

JONOS & THE WHORE QUEEN CH. 01

Ahabscribe

Sword & sorcery, mother/son incest, and more.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

14.2k words

And now for something completely different! Not sure where this idea came - part Conan style fantasy homage - part my normal incest style story - and much, much more. I'm sure you'll agree this is not my normal fare and I'm looking forward to hearing your thoughts!

As always, this is a work of fiction and all characters within are simply figments of my imagination! Enjoy.

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Although the great age of heroes and villains is now long past, lost amid the ruin and dust of time, I, the storyteller, remain to remind humanity that giants once walked the Earth, that humans lived, fought and lusted with a furiousness and passion now lost to this race. I alone can tell the tale of Jonos, Conqueror and King, Lover and Loved. Gather around me and revel in the telling of his glory!

Old King Janish stirs restlessly from his throne, wandering the nearly deserted hall to gaze out a window at his capital city of Atria. A bloody moon hangs over the city and he grins up at it. It is a good omen -- a moon of death overlooking bloody deeds below. "By now the deed is done," he mutters to himself, unconcerned with his personal guards always standing nearby.

A soft sob echoes through the room, drawing King Janish's attention from the window and to the woman who sits slumped on the steps leading to the dais of his throne.

His eyes slide unappreciatively over her lovely body, dressed scantily in silk wraps that do little to hide her bountiful breasts and long, shapely legs. "Hush woman," he snaps. "He's my son, too and it must be done." For a moment, he does acknowledge her almost unearthly beauty, but only in that it reminds him of his own aged body, now immune to the lusts and desires of his younger years. "Damn witch," he hisses as he steps by her and resumes his wait on the jeweled throne of Agosta.

He begins to nod off, his thoughts mixing with his dreams. He finds himself in the streets of the city, mist rising up to dim his way. Off in the distance he spies a proud, young man walking towards him. Tall, muscular and striding with the ease and agility of a noble panther, long hair brushing his shoulders as he walks, almost hiding his face...his almost always scowling face. He is flanked by two of the Prince's Guard, cloaked in the red and black colors of the Prince. He hears one of them saying something about a visit to Lynestra's -- Atria's most opulent bordello and the young man laughs lustfully and nods agreement. At that moment, his guards suddenly pull their swords and the young man turns, a look of shock and disbelief on his face as the two armed men close with him. The mist swallows them up and there is an awful scream...

King Janish jerks awake, startled as the great doors to the throne room open with a boom to admit a cloaked and helmeted member of the Prince's Guard. Janish sits up, his heart suddenly pounding. Below him, the woman sits up as well, her lovely, dusky face streaked with tears. Everyone's eyes are

drawn to the sword held low by the guard, much of its length darkened by blood that still glistens on the razor edged metal.

"Is it done? Is my son dead, Captain Leone?" the King rasps. "Does your sword bear the heart blood of Prince Jonos?" He stands and takes a step downwards, barely able to control his desire to take the sword and embrace its potential to restore his youth and vigor.

The guard approaches and holds out the sword, hilt first. "Your command was obeyed, my King," a harsh voice replies.

The woman on the dais begins to weep again, sobbing, "Jonos, Jonos...my child." Ignoring her, the old man descends the dais, laughing and holding out his hands to take the sword, his face alight like a child receiving gifts at Winterfest.

The guard speaks again, "Your command was obeyed, my King, but...Father, your men failed." With one hand, the guard quickly removes his helmet and the long hair of the Prince Jonos tumbles to his brawny shoulders even as with long practiced ease, the long sword in his left hand is twirled and caught at the hilt.

The King halts, his eyes widening in surprise. "Jonos? Alive??" He backpedals up the steps. "Nooooo. Guards! I am betrayed!" he wails.

The several guards stationed around the throne room begin to move towards the young prince but stop as he holds up his free hand and with a voice used to giving commands, cries out, "NO! I claim the right -- the right of challenge between one who is wronged and the wrongdoer. My father attempts to kill the rightful heir without cause or justification. I now demand the right of satisfaction." As he speaks, he undoes the clasp of the red and black cloak, letting it billow to the ground. A long bloody slash runs the width of his torso, still oozing blood from a nearly fatal strike.

Jonos stands dressed only in the kilt he mostly favors as apparel, his nearly naked body well muscled and gleaming with sweat. He offers his sword up as guarantee to his next words. "Any man who stands against me in my quest for satisfaction will die slowly!"

The guards look uncertainly at each other and then all look to one man for guidance, his colors are the black and purple -- the Captain of the King's Guard. He nods and motions for his men to stand down. "He has claimed the right." The Captain removes his helmet and nods to King Janish. "Your majesty...Prince Jonos, by your leave." He points towards the door and his men march out.

The old King looks on in absolute horror, continuing to back up until he almost stumbles against his throne. "Jonos...there is a misunderstanding. You don't know...I am your father...I AM YOUR KING!" King Janish's face is ashen as he gropes around the arm of the throne until his hand closes around the hilt of "Vanquisher" the sword of Kings for time immemorial that he had once led armies into battle with. He raises it uncertainly and looks at his son. "You owe me your allegiance, boy!"

