reflected that the current style of female dress in court was one that sought to hide large busts. Noblewomen were teachers and courtiers and advisor, not mothers or prostitutes, roles that were suited to large breasts.

In the end George knew he was weak, not just in body, but in spirit. He nodded once, only once, but it was enough. Ilyana smiled and moved in close to his failing body. It took supreme effort for George to purse his lips and accept her nipple into his mouth. His lovers had been few but willing. The softness of their breasts had always intrigued him. He prized the way their nipples would harden in his mouth. That didn't happen with Queen Ilyana; her nipple was firm enough as it entered his mouth, but immediately softened when he suckled from her. It didn't matter. It only took a few pathetic pulls on her nipple for the milk to start flowing.

George tasted the wetness and the sweetness of her milk. It was almost impossible to swallow the ambrosia because of the ring and chain. The ring pressed oddly behind his teeth and up against his soft palate. The thin chain passed between his lips, making it impossible to form a perfect seal, his flesh with hers, but it was enough. After a few clumsy suckles the milk practically squirted into his mouth. With every swallow it became easier to keep going. Death was being held at bay.

Ilyana brushed his hair away from his forehead. "Drink," she whispered to him. "Drink to live. Drink to survive. Drink to serve me."

He heard the words but didn't dare say anything in response he didn't want to risk her removing her breast. Everything in his life at that moment focused on her nipple and her supply of milk. To his great shame as he suckled and felt better, his cock seemed to come back to life first. It hardened in his loincloth and strained against the material, looking for freedom. George said nothing to his queen about this new problem. He was simply glad to be alive.

Their time together passed quietly. The vague sounds of other prisoners in the dungeon faded away. The noise of a steady drip of water somewhere that he hadn't been able to pinpoint disappeared. The scuff of feet walking outside the door stopped. The world became her breast and his mouth.

And then Queen Ilyana pulled her nipple free of his mouth and he gasped in shock and grief. "Shh," she consoled him, running her hand down the side of his face. He found he now had enough strength to look up at her. Her eyes were still ice blue and half-hidden by her mask. They were not unkind. "Feeling better? Invigorated?"

Nodding his head George said, "Yes. Thank you."

She smiled and moved her eyes away from his face to study his body. Her hand drifted down his body and rested on his loins. He tried to jerk away, but he was held fast to the wall. She massaged his manhood through the loincloth. "You are feeling better," she said softly, her smile broadening.

"I'm sorry," he apologized and looked away.

"Don't be. I'm looking for a strong, virile champion. You might just be that man." With one hand she caught his chin and with the other she lifted her other, still full, breast up to his lips.

This time there was no hesitation or weakness. George immediately latched on and started nursing from her. Ilyana made a little noise of surprise but quickly became accustomed to his more aggressive nursing. She continued to stroke his face lightly as he nursed, her breast in his mouth, the chain protruding from the corner of his lips, until he completely emptied her and he drifted off to sleep.

When she stood up Queen Ilyana picked up the silk from the floor and stepped through the cell's door. "He'll be out for hours. Take him to a proper room. Restrict his movements, but he will not try to leave."

She pulled her dress closed and strode with great confidence out of the dank dungeon.

Day Four

George awoke with a start, sitting up in bed with a gasp. The nightmare that had disturbed his sleep was already fading from memory. A quick look around the room told him he was in an unfamiliar place. The apartments of one of the ladies of the court? Another knight's house? A vague pounding in his head told him he must have been drinking earlier but he couldn't remember anything from the night before. There was light streaming in from the pair of windows in the wall, and he judged it was early morning. The fuzziness in his head slowly faded away but he still couldn't place where he was or where he had been. When he looked down at his body he saw he was filthy and wearing next to nothing. He grinned. It must have been a hell of a night.

When he levered himself out of the bed—it wasn't luxurious but it was better than sleeping on the ground which he had done many times when serving in the king's army—he groaned and barely managed to stay on his feet. A moment later a serving maid appeared from the gods knew where. She nodded to him and gestured toward a door leading out of the bedroom. It wasn't the same door she had entered, he was fairly certain of that.

"I could use a bath," he said to the girl. She was plain, not pretty, which was an advantage for young serving girls working with the king's knights because they often took liberties with the girls. "And some breakfast," he added when his stomach rumbled.

She nodded and gestured to the door once again.

