

## A Queen's Wish and an Heir's Desire

By Klrxo

After the fall of his father in a brutal battle, young Ansel found himself living in the Kingdom of Mirthwood under the rule of his beautiful mother, Queen Tabitha. With her long, golden hair and piercing blue eyes, she was a sight to behold. Her hourglass figure was the talk of the kingdom, and even her own son couldn't resist admiring her.

Ansel often found himself lost in thoughts of his mother's beauty, imagining what it would be like to squeeze and suck on the flesh of her body and explore the depths of her femininity. He longed to feel his tender cock buried deep inside her, spilling his seed into her womb as they erupted in orgasmic delight together. But alas, any attempts to sneak a peek at her bathing were quickly thwarted by her ever-watchful courtier who scolded him for his inappropriate curiosity.

"Get along before I tell your mother about your mischievous behavior," the courtier warned, her voice stern and commanding.

The young boy's shoulders slumped in defeat as he reluctantly retreated, disappointment etched on his face.

Ansel couldn't help but admire his mother, the queen, even when she was fully clothed. The regal gown she wore did little to hide her voluptuous body, instead accentuating every curve and swell. Her hips were wide and inviting, curving gracefully

into long, luscious legs that seemed to go on forever. Her breasts, huge, round and full, were the largest in all the kingdom - ridiculously oversized. Her tit-cleavage spilled out of her gown, creamy and delicious, jiggling with each movement she made.

Ansel's gaze shifted from his mother's body to her pretty face, noticing a hint of sadness in her eyes. As he spoke, his voice was gentle and understanding.

"You seem sad today, mother," he observed.

Her eyes filled with tears as she replied softly.

"I miss your father dearly, Ansel. What I would give to have one more night in his arms." A single tear slipped down her cheek as she sniffled and reached for a handkerchief.

Ansel couldn't help but feel a twinge of sadness for this goddess-like woman, knowing that she may never again have a man to hold onto. She may never again revel in the raw passion of a cock pounding through her velvety center, sending shivers of orgasmic pleasure throughout her body.

One day while Ansel was in the courtyard playing with his friends, he noticed a peculiar figure lurking in the shadows, observing them intently. It was none other than the Royal Wizard Dorian, a man of considerable age with a long, white beard and piercing, crystal blue eyes that seemed to peer into one's very soul. Although he was known to be quite wise and powerful, Ansel had never seen him up close before.

As the young prince drew closer, the wizard beckoned him over, his voice booming like thunder. "Ansel, my boy, I have an important task to ask of you."

Ansel, feeling both nervous and curious, approached the wizard cautiously. "What task, sir?" he asked, trying to sound brave.

"Ansel, I urgently require your assistance. I need you to embark on a journey to the treacherous cliffs of Manzania. Once there, you must enter the lair of the dragon that resides within and retrieve for me a prized possession – a scale, which they are known to regularly shed."

"A dragon's scale?" Ansel asked nervously, then swallowed hard as he processed the enormity of the task at hand. The mere mention of dragons sent shivers down his spine.

The wizard replied, his voice low and authoritative, "Yes, my boy. This scale is needed for a powerful enchantment I wish to perform. It must come from the dragon of Manzania, the most fearsome and ancient of all dragons."

"This sounds like an incredibly dangerous undertaking," Ansel stuttered, his voice quivering with fear.

"It most certainly is. Due to my advanced age, I am unable to complete this mission myself, but I am willing to compensate you generously for your time and bravery," explained Dorian, his eyes gleaming with anticipation at the prospect of obtaining a dragon's scale.

Ansel was fully aware of the immense powers possessed by the Wizard and the possibility of being granted something truly magnificent if he accepted the mission.

Despite the potential danger, he boldly accepted the mission. "I'll do it. You can count on me, sir."

Dorian's face contorted into a satisfied smile. "I had no doubt that I could rely on our future King for such a perilous task. But let us keep this between ourselves, Ansel. Your mother would surely use all her charms to dissuade you from embarking on this dangerous journey."

With a firm nod and a resolute heart, Ansel agreed to the wizard's task.

The very next day, he set off for the cliffs of Manzania on his trusty steed, determined to fulfill the mission and claim the promised reward. The journey was long and arduous, spanning almost a half-day on horseback. But with each passing mile, Ansel's excitement grew, his mind already envisioning the grand prize awaiting him at the end.

Since he was a small boy, Ansel had heard countless tales about dragons from his elders. He knew that timing was crucial when being around these fierce creatures - entering their lair during daylight hours, when they were in a deep slumber after feasting on their latest prey, was the safest approach.

He needed to get in, snatch a scale and get out as quickly and quietly as possible.