Prince Jonos smiles back darkly. He begins to climb the steps. "And you had it, Father. I would have given you my life willingly had you but asked. But this rank betrayal...and only to extend your own miserable life. Leone told me everything in the end -- your plans to use sorcery..." The Prince glances over at his mother who is on her knees, staring at him in disbelief, "...and my blood to regain your youth..." Jonos steps up to face his father on the dais. "You want my blood, old man, come take it if you can."

At the taunt of "old man" the King's eyes fill with insane anger and he lunges at his son, the sword slashing through the air with a speed that belies his faded age and vigor, hissing, "Whelp of a whoring witch, I will kill you!"

The sword descends towards Jonos' unprotected neck only to miss as at the last possible second, the young prince simply steps aside and then before the King recovers, his son drives his own sword home, deep into the King's black heart.

King Janish gives a pained and anguished cry, then squeals like a wounded sow as his son twists his sword and in a soft, almost tender voice, says, "I claim it all, Father. What was yours is now mine," again glancing over at his mother, her face paling as she watches her husband's life blood spill onto the dais. "Everything, father. Your throne, your kingdom, your queen...it all belongs to me now!"

Jonos twists his sword again, the sound of flesh and muscle tearing echoes wetly across the room and King Janish's final cry of denial and rage die, choked off in a gush of blood from his lips. Jonos gives a harsh laugh and jerks his sword free from his father's still standing body. He stares into King Janish's now sightless eyes and with contempt, shoves the lifeless corpse off the dais to land with a meaty thump. Jonos looks at his dead father with satisfaction, his eyes coming to rest on the sword still in Janish's grasp and then the bejeweled gold ringlet sitting askew on his head.

The young man turns to the Queen and in a voice that brooks no argument commands, "Mother, bring me my sword. Bring me my crown." He eases himself into the throne, making a little grunt of contentment

The woman, her hands clasped at her breast can only stare at her son in amazement for a moment before she can tear her eyes from his nearly naked form and rise to her feet. She tries to ignore her son's frank and interested stare as she walks towards her dead husband, her body moving lithely. She has felt his hungering eyes before, his amongst thousands who have looked with lust upon her comely body.

Her large and magnificent breasts heave mightily under the scant silk wrappings, huge, jewel sized nipples now erect and visible against the filmy material. Her bare, flat stomach and shapely thighs do more than hint at her well toned and fit beauty. Her dark eyes which give her away as a Princess of the far off lands of Elysiis flit again and again to her son, unable to meet his piercing gaze.

She squats carefully, long strands of silk covering her sex, but molding against her pudenda, revealing the shape and fullness of her mound. She removes her husband's crown from his head and then pries 'Vanquisher' from his hand. Slowly she then climbs the steps to the foot of King Janish's -- no, now her son's throne. She holds out crown and sword to her son.

Jonos snorts and says in a voice full of derision, "Kneel before your King, mother."

She takes a deep breath and slowly drops to her knees, knowing full well she offers her son a splendid view of her extravagant cleavage. She cannot help but blush before his gaze, especially as she realizes that she is almost face to face with a prominent tenting in her son's kilt. Jonos takes the sword from her and then raises his head and cries out. "King's guards -- you are commanded to enter the Hall."

As if waiting for their cue, the great doors open and the company of the King's Guard just dismissed, march in, accompanied by three men in rich, luxurious robes. The Guard spread out and resume their stations while their captain approaches the throne. The Queen begins to rise, but a single command of, "Stay as you are, Mother," keeps her kneeling before her son.

Jonos nods to the soldier approaching and the Captain of the Guard halts and kneels. "Captain Torrene, did you know of my father's plot to kill me?"

Torrene raises his head and removes his helmet, his short gray hair almost gone white. Despite his advanced years, Jonos knows him as a skilled and deadly warrior. Without hesitation, he replies, "Yes, my majesty. I knew."

Jonos nods and then turns to the new arrivals, each wide-eyed as they stare at the now blood soaked corpse of their King. "Ministers -- Lords Krane, Sykes and Lorrel -- did you know of the King's plot to kill me?"

Each man blanches and looks to the others and then shakes their heads and cry out, "No!" and "Madness!"

Jonos nods watching the Captain's reaction as well as that of his father's closest advisors. He sees something in Captain Torrene's eyes that he doesn't see in the others. "Captain Torrene, who do you serve?"

The old man nods and replies, "I serve the King."

"Am I the King?"

Again the old officer nods and says, "You are, by right of birth and by right of challenge."

"I believe you. Will you continue as my Captain of the King's Guard?"

Something akin to fire flashes in the old man's eyes and he smiles grimly and says, "My life is yours, Sire. Command me."

Jonos smiles, cold and harsh and replies, "Rise, Captain Torrene. Stand ready to serve." He turns again to the advisors. "Gentlemen, who do you serve?"

The three men prostrate themselves and babble, "You, your majesty -- we are yours to command." They look at each other with some signs of relief.

Jonos smiles and says, "Very well. Please throw yourselves out yon window." He points to the very window his father gazed out of scant minutes past. "It is my will that you jump to your deaths."

The oldest of the three advisors, Lord Krane of the Treasury sputters. "Sire? You jest surely?" When Jonos shakes his head in the negative, Krane draws himself up. "My King...I am your Warden of the Treasury. You cannot command me to jump out a window only to die. I'm...I'm...IMPORTANT!" The other advisors nod in agreement.