With a shrug George stumbled through the door and found a bathing pool. It wasn't huge, but it was more than large enough to accommodate his large, muscular body, another knight, and a pair of girls if they wished. It would be tight, but that was okay. Steam was rising from the water and a small pipe let a steady flow into the pool. It must have been draining from some hidden channel. Somehow he must have wound up in the house of some nobleman who could afford such refinements. Hot flowing water and huge bedrooms for near-strangers…he smiled at his good-fortune as he doffed his loincloth—not at all

ashamed of his nudity in front of the servant—and eased his body into the water. It was blood warm and he felt his muscles start to relax immediately. Even the throbbing in his head slowly started to abate.

“I could use your help in here,” he leered at the girl, but she was already gone. George frowned. “Silent help is apparently also next-to-useless help.” His cock was stirring with morningwood and if the girl was gone there was no one to help him with it. He sighed and submerged himself fully in the water, lowering his head under the water, listening to the silent hiss and flow of the warm liquid for as long as he dared before rising up once again to pull fresh air into his lungs.

“I was worried you were going to drown,” Queen Illyana commented as he surfaced. Her sudden appearance caused him to gasp harder than he intended which drew some water into his lungs and started him on a short coughing fit. “I didn’t mean to startle you,” she added, but he was certain that had been her intent.

“It’s fine,” he said, sinking back down wondering if she could see his stiff cock under the water. “I was just expecting the serving girl.” The events from the past three days came rushing back to him. He wasn’t sure if he had been living the nightmare or just remembering it.

Illyana smiled. She had seated herself on a stone bench at the edge of the tub. “She’s not here for your amusement.” She was dressed much less informally today. Gone was her mask. Her clothing was nothing more than a soft tunic and leggings, all white of course, instead of the more formal silk dress she had worn in the dungeon. He wondered why she was dressed casually in the apartment but in the dungeon she had worn her finery. “I’m glad you didn’t drown. I would have hated bringing you back from starvation and dehydration only for you to drown in a bathtub.”

He pushed back to the opposite side of the tub, splashing water onto the floor as he did. She didn’t back away. “What am I doing here?” he demanded.

“You’re my prisoner,” she said patiently. “Well, for all intents and purposes you’re my prisoner. Yesterday you agreed to serve me in exchange for me saving your life.”

At those words George looked at her chest and the way her large breasts strained against the soft material. She wore no corset today. He wondered if they were

contained by any sort of lingerie or if she was perfectly naked under the tunic. “If you had fed me and given me water, I wouldn’t have needed you to save me,” he almost sneered at her.

She tilted her head to the side, half agreeing with him. “Yes, but I was in need of a champion. My last one was killed by a knight in King Roland’s service.”

He knew exactly what she was saying. “You tricked me into your service,” he said. “There’s no way for you to force me to serve you.”

“Of course not,” she immediately agreed. “I’m not forcing you to serve me. You want to serve me,” she said.

“I’m not going to serve you,” he said standing up in the water. “You can take me back to the dungeon.”

Illyana looked unashamedly at his cock. It wasn’t hard, but dangling between his legs it had been warmed by the water and it was a handsome thing to behold. “There’s no reason for that,” she said. “If you want to leave, you may. Clothes await you in the bedroom. Please dress yourself and my servants will show you to the dining room. I would appreciate it if you broke your fast with me before you left to return to your king.” She stood up from the bench and walked out of the bathing room.

A minute later George finished washing himself, found a towel to dry off, and found clothes that must have been laid out by the servant. They were plain but fit him perfectly. A soft woolen tunic, breeches, soft leather boots, and a belt; all were simple but well-made. Still, George couldn’t wait to return to his finery back at the court.

He slammed open the door and found himself in a stone corridor where the plain serving girl awaited him. She inclined her head, indicating he was to follow. Seeing as how he didn’t know where he was, following her was his best option at the moment.

She led him directly to a small dining room where Queen Illyana was already seated eating a meal of fruit and rolls. She nodded to him and indicated he should sit opposite him at the end of the short table. “Thank you for joining me.” In the bright light of the dining room she was strikingly beautiful with her long blonde hair and fine features. In the dungeon and bathing room he had only

gotten a glimpse of her beauty.

