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


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

The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk

Part Three

By Elliot Silvestri

Smashwords Edition

Copyright ©2015 Elliot Silvestri and Green Bush Publishing

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

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

Smashwords Edition, License Notes

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

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

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

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

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 Three

The Next Day

When George awoke the next morning he felt Ilyana's warm body next to his. He didn't move, not for fear of waking her, but for fear of the pain that would surely accompany the morning. He had been in enough battles, been wounded and battered enough to know that the day after a fight was often more painful than the previous day, after the excitement and bloodlust had faded there was little more than pain and aches that would only abate with time.

Except that wasn't the case this morning. When he cautiously moved his limbs, slowly at first and then with increasing incredulity, George discovered the aches weren't there and he could move freely. Upon inspection of his body he noted that all the minor wounds, the little cuts, the scrapes and abrasions were gone but for a minor reddening of the skin. Most of the bruises had also vanished. The worst of it was some minor soreness about his torso where he was certain the Beast of Regnar had cracked a few ribs.

"Are you pleased?" Ilyana asked as she woke up and stretched, letting the bedclothes fall from her body to show off her full breasts.

"How did you do this?" he asked, already knowing the answer.

She lightly ran her hands down the sides of her tits. "My milk, what else?"

Seeing her engorged breasts was all George needed. He fell upon them, taking a nipple into his mouth and sucking if fiercely. It squirted a sweet mouthful down his throat and automatically his cock became harder than the stones of Ilyana's fortress. He felt the tightness of the golden band cinched behind his manhood but that didn't stop his need. Her milk flowed and he drank deeply from her. Ilyana even did him the favor of closing her thighs around his rampant cock to give him the sensation of actually fucking her. He wasn't fooled but he appreciated the gesture because he knew her cunt was protected by the integrity of the four rings sealing her shut.

All too quickly Ilyana's breasts were empty of her milk and George came up for a full breath of air. "Let me give you a second reward," Ilyana told him and slipped her way down his body. She drew his cock into her mouth and sucked with the same eagerness he had shown to her tits. George arched his back and groaned. He tried to thrust deeper into her throat, but she controlled his body and used her hand on his cock along with her mouth. It didn't take long before he was right on the edge. She sensed his need and paused a moment in her ministrations to grab the stone bowl from the bedside before resuming and bringing him off as he let out a strangled cry.

She allowed him to cum in her mouth. He had become so accustomed to cumming from the attention of just her hand and depositing his spunk into the stone bowl that it was an indulgence to finish in her mouth. Even as he was pumping spurt after spurt between her lips, he noticed she wasn't swallowing. When he was done she simply spat his leavings into the bowl.

"Why did you do that?" he asked. He had been curious as to why she was making him cum into the bowl and taking it away. He figured she was using his cum in her activities in the laboratory, but in truth he was too frightened to ask what exactly she wanted it for.

"Save your cum?"

"Yes. You spit it out, but before you always made me cum into the bowl. Or you swallowed it."

Ilyana dragged her finger through the mixture of George's semen and her saliva. "There are certain needs that must be fulfilled. I need your essence for my magic, to sustain this tiny empire I have maintained. Occasionally I need to actually consume it," and with that comment she smiled at him. "But usually I just need the seed you produce for me. It isn't nearly as potent when mixed with my saliva, but since you put forth such a wonderful effort yesterday, I decided you needed an additional reward."

What she said made very little sense to George, but he simply went along with it. All he understood was that she needed his spunk and she had addicted him to her milk. Her milk was the perfect food and was so potent—presumably because of her magical nature—that it made him incredibly strong. He healed quickly. It gave him strength enough to battle supernatural beasts in other realms. It was a

trade-off he was happy to make.

“Thank you,” he said as his cock slowly shrank back to its normal dimensions.

“You don’t know how much you are actually helping me,” she told him and kissed his lips. He tasted the faintest trace of his leavings.

Time Passes

It was so easy to let the days slip away in a haze, one to the next without any examination of what was actually happening. George spent his time in the training room exercising and sparing against the kobolds that Ilyana sent to him. He put together a better collection of armor from the bits and pieces Ilyana had gathered over the years. They went on excursions through Ilyana's magical portal where he was made to fight and kill monsters of ilk, but he could barely remember the battles. What he didn't forget was the ecstasy he experienced every time afterwards when Ilyana rewarded him with her breast milk. Sometimes there was an additional reward of her mouth and very occasionally her ass. Even rarer still was the invitation of one of the female servants into the bed George shared with Ilyana. She would watch appreciatively while he fucked the servant who always remained silent but participated willingly.

"What are you doing with my semen?" he asked again one morning as she masturbated him and caught his leavings in the stone bowl.

"Would you like to see?" she replied abruptly. It was the first time she had offered him to see what she was actually doing.

The half-request actually frightened him. But in going through the portal he had faced monsters scarier than anything he could have imagined. "Yes," he said, swallowing his fear. "I want to see."

She threw on her robes and he pulled on his tunic and breeches. She carried the stone bowl containing his semen through the corridors, unwilling to delegate that task to him. In the laboratory the kobolds looked up when they entered, but immediately went back to their work. All through the lab there were cauldrons slowly bubbling and liquids decanting and steaming. She pushed past all this simple activity and went back deep into the lab. George never realized how large the lab actually was. Strange vessels and rows of glassware filled shelves and tables. Kobolds scurried about, working on their many duties.

Ilyana paused briefly at one iron cauldron as tall as a kobold, used a small ladder

to look at the contents, and then upended the stone bowl over the slowly rising steam. The viscous fluid dropped in with an audible plop and Ilyana stirred the contents with an iron ladle for a moment and then passed it to one of her assistants.