"No, Krane -- you are mine to do with as I see fit. Captain, help them along."

Tollene replies, "As you command, majesty." A few simple signals and his men are in motion and one by one, the screaming, protesting advisors are hurled out the window -- their cries fading before merging into three wet and crunchy explosions.

All return to their stations and then as one cry out, "Hail, King Jonos!"

Jonos smiles and then returns his attention to his mother. "Mother, am I your king as well?"

His mother finally meets his gaze. "Oh yes, my son...my King. I am yours -- command me."

Jonos smiles and says, "Rise, Queen Celise." He looks at the soldiers in the room. "I am King Jonos, by right of birth and by right of challenge. The Queen of my treacherous father herself swears allegiance and now places the crown upon my brow." He nods and his mother steps up and behind him, so close he can smell her perfume -- jasmine based, as well as sweat and something else. He can feel her full, voluptuous breasts brush against his bare back as she gently places the crown upon his head.

She steps back and cries out, "King Janish is dead, Long live King Jonos!" Her cry is echoed by all in the room. She moves to step away but Jonos's arm shoots out and takes her wrist in an iron grasp. "Mother, did you know of my father's plot?" He jerks her around and down to fall at the foot of his throne. The violence of his action exposes her right breast, huge and fleshy and for a woman of at least fifty years, marvelously firm and upright without a hint of sagging.

Queen Celise stifles a sudden urge to cry and beg and with her eyes filled with shame, nods quickly and replies, "Yes, my son -- forgive me."

King Jonos snorts derisively and says, "Captain Torrene, have my mother escorted to my father's -- HAH! -- to my chambers and guard her well while I consider her fate." Guards appear on either side of his mother and take her by the arms. She is crying silently now, but does not beg for mercy as she is led away.

Once she has left, Jonos instructs his Captain further. "Summon the High Council. Inform them we shall meet at high noon come the morrow. Spread the word throughout Agosta that I have slain my father in challenged combat and claimed the throne. Let any who would challenge me make their claim tomorrow."

He stands and descends the dais, 'Vanquisher' still in his hands. "Recall Captains Prius and Nasser from the Battle Lines -- have the wizards bring them. I want them here when I awake come morning."

Torrene nods and replies, "As you command, majesty."

Jonos steps over his father's corpse and strides from the room, followed by two of his Guard, pausing only to call over his shoulder, "Leave that wretch's corpse where it lies."

He stops in front of his parents' bedchambers. Two Guards stand there already. "Do not disturb me or the Queen till morning," he commands as the Guards take up station. He grins darkly, making the guards swallow and sweat. "No matter what you hear."

Jonos pushes open the doors and slams them shut behind him. Scented candles scattered about, illuminate the room. The opulent bed covered with furs and soft satins and silks sits empty. The room is filled with a lifetime's worth of mementos and trophies from his father's near six decade long reign. A great tapestry divides a small portion of the room from the rest and he stalks over to it and gripping the ancient piece firmly, he rips it to the floor, revealing the Queen's portion of the room -- her lair when the King had dismissed her from his bed, but wanted her to be close at hand.

A small, but luxurious bed sets across from a small vanity with silvered mirror that stands against the outside wall. Before it, his mother, Queen Celise sits, her eyes downcast. Without looking up, she whispers, "My king, what do you wish of me?"

Jonos feels his heart swelling with a storm of conflicting emotions which spur him into enraged action. "Witch, I wish I knew!" He springs towards her, grabbing a fistful of her dark hair and jerks

her upright and she screams as he then hurls her across the room, knocking over a teak table and shattering a bottle of Elysiian wine on the cold stone floor.

Celise lets out a terrified cry and struggles to her feet, her knees skinned and bloody from the impact. Jonos storms towards her, bringing his sword up and touches the tip to his mother's throat. "Should I kill you now, Mother," he hisses, his voice quivering with rage. "Would you have worked the spell for him -- would you have used my blood -- the blood of your son to restore my father's youth and vigor?" He steps closer, his sword tip pressing hard enough to ever so slightly pierce his mother's skin, causing a trickle of blood to run down her long, slender throat. He puts his lips to her ear and whispers, "Did you miss your husband's cock so much that you would kill your son to regain it?"

Celise trembles with fear, but her son's last words provoke an almost angry reaction. "NO!" she cries out. Her hands come up to cup Jonos's face and she says, "You are my son. I love you and I am no dark sorceress! I...how can you even think of such a thing?"

Jonos takes step back and snarls, "You knew! By your own confession you knew what father wanted and you did nothing to stop him!" His right arm tenses as if preparing to run his mother through."

Tears pour down his mother's face as she sobs, "He was King -- I could not betray him!" She tries to reach out and caress Jonos's face again, but he places his hand against her chest and keeps her from moving. Both instinctively shiver as his flesh touches hers, her breast soft and firm beneath his palm. Celise stifles a moan and whispers. "I would have done his bidding as his wife and then I would have killed myself for my deeds.

"You are now my king, Jonos. Believe what you will and do what you will, but know that I have always loved you." Again she shivers as his hand digs into her meaty breast while the point of his sword scratches the soft skin of her throat.