He grunted at sat down, poured himself water from the pitcher in the middle of the table and thirstily gulped it down from the stone goblet. He wondered if it was the same one Illyana had carried into his cell. His stomach was rumbling and he realized he was starving. “How else will I get out of here?” he asked as he refilled his goblet and then quickly drank it down again.

“I should caution you,” Illyana said. “You will find this food unpalatable.”

George looked down at his plate filled with bread and fruit and a few pieces of cheese. In defiance George picked up an apple took a huge bite, noisily chewed and swallowed. He then tore off a chunk of bread, dipped it in his water, and stuffed that in his mouth as well, all the while glaring at Illyana. She merely used her knife to slice a piece of fruit from her apple and daintily chewed it.

“I’m no weakling,” George said insolently. A moment later his stomach rumbled. He grimaced and stood up. He looked around and barely made it two steps away from the table before he fell to his knees and emptied the meager contents of his stomach onto the floor. His body heaved and heaved. Everything came up. His body was wracked with convulsions and shook uncontrollably.

“I warned you,” the queen said as she continued to eat. A pair of servants came in. The man helped George to his feet long enough to collapse back to his chair. The woman quickly and efficiently cleaned up the mess he had left behind.

“You poisoned me,” he accused her as his stomach tightened up painfully.

“Not at all,” Illyana replied as the servants retreated. “I saved your life.”

“Because you made me drink milk from your dugs,” he snapped at her.

Illyana raised an eyebrow at the insult. “I gave you an option, die an honorable death serving your king or continue to live but serve me. You chose to live and serve me.”

“It wasn’t much of a choice,” he complained.

“True enough,” she acknowledged. “But you made the choice. You drank my milk. Your service to me is now unbreakable.”

George poured himself another goblet of water and drank it down. It didn't seem to upset his stomach and he was filled with new vigor. "You're letting me go?" he asked as he eyed the apple that had caused him so much pain.

"You are my servant, my new champion, not my slave. You may come and go as you please, but your service to me is unbreakable."

Apparently the water was safe. It did not disagree with his stomach, but George wasn't feeling brave enough to take another bite from the apple. "I have to serve you, but you seem intent on making me starve to death. I'll slowly fade away and die weakly. That will make me a worthless champion."

"Not at all," Illyana contradicted him. "I will keep you strong and healthy." She reached up and opened up her tunic, baring her breasts. They were full and swollen, bigger than the tits of any servant or lady he had ever bedded. The golden rings were still in place but the joining chain was gone. They were beautiful. "I can offer you my milk."

"No," he said after a moment's consideration.

Illyana stood up from the table, topless now, and walked over to George. He drew back, but didn't leave his chair. When she was close he could smell her scent, her milk, and he wanted to taste her sweetness once more. "Are you sure?"

He shook in fear. "No," he replied, his voice quavering.

In a most unseemly fashion the queen threw her leg over his body and straddled the chair. George automatically grabbed her hips, steadying her. Leaning forward, she offered a breast to him and though he wanted to fight it, George couldn't. His lips parted and the firm nipple pierced by the golden ring went into his mouth. He closed his lips and sucked greedily. Illyana sighed pleasantly and pressed her body against his. The milk started flowing immediately and George swallowed the warm sweetness. For half a second he expected to vomit again, but instead the milk soothed him and made him want more.

He suckled faster.

The milk flowed like a stream. George's heart pounded. His head told him to stop but his spirit told him to bind with Illyana. Her sweetness was perfect for

him, it was life sustaining, it was the entirely of his world. The gold ring, at first odd between his tongue and palate, quickly became natural, as much a part of her as her voice and face. He felt the heat of her body against his. She felt the hardness of his cock pressing against her pussy. Unconsciously she ground down on him, indulging in the feeling. After a moment she stopped, realizing what she was doing, and hoped that George hadn't noticed. Apparently he was too distracted by her tits and milk to notice what was happening to his cock.

As much as he wanted to resist, George found that he couldn't. He gave in completely to the ambrosia that was Illyana's milk. He drank and drank from her, draining one breast quickly and then switching to the other, but during the small pause between her tits, he recovered a bit and slaked his thirst on her second breast at a more stately pace.

When she judged he was done, Illyana pulled her breast free and hooked her finger under George's chin. At first he refused to meet her gaze, but then they locked eyes and he fell completely into the bright blue orbs. She hadn't noticed it at first, but George had green eyes, much rarer than the common brown found all through the human kingdom. "Better?" she asked him.