“What’s that for?” George asked.

“Sometimes it’s better not to know,” she told him.

“I want to know,” he insisted, but was certain that he didn’t.

With a small shrug Ilyana beckoned him even deeper into the lab. She pulled her glowing bauble from her robe’s pocket. It lit the way, but only barely. In a small side room George saw kobolds decanting the contents of another giant cauldron into a series of glass jars the size of warrior helmets. Inside each was a dark shape coalescing into a rough ball.

“What are they doing?”

“Keep following,” Ilyana said, leading him deeper still into the lab.

Here the kobolds were incredibly busy, moving the glass jars around, adding new fluids to the already cloudy contents. It all passed by too quickly for George to truly follow. Eventually they arrived at what George presumed was the back. Here the jars were huge, nearly reaching the kobolds’ chests. They were sealed but the contents were almost obvious at this point, under the glowing yellow light from Ilyana’s bauble.

“Are there any ready?” she asked one of the creatures who seemed to nominally be in charge. It hissed an answer back at her.

“Open it then,” she ordered.

George watched, horrified, as the glass lid was unsealed and the noisome liquids were dumped into a catch basin. As the jar was upended a brownish ball came rolling out. The kobolds grabbed it, hefted it up on a low table. Another kobold appeared with a hammer and chisel. These he used to crack open the ball much like a chef opening up a nut’s shell. When the halves of the ball fell aside with a splash of liquid a half-sized version of a new kobold let out a terrifying scream and thrashed about. The experienced kobolds moved into welcome one of their

brethren to the world.

“You…make kobolds?” George asked Ilyana. “They don’t breed like normal animals?”

“They are creatures created by magic and alchemy,” she explained. “If I did not make more, their race would die out. That is why they allow me to lead them.” She smiled thinly. “In essence, I suppose, they would consider me their mother.”

“Mother?” questioned George, considering the implications.

She touched her breasts through her robes. “I supply the nutrients that quicken the newborn,” she said and then she reached out and gently cupped George’s manhood through his breeches. “And you supply the seed that allows them to form in the first place.”

George shuddered and fell to his knees. He wanted to pass out but found he could not. He was stronger than that.

“I suppose,” Ilyana continued, “you could be considered their father. Of this most recent iteration. I have used other men’s seed as the base of my previous generations.”

“Father?”

“Without you—and those that came before you—I would not have an empire, I would have no children at all.”

“Are you trying to murder every human?” he gasped at her. “Do you so hate your own race?”

She shook her head violently, her yellow hair shaking back and forth. “Of course not. I’m just using whatever means I have at hand to take back what was taken from me.” She knelt down next to him and once more cupped his cock with her hand. As she bent over she allowed him a look down her neckline. Despite everything he couldn’t resist looking for her teats, he was nothing more than a man who needed to have his desired fulfilled. “And you’ve been amply rewarded for your contributions, don’t you think?” she asked.

His answer was barely a whisper. “Yes.”

More Days

“Did I do that?”

George honestly had trouble telling one servant apart from the next. They were all so generic in their appearance. He supposed that was how Ilyana liked it and he had not reason to complain about it. It was definitely Honoria. She had a prominent freckle on her jaw where it joined her ear. She was also definitely pregnant. There was no mistaking the way her belly bulged forward.

She had brought a tray of fruit into the dining room where George was watching Ilyana eat, waiting for his turn at her breast while he sipped some water, the only bit of sustenance he could stomach beyond his queen’s milk. Honoria barely turned to look at him and then frowned before returning to her task. It was Ilyana who answered.

“Do you know of anyone else with a set of balls and a cock that has recently bedded her?” she asked tartly.

“One of the male servants?” George suggested.

A knowing smile crossed the queen’s lips. “I control everything here, including the male servants. They don’t so much get hard without my permission.”

George lightly sipped at his water. “So it was me then.”

“Who else?”

He just nodded, looking at Honoria’s belly beneath her dress as she finished her task and quickly retreated from the dining room.

That night when George returned to his lover, he was only mildly surprised to find Honoria in bed with Ilyana. The servant was naked and suckling from the queen who had opened up her dress for the pregnant woman.

“I thought you might like some time with the mother of your child,” Ilyana commented as George walked in.

“What makes you think that?” he asked as he took off his clothes.

“She is the mother of your child, your offspring.”

George wanted to point out that he had many offspring at this point, hundreds, maybe thousands based upon what he had seen in her laboratory. It was just that none of them were human. “That’s hardly a good reason,” he pointed out. “I might have more than one bastard child out there. I was very active in King Roland’s duly licensed whorehouses.”

Ilyana was lying on her side while Honoria was on her back, sucking on the blonde woman’s heavy breast. Her body was still pleasing, but she had a prominent bulge in her middle, the promise of a new life soon to be brought into the world. If his memory was correct, she was a bit softer than he remembered, with more curves from her pregnancy. “Maybe for this reason then,” Ilyana said as she reached down and squeezed the servant’s breast. It took a few moments but a few drops of white cream formed on the tip of her nipple and slid down and over Ilyana’s fingers. “Have a taste of her milk.”

George was sorely tempted. It looked delicious. Even halfway across the room he could smell Honoria’s milk contrasting with Ilyana’s. By itself his cock responded, thickening and stiffening as he approached the bed.

“Such a man,” Ilyana observed as she looked at his cock. “So predictable. Eager to fuck at my insistence. Don’t put your prick in her right away, try her milk first, and compare it to mine.” Ilyana let go of the girl’s breast and held her hand up to George’s mouth, letting him lick away the drops of milk. He knew they were supposed to be sweet, but he could barely detect any flavor. He fell to her body, sucking at her nipple, which was dark red, and felt odd in his mouth because she didn’t have rings like Ilyana. He had become accustomed to the metal in his mouth while nursing.

