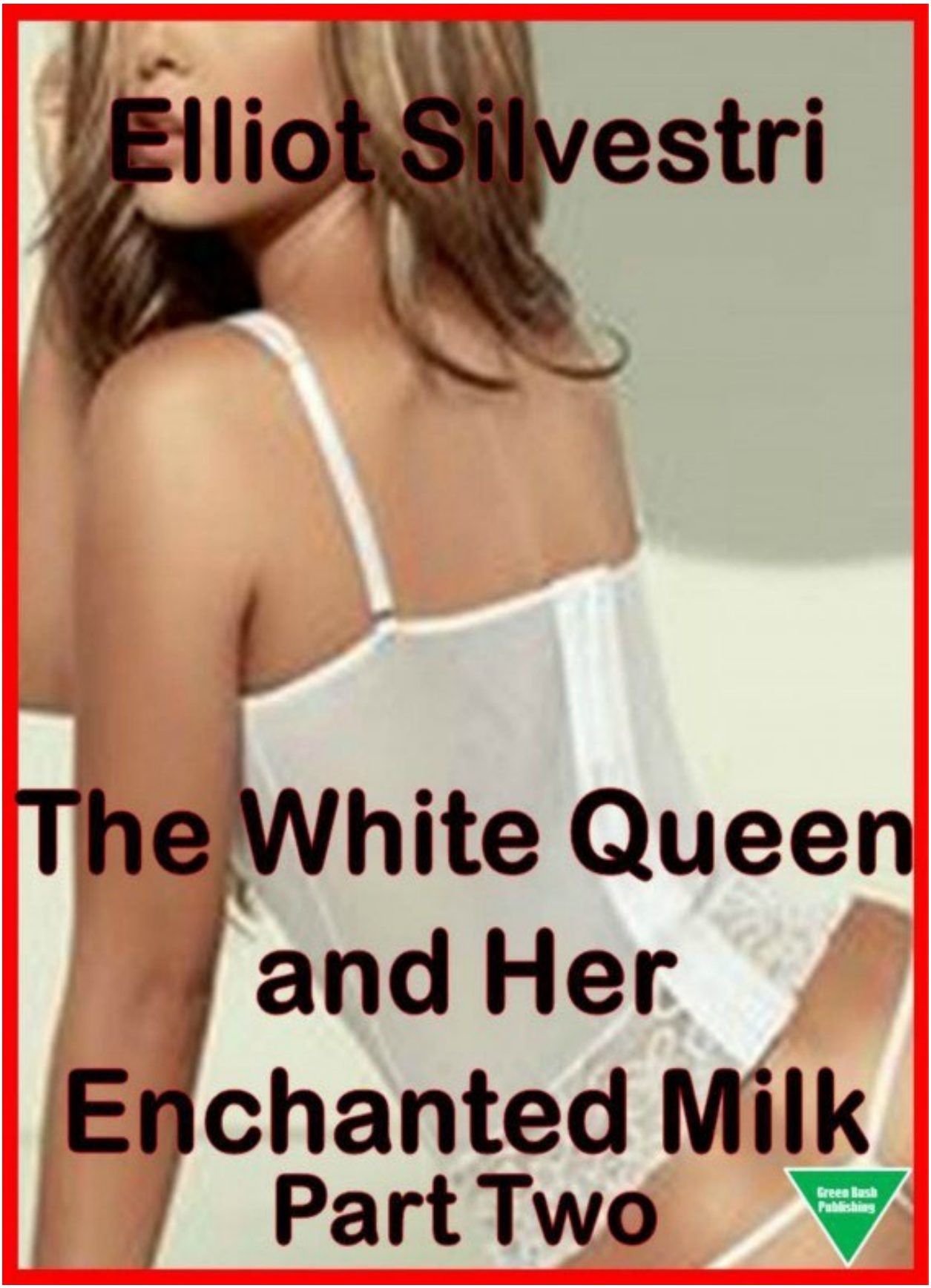
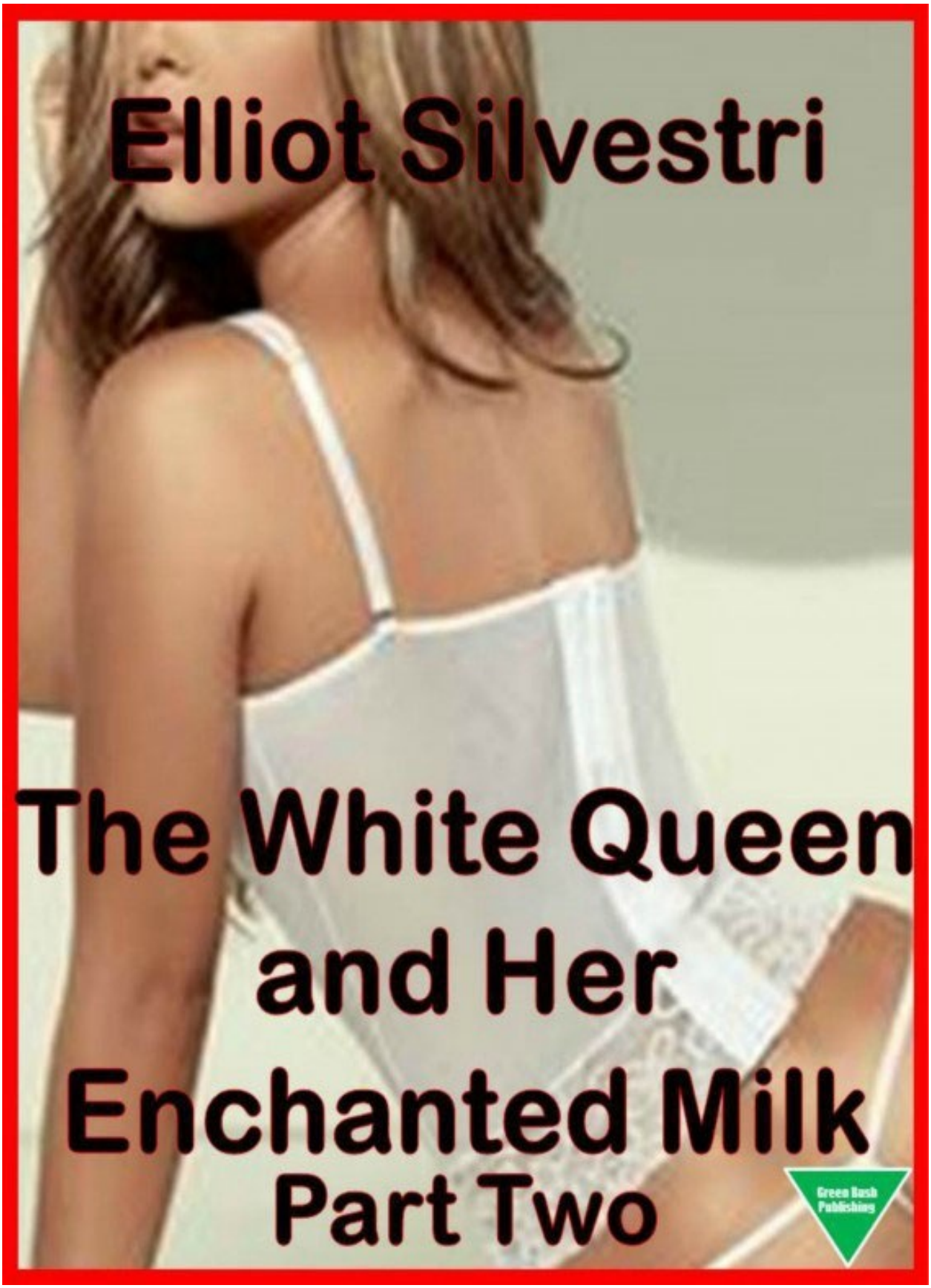