Celise moans as she feels her son's hand clench, tearing into the silk fabric of her wrap. Jonos growls, "I believe you are a devious bitch." His voices grows raspier as he squeezes her breast, the silk giving way and his hands, still stained with his father's blood brushes her flesh. "What is truly in your heart, Mother, I do not ken."

Celise moans as his tight grip on her breast brings both pleasure and pain. Jonos is breathing heavy -- the tent in his kilt reappearing now as his mighty chest heaves. Celise's dusky skin darkens as she blushes with embarrassment and arousal, her heavy and firm breasts bouncing slightly as she shakes with fear and other almost animalistic emotions. Her large, thick nipples swell, perhaps from the cold air, perhaps from something else. Between her legs, she feels her well groomed forest of black hair go from moistness to sodden heat.

"What is in my heart is love," she breathes. "Love for my son, love for the man who has freed me from the depredations of an evil man, love for my King." Celise reaches out and grasps her son just below the knee. "What would you have me do, my son, my king, to prove my love and loyalty to you?" She gazes into the stormy eyes of her son as she speaks, her hand sliding upward a little.

Jonos licks his lips and says softly, "I am the King and you are mine to do with what I will -- do you not agree?" His kilt shifts noticeably as the swelling of the tent becomes more pronounced.

Celise cannot long bear his gaze and then as she looks downward, she averts her eyes from the obvious erection her son is now sporting. "Y-yes, my majesty," she whispers.

Jonos chuckles. "What to do with such a conniving witch? He tickles her throat with 'Vanquisher' lifting her gaze to his sneering visage again. "Perhaps I should just kill you. Perhaps I should spare your life and send you to work in the mines in the mountains." He laughs again, harsher and says, "Perhaps I should sell you to Lynestra. You have the body of a fine whore, Mother." He drops the sword from her throat and with his other hand tears the silk cloth from her bosom. Celise moans, her eyes full of fear and desire

"Would you make a good whore, Mother? I imagine men would pay a pretty bit of coin to bed a Queen. What of it, Mother -- shall you be a whore?"

Celise's face continues to darken and she finally raises her gaze to meet her son's stare. "If you command it, my liege, I will fuck every man in the kingdom. If you command it, my king, I will be Lynestra's finest whore. If you command it, my son, I will be your whore." Her hand trembles as she slips it up further under her son's kilt, his mighty hewed thigh leading to his great penis. Celise moans as she tries to wrap her delicate hand around his cock and fails. Her eyes widen -- showing her amazement at his length and girth. Celise's voice cracks as she whispers, "I will be the finest lover you will ever know, my son."

Jonos's eyes gleam with lust and he laughs, tossing the sword across the room and with his fingers digging painfully into his mother's breast, brings her to her feet. "I told Father that everything that was his was now mine, including his queen and so it shall be!" he hisses before mashing his lips against Celise's. She moans into his open mouth as his tongue spears between her lips, spreading them and finding her tongue, a fresh duel beginning of wet fleshy tissue.

Celise's head spins as her son kisses her like a familiar and passionate lover, her tongue coiling around his, spittle dripping down their chins as they kiss hungrily, her sucking on his tongue and then yielding to his hunger as his lips trap her tongue and sucks it, his teeth, trapping and scrapping her soft, wet flesh.

Through their long and ardent kiss, the queen's hand never leaves her son's erect member, slowly stroking it, her mind racing with awe at its immense size. Jonos's sword hand slips down her mostly bare back until it becomes entangled in the remaining silks that wrap around her lower body. With little effort expended, he rips his mother's remaining garments from her, leaving her naked in his arms.

The young man's lips begin to nuzzle his mother's soft neck, lips smearing with blood from where his sword had been moments before. Celise feels herself begin to swoon, her head falling back, exposing her neck to her son and her full, ripe breasts. She cries out as Jonos ducks his head and bites her long, swollen nipples, the pain rocketing through her body, transforming into knee weakening pleasure.

Suddenly Jonos snarls and flings his mother onto the king's bed. Before she has come to a stop amidst the furs and fine cloth, Jonos is on her like a ravenous beast, tearing his kilt from his body to reveal his great lust for his mother. His cock is swollen and immense, longer than any man's that Celise has ever seen, thicker than any she has known. Her heart beats in trepidation at the thought that she might be assaulted by his mammoth member while her labia begins to pucker with eagerness at the prospect of entertaining his truly kingly cock.

"I am yours, Jonos," she moans, spreading her legs wide, her thick but trimmed pubic hair, parting to reveal her drenched pussy -- her juices literally dripping from her sodden cunt. "I will be your

mother, your queen, your whore, my lord!" Celise groans as she thrusts her pelvis at him, fingers digging into the bedding, desperate for her son's immense penis.

Jonos barges between his mother's thighs, laughing at her as he presses his body against hers, a hand intertwining itself in her long, dark hair and yanking her head back and exposing her neck. "Slut, you will be whatever I command you to be, I don't need your declarations of love or fealty. You are mine, wench whore!"