Yes," he admitted while wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "What have you done to me?" he asked, scared to voice the words but more scared not to.

"I've saved your life," she told him. "You refused to eat or drink for almost three days. The only way to nurse you back to health was to literally nurse you." She smiled sadly. "But with such a cure there are concessions that must be made."

"I can't eat food," he said, already having figured out the conundrum.

"For the time being," she said. "My milk is rich, richer than anything found in any common woman's tits. The human body adjusts quickly to thrive on the milk I make, but you cannot so easily go back to eating simple foodstuffs so easily."

"For how long?"

"We'll wean you off. It shouldn't take more than a few weeks, a month at the most."

George looked up at her doubtfully. "Are you certain?"

She shook her head back, freeing her long hair from where it had t fallen over her shoulders. “Who can ever be certain of anything in life? But I promise you that you will be able to eat normal food once again…it will just take time.”

“Promise?” he asked, still doubting everything that came out of her mouth.

“Promise,” she vowed. The held each other’s gaze a long moment until Illyana leaned forward and half lowered her eyelids. Without meaning to but wanting to all the same, their lips touched and they were kissing. Illyana tasted her sweetness on George’s tongue as it invaded her mouth. George tasted nothing. He had given his soul over to her absolutely.

Day Five

The next day began much as the previous. George awoke with a start, thought he had been having a nightmare, and then remembered exactly what he had done and what promised he had made and broken. The serving girl came in and ushered him into the bath once more. Again, he noted she was plain, but pretty enough. She was a serving girl who wouldn't take away from the beauty of the women she attended back at the court—if she ever served in King Roland's castle—but not so ugly that she would repulse those lords who took a more aggressive interest in her.

George allowed her to help him undress. "Thank you," he said as she went about her duties.

The girl merely nodded her acknowledgement.

"You don't speak much, do you?" he asked.

She shook her head no.

George's brow furrowed. "You don't speak at all, do you?"

She smiled sadly and pointed to her throat while shaking her head. George didn't see any obvious injury to her neck, but perhaps she had been born mute—that alone would have been reason enough for her to be banished from some households and maybe she had found shelter somehow here in Queen Illyana's lair—or maybe she was under some oath not to talk either to him or anyone.

"Fine then," George agreed. "Conversations with too many words can get boring, can't they?" he asked her as he slipped naked into the water. His body was still weak from his battle with the queen's now-dead champion and his ordeal afterwards. The warm water felt good to his muscles. "I didn't ask for a bath and yet here we are two days in a row," he smiled at her. "I guess Queen Illyana prizes cleanliness above certain other virtues."

The serving girl smiled and nodded.

“You need a name,” George declared as he leaned his head back into the water letting his long locks soak for a moment before smoothing them back from his forehead. “I suppose I could guess randomly until I happen across it but that’s a terrible waste of time. I don’t suppose you know how to write?”

The girl shook her head.

“Fine then,” George said. After several long, thoughtfully moments he finally declared, “Your name is Mahrina.”

Mahrina simply nodded her acknowledgement of her new name.

George looked down at his cock, slightly enlarged due to the morning, and made a quick decision that had nothing to do with the fact that the name he had just given to the serving girl was also the name of the last prostitute he had hired in the red light district of King Roland’s city. “I think I need some help in the bath today,” he said to Mahrina. “Help me wash.”

Much to her credit Mahrina didn’t hesitate at all. She simply pulled her shapeless dark gray dress up over her head and made ready to step into the water, but George stopped her. “I don’t think you’ll need your underclothes, either.” Mahrina nodded and pulled the chemise off her body as well. She stood before George a moment, letting him inspect her nudity before she got into the tub with him.

She was young certainly, but not as young as he had initially thought. Her body was well-proportioned, smallish breasts, flat stomach, and wide hips with a triangle tangle of dark brown curls hiding her pussy. Upon second inspection, George reevaluated his assessment of her. She was perfectly acceptable. Mahrina knew exactly what to do. She dug her fingers into the pot of sandsoap and proceeded to clean every inch of George’s skin staring with his back and chest along with his unruly hair which she washed and rinsed efficiently, then going down to his arms, legs, and feet. He could tell she knew exactly what she was doing having done this many times before. He watched her work on him, admiring her honey-colored skin and the way her light brown nipples puckered up against the slightly chill air when they were covered with water.

