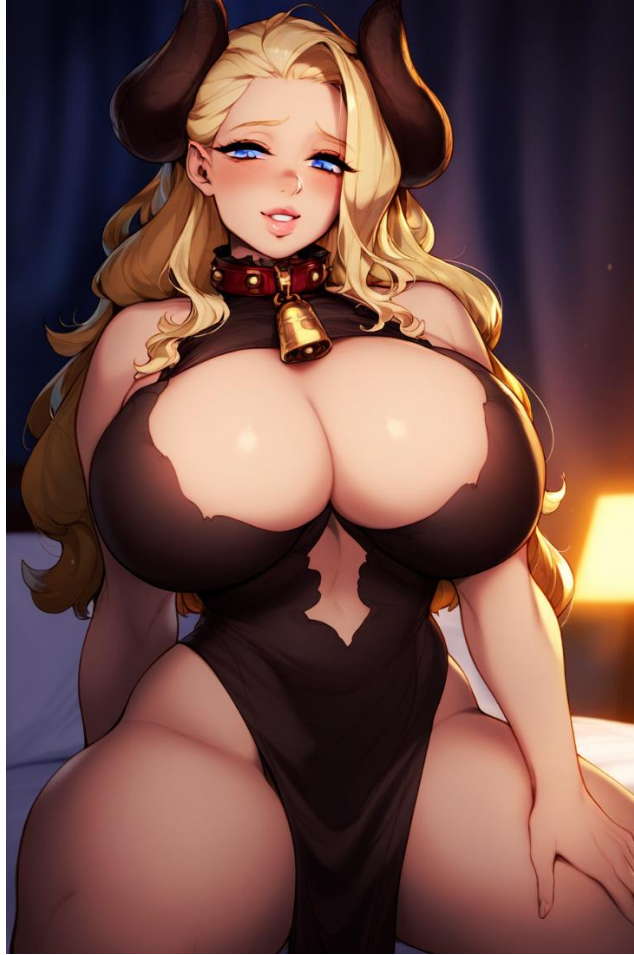




Gods but it was a joy to war.

Prince Alver smiled happily as his horse trotted over the remains of the battlefield, where smoke seeped into the air and bodies lay strewn like so many discarded toys. The elvish forces had put up some heavy resistance, but none could resist the sheer momentum of his army. That last cavalry charge had been just beautiful.

He chuckled to himself, wondering what his father must be thinking. After all these successes, he was bound to be named the heir apparent. The rest of the royal council wouldn't hear of otherwise at this point. A mere nineteen years of age, and already expanding the borders of the kingdom almost tenfold! Alver laughed. As if the old man could do anything else.

It was almost a shame to have slaughtered the enemy so thoroughly. Ah, but needs must. And it had been a glorious one. He chuckled again. The elves had put up a fine fight, true, but they'd been fools to meet him on the open field. But elves were always arrogant. Militant.

And now badly depleted.

Which meant the last obstruction between his army and the inner queendom of the fey lay before him.

Alver looked again around the battlefield. That forced march had been an excellent choice. It pushed his troops to the limit, but had surprised the fey armies completely. And now their entire realm lay open to the plundering. The last hint of resistance crushed beneath his boot.

"It's a beautiful day," he observed.

"Indeed, my prince," his aide, Loren, agreed, riding up beside him. Older than Alver by near twenty years, he nonetheless looked to his warrior prince with awe, as if the war god Ronne had come to earth and took form in the blonde-haired royal. "Though," he added, a hint of chastisement in his tone, "we've stretched far beyond our supply wagons like this, sire."

"They'll catch up within a week," Alver said dismissively. "And there's no risk of attack. We've seen to that!"

"Indeed, sire. Quite emphatically. In fact, I believe the enemy is coming to parlay."

"Where?"

"On that ridge, sire."

Alver peered in the direction, and again he grinned. Ah, so they were. The bedraggled group were making their way towards the prince and his aide, under escort of close to a dozen royal troopers. They were typical of the fey. The enemy general appeared to be an older elf, worn by the trials of battle, his armour dented and once fine cloak smeared with mud and blood. Those with him were a smattering of functionaries, aides and...

Oh my.

Alver's eyes lit up at the sight of the holstaur walking placidly among the rest. He'd heard of the bovine fey that lived in temples deep within the mountains, but the sight of her put the rumours to shame. She was unspeakably gorgeous, with full blonde hair and a statuesque build that put her almost a head above the elves she walked with. A collar was clasped about her neck, bearing a large bell that faintly clanked as it bounced off her positively enormous chest.

Alver fairly drooled at the sight of her. Not in all the whorehouses of the capital had ever seen a pair of breasts so hefty and full. Flawless, buxom, the nipples pink peaks pierced by a pair of gold rings that stirred his desire like nothing else. She wore nothing but translucent silks crossing her chest, while a girdle of the same fabric swished between her thighs.

