

JONOS & THE WHORE QUEEN CH. 02

Ahabscribe

The Whore Queen dares much for her son the king!

Incest/Taboo

4.72

22.8k words

Finally, here you have the long awaited Chapter two of the Jonos storyline, although this will be more of Celise than Jonos. This has been one of the more difficult things to write and has taken me down roads I've not traveled often. I very much look forward to hearing your reaction.

It's long (the longest story I've ever posted here), so get comfortable and enjoy!

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So it came to pass that Jonos, son of King Janish and Queen Celise, usurped the crown, slaying his father and making his mother his own woman, proclaiming her his Whore Queen of Agosta. Many supported the mighty warrior's claim due to his father's evil ways, but others, feeling threatened by the righteous anger of Jonos over the sins of his father and his cronies would ally themselves with Kallas, the brother of the slain king.

Jonos marched the Imperial armies of Agosta to wage war on Kallas, whose wickedness was perhaps even greater than that of his brother. Thrice did Jonos come to the field of battle against Kallas, but treachery was afoot and Kallas always knew his plans -- yet Jonos always drove Kallas from the field, but could not pursue due to the losses borne of vile betrayal. Finally, Kallas withdrew to the great mountain fortress called Bloodgate upon whose granite walls; armies since the beginning of time have destroyed themselves.

So it came to pass that here would the Whore Queen prove her love to her son and lover beyond all doubt and here where the final contest between Jonos the Usurper and his uncle would come to pass. Gather to me and listen for these were the days of true heroes and this is but one tale of many...

Kallas, self proclaimed King of Agosta sits brooding on his throne, the shadows creeping across the great throne room as the sun slowly sinks behind the jagged spires of the western range of the Iron Shard mountains, his mood darkening as gloom takes the room. The news this day has been troubling at best. Seemingly, all news has been troubling since word had reached him five months ago that his agent's mission to slay his nephew, the usurper Jonos, failed in Atria.

Now word of Jonos's army approaching had come, led by Nasser, that upstart officer who began life as the son of goat-herders. Kallas mutters to himself, more guttural growls than actual words as he again seethes with anger that a commoner-born has been sent to arrest him.

"Hah!" Kallas barks. "His army will die upon the walls of the Bloodgate as has every army ever to approach this fortress." The older man actually trembles, his lank, gray hair falling to cover his troubled visage.

"My liege," says a soft voice at his side. "To whom are you talking?" Kallas glances at his wife and consort -- his Queen Nesharina. Her cobalt blue eyes stare back at him, brilliant against her pale, almost pure white skin and framed by the long, coal black hair that betrays her Nedalian heritage.

She is like a beautiful corpse, preserved and animated. Her face is alight with hatred and wickedness, reflecting the black thing deep within her that passes for her soul.

"No one, dearest," he replies. "I grow weary of waiting for that whelp of a nephew to come and confront me so I can end this mockery of his 'kingship.' I want to see his head on the spikes upon the walls of Bloodgate."

Nesharina smiles, an expression that would chill the blood of most mortals should they be so unfortunate as to view it, and she rises from her throne chair and crosses over to her husband, moving slowly as she comes to lay her hand on his arm.

Her body moves with an almost serpentine grace, her gown is immodest but still covers her, hinting more at her smallish breasts and shapely legs than revealing them. "Be patient, my love. My father will soon be marshalling the legions of Nedal and come to your aid and Jonos and his ilk will be caught between the anvil of the Bloodgate and the hammer of the Obsidian Legions. Agosta shall be yours, my love." Her nails dig into Kallas's arm as she shivers with excitement at the thought of so much blood soon to flow.

Her arousal makes things stir in the shadows of the darkening throne room and she pauses to settle them down before continuing. "And remember, my love, we will soon have a guest that will drive Jonos to such anguish as the fool never dreamed existed." She starts to continue, but a commotion erupts from beyond the great hall and Nesharina takes a few steps down off the dais and then turns to her husband and says. "My King, I believe our guest has arrived.

There is a trumpeting of great horns and then as guards push open the huge doors -- twenty feet tall and twelve feet wide, Kallas's chamberlain scurries in and say, "King Kallas, the giants...the giants have come!" He speaks with uneasy glee in his voice. "My liege, they were successful!"

Kallas smiles evilly at this and then turns and nods to a soldier standing nearby who quickly bows and hurries from the room via a hidden door behind the throne. Kallas sits up straighter in his throne and says shrilly, "Bid them enter and deliver to me my prize!"

Scarcely does he utter the words when pushing through the great doors comes five huge creatures -- their skin a burnished and worn amber as if they'd spent centuries standing against harsh mountain winds which has bleached out the long, stringy and colorless hair hanging down past their shoulders. The smallest of them stands almost twelve feet high and the greatest of them is over fifteen feet in height and forced to duck beneath the archway of the great doors. All are dressed in stitched together animal skins, forming crude jerkins that hang to their knees. On their backs are cruel axes that could cleave men in two with one strike and stained with blood which prove that they have done exactly that.

The biggest giant steps forward, dragging a naked human woman with him. "King Kallas, we have come and we claim our bounty!" He shoves the woman towards the throne, the force of his action causing her to stumble and fall hard to her knees.

King Kallas rises from his throne, eyes ablaze with eagerness as he peers down at the woman, naked and filthy, her body and hair gummy and crusted with some whitish substance. The woman raises her head, brilliant green eyes blazing with anger and with one defiant whip of her head, throws her black hair away from her face and says calmly, "Kallas - Jonos would kill you slowly for this."

Kallas claps his hands together like a child given a new toy and replies, "Ah, Celise! So happy are we to see the widow of our late, murdered brother!" He gestures and two guards emerge from the

shadows and jerk her to her feet.

Queen Celise jerks away from their grasp and takes a step forward, fists clenched and preparing to swing. Kallas steps back, suddenly uncertain in the fierce heat of the true queen's ire, his hands jerking upwards to fumble at the talisman hanging from his neck. "Your magics will not avail you here, Celise."

Celise's eyes narrow and she recognizes the talisman as similar to one she had encountered just a few months before. She smirks and then gazes around the room until she spies Nesharina still standing by her husband's throne. "Yes, I recognize your wife's baubles. Poorly made, my dear, but if one doesn't mind the costs, its good to have a hobby of sorts. How many years have you sacrificed, Nesharina? You still look well...for your age."

Nesharina's face twists into a snarl as she replies, "You would do well to hold your tongue, Whore Queen, lest I cut it from your mouth. Pray we have mercy on you and merely sell you to a whorehouse after your son is put to the sword."

The giant snorts and says, "Enough...argue later. King Kallas, we would be paid our bounty and return home. We have been long enough from the heights of the Iron Shards."

Kallas scowls up at the giant and replies, "Mind your tone, Garlchrishh. Remember who commands here."

The giant shrugs his shoulders. "We have done as you asked and brought you the usurper's woman, alive and unmarked. Give us our gold and we will leave."

Nesharina steps down from the dais and studies Celise closely. She leans in, mindful of Celise's reach and sniffs the beautiful woman's body. She turns and grins up at the giant. "Alive and unmarked, indeed, but perhaps a little used!" Turning back to Celise, she sneers, "Whore Queen indeed."

The giant ignores Nesharina and glares down at Kallas. "We would be paid now, King Kallas!" he says, his brow becoming stormy.

"Yes, yes. Let us be done with it!" He snaps his fingers and then retreats to the dais, motioning his wife to follow. An armored soldier brings forth a small wooden chest and places it before Garlchrishh.

The giant frowns and kneeling down, opens the chest, thick, stubby fingers running through the gold coins within. He stares angrily at Kallas and says in a growl, "This is perhaps a thousand gold! The agreement was five thousand if we brought you the Whore Queen alive!"

Shrugging his shoulders, Kallas replies, "Yes, the agreement was for five thousand gold marks. I have decided to change it. Take it or leave it, but now I grow tired of your presence -- choose and be gone."

Garlchrishh takes a step towards the throne and says "You break your oath, Kal..." his voice trails away as he hears a hundred men shift their feet above them. He looks up to see a balcony that runs the entire length of the throne room, filled with men, all aiming crossbows at him and his comrades.

"Yes, Garlchrishh. I changed our, um -- arrangement. You may take the gold and go in peace or accept alternative payment -- twenty bolts apiece, no doubt tipped with one of my queen's more

inventive poisons." Kallas smiles wryly at the giant, his voice growing harsher as he continues. "Choose your fate now, mountain giant."

Celise turns to study the giant, his visage a storm of emotions as he struggles between choosing life or honor. Ignoring the guards around her, she closes with the giant. "Garlchrishh," she says softly. "Take the gold and leave knowing you acted honorably -- to this would be king and to me. I bear you no ill will for your role in these affairs and would be happier knowing you roam the Iron Shards, free and alive. Go and find a strong giantess and make babies with her."

The giant looks down at her, a curious look on his face. Celise smiles up at him even as her hand strokes his gnarled and muscled thigh and then slides upward under his jerkin where she begins making a slow pumping motion. Garlchrishh's scowl smoothes out into a blissful grin and he nods and replies, "As Queen Celise commands." One rough hand reaches down to pick up the chest while the other strokes Celise's face. As a rough hewn finger crosses her lips, she smiles and licks the large digit.

Garlchrishh steps back to his comrades who all are glowering at Kallas who is staring slack jawed at Celise's open display of carnal affection. "The Iron Giants will long remember the deeds of Kallas," he states in a flat, emotionless voice and then he turns and leads his comrades out.

When the doors thunder closed, Celise turns and regards the couple sitting on the throne. "That was ill-done, Kallas. When any king, even a pretender to the throne betrays his allies, he will not sit long on his throne." Celise draws herself up tall and then shakes her head in disapproval. "Don't get too comfortable, Kallas -- my son and lover will soon arrive to claim me back and return what you have stolen from him and Agosta."

Kallas barks laughter back at her. "Oh, he can have you back, my dear. When he arrives, I will happily hand his Whore Queen back." He pauses and licks his lips in anticipation. "At least, he can have what is left of you when you have finished...ah, experiencing our courtesy."

Celise's face visibly pales as she recalls her former husband, Janish's eager descriptions of his brother's 'courtesies.'

An evil giggle escapes Nesharina's lips before she hisses, "Remember, my king, you promised that I could spend some time with my dear former sister in law before you have your fun." Her slender body shivers again as she adds, "I have long dreamed of this moment."

"Absolutely, my dear!" comes Kallas's reply. "I would never deny you your own pleasures, but remember I want her alive and able to...enjoy what I have prepared for her."

Nesharina wrinkles her nose and says, "Let us give her a bath first. I don't actually mind her smelling like a rutting whore, but I prefer it be my doing." She claps her hands and commands, "Take her to my quarters -- have my ladies in waiting bathe the Whore Queen and make her more presentable."

There is rustling in the shadows of the room and from its darkest corners emerge what Celise at first assumes are the Queen's men, but as they near, she lets out a slow gasp as she realizes that their pallid color and almost machine like motion betrays their true nature. Zombies -- undead under the control of Nesharina. In their state somewhere between life and death, they are garbed in little more than loin clothes, their skin not rotting, but reeking of wrongness, their restrained malice evident in their unblinking, black eyes. They approach as Kallas's guards ease back and take her by the arms, the touch of their flesh cold and unyielding, making her shiver as they guide her away.

As she is guided into the depths of the great, granite fortress, Celise can hear Nesharina's ill laughter echoing after her -- following her as if seeking to taunt her. The Whore Queen does not seek to engage the fell creatures in conversation or to seek to flee. Instead, she focuses on memorizing her path -- trying to remember every nook and cranny of the ancient bastion of cruel rock.

So it was that Celise, mother and wife of Jonos found herself sinking gratefully into the hot, soapy water of a huge, pool-sized marble bathtub within Nesharina's quarters. Slave girls slipped into the waters with her and began scrubbing her weary body and washing her crusty, filthy hair. Between her legs, fires were rekindled as the experienced young women caressed and comforted her, their faces a mixture of eagerness and fear, anxious to please the beautiful woman. Celise drifted with their sweet and gentle touch, almost falling asleep as her mind worked backwards, reliving the last several days...

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The Queen awakes to the sounds of battle -- of men screaming and metal weapons clashing. Clamors of "Awake -- To Battle, To Arms" erupt as do animalistic howls that cause the tiny hairs on her arms to rise. A terrified horse gives a horrific, frightened neigh as it brushes her tent, making the poles shake and wobble.

Naked, Celise comes to her feet and leaves the tent, gasping as she beheld the carnage before her. The soldiers of her escort do battle with giants -- savage mountain giants who wade amongst the Agostan guards, gleefully spreading mayhem and death as they swing battle axes as big as a man.

A soldier, grown barely to manhood, stumbles up to the tent, horrified to see her. "My Queen, we are betrayed! Flee -- flee while you still can." He holds a bastard sword in one hand and the other is pressed against a gaping wound in his side. Celise recognizes him as Quint -- the youngest of the Queen's escort to her father's kingdom, Elysium. A sweet boy who'd just had her three nights ago -- taking his turn amongst the Queen's Guard in sharing her bed for a night of splendid fucking.

Out of the shadows looms a monstrous figure. A mountain giant, face and body smeared with blood that with a savage laugh swings at Quint. The soldier deflects the strike, but is sent flying when the giant follows with a savage kick. Quint lands with a breathless thud in the brush near the tent.