“Keep going,” he instructed her when she finished with his feet.

Mahrina dug into the sandsoap again and reached between George's legs. He had levered himself out of the water and was sitting on the edge of the tub. She rubbed the sandsoap on his cock, causing the limp organ to come to life. George grinned down at her. He was right; she knew exactly what she was doing. Once his cock was clean she continued to stroke his length, giving him pleasure, as she held onto his balls. George leaned back against the cool wall and allowed her to work, bringing him closer and closer to orgasm.

When he was right on the edge, he pushed Mahrina's hands away and slipped back into the water, not wanting to cum too soon, too quickly. The water washed away the soap and gave him a moment's respite. Mahrina waited patiently for him. George arched his back and leaned against the edge of the tub, bringing his cock up out of the water. "Use your mouth," he ordered.

She nodded, opened her lips, exposing her small, bright white teeth, and consumed his cock all the way down to the base. George grinned down at her. The girl obviously knew how to give head and had done it many times before. He closed his eyes and let her work. Mahrina wasn't the least bit shy about pleasuring him. Briefly he wondered what she had been before serving in Illyana's house and how she had kept up her skills, but then he realized he was approaching orgasm once again, and it was too quick. He wanted this to last as long as possible.

Pushing her away again, George said, "I don't want to waste it in your mouth. Turn over and spread open your legs." She did as he requested, in that respect she was better than most of the red light women he had hired. His only moment of hesitation was when he saw the scar on her ass.

"What's this?" he asked her, forgetting that she couldn't speak. Mahrina just looked over her shoulder at him and shrugged. Briefly he ran his finger over the round red scar. At first he couldn't place the type of injury, but then it came rushing back to him from his time as a young on his uncle's farm. It was a cattle brand. And then he realized that the brand scar was a stylized version of the emblem Queen Illyana's mercenaries painted on their shields when they went into battle. Mahrina was just another hired hand for the queen, but one that didn't have the freedom of a mercenary.

All these thoughts quickly went through George's mind, but they weren't enough to stop him from plunging his cock into Mahrina's waiting pussy. He was glad

that she was wet, not just from the water, but from the excitement of serving him. That was the type of woman he liked.

They fucked for a few minutes, George enjoying himself and Mahrina making all the right noises to encourage him along. He held his hand over her brand, partly to hold her body the way he liked, partly to hide from view exactly what type of woman she was.

When he came it was with great pleasure. Heavy spurts of his cum filled Mahrina's pussy and she sighed with contentment as he finished. "You know how to fuck," he complimented her when he pulled out.

Mahrina just nodded acknowledgement as she washed away his leavings, letting the little pearls of semen float away in the water.

"You used my serving girl this morning," Queen Illyana said to him as he was brought to her table for the midday meal. He knew he wouldn't be eating, but it seemed a nice ritual to follow. He poured himself a goblet of water and waited for her to eat.

"Used her?" George asked innocently.

"Fucked her," Illyana clarified crudely. "Nothing goes on in my dwelling without my knowledge."

"Yes, I did have relations with that woman," George admitted. "Is that not permitted?"

Illyana shrugged as she bared her breasts. "It is permitted. I was simply trying to gauge your honesty, your tact, and your need for sex."

"And what is your assessment of me?"

"You are shallow and give in far too easily to your base desires."

George tilted his goblet back and forth, watching the water splash about and wishing it was wine. His stomach growled. He hadn't fed from Illyana since yesterday. He wasn't getting weaker on consuming only her milk, but hunger

pangs didn’t go away just because his diet had changed. “True enough,” he agreed and sipped from the cup, wishing the water was wine. “Are you worried I might ruin your servant.”

Illyana took a dainty bit from her fork and chewed before answering. “If you do, there are others to replace her.”

“You’re a harsh woman,” he told her.

“I have to be to rule here.”

“Where is here exactly?” he asked her waving his hand about. He had taken a short tour of Queen Illyana’s home, but the stone corridors of her palace or castle or fortress were much the same as any other he had been in. The views from the windows facing east were spectacular. They looked out upon a vast forest and in the distance were a chain of mountains he didn’t recognize.

“This is my home,” she told him. “It’s gone by many names over the years, I simply call it Castle Milyana.”

“It’s not your name.”

“No, my mother’s.”