In the shadows leading to the dragon's lair, Ansel's nerves were on edge. His heart pounded, and his hands shook, but he reminded himself of the reward that awaited him if he were successful. He carefully dismounted his steed and approached the cave entrance, his breath visible in the freezing air.

As he entered the cavern, the stench of rotting food and dragons' breath filled his nostrils. It took all his courage not to gag at the smell. He listened intently, willing himself not to make a sound.

Cautiously, Ansel made his way through the damp, rocky tunnels, the sound of his own breath echoing through the cavern.

Finally, he arrived at the heart of the lair. There it lay, sprawled across a giant pile of animal bones: a magnificent dragon, its scales gleaming like jewels in the dim light.

Wasting no time, Ansel quickly searched for a scale that had recently shed from the dragon's body. His fingers trembled as he reached for it, the dragon's massive form looming over him. It was as if he could feel its eyes piercing through the darkness, watching his every move.

Ansel held his breath as he carefully picked up the scale, his heart racing. With the prize clutched in his hand, he backed away slowly, creeping through the tunnels just as he had arrived. The tension in the air was palpable, and he could feel the dragon's presence behind him.

After what felt like an eternity, Ansel found his way back to the entrance of the lair. He broke into a run, not looking back until he was safe on the other side of the cave mouth.

He could still hear the dragon's rumbles, but they were fading into the distance as he rode back to the kingdom in haste.

“You did exceedingly well, my brave young lad,” praised Dorian, his sharp eyes scanning the perfect dragon's scale that was brought back. Its iridescent colors shimmered in the sunlight, a testament to Ansel's courage and skill. “This is a rare and valuable treasure, and as promised, your bravery will be handsomely rewarded.”

Ansel had already made up his mind about what he desired most. He could barely contain his excitement as he eagerly spoke up. “I wish to have the power of invisibility for one day,” he stated with determination.

“Invisibility?” the wizard repeated, his bushy eyebrows raising in surprise. “A most challenging spell indeed, but I made a promise and a promise I shall keep,” Dorian declared confidently.

As he began chanting ancient words and making complex gestures with his hands, Ansel's heart raced with anticipation. This was no ordinary reward – this was a grand gift that would make his most forbidden fantasies come true.

Queen Tabitha glided into her bathing chamber, a vision of ethereal beauty in a flowing robe. Her two servants followed closely behind, their gazes demure and respectful. A watchful courtier trailed after them, ever vigilant for any signs of danger.

Ansel, cloaked with invisibility, had been waiting anxiously in the chamber. But now, as he watched the queen shed her robe a mere few feet away from him, his heart raced and his jaw dropped in disbelief. The colorful fabric fell to the ground, revealing Tabitha's flawless naked form.

The courtier glanced around suspiciously as she heard a gasp that sounded like a young boy's. But there was no one else in the chamber with them, and the door was securely closed.

Ansel's eyes were transfixed on his mother's breathtaking body. Her breasts were impossibly large, heavy and perfect, capped by succulent areolas that were wide and inviting. Her plump nipples stood at attention, begging to be touched and tasted.

As his gaze roamed down her trim torso, arriving at her flaring hips, Ansel couldn't help but fixate on the most valuable treasure in all the kingdom - the queen's pussy. It was immaculately smooth and clean, the delicate folds fully engorged and glistening with arousal. Ansel knew that she must be longing for the feel of a man's cock, craving the sensation of being filled and stretched by someone who could satisfy her every desire.

In the safety of his invisibility, Ansel boldly reached into his pants and wrapped his hand around the hardened prick that throbbed with need. He could feel the veins bulging against his hand, his young erectile flesh yearning to be smothered in the snug, simmering grip of royal pussy.

He couldn't tear his eyes away from the queen's alluring body, imagining all the ways he could pleasure her.

Ansel's cock was longer than most boys his age, proudly jutting out from his loins. Its upward curve promised a perfect fit for massaging the elusive clitoral root that lay hidden inside any girl lucky enough to have sex with him.

Despite being invisible, it still felt surreal to stand there stroking himself in front of his mother. But he had to keep reminding himself that the wizard's spell protected him from being seen, allowing him to indulge in this forbidden act without fear of judgment or rejection.

Mesmerized, Ansel's eyes followed every graceful movement of the queen as she leaned over to test the bath water with her finger. The soft curve of her neck and shoulders gave way to her enormous, dangling tits, their weight causing them to sway erotically in unison.

Being careful not to make noise, Ansel positioned himself behind her, his heart racing as he caught a glimpse of the queen's perfectly rounded ass. The gentle slope of her back led down to two luscious half-globes that beckoned him closer. Between them, the subtle slit of her pussy peeked open, revealing the pink folds and hinting at the warmth and

wetness within. But it was the sight of Tabitha's tight puckered asshole that made Ansel's cock throb with desire, urging him to stroke his vein-encrusted cock even faster.