He did as she asked, but Honoria’s milk was nowhere near as good as Ilyana’s. It was thinner, less sweet, and was in short supply. After only a few sucks she was dry and George pulled back, his face twisted. “Like it?” Ilyana asked as the silent Honoria just looked on.

“Yours is better,” George said.

“Of course it is! Hers is barely adequate for nourishing a baby. Mine has to be strong enough to make a man thrive and birth an army.” She grinned at him triumphantly. “Fuck her now.”

“Now?” George looked doubtfully down at the servant’s body. The problem wasn’t his cock—it was hard and standing up proudly from the ring around its base. The problem was her tummy: the bulge was in the way.

Honoria responded slowly, hefting her body about until her ass was in the air, offering her sex to George as she knelt in a way that protected her belly and let her breasts squash against the bed. He moved behind her, mounted her like a breeding mare, and started fucking her in long slow strokes that Ilyana liked to watch.

“Keep doing that,” the queen said softly. “Long and slow.” He hand snaked under the woman’s body to feel her belly and tits. “Make her cum. She’ll appreciate you all the more for it.”

And so George kept at it, going for a long slow build to make the pregnant servant cum, so he could please his lover and be allowed to feast on her breast once more.

Final Days

“You are to accompany me on an excursion,” Ilyana told her lover one morning after he finished feeding from her breast. Days and nights had almost become meaningless to George. The only time that existed was the moments between nursing from Ilyana’s breasts. He was her slave, body and soul.

“An excursion?” Other than the journeys through the magical portal, George hadn’t left Ilyana’s home since he was first captured by her. The idea intrigued him.

“Yes, a simple one.” She paused and tucked her breasts away into her white gown. “Do you know where?”

“To slay another monster?” he asked as he heaved his body off the bed. His prick was soft, the golden ring still around the base. It wasn’t time to have sex with the queen. That was only done at nights now—and special occasions. He didn’t get an erection every time he nursed from her now. That was something he had become accustomed to. The act of feeding wasn’t an automatic invitation to sex. It occasionally was, but not always. Still, his lover paused in her morning preparations long enough to fondle his manhood, sliding her fingers over his smooth skin and hard metal ring, before she allowed him to dress.

“Of a sort. We are meeting with King Roland to finalize our treaty.”

That statement made George pause. It had been days, maybe weeks or even months, since she had last mentioned King Roland, his former liege. It still disturbed him that he had betrayed the man for his new queen, but what was done was done and he did not regret his decision.

“I thought you were in a war with King Roland.”

“We were,” she said. “Even though he seeks to steal my lands and wants to destroy every kobold, and I wish he were dead, we have both come to the conclusion that our war has been dragging on for too many years, has cost too

many lives and too much money, and is relatively pointless. We have settled our differences. Now all that remains is to sign the treaty and have a formal dinner with the…man." She slurred the last word. George did not miss her insult. "You will be accompanying me as my bodyguard."

"Not your champion?"

"It's not that sort of meeting," she told him. "You won't be fighting anyone."

"Not your lover?"

She smiled thinly. "We will be having a dinner with Roland and his wife, Queen Lenore." Ilyana's lip curled back when she spoke the other woman's name. "I need an escort to balance her off."

"Of course, my queen."

"Wear your best garb," she said. "The servants will be in to dress you later."

And with that she left. George went about his routine, waiting to be told when he would be leaving with Ilyana. It was later in the afternoon when Mahrina came to his room with an overly fancy, in his opinion, tunic and breeches with matching cape, belt, and boots. Her belly was also bulging with the results of George's powerful seed. He let her strip him and help him in the bath. She was forced to remove her own dress when they entered the tub and George placed his hand on her stomach. Mahrina gave him a small smile and tried to wash him.

Instead of letting that happen he turned her around, made her bend over in the thigh-high water with her hands on the edge of the huge tub, and put his cock into her pussy. She grunted at his invasion, but accepted what he was doing to her. George found he enjoyed fucking the pregnant servants. Even with their big bellies they were enjoyable to fuck in front of Ilyana and in private. His queen never said anything, never objected to his using the servants, so he considered it his due. The servants seemed to enjoy when he showed them attention even if their milk wasn't nearly as sweet and nourishing as Ilyana's.

Only after he fucked her and came inside her already impregnated pussy did he allow her to finish bathing him so he could be dressed. He didn't allow her to put her clothing back on as he dressed. He liked seeing her naked body. If it had been his decision, the female servants would wear little or no clothing, but this

was Ilyana’s realm and she ruled as she saw fit.

Finally dressed and ready, George headed to the upper reaches of the underground fortress but was redirected by one of the kobolds back to Ilyana’s workroom where the magical portal always stood at the ready.

“We’re not taking horses or the carriage to King Roland’s?” he asked.

The queen looked down at him disdainfully from the podium on which she made adjustments to the location of the portal’s connection. “Of course not. Horses and carriages and other such bland conveyances are for the common mortals of our world. I am the preeminent enchantress of this, or any realm, and we will travel by magic.”

Such a thing had never occurred to George. The portal had always before been used to travel to other worlds and dimensions, never to a location just on the other side of the mountain, a few days ride at most. “Fine then,” he agreed, making himself ready for the strange sensation that always electrified his body when they traversed the portal.