Celise screams as her the huge head of her son's cock spreads her labia and enters her! It is iron rod and spongy head and thickness itself and opens her as no man or object has ever done before. Her screams escalate as he plunges swiftly and steadily into her womb, ever forward, her own tightness proving to be no obstacle. The silken sheets are ripped as she claws them, her whole body convulsing as if on fire and indeed, her mind and body are consumed by a pleasurable conflagration as she commits incest with her son. Thoughts of buying his mercy or preying upon sentiment are seared from her thoughts as the rapturous joy of mating with her son overwhelms her.

Orgasmic fury sends Celise's screams echoing throughout the palace, no doubt leaving the guards at the door wondering what their new King is doing to his mother, as he fills her completely and still he thrusts forward, stretching her, almost tearing her as he pummels her cervix with his cock!

"JONOSSSS! TOO TOOO MUCH MY KING...SON OH GODSSSSS YOU'RE TOOOO BIG SOOOOO BIG!" Celise sobs, her hands now balled into fists and she beats at his brawny arms and shoulders in vain as her son begins to piston in and out of her, her pelvis almost pulled along as he withdraws, his meat is wormed inside her so tightly and then she cries and writhes as he thrusts again into her, the pleasure so intense that the difference between it and pain is almost...almost indistinguishable!

Sweat pours from the young king's body as he fucks his mother, he is almost eerily silent as a thousand nights of fantasy become reality and he masters his mother with his mighty penis. His lips alight upon her skin in a hundred places, kissing here and biting there, hands mauling her bountiful, heavy breasts as he bits her nipples hard enough to draw blood. Celise's orgasm is unacknowledged by him although he appreciates the liquid fire of her pussy cream, providing enough lubrication to keep from tearing his mother apart.

Energy born of incestuous passion seems to fill the air -- it almost seems to crackle, albeit the only manifestation evident is the sudden increase in the intensity and height of the flames of the many candles in the room, pulsating in time with Celise's orgasms, fueled no doubt from the sorceress's own fulfilled desires.

Gradually, her struggles to stop the intense sensations of pleasure cease, replaced by a sense of humility and wonder as Jonos seems intent on fucking her forever. Her wordless cries never wane although her voice grows hoarse and strain as orgasm follows orgasm as Jonos relentlessly fucks her.

She is lost in her pleasure and it seems to go on forever, then almost defying belief, she feels her son grow within her, his massive cockhead battering away at her womb seems to grow and then he roars, like the great lion of the savannas, announcing his mounting his mate and thrusts hard and begins to cum.

All previous understanding of orgasmic delight is washed away as now the true joy of incestuous pleasure ignites within Celise as her son and king begins to flood her pussy with steaming hot semen. Like the Great Geyser of the Everfrost Highlands, he does not seem to stop as burst after

burst of Jono's cum fills her hungry cunt until she cannot understand how her body can take it all. As ecstasy spreads throughout her body, it as if her very flesh is absorbing his seed and converting it to a form of pleasure she never dreamed could exist.

Celise is so lost in her own rapturous joy that she is totally unaware that she has lost consciousness until she is ripped back into the waking world when pain and pleasure mix as her son grips her hips and pulls his still thick and erect cock from her claspng cunt. Jonos grins as she moans and writhes underneath him as she is deprived of his manhood. "You make a fine whore, Mother," he says as he rolls off her and onto his back. Celise is amazed that while covered with love sweat, her son is scarcely winded.

"Your fine cock would make any woman wish to be your whore, my king," his mother replies, stretching like a lithe panther. "You surpass your father in the bedchamber. You fuck like a god, my son." Celise rolls over on her side, curling up against her son and draping one long and shapely leg over his muscled thigh. Already, she can feel the copious deposit of her son's kingly semen oozing from her well fucked cunt.

"Bring me wine, whore," Jonos commands, a pleased smile on his face at her compliment. As his mother slithers unsteadily off the bed, he slaps her round bottom, leaving a distinct red hand mark on her ass cheek.

Celise staggers towards the wine cabinet, somewhat shocked at how shaken she feels with her son's seed trickling now down her thigh. She glances back at Jonos and a thrill goes through her body as she feels her words are truth. Her son, lying back on the large bed, appears like a painting of a god, his broad, well muscled body perfect, flawed only by the scars of battle, his long dark hair so much like her own, framing and partially hiding his face, although she can feel his lustng gaze roaming over her body. Most amazing of all is his giant's cock, rising from his mighty thighs like a great redtree, glistening now with his sperm and her juices.

She picks up a bottle of prime vintage and reaches for a goblet, but Jonos's harsh voice commands, "Just bring me the bottle, Mother." She returns to him and he takes the bottle and swings it up and swallows a third with one swig. Celise is unsure of what to do next, but her son decides for her. "Mother, clean me up. It is the duty of a good whore."

Celise shivers at her son's demeaning words and begins to move towards the washbasin with its warm water heated by coals, but then it dawns on her what the new king is truly asking and she murmurs, "It would be my pleasure, my lord," as she climbs onto the bed and kneels over her son's crotch. With eyes turned towards him, watching his amused face, she begins to lick the mixed leavings of their mating off his cock. Celise sighs with desire and pleasure as she licks up thick streamers of semen and cunt cream, savoring it as something akin to the nectar of the gods.

As she tongues up a particularly thick glob of her son's seed, she groans happily and licks her lips, drawing a bark of laughter from Jonos. "Ahhh, Mother, you missed your true calling. All these years wasted as Queen of Agosta when you could have been our kingdom's finest slut." With one strong hand, he reaches out and runs his fingers through her long and now tangled dark hair.