“And it’s not a castle. I can tell by the interior construction. I’m not a fool or an idiot.”

She inclined her head at him. “True. It’s buried beneath the Carvagian Cliffs.”

The cliffs were on the edge of King Roland’s lands, the end of his influence, but George furrowed his brow in confusion. “The fortress above the cliffs was razed two hundred years ago.”

She lifted her goblet to him in salute. “True enough. But the dungeons underneath weren’t destroyed. The kobolds moved in to live here, they expanded underneath, and I…” she sipped at her wine. “I came to rule over them.”

George sensed he wasn’t going to get much more out of her than exactly that. “I see. The windows look out at the Carvagian forest and they only face east because the cliffs face east. How high up on the cliffs are we?”

“About three hundred feet, halfway between the river and the top.”

“You’re safe here, is that it?”

“You are safe as well,” she promised as she stood up from her chair and walked around the table toward him, loosening the top of her dress as she walked. It wasn’t the casual one she wore the previous day nor was it the fancy silk one from the dungeon. “Are you hungry?”

He grinned at her. “Very.”

Illyana assumed the same pose atop his lap. George pulled the dress off her shoulders and exposed her breasts. The rings were still present and he flicked one with his finger. “Why do you wear these?” he asked before he found his resistance had crumbled. He bowed his head and latched on to her nipple.

After she sighed at the warmth of his mouth Illyana said, “Maybe someday I will tell you.”

His feeding proceeded apace. He felt the sweetness going down his throat and filling his stomach. He was amazed at how much he looked forward to feasting on her milk instead of a regular meal. On one level he knew it wasn’t supposed to be a sexual ritual, but on another he knew it was. Using the fingers of his right hand he twisted and played with her free nipple and the golden ring piercing it as he sucked on the other nipple while holding his left against her back, keeping her in place.

This time he felt it when Illyana ground her hips down on his cock. Despite having fucked Mahrina earlier in the morning, his body responded. His cock was hard and he could feel the heat of her pussy coming through her dress. It felt good and he wanted to bury his manhood in her sex. It was only natural, even more natural than nursing at her breast.

They both felt it: the rising tension between them, the lust of the human body stirred by the necessary closeness of the lactation feeding. As much as she wanted to deny her physical needs Illyana couldn’t ignored them, not with George’s hard cock pressing tightly to her hidden pussy. As he feasted on her second breast she started rocking her hips back and forth, rubbing her sex against his body, making him feel what she wanted but couldn’t give him.

When her milk finally gave out George could actually feel that the flesh as softer, less swollen. She pulled away from him, but he was still inflamed by lust and he kissed and nibbled at her flesh.

“No,” she protested weakly. She said no but she wanted to give in to him even though that was impossible.

“Don’t you want me?” he asked. “Don’t you want me inside you?”

“Yes,” she told him, hating herself for revealing the truth, “but that can’t happen.”

“Of course it can,” he insisted, picking her up and putting her on her feet. Without giving her a moment to think he pulled her dress the rest of the way off her body, revealing her naked body and he stopped short.

“I told you it was impossible.”

George stared at her body and specifically her pussy. Her entire body was hairless from the neck down, that didn’t surprise George even though he sported a thick layer of hair across his chest. For the first time he noticed her arms and legs bore no hair and neither did her pussy, which wasn’t so strange because that was a technique many prostitutes used to keep away body lice. Certainly Queen Illyana wasn’t a prostitute, but he had seen enough women with shaven pussies to not be surprised by a lack of curls over her sex. No, what surprised him were the four golden rings penetrating her most private flesh.

These rings were just like the ones on her nipples, only these four rings—two through each nether lip—were interlaced effectively preventing a man’s cock from accessing her cunt. It was horrifying and arousing to George at the same time. He wanted to fuck her but was prevented from doing so which made him want to fuck her all the more.

“Just take them out,” he said, running his finger down the length of the interlocked rings. They were wet with her anticipation giving evidence she wanted to be fucked as much as he wanted to fuck her.

Illyana shook her head. “I can’t.”

The answer confused him. “What? Why not? I saw you take out your nipple

rings.”

“Those are different. I merely took them out to more easily express my milk.” She sighed in resignation. “These are sealed,” she gestured to her sex, “cannot be removed.”

“Why? Just take them out.”