The group halted before him, and Alver was intrigued to note the holstaur seemed calm and at ease, despite the trappings of servitude she wore and steel which surrounded her on all sides. What an interesting turn this was taking...

"Well well!" Alver declared. "And what have we here? If you've come to surrender, I fear you may be a bit late."

"Do I have the pleasure of greeting Prince Alver, the Warhound?" the holstaur asked.

"You do," he replied.

"I am Beata," the holstaur said, dipping in a bow that made her bell ring and silks stretch against her figure in a most appealing way. "And I have been sent by her majesty, the Queen, to speak to you."

"Is that so? And what do you wish to speak about?"

She straightened. "I was a member of the representatives that formed the war council when your armies invaded, my lord. I spoke for the queen, and General Ferrun for the elves. I advocated negotiations, the war. War won. And now we see the result."

"We do indeed. However, I do believe the times for negotiations are long past," Alver noted, leaning on the pommel of his steed and looking down at the holstaur. "What passed for your armies are crushed. The few survivors have fled, your generals are slaughtered, and I remain standing, my forces intact."

"It is true, my lord," she said with surprising indifference. "Which is why I have come to make an offer to you, on behalf of my queen."

"To me? Of what? Nothing stands between my army and the fey capital in the north. The crystal palaces will be mine in short order."

"I come to offer myself."

"Oh?"

"Yes," Beata said with a placid smile. "I and my delegation have come to offer ourselves as your slaves."

Alver sat up, peering down at the holstaur. "Is that right? In order to spare your people?"

"No, master," Beata said pleasantly. "Slaves have no say over their master's commands. My queen wishes for peace, but I have nothing more to offer, save myself. I am a gift, master. One of good faith, to seek to prove that slaughter is not needed. That the fey shall serve you, our masters, willingly. And happily. Are you pleased?"

Alver very much was. His eyes roamed over her figure hungrily. Lush. Soft. A perfect form of feminine beauty and carnal appeal. "A most thoughtful gift," he observed, smirking. "I accept."

Beata smiled prettily. "Thank you, master. I will strive to please."

He'd see about that. Alver chuckled. A last, desperate move from a people who already knew they lost. Ah well, at least he wouldn't have to worry about entertainment while waited for the supply train to catch up so he might finish his conquest.

Alver licked his lips. Yes. This was going to be a lovely diversion indeed...

#

Alver settled back on the divan comfortably, splaying himself out on it as he eyed his new prize. His tent sat in the middle of his army's camp, well defended yet apart from the rank and file. Spacious, opulent, more like a room of his palace brought to the field with walls of canvas rather than stone, a few lamps fluttered from the corners, glowing against the dividers and trunks, treasures, and the rest of his

war materials assembled. Along with these were a number of trophies from various campaigns he'd waged and won, but he was particularly proud of his latest one.

He eyed the gorgeous holstaur kneeling on the lush rug before him, her head tilted docilely as she watched him, waiting for a command. It was a good pose for her, he had to admit. She was soft and lovely in her transparent silks. A true prize, as only the fey knew how to present. His eyes lingered on her huge breasts and the twin rings that hung from her nipples.

Yes. He liked her very much indeed.

"So," he hummed, lifting his goblet and taking a sip of his wine. "A holstaur, hm? I'd always heard your kind hung mostly in the mountains."

"We do, master," she said, her voice smooth and pleasant as honey. "But I was sent as a representative by my queen when the war broke out. It was my duty to express my side's aim for an attempt at peaceful coexistence with the humans, but general Ferrun and the militaristic elves won in the end, and thus, war."

Ah yes, Ferrun. Alver remembered him well. The old elf had stood stalwart with his command staff, facing down his troops in a courageous last stand. A noble and impressive sight, right until the old fool had been crushed under a storm of hooves.

"A pity," Alver mused. "And now you come to me. But no negotiator. Instead, a slave, sent to try and buy mercy for your people. And already," he smirked, "I hear that fey women from about the area have begun coming to offer themselves to my troops. Does this surprise you?"

"No, master," Beata said pleasantly. "You are the victors. And because of the war, we have few men remaining. Many of our women will be eager to find themselves new mates."

Alver raised a brow as he took another long drink of his wine. Fey were certainly strange creatures, he'd say that much. "Do you resent being given over to me by your queen?" he asked.

"No, my lord," she said. "I am happy to serve."

"Are you now?"

"Yes, master. I am a diplomat above all things, and loathe violence. A softer touch tends to bring more good than a steel blade."

"Not so to the elves," he noted.

"Indeed, master. Which is why I am here to serve."

"Is that so? And how, exactly, do you serve?"

"Why, by loving my master, of course."

"You mean fucking?" Alver asked with a smirk.

"Not only that, master," the holstaur said, rising to her feet, the bell around her neck jangling gently, the immense orbs of her breasts wobbling on her chest. The sight momentarily arrested Alver's

attention, and by the time he got it back she was already moving behind his throne. He tensed, head cocking eying her as she leaned in, her hands resting on his shoulders.