She was dressed inappropriately for the king’s court. Her white dress was shot through with gold and green threads, but that wasn’t the problem. The neckline plunged nearly to her navel in a V-shape that exposed far too much cleavage in addition to the golden chain that connected her nipple rings. It would shock the women of the court. That thought amused George so he said nothing to her about her dress. Ilyana reached into a pocket of her robes and pulled out a scrap of material that she pressed to her face. George recognized it as the mask she had worn the first time he had met her. “Why are you wearing that?” he asked. “Certainly King Roland knows that you’re coming. Why do you want to disguise your face?”

“I’m not disguising it from him,” she answered. “I’m hiding it from the commoners and—worse—the lowly nobles who don’t deserve to look upon my face.” She produced another mask from the same pocket and handed it to him. Hers was bright white, shot through and edged with golden thread. His was midnight blue with matching yellow threads.

“What’s this?”

“I can’t have my escort unmasked.”

He nodded and put on the disguise. It was a simple piece of material, stiffened with boning, that covered him from the forehead to cheekbones with holes cut out of eyes. He pressed it to his face with the intention on tying the straps behind his head, but Ilyana must have imbued it with some magic because it all but adhered to his skin. Tying the strings was merely an afterthought.

George had brought his sword with him, but Ilyana made him set it aside to wear a purely ornamental weapon. When he held it in his hand he knew it was too light to be anything other than a toy.

They stepped through the portal together, as they always did, though George wasn't sure where they would wind up. He was only marginally surprised to find that they stepped into the main audience chamber of the king's court. It was a place George had been in many times before, but always as a knight...

…and he was amazed at how much it had changed. He recognized some of the faces, but everything seemed new and different. The banners seemed duller. The light seemed brighter. But it was the people that disturbed him the most. He was fairly certain that no one identified him, but he saw too many old friends that were familiar…but too old.

How much time had passed since he had been in the king's hold? A year was certainly a possibility. Longer wasn't impossible to consider. But some of the men he saw had seemed to have aged a decade or more. George shook his head in wonder at the incongruity. A series of long and formal greetings were made. George quickly grew bored with the proceedings and let his eyes wander across the hall, looking at people, tapestries, and finally the memorial to fallen knights.

George's stomach went cold when he saw his name had been added to the memorial. And there were many names after his. Years' worth of names. He swallowed and remained silent. He knew his role with Queen Ilyana. He was not much more than a prop for her ambitions.

The ceremony seemed to take forever. It did end, finally, with Ilyana adding her name at the same time as Roland signing his to the overly large parchment sealing the agreement between the two realms. There was polite applause and a carefully orchestrated celebration broke out. George continued his silent observance until Ilyana and Roland had judged enough time had passed and they retired to the king's private dining room.

Ilyana and George followed the royal couple through the short hallway and into the dining room where they would eat in relative privacy. Once they were in the room only a pair of servants remained at the king's beck and call.

"Lady Ilyana, so nice to meet you in person for the first time," King Roland said formally with a bow.

"Queen Ilyana," she corrected him and accepted a tall glass of wine from a server.

"Of course, of course," Roland said while stroking his graying beard. "Please meet my wife, Queen Lenore."

The two women nodded and then slightly bowed to each other, barely acknowledging the other's existence. Lenore wore a brilliant silver and red gown that was much lower cut than George remembered as being the style of court. It was also much tighter around the waist, showing off the queen's figure.

"And my companion, Sir George," Ilyana said, introducing her escort.

Roland's eyes briefly flicked to George's face and mask, but he didn't recognize the man which, after his heart froze and then started pounding, made sense to the knight. The only time he had encountered King Roland on an individual basis was year previous during his elevation ceremony. King Roland had many knights. It was doubtful he would have recognized George if the man hadn't been wearing a mask. "Sir," was all Roland said.

"King Roland," George voiced.

"Is this man your only companion?" Roland asked Ilyana.

"My only?" Ilyana intoned. "Of course he is my only companion. And my lover. I keep my harem to a single occupant." She smiled thinly when the other couple froze at the crudeness of the admission.

A sound interrupted the uncomfortable moment. Two more people stepped into the dining room. "Ah!" said King Roland. "This is Duchess Carmin and Earl Edmund." The two nobles bowed their greetings to Ilyana and George. They were dressed alike in green and yellow garb, richly, but not ostentatiously. It was obvious to George the valued actual power over displays of it.

Ilyana's face soured. "I thought this meal was to be shared just among the four of us."

"Duchess Carmin is the king's mistress," Queen Lenore said. George's jaw nearly dropped to the floor. While it was well-known that the king could keep a mistress and often did, it was a shock to say the least that the queen knew who she was an apparently approved of her. "If I fail in my royal duty to give the king an heir, it's Carmin's good fortune to take over for me." She smiled. George couldn't tell if she was disturbed by this acknowledgment or not.

The foreign queen looked nervously back and forth between the king, Queen Lenore, the duchess and her husband. Apparently this was completely normal and known among the group. "Fine, then, shall we dine?" she asked. "I'm famished."

The group moved to the table whereupon the servants moved in and quickly set plates heaping with huge amounts of food. Tall wine glasses were added and the servants faded into the background. George immediately pushed his plate away and delicately sipped at his wine after slightly adjusting his mask.

"The food disagrees with you?" Queen Lenore asked after taking a small bite.

"Not at all," George said. "Well, that's not completely true. I just can't eat solid foods."

The earl laughed but King Roland looked intrigued. "Do tell. How does a knight, and Queen Ilyana's champion, survive without eating?"

George glanced at his lover and she answered for him. "He survives—and thrives—on milk," she explained.

King Roland snorted, a most un-kingly sound. "Really?" he asked doubtfully. "How many cows exist just to serve him?"

"Just one," answered Ilyana primly. "Me."

The two other women gasped at the audacious answer but the king and earl guffawed. "He sups at your tits?" the earl asked incredulously.