The giant spins and begins to close with the Queen who stands her ground. Celise raises her arms and traces arcane sigils in the air as she whispers, "Inferium." Gouts of bluish flame leap from her fingertips and strike the giant, enveloping him a swath of fire. He screams and staggers off -- hands trying vainly to rake the flames away as it begins to incinerate his flesh.

Queen Celise rushes to Quint's side. He coughs up blood as he gasps, "My Queen...p-please, flee now before it's -- it's too late." He glances at the battle, giants now encircling the surviving soldiers. "They can't hold out much longer!" Tears of pain and frustration run down his face and though it causes him pain, he reaches out and clutches Celise's arm. "Please, my Queen, flee now!"

Celise has followed his glance at the battle. Of the fifty soldiers of her escort, she guesses maybe half are still alive with more dying each passing moment. She shakes her head and says, "No -- I will not, but the King must be warned!" She presses a hand against Quint's wound and concentrates, feeling arcane power flow through her fingers as she surrenders a bit of her own life force. Immediately, the young man's wound begins to close and his breathing becomes easier.

As a wave of dizziness begins to sweep over her, the Queen withdraws. After a deep breath, she whispers, "Soldier Quint, sworn to my command -- flee and seek out King Jonos and tell him what has befallen." She pulls the soldier to his feet, pressing her fingers against his protesting lips and then pushes him into the brush. "Do this and all may yet turn out well." Then without a backward glance, she turns and strides towards the battle.

Giants and soldiers alike pause in amazement as the naked and luscious woman strides into the middle of the carnage. One giant seems to be directing the monstrous creatures and she approaches him without fear. He licks his lips as he watches her stride forth -- her large and magnificent breasts bouncing as she walks -- her hair, tousled from sleep giving her the appearance of something beautiful and feral. In the firelight, he sees the glistening of this night's lover's seed on her inner thighs.

Celise stops before him, unafraid and bold and putting her hands on her hips says in a voice used to command, "Giant, I am Celise DeKarthus, mother and wife of King Jonos, daughter of Pharaoh Khanthus XVII. I offer my surrender if you would spare the lives of my men."

He pauses and considers her, a broken tooth smile appearing on his chiseled face. "You are ours anyway, Whore Queen -- why should I let them live?"

"I would know what you are called, Giant, so we may treat as equals."

He barks a cruel laugh -- one echoed by the other giants while the Agostan men look on with shame and horror. One takes a step towards Celise and the mountain giant, defiantly raising his sword in protest. "My queen -- no! We would rather die than live with the shame..." His words trail off as the futility of their situation truly sinks in.

The giant ignores him, knowing the battle is won already and replies to Queen Celise, "I am Garlchrishh, Jarl of the Iron Giants, Queen Celise. Again, you are my prisoner already. Why should I let these puny ones live?"

"The victory is yours, Garlchrishh, but live slaves sold in the Nedalian markets are worth more than rotting bodies on the battlefield and if you agree, I will go with you peaceably."

The giant nods almost absently. "And if I don't agree?"

Celise draws herself up, breasts rising tautly, as her body seems to ripple with eldritch power and there is death laced in her voice as she says, "Then we die and you return home all the poorer to face grieving widows and children."

The other giants gawp at their leader, wondering how he will respond to be spoken to in such imperious tones. He studies Celise in silence for long second, only the cries of the dying breaking through the sudden quiet. Then a broken toothed grin splits open his face and he barks a guttural laugh and bows before the queen.

"We have a bargain, Whore Queen."

He turns and speaks to the other giants in his ancient, crude language while Celise sighs and nods to her soldiers, motioning with her hand to drop their weapons. One steps forward -- she recognizes him as Lieutenant Fabre, her escort's second in command. Intuitively she understands that Captain Billow is dead and now he is ranking officer. "My lady..." He falters, but then finds the

courage to say, "My Queen -- we would rather fight to the death than bear this disgrace -- please, let us..."

He stops in mid sentence by Celise's expression and she reaches out and strokes his weary, blood and smoke stained face and says, "This is not the time to speak of death. For now survive -- take care of your men." Her face grows angrier and she speaks more softly. "We were betrayed. Stay alive so that you may have your vengeance. That time is not far off, I think."

Nothing more is said. His eyes widen at her claim and then he visibly calms down and nods and then turns away to look to his men who are quickly rounded up and placed into fetters by the mountain giants.

Garlchrishh divides his force, sending all but four of them with the defeated soldiers towards the passes leading to Nedal and their dreadful slave markets. As one of the remaining giants approaches the queen with rope to bind her, Garlchrishh snarls, "None of that. She has agreed to be peaceable."

He approaches Celise and without comment reaches out and grabs her with one massive paw and flings her onto his shoulder. He breaks into a run and is followed by the others, ignoring the queen's occasional grunts or cries of discomfort as she is bounced along against his bony shoulder.

Long they run as the night passes, their giantish vision allowing them to run effortlessly through the dark, moonless night. Celise bears her discomfort without complaint, enduring the giant's grasp, massive fingers clamped down on her back and buttocks to hold her in place. As the first threads of dawn break the eastern sky, she realizes they are moving southward.

As the giants run, Celise manages to shift herself so that Garlchrishh's little finger slips between her thighs and she wiggles until she can feel his digit rubbing against her thick matted mound. Thus it was that the morning sun found the Whore Queen quivering with pleasure as pressure from the giant's finger teased and rubbed against her pussy, her labia spreading to open herself up more to the friction their movement created.

If Garlchrishh takes notice of it, he shows no reaction as the mountain giants continue to run at a steady pace, their breathing even and constant as they lope through tree and brush laced plains. In Celise's quiet, orgasmic throes, she often glances over her shoulder and soon confirms their direction as the Iron Shards grow in front of her, the snow capped peaks appearing closer with each passing moment.

Towards noon, they begin turning into a southeasterly direction, still approaching the mountain range, rapidly eating up the miles as they run. Celise, exhausted from the night's fight and her near constant orgasms passes into an uneasy sleep in which images of her son, Jonos dominates -- a dream of sex and passion and anger as he strides about with a huge erection -- his cock monstrously huge beyond even his remarkable dimensions, constantly teasing her, always on the verge of fucking her, but never doing so.

The sun is setting in the west and the giants have carried themselves into the foothills of the Iron Shards before Garlchrishh calls a halt to their march. They find a well hidden hollow and make camp, dumping Celise, naked and sweaty onto a foul smelling animal skin taken from the chieftain's pack.

He sends one out to find food while the others see to their camp, making it defensible. Celise eyes him curiously and finally speaks. "I assumed you were making for Bloodgate."

He nods and says, "And so we are."

She gestures around them and replies, "But we have journeyed ever steadily in a southeastern direction when Bloodgate lies due south."

Garlchrissh snorts as he draws closer, his eyes roaming hungrily over her body as he mutters, "There be more than one path into Bloodgate." Celise recognizes the lust in his eyes and thinks it odd that she is unafraid, given all the horrible stories she has heard since childhood of giantish lust. She feels her nipples harden under the terrible beast's gaze and the fire that has simmered between her thighs all day begins to burn with anticipated need.

The giant licks his lips and says in a husky voice. "You are called the Whore Queen, yes?"

Celise nods and says softly, "Aye and it's a name well earned." She spreads her legs wide, revealing her thick, dark pelt, split now by her flowering labia, pinkish flesh glistening in the slowly fading light. "I'm sure you've been tasked to bring me to Kallas unharmed, but..." The queen leaves the rest unsaid, eyeing the huge tent in Garlchrissh's jerkin.

The giant chieftain reaches out with a massive, gnarled finger and brushes it over Celise's face and then brushes it over her body, making her bountiful breasts jiggle and roll before descending over her stomach and between her legs. "Ohhhh, yessss!" Celise moans as his thick finger, itself the size of a large, erect man's cock, rubs itself into her wet, aching flesh. Garlchrissh grunts with amusement and thrusts it further into the queen's cunt, filling her up and making her cry out as he rotates his finger around inside her furnace hot flesh.

With a swift motion, the giant pulls his jerkin off, revealing his thick, powerful and misshapen body. As he fucks the queen with his one finger, she moans as she eyes the truly enormous cock between his legs. For the first time, Celise feels fear -- his cock is beyond anything she could have imagined -- perhaps three feet in length and as thick as Jono's hard muscled thigh -- the cock head itself the size of a man's head. It is dark red, almost purplish -- its veins standing out and visibly throbbing while thick and clear precum drips from it. More amazingly, her fear of the giant's monster penis is overwhelmed for her desire to experience it.

Queen Celise mewls with pleasure as he somehow seems to curl his fingertip inside her and pulls her naked and aroused body closer to him, moving around her until he stands over her. Garlchrissh squats down and with his free hand, guides his huge dick so he can rub it over her soft flesh, mauling her heavy tits and then pressing the spongy cock head over her face and through her hair.

"I want your cum!" Celise moans as she reaches out to embrace the giant's member, briefly protesting as he works his probing finger free from her clasping cunt, but then focusing all her attentions on the enormous cock. She literally wraps her arms and legs around the shaft, her lips showering his cock head with hungry kisses and long, happy licks, lapping up enormous mouthfuls of his precum. The queen's hands are busy stroking his velvety steel rod as she hunches her wet cunt against the lower part of his shaft, savoring every bump and ridge of his heavily veined penis. Her mind reels with the sheer enormity of the cock in her embrace.

Waves of the giant's musk intoxicate the queen's senses as she kisses his flesh, tasting cum and piss and sweat as she rolls her tongue over and around his cock head, ending up with her mouth pressing into his piss slit, swirling her tongue around the moist tip of his cock. Garlchrissh gives a surprised grunt and thrusts his cock against Celise's face.

The Whore Queen senses his impending eruption and opens her mouth wide, pressing her lips firmly against his piss slit. Even so, Celise is overwhelmed as a torrent of thick, whitish semen erupts into her face -- the contents more than that of even a hundred humans, hosing her face and making her choke as the giant ejaculates again and again. The queen swallows mouthful after mouthful of his strong flavored seed while even more splatters over her face, dripping from her chin onto her heaving breasts, flowing over her forehead and running in thick streams in her hair.

As she fills her belly with his hot sperm, Celise revels in the sensation of the thick coat of his seed covering her face like some soothing lotion. She strokes and kisses the giant's cock until his flood of cum ceases and he pulls back from her touch, his body quivering as he murmurs, "Whore Queen, indeed!"

Celise laughs like a small child, delighting in the carnal sensations of most of her upper body being covered in a thick coat of giantish semen. She scoops up thick handfuls from her face and lets the thick, viscous fluid flow from between her fingers onto her heaving breasts and into her open mouth. So enraptured is she, that it is long minutes before she realizes the other giants have returned from their duties and now, like their chieftain, have abandoned their hide jerkins, each sporting a massive erection.

The Queen moans and realizes her evening pleasures have just begun. She holds her arms out wide in invitation and throatily moans, "More...I want more!"

The giants, once Garlchrissh gives a nod of consent are happy to oblige, all moving in and suddenly Celise is covered with cock flesh -- massive trunks of penis rubbing against her body, stroking her soft and now slick skin from her legs to her hair. Time quickly loses all sense as she finds herself buffeted about by four aroused giants, every inch of her body seeming stroking or being stroked by their mammoth cocks, her mouth constantly kissing and licking tender flesh which only withdraws if one of them begins to cum. By unspoken consent, the others withdraw while one groans with pleasure as he literally showers the Queen of Agosta with an unconceivable torrent of semen, watching her avidly as she drinks and covers herself in the hot, whitish fluids.

Queen Celise drinks sperm by what seems the gallon, gorging herself on the thick, hot seed of the giants and literally finds herself bathing in their semen as it flows over her, leaving none of her uncovered. It pools and collects on the animal skin where she lies and she writhes in the heaping mounds of cum until her body is coated in the jizzum of giants, her belly growing full of the strong tasting giant-cum. Each giant gives her at least two loads of their seed before collapsing back in a general mood of sated good humor.

Last to offer up his semen is the Chieftain, Garlchrissh, who rubs his cock over her cum covered body until she guides him between her legs and bucks her pelvis back and forth, rubbing her sopping wet cunt over his cock head until she sees him tense up.

Deftly, Queen Celise guides the slit of his cock between her widespread labia, positioning him so his long slit is being kissed by her wide spread labia before she begins to scream in utter pleasure as the giant presses against her open cunt and begins to ejaculate, shooting a massive spray of cum inside her pussy, making her scream as for the first time in her life she feels her womb being truly filled with semen -- the scalding hot spunk filling her up completely, the remainder leaking from around his cock head from her pussy to coat her thighs and the animal pelt beneath her. She is reminded of the fire-fighting contraptions invented by the old tinker who lives in the deep recesses of the palace in Atria -- the man-powered pumps creating powerful geysers of water. Her orgasms flow together until she is almost incoherent, pleasure as well as semen flooding her body.

Afterwards, she lies in the middle of what is more than a puddle of giantish cum, her belly full and taut with more semen than she thought ever possible to exist, writhing and rolling in the slowly cooling fluids, while the giants tend to cooking dinner. When it has been cooked, she declines their offers of the charred meat -- patting her full belly and smiling at them all gratefully as she continues to roll and play in her bed of semen.

That night, she falls asleep in the giant chieftain's lap, nestling herself in the wiry-haired groin of Garlchrissh -- her body wrapped around his never completely flaccid cock, her face pressed against the warm flesh of the crown of his penis.