"What... ohhhh," Alver groaned, head lolling back as gentle fingers dug into his shoulders and through his sleeping robe, absolutely melting the tension that knotted in him. "That's..."

"I have many skills with which to make my master happy," Beata murmured as she gently worked her fingers into him. "Many skills I learned to help you relax and enjoy. For my people have lost the war, master. And so the conquerors deserve to be served. Deserve to be happy. Deserved to be adored by his eager slave."

"You ah... you certainly have taken to it well," Alver gasped as her fingers worked down.

"I am good at what I do, master," she murmured, leaning in closer, the softness of her breasts pressing against the back of his head. "And what I do is make my master happy."

Alver groaned, letting his head fall back against the pillowy pair of massive breasts behind him. Dear gods, he could actually hear them slosh with milk!

"Am I a good cow, master?" Beata asked.

"Yessss," Alver groaned. "A very good cow."

"That makes me so very happy, master. But your slave wants to make you feel much more relaxed, and I know my fingers won't be enough. May I go further, master?"

"You may," Alver grunted, curious what she had in mind.

"Your slave is so grateful, master," she said, and to his disappointment, she removed her hands and lifted her breasts from his head.

Then, to his great excitement, she knelt before him and shuffled between his legs.

Alver's grin shone as the beautiful cow girl gently undid his robe and pushed it open, her hands grasping his cock and drawing it out. She leaned in, nuzzling his shaft lovingly, a soft, lowing moan escaping her as he rapidly grew to full length.

"Master's cock is most impressive," she observed.

"I imagine you'd say that no matter what," Alver chuckled.

Her innocent blue eyes looked up at him. "Should master's slave show him how honest she is?"

"Now *that* I'd like to see."

She nodded and pulled back, only to lean in and gently take him in her mouth, sliding down to the very root.

Alver's jaw dropped, but then he groaned, head falling back as those glorious lips dragged up and down his manhood. "Oh fuuuuck!" he managed to say. "You're... ah... you're very good at that."

"Mmm," Beata hummed, any other reply difficult, but her ears flicked in happiness as she began to bob.

Alver gasped, reaching out, grabbing her bovine horns like convenient handles as he began to drive his cock up into her velvety mouth. Dear gods that was good!

“Fuck,” he gasped as Beata’s glorious mouth worshipped his cock, her hand stealing between his legs and cradling his balls. “Your mouth is... ah... Gods above, keep doing that. Nnn! That thing with your tongue.”

Beata’s lashes fluttered with understanding, obediently bobbing to the pace he set, no sign of strain visible regardless of how hard he thrust. And as he’d commanded, her incredible tongue wrapped around his cock, moving about it in a way that sent throbs of pure ecstasy aching through his balls. Alver moaned, head falling back, jaw tightening as he drew closer to the wonderful peak awaiting him.

“Yes. Yes! Fuck your master! Serve him! Serve him you fucking... gnnnnn!”

He groaned, pushed beyond the edge, body tensing as he came in a sudden blessed release. Beata hummed happily, her throat working as she eagerly drank every drop of his spurting seed, her eyes lidded with her long lashes.

Alver panted, sinking into his divan as he basked in an afterglow he’d never known the like of before. Gods. Gods above! If he’d known there was a mouth like this in the fey lands, he’d have invaded years ago!

Lifting her lips from his wilting cock, Beata smiled up at him. “Was that to your satisfaction, master?”

“Very,” Alver gasped before he could catch himself. He shrugged off the lapse. Why not praise the cow a bit? She surely earned it.

“Thank you, master,” Beata said, smiling up at him with warm satisfaction. “I am pleased to be of service. And I am most eager to continue to do so, master,” she added. “As a good slave should.”

#

Alver drummed his fingers on the desk, frowning deeply.

“Still?” he growled.

Loren cleared his throat, his helmet clutched against his armpit, his back ramrod straight as he stared at a point just over Alver’s shoulder. “The latest report, sir, was that the wagons were bogged down in the mud. But they’re hopeful they’ll get them free soon.”

Alver grunted, leaning in and glaring at the map before him. “Yes, yes. That’s all well and good. But we need those supplies to finish this campaign.”

“I understand, sir. And will be sure the wagon master will too.”

Alver sighed. “Good. Good...”

“Are you... alright my lord?”

Alver blinked, glanced back up at his captain. “What?”

Loren peered at him. "Only," he said uncertainly. "Forgive me for saying it, but normally you'd be absolutely furious at this delay. Stomping and shouting and even throwing things."

Alver lifted his head a bit, squinting with thought. That... was true, wasn't it? In fact, unless he commanded their presence, his staff tended to make themselves scarce when reports were being delivered to him so as not to be the focus of his ire. Yet for some reason, though he knew he should be furious, he just... wasn't.

"Tea, master?"

Alver glanced up as the busty holstaur leaned over with a whisper of silk and jangle of her bell collar as she placed a cup at his side.