Queen Ilyana smiled, put down her fork, and gently tugged on the edges of her

neckline forcing her pierced nipples into view. All four stared at her brazen audacity. “I’ve been lactating for years. It creates a special bond between me and my champion.” She reached out and touched George’s hand. The group continued to stare at her tits, the nipples pierced with gold and linked together with the chain. “He thrives on my milk.”

“I see,” said Lenore. “That is wonderful. But I would appreciate it if you would cover yourself.”

“Of course, lady,” Ilyana answered and put her dress back into position.

“That is quite a display,” Roland commented as he resumed eating.

“Thank you,” Ilyana said. “And that reminds me,” she added. “I have a present for your wife.”

“Oh?” Lenore asked as Ilyana produced her magical glowing bauble from the hidden pocket of her robe. Its appearance intrigued those at the table, but it was merely a distraction. With her other hand from she produced, from out of nowhere, a pair of golden metal candles.

The duchess laughed and clapped at the sleight of hand. “Bravo.”

Ilyana merely inclined her head. “Thank you.”

“Candles?” Lenore asked, somewhat disappointed at such a common gift and simple gift.

“Not just candles,” Ilyana told her. “Magical candles.” She set the candles in front of her and spoke a silent word. The pair of sticks immediately let forth a glowing that rivaled the lamps already glowing in the dining room.

“Beautiful,” Lenore said, immediately mesmerized by the lights.

“Watch closely,” said Ilyana. “The light reveals and tells all.”

All in attendance turned their eyes to the glowing candles. Knowing they were magical didn’t deter them. For any person it would have been impossible to resist, including George. He felt himself slipping away—but was abruptly brought back to reality by his lover’s hand atop his.

“Don’t,” she said softly at the light began to flicker in a regular pattern. “Focus on me. Let them fall into the light.”

He nodded and focused on his love. She smiled and watched the others. It didn’t take long.

“Have you ever tried my milk?” Ilyana purred to the table.

“No,” all four intoned.

“Good,” she said as she once again opened up her dress exposing her breasts. George sat back to watch. “Ladies first, I suppose,” she said as she stood up from her chair and wandered over to Queen Lenore. “Taste me,” she begged the other queen. “It is gods’ own nectar.” She bent forward, offering her breast to the other woman. Queen Lenore stretched up her neck and pursed her ruby-red lips. They closed around Ilyana’s pierced nipple and she sucked, gently cupping her hands around the other woman’s breast. The chain between Ilyana’s nipples hung out of Lenore’s mouth and swung back and forth gently as the woman nursed. All too soon Ilyana pulled her breast free. Lenore moaned in frustration. “Be polite and save some for the others.”

Lenore nodded knowingly, sat still in her seat, as Ilyana went to Carmin and offered her other breast. Carmin was much more eager than the queen to nurse at Ilyana’s breast. But Ilyana was just as stingy with her milk as she was with Lenore. A few sucks, a taste at best, and Ilyana moved on to the men.

She offered Edmund her breast first. He sucked happily, his hands at his side, his body barely moving while she caressed his face and hair, but only for a minute. She didn’t want to give him too much. Finally she approached King Roland and offered him her already dripping nipple which he took happily in his mouth. She allowed the ruler of the human realms to nurse longer than any of the other three. It wasn’t because she was a generous spirit; it was because she wanted to make sure he stayed under her influence.

“But not too much,” she said to the king as she pulled her still-engorged breast from his mouth. “I don’t want you to suffer the pains of withdrawal.”

King Roland smiled at her beatifically. “I would gladly suffer any pain for your pleasure, my lady.” Even under the influence of her milk Roland was able to keep a courtly tongue in his mouth.

“How kind,” she murmured. “But I also need to save some for my paramour,” she said as she walked back to George. Her knight was more than familiar with her breasts and he could tell by the way they hung and swung back and forth that plenty of milk remained. She was merely teasing…or playing some other game of control.

When she reached George she seated herself on his lap, straddling his legs, letting the skirts of her gown ride up her thighs. George felt the hardness of the four sealing rings pressing against the hardness of his cock. Since her tits were still out it was easy for him to lower his face to her chest and begin nursing. For an instant he tasted the others’ saliva on her nipples, but that faded away and soon he was left with just her sweetness. George alternated back and forth, thirstily devouring all of her milk. He cupped both breasts with his hands; whichever one was free of his mouth he pinched the nipple, feeling the hardness of her ring through the softness of her flesh while he fiddled with the chain. All too soon, he felt, she ran dry.

“Good?” she asked him.

“Wonderful.”

Ilyana looked, almost shyly, over at Queen Lenore. All the nobles were watching George and Ilyana patiently, happily. “She’s pretty, is she not?”

“Pretty enough, my queen.”

“And she needs a child, preferably a male child, to please her husband.”

“So she says,” agreed George.

“I think you can help her,” Ilyana continued.

George immediately understood her meaning, but nervously looked over Roland who was intently listening to the conversation. “I don’t think her husband—”

Ilyana interrupted him. “Nonsense. I think he would love to see you fuck his wife.”

George looked over at the king. Roland slowly nodded at him, a smile plastered to his face.

“Do it,” Ilyana urged in his ear. “Bend her over the table, lift up her dress, and fuck her.”

Her words were crude, but the entire table responded positively. Ilyana got off George’s lap and helped him to his feet. He walked nervously to the queen, unsure of what to do in front of her husband. In essence, he didn’t have to do much. The moment he was within arm’s length of Lenore, she reached out and grabbed him around the waist, immediately dropping her hands to his buttocks, and pulled him close. Before he knew what was happening, the queen was pushing down his breeches to fish out his cock. Letting the moment unfold, George looked down at the queen who took his cock between her lips and quickly sucked it to full attention. She ran her fingers over the gold ring around the base of his cock, but she didn’t comment on it, as if seeing a man wearing such a device was a completely normal experience for her.