Elliot Silvestri
The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk
Part Two
Green Bush Publishing


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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 Two

Day Six

George encountered his first kobold in Ilyana's stronghold when he was walking the corridor that paralleled the cliff face looking out onto the forest. One of the servant girls had arrived with a note from the queen informing him to meet her in the dining room for midday meal. He knew he wouldn't be eating, of course, but she would and he presumed he would be fed at the same time. Since he had been given freedom to of her home, George decided to explore.

He could sense activity deeper within the hold, but opted to stay near the cliff face windows. The only people he saw were a pair of older men, also mute as far as he could tell, that walked briskly down the stone hallway, nodded to him once, and continued on their way. George knew he could leave—escape—if he wanted to. He was also certain that even without Ilyana's milk he would survive. He could drink water and certainly his body could last a month before dying of starvation. It was only a seven day ride from the cliffs to the closest outpost controlled by King Roland. From there it would be easy to find a wizard who could cure him if his body simply couldn't pass the poisons of Ilyana's milk without help.

He was physically strong, he knew he could survive. But he knew that his spirit was weak; he was enjoying the queen's milk too much.

The kobold was hurrying along the corridor. George had seen them before, of course, in battle, both dead and alive. They were fierce warriors and one could easily stand up to a man in single combat even though they barely reached four feet tall. As a race they were lean and wiry with leather-like skin, bat-wing ears, huge eyes, and wide mouths full of tiny, sharp teeth. There are many definitions of ugly and kobolds filled many of them, but this one that George saw was decidedly ordinary and unremarkable. It wore a loose gray robe hiding its long, thin limbs which was a contrast to the ones George had seen in battle with their mismatched armor and crude war paint covering exposed skin. It barely looked at him, made a noise of greeting or acknowledgement, and then continued on its

way.

Unable to help himself, George followed. If the kobold knew it was being followed, it didn't show or care. George was quickly lost in the complex of hallways but eventually the kobold opened a heavy wooden door and closed it behind him. He paused at the entrance, considering what he might find, and then shrugged. His curiosity got the better of him.

Inside was a combination of a library, a blacksmith's shop, and a brewer's workroom. There were vats bubbling, hammering sounds filled the air, kobolds busied themselves in front of small forges and cookpots. The smell was stifling and he was nearly blinded by the bright, unsteady flashes of light. And in the middle of it all was Ilyana directing the action

When she spied him Ilyana put down the stone bowl she had been holding and marched around the long bench to confront George who allowed his eyes to wander over the strange scene. It was strange enough in the first place, but the workers in the strange laboratory were kobolds, not humans, and they were speaking to each other in their strange hissing language.

Ilyana spat some words at a kobold who trailed behind her. It quickly turned and scurried back to its work. She then stalked up to George and shoved her finger in his chest. "Leave. Now."

"What's going on here?" he asked, curious despite her anger.

"It doesn't matter. Leave or I'll put you back in the dungeon and let you starve to death this time."

He was about to protest his treatment but then a quartet of armed kobolds suddenly materialized behind her holding their crude, but sharp, weapons. "I was just about to leave," he said and backed toward the door. Ilyana watched him go, her eyes never leaving him even as the quartet of guards followed him. She tried to convince herself what he had seen wasn't important. He didn't know anything and he was all but completely under her control.

"What was that all about?" George asked later when he was brought to the dining room where Ilyana was already eating. Even though it was noon, light in

the room was limited because the cliff windows were in the wrong position to admit sunlight from directly overhead.

“None of your business,” Queen Ilyana informed him as she continued to eat. He lazily sprawled himself in the chair opposite her and sullenly waited. She was drinking wine, he noted, when there was nothing but an empty stone bowl and goblet in front of him. He sighed and poured some water.