“I can’t,” she insisted. “Look at them. They are sealed closed. Look at my nipples.” Here she lifted up one breast and showed him the tiny bead that held the nipple ring closed. “Remove the bead and the ring opens. There are no beads down here.”

“Then we should cut them off.” George was desperate to fuck this woman. She was a real queen, of a tiny country to be sure, but a queen all the same, even if all she ruled were mute servants and evil kobolds. More than a few knights had joked about bedding the king’s nubile daughter to acquire a prince’s crown, but few had the boldness to do so which was why—as far as George knew—the princess was still a virgin.

“They can’t be cut,” the queen told him. “They were placed by magic and can only be removed my magic.”

By now George’s cock had started to wilt and so he pushed the queen back in frustration. “Why did you even bother,” he complained sounding like a petulant child.

Illyana fell back against the table, her dress tangled around her feet. She wasn’t about to give up so easily. Taking up the crock of butter from the table she smeared a healthy dose between her legs, not on her cunt, but lower, over her puckered anus. George watched her and didn’t know what to do. She then went to her knees before him, fished into his breeches to pull out his manhood, and took his cock in her mouth.

He was a man that responded easily to any sexual attention. Since he was already keyed up by nursing her and her grinding it was just a few seconds before his cock was once again standing up proudly. Cumming in her mouth would have been perfectly pleasant to him, but she wasn’t going to let that happen.

When he was hard enough the queen let his cock slip from between her lips and she coated the plum-like head and the length of his shaft with the same butter she had used on her ass.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Just fuck me,” she almost begged.

“How?”

“In my ass!”

That was the sort of request that was made only in the lower class of the red light houses. And in some of the most expensive red light houses as well. It was an outlandish practice which was why it was only done in the extremely cheap or expensive whorehouses. George had never done it himself because lower level noble ladies were happy to carry the child of a knight of the king’s honor guard and the prostitutes he visited would never honor such a request for the exact same reason, even prostitutes were happy to carry the child of a knight of the king’s honor guard. The uranians who preferred to have sex with men did it too, of course, but George had never been intrigued enough to discover what sex with another man was like.

And so he paused when Queen Illyana ask to do perform an act that was only for the lowest born, the highest born, or for men alone. She didn’t wait for him and turned around, facing away from George, to bend over the table, presenting him with her upturned ass. She smeared more butter between her cheeks with one hand and grabbed his cock with the other. By now her hands and ass were extremely slippery; it was hard to keep a grip on George’s manhood. Still, at this point he was ready to debauch himself in whatever manner she desired.

Pressing his cock into her asshole was easier than he imagined. She opened up to him and he violated her the most base, most exquisite way possible. She grunted in pain when he filled her and he marveled at her tightness. She was tighter than any of the prostitutes he had hired with the promise they were true virgins—though he and the madam both knew that was a lie. He fucked her like he normally would, causing them both a good deal of pain mixed with the pleasure of male coupling with female. Her hand was busy on her sex, massaging her clit, as she stood bent over the table taking his abuse.

Just as he was about to reach his climax George dipped his hand into the butter crock. HE then pulled out of her ass and pumped his cock in his fist before erupting with a spray of spunk over her lower back and ass. The little droplets of whitish fluid weren't all that different from the tiny drops of milk that dribbled from her tits.

"You didn't have to do that?" she sighed as she collapsed on the table.

"Fuck you?" he asked, confused. "I thought that's what you wanted."

"Of course that's what I wanted," she said, disgusted with his cluelessness. "You could have cum inside me. I won't get pregnant."

"Is that why you have those ridiculous rings?" he asked as he settled back into the hard wooden chair. His cock was still leaking a bit of spunk but that didn't matter to him. The servants would clean it.

She shook her head. "Not hardly. That's just a secondary consequence. The reason I have them isn't any of your business."

George looked away, annoyed by her behavior. "Fine. Whatever. If you ever need to be fucked in the ass again, just let me know."

Illyana reached for the bell on the table, rang it, and stepped back into her dress just as another servant that George didn't recognized stepped into the dining room. "Escort my champion back to his room," Illyana instructed. "He's exhausted himself."

About the Author

Elliot Silvestri lives in upstate New York where he works and writes, not always at the same time. He has a degree in English Literature and his professors would be appalled at the shoddy construction of his characters and plots for his ebook erotica. His free time is spent with his wife and children, repairing a one hundred year old house, and herding the family's three cats.

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