She had his cock sufficiently hard but didn’t stop fellating him. George had his orders from his queen. He stepped back and jerked Lenore to her feet and spun her around. She lost her balance and went sprawling on the table, which was George’s intent. He lifted her skirts and yanked down her undergarments all to Lenore’s giggling approval. A sigh of frustration came from the across the table where Carmin was sitting, watching. She had one hand was busy under her dress and the other was rooting around in the top of her dress.

George barely looked at Lenore’s ass as he spread her legs wide and felt between the apex of her thighs. Her cunt was warm and wet. Bending his knees a little it was simple to ease his cock into her. She groaned appreciatively as his invasion of her body. Down the table King Roland nodded his head in approval as he watched his wife get fucked by his disloyal knight, but a moment later he was distracted as Ilyana approached him, pushed back his chair and knelt beside him.

“It seems unfair your wife gets the pleasure of my champion’s cock, but you get nothing at all,” she all but pouted to the king.

“It’s quite all right,” Roland said, barely glancing away from his wife whose face was screwed up in an expression of half-pain and half-passion.

“Nonsense,” Ilyana told him. “Let me help you out.” She opened his pants which allowed his cock to spring forth. She smiled and lowered her face to his manhood. It wasn’t nearly as impressive in size as George’s, but she wasn’t

worried about the size. She cared about the contents.

From his seat Earl Edmund started anxiously masturbating himself through his pants, but the moment Ilyana realized what he was doing, she left off Roland's cock. "Stay your hand," She instructed him. "Your turn will come."

Slowly Edmund nodded and continued to watch Roland receive the pleasure of Queen Ilyana's mouth.

The danger of the moment and the exhilaration of the situation made it impossible for George to last as long as he had hoped while fucking the queen. She started crying out and her passionate noise brought him over the edge. His cock jerked and deposited it heavy load of cum deep in the queen's pussy. She moaned deeply as he planted his seed within her.

"Very good," Ilyana complimented her champion. "Now move on to the king's mistress. We need insurance just as much as he does."

George pulled out of the queen's cunt and looked down at his semi-hard cock. "I don't think I have it in me."

"Of course you do, dear," said Ilyana. "Just have the mistress bring you back to life." She set her head back to Roland's lap while George walked around the table with his wet and limp cock out to the eagerly waiting Carmin. She had all but fully exposed her tits while George had fucked Lenore, and she had propped the heel of one foot on the edge of her chair, fully opening up her cunt for her fingers to explore.

Before he arrived at his destination she half stood up and pulled her dress off. George admired her tits which were fat and heavy topped by light brown nipples and areola. What caught him off-guard was the strange marking around her waist. At first he thought it was some sort of thin belt worn under the clothes, but then he realized it was a thick blue line tattooed onto her skin. She gave him a passionate kiss when they met, her dress already a pile of rags on the floor. George was unsure of the kiss, but when he broke it off, Carmin started to go to her knees to revive his cock.

"No, no," said Ilyana. "Let the girl sit down. George, you stand while she sucks your cock." A sly smile crossed her face. "Be a dear and sit on the edge," she further instructed Carmin. "There's no reason for you to sit around waiting,

Queen Lenore. Why don’t you offer your husband’s mistress the type of service he gives her in private?”

Mechanically Lenore nodded twice, pushed her body off the table, and walked around, and knelt down in front of Carmin who was already sucking on George’s cock. It took her some effort to pull down the garment covering the duchess’s pussy since Carmin was distracted by fellating George, but eventually she was exposed and she pressed her face into the other woman’s sex. If it distracted Carmin, it didn’t show; she kept up a steady motion on George’s manhood until he was sufficiently erect. Lenore’s effort yielded a sopping wet pussy for the knight to use which was the ultimate goal because he was not nearly as hard for the duchess as he was for the queen.

George pulled himself free of Carmin’s mouth. She let go of him with a satisfying gasp. “Bend her over the table,” Ilyana called as she took a brief break from sucking off the king. “Fuck her like you fucked the queen.” He forced the duchess to her feet, whirled her around, and sent her sprawling on the table, making food and dishes fly. It was then that Ilyana noticed the tattoo around Carmin’s waist. Once more she paused in pleasuring the king and clucked her tongue at his mistress. “I didn’t know the Sister of Desire still existed,” she said as she reached out to touch the line just above Carmin’s hip.

“They do,” Carmin said vaguely, hazily.

“And when did you join them?” Ilyana asked.

“When I was younger,” the duchess managed to answer coyly.

“Who brought you in?”

“My aunt.”

“To marry the king?”

“Or his brother, the prince. We failed.”

“No, you didn’t,” insisted Ilyana. “You didn’t marry either, true, but you did the next best thing. You bedded the king to have his child. Of course, now you’ll be carrying my champion’s offspring, but you came so close! You should be proud of yourself.”

The words were enough to encourage Carmin as she arched her back to make it easier for George to access her pussy, which he did so, inserting himself into her quim.

“Don’t just sit there,” Ilyana then said to Queen Lenore, kneeling on the ground in front of the now empty chair. “I’m sure they could both use your nimble tongue.”

“Quite correct,” the queen said. She crawled around the copulating pair’s legs, getting half under the table in the process, and then applied her tongue to the intersection of their sexes. Her face, already smeared from Carmin’s dripping pussy, continued to get soaked in the process.