"Ah, excellent," Alver said as he took it. He'd never been a fan of tea before, but there was just something about Beata's that he adored. The smooth, pleasant creaminess of it. He wondered how she did it?

At any rate, Alver shrugged to Loren. "No secret," he said, lifting his tea and taking a sip. "What good would my fury do? It's not the men's fault that the sky rained on them. Nor my commanders for working through it. Besides, I've been sleeping very well lately."

"Have you, sir?" Loren asked.

He smirked. "Oh yes. My new slave has been very helpful with that."

"Thank you, master," Beata said from behind his chair, bowing slightly with a heavy bounce of her breasts.

Loren glanced at the cowgirl, and Alver hid his smile in another sip of tea as he saw his second's eyes follow the sway of the cowgirl's breasts. Loren hastily cleared his throat and looked away. "On ah, that note, my lord, there is another matter of concern to me."

"Oh?" Alver asked. "Do tell."

"It's about the men."

Alver frowned. "Are they becoming belligerent? Unruly?" he asked.

"Well..."

Alver waved his hand. "Just nab some of the most obvious cases, tie them to the posts and flog them a bit. Put the fear of their prince in them again. Eh?"

"Er, no, sir. It's not quite that. I've been receiving some reports that a number of them had taken on, er, well, fey women."

Alver's eyebrows rose. "Ah," he said, easing back in his chair with a smirk. "Well, that's only to be expected, captain. We bested their armies, why wouldn't they want to get in with our boys? We are the conquerors, they the conquered. Such things are common."

"Of course sir," Loren said nervously. "It's only... well..."

Alver sighed. He really did not have time for this. He heard Beata shift near him and felt again a warm throb in his cock. He should be bending that gorgeous cow over and showing her how royalty fucked, dammit. "Spit it out, man."

Loren straightened rigidly, words fairly falling out of his mouth in his haste. "It's that the men seem, well, too happy. If you get my drift."

"Not sure I do," Alver said, hearing a faint jangle as Beata shifted, her nipple rings chiming. He'd found she always got antsy when they missed the time to give her a good fucking. Honestly, the cow was almost insatiable! Not that he was complaining. He too was getting a bit uncomfortable and horny. And gods his mouth was dry. He quickly took another sip of tea.

"Well sir, soldiers grumble. It's the way they are," Loren continued. "And usually they fight when there's been no enemies and they sit around for too long. But most of the troops seem, well, content to stay around. Enjoying their new slaves. It's... well, odd is all."

"Not that odd," Alver chuckled. "Believe me, Loren, these fey know how to serve a man."

"Sir, I really think--"

"If that's all," Alver said, rising heavily from his chair, "then I think we're about done here." He gave his captain a steely look. "Aren't we?"

Loren winced but bowed. "As you say, sire," he mumbled, straightening and putting his helmet back on before departing, sweeping the flap of the tent aside, betraying his frustration.

Alver shook his head. Honestly. What was the fuss about? So the troops were enjoying the spoils of war. So what? That's what they should be doing! They were triumphant. The enemy driven before them. The supplies needed to catch up anyway, so why not spent the downtime enjoying the fruits of their conquest?

Speaking of...

"Slave?" he said, snapping his fingers.

"Master?" she said, straightening with a jangle of her rings and collar.

"Over the table."

"Of course, master," Beata said.

Alver admired her as she moved around the desk, every step dainty yet heavy with the knowledge of her curves and figure. He fairly drooled over the sight of those hips as she stopped beside his desk and bent forward, planting her hands among his papers (he really needed to get to those), the gorgeous heart-shape of her plump bottom thrust out.

"Perfect," Alver grinned, moving up behind her, running his hands over her hips and flanks.

"Mmmm. Master?" Beata moaned softly.

"What, slave?"

"About sir Loren."

"What about him?" Alver asked, a tingle of annoyance sparking in him as he stroked her lush curves, feeling her shiver in sensitive delight.

"Slave was thinking, master," Beata cooed as her rump swayed tantalizingly, her legs parting to reveal the slickness of her desire. "If Loren is so concerned with the wagons, why not send him to try and bring them up faster? Surely he'd be a good choice."

Alver scowled and delivered a spank to her plump bottom. "I don't ask you for policy advice, slave!"

Beata moaned heavily, arching at the blow with shameless delight, the bell on her collar chiming prettily. "Ohhh! Of course not, master. Slave is here only for your pleasure and happiness."

"Damn right," he growled. Still, the idea perhaps had merit. Loren was being such an intolerable wet blanket these days. Why not give him something to do? Especially while Alver had so much to do with his new prize.

That in mind...

Alver shucked off his pants, revealing the full length of his arousal. Beata glanced back, her eyes lighting up in excitement at the sight.

Alver smirked, enjoying her clear desire for him. He even felt a bit... heftier when he fucked the gorgeous cowgirl. His cock and balls heavier and thicker with desire. Which was nonsense, of course, but a nice ego boost all the same.

"Ready, slave?" he growled, grasping her hips, aligning himself with her, slickening up the tip of his manhood with her needy juices.