For the next two nights, after a day spent winding their way through little known passes of the Iron Shard Mountains, the lurid attentions of the giants were repeated with Celise feeding on their semen, her sleep only broken when one yearned for a little personal attention -- attention that the Whore Queen was happy to give, marveling at their capacity to offer forth amounts of sperm she had only imagined of in her dreams.

For their part, the giants treat her gently, almost courtly outside of their carnal attentions which she accepts like a well seasoned slattern in a common whorehouse. Celise feels their cum crusting and drying on her body and wherever it flakes away, she feels that her skin had renewed itself, glowing with health. Indeed, the Whore Queen's diet of semen fills her with a sense of health and well being she has not possessed since she was a child in the court of her father.

It was with some sadness that finally, the giants emerge from the jagged peaks of the Iron Shards to gaze at a small valley that backed into a great mountain at the base of which was a great iron gate. The troops guarding the tunnels beyond yield to the fierce glares of Garlchrissh and his company -- pausing only to ogle the cum-covered beautiful woman carried in the arms of the giant chieftain.

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Celise gives a cry as cold hands yank her from the water. The handmaids of Nesharina scatter away from the huge bath chamber; their naked bodies glistening while their faces show utter disgust and horror as the zombie guards of their queen drag the true queen of Agosta from the bath chambers.

The queen gives no cry or moans of complaint as they drag her along, skinning her knees as she stumbles, trying to gain her footing as they descend deeper into the bowels of Bloodgate -- the air growing fetid and warmer. Celise recalls that the Fortress is nestled amongst great hot springs heated by flowing rivers of magma that emerge from the deep -- remnants of the great power that formed these ancient mountains.

Finally, Queen Celise is brought to a dark chamber, humid and reeking of pain and despair. As her eyes adjust to the dim lights of the room, she recognizes it as a torture chamber, bizarre and evil devices hanging from the walls or resting on tables -- blood stains, some still tacky, marring the stone floor. She remains silent as the zombie guards place manacles on her wrists -- manacles hanging from the ceiling and which after the Zombies let her go, leave her almost suspended -- only the tips of her toes on the ground.

Pain quickly begins to course along her shoulders and arms and then down her back as she struggles to keep her footing -- the pain quickly descending into her thighs and legs. Celise composes herself as the regal being she is -- beginning a mantra taught to her long ago to center herself. In a quiet hiss that barely escapes her lips, she repeats over and over, "Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand."

In the quietness of the room, the only noise the dripping of sweat from her long, shapely body, the Queen of Agosta reaches inside herself -- seeking out the pain that wracks her body, finding it and isolating it, seeking ever to push it towards something sweeter. Her breathing and her heart slow and then begin to beat faster again even as her nipples begin to pulse and warmth begins to emanate from her cunt. Her sorcerer nature takes the pain and like an alchemist who has found away to make lead into gold, she guides the pain into channels into her mind which then emerges as joyous pleasure.

Then with the crack of a whip, all is shattered as a metal tipped piece of leather rips across her back, scoring her soft, supple skin and drawing blood. Celise lets out a single cry and then ashamed, regains control and closes her mouth, her breath whistling rapidly through her nose.

There are slow and deliberate steps behind her and then something solid brushes against her torn back -- something long and hard with long strips of rawhide attached. The solid object makes it way up and down her back, smearing blood from the single wound that it caused. The object, a whip handle, Celise imagines, makes its way over her shoulder and down over one splendid breast - circling and teasing her nipple as its owner steps around in front of her.

Nesharina smiles at her former sister in law, an evil smile etched on her pale lips, her long dark hair pulled back and tied into a long braid that is draped over one shoulder. Her silk and lace gown are gone -- now replaced by an outfit that makes no pretensions towards modesty. In truth, it reminds Celise of the chaps worn by the cattleman of the eastern regions of Agosta. Nesharina is bare breasted, her smallish, pert breasts standing at attention, nipples rouged red, erect with anticipation. Her outfit of dark, reddish brown leather consists of leggings with nothing covering her crotch. Her pale, hairless, thin lipped labia are revealed, swollen with her arousal, her juices already running down her thighs and over the leather leggings.

"Long have I dreamed of having you here in my playroom, Celise," Nesharina says breathlessly. "My only regret is that you won't die here -- but," she pauses and shrugs her shoulders, "Still, before you leave me, I will break you." She reaches out with one hand and with her long, sharp fingernails, pinches one of Celise's nipples, digging her nails into the tender flesh until drops of blood begin to sprinkle the floor.

The muscles in the Whore Queen's face struggle and jerk, yet despite the pain, she does not cry out, enduring the attentions of the Nedalian princess. Only when she is released, does she speak and only after a long sigh of pleasure. "Thank you, Nesharina. Who would have guessed that you were even capable of giving pleasure?"

Her response does not please Kallas's wife and she snarls as she backs away from Celise, "I will take that haughty way of yours away, bitch and show you what pain really is." She lashes out with the whip, the tip lashing across Celise's waist, drawing more blood.

The queen bares the strike without complaint and then slowly shakes her head at her torturer. "That is perhaps your greatest failing, Nesharina -- thinking that there is only pain when truthfully, pain always walks hand in hand with pleasure like two lovers."

Nesharina's face screws up in anger, twisting her cold beauty and she rushes forward and slaps the queen's face, leaving her handprint behind before hissing, "You know nothing of pain, but I will teach you, Whore Queen." Then in her fury, she spits into Celise's face.

Spittle runs down Queen Celise's face, but she seems unbothered by it, indeed, bravely using her tongue to lick it up where she can as if it was the taste of a lover. "And for the pleasure you'll

provide me, I thank you now, Witch of Nedal, for later there shall be no time -- later, I'll simply kill you. She smiles then, showing the wife of Kallas, the beauty and courage of a true queen.

Nesharina simply stares at Celise for a long moment, almost awed by her lack of fear, but then she too smiles and says, "Let us put it to the test." She holds out her hand and a zombie guard moves forward, placing small metallic objects in her palm. Almost coyly she approaches Celise and reaches out with her empty hand to caress the queen's right breast, squeezing and massaging the heavy, magnificent tit, her thumb worrying the nipple until it is erect and swollen. She leans forward and whispers, "Only in my dreams and fantasies," before pressing her lips to the queen's. Celise, wary but brave, opens her mouth in response and lets Nesharina's tongue slither in.

The two women kiss for some time as Nesharina fondles the queen's breasts, then with spider quickness, she snaps a jagged-teethed clamp around one of Celise's swollen nipples, causing the queen to cry out from the sudden shock of the brutal, biting device. Nesharina giggles evilly, as she proceeds to attach another metal clamp to Celise's other nipple. She resumes kissing the queen as she plays with the devices, turning tiny screws that increase the pressure of the clamps grip on Celise's throbbing nipples.

When the Queen of Agosta moans loudly against her probing tongue, Nesharina steps back and whispers, "Too much, bitch? But, we've only just begun." A zombie servant hands the Nedalian another handful of metal and attaches a chain to the clips, pulled almost taut. Nesharina tests it by tugging on the chain, drawing more loud moans from her foe.

Celise opens her eyes and grinning, replies through gritted teeth. "Lick my cunt, Nedalian and you'll discover you've only aroused me." Defiantly, she throws her shoulders back, drawing her breasts up and pulling the chain tighter and then lets out another sigh.

Nesharina's eyes almost bulge from her head as she steps closer and thrusts her hand between Celise's thighs and feels the molten liquid heat there. "I'm just beginning," she snaps as she connects another chain to the one suspended between the queen's breasts and then squats down, another clamp in her hand and locks it into the hanging chain. Grinning now, she reaches and palms Queen Celise's pussy, using her fingers to spread wide the queen's labia and then slid upwards to pin her thick, long clitoris, swollen with arousal, between two fingers. She pulls the clamp into place, the short chain now taut and tugging on its mate attached to the queen's nipples, and is rewarded with a terrible scream from Celise.

She stands to gaze happily at Celise, whose body is writhing from the sensations of the clamps on such sensitive spots -- sensations which are increased with every twitch of her body as the chains are pulled taut with even the slightest of movements, making the clamps pull and tug and bit deep.

"Let us see you cum now, Whore Queen," Nesharina snarls.

Seconds pass as Queen Celise twitches and jerks, unable to bring her body under control -- many moans and cries escape her lips before she can raise her head and glare back at Nesharina and gasp, "Too late, I'm afraid. My apologies for the mess," before losing her ability to speak, her voice deteriorating into wordless groans again.

Nesharina is momentarily puzzled and then looks down and is stunned to see a growing puddle of cunt juice pooling between Celise's raised feet...her loudest moans accompanied by spurts of cunt cream, betraying her almost constant state of orgasm.

The pale skinned woman stands stupefied for long minutes, watching Celise in the throes of carnal delight before screaming in rage, "NO!" as her whip lashes out, tearing across the queen's breasts. "I will break you, Whore Queen! I WILL BREAK YOU!" Like an enraged beast, she stalks around Celise, her rage building again and again until she lashes out, striking the soft, unprotected flesh of the queen, leaving bloody tracks behind.

With each strike, Celise writhes in her bonds, sobbing and crying -- her pussy juices flowing and intermingling with the splatters of blood on the dungeon floor. She is mostly wordless, only the occasional, "YES!" or "MORE!" escaping her lips as she shook in pain-fueled ecstasy.

Eight, nine, ten times, Nesharina flicks her wrist, sending the metal-tipped whip lash cutting into Queen Celise's worn flesh before her rage seems to run out of energy. She stands panting -- still angry and very much aroused. Only the quiet pitter-patter of blood dripping from the queen's torn body breaks the silence of the room. As her temper eases, Nesharina realizes the damage she has done to Celise. Haughty and arrogant as she is, she does not seek to invite the wrath of her husband, Kallas.

Striding to an ancient cabinet, she performs a simple cantrip that bypasses the arcane wards she has placed on it and after a moment of consideration, quickly removes two small, clay bottles. She quickly returns to the now slowly swaying and nearly unconscious queen. Grabbing Celise by her long, black hair, now a sweaty, bloody tangle, Nesharina jerks the queen's head back and forces a potion down her throat.

Celise gags on the foul tasting brew, trying to whip her head away, but the Nedalian maintains a tight grip on her thick mane of hair and pours the remainder down Queen Celise's throat, clamping her palm over the queen's mouth till she sees her swallow.

"This will heal the most grievous of your wounds -- those you have and those yet to come, bitch, but it will do little to temper the pain. I would not have you die...yet." Without warning, she yanks Celise's head back again and pours a second potion down her throat." As she covers Celise's mouth with her hand again, she leans in and whispers, "I would not deprive you of a single second of your pain -- this second tonic of mine will ensure that you will not sleep or lose consciousness over the next twenty-four hours." Nesharina pauses and playfully nips Celise's earlobe before adding, "If you live that long, Whore Queen."

She turns away, looking at a table nearby to consider the horrid implements there. Before she can choose one, she can hear a soft whispering from her captive. She moves towards Celise, trying to hear her words. She cocks an ear close to Celise's full, luscious lips. "What are you saying, you little cunt?"

Nesharina cannot make it out at first, but then she suddenly comprehends the words and her expression is one of horror mixed with pure rage. The fell potions she has given Celise begin to take affect and the rightful Queen of Agosta raises her head and smiles at Nesharina and says with both defiance and pleasure in her voice, "Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand."

The Nedalian, unbelieving the sheer temerity of the incredible woman before her, thrusts her hand into Celise's cunt, finding it still wet and pulsing with need, oblivious to the torture and pain she has endured...or perhaps because of it.

"NO!" Nesharina screams, her anger now a raging, living thing at being denied. "Pain is all there is! I will show you. Pleasure becomes pain...pleasure always leads to pain. You...you, fucking whore,

slattern, slut -- I will make you beg for release. I will teach you how all is pain in the end!"

Nesharina snaps her fingers and two of her zombie guards step from the shadows. Their skin reeks of wrong, pale flesh, hair and eyes a soulless black and bodies lean and hard, no doubt warriors or slaves in life and now, puppets to protect Kallas's wife and obey her every whim. Nesharina snaps her fingers again and both tear away their loincloths, revealing turgid, erect penises, unnaturally long and thick. Celise stares helplessly at them -- both repulsed and suddenly intrigued.

The Nedalian woman notices the queen's study of the two undead bodyguards and smiles. "Oh yes -- we of noble birth often use them for pleasure -- their endurance is forever, but they can be used for punishment as well. Did your husband...did Janish ever tell you how my mother was executed for betraying my father? He repaid her lust for a common soldier by showing her that a momentary thing like pleasure always becomes pain after too much indulgence. My sisters and brothers and I watched while her own Zombie guard fucked her to death. She lasted perhaps twelve hours, but Father commanded they continue until she was little more than a bled out bag of filthy flesh."

She grins and adds -- of course, father had them fuck her cunt, ass and mouth and she likely choked to death. I'll be kinder since Kallas has his own plans for you." She turns to undead creatures and hisses, "Take her!"

Celise moans as the zombies approach her from front and back. Their cold flesh touches her, fingers spreading her legs and butt cheeks. The potions that Nesharina have given her have taken affect -- her wounds, though still painful, have stopped bleeding and Celise feels more awake than she can remember -- she can't even close her eyes for more than a moment and finds herself looking into a dark, soulless gaze.

Celise feels the unnatural cool touch of a erect penis, trailing along her inner thigh and then she cries out as it slips between her labia and unerringly slides home in a brutal thrust. Her skin crawls at the thing's touch, but her cunt responds as it always has, contracting around the thick shaft as it burrows inside her while the zombie cups her buttocks -- her legs raised and spread wide against the touch of muscled arms.

Then she feels the chill touch of another penis, pressing against her anus, pushing steadily against her clenched sphincter, never relenting and then forcing its way into her asshole, drawing a cry that is all pain as he thrusts into her ass without any lubricant or preparation. White fire tears through her as she feels it drive its way deep into her soft tissue. "Oh Gods!" Celise moans as she feels both cocks deep inside her, separated by a thin sheath of flesh -- pain and pleasure warring for possession of her mind and soul.

The zombie guards work as one, building up a steady rhythm as they thrust in and out of her body -- silent and relentless in their efforts. Any relief Celise feels across her shoulders, arms and backs as she is now essentially suspended between the two undead creatures is more than painfully compensated for as they fuck her hard and steadily, their movements and her own body's gyrations causing bolts of pain in her tightly clamped and pinched nipples and clitoris.

Nesharina feels the sweet heat of arousal rising between her own thighs as she watches Celise, chained and helpless being fucked without mercy by her zombie guards. Celise's head lolls about aimlessly as the queen sobs and moans from the pain and pleasure wracking her body. Nesharina steps close again and jerks Celise's head back by her black mane and after licking her way up the queen's neck, savoring the taste of her sweat -- filled with the pheromones of fear and lust, she

kisses Celise savagely, thrusting her tongue into the queen's mouth like another violent tool of violation and pressing her lips against Celise's so harshly that they bleed.

"You won't die this night, Whore Queen -- perhaps tomorrow, but not tonight -- my potions will see to that, but come dawn, I will return to hear you beg me to stop the pain," hisses Nesharina when she ends the kiss, her lips smeared with the queen's blood and saliva. She moves in again, her lips pressed against Celise's ear and finishes, "But I won't -- the pain never ends...I promise you, the pain will follow you unto death and beyond."

Celise moans and licks her lips, coughing for a moment before managing to gasp, "P-pain and pleasure -- t-t-the border is unsure -- only...OH GODS... I d-decide on which s-side I s-stand." She breaks off into whimpering sobs as Nesharina stands astounded at her continued defiance.

Again she spits on the Queen of Agosta and then before turning on her heels and stalking from the room, snarls, "Faster! Fuck this cunt harder and faster!" Nesharina's undead servants obey her command instantly and she exits the dungeon with a smile on her face as Celise's screams follow her far into the long corridors deep within Bloodgate.

Inside the torture chambers of Nesharina, it is the utter silence of the zombies that almost unnerves the Queen of Agosta. They make no moans or sighs as they fuck her -- the only sound they make is the rapid slapping noise of their undead flesh smacking against her body. Celise struggles to find her center -- seeking to cling to each fragment of pleasure that nips and tugs at her body -- pulling the threads of potential orgasm together to knit ecstasy itself, but it is a struggle. Pain courses through her continually as the servants of Nesharina thrust and thrust and thrust.

The demands on Celise's body leave her dripping with sweat, rivulets of perspiration splatter on the floor or on her zombie lovers -- her muscles tightening -- even cramping as she responds to their never ending thrusts. Puddles of sweat form, joining blood and her cunt juices on the evenly cut stones the zombies stand upon. Between moans, Celise repeats her mantra of "Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand," over and over again, trying to focus herself around the words -- to collect all that she is to master the sensations battling within her naked and battered body.

"Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand." The words become the foundation of Celise's world as she struggles to find pleasure in the brutal raping of her body. She finds unexpected aid from her own body as it warms from her exertions. Sweat and even blood, combined with her almost independent-minded cunt, ease the pain of the large, long cock hammering in to it again and again. It is there that pleasure is strongest as her natural whorish instincts take over.

As the other undead guard assaults her asshole, sweat and blood make things more slippery and not for the only time that long night will the Whore Queen be thankful for her son's appetite for fucking his mother in the ass. Flesh tears, but heals, leaving only pain behind, but as she loosens up, pain must compete with pleasure.

Gradually, carnal pleasure builds within the valiant queen's body, but even she despairs that she can master the pain wracking her and convert it to sweet ecstasy. She loses all sense of time -- all she knows of the world winnows down simply to the two hard cocks mechanically thrusting in and out of her cunt and ass and the seemingly eternal war of pain and pleasure. Her words pour out of without pause, the only buoy in the ocean of sensation she feels she is about to drown in.

"Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand. Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand. Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand. Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand. Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand," Celise sobs between cries of pains and the rarer gasps of pleasure.

She is on the verge of despair when suddenly as she again says the words, "Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand," she hears another voice echoing her own -- a voice she hasn't heard in decades but knows as well as her own. She repeats her words, hearing the voice grow stronger and stronger until she begins to disconnect, feeling herself leave her own body, but taking the pain with her...

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"Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand. Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand," moans Celise, princess of Elysiis, arms aching from many hours from being manacled and raised high above her head. Her toes and feet are cramping terribly from long being forced to stand on tip-toe. Her slender and luscious body that could only be that of a teenager's is wet and slick with sweat and her only desire is to be released and to sleep.

Like a wind-up toy from Agosta, she mechanically repeats the mantra over and over again, her voice growing more tremulous with each moment, tears of pain and frustration rolling down her cheeks to splash against her already full and prominent breasts.

"Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand," she moans and as she begins again, another person joins in, this voice more enthusiastic. Celise jerks her head up to take in her mother, Elia striding into the room, flanked on each side by Celise's older sisters.

"Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand," the woman repeats with joy in her voice. "Celise, my sweet, you must believe in the words, not simply repeat them like a pretty parrot." She moves gracefully towards her daughter -- every bit the queen of Elysiis that she is.

Elia is bare breasted, her huge, meaty breasts adorned only by the ruby encrusted gold rings piercing her nipples and the heavy gold chain connecting them and tugging heavily on her swollen nubs. Silks swish with an almost hypnotic whisper as she moves, parting to reveal her bald mound, labia thick and plump. Green eyes flash with mirth and love, framed in that beautiful face by great auburn tresses as brilliant as the sun itself.

Behind her, Felisha and Linsele are younger copies of their mother save for the deep, black manes they share with their sister, a gift from their father's line, the great Pharaoh Khanthus XVII. In their eyes are hints of sympathy for their younger sister and knowledge of the trials she is experiencing. Each in her own way conveys expressions meant to encourage Celise.

"Pleasure and pain are the same coin, Celise," Elia murmurs, reaching out to stroke her daughter's face. "You must master both and be able to turn one into the other if you would be of the Order of Isisiris." Elia moves closer and kisses her daughter on each tear stained cheek and then kisses her on the lips, her tongue rolling gently over Celise's lips, offering them much needed moisture.

Celise chokes back a sob and whimpers, "But it hurts, Mother. The pain is...terrible."

Elia smiles with great compassion as she kisses her daughter again, her breasts now rubbing against those of her daughter's. "Pain is simply the road to pleasure, daughter -- you need simply to center yourself and find the way." Elia begins softly stroking her daughter's body, fingers delicately trailing down the sides of her torso, back around her hips and up her back, making Celise shiver.

"Of course, all explorers sometimes need directions to get to the place they seek," Elia murmurs into her youngest child's ear -- her tongue flicking out like a snake's to dance around her lobe. Elia steps back, allowing Felisha and Linsele to move to their sister's side. "Pleasure is easy to find," she says in a soothing tone as she places her hand on Celise's flat belly and slowly bring them down.

Celise moans softly as her mother's fingers slip into her thickly haired bush, middle finger finding her slit and spreading her pussy lips apart. Elia knows her daughter well and quickly with a single finger, plunges inside Celise's cunt and then curling, finds...the spot. Celise mewls like a well fed kitten as little jolts of sweet, pleasure begin to stir within her. Elia smiles and adds another finger, stirring them around inside her child's quickly moistening pussy while her thumb begins to tease her clitoris from its hooded hideaway.

The sisters, upon a nod from their mother, lean in, ducking their heads to take Celise's swollen nipples into their mouths, expertly sucking and teasing her thick and now throbbing protuberances. Their younger sister's shackled body quivers with delight as they pleasure her and as their mother adds yet a third finger, worming it inside her tight, young cunt.

Elia leans in and kisses her daughter, pleased that Celise greets her tongue with her own. Mother and daughter kiss for long minutes, Elia's heavy breasts brushing against her other daughters' faces as they suck and role their tongues over Celise's swelling nipples.

Finally, Elia breaks the kiss and pauses to lick her lips as if to savor the taste of her youngest child. Through it all, she has fingered her daughter, touching all her sacred spots within her pussy and taunting and teasing her now swollen clitoris. "Pleasure is easy to find," Elia repeats. "Pain is more difficult to discover -- its nature often less clear -- is it truly different or simply pleasure misunderstood?"

Upon her last spoken word, both Felisha and Linsele without warning, bite down hard on Celise's nipples, teeth piecing hard enough to draw blood. Celise's body jerks as she gives out a shrill scream, her body convulsing with unexpected sensations.

"Pleasure or pain, Celise?" asks her mother, fingers still massaging her cunt. "Did your sisters give you pleasure or pain?"

Celise opens her mouth to speak, but only a plaintive wail emerges comes. Finally as her body begins to calm somewhat, she sobs, "Oh, I loved that...it was -- oh Gods, it was pleasure!"

Elia nods, pleased by her daughter's response. "Yes, that's my darling. You've taken the first step -- now let us journey down the path further." She nods to her other daughters who both produce identical items of jewelry -- glittering scarabs with wicked looking pinchers. Linsele and Felisha deftly attach them to Celise's still swollen nipples, the pinchers driving deep into the rubbery flesh, piercing them and locking into place with an audible snap.

Again, Celise stiffens, giving out a cry that holds both pain and pleasure, then as her sisters touch tiny wheels on the underside of the scarabs, pain wins out as the pinchers are synched tighter and tighter.

"Oppose the pain, daughter," Elia hisses. "Find the pleasure and wrap it around the pain -- allow the pleasure to consume it -- to feed itself and increase your pleasure." As she speaks, Elia slowly squats down, bringing her face level with her daughter's thick bush, now split wide with labia coated with her juices. Elia inhales her daughter's sweet scent and leans closer, her eyes looking upwards to find her daughter's pain glazed gaze.

"Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only you decide on which side you stand. Speak the words, Celise -- speak them and believe them. Make all you're feeling, pleasure, my love. Find the place within you where pleasure is all and embrace it," Elia implore her daughter and then her face is pressed against Celise's wet and quivering cunt -- her heat almost molten as she drives her tongue between her lust spread labia, up and up, savoring her daughter's fresh, sweet taste before using her tongue to lash out and capture Celise's throbbing clitoris.

"Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand. Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand," Celise's sisters chant in unison, standing on each side of her, stroking her shoulders and back, trying to calm her pain wracked flesh. Through gritted teeth, the young girl begins to chant with them. Her reward is a kiss on each cheek and a subtle tightening of the pinchers once again.

"Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I decide on which side I stand," sobs Celise as she stammers through the mantra again and again -- trying to focus on the pain and will it away -- trying to focus on her mother's busy tongue coaxing delicious pleasure from between her legs. She gazes down at her mother who is looking back at her with such love, her mouth working furiously on Celise's cunt, nose twitching as it is tickled by the young girl's furry mound.

She is amazed that despite the searing sensations in her breasts, as if they were being torn off, an orgasm is building from deep within her, her womb throbbing with carnal joy, confronting the pain -- pushing it back and then simply overwhelming it like a tidal wave sweeping over the sands upon the Western shore. There is something happening -- something more than simple orgasm -- something her mother's experienced tongue has given her more than once and then she has it and she sobs, understanding the true nature of pain...its true purpose.

"YES!" she screams as the greatest orgasm of the teenager's short life detonates within her. She takes the pleasure brought forth by her mother's tongue swirling around her throbbing clit and indeed envelopes the pain with it and uses it as fuel to feed -- to strengthen her pleasure and then it is transformed as she is transformed and becomes orgasmic ecstasy itself....

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YES, OH MOTHER...OH GODS BE PRAISED! FUCK MEEEEEE!" Celise screams as she masters the relentless pain coursing through her battered body and she cums as she has rarely cummed before! With all her heart and soul, the Whore Queen of Agosta embraces the brutal ravaging she is being offered by her undead lovers as an intense orgasm takes her into a state of total carnal bliss, devouring any and all pain.

Celise tightens her grip on the thick cock pummeling her cunt, its cool flesh now warmed in the intense heat of her aroused body while she simultaneously flexes her ass cheeks to constrain the cock burrowing deep in her asshole. She arches her back to increase the wonderfully painful sensations in her nipples and clitoris, riding that pain into orgasm again and again. The queen doesn't shy from the touch of the relentless zombie guards, she writhes and twists to meet their

long, hard and steady thrusts, doing her slutty best to take them deeper and harder -- helping her cum and cum and cum.

Pleasure becomes all and never ceases. Seconds tick by. Minutes tick by. Hours tick by and yet time also seems to grind to a halt. Celise's world becomes simply two cocks fucking ass and pussy. Celise's world becomes simply carnal gratification incarnate. She screams and sobs, laughs and cries as orgasm begets orgasm until her whole body screams that it cannot take anymore and then Celise embraces that intense painful ecstasy and rides it to new heights of orgasmic delight.

There is no respite from pleasure -- Nesharina's potions have done their work. Celise experiences every moment of cock induced joy, relishing it, wrapping herself up in the sweet, maddening, never ending delight of cocks fucking her and fucking her and fucking her, never losing consciousness, her senses heightened as never before -- becoming an avatar of fucking induced pleasure.

In the midst of being awash in an ocean of orgasmic delight, Celise does not hear the approach of steps. She does not see Nesharina appear in the entrance of the dungeon, appearing well rested and dressed much as she was the day before -- bare breasted and wearing white leather chaps and stiletto heeled boots with a cat o' nine tails held in her hands today -- each leather thong knotted and capped with sharp steel tips.

Celise does not see Nesharina stand grinning smugly as she considers the sight in front of her. The zombie guards are unchanged since she last saw them, steadily thrusting into Celise's gaping asshole and cunt. Celise herself hangs between them, seemingly lifeless, her body only moving in response to the constant thrusts of her undead lovers, her body is coated with sweat, her hair hanging limply and dripping perspiration. The queen's brilliant blue eyes are glazed and unseeing, her mouth hanging open, spittle hanging from her lips and falling to her breasts.

Celise does not hear the rich and fell laughter as Nesharina claps her hands in delight and moves closer into the room. The Nedalian snaps her fingers and the zombies respond instantly, both stepping back, extricating themselves from Celise, their cocks glistening with her leavings -- cunt juice, sweat and blood. It is only with their withdrawal that Celise shows signs of life -- her eyes opening wide and her mouth moving without speaking.

Nesharina moves even closer, eager for the moment -- hungry to hear the Queen of Agosta beg her to put an end to her misery. Celise tries to speak again, her eyes slowly focusing on her former sister in law standing now before her, a hoarse rasp of a whisper all she can produce. "Speak louder, bitch cunt. Tell me...beg me to end it all now," she hisses, drawing even closer, placing her ear close to Celise's lips.

For long seconds, all she hears is Celise's labored breathing and then slowly words...spoken in a voice long drained and damaged from unrelenting screams. "No...please don't stop fucking me," Celise whispers almost too soft to hear.

Nesharina draws back, her body going rigid as she stares in disbelief at Celise who slowly raises her head and wearily smiles at her and says in a louder, more insistent voice. "More. I want more!"

The wife of Kallas rocks back on her heels as if Celise had struck her with her fist. Her eyes go wide as she comprehends fully all that is around her. The ever erect cocks of her zombies, retreated almost into the shadows, drip with Celise's cunt cream and the floor underneath the almost swaying woman is awash in her juices, swirls of sweat and blood making it appear almost hypnotic. Even the air reeks of Celise's arousal -- the smell of cunt upon everything.

"No," moans Nesharina, staggering back. "No, no, NO, NO, NO!" she screams in utter fury. She wavers in front of Queen Celise, shaking her fists in her face. "You bitch! You fucking cunt. You...you fucking WHORE!" she sobs, tears running down her pale cheeks. "You WILL BEG ME FOR MERCY."

She steps back and then she snaps her whip, the leather threads lashing out and striking Celise across the breasts and belly, scoring the skin and drawing blood. Celise jerks in response and then a sneer of absolute sinful pleasure creeps across her face and she sobs hoarsely, "Yessssss! Make me cummm!"

Nesharina howls as madness consumes her and she abandons all restraint, bringing the metal tipped lashes down again and again, tearing cruel swatches of flesh from Celise's body. Each assault upon the queen is met with moans of ecstatic pleasure and delight which only serves to magnify Nesharina's foul anger.

In frustration, she flings the whip aside and raising one leg, draws a wicked, keenly edged blade from a sheath concealed on the side of her boot. "YOU WILL BEG ME FOR DEATH, WHORE QUEEN!" she screams shrilly, raising her arm to slash Celise's face. Her knife begins to descend when it is stayed by a hairy hand taking a firm grip on her wrist.

She spins in great anger to find herself facing one of her husband's personal escorts -- the cream of his lycanthrope troops. His wolfish face is impassive -- betraying no emotion as she spits in his face and snarls, "You dare touch your queen!" From the shadows of the dank room, several of her zombies emerge and begin to close on Nesharina and Kallas's guard.

"He dares at my command!" snaps Kallas from behind her and she turns to see him in the doorway along with several lycanthrope escorts -- all in a state of battle readiness -- ready to shift into their animalistic form. "Pull the strings on your meat puppets -- call them off now, Nesharina."

"You dare order me so -- my father..."

"Your father, the good king of Nedal, is not here, nor are his Obsidian Legions," spits Kallas. "But Jonos and his army have crept in during the night and even now, prepare to lay siege to Bloodgate." He surveys the room -- his gaze resting on the bloody and naked form of Queen Celise, swaying in her chains, rivulets of blood falling from her to pool on the stone floor.

Without warning, he lashes out with one hand and strikes Nesharina across the face. "I am King and husband and you will obey as is your lot!" he snarls. "Call your undead things off now!"

Anger fills Nesharina's face, but now it is anger layered over with calm and with a nod she stops her guards in their tracks.

Kallas nods and then slaps Nesharina again, staggering her -- the lycanthrope's firm grip the only thing keeping her on her feet. "I told you, dearest -- she was to be alive when I came for her. If she dies now, you take her place, your father be damned!"

His wife gives a little gasp and then looks at Kallas as if for the first time, realizing he is deadly serious and that all their lives depend on the outcome of this battle with their usurper nephew. "Forgive me, my love. I...I can get so involved with my pleasures." Her lips twist on the last word and she pretends not to hear Celise chuckle weakly behind her.

Quickly she brings forth more potions from her stores and forces them down the true queen's throat. Her curatives are potent though foul in nature and within minutes, Celise's skin begins to

heal, although leaving behind horrific, twisted scars. Nesharina contents herself with knowing she has for what little time Celise has left to live, she will live with the knowledge that her almost mythical beauty is forever marred.

Kallas's guards release her from her chains and she moans, still in an orgasmic haze as blood rushes back into deprived tissue, triggering new pain that serves as fuel for the fires centered between her bloody thighs.

"Bring her," Kallas orders in a brisk, almost eager tone. He turns and strides from the room, his guards bringing Celise along, dragging her at first, but before they emerge from the depths below Bloodgate, she has recovered enough to walk along unaided, scarcely stumbling as they rush along. In her still heightened state of arousal, she is very aware of the hungry looks Kallas's wolfish guards give her and that in his preoccupied state, Kallas is totally unaware. The mark of the Lycanthrope on their shoulders reminds her of the assassination attempt and her previous encounter with a werewolf -- making her aching cunt tingle with renewed passion. That in turn reminds her of the stories her late husband had told her about Kallas's favorite hobby.

Finally able to speak, her voice, harsh with a night of orgasmic screaming, "You seem perturbed, Kallas -- my son's arrival seems to worry you."

Kallas looks back and hisses, "His arrival should worry you more, Celise, for it means your doom." He strides on and then unable to help himself mutters over his shoulders, "Jonos gathers far more troops than I would have imagined would follow such a young fool -- a pity for he shall surely send them all to their deaths this day."

"There will be death this day, but it will not be the King's, but your's. You should pray that he will make it a swift one."

Before Kallas can retort, there is a crack of a whip and Celise cries out as Nesharina following behind strikes her across the shoulder with her whip. "Mind your mouth, Whore Queen," she snarls. "You address the true King of Agosta."

Celise looks back at the Nedalian woman and replies, "If that is true, then soon my son will prove his reputation as a usurper once more."

"Quiet, both of you," snaps Kallas. They suddenly emerge from the stone bound confines of Bloodgate, crossing over a great stone span connecting two great towers. Celise shivers in the suddenly chill air. She squints her eyes looking up at the clear blue skies lit by the rising sun in the east, but her attention is quickly drawn to the murmur of noise to the north and she gasps as she sees a great army drawn up before the battlements of Bloodgate -- great iron and wood siege engines slowly moving forward.

Celise's heart begins to beat more strongly as for a long moment she strains to see her son and lover...her true husband among the thousands gathered there. Then she sighs, knowing with more than her heart that he stands not with his army. Nevertheless, she again laughs and in a voice of merriment cries out, "Behold your doom, Kallas -- the day dawns and with it comes your destruction!"

Kallas ignores her and they cross once more into the stone edifice that is Bloodgate. There is great clamor and activity as soldiers scurry about, preparing for combat. They descend lower into the fortress, stopped only once by a worried officer who reports, "My liege, scouts report activity in the mountain passes -- I believe some of Jonos's patrols may be at our flank."

"Reinforce the gates -- deploy what troops you think fit to support any feints from our rear," Kallas orders, glancing nervously back at the bloodied but still proud Queen. He turns to the captain of his guard. "Go to the Wolves -- prepare your brigade for battle -- we will use your werewolves to carve his army to pieces."

Celise shivers -- remembering how Janish had used his brother's werewolves as a hammer to break opposing armies in the past. They numbered three hundred and each was equal to at least ten human soldiers...maybe more. For his part, the captain of Kallas's guard, turns and gestures to the Whore Queen. "And what of her -- would you leave her alone with you?"

Kallas smirks and shakes his head. I have the remainder of my escort and Nesharina will keep her in her place." He grins then, an evil and lascivious expression and adds, "And we are almost to the pits now. She is all but dead!"

The Captain of the Guard nods and then turns curtly, casting an evil look at Celise and departs down another corridor.

The party descends deeper into Bloodgate and soon a rank, animalistic smell begins to grow. Celise wrinkles her nose at the thick, broody smell and yet it in itself send ripples of arousal through her. They step out of a corridor above a vast arena -- a pit surrounding by a balcony some twenty feet above it. Growls and snarls emerge from below, punctuated by howls and barks.

Celise is brought close to the railing and her stomach begins rolling as she moves close enough to peer over. She has a sharp intake of breath as she stares with horror at what lies below.

In the pit is a roiling mass of fur -- snarling, wolfish creatures -- neither man nor beast, but somehow both. She cannot count them as they whirl and race and climb over each other -- their eyes red with rage and beastly hunger and madness.

"There is a risk in accepting the gift of lycanthropy," murmurs Nesharina into Celise's ear. "Not all can deal with their new senses and abilities. They succumb to animal instincts and cannot function as part of a greater entity." Kallas's wife takes the handle of her whip and thrusts it between Celise's legs from behind, rubbing the leather wrapped ivory against the queen's swollen labia.

"Many who deal with lycanthropes in Nedal put them down like rabid animals -- unmanageable and consumed only with the desire to kill, eat and fuck," Nesharina hisses. "But there are those who keep them alive for amusement."

"I was fascinated with them from the start," murmurs Kallas from behind her, dropping his hand to cover that of his wife's -- working the whip handle more firmly against and into Queen Celise's cunt. She shivers as both lust and fear threaten to run amuck inside her. "To see what they can do to a person in just a few short seconds when they're hungry is amazing. To see what they do to someone when the breeding cycle is upon them, well..."

Kallas's laugh chills Celise to the bone, but she turns and looks over her shoulder at Kallas and replies, "I know -- Janish told me the stories of your appetites."

Her late husband's brother grins evilly and says, "Then you know your fate. I will take the few scraps of you that are left and send them to your son. If you mean as much to Jonos as has been reported, the loss of his Whore Queen will leave him easy prey for my troops."

Nesharina thrusts the whip handle deep inside Celise's wet cunt and roughly stirs it around. "Maybe I'll bring him back as one of my undead. He can spend eternity as one of my slaves."

Celise brings herself up to stand regally before both Kallas and his wife, awing even them with her majesty even as naked and battered as she is. "You make jokes when you should be making preparations to die. Neither of you will live to see the sun set."

Kallas's face screws up to give an angry retort, but there are suddenly horns blaring from above and a thunderous noise of ten thousand men roaring. In the aftermath come cries. "JONOS ATTACKS -- THEY ARE STORMING THE WALLS!"

Kallas settles for simply slapping Celise across the face. "Your time to die is now. Throw her to my wolves!"

Two guards step towards the queen, but she imperiously holds up a hand, halting them in their tracks. "No need. I will go willingly into the pit. Let no one ever call the Whore Queen of Jonos the Usurper, a coward!"

As all watch in awe, she climbs up onto the railing -- Kallas and Nesharina tensing for some sort of trick. With her appearance, the werewolves below come to a sudden halt, all silent and staring, eager for whatever is to come. In the sudden silence, there is a large thundering boom from above as something collides with the massive iron doors of Bloodgate. Celise grins and says in a voice full of merriment, "Death is knocking at your door, you fools. Time to die."

With the grace of a young swimmer, Celise dives from the railing, uttering, "Featherum," as she does. Instead of falling quickly to the bottom of the pit some fifty feet down, she falls slowly, gracefully as they watch from above.

Quickly the Whore Queen gathers arcane energy and casts another spell. "Aramour," she murmurs and suddenly she becomes lust incarnate, feeling her arousal building up within her and like a pleasing vapor, spreading out from her -- the stink of her sexual need preceding her arrival below. Like a dancer in slow motion, she flexes her body, arching as she brings her hands to her own splayed cunt and plunges them inside, moaning as the eldritch lust within her grows. Celise pulls her hands from her pussy, fingers dripping wet with her creams and she flicks her fingers, spraying droplets of cunt juice down upon the lupine monsters below her, each becoming suddenly frantic and consumed with lust as they catch her scent...her desire.

As Kallas and Nesharina watch from above, their faces suddenly confused, the werewolves go mad, tearing and clawing at each other to be in a prime position. Yet, they all edge back a little as Celise descends, allowing her a place to gently land. Her eyes gleam with secret knowledge when her toes touch the land and she summons one last spell, "Succubuci," she almost growls in a voice full of gleeful malice.

For a moment all is silence -- all is frozen and then like a tidal wave, the motionless werewolves explode forward, tearing and slashing at each other to take Celise first. She is knocked to the ground -- a black-furred lycanthrope snarling and snapping at her face -- his wolfish cock huge and extended, scratching against her thighs as he seeks her cunt. He is thrown off by another -- a huge, red-furred beast and Celise moans at the size of his erection and then with drool pouring from his mouth, he reaches down with sharp clawed paws and flips her over onto her knees, her ass raised up like an offering to the beast's lust.

His lupine cock sinks into the Whore Queen's cunt and both he and Celise howl as he thrusts forward, his harsh fur scratching against her soft, dusky skin. His claws dig into her shoulders as he mounts her savagely and she screams as he sinks more and more of himself inside her, stretching her as he burrows deep into her womb. Celise lets out a painful scream as he pushes his lupine knot past her wide-spread lips.

She begins to sob her long ago learned mantra, "Pain and pleasure -- the border is unsure -- only I -- I -- I YESSSSSSSSSS!" but she does not finish -- she has no need to. Willingly, with all her heart, she surrenders to the pleasure of fornicating with the wolf creature. She embraces the sweet and painful pleasure, responding to his thrusts with her own. Orgasm boils up from within to overwhelm everything, her cunt tightening and growing hotter as she tries to keep the werewolf's cock inside her suddenly ravenous cunt.

Then another lycanthrope grinds its crotch in her face, heavy, fur covered testicles slapping against her face -- his long, pink cock thrusting forward to seek relief and Celise opens her mouth and allows the beast to bury his cock between her lips, making her struggle and gag as he begins to fuck her mouth. The wolf pack goes mad around her, bodies crashing into her and into each other, rubbing their long cocks against her flesh, muzzles nipping at her swaying breasts.

Even through this din, Celise imagines she can hear the laughter of Kallas and Nesharina, hungrily watching from above, waiting for the wolf creatures to tear her apart in their lust. Despite the din of the lusty beasts, Celise imagines she can hear the noise of battle as Jonos's army assaults Bloodgate. Even as she is fucked hard, she manages to glance upwards and sees an aide, the same one who had warned Kallas of enemy activity in the mountain passes return and point urgently upwards. She sees Kallas's face darken with fury and perhaps the first bit of fear.

The red-furred werewolf thrusts urgently into her and she can feel his hot seed began to bathe her womb and he howls with lusty fulfillment...a howl that quickly sharpens into a panicked wail. Despite a mouthful of cock, Celise manages a triumphal cry as she feels not only the lycanthrope's seed filling her, but his life pouring into hers as well.

The werewolf yelps and bites at her back, suddenly frightened. It tries to withdraw, but her constricting cunt holds him fast as she drains him of his life force. Orgasmic white fire courses through her body and all her weariness flees. Celise feels refreshed and renewed as she uses his life energy to heal her body -- wounds healing cleanly in seconds -- the scars of the last few days swept away, leaving her dusky skin whole and healthy. Then the cock in her mouth stiffens and feeds her a bitter tasting flood of wolfish semen and she drinks it eagerly, sucking him dry of his seed and his life.

The first to assault her falls away, a dry, empty husk of faded red fur. Instantly, another lust fueled beast takes his place, uncaring of his predecessor's fate. The cock in her mouth dwindles in size and slips from her lips as another lifeless form falls away and she howls with the burning pleasure of her now almost continuous orgasm. Eldritch power courses through her, healing her battered womb, making it whole and almost anew.

All around her, the lust-ridden lycanthropes jostle and snap at each other to get to her as her scent fills the air -- her very pleasure fueled cries acting as an aphrodisiac. She finds herself lifted and twisted as her newest lover's lupine knot forces its way into her sodden, cunt. Wolfen creatures battle to reach her. Another long cock worms its way between her ass cheeks and Celise cries with pain and pleasure as it assaults her puckered ring and drives deep into her asshole. Canine cocks

slap at her face, each seeking relief and she licks and sucks, losing one as she jostled about only to find another thrusting forward to enjoy her hungry tongue.

Furry, whiskery muzzles snap at her breasts, nipping her blood engorged nipples as the lycanthropes swarm over and around Celise, hoisting her onto an ever changing, ever writhing bed of fur and teeth and cocks and tongues, totally oblivious to her spell drawing forth their life essences even as they feed her their seed. Her scent, overpowering and undeniable spurs them on one after the other. As she claims the semen and life energy of one, another fights ferociously to take its place.

With each load of sperm that the Whore Queen claims, the energies within her multiply, escalating right along with a storm of pure, carnal ecstasy. Her orgasms have no ending now -- they are a raging storm sweeping her towards complete and utter sexual pleasure. The long, knotted cocks of the wolfmen no longer harm her -- they do not tear at her willing, wet, pliant flesh or if they do, the arcane power coursing through her veins seems to instantly heal all wounds. All these lupine penises are now a source of exquisite pleasure as they plunge into her sweet, molten depths and then as each reaches climax, they are energy feeding her, making her flesh ripple and burn with seemingly unlimited power.

While Celise is consumed with ecstatic, sexual joy, she is also aware of everything around here. She can hear the frightened cries of Nesharina, recognizing now what she is doing and the tense barking of orders by Kallas to the guards to bring her down. Archers come and rain arrows down into the pit, slaying a few werewolves howling out in dismay at being denied their moment of mating with the female in their midst. Any arrows that come near the queen are obliterated by the sheer force of ever growing eldritch power now pulsating in or around her.

Nesharina attempts an offensive spell or two, but her talents lie mainly in necromancy and what Celise is doing is far beyond that and in the throes of intense orgasmic fury, she raises her head and looks at Nesharina, werewolf semen dripping off her lips and chins and laughs at the Nedalian witch's paltry efforts. Celise's laughs lengthen and transform into screams of pleasure as she is swarmed by rabidly lusty monsters, burying her with an onslaught of slavering muzzles and long, swollen cocks -- only her sobs and moans of pleasure indicating she is alive underneath an almost pulsating mound of hairy, furred passion.

Celise loses count of the cocks that plunge inside her -- of the loads of tart werewolf cum in her belly, feeding her even as their lives feed her spirit and power. Eldritch energy manifests as purplish flames licking along her skin, singing the fur of the fuck-maddened beasts plunging cocks into the queen's clasp, wet cum filled cunt as well as her asshole dripping with sperm and her hungry mouth.

Between the almost divine orgasmic pleasure and the intensity of the arcane power building inside her -- Celise feels almost suspended beyond reality -- where time and space seemingly fold back in on themselves -- wrapped in sublime ecstasy. Memories of things past and of things perhaps to come whip around the queen and she snatches at one especially precious to her...

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Celise arches her back as she squats, gloriously impaled on her son's mammoth cock, the muscles of her long and shapely legs bulge with the exertion of plunging up and down Jonos's lengthy and thick shaft. She is biting her lower lip, face screwed up in intense pleasure as she slowly slides down

her son and king's cock till she is grinding her furry mound against his wiry pubic hairs, quivering with the sinfully sweet sensation of the head of his cock buried deep in her womb.

Celise's fingers drag across her son's hard, muscled chest, leaving light, bloody lines as her sweat drenched body shivers with orgasmic delight. Jonos grins evilly and with a subtle thrust of his hips, makes his mother groan louder and he pushes himself more fully within her and then snarls, "A gift for my queen!" He grunts again, a noise of satisfaction as he relinquishes control and the crown of his cock swells and he begins to cum, his steaming seed gushing forth to fill his mother's womb.

"Oh yesssss," sobs Queen Celise. "A kingly gift -- OHHHHHHHHhhh, indeed, my beloved.," the Whore Queen moans as she squirms and quivers, suspended on the king's erect penis, reveling in the perfection that is mother and son making love in their royal bedchambers. In all her fifty some years, there has been nothing in her experience that equals spreading her legs wide for her son, his mighty cock claiming her as his again and again.

His hands come up and palm her bountiful breasts, strong fingers plunging into her soft, meaty flesh. He levers himself up to a sitting position, burrowing his cock a little deeper into the womb of his birth. He tongues one of Celise's ruby sized nipples, bites it a little less than gently and then his mouth hungrily finds his mother's and their tongues greet and play with great delight.

Finally, the King falls back, pulling his mother with him to lie naked on his chest, her cunt still packed with his immense cock. Both pant from their exercise and Celise marvels how powerful Jonos's heart seems to beat underneath her pillowing breasts. When she has the breath to spare, she purrs like a great jungle cat temporarily sated.

He stares at her -- his expression one of interest and concern and she kens the import of his consideration. "You've been considering my plan?" she says in a husky voice, trying to hide her anxiousness to hear his answer.

"Aye, Mother, I have. I do not like it."

Part of the queen is relieved, yet she presses on, knowing the correct path to take. "Son...my lord, you know we must do it. I must do it. This plan will serve us two fold. There is a traitor in our midst - - betraying your every battle plan to Kallas. Even though you have driven him off the field of battle despite such betrayals, he now sits with his soldiers at Bloodgate and even you, my mighty king will destroy your forces attempting to breach those terrible walls."

"Better that than see you killed, Mother," Jonos replies. "Where would I find such a sluttish whore as you to sit aside me on the throne?" There is beneath his sarcastic answer a tone that reveals much of his true feelings for his mother -- a tone that causes her cunt muscles to tighten around his still throbbing erection and her heart to nearly burst for the love she has for her son and husband.

"I will not die, my love," says Celise reassuringly. "We know that the traitor is one of three in your High Council. We inform each of them that I go to Elysiis to ask my father for aid. You confide to each possible traitor a different route I plan to take. Whichever one betrays us -- we shall have our proof!" Celise smiles and kisses her son before continuing.

"Kallas would never kill me outright -- he will have me brought to Bloodgate via the ancient mountain passes that few know. You will track me. Inside Bloodgate, Nesharina will want to play with me like a bitch cat toying with a mouse and then Kallas will throw me to his insane weres -- Gods know I heard your father tell me the stories of Kallas's favorite game enough times."

Jonos scowls -- his face darker than its usual brooding self. "I don't like it, Mother. Are you sure this spell...it will work on werewolves?"

Celise sits up, rocking herself gently upon his thick shaft, her nipples swelling more with each tiny movement. With more confidence than she truly feels, she says "I am a daughter of the Order of Isisiris -- it is a terrible and deadly spell, one that can be cast once in lifetime, and I promise you, son, it will work on werewolves or anything else that is unlucky enough to be tempted to sample the love of your Whore Queen."

Jonos grins and reaches up and fills his hands full of his mother's thick, black mane, then tugging on it, rolls them over, his cock never moving from deep in Celise's cunt. She moans as he flexes his hips, her legs rising to wrap around his hard buttocks. "Yes -- my Whore Queen -- never forget you belong to me, Mother -- no matter who or what you spread your legs for!" He thrusts forward hard, making Celise groan! "Never forget, Mother -- you are mine!" He punctuates each hard thrust with the words, over and over again, "Never forget, Mother, you are mine!"

Celise's eyes go blank with pure carnal delight and between savoring each sweet thrust of her son's cock, she sobs back, "I am yours, son! I am forever yours!"

#

The Whore Queen stands alone in the pit, all that remains of the wolfish pack are dozens of withered sacks of fur and bone. Celise is wreathed in eldritch flame, naked and glorious, her expression both of great satiation and of hunger. The fell spell has ran its course, leaving behind only the life energies of those she has consumed.

Her lovely body heaves with passion and power, eyes aglow as her full, proud breasts heave -- jewel sized nipples swollen like great berries about to burst. Her belly is smooth and flawless, a slight bulge from her repast of semen the only oddity and it only increases her beauty. Her long, well toned legs stand wide spread -- her labia spread and thick, her glistening pink meat oozing with the cum of untold numbers of wolfish monsters. Her hair is wild and unruly, falling about her like a cloak, gleaming with health. Celise takes a deep breath and then lets it out in a sigh that expresses something beyond satisfaction.

Above her the din of battle grows. Distant thundering announces continued assaults on the massive iron doors of Bloodgate. With a flicker of thought Celise rises into the air -- the few remaining troops still attempting to strike her with crossbow bolts, incinerated with a mere glance of her fiery eyes. Swiftly, the Queen of Agosta glides through corridors until she emerges onto the wide span she crossed what seemed mere minutes ago.

Beyond the courtyard, her son's army is arrayed, siege engines and battering rams deployed against the granite buttresses of Bloodgate. Celise yearns for a sign of her husband and son -- her beloved liege, but does not see him, but her heart, enhanced by the great energies within her, tell her that he is near.

Laughing, Celise gathers some of the eldritch power within her, shaping it with careful arcane nuances and then with a triumphant laugh unleashes it -- great purplish bolts of power from her hands flying both north and south, growing as it travels, taking form until it takes the shape of the great elephants of her homeland. One hurtles into the great iron doors of Bloodgate's entrance and with a concussion that knocks all down for yards about, reduces the barriers into shards of shattered iron. A few seconds later, another thunderous concussion echoes through the ancient fortress as her second bolt shatters the mountain side gates.

All cease fighting for long seconds -- the only noise Celise's lust ridden laughs. Then with a triumphant roar, her son's army surges forward through the gates, led by General Nasser, his one remaining eye gleaming with blood lust.

Kallas appears from one side of the courtyard, several hundred werewolves behind him and he unleashes them and they fall upon the advancing soldiers of her son. Like scythes in a wheat field, the lycanthropes slash and hack their way through the ranks of the Agostan army. Kallas rallies his human soldiers and throws them into the fray, committing all to the attack.

From the opposite side of the courtyard, Nesharina appears, pointing dozens of zombies, fully armored to join the attack. With a snarl, Celise descends from the great stone span, announcing her presence with great sheets of arcane flame, incinerating rows of undead, leaving them to stumble about until they collapse in smoldering piles.

Celise hears chanting in a fell language and sees Nesharina performing a ritual from a tattered and ancient scroll -- her accompanying gestures betraying to Celise the beginnings of a death curse. She lands softly in the courtyard, perhaps twenty yards from the Nedalian witch. Shaking her head in bemusement, she strides towards the pale, deathly skinned woman.

Nesharina completes the ritual before Celise closes the distance, the scroll in her hand disintegrating in a burst of dark power and the curse, born in the arcane runes written in a dead man's blood hurtles at the queen, screaming out the doom it carries amidst a black mass of tentacles and spikes, only to dash against the eldritch energies that radiate from Celise to fall to tatters.

Nesharina staggers back a few steps, aghast at the utter failure of her spell as Celise calls out, "You witches of Nedal never understood, dabbling in death, wasting a single man's life to create your curses of death." Her voice rises and Nesharina trembles under its weight. "While you play with death, I have fed on life -- not a single paltry one, but of more lives than I can count. DEATH IS NOTHING, WITCH! LIFE IS POWER! PLEASURE IS POWER!"

Celise reaches the witch and takes her in her arms, her strength overwhelming Nesharina, pinning her arms at her sides as she presses her lips against the Nedalian's. Nesharina moans in protest, but yields as Celise thrusts her tongue into her mouth. Terrible power envelopes them both and Celise takes them into the air, now wrapping her long legs around Nesharina as well.

Immersed in such great power, Nesharina's leather armor falls apart like sugar treats caught out in the rain. Celise grinds her pelvis against the thinner, paler woman's mound. The Nedalian moans both in fear and unexpected pleasure as her vulva grinds against Celise's, becoming moister and slicker with every movement -- her nipples harden against the queen's massive and soft breasts.

Nesharina's body begins to burn with desire and she whimpers even as she seeks to tease and intertwine her tongue with that of the queen's. Each subtle rubbing touch of Celise's cunt lips against her own is sheer torturous ecstasy and her body betrays her by hunching back, wanting more of that searing hot cunt meshing with her own aroused pussy.

Below them, Kallas watches in horror as his wife ascends into the air with Celise. His lycanthrope troops take the Agostan army to the brink of collapse and then from the rear entrance of the courtyard comes a great roar. The forces of Jonos groan as dozens of Mountain Giants emerge from the tunnels. At their stead strides Garlchrissh, his tunic covered with blood and his axe dripping with ichor.

Kallas sneers, thinking victory is one step closer before the great Jarl of the Mountain Giants roars, "For King Jonos and Agosta! Death to the pretender!" and he and his men charge the werewolves as Kallas staggers back while giant and lycanthrope crash together in bloody slaughter.

General Nasser reforms his lines and presses his attack, trying to work closer and closer to Kallas, who works his way up a flight of steps, then another, reaching a battlement where he and his personal guard, all now transformed into raging werewolves can more easily defend themselves.

Above it all, Celise coos with dark pleasure as her thick, swollen labia grinds against Nesharina's now flowered and dripping cunt, her tongue roiling around in the Nedalian's mouth. Nesharina is moaning helplessly in the queen's fiery embrace, slowly working her way towards the orgasm of a lifetime, not completely understanding how or why her body is responding so to a woman she has dreamed countless times of killing, simply knowing that she wants...needs more of the Whore Queen. She hunches back against Celise, wanting climax and getting so close.

"KALLAS!" comes a mighty bellow and from a side tunnel, pushing back several of Kallas's soldiers, emerges King Jonos, his mightily muscled body covered in blood, a savage grin on his face as he swings Vanquisher about, laying waste to all brave or foolish enough to give him battle. Jonos eschews heavy armor, content only with a breast plate and his customary kilt. He quickly glances around, assessing the situation here in the vast courtyard, nodding with satisfaction as the Iron Giants slowly corral the werewolves, winnowing down their numbers with each sweep of their brutal axes.

Jonos catches sight of his mother, a hapless and now naked Nesharina in her embrace, a sneer of utter carnal delight on her face. He laughs -- a quick and harsh bark and yells above the din, "GODS, MOTHER! IS THERE NOTHING ON THIS WORLD YOU WOULDN'T FUCK?" He reluctantly tears his gaze away from his queen, hiding all sense of relief at her apparent well being and scans the field again for his uncle. It is only moments later that he spies Kallas surrounding by his werewolf guards, looking aghast at the turn of events.

"COME, KALLAS, LET US SETTLE THIS THING ONCE AND FOR ALL. BE BRAVE SO YOU MAY TELL MY FATHER YOU DIED FIGHTING LIKE A MAN!" Jonos begins fighting his way through the mass of soldiers warring in the courtyard, all giving way before the frightful specter of the warrior king. Blood oozes from his mighty frame from many a sword's slash and he is covered in the blood of dozens he has sent to the Gods.

Upon hearing her son's voice, Celise is nearly overwhelmed with orgasm from the sweetest sound she knows, her cunt pulsing madly as he calls out to her. She senses Nesharina approaching orgasm and is pleased, wanting to be done with the Nedalian bitch.

Nesharina is caught up in ecstasy unlike any she has never known, Celise's passion fueled by eldritch energies burn within her and she yearns to reach the pinnacle of pleasure and begins to gasp, whimpering happily against the queen's lush, full lips. Celise senses the moment of climax has arrived and breaks the kiss.

The Queen of Agosta withdraws from Nesharina the ecstatic glory of the eldritch energies coursing through her body and Nesharina jerks in shock and dismay, the anguish of suddenly being cut off from all that delicious pleasure etched on her face.

Her expression betraying how much she is relishing the moment, Celise whispers, "I deny you, bitch princess of Nedal, the greatest pleasure you would ever hope to know. Die knowing it will never be yours." As her last word escapes her lips, Celise releases Nesharina from her grasp and turns to seek

out her King, paying no attention to the witch's screams or the sick crunch of meat and bone that follows as Nesharina crashes on the stone courtyard far below.

She moves towards Jonos who is now climbing towards the rampart where Kallas cowers behind his lycanthropes. Her cunt aches for her son as she admires his gore drenched body, his mighty thewed thighs swelling as he propels himself ever upwards. He pauses only to glance back to see the source of Nesharina's screams and upon seeing her shattered and lifeless body below, spares a moment to grin at his wife and mother who grins back, both caught up in the bloodlust of battle.

Then he resumes his climb, reaching the battlement, Vanquisher slashing through the air, a king's sword committing deeds worthy of songs still to be sung eons from the moment. Werewolf after werewolf falls to his rage. A small contingent of lycanthropes breaks free from the encircling giants and charges up the steps to rescue their would be king, but then Celise is there, a storm of flame swirling around her -- a storm she unleashes, incinerating all in a moment of hellish fury.

With one final swing of his sword, Jonos liberates the head of Kallas's last defender, sending the hairy orb bouncing past Kallas to fall into the courtyard far below. Sweat mixes with blood and pours into Jonos's eyes, making him squint and scowl as he stalks across the battlement towards his uncle.

Kallas cowers against the stone wall, his sword dangling from a limp and panicked hand. Untouched by battle, whole and healthy, he edges away from the bloody warrior slowly approaching him. Sunlight glints off gore streaked Vanquisher, blinking like a semaphore foretelling impending doom. "Jonos...nephew," Kallas stammers, all his vain bluster and bravado evaporated. Once a man familiar with battle, he is unnerved by the giant of a man confronting him.

"Come Kallas, raise your sword and die a man," growls Jonos. "Do not debase yourself and whimper like an old woman begging for mercy."

Suddenly a hush falls across the field of battle as all turn and crane their heads upwards to see the moment when the matter of the crown of Agosta is to be settled once and for all time. Only the few remaining werewolves attempt to fight on and they are quickly crushed by the giants who gleefully stamp their lives out.

Kallas sobs and lets his weapon fall to the ground with a hollow clang that echoes throughout the fortress. He spreads shaking limbs wide and says in a small voice. "No, I will not fight you, nephew. We are kin and I would shed not your blood. I beg forgiveness, my King and beseech you, show mercy to an old man." His eyes flicker past Jonos to Celise who alights behind her son as light as a feather. The old familiar hate shines in his eyes for a moment for the slayer of his wife, but then he begins to weep as he slowly steps towards the king who stands silent and impassive.

"Dispose of me as you will, King Jonos. Execute me for treason or exile me or perhaps even let me live out the remainder of my short years in mourning for my wife." His voice breaks into a sob on his last words as he closes with Jonos. "Please, embrace me, Jonos -- show mercy to your uncle."

As he reaches his nephew, Kallas suddenly flicks his wrist and with a metallic click, a small wide blade slides from his bracer, dripping with black venom and before Celise can cry out a warning -- her hands coming up to strike him with arcane fire, Kallas slashes at the king, a triumphant smirk on his lips.

Jonos seems frozen, willing to stand and curiously watch his doom come to him, but at the very last instant, he moves so quickly as to be a blur and the blade misses his throat by no more than a

whisker's length and then his arms are in motion and there is a sickly breaking noise and Kallas recoils, his arm hanging at an odd angle -- the elbow brutally broken.

"You are a fool, old man," the King snarls softly, advancing on his uncle, sheathing his sword. "You are a cliché." Jonos reaches out and with one hand takes hold of Kallas by the hair on his head and then slams the other hand into his crotch, fingers contracting and making his uncle squeal in terror and pain. Jonos lifts him up, squeezing harder on Kallas's loins and even Celise winces as things loudly pop and tear.

"Go join your dead bitch," the King of Agosta says and then with a great grunt of effort, he hurls Kallas, the pretender off the rampart. Kallas's shrill cries of pain and terror follow him down until his head collides with the stone flagons, bursting like an overripe melon to splatter on the bloody remains of his wife.

Silence falls over the battlefield as the King stands above them all, pulling his sword from its sheath and raising it high above his head. "I AM JONOS, RIGHTFUL KING OF AGOSTA! BE THERE ANYONE WHO DISPUTES MY CLAIM? LET THEM COME FORTH AND GIVE ME HONORABLE COMBAT!"

Silence follows for some moments -- no one moving save Queen Celise, now unable to keep away from her lover, approaches her son, the king. She places one hand on his strong, broad shoulder and kisses his blood soaked arm, pressing herself against him, hunching her blossomed cunt against his muscled thigh. Her hands move to undo his kilt, unable is she to stop herself, the need to see and touch her son overwhelming.

Celise falls to her knees as his kilt falls away and she moans and presses her face against his thickly haired groin, his penis fully aroused in the heat of battle, sustained now by the touch of his mother's lips, Celise kissing his long shaft, kissing the swollen head, delighting in its velvet firmness. Her tongue slips out and traces a path down and then up Jonos's cock and then she takes him in her mouth as below a great roaring cheer suddenly rises up, accompanied by the sound of clattering swords as the last of Kallas's forces surrender, kneeling in acknowledgement of the true king.

King Jonos raises Vanquisher higher in the air and gives a great, wordless roar to those below which is returned many thousand time in the cries of his soldiers -- their cheers and cries carried to even greater heights as they watch Queen Celise take all of her husband's cock -- deep into her experienced throat, guided by the king's free hand, curled in the long, luxurious tresses of her dark mane.

As the Whore Queen sucks her man's cock in front of thousands of his subjects, they begin to cheer, calling his name over and over again -- "JONOS, JONOS, JONOS!" For long minutes his subjects fill the air with his name while Celise lovingly and expertly sucks her son's huge penis, adoringly licking and sucking ever inch of his vast shaft, reacquainting herself with every bump and vein, losing herself in the touch and taste of her master's erection.

The air around the incestuous couple crackles with energy -- Celise as always, amazed that just kissing and sucking her son's cock can make her so aroused -- even more in the face of all she has experienced in the last few days -- nothing, none of the pleasure she has enjoyed can compare with the joy and rapture of experiencing her son's long, thick penis.

Jonos roars again, announcing the arrival of his orgasm and he floods his mother and queen's mouth with his semen, making her sob with joy at tasting his beloved nectar once again. As he is

shooting his last streamers of sperm, he jerks her head back, his immense cock slipping free of her lips to spray the last of his cum on her face and breasts, all to the cheers of his followers below.

The king's strong arms pull Celise to her feet and wrapping his strong arms around her, he lifts her and crushes his mouth against her sperm smeared lips. His army crows wildly as the royal couple kiss passionately. When Jonos releases her, she gasps, "Oh, Jonos -- my beloved. I have missed you!"

Jonos grins cruelly and replies, "I know you, Mother, this is what you missed!" He thrusts his hips against her several times, his cock still hard, dripping cum and saliva.

Eldritch power flashes in Celise's eyes and the wind stirs around them as she answers, "Oh Gods, yes, son." She hunches against him, letting her thick swollen labia to rub up and down his stiff cock trapped between them. "I missed my son's cock...the cock of a god. I want it, my king. I want your god cock in me, fucking me, making me scream...making us a child...an heir to the throne! Please, Jonos!"