Meanwhile, Ilyana had reapplied herself to the king’s cock. All in all, she thought as she bobbed her head up and down bringing him ever closer to the edge of orgasm, it wasn’t a bad cock. She had had worse, and she had had better. King Roland’s equipment fell in between the range, which was a sad statement for a king.

A subdued grunt from the king announced his moment of crisis and Ilyana paused her head bobbing for a half-second as she continued to stroke his cock with her hand. And then it happened. He came in her mouth. Thick, heavy spurts of royal cum that were equal parts bitter and noxious, but Ilyana didn’t mind the flavor even if it paled in comparison to George’s piquant spunk. With each spurt she swallowed the thick syrup, analyzing and savoring it for future reference. She would have preferred to make him cum into the stone bowl and save his leavings for her nefarious purposes, but that wasn’t possible. Not tonight. Instead she merely consumed the essence of the man.

“Oh, you are a treat, my love,” the king professed to her, still courtly while under her control. “I would happily give up both wife and mistress for you.”

“I’m sure you would,” she answered sweetly as she stood up. “But not tonight. I have other plans.”

The king nodded and looked happily around the room. The trio on the end of the table joined in a most lascivious manner pleased his eyes, even if an unknown knight was debauching both his wife and mistress. There was nothing wrong with that in his eyes—at least at the moment. His hand went to his cock and he half-considered masturbating to the lusty show, but he was too soft and he

wondered if he had stamina to achieve even such a simple goal.

“Don’t,” Ilyana said, taking his hand off his cock. “Just watch. You need to rest now.”

“That sounds perfect,” he agreed.

She nodded and then left him, heading directly for Earl Edmund. His hand had been busy inside his pants so when she told him to take it out, it was an easy task. He was already hard and on the edge. Ilyana wondered how much he had given up so that his wife could fuck the king exclusively. Well, there was no reason to give him any more pleasure in life than he was currently receiving. “I could suck you, or let you have my ass,” she speculated as she adjusted her gown, making sure her tits were on display. “But I’m not that generous a soul. Should I make you jerk it off for me?” she asked as his hand held his cock.

Edmund slowly shook his head. It was sad to see such a virile and handsome man cuckolded by his wife and the king, but that was none of Ilyana’s business. She had other concerns to attend. “Perhaps I could help?” she asked him.

He nodded eagerly.

Ilyana reached out with her index finger and ran it along the underside of his cock. The skin was warm and pulsed slightly with his need to cum. The skin was velvety smooth, a pleasure to caress, but she couldn’t let him know that. No man should take too much pride in his cock. It was, after all, only a cock. Every man was born with one.

Edmund watched as she ran her finger slowly up and down his cock. The point of contact was tiny but powerful. Ilyana was tempted to add a second finger, but that was too generous. He needed to suffer. To put him in the correct frame of mind, Ilyana knelt down before him as she continued to stroke him. “Are you going to cum soon?” she asked.

“Uh-huh,” he said, his voice shaking.

“Cum for me,” she pleaded. “Cum all over me.” She sat up on her knees and a moment later he was splattering his thick ropey cum on her face, neck, and tits. It was over in a matter of moments. Ilyana grabbed a napkin from the table, wiped his leavings off her skin, and stood up to watch George finish fucking the

king’s mistress.

The girl was letting out a slow, steady, high-pitched whining that eventually wound up announcing her orgasm. Ilyana couldn’t see exactly what the queen was doing under the table, but as long as she was crawling about like an animal providing pleasure to Queen Ilyana’s champion and King Roland’s mistress, Ilyana was satisfied.

“Finish her,” Ilyana said to George who then nodded to himself and thrust a few more times. The gold ring around his cock tightened up a bit and he found himself cumming with unnatural pain. It wasn’t so great that he was helpless to withstand it, but the ring seemed to control him for the entirety of his orgasm. When he was done he pulled out and Queen Lenore pressed in close to Carmin’s quim, seeking to lap up George’s cum.

“Don’t,” Ilyana insisted, pulling the king’s whore away from the queen’s tongue. “She needs to have his cum stay in her. Understand?”

The queen nodded dumbly.

Ilyana smiled. “I want to thank you all for a lovely evening,” she said as she tucked her breasts back into her dress and adjusted the skirts as the two couples looked stupidly at one another. George took the implied suggestion and tucked his cock back into his breeches. “We might have to do it all again in a few months. Since it looks like you all enjoyed yourselves, that won’t be much of an imposition, will it?”

All four slowly shook their heads.

“Time will tell. I’m sure the king’s messengers will tell me if the queen’s belly begins to swell.” A smile tugged at Ilyana’s lips. “Or the duchess’s for that matter. Or both.” She nodded and produced her bauble. “You’ll relax for a few minutes and then…” she trailed off. “Well, I’ll leave it for the four of you to decide what to make of our night.” She grabbed George’s hand and they headed out of the dining room. The moment before they exited Ilyana snapped her fingers and the magical light from the metal candles flickered out.

From the dining room it was a quick, but steady walk back to the king’s court and to the space where the portal was anchored. Before anyone in King Roland’s palace was aware of it, Queen Ilyana and her consort were gone.

“Why did you make me do that?” George asked when they arrived safely back in Ilyana’s lair.

“Fuck the queen and the queen’s rival?” Ilyana replied, unconcerned with his anxiety. “I would have thought you would have loved fucking the wife of your former liege. Was her pussy not delightful?”

George almost answered the question affirmatively, but pressed on without replying to her. “You bewitched them!”

“I prefer to think of it as seducing them with a touch of magic, which is my nature. I merely let out of them their hidden desires. Magic has its limitations. Nothing the four of them did tonight was anything they wouldn’t have done otherwise given half an opportunity.”