"Always for you, master," she moaned, pushing back eagerly.

"Of course you are. Because you're. My. Cow!" Alver groaned, pushing forward and impaling the gorgeous cowgirl on his cock.

Beata moaned as she rocked forward at the impact, his hips spanking off her soft bottom wonderfully. Gods above that was good! Alver grit his teeth in the effort not to cum instantly, a moan escaping him as he began to furiously pump into the amazingly lovely Beata, the slick tightness of her depths rippling around his manhood.

"M-master," Beata cried out. "P-please. Milk meeeee!"

"Milk you?" Alver gasped.

"Yesss! Please, master. Slave has been such a good cow. She neeeeds it!"

Alver licked his lips. Gods. That... that did sound fun. Sounded incredible and unbearably hot. He leaned over her, pressing against her naked back, his arms looping around her chest and palms filling with her jiggling titflesh. The holstaur moaned even louder as his fingers stroked along her sensitive teats, his touch soon finding her plump nipples, the metal rings chiming.

Gods she was soft.

The feel of her breasts enthralled him. The way they molded to his fingers as he pumped and bounced them. Massaged and adored them.

“Mooooo!” Beata moaned, her ass pressing against his hips as he fucked into her, her head thrown back, the throaty moan sending shudder of pure ecstasy racing through him. “Mooooore master! Slave needs moooooore! Milk me. Fuck me! Slave needs master’s coooock!”

“Gods but you do,” Alver gasped, enthralled in the sensation. Sex had never felt better than when he had her breasts in his hands. His cock sheathed in her. The adoring bovine fey rutting back against him with feverish need for him to cum in her. Fill her. Mate her like the gorgeous cow she was.

Beata panted under him, thrusting back to meet his cock. He felt more like he was riding her than fucking her, and it felt incredible! Alver moaned, pounding into her with ever greater need, rutting the gorgeous cowgirl like an animal.

“Yes!” Beata cried. “Yes! Fuck me! Mate me! Oh master. My bull! My stud! Fuck me! Fill me! Milk me! Oh. Ohhhh! Ohhhh yesssssss!”

Her cry rose, a lowing peal of pleasure as she came in a shuddering climax. Alver cried out as the rippling tightness of her depths squeezed his cock, pulsing around him in sharp bursts of heavenly pleasure. He groaned in ecstasy, his whole body tensing, trying to hold back the sudden wave of pleasure, but all for naught.

“Fuuuuck!” Alver groaned, arching, filling her a final time with a great stroke of his cock. A sudden burst of pleasure accompanying his orgasm as he bathed the glorious heat of the holstaur’s pussy with his cum.

Gods that felt good.

So very... very good...

Breathing hard, Alver sagged atop the holstaur. Fatigue swept over him. A strange thing. He, who had strode the battlefield for hours in full armour, his sword cleaving dozens of foes and hacking through shield and swords, exhausted from a single fuck of his busty slave? He could only chuckle in breathless mirth.

“Mmm. Tired... my master?” Beata breathed from beneath him.

“Just need to... to catch my breath,” he managed.

Beata cooed, her hips giving a gentle bump. Alver fell back with a yelp of surprise, his cock unsheathing from the holstaur’s pussy as he collapsed into his chair. He looked up as she turned around, flushed, a contented smile on her face, but otherwise seemingly perfectly fresh, her blonde hair a fluffy tumble around her head, her eyes lidded and smoky.

Gods, she was tall.

Alver hadn’t quite appreciated it until then, and he knew part of it was that he was sitting and she standing. But her height strangely still shocked him. And made him feel... a little uncertain.

A little...

Small.

"Master," Beata cooed, moving forward, her hips swinging like a pendulum, her breasts bouncing as she knelt over him, straddling his lap. "That's not good. My poor master tired after merely fucking his gorgeous slave once? So unfair."

"I ah..."

"Shall we... fix that?"

"F-fix?" he gasped.

She smiled and lazily arched, her immense breast bouncing before his face. Alver stared at those plump orbs, his jaw dropping as the rings chimed, needly nipples still drooling cream.

"Holstaur cream makes men so... ready to mate. Gives them so much more energy. A good suckle, master, will make you ready to fuck your lovely slave all night long."

Alver licked his lips. Gods, he was feeling thirsty. But... the thought of drinking from a woman's breast was... well, a little demeaning. "I..."

"Such a strong, studly master," Beata cooed wriggling a little atop him, her breasts swaying tantalizingly, her rings and bell chiming sweetly. Swaying. Bouncing. "He has nothing to fear from his slave. She serves him. She obeys. She cannot resist him. And he is immune to any charms. Too strong to be overcome. Too powerful. Too brave and mighty."

Alver nodded along to her crooning words, feeling his cock stir. Aching to fuck this gorgeous cow once more. "Well... I... I am the prince..."

"Will his majesty drink?" she asked gently, leaning in closer.