“How does a woman like you become Queen of the kobolds?” he asked, bored with her silence.

The blonde woman tore her eyes away from the windows and glared at him. “What type of woman is that?” she asked.

He gestured purposelessly with the water goblet in his hand. “I didn’t mean it like that,” he said. “I meant a human woman. How does a human become leader of the kobolds?”

She smiled thinly at him. “Who says I’m human?”

George blinked and nodded at her. “Good point. I don’t know what you are.”

“Are the king’s advisors still calling me a whore or have they changed to some other slur?”

“I think the current term popular in court is witch,” George replied.

“Hmm.” George couldn’t tell if she was offended, amused, or encouraged by the epithet.

“Why do you ask?”

“I’ve always preferred the term enchantress,” she mused.

“Is that what you’ve done to me,” George asked. “Enchanted me to be your champion?”

She sniffed. “I merely encouraged you along. You saved yourself by giving into the temptation that you desired.”

“Oh, I doubt that. I broke an oath to my king—”

“Your former king,” Ilyana interjected.

“Former king,” George spat back at her. “And the only way to save my life was to serve you because whatever is in that milk spewing from your tits keeps me under your sway.” He wasn’t sure where the anger was coming from, but he let it out all too easily.

“Do you wish to leave?” she asked him and didn’t wait for an answer. A small bowl in front of her contained a mashed apple. The queen opened up her informal dress, exposing her breast, and squeezed it in the exact same manner as a farm’s milkmaid. A few long squirts of her milk covered the mashed fruit. Shoving a spoon into the small bowl she marched around the table, her breast still exposed, and served it to George, depositing it on the table in front of him. “Your weaning begins now. The milk will leaven the apple. You’ll be able to digest it. Eat!” she commanded.

George glared at her and picked up the spoon. He brought it to his mouth, but the scent of the sweet milk mixed with the apple soured his stomach. Dropping the utensil, he grabbed Ilyana, pulling her tightly to him as he sat in the chair. His mouth went directly to her bare breast and he latched on, sucking her precious milk from her. At first she struggled a bit, but it was nothing more than a show to appease her need to feel like she was in control, but once her milk started flowing and George settled down to drink her exquisite fluid, they both came together in a melding of bodies.

She ran her fingers through his hair and held his head as he nursed from her. Being nursed directly was so much better than hand expressing or using one of the many machines that had been made for her. A human mouth latched on to her breast was the best way to fulfill her need to lactate. She lifted up one leg and placed her knee on the chair between his legs, pressing it hard into his crotch. He was already erect and ready. That didn’t surprise her. She liked controlling him that way. George certainly noted what she was doing, but at the moment her breasts interested him more than the needs of his cock.

They clung together tightly as he fed from her body. Time dilated and they lost themselves in each other and in the world. Only when her milk flow abated and George broke free of her body did the realities of the moment return to them.

“I want to fuck you,” he panted. He still held her body, but had dropped one hand to her ass while keeping the other on her back.

“You can’t,” she told him. “You know that.”

“In your ass, in your mouth, it doesn’t matter,” he begged.

She shuddered, wanting to give in to him, but remembering her place in the universe. “Not now,” she put him off. “You may come to my rooms tonight,” she promised and broke free of his grasp with surprising strength. She buttoned up her dress as she all but ran from the dining room leaving George vexed with a hard cock. He groaned in frustration.

George hid in his room for the rest of the day. He had never been so grateful to have windows. Suddenly the oppressive weight of the rock above the kobold’s home was almost too much to bear. He didn’t know what was going to happen to him but when a heavy pounding came at his door he wasn’t the least bit surprised to find the now familiar quartet of kobolds waiting for him.

“How can I help you gentlemen?” George all but sneered at them.

The leader hissed something between his teeth and gestured that George should follow. While he knew they were only being polite—apparently kobolds could be taught human manners—that didn’t change George’s attitude.

“Oh, is Queen Ilyana summoning me?” he asking, feigning innocent stupidity. “How nice of her to invite me.”

Now the leader gestured with the curved sword in his meaty hand.

“Okay, okay,” George acquiesced as he raised his hands and moved through the door. “I know what I’m supposed to do.”

He was surprised to learn how close Ilyana’s quarters were to his own when he was shoved unceremoniously through another door. He almost fell to his feet but managed to recover as the door was slammed behind him. Ilyana’s room was the very definition of luxury and opalescence. George didn’t notice the tapestries, the hand carved furniture, or the spectacular view that was now commonplace. All he saw was Ilyana on her bed. When he caught his balance she rose up on her knees. The queen wore only the filmiest silk G-string that barely hid her

pussy from view. Her hair flowed over her shoulders, tickling her nipples and accenting her golden rings.

She was lust personified.

“Hi,” was all that George managed to say, sounding exactly like the guttersnipe he had been before he had managed to literally fight his way to a knighthood.

“I’m glad you came,” Ilyana replied, much smoother in her response.

“I didn’t have much choice.” His eyes didn’t move from her fully, heavy breasts. They were beautiful in every way he could imagine: their shape, their color, the pinkness of her areolas and nipples, the way the light glinted off the rings piercing them. Even from across the room he could smell her milk that wanted to well up out of her body. He swallowed hard.

“Do you know why I had you summoned?”

“Yes.” He answered without thinking and when he heard the words coming out of his mouth he was mortified.

She smiled thinly. “And what reason is that?”

“Umm.” It was hardly the witty reply he wanted to give. “To have sex,” he finally blurted boldly.

Ilyana shyly lowered her eyelids halfway, playing the role of a well-mannered courtesan. She allowed her hand to slide down her body until it rested on the pubic bone right above where her tiny panties barely covered her sex. “You forget: I’ve been forced into lifelong virginity.”

“Well, uhh, there are other things we can do,” he offered.

“There certainly are. The first thing I want you to do is drink my milk. Are you willing to do that?”

Slowly George nodded his head.

“You know that just by drinking and consuming my very essence, you’ve bound yourself to me. You’ve cursed yourself.”

“I know.” He hadn’t thought about it in exactly that way, but it seemed correct enough.

“The more you drink directly from me, the more you will be unable to eat real food, the more you will become completely dependent upon me.”

“I know,” he repeated. “I’m willing to do that.”

“You will be able to have my milk,” she reminded him, “but you won’t have my body.” Now she ran her fingers over her hidden pussy. “This will never be for you.”

George fell to one knee now, the exact same pose he took before King Roland when receiving his knighthood. “It is a sacrifice I’m willing to make.”

“And do you also know that this isn’t a completely independent decision you are making?” she asked him. “I am imbued with magic more powerful than you can possibly imagine. It literally comes out at me.” She looked down at her projecting breasts. “You are under a magic spell. It controls you. I control you.”

“I know. I understand.”

She shook her head sadly. “I wonder if you truly do.” Queen Ilyana rolled off the bed and approached him. He waited patiently. He would wait for eons for her if need be. She stopped two paces short of him. It didn’t strike him until that moment how small a woman she actually was. Her body was perfectly formed, even with her oversized breasts. Though she was short of stature she was still perfectly proportional. In bare feet she wasn’t much taller than he was kneeling down. Bringing her hands up to her tits she massaged them a moment and then squeezed, rolling her fingers from her chest out to the tips of her nipples. She repeated tis gesture several times until fountains of milk gushed forth from both nipples at the same time.

The warm liquid landed on his face and neck, gathered quickly and ran in small rivulets down to his chest, soaking the top of his tunic. She was anointing him in the same way the king had laid the sword on his shoulders making him a servant of Roland. That oath was washed away by Ilyana’s milk, replacing it with a more powerful oath that bound him to his new queen.

“I would tell you to rise and serve me,” she said softly. “But that’s not really

necessary.” Queen Ilyana took another half-step forward and offered her body to her servant. George knew exactly what to do, exactly what she wanted.

His lips locked around her pouting nipple and he sucked hard. She grunted in surprise and alarm at his ferocity, but her milk was already flowing and it felt so good to have him on her like that. The milk was warm and sweet; it nourished and sustained him. As he drank from her body he felt himself completely given over to her. There was nothing more in his life he wanted that her. She ruled his body and mind. He was her to control and use as she pleased.

The time he spent nursing from her tits was time he did not realized had passed because it was life perfected to have the honor of her milk. But the physical endurance of an enchantress eventually gives out when so fiercely nursed upon. Her breasts emptied she pushed him away.

“I’m yours,” were the first words out of his mouth.

“I know. Rise up now.”

He followed her order, eager to please her in any and every way. She reached between his legs and found his manhood had risen along with him. It was hard and barely contained by his breeches. She reached inside his clothing and stroked his proud length. “You honor me more than is necessary,” he said as she touched him.

She laughed at his need to please her. “But it is my turn to serve your needs, if only for a moment,” Ilyana said. To his great distress his queen went down on her knees in front of him as she pushed down his breeches allowing his cock to stand free. It was unseemly for a queen to kneel in front of her knight and George considered pulling her back to her feet but then her lips kissed the crown of his cock and he again lost all willpower.

“No,” he moaned and Ilyana laughed at him once more. She looked up at him, her tongue extended, licking along the sensitive underside of his enlarged organ. He gazed down at her, remembered it was wrong to meet her eyes from above because that was considered a challenge of a superior’s authority, and instead looked at the floor, realizing now that she knelt on a soft rug made from the skin and fur of some animal. That gladdened his heart because it would have been wrong for the queen to kneel on the stone floor.

“No, you don’t want this,” she asked between licks and kisses to his pulsing cock, “or, no, a queen shouldn’t perform such wanton acts on her lover.”

George shook his head. “I don’t know,” he practically wailed.

“Let me put you at ease,” she assured him. “I need this as much as you want it.” She opened her mouth wide and managed to take almost his entire length into her mouth and down her throat. It was a neat trick he had seen done before by prostitutes, but he actually didn’t enjoy the act all that much. When she backed off and sucked on just the head he was more at ease—but only for a moment. He realized he was already on edge after just a minute of fellatio. If he had been in the whorehouses with his fellow soldiers he would have been embarrassed at his lack of endurance, but here, alone with his queen, it was almost a relief that she wouldn’t have to work hard to make him cum.

“I’m going—I’m going to—” he stammered and Ilyana knew exactly what he meant. She stroked his length with one hand while squeezing his balls with her other. Her head continued to bob up and down on the end of his cock until it was all too much. He erupted—to his shame and delight—into her mouth. Queen Ilyana was no novice to this act. She swallowed his gift easily and repeatedly, taking all of his thick semen and not letting go of his cock no matter how much he wanted to be free of her eager, lush mouth. She refused to let him go until his cock was done pulsing and every drop of his cum was safely swallowed.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you,” he repeated over and over.

“It was my pleasure,” Ilyana said rising up to her feet. “I needed to do that more than you realize.”

George just nodded. His entire body was shaking as if he had been through the worst battle of his life. But it was a good exhaustion because his life had never truly been in danger like it would be on the battlefield.

“Come to my bed,” she invited him. “You can finish your duties there.” She led him by the hand to her bed. He was still a man, nothing more, so it was no surprise to George that he looked down at her perfectly curved ass. Her tiny white silk G-string was but the finest of threads arching over her hips and down into the crease of her buttocks.

Ilyana pulled him into bed with her and in the same motion pulled off his tunic.

Though his breeches were still on they were merely resting low on his hip, not yet fully off. She didn't bother stripping him of the rest of his clothes. She didn't need that now. "A knight serves his queen from below," she told him, pushing him with incredible strength down between her legs. George didn't resist. He didn't want to.