Celise's eyes glow with incestuous lust as her stare pierces her son's very soul while she curls her long tongue around the enormous crown of his penis and whispers in a voice dripping with desire, "For you, my king, I would be both Queen and Whore."

Jonos snorts and replies, "Assuredly you are both -- as to whether you will remain either -- I know you for the conniving sorceress that wed my father and bore me. Whether I should trust you or just

fuck you and then kill you...I have not decided."

A shiver passes through Celise's naked body at the casual way her son speaks of her as yet to be divided fate. In a voice that is more confident than she feels, she says, "As I have sworn, my king. I am yours. Command me and I shall obey." She sits up, her tongue flicking out to capture a last bit of sperm on the corner of her mouth and gestures to the nearest open window. "Shall I follow your father's ministers and fly out the window?" The dusky Elissian looks proudly upon her son, her body the epitome of carnality. "Command me, my son."

Jonos again snorts with laughter and answers, "Perhaps later. For now, I would have you mount the King's charger and ride." His voice is full of lust for his mother's mouth has again awakened his long denied incestuous urges. Celise feels the same lust within herself even as her cunt aches from the beating her son's cock gave her just minutes before.

Heart pounding, Celise rises up and swings her shapely leg across her son's body, straddling him, his long erect penis brushing against her thick pubic pelt, her labia still split asunder from earlier, her lips quivering -- kissing his thick shaft as she rises higher, sliding her wet, cumsoaked flesh along his erect cock until she is hovering over it. Celise is almost overcome with emotion and lust and moans, "Oh before the gods, I swear my love for thee, Jonos!"

Celise begins to descend, crying out in both pain and ecstasy as she impales herself on her son's great pole, spreading her open, scraping her flesh deliciously as he fills her as no man has ever done. The sensations of sweet sin are too much and she pauses, having taken only half his cock in her pussy and lets her incestuous orgasm take over, sobbing, "I do love you, my son! I never knew this could be so...so GOOD!"

Jonos hands slide up his mother's comely body, pausing to cup both her bountiful and firm breasts, forefinger and thumbs pinching and pulling Celise's large, rubbery nipples until she cries out in pain that only intensifies her climax. "Mayhap you do love me, Mother. Mayhap you just are a cockslut at heart. Ride me, Mother! Fuck your son as if it has been your life's dream come true." His large hands move to her waist, just above the curve of her hips and with a grunt of satisfaction, he pulls her down, spearing her womb deeper with his mammoth cock.

Celise's eyes snap wide open and she flings her head back and lets fly a scream that makes even the battle hardened guards outside the doors jump in surprise as the white fire of intense sexual pain and pleasure explodes in the wet, steamy and cock filled hole between her legs and sears every fiber of her being. More and more cock disappears inside her pussy, filling her up beyond belief, nudging and then hammering against her cervix until she feels his wiry pubic hair entangle with her own trimmed bush.

Time seems suspended as Celise shudders helpless, trapped on her son's mighty cock in the throes of orgasm. Again, every candle in the chamber brightens and intensifies in strength and her dusky skin gleams with sweat that almost appears to have an unworldly sheen to it as she moans, her unseeing dark eyes flashing with fire. Celise is conscious of the fiery furnace of pleasure that burns between her legs, filling her blood with energy that courses through her body, swelling her nipples till she thinks they'll burst. Every so often, she is aware of Jonos flexing his cock, making it stir her insides as her cunt walls grip his thick shaft so tightly she can feel his heart's pulse.

Abruptly, Celise lets out another soul shredding scream and then it is as if the string is cut and she collapses atop her son's body, crying as only a woman completely sexually fulfilled can. Long minutes pass while she comes to herself, Jonos content to be completely buried in his mother's

pussy, her flesh gripping him tightly as if to prevent any escape. He relishes the feel of Celise's immense bosom pillowed out against his chest, her nipples throbbing against his hairless chest.

Gradually, Celise recovers -- the first sign being little kisses on her son's neck and then cheeks and finally, her lips brushing his mouth and her tongue running over his parted lips before venturing inside to be greeted by his tongue. Jonos grunts appreciatively as his mother hunches against his body, wiggling her hips around his buried penis until she almost swoons again. Her arms caress his well muscled shoulders and shoulders before running her fingers through his hair and then into the mountain of furs and pillows above them.

Celise groans, nearing orgasm again as she squeezes her cunt somehow tighter around Jonos's cock and then swift as a lioness, raises up, bringing a dagger to bear against her son's chest, the point positioned exactly above his heart. Celise can feel her son tense up inside her, but his face is impassive, his eyes revealing nothing but the lust he has exhibited all evening.

In a voice that trembles with yearning, Celise whispers, "You doubt my loyalty, my king and you would do well to do so. Many will try and take what is now rightfully yours and you must always be on guard until allegiance is proven." The dagger presses against her son's mighty chest, almost drawing blood.