Her breasts consumed his view. Soft, pale mountains with a plunging valley. Peaks begging for his lips to kiss. To adore. To suckle and milk. Alver swallowed thickly. But... but then, why not? No mere fey enchantment could touch him. He was the prince!

And so, despite a moment's hesitation, Alver found himself leaning in, wrapping his lips around a nipple, shuddering with bliss as he tasted the metal and the hint of cream.

And sucked.

Beata moaned with pleasure, a burst of cream flooding his mouth, instantly gulped down. Gods, that was good. Sweet. Smooth. Heady. He felt like he were drinking the finest liquor he'd ever known. No. Even better.

More.

He had to have more.

His hands rose, cradling the plump breast, gently massaging and pumping it as he gulped down that sweet ambrosia. Above him, he heard Beata moan anew, her body pushing forward, pressing him

into the chair as she knelt on his lap, his throbbing cock rubbed between them, her body fairly burying him under plush, gentle curves.

"Oh yessss," Beata moaned, her hands stroking his head. "Yes, master. Good. Good boy. Just... ah... just like that. Milk me. Delicious, isn't it? So good for master. Slave's milk so good. So soothing. Feels so good and relaxing."

It did. Alver groaned, his head feeling soft, fluffy, sloshing with warm euphoria as he swallowed her cream, his hips rocking as best they could under her weight, rubbing his cock against her velvety folds in naked pleasure.

"M-master," Beata panted. "Master, may... may I mmm... May I fuck you? May your slave ride your big cock? May I... may I make you feel so goooooood?"

"Mhmm," Alver murmured, unable to tear his lips from her breast.

"Thank... thank you master. Slave will make you sooooo happy."

He felt her shift atop him, his cock springing up, slapping against her mound. Then her hips rocked forward, his cock press against her pussy.

And slid home.

"Mmmmm!" Alver moaned, pleasure better than ever before surging through him in a jolt. He bucked eagerly, but barely needed to, for Beata was bouncing on his lap, his cock sliding into her, pleasure throbbing through him in waves.

He lost himself in the motions. The pump of her breasts. The sway of her body as she undulated on him, riding him this time. Taking his cock. Her hands stroking and playing with his hair, a sensation strange, yet pleasant.

Loving.

Tender.

Adoring.

"Mmmmm," Alver whimpered in deeper happiness than ever.

"Yes," Beata panted atop him. "Oh yessss! Master. Master is... is so good. So good to slave! Milk me, master. Milk moo! Slave will make master feel so... nnn... so good. So happy. So wonderful! Yes. Yes! Master. Give slave your cock! Drink slave's milk! Slave loves you. Loves master! Loves him so... so... mooooooo!"

She lowed, a sudden cry of pleasure as she came. Alver groaned, the milk spurting into his mouth becoming even sweeter. He felt his thoughts floating away on waves of cream and ecstasy, sinking under the gorgeous pleasures of the holstaur as she continued to ride him, milking his cock even as he milked her teat.

Gods.

He really did love his slave...

#

Alver groaned as he woke, lifting his head.

Gods he was tired.

He blinked up at the tent's ceiling, then around. What time was it? It felt late. Or maybe he was just exhausted.

"Mmmm..."

He glanced sideways and smiled fondly at the sight of Beata. The holstaur was laid out on the bed, her immense breasts rising and falling as she slept, the bell of her collar gently chiming as it rode the waves of titflesh. Alver felt a sudden urge to bury his face between those amazing breasts and fuck that gorgeous cow girl into wakefulness.

But no.

No.

He should... he should really check on the troops. It had been a while since he had. He used to wander through the camp at least once a day. But he'd been putting it off, enjoying his time in the tent, sending his slave to fetch food and wine when needed. Enjoying her body the rest of the time.

For how long?

He frowned a little, touching his head. How long... had it been? A day? Two?

More?

He got up, slowly, for every fiber begged him to return to the soft comfort of the bed and his lover's embrace. He shook it off, wandering over to his desk. The stacks of paper surprised him. Had that much happened in the last few days? He frowned and began pawing through the piles of reports. As he did, he felt a chill work over him.

There weren't days of reports here.

There were weeks!

He gaped, uncomprehending, then looked up. He moved to the flap of the tent and thrust it open.

The camp lay before him, stretching off into the distance. But... but something was wrong. He couldn't place it for a moment, and then it hit him.

It was so quiet.

An army's camp was a fairly raucous place at all hours. The bangs of hammers in forges. The tramp of men drilling. The shouts of orders and murmur of conversation. The whinny of horses and rattle of wheels.

And yet, barely a sound reached him.

He looked out across the sea of tents, rising like islands in the morning mists. He noted barely a flame alight. A shadow about. What... what was going on? He stumbled out into the light of day and peered about. Some tents lay near and he threw open the flap.

Empty?

And for some time by the looks of it. Gear lay scattered within, along with clothing and arms, the sheets of the sleeping roll tangled errantly.