“It might be they wished to do those things tonight—”

“Oh, the queen wanted to fuck you, for certain. And this mistress as well. Lenore, as you could tell, is a woman of base desires, happy to lie with anyone with a prick or a cunt. And the mistress, she has actually pledged herself to a sisterhood of seduction.”

George was brought up short by that quick assessment. “But the men—”

“Are happy to see their wives sated,” Lenore interjected. “If either of them were real men, they would have impregnated their women by now. How long has the king been married? Seven years now? Longer?” She paused and let him consider that. “I used you, true enough, but to accomplish a task neither of them could do. In less than a year both of those cunts will issue forth a child. It will be a bit of a race to see who births first, but that’s part of the fun, is it not? And who is to know that you are the father…other than the six of us.”

“Six is too large a number to share a secret!”

“Why should I care?”

“It will bring down the kingdom!”

“Not my kingdom, nor yours.”

That brought him up short. “Yes, that is true, my lady. But why have you done this to the king? I thought you had signed a treaty with him?”

“I have. But I do not trust the man and neither should you.” She turned away from her lover. “I was supposed to be queen of the realm. Me.”

That too took George by surprise. “You? When? Roland’s family has ruled here for three generations. There was no Ilyana ever to be married to him.”

“No, you wouldn’t be aware of when I was supposed to marry into the line. You’re too young. I was supposed to be queen,” she insisted. “It was stolen from me. And it was never to be. My family was torn to pieces…and I vowed my revenge. War is the art of men. Sex is the art of women. I have altered my body, I have pledged myself to perform vile acts, and I have used other people to further my needs. All in the name of revenge.”

“What revenge?” George asked. “To see me fuck the king’s wife?”

She let out a low laugh. “Nothing so base. No, the king will have his heir, but will not have any offspring. You have given him the heir, but his wife and mistress will have barren wombs after they issue only once. I have cut the monster off at the balls.” Her smile was fierce and frightening.

“You are a force to behold,” George marveled.

Ilyana shrugged out of her robes, revealing her once again swollen tits. Faint drops of milk were already forming on the nipples. A tiny G-string hid her pussy. “This body is for you to enjoy,” she told her lover. “You have done your duty. Will you take your reward?”

Despite his long fall from grace, George found himself on his knees in front of his queen. He kissed her flat belly. In response she squeezed her breasts, dousing him with two streams of her milk. He had never felt so loved before in his life.

George pulled off his clothes and pressed his face against the tiny silken triangle that separated him from her pussy. His tongue and lips felt the hardness of her gold rings, the rings that kept her chaste, and yet still he struggled to please his queen.

“Just think,” she whispered to him as he dragged down the thin straps that arched over her hips to expose her hairless sex, “in less than a year you will be the progenitor of a new ruling house. Your seed will have supplanted the king’s.”

“Your revenge,” George replied as he licked the interwoven rings, tasting her scent, reveling in her power.

“My revenge,” she responded. “And your triumph. Once your progeny is on the throne…” She sighed as his tongue found her little clit. She pushed her hand between her pussy and his face, slipping her index finger into the rings. “Once that happens, then these rings will fall free and my cunt will be open to you.”

George pushed her back against the wall and buried his face in her sex, happily submissive to his lover.

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.

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

Green Bush Publishing is on social media:

Email: elliotsilvestri@yahoo.com

Tumblr: at elliotsilvestri.tumblr.com

Twitter: @GreenBushPub

Blog: elliotsilvestri.blogspot.com

Facebook: Elliot Silvestri

Also by Elliot Silvestri

Already Pregged

An Adorable Slave

And Giselle's Mother

Aren't You Curious

Astrophil & Stella

The Breast of Dawn

The Breast of Day

The Breast of Night

Breeding on the Farm

Bringing in Casey's Cream

Centaur's Slave

The Cheating Secret

The Collegiate Milkmaid

Costume Drama #1 – Kinky Nerds

Costume Drama #2 – Kinky Nerds

Cul-De-Sac: A Suburban Erotica in Around

Dollar Milk Maid

Emergent Milk

Gretchen's Twins

Good Boy Sub

His and Hers Affairs

His Wife's Rich Milk

In The Knight's Bedroom

Jillian's Contract

Kassie's Service

Lactation for Two

Lessons with Mrs. Tavorski

The Let Down Reflex

Like Candy on the Tongue

Luke's Milkmaids

Margeaux Known As

Ménage á Milk

Milk & Chastity

Milk Addict

Milk Bar

Milk for Sale

Milk for the Prince

The Milk Producers Collective

The Milk Thief

The Milkmaid of Human Kindness

Milke & Cookie

Milking the O'Malleys

Milking Polly

Misanthrope – First Summer

Ms. Menolly Mlkvy's Milk

My Submissive Pair

Never Too Many Pregos

Odette Odalisque

Pain Makes You Beautiful

Penny's Secret Life

The Prince's Whores

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Selling Myself

A Slave Auction

Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others

Submissive Milking

Summer Collar

Sweet Susan

Swinging Ring

Taking Gwendolyn

The Tamed Bull

Thrall of the Succubus

Too Intimate Sibs

The Troll's Trollop

True Cow Girl

Trust

Upon the Nipples of Julia's Breasts

Victor's Chastity

A Virgin Sacrifice

Willing to Milk

Without Your Wife

Collections

The Breast of Dawn: The Elf Milk Collection

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader

The Elliot Silvestri Erotic Reader Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 1

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 2

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 3

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 4

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 5

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 6

The Green Bush Publishing Collection Volume 7

Roman Charity: Four Tales of Erotic Lactation

Roman Charity 2: Four More Tales of Erotic Lactation

Adventures on the Farm series

Breeding on the Farm

The Red Collar

Rosemilk

Victor's Chastity