"Jonos, I could plunge this knife into your heart and snuff out your life before you can draw another breath." Celise groans and tries to resist the swelling ecstasy building between her thighs. Her eyes flash with eldritch fire and the very air around her shimmers as she calls upon her sorceress might. Her voice is lusty as she said, "I can send my powers coursing through this blade and burn your bones to ash. I can slay you right now, my king and you could do nothing to stop it!" The blade breaks skin and a trickle of blood wells up, its thick coppery aroma mixing with the heady scent of semen and cunt that fills the room.

"But, I love you, King Jonos, ruler of Agosta and my heart," Celise sighs, her voice becoming teary. "I adore you as my son and my lover and pray in my heart that you will take me as Queen as was done in ancient times." The point rises up from above her son's heart and she places the blade in her son's hand, closing his fingers around the hilt before guiding it up, point first to place it against her own breast.

The arcane power fades from her eyes, leaving them dark and full of love for her son. "I am yours, my son, my king, my god. My life is yours. End it if you wish." Celise cries out as her orgasm begins to overwhelm her resistance. Her pussy convulses involuntarily, massaging her son's immense cock as she gasps, "If you will not have me, kill me now -- NOW -- OH GODS -- LET ME DIE KNOWING ONLY THE PLEASURE OF MY SON'S COCK!"

Celise's hand falls away from her son's and she closes her eyes and lets her pleasure take her so she does not see her son smile, this time, the smile of a son who loves his mother. With a flick of his wrist, he flings the knife away, the point burying itself deep in a wooden beam. His hands again tug at his mother's hips, driving his cock as deep as humanely possible in his mother's womb.

In a voice that almost resembles tenderness, Jonos says, "Mother, if you would be my queen, then accept the seed of your son and king!" With a thrust upwards that makes Celise scream, her son laughs and begins to cum, his hot seed flooding her womb, joining and mixing with her own steaming juices that are bathing his cock. Mother and son, queen and king join, backs arching and becoming almost immobile as their mutual orgasm takes them, growing into a carnal conflagration unlike anything either has experienced before.

Celise orgasms as she never has, the pleasure intensifying as for the first time since he was a child, she hears Jonos whisper into her ear, "I love you too, Mother!" For a while she is swept away in an orgasmic flood of joyous rapture. When she comes to herself, she is on her back and groaning as she endures the sweet torture of her son slowly worming his still thick shaft from her still contracting pussy.

As sleep overwhelms her, the last thing she hears is her son's pleased voice. "You will always be remembered, mother as Celise, Whore Queen of King Jonos, the Conqueror."

The sun streams through the eastern windows when Celise awakes, her body aching pleasurably from the night's passions with her son. She rises from the bed and sees him hunched over a desk, frowning as he laboriously scratches with a quill on parchment. Naked, she strolls over and wraps her arms around his wide shoulders and kisses his cheek.

"My king, already hard at work?" she says, letting her fingers wander across his muscled chest while rubbing her breasts lasciviously against his bare back.

"Taking the crown is easier than running it," Jonos grumbles to her. His kilt begins to tent in response to his mother's attentions, but before he can return her affections, there is a loud knock at the door. The king reaches for 'Vanquisher' before calling out, "Enter!"

Captain Torrene opens the great doors and enters, bowing before Jonos with a flourish. His face is etched with weariness and the King notes approvingly recognizing a man who will get things done as commanded. Torrene takes in the sight of Jonos, his mother standing naked and unashamed at his side. Torrene gives not the slightest sign that he finds this out of the ordinary.

"Report, Captain!" barks King Jonos.

"Sire, Captains Prius and Nasser await you and the High Council gathers even as we speak." The Captain pauses and then continues, "Petitioners clamor for your attention and await your arrival in the Great Hall."

"Excellent. Has anyone issued a challenge to my claim?"

Captain Tollene shakes his head and replies, "Nay, Sire, although there is rumor that Prince Kella takes the news of his brother's death hard and even now is summoning forces to take the throne by force."

Jonos nods and laughs, "I had all but forgotten my uncle, so rare did he attend my father in court. Take all necessary measures -- Captain Nasser will soon be in charge of any necessary response. Tell him and Captain Prius, I will join them in the throne room shortly."

Tollene bows and says, "As you command, King Jonos. Is there any other service I may provide?"

Jonos rises, his arm going around his mother's waist. "Yes, I want you to personally pick out a new retinue to make up my Queen's personal guard. Her safety is in your hands."

Tollene nods and then bows to Celise. "My queen, it will be my honor!"

When he has left, Jonos turns and kisses his mother passionately. "I must go to work -- make yourself presentable and attend me in the Great Hall."

Celise sighs and kisses her son back. "As you command, my king."

The king belts his scabbard on and slides 'Vanquisher' into place. He stares lustfully at his mother and says before walking out, "Remember, mother. You shall be remembered through the ages as the Whore Queen. Dress appropriately."

A delicious shiver ripples through the queen's body, her nipples swelling and moist heat building between her ripe thighs. "As you command, my son and master."

A short while later the King is on his throne scowling at the splendidly dressed cleric standing before him and daring to scold him. "Jonos...I was your first instructor in the ways of the gods and I know you know that this is an abomination." The cleric points to the stiffened body of the late king Janish, his face darkened in death now, already grinning with the rictus of death.

"Remind me, Patriarch, remind your king of his duties," Jonos says softly, his voice full of menace.