Alver straightened and looked about again. Had... had his troops wandered off? Were they drilling somewhere else? Perhaps. Perhaps. They... they must have been. There'd been no attack. He'd have heard it. He'd surely have known it when armed assailants burst into his tent to kill the mighty prince of the human kingdom.

Orders.

Yes. Yes, there must be... must be orders. Something that explained it in the reports.

Staggering back from the ghostly camp, he found his tent and forced his way inside. He stumbled to his desk and frantically started looking through the reams of abandoned papers.

So focused on trying to make sense of it all, he didn't hear the gentle ring of a bell until two arms looped around his neck. Until two heavenly soft orbs pressed into his back, golden hair tumbling around his head like a veil, and a breathy voice murmured into his ear, "What's wrong, master?"

Alver shuddered in pleasure, his knees locking to keep him from collapsing from that touch. He clung to the table, gasping. "Just... just looking to get some... some work done."

"But you've been so busy," Beala sighed, her soft body pressing against his back, her breasts squeezing against him as if she were trying to envelop him in her curves.

Alver shook himself trying to throw off the sudden wave of lazy bliss that threatened to roll him up. "I... I haven't really. I've been... been so distracted..."

"Of course you have, master," Beata murmured, her hands slipping into the front of his sleeping robe, stroking his chest, making Alver groan and tremble as aching pleasure throbbed in his cock. Radiating through him in a lazy heat that nearly sent him to his knees.

"I... I have?"

"Of course, master. Don't you remember signing all those leave forms? Letting all those poor soldiers go? Dismissed to spend time with their new wives? Their pretty fey girls? They loved them so much, master. So adoringly. Kissing them and spoiling them. They'll make much better husbands than soldiers. Much better lovers than fighters. Just like you, master."

Alver whimpered, struggling to keep his feet. Had he? Had he done that? Vague memories surfaced in his mind. Recollections of Beata showing him papers as she kissed and rode his cock. His hand limply signing with her own helping him.

"M-my army," Alver gasped as icy horror spilled through him. "I..."

“But isn’t this better, master?”

Alver found himself being turned around, looking up in shock at Beata, barely able to see her over the immense breasts fairly shoved into his face. His heart skipped, his mouth drying, and it took all he had not to look down. Down at those breasts. Down at those perfect, soft orbs of feminine perfection.

And instead he looked into the soft, loving, amused eyes of the woman he’d called slave. All as her hands gently rested on his shoulders, and pushed him back onto his desk.

“Isn’t this better,” Beata breathed over him, the heaving bounce of her breasts making her bell chime. “Isn’t it better to be happy? To be pleased? To win like this? Such an overwhelming victory, master,” she purred as she opened his robe, revealing his chest as she climbed onto the desk, papers crinkling and rustling as her mound rested against him, Alver whimpering as his cock pressed against the slick folds of her pussy. “You deserve some... peace.”

“P-peace?”

“Why not... give it a chance,” Beata cooed as she lazily ground his cock beneath her, her soft curves pressing him down, his thick manhood throbbing as her arousal slickened him wonderfully. “Wouldn’t it be so nice not to have to fight anymore? To just enjoy your victory? Your prize? To just relax? To just enjoy all the pleasures of living? To be loved? Adored? To settle down with a loving woman? Maybe take up farming. You’d be so good at farming, master. So good at... plowing.”

“F-farm? I... ah... I...” Alver gasped, trying to follow the conversation, but it was so hard, his eyes constantly darting from her face to her swaying breasts, his gaze lingering a bit longer each time. His mind struggling to recapture his train of thoughts as those soft, sloshing, milky breasts swayed above him.

“Oh master, you deserve it,” Beata cooed, leaning down, planting her hands on either side of his head, trapping him beneath a prison of female loveliness, her breasts dangling above his face, the gold rings that pierced her nipples flashing as she continued to rock her hips atop him. “Such a good boy. A good man. You’ve been fighting for so long. Peace, sweetie. Peace. Just be at peace. Just love. Loved by your servant. Loved. Be loved. Love me. Love peace.”

“I... I...” Alver panted, his eyes no longer on her face. Only on her breasts. On those plump, perfect orbs as they slowly dipped down towards him. Nipples dripping sweet milk. Wonderful cream. Heavenly ambrosia.

“Give in,” Beata cooed. “Don’t fight it. Don’t resist. Just be happy. Be dumb. Be mine. All mine. My good boy. My farmer boy. My darling. Give in, Alver. Give in to peace.”

He trembled, trying to resist. Trying to deny. Feeling his will crumble as the scent of her cream hit him. As the warmth of her body melted him. As the nipple came closer.

Closer.

As his lips parted.

Breath steaming.

Hot.

As her nipple slipped into his mouth.

And he...

Sucked.

Again the cream flowed, Beata giving a throaty moan as Alver groaned, his eyes rolling back as pulses of rich, heady cream washed away his worries. His cares. As he relaxed, tension washing out of him. As he sank into lovely, milky bliss.

"Mooooo," Beata moaned contentedly, her hips rising, allowing his cock to spring up, only for her to lower herself, sheathing him in her.