His face wound up directly in front of her silk-covered pussy. No words were spoken, no permission was given, but he knew she wanted to be naked. George grasped her panties and pulled them down her legs, exposing her beautiful pierced pussy forever prevented from being penetrated by his newly noble prick.

He hadn't really seen her pussy this up close before. It was beautiful and unnerving. Like the rest of her body it was all but perfect in size, shape, and color, hairless from the top of her slit where the upper edge of her clit poked out, down along her small and large labia, to the joining of her legs. The terrifying part was the way the golden rings stabbed through her flawless flesh. The smooth rings didn't look painful in and of themselves—and George had already become accustomed to the rings in her nipples—but it seemed like a violation of her body. The four rings interlocked creating an effective barrier. If what she said was true Queen Ilyana would remain a virgin until the rings were ripped from her body or until she died. George lowered her head and licked the length of her cunt, feeling the strange mixture of hard metal and soft flesh. She shivered in delight but gave him instruction.

"Up here," she said pulling his face to the stop of her slit where her eager clit was starting to poke out. "Concentrate on her. Make me cum."

He did so, licking and sucking on her little nub of flesh making her gasp and writhe about. It was George's usual custom when pleasuring his lovers with his mouth, to slip a finger into their cunt. This he tried with Queen Ilyana, figuring his finger was small enough to slip through the center of one of the rings, but that proved impossible. He reasoned it wasn't because he had overly large fingers, but because of whatever magic was at play.

It didn't matter. He didn't even bother to try his secondary method of slipping a finger up her ass. George just focused on her clit and it a minute she was all but screaming in pleasure. When her orgasm had passed George wondered how her guardians knew not to come and rescue their queen.

He tried to lever himself out of the bed and retreat to his own quarters but Ilyana stayed him with a hand on his forearm. “No. Spend the night with me. You’ve earned the right.”

Day Seven

When the morning came he was woken up by two things: the light streaming in through the windows and the scent of Queen Ilyana's sweet milk filling his nose. Her warm body next to him made him want to stay in bed asleep next to her, but the compulsion to taste her milk was too strong.

George nuzzled his way down to her breasts, kissing her hair, neck, and collarbone before he latched onto her prominent nipple to suck away her milk. In her half-slumber she moaned pleasantly in the back of her throat, put her hand to the back of his head, and said softly, "Good boy. You truly are my champion."

In response George said nothing; he just kept drawing her milk from her breasts. There was nothing he needed or wanted to say. Keeping one hand on her free breast he rested his other on her hip. Ilyana looked down at him when she was finally able to open her eyes. Smiling, she lifted up her leg until her knee made contact with his balls. Only then was George aware that he had a large erection and his testicles were drawn up tightly to his body. Without any effort at all he had brought himself to the edge of the precipice and was ready to go over.

Ilyana reached down to his manhood and stroked it once with her fingertips. "Not yet," she promised him. "I'm not ready for you."

He nodded and continued to nurse at her breasts, switching back and forth as the mood struck him, playing with her free nipple, trying to pleasure her the best he could. There was, in the back of his mind, that he should use his hand on her pussy, to make sure she came, but something stayed him.

All too soon the pleasant morning came to an end when Ilyana's milk finally gave out. He had consumed every drop within her tits. "Good boy," she complimented him again, pulling her nipple from his mouth, letting the last few drops dribble onto his chin and neck. "You've almost exhausted me this morning before the day has even begun."

"Sorry," George apologized as he wiped his chin and then licked his fingers.

“I have one more task for you this morning,” she told him. That startled George when he realized that she considered nursing from her a chore, but he wisely kept his mouth shut. “Roll onto your back.”

He did so willingly and she pushed the bedclothes down, exposing his body and his prominent cock, rampant and red, ready to be used. It pointed up his body to a place on the wall above the bed’s headboard. She smiled and grabbed his manhood, stroking it a few times to keep him on edge. George groaned in response and arched up his hips, trying to show his eagerness.

“Don’t move,” she instructed and let go of him. That was enough for him to drop his hips back down to the bed while she crossed the room to open one of the wooden cabinets and returned a moment later carrying a small bowl. “You’ll enjoy this,” she promised as she crawled onto the bed. Instead of laying her body parallel to his she instead straddled his muscular chest and faced his feet and giving him a view of her pierced pussy. “Just relax,” Ilyana said as she lowered her protected sex to his face.

George grabbed her buttocks and guided her down onto his tongue. In a moment he found her hard rings and soft flesh. A second later her clit bulged out and he concentrated on that delicate bit of flesh. If anything he was doing pleased her George was blissfully unaware.

Even with a man’s tongue exploring her pussy, Ilyana was able to focus on the task at hand. She placed the small bowl on his belly, right beneath the tip of his cock, and kissed the purplish head. He was close to erupting and she didn’t want to waste a drop of his seed. A few long licks from tip to base and then a gentle sucking on the balls made his cock twitch uncontrollably. She didn’t want to contaminate the sample with her saliva so Ilyana resorted to her hands. She held the bowl with one hand and caressed his length with the other. A moment later he was erupting with thick, heavy gobs of semen, all of which she caught in the stone bowl. George’s body twitched and jerked between her thighs, but she held him down. His tongue ceased its activity on her clit, but she was too far into her duties to notice.

The problem with any man’s seed was there was never enough of it, but Ilyana had strengthened her lover with her milk and other enchantments. He didn’t fill the small bowl, but produced a prodigious volume that pleased her. When his initial eruption was done she continued to massage his cock, from balls to base

to tip, forcing out every last little drop. George twisted beneath her body; she wasn't being gentle because she needed every little bit of him and couldn't afford to waste anything. When she was finally done with his manhood she set the bowl on the small table next to the bed and sat up, removing her pussy from his face.

George gasped with relief. His face was smeared with her juices and he was caught halfway between triumph and confusion. "Thank you," Ilyana told him before he could speak.

"For what?" George asked, confused. "I didn't make you cum."

"For cumming for me," she informed him, indicating the partially full bowl of his spunk.

"What are you saving that for?" he asked, his confusion still running through his mind.

"Never mind that," she dismissed his question. "I have a present for you."

George couldn't imagine a better present than being made to cum by a beautiful enchantress as she sat on his face but still he asked, "You do?"

"Of course." The beautiful blonde woman waved her fingers in front of his face in a fashion he couldn't follow while she spoke three words he couldn't hear. A golden ring appeared in her hand. A magician's sleight of hand trick, he reasoned, though where she had been hiding the object he couldn't imagine because she was perfectly naked at the moment and all magicians used clothing to conceal the objects they supposedly conjured out of nowhere. The ring matched the ones in her nipples, and the ones in her pussy, but larger and heavier.

"What's that?"

"A ring, for you. To show that you love me. Do you love me?" she asked. She rolled the ring between her fingers and George followed the motion.

"Yes. Of course I love you."

"Will you wear it for me?"

“Of course,” he repeated by rote and reached for the bit of jewelry.

Ilyana pulled it back just out of his reach and he realized it was far too large to wear as a ring for his finger and far too small to wear as a bracelet around his wrist. “I need to put it on you,” she told him.

“How? It’s too small…or too large. I’m not sure which.”

“With magic, how else?” she said.

She had been kneeling next to his body as he lay on the bed. She held the ring in her right hand and grabbed his cock with her left. It took a bit of work but she slipped it over his balls first, and then took his penis and fitted it through the ring as well. To his disappointment it wasn’t snug at all. The moment he stood up and moved it would fall away. And then he realized that the act of putting the ring on his cock should have frightened him but instead it just made him upset that he wasn’t sized perfectly to fill her ring.

“It’s too big,” he told her unnecessarily.

“Not at all,” she told him and placed her index finger on the ring where it rested between his cock and his abdomen. It warmed immediately to her touch, it wasn’t hot, but it was warmer than both their bodies. And then, incredibly, the ring shrank down in size. Under her touch the ring became snug and then a touch too tight. Noticing the incorrect fit, Ilyana applied another finger to the ring and it loosened up just the right amount. When she judged it was corrected fitted, she removed her fingers and smiled at George. “There. Perfect.”

“Why am I wearing this?” he asked, suddenly worried about his manhood, though if she wanted to ruin him there were certainly other, easier ways of doing it.

“Because you love me,” she told him with a kiss. “And I want you to have a reminder of that love all the time.”

“I…understand.”

She kissed him lightly on the lips once more. “Rest now. I have duties to attend.” She rolled off the bed, grabbed a white robe from the wardrobe on the opposite side of the room, scooped up the stone bowl from the bedside, and exited the

room.

And only then did he realize that she said that he loved her, and he had professed that love, but she never voiced her reciprocation.

He couldn’t remember much of the next few days. The time blurred together between nursing from Queen Ilyana’s breasts and her milking his cock, saving every precious drop into a stone bowl. When she was done with him she would slip away with his seed but never told him what it was for. He didn’t ask. He was afraid to. He remembered getting up and walking the corridors. He remembered finding an exercise and equipment room where he could practice his sword work, but beyond that his life centered on Ilyana’s breasts.

And he was happy with that.

He forgot what life outside of Ilyana’s fortress was like.

He became accustomed to seeing kobolds wandering the halls on various duties. It was his duty to serve his queen. He suckled the milk from her body and she extracted the semen from him. It was a perfect relationship.

And then he found one of the serving girls in bed with Queen Ilyana one evening. George hadn’t bothered to distinguish between the various servants Ilyana had working for her. He knew there had to be about a dozen each of the men and women, all silent, all working at some jobs that were complete mysteries to him, mysteries he didn’t care the least bit about uncovering.

The girl in bed with Ilyana was pretty enough, plain but not offensive to the eyes. She was wearing a silk shift that clung to her body, revealing it to be trim and pleasing with firm tits and shapely thighs. Finding a woman in bed with Ilyana didn’t bother George. The red light houses charged extra if a knight wanted two women at once. What bothered him was that the servant girl was sucking on Ilyana’s breast. George first felt a pang of jealousy and then harsh annoyance. The servant was stealing from him, even though he was sure that Ilyana had freely offered her milk to the girl.

“Care to join us?” Ilyana said, inviting him into her bed. She was topless, of course, but wore a pair of skin-tight panties that hid her sex from view. George wondered if that was to hide her rings from the servant girl or if she had some other purpose in mind.

The servant girl and Ilyana were on their sides facing each other. Ilyana had propped up her head on her hand, elbow bent. The girl was lying directly on the bed, her arms wrapped around Ilyana’s body, savoring her milk.

“Of course,” George said, striding across the room eagerly.

Ilyana stopped him with a word. “Wait. Take off your clothes first.”

George paused long enough to shed his tunic, boots, and breeches. Naked, his cock hard and already pointing at the ceiling, he then joined the two warm bodies in Ilyana’s bed. He pushed the girl aside, separating her lips from Ilyana’s breast. The nipple was wet with saliva and dribbled milk for the half moment it was exposed to the air before George latched on and started sucking the milk that he considered his due. The serving girl watched, licking the last few drops of milk from her lips. She hadn’t seemed to mind the rings through Ilyana’s nipples at all.

After a few strong pulls George’s thirst was temporarily slaked and he paused in his feeding long enough to ask, “What’s her name?”

“Does it matter?” Ilyana responded. George shrugged, already having returned to her breasts. “Fine. Then you can call her Honoria.” Ilyana reached out and stroked the silent girl’s cheek with her fingertips. “She’s not really beautiful, but she’s easy enough on the eyes.”

“Why were you giving her my milk?” George asked as he switched from one breast to the other.

That made Ilyana laugh. “It’s hardly your milk, it’s mine. Don’t ever forget that. And I find it good practice to reward my servants with a taste of me every once in a while. It keeps them in line, it keeps them wanting more, and so they serve so willingly, like you.” As she said these words she clutched him tighter to her breast and in response George sucked all the harder. “You’re eager today.”

“I need your milk,” he gasped. “I can’t have it shared with anyone else.”

His desperate words sounded pathetic to his ears, but he wasn't ashamed to admit his failings.

"There will always be plenty for you," she promised him, watching his jaws work as he nursed from her. Honoria lay beside them, silent and waiting. "Would you like her?" Ilyana asked George.

"What?" he spluttered. "As my own servant?"

That made Ilyana laugh again. "No, don't be so naïve. Would you like to fuck her?"

"Fuck her?"

"Use her as you will. It would be a pleasure to my eyes to watch the two of you couple."

George carefully nursed at Ilyana's breast rolling his tongue around the firm flesh and poking his tongue into the golden ring, considering her offer. "Why do you want to see that?"

The queen reached gently between her legs and just barely ran her fingertips over her hidden sex. "Because I cannot fully enjoy a man, but I would like to see my lover in the full midst of his passion."

"You want me to put my cock in her cunt and fuck her?" George asked as crudely as possibly.

"Yes," she answered with a soft smile. "It will be beautiful."

For another long moment George pretended to consider. "When I'm done feeding," he finally decided and went back to her breasts.

It didn't take him that long to empty what was left of her milk. George had lost the ability to judge how much milk she should be producing because instead of the initially once a day feeding they had started with, he now nursed from her two or three times, whenever they were in bed together, whenever he had the need. There was always enough milk for him, his hunger was always abated after he nursed, and she seemed to have enough milk for whatever she needed to fulfill. He let go of her breast with a wet plop and turned to Honoria with a

lascivious grin.

She smiled back warily and then he was upon her, yanking her silk shift up and off her body and falling upon her with an unrestrained energy. He nibbled and kissed her neck and shoulders, forced her legs apart and lined up his still firm cock with the entrance to her pussy. She was already on her back so it was easy enough to pin her down and use her for his pleasure.

“Slow down,” urged Ilyana. “You’re going too fast. You’ll waste the moment.”

“It’s what she’s here for, isn’t it?” George grunted as he entered the servant girl. She scrunched up her face as his cock penetrated her—it wasn’t painful for the servant and she didn’t protest the way he used her body, but it had been a long time since the girl had last had sex. It had been a long time for George as well. While he enjoyed the attention Ilyana gave him with her mouth and hands—and occasionally her ass—it wasn’t nearly the same as a warm, wet pussy. In the brief moment of time between stripping and fucking her he had taken a quick look at her naked body. There was nothing wrong with it. Like most women in the kingdom she had black wavy hair which was matched between her legs by a soft triangle of black curls. She wasn’t denuded like Ilyana was. George liked the change.

“Yes, partially. But you’re also fucking her for my pleasure,” Ilyana reminded him as she reached behind him and between his legs. George still wore her cockring—and wore it proudly—so in the middle of his lust his sack had swollen to prodigious proportions. It was almost too easy for Ilyana to grab his manhood and physically slow down his thrusting. After a moment’s resistance, George gave in to her control—as he always did—and allowed the queen to control his lovemaking.

“Isn’t that better?” she asked him as his pace slowed. George didn’t mind—to him sex was sex as long as it felt good there was no reason to give it any further thought. Silent Honoria was grateful for the queen’s intervention. George had been overeager and rough—the slower pace suited her and soon she found herself gasping not in pain but in pleasure. The knight’s cock filled her perfectly and rubbed her hidden clit in the way few men were able to achieve.

“Surely,” George agreed as he tried to go faster but Ilyana held him firmly.

“Look at her face,” Ilyana exclaimed as she looked over George’s shoulder to

behold the expressions crossing the servant girl's countenance. "See what you are doing to her? Her body knows pleasure but she wants to resist, to hold off her climax as long as possible. The longer you are able to keep a woman on that knife's edge, the more she will want you. And she will want you again and again."

George laughed but he couldn't argue with the results and so he continued to fuck the servant at the behest of his lover. After many minutes there was only so much that Ilyana could do to extend the couple's pleasure—even when she kept a firm hold on George's jewels. Finally it was too much for him and her—his cock burst forth with a fountain of semen filling up the servant's pussy and in response she screamed out her pleasure, wrapping her legs around her temporary lover and sobbing in relief.

"That is how to please a woman," Ilyana declared with the moment of crisis had passed. She let go of George's sack and he groaned with a secondary bout of relief. Ilyana daintily and discretely licked the combined flavors of her knight and her servant from her fingertips.

"Uh-huh," George absently agreed as he rolled off girl. His cock flopped on his thigh, wet and sticky. Ilyana immediately put her hand to it, holding him, feeling with sex fluids coating his skin, feeling the contrast of the ring about the base of his cock and the softness of his manhood as it slowly recovered from its workout.

"This was a reward for a task you have yet to complete for me," Ilyana then told him.

"A bribe then," George said, knowing well the language of courtiers and government functionaries.

"If you want to call it that," Ilyana conceded. She looked at the girl. "Leave us."

In a flash Honoria gathered her sparse clothing where George had thrown it and disappeared from the room. As she dressed George noted the scar—the brand—on the girl's rump. It matched the one Mahrina wore.

"Your first test as my champion will occur tomorrow morning. I didn't want you to die a virgin," she explained.

George laughed. “I didn’t come to you a virgin.”

She nodded slowly. “There is more than one sort of virgin.”

The next morning after his feast on her breast, a kobold took George to the exercise room where he had been instructed by Ilyana to gather whatever armor he needed as if he were going into battle. What was available were bits and pieces that were mismatched from a hundred different styles and eras, but eventually he found enough pieces to cover his body keeping it safe from most blows. It was a combination of leather, plate, and mail topped off by an ancient helmet of a design he couldn’t identify but it fit his well enough, covering his crown, neck and face. He also brought along with slightly curved sword he had become accustomed to using as part of his exercise routine. The kobold escorted him back to the corridor that contained Ilyana’s strange laboratory where her kobold servants labored at whatever strange goal she had in mind. They didn’t enter the laboratory, he was taken to the next door which was made of heavy iron and secured shut from the opposite side. The kobold scratched at the metal and waited.

“I don’t suppose you have a key?” George asked the leathery creature. It just looked at him once, blinked, and then hissed an answer that George didn’t understand.

“No, I suppose not.” A moment later the door was opened with the clanging of bolts being shot free of their nests. Another kobold, this one just as ugly and leathery as George’s escort, beckoned them inside.

A strange green light was coming from a stone archway. George immediately found himself drawn to the light and started to walk through the arch. He was stopped at the last moment by Ilyana’s incredibly strong hand on his shoulder. He felt the weight of her grip through the thick mail shirt he wore.

“Don’t do that,” she warned him. She was wearing her fanciest white dress embroidered with green thread. It was low cut—or maybe her breasts simply struggled to get free of any binding that attempted to hold them down and in place—displaying her ample cleavage and clung to her body like a second skin. Even in such revealing garb, George found his eyes riveted to her tits, as always. “You’re not ready for the journey just yet.” In her hand she held her golden

glowing bauble; the light it threw contrasted sharply with the green glow of the archway.

“What journey?” he asked, confused.

“Don’t worry about that,” she said and rested her hands on top of his head. He was carrying his helmet; it was almost impossible to see through the small eye slit. She murmured a few silent words and he felt a tingling on his scalp and a glowing emanated from her hands. He was frozen in place as she slid her hands down over his body. The yellowish glowing spread and shortly he was a small sun inside the workroom. George marveled at the way her magic had altered his armor. It had become as if one unit, no longer a hodgepodge of random pieces but a perfect bit of armor.

“Now you are ready,” Ilyana told him, holding his hand through the thick leather gauntlets.

“Ready for what?”

“To be my champion.” And she led him through the archway. They disappeared in a flash of light.

George collapsed through the archway, breathing heavily. His body was bruised and he was bleeding from a dozen small cuts. Bits of his armor were torn away and the glow that Ilyana had added was mostly gone. He wrenched the helmet off his head and dropped it to the stone floor as he collapsed to his knees.

Behind him Ilyana carefully stepped through the archway. She was untouched and perfect, not a hair out of place. In one hand she held her glowing bauble; in the other she held an animal’s horn dripping gore on the flagstones. “You did well,” she complimented him. “Very few champions pass the test of the Beast of Regnar.”

“Is that why you needed that monster killed?” he gasped at her. It seemed a pointless task to travel through a magical gate just to murder a mindless fiend. “To test me?”

“I didn’t, not really. I’m sure as a former knight of King Roland your warrior

skills are without parallel. But this," she held up the horn she had cut from the monster's head after it was dead, "is endlessly useful in all sorts of potions. I only have three. This fourth one is a nice cushion to have in case of…errors."

"It nearly killed me!" he screamed at her.

"But it didn't," she pointed out and loosened the top of her dress, just barely exposing her nipples. George could now clearly see that she had connected the chain between her nipple rings once again. "Clean up and meet me in my bed. We'll see how well you endure the healing process."

When she was gone George staggered out of the workshop, shedding bits of damaged and shredded armor as he went. A kobold was waiting to usher him back to his room. He wished it was Honoria. She was easier on the eyes. When he returned to his room and went to the bathing pool it was Mahrina who was waiting for him. At this point he was down to his undertunic and loincloth having removed all his armor. The servant girl was naked in the bath, the water coming up to the tops of her thighs.

"Just a bath," he told her as the girl began to remove his loincloth, spending too much time fondling his cock. "That is for your queen. And mine," he added as he slumped to the seat in the bath, willing the water to wash away his sins.

The bath would have been more enjoyable if he hadn't been suffering from a thousand tiny cuts and a hundred bruises all over his body. More than once Mahrina had let her hand wander to his cock, but he brushed her away. It wasn't that he didn't want to use Mahrina for his pleasure; it was he was saving himself for his queen.

When the bath was over and he was wrapped in a robe, Mahrina actually accompanied him to Ilyana's apartments. There the queen dismissed the over-eager servant and brought her lover to her bed, opening his robe as they went.

"Your wounds don't look so bad," she told him as she reopened her dress to expose her breasts. Immediately George began to relax. This was exactly what he had fought for. "This will be a good test," she said as he fell to her breast to gorge himself on her sweet milk."

"A test of what?" he said in between pauses in her nursing.

“To see how well you’ve taken to my milk. To see its power over your body.”

He swallowed her sweetness and puzzled over the statement. “I’ve already given myself over to you,” he said. “I am yours, body and soul.”

Ilyana laughed and pulled him back to her breast, making him feast more. “I know that,” she said, “but look, the milk performs its duty, just like you. You’ll see. Just drink and enjoy my body.” He nodded and continued to nurse from her, not fully understanding what she meant. “My milk is your new lifeblood; you understand that, don’t you?”

George shuddered at that thought, but it wasn’t enough to make his stop nursing, not even for a moment, not even as she reached between his legs and gently caressed his manhood, encircled by her trapping ring. He wasn’t just her lover and champion, he was her willing slave, body and soul.

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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