
Elliot Silvestri
The White Queen and Her Enchanted Milk
Full Version
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

Day One

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

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

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

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

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

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

It might have been a few minutes later, it might have been hours. The heavy door dragged open and an imposing woman walked in. She carried a bauble in her hand. It lit up the entire dank, ugly cell. In the midst of the cell's dark, the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

George said nothing. He remembered his training, his loyalties, his oath. He was silent. "You killed my champion," Queen Ilyana said.

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

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

“No,” he said.

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

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

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

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

Day Two

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Her smile didn't waver. "Of course." In the weak light from the bauble George immediately noticed something was wrong with her breasts. It took him a moment to realize there wasn't something exactly wrong with them. They had simply been altered in a way the women of the court would never consider.

Golden rings pierced the pink flesh of her nipples. Light flashed off the pure metal as the queen moved. Her fingers moved nimbly over her nipples and their jewelry. It seemed it should have caused her great pain, but the rings were removed easily enough and she placed them next to the bauble on the silk square. Ilyana then picked up the stone goblet and showed George that it was empty. He wasn't sure if he should have been relieved there wasn't any liquid there to tempt him or if he was crushed she hadn't come to save him.

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

"No," he vaguely agreed.

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

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

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

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

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

"You don't seem to have much strength in your refusal," she pointed out.

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

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

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

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

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

“Especially for those reasons,” he shot back.

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

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

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

Day Three

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

He hated waiting.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Day Four

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

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

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

She nodded and gestured to the door once again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

gotten a glimpse of her beauty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He suckled faster.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"For how long?"

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

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

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

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

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

Day Five

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

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

The girl merely nodded her acknowledgement.

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

She shook her head no.

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

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

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

The serving girl smiled and nodded.

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

The girl shook her head.

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

Mahrina simply nodded her acknowledgement of her new name.

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

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

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

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

Mahrina dug into the sandsoap again and reached between George’s legs. He had

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

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

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

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

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

All these thoughts quickly went through George's mind, but they weren't enough to stop him from plunging his cock into Mahrina's waiting pussy. He was glad that she was wet, not just from the water, but from the excitement of serving

him. That was the type of woman he liked.

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

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

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

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

"Used her?" George asked innocently.

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

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

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

"And what is your assessment of me?"

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

George tilted his goblet back and forth, watching the water splash about and wishing it was wine. His stomach growled. He hadn't fed from Illyana since yesterday. He wasn't getting weaker on consuming only her milk, but hunger pangs didn't go away just because his diet had changed. "True enough," he

agreed and sipped from the cup, wishing the water was wine. “Are you worried I might ruin your servant.”

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

“You’re a harsh woman,” he told her.

“I have to be to rule here.”

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

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

“It’s not your name.”

“No, my mother’s.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

“You’re safe here, is that it?”

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

He grinned at her. “Very.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I told you it was impossible.”

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

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

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

Illyana shook her head. “I can’t.”

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

rings.”

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

“Why? Just take them out.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Just fuck me,” she almost begged.

“How?”

“In my ass!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

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