And she began to bounce.

"Oh g-gods!" Alver cried out, trembling in the uttermost ecstasy.

"Yessss," Beata moaned, pressing her breast back into his face, capturing his errant lips with her milky nipple once more. "Oh master. Wouldn't... ah... wouldn't it be wonderful to... mmm... for this to be every... ohhh... everyday? Just you... ah... and me... and love. Loving. Fucking. Milking me as you p-pump me full of your mighty seed? Oh master. My king! My loving... ah... lovely boy. Wouldn't it be nnn... be so good?"

Gods. Gods it would. Alver couldn't imagine something better. Something he would want more. Any time he did, the slap Beata's ass scattered his thoughts. Every loving squeeze of her pussy battered his mind with waves of pleasure.

Alver moaned, gripping her hips as if to anchor himself to sanity. He tried to fight it, maybe. He wasn't sure. Wasn't sure what he wanted. Except more of this. More of her. Gods it was good. Perfect. Had war ever been so good? So wonderful? Made him feel so good as having this gorgeous cowgirl riding his cock? Loving him? Adoring him?

No. Not, it had never been so wonderful.

"Moo! Oh master. Master! Moooooo!" Beata moaned, her milk spurting heavily into his mouth, washing away the last lingering doubts, his balls throbbing with the churn of his seed. "Master yes! Yes! Moooooo!"

Beata came, and as the wonderful tightness squeezed his cock, Alver groaned, surrendering, giving in, his cock pulsing and pumping greedily into the warm depths of his bovine lover. His gorgeous heifer.

His perfect, soft, beloved.

He sank into waves of euphoric happiness, his head filled with cottony pleasure. Beata lazily arched atop him, her nipple popping free of his lips. She smiled down at him lovingly.

"Well, master?" she crooned. "Shall we give peace a chance?"

"O-okay," Alver whimpered.

Her smile filled him with warmth. "Good boy," she cooed, leaning down and kissing him.

And Alver moaned, submitting to the holstaur's kiss, and looking forward to many more...

#

Loren rode slowly into camp, peering about.

Something was definitely wrong here.

The rattle of wheels from the supply wagons was the only sound, save the clip clop of his horse's hooves as he wandered through the rows of tents. Several of the rearguard rode with him, peering about nervously.

"Where is everyone?" one of the soldiers whispered.

"Quiet," Loren growled, even as he felt the question burn within him. No signs of battle. No signs of struggle. It was as if every man had just... left. Abandoned their post. But why? How? Disease? Maybe.

But no.

The camp wasn't quite deserted.

He peered at the prince's tent, rising like a crown among the rest, mist lapping at the fabric. Torches burned outside it, fluttering in the cool gloom. Stopping his horse, Loren dismounted. He snapped to attention as the flap was brushed aside.

But it wasn't Alver who stepped out.

Loren frowned as a holstaur stepped into the open. But not the one that Alver had been keeping. This one had brown hair and was a bit plumper than Beata had been. She wore only some straps of cloth crossing her breasts and meeting between her legs in a V, baring a great deal of curves Loren couldn't keep his eyes off. And nor could the men with him. He heard one gasp, and another whistle.

"Welcome, masters," the holstaur said, dipping in a bow, her heavy breasts bouncing, the bell on her slave collar chiming.

"Greetings," Loren said warily. "And you are..."

"Morra, master," the holstaur said, beaming as she straightened. "I was instructed to wait and give this to you."

She held out a scroll and Loren suspiciously took it, unfurling it.

Loren.

We received reports of fey resistance deeper in the forests. I've taken the army to hunt them down and deal with the renegades. I shouldn't be gone longer than a few days. Enjoy the camp and the slaves we left behind. Wait for me there.

Alver.

Loren peered at the writing. It was surely his prince's writing, but there was something about it which made him frown. The letters were a bit... wobbly, as if the hand that wrote it had been weak, or even needed steadying.

"Slaves?" Loren asked.

Morra smiled, and the flap of the tent fluttered as more fey women slipped out, all wearing the collars of slaves. All lovely, and all barely dressed.

"Gods above," one of his men breathed. Loren glanced back at the troops, who were openly ogling the gorgeous slave girls.

"Is there a problem, master?" Morra asked.

Loren glanced again at the scroll, then sighed. "No. I suppose not."

"Wonderful, master," Morra said, taking his arm and pulling him towards the tent. "But you must be tired, master. Allow me to make you more... comfortable."

"Comfortable, hm?" Loren said, eying the holstaur's impressive breasts, hearing the other fey women move among the troops, giggling and introducing themselves to the eager troopers. Loren licked his lips, feeling his cock thicken in his pants and lust pool hotly beneath his stomach.

Well, it had been hard work bringing up the wagons. Why not? He may as well enjoy a break. At least, until his prince returned.

After all, he mused as Morra pressed nearer, her soft breasts rubbing against him. Bouncing. Tantalizing.

It was only for a few days...