He smiles, understanding of his mother's sluttish ways etched on his face. He lifts Celise up, his hands almost spanning her slender waist. Acting on instinct, the Whore Queen spreads her legs, letting out a cry of happiness as her son impales her on his huge fuck pole, driving her down with such force upon it, she almost passes out from the intensity of being filled with such an immense amount of cock flesh. "FUCK ME, MY SON AND KING!" she screams.

With savage glee Jonos does just that, his hands cupping her firm ass cheeks, working her up and down his cock like a hapless rag doll -- her legs sprawled wide, draped over his arms, his muscles swollen and straining from the effort. The king's subjects below clap and cheer loudly, happily, enthusiastically and enviously -- enjoying the carnal display between the royal mother and son.

King Jonos of Agosta fucks his queen hard, thrusting his cock brutally into her again and again, her breasts bouncing and dancing as she is plunged up and down, happily and helplessly speared on his cock. Jonos licks his lips and ducks his head to suck and bite Celise's swollen nipples, making his mother weep as he gives her such incestuous pleasure she thinks her heart might burst.

The energy within her rushes forth, magnifying every erotic sensation in her body. Dark, purplish flames spread out from her to envelope them both. Jonos grunts in surprise as he feels every nerve in his body become almost infinitely more sensitive and does not slacken the pace with which he is fucking his mother -- indeed, he fucks her all the harder. Eldritch flames lick up and down them both, Celise directing the energy to flow over her son, healing his wounds and restoring him to full health and increasing his vigor and appetites beyond even his usual god like standards..

As an awed crowd watches, mother and son, king and queen, husband and wife, fuck madly, Celise's body flailing wildly as her son stands with feet spread firmly on the stone platform and moves her up and down his cunt-juice covered cock. The flames of energy that dance around them contract, disappearing within them, centered on their joining, pussy and cock, flooding every cell of their genitals with arcane power, increasing the sinfully sweet pleasure mother and son share by a hundred fold.

Celise's orgasm washes over her, making her sob and groan and quiver in her son's embrace, the ecstatic joy growing ever greater with each passing moment. Jonos's strong hands, grip her and open her wider, allowing him to sink his throbbing cock even deeper into her womb and then with a snarl, he slams her down brutally, forcing the swollen tip of his cock deeper into her soft sensitive flesh before he begins to cum.

As Queen Celise feels the first wave of hot, steaming semen -- the precious seed of her beloved son, bath her womb, her orgasm explodes as never before, ripping from her such a soul rending scream of pure, incestuous ecstasy as to shock into silence the awed crowd below as her back arches and her body grows taut, straining to get even more of her son's cock inside her -- straining to open herself and avail herself even more to the king's virile seed.

And so it came to pass, that many an Agostan veteran in the latter years of their life would hoist a mug and proudly claim, "I was there -- I bore witness to the day our good prince was conceived."

#

Jonos slouches insolently on the throne in the great hall of Bloodgate. Though weary, he wishes to finish dispensing justice and carrying out the duties of the King of Agosta before retiring to a well earned bed with his bride. His mother, Celise, Whore Queen of Agosta eschews the throne chair next to his, preferring as she most often does, to recline between her son's strong thighs, her face moving to nuzzle his cock in its nest of dark, wiry hair whenever the mood strikes. Celise remains naked, very comfortable in the unclothed state she has been in for the last several days.

Between audiences, she learns of Jonos tracking her through the mountains -- the last of her escorts, the young soldier, Quint having survived to find the king and informing him of her situation. The King calls him forth and knights him, awarding him land and title for his deeds, heaping lavish praise upon him while Celise kneels at Quint's feet and sucks his cock. In later years, Quint who will be a great hero in his own right will be hard pressed to say which honor meant the most to him -- his land and titles or the privilege of cumming in the mouth of Queen Celise in front of the King.

Afterwards, Jonos tells her of encountering the Mountain Giants in the Iron Shard -- of Garlchrish bravely telling of kidnapping his bride and mother and then almost ashamedly of working for and being dishonored by Kallas. The great Giant speaks admiringly of the king's mother and kneels before Jonos, offering his own neck as atonement for his peoples' misdeeds. Jonos refuses and offers a better way to atone and Garlchrish will call forth over a hundred of his kindred to go to war and redeem themselves against the dishonor that Kallas inflicted upon them.

"I swear to the Gods, Mother -- I could see that creature's cock grow as he talked of the honorable Whore Queen." Jonos shakes his head in mock disgust and says not for the last time, "Mother, is there anything that walks, crawls, swims, slithers or flies that you will not happily spread your legs for?"

Queen Celise smiles up at her husband and after tonguing his semi-erect cock, replies, "I don't know, my lord, but I look forward to finding out...if it should please my son to do so." Mayhap it did, as her teasing tongue again will bring his thick penis to erection, providing the queen with a pleasant diversion as her son and husband continues to hold court.

The surviving remnants of Kallas's army are brought forth, all whom throw themselves on the King's mercy. All appear awed at the sheer force that is their true liege and are torn and distracted as Celise deep throats her son, eyes glazed with carnal contentment while he commands all Kallas's rank and file to swear fealty, abandon their arms and return to their towns and farms, their pardons contingent upon good behavior. The officers of the armies of Agosta who broke faith and allied with Kallas are also shown the King's mercy -- a mercifully quick execution and their heads adorning the walls of Bloodgate.

No lycanthrope is spared and Jonos decrees that the word be spread across Agosta that a warrant of death will be on the head of any who shelter or aid any Nedalian. When the disposition of the corpses of Kallas and Nesharina arise, Jonos is quick to command, "Wrap up their sorry remains in a burlap bag and bear them to the Nedalian border to be offered up to their Priest-king as a token of the esteem in which the King of Agosta holds him and his people."

General Nasser grunts and in an amused tone answers, "My liege, as you command, but do you not think that you might give offense to the Nedalian?"

Celise lets her Jonos's cock slip from her lips, semen and her saliva dripping from it to splatter over her heaving breasts and replies in a cum filled voice, "Nay, General. My husband seeks to pick a fight with old Nergillian. Nedal plans to war with us, but it will be Agosta that chooses when that war shall begin!"

Nasser grins toothily at that, his one eye gleaming with fire at the prospect of ending the Nedalian threat once and for all. King Jonos nods and his general bows and says, "As you command, sire."

Jonos then commands that the Patriarch of the Church attend him. Many minutes pass before the old man strides in, accompanied by the King's Captain of the Guard, the dour Captain Tollene. "Good priest, I had nearly given up hope of you making an audience with your King," rumbles the king in a tone of foul humor. "You were busy offering up prayers of thanks to the Gods for our victory, no doubt?"

The patriarch's lips curl almost into a sneer before he masters himself and replies, "My apologies, my...lord. I presumed you were busy with matters of state."

And so I am, Patriarch Donat, so I am and a matter of security has arisen -- one in which I seek your counsel."

The old man nods, his expression of near disdain transforming into one of smugness. "As you wish -- may my paltry wisdom suffice to be of service."

Jonos grins and replies, "I am sure of it. Now, as you know, upon the commencement of war between me and my uncle, my armies engaged his forces three times and each time it was if he had anticipated our battle plans."

"The Gods be praised that we were able to still drive his men from the field each time," says the Patriarch.

Jonos snorts contemptuously and answers, "The Gods and General Nasser be praised -- it was his skill that saved the day each time. Despite victory it quickly became obvious that a traitor was amongst the King's advisors."

Patriarch Donat nods, shifting a little before the King, his eyes suddenly avoiding the King's icy stare. He averts them more as his gaze moves down to see Celise calmly sucking her son's cock, milking it clean of his last ejaculation. "As you say, M'lord. I am a man of the divine -- such secular matters...confuse me."

"You are such a devoted man to be sure," says the King, sarcasm heavy in his voice. "I determined that it was one of three who was the betrayer and set a trap for him."

The head of the Agostan faith begins to turn pale and stutters, "I-Indeed, King Jonos?"

Jonos continues, "Only three men amongst my advisors were informed that the Queen was dispatched by me to seek support from her father in Elysiis. Each man was told in confidence a different route that she would travel." The king rises from the throne, forcing Celise to surrender his cock from her lips. "Tell me, Patriarch -- how was it that Kallas knew where to send the giants to take my mother captive?"

The old man steps back, awed in the face of the anger of the King. He opens his mouth to speak, then abruptly turns and attempts to flee, only to realize that he is ringed in by several of the King's guard with Captain Tollene and General Nasser behind him, hands gripping the hilts of their swords. The Patriarch spins and shakes his fist at King Jonos. "You have no right to accuse me. I am the Church and not bound to your word -- you, the usurper who lies with your whore of a mother in unholy fornication."

"Why, Patriarch Donat, you say that like it is a terrible thing," purrs Celise, her arms wrapped around her son's broad, oak like thigh.

"You are guilty of treason, old man against your King and Agosta," thunders Jonos, pulling his sword from its scabbard. "I only regret that I cannot make your death truly worthy of all who have suffered from your black deeds."

"My lord," sighs Celise. "In the days I spent with the giants, I heard them speak of how they deal with traitors of their clan -- perhaps...?" The Whore Queen smiles up at her husband -- her grin so evil that the Patriarch moans in fear.

Jonos raises an eyebrow in surprise and then turns to the Jarl of the Iron Giants, standing with several of his kin in a dim corner. "Indeed? Garlchrishh, come forth -- I would hear of this punishment."

Garlchrishh moves forward and then kneels before the king. Upon rising, he grins at Celise and then says, "King Jonos, we have here in the Iron Shards, a small pest we call Fire Scorpions -- tiny creatures with a sting that would make the stoutest giant cry. We stake a traitor out next to a nest of the miserable vermin."

Jonos grins broadly and says, "And they sting the bastard to death?"

The giant shakes his head and with a harsh grin replies, "Nay, good King. The Fire Scorpions enter through any available orifice and go hither to lay eggs...thousands of them which then sting and feed off the...as you call it, bastard! Their death is long and painful in arriving though they pray for its quick arrival with all their hearts."

Jonos gapes at the giant for long seconds and then throws his head back and roars with laughter. "By the Gods, so be it! Garlchrishh, the Patriarch's deeds played a role in your dishonor, I give the execution of his punishment to your people!"

Garlchrishh bows deeply and motions to two of his giants who quickly take the now screaming Patriarch away. The leader of the Iron Giants begins to withdraw, but hesitates and again bows to Jonos and says, "Your majesty, I would seek two boons from you to wipe clean all stain of dishonor from my kinsman and myself."

Jonos nods as he retakes his seat, reaching out to pull his mother up and into his lap. He seats her so she is facing the court, his cock rising again between her thighs which Celise immediately begins

rubbing her slick labia against, rolling her hips in a whorish, lascivious manner. "What boons do you seek?"

Garlchrissh drops to one knee and says, "I would ask for the honor of I and my Mountain Giants to become the Whore Queen's personal guard -- so her life is never again threatened by treachery. We will serve her unto death itself."

Celise, already shivering in anticipation of Jonos's long, hard cock again being buried inside her, perceives all the implications of a contingent of giants being her personal escort, and gives a long, lust filled sigh." A fresh flood of cunt cream flows from her pussy, her labia spread wide, trying to wrap around the thick shaft of her son's erect penis.

Jonos grunts and then laughs in amusement, replying, "Your offer alone arouses the hunger of my mother's insatiable cunt. Your boon is granted -- form your Queen's Guard -- my wife and mother's safety, I place in your capable hands."

Slowly, the king lifts Celise by the waist, and places her wet and dripping cunt above his throbbing cock. As he lowers her onto his immense erection, drawing a joyful moan from the Whore Queen as she is impaled on his thick length, he asks. "You asked for two boons, Garlchrissh. Pray tell, what is the second?"

Garlchrissh licks his lips hungrily at the sight of King Jonos so brazenly and unconcernedly fucking his mother in front of the gathered audience. It takes him several seconds to gather his thoughts. "My king, my men and I slew many a good man and carried off the rest of the Queen's escort to slavery in Nedal while carrying out the commands of the dishonorable Kallas. I seek your leave and terms to pay wergild to the families of those we wronged."

The king nods thoughtfully, considering the request of the Mountain Giant while he works his mother, the Whore Queen up and down his cock, her helpless as a rag doll, her long, shapely legs hanging limply over his thighs, her breasts bouncing wildly and her face scrunched up in utter pleasure at her incestuous fucking..

"Giant, wergild you shall pay for those you have killed, but I have other penalties in mind for the Queen's men being sold into slavery." He grins lewdly as he fucks his mother, savoring the exquisite feel of her hot, sopping wet cunt flesh as he says, "You and yours will go with me to Nedal -- we shall go and take our men back!"

Every man, soldier and giant in the throne room raise their voices in a guttural cheer, almost, but not quite drowning out the moans of Celise -- the Whore Queen crying out her incestuous orgasm as she writhes helplessly on her son's cock. She revels in the power coursing through her son's body, making his cock throb and his heart pound, aroused by the future prospect of battle and by the motherly ministrations of the cunt of the Whore Queen.

So ends the telling of this tale. There are many more -- stories of great adventure and heroic deeds worthy of Gods. And that is as it should be -- Jonos the Conqueror and Celise, his mother, the Whore Queen, lived and loved in such a way as to shame the Gods in comparison. Go now to your beds and pull your loved ones close and make love worthy of the Conqueror and the Whore Queen! Gather soon again by my fire -- bring good drink and good food and I will tell you more of the age of Heroes!

The End...for now.