A servant bowed as the queen approached the bath, a tray of fragrant oils and towels in hand. "Is the temperature to your liking, my queen?" she asked with deference.

"Perfect, thank you," Tabitha answered, her voice dripping with honeyed tones as she gracefully stepped into the tub.

Ansel's breath caught in his chest at the sight of her naked body glistening in the soft light of the room. He couldn't help but admire the way her wet skin caught the light and made her seem like a goddess incarnate.

Ansel positioned himself right at the foot of the tub, unable to tear his eyes away from the erotic display before him.

The queen's hands moved over her body in slow, sensual motions as she washed herself, each movement sending shivers down Ansel's spine. He imagined her smooth, luscious legs wrapped around him in a passionate embrace as soap suds cascaded down them.

Her breasts, large and full, swayed slightly with each movement, causing Ansel's own body to respond eagerly. He couldn't resist stroking his stone-hard cock furiously as he watched this beautiful woman bathe before him. In that moment, he felt like the luckiest boy alive to witness such an intimate and arousing scene with his mother, the queen.

With graceful ease, Tabitha lifted one of her silky legs out of the water, stretching it back impossibly far. Her toes pointed towards the rafters high above, as if they were propped on Ansel's strong shoulders during a fierce round of lovemaking.

Ansel clenched his fists and gritted his teeth, willing himself not to spill his hot, stick boy-seed on the floor at the sight of such an obscene display.

As the queen rose and stepped from the tub, the droplets of water glistening on her smooth skin were like tiny diamonds, amplified by the glow of candlelight bouncing off the walls. Her curves were a masterpiece, from the way her hips swayed to the hypnotizing jiggle of her voluminous tit-melons as she dried them with a towel.

Her son couldn't tear his gaze away from her as she wrapped herself in a plush robe and sauntered out of the chamber, each sway of her buttocks sending a surge of heat through his veins. He grinned devilishly, knowing that the best part of his tantalizing plan was yet to unfold.

A full moon illuminated the castle in the peace and stillness of the night.

In the queen's bed chamber, Tabitha quickly sat up, her giant titties jostling beneath her nightgown. "Is someone there?" she asked, gazing across the darkened room.

Suddenly, the glimmer of a golden jeweled crown came into sight, the King's crown, as if worn by a spirit body that slowly moved towards her.

"It's you," Tabitha exclaimed, her hand flying over her mouth in disbelief and her eyes welling up with tears. "My darling!"

Still cloaked in invisibility and satisfied with his plan thus far, Ansel removed the crown and cautiously joined his beautiful mother on the bed. The smell of her perfume and the warmth of her skin were intoxicating, as he longed to be closer to her than he ever had before.

As if summoned by her thoughts, Tabitha felt a pair of velvety lips brush against her own in a soft, sensual kiss. Her breath caught in her throat as she realized her wish had come true.

With a gentle urgency, she pulled Ansel down on top of her, their bodies molding together like two halves of a puzzle.

The boy's heart raced with excitement and nerves as he sank into the welcoming softness of his mother's body, his shirt quickly peeled off and discarded. Eager to fully experience the love of who she believed to be her spirit husband, Tabitha deftly removed his pants, then her nightgown, leaving them both bare and vulnerable for the passionate lovemaking that was about to unfold.

Their kisses grew more passionate, a fiery dance of tongues that tangled and twisted like angry serpents inside Ansel's mouth.

Tabitha arched her back, pressing her body closer to his as she spread her warm, creamy thighs wide. Her hands roamed over his youthful chest with eager exploration.

“You feel so different,” she whispered breathlessly between kisses. “So...perfect.”

Ansel moved his hips in a clumsy rhythm, his raging-hard cock eagerly seeking entrance into her waiting body. His leaky knob nudged against her clit, her labia then her asshole, seeking her pit of pleasure.

With a guiding hand from the queen, he found his way inside her wetness. She gasped at the feeling of his glans splitting her quim and slipping into her tight tunnel. The sensation sent shivers of pleasure through her body.

“OH!” Tabitha squealed, her eyes widened in shock and pleasure as she felt Ansel's massive member fill her completely, stretching her neglected vagina to its limits.

The sensation was new, something she had never experienced with the king. She couldn't help but think that a man's spirit form must be perfect in every way, accounting for her husband's now trim physique and his incredibly large, flawless cock that filled her so completely. It was both overwhelming and exhilarating, making her body quiver with desire.

Ansel brought his body down against hers, crushing the queen's enormous tits between them. He pulled his rod out until only his spongy cockhead remained wedged between

her fleshy cunt-lips. Then, he thrust forward, sliding back into her tight, warm sheath with a deep, wet sound.

Tabitha's toes curled in pleasure as her pussy tightened around his shaft like a velvet vise. She moaned into their kiss, her hands grasping his hips, urging him to continue.

As Ansel began to thrust into her with increasing intensity, Tabitha felt her body respond in kind. Her pussy muscles clenched around his cock, drawing it deeper into her with each thrust.

Her nipples hardened into sharp peaks against Ansel's chiseled chest, her skin tingling with pleasure. She knew she was close, and barely managed to stifle her whimpers of ecstasy as she felt the familiar swell of climax building within her.

Ansel's thrusts grew more urgent and forceful, his hips slamming against hers as he plunged his hard cock into her slick, tight grip without holding back. Tabitha's strong legs wrapped tightly around him, lifting her round ass up high and exposing her puckered anal entrance for Ansel's plump, hairless balls to slap against with every thrust.

The queen cried out in ecstasy, her voice echoing through the room as she reveled in the pleasure of having her pussy ravaged. Little did she know it was her own son's strong, teenage cock that was pummeling through her.

"I've dreamed of this very moment for so long," she panted, nearly weeping the pleasure was so intense.

Ansel wanted to tell her that he had dreamed of this moment just as she had, but he remained silent for fear of revealing his true identity. Instead, he let his actions speak for him, driving his throbbing member deep inside her hot depths with all the intensity he could muster.

The delicious upward curve of his shaft caused his bell-shaped glans to graze against her anterior wall, expertly stimulating the sensitive clitoral network nestled just below the surface of her velvety lining. The sensation was too much for Tabitha to bear, and a powerful orgasm tore through her curvy body, causing her to writhe and scream in pleasure.

Her king-sized breasts bounced and rippled between them with thrust and shudder, adding to the raw passion of their union.

Ansel leaned down and captured one of her turgid nipples in his mouth, pushing his face against the warm, pillowy flesh of her boob and sucking liking a tit-starved beast.

Gorging on the flesh of her breasts was a big fantasy of his, so he wasn't letting this experience pass by without

fulfilling that desire. He sucked and nibbled on her tit-meat, his tongue darting out to wet and play with her erect nipple, while his cock drove deep inside her core, pounding away like a battering ram.

Tabitha's orgasm continued to wash over her, a tidal wave of tit-trembling passion that only grew stronger with each passing second. She threw her head back, her lips parting in a

silent scream as she felt Ansel's erection throbbing inside her. His flesh felt so warm and hard, stretching her intimate muscles with a pleasure that she had never known before.

Sucking on the peak of her gigantic tit, Ansel focused on the taste of her flesh, the feel of her quivering tit-meat masking his face and her juice-spewing pussy chewing on the slab of his cock.

It wasn't long before the boy joined his mother in ecstasy. His balls tightened and his cock began to pulse, the sensation overwhelming him as he felt his semen building up inside his member.

The future King let out a hoarse cry as his muscles tightened around her, his young hips bucking wildly in a final, frenzied series of thrusts. His cock pulsed and throbbed, his hot seed bursting from his piss-slit, splashing deep within her.

Tabitha felt an intense wave of warmth flood her core as ropes of Ansel's virile boy-semen filled her womb. It was a sensation that made her gasp in pleasure and amazement since she'd never felt this much cum flood her pussy before.

After squeezing out every bit of hot ejaculate his balls had to offer, Ansel collapsed on top of her, panting heavily as they lay there entwined, sweaty and spent. He couldn't help but marvel at the feeling of her soft, plush body beneath him, the warmth of her skin. The queen's tits were so enormous that he seemed to sink down between them, engulfed in their squishy softness. He was pleased with the fact that his reward from

Dorian had given both him and his mother something that they had both desired.

The next day, the queen sat with her son, a faint glimmer of excitement in her eyes. "I know this will sound crazy," she began, "but I saw your father last night."

Ansel's eyebrows rose as he tried to act surprised. "Really?!"

"Yes," the queen replied, trying to contain her own surprise at the encounter. "Well, I didn't physically see him, but his spirit was there."

"Did he say anything?" Ansel asked, eager to hear more.

"No, we just..." She trailed off, a wistful smile playing on her lips as she silently recalled how hard and deep she'd been fucked.

"Just what?" Ansel prodded, wondering how much his mother would be willing to share about this mysterious encounter.

"Let me just say that it was a beautiful experience," she said with a contented sigh. "One that I hope will happen again soon."

A broad, triumphant smile spread across Ansel's face, his heart swelling with pride. He eagerly anticipated his next visit to the powerful wizard Dorian, hoping for more challenging tasks that he could complete and be generously rewarded for, thus making his mother's wonderful wish come true.