"Your father was king -- king for many years and deserves your respect. King Janish deserves proper burial and interment in the tomb of your family -- not to be left lying on the floor like scraps left for the hounds!" The old man is red-faced, truly angry at the affront to the long time ruler of the kingdom. He is flanked by two grim faced acolytes who stare brazenly at King Jonos.

"My father was a treacherous bastard and will not sully the crypts of the great kings of Agosta," said Jonos. "But you are right, Patriarch Donat, we shouldn't leave his gnarled corpse lying around the Great Hall." Gesturing at the Patriarch's acolytes, "Instruct your servants there to drag this carcass into the street and stand watch over until the city's vermin have disposed of it."

The old man sputters and shakes his head. "Sheer sacrilege, Jonos. This is an atrocity and I forbid it from..." He pauses as Jonos stands up, his hand now resting on the hilt of his sword.. The crowd hovering at the edges of the hall take an unconscious step back.

"Patriarch. If you refer to me as anything but your King again, I will be exercising my royal right to name your successor. You forbid me nothing, old man. As King, I am the head of the Temple of the Gods and you serve me at my pleasure." He and the older man stare at each other until finally the Patriarch averts his gaze. Jonos smiles and then continues. "Have your servants drag that sorry thing into the streets...unless you prefer to see your dear old friend off yourself."

The Patriarch's face flames anew, but he motions to his acolytes and steps back, bowing as he does so. That attended to, the king turns his attention back to the two scarred soldiers standing with Captain Tollen in full combat dress.

"Now, Prius, here is your commission. You are now General of the Army of the Frontier," says King Jonos, extending a scroll to one of the men."

One of the soldiers steps forward, removing his helmet, revealing a battered, one-eyed visage, testament to decades of fighting. He gingerly accepts the document. "Sire, it will be my honor."

"Your instructions are specific. Assume command and march on the Swamp King's lands, but do not enter. Show strength but not butchery. Tell old N'kumu to gather all his chieftains three months hence and I shall meet with them and we will settle this war like men, not mad beasts. My father's passion for slaying the Swampers ends now. Release N'kumu's son as a sign of my good faith."

General Prius nods and replies, "My Liege, I will attend to it with pleasure."

Before he can withdraw, another man steps forward from the milling crowd, his face lean and narrow, his bearing military in nature. "My king -- if I may?"

Jonos looks his way and scowls. "Minister Larass, you have additional thoughts on this matter?"

There is a low mutter from the crowd amid a sense of more confrontation. Larass smiles and nods. "Sire, I beg forgiveness, but I urge you to reconsider. There are many of your loyal subjects eager to take claim of the Swamp Lands and um, utilize the resources there for the benefit of all. Your father was pursuing our ancient claims upon those lands and we shouldn't let those...savages continue to trespass. "

"Our claims are a sham, Minister Larass, based on documents of dubious origins. The war has claimed too many lives, both our own and those of those savages as you call them, who were until my father and you cooked this scheme up, amongst Agosta's most faithful allies. This war ends now."

Larass bristles at the king's words, but before he can reply, the herald's voice cries out, "All hail Queen Celise!" Another wave of murmuring echoes through the court and then cuts abruptly off as the great doors open and Celise strides in. From habit, all save the King and the guards kneel, but to a man and woman, all fail to avert their eyes -- staring with amazement at the lovely and exotic woman.

King Jonos smiles, pleased to see that his mother has listened to his words. Queen Celise struts proudly towards her son. Her long, black hair is pulled back into a single braid running down her back to brush against her scarcely covered buttocks. Red silk scarves wrap around her waist and pelvis, serving as a short skirt that only hints at the dark haired covered treasure between her thighs and draws attention to her long, curvaceous legs. The silk loin cloth and the high heeled sandals are all the clothing the Queen wears and she marches, breasts bare, firm and high bounce along for all to see. A gold chain hangs on pincher clamps between her breasts, clinging tightly to her engorged nipples.

She pauses before the throne and bows to her son. "I hope, my liege, I meet with your approval." Her bountiful breasts sway hypnotically as she bows forward, looking anxiously up at Jonos.

Celise is rewarded with a nod and King Jonos points to the top step of the dais between his mostly bare thighs. "You have outstripped all my expectations, Mother. Attend me."

The queen sighs with relief and quickly ascends the steps and sits between her son's legs, leaning her head back on his right inner thigh. She smiles out towards those in attendance in court which stares in shock at the lewd display.

"Outrageous!" cries out the Patriarch. "The Queen Mother should be retiring to a monastery, mourning the death of King Janish. What...why are you humiliating your mother so and making her appear like a common strumpet?"

King Jonos snorts and says, "I assure you, Patriarch, my mother is an uncommon strumpet." He strokes her head and Celise turns and plants a kiss on his thigh -- inhaling his strong musk as she notices his kilt again begin to move. She takes her hand and trails her fingers up and down his ankle. Jonos fixes the high cleric with a stare. "And do not address my mother as Queen Mother. She is Queen still...my Queen."

The king looks all about the room. "Let the word go forth throughout the kingdom. As I claim my father's throne, I claim his wife, the Queen of Agosta as my own. I take my mother, Celise DeKarthus, daughter of the Pharaoh Khanthus XVII, as my wife and queen, as was done in the ancient times. All hail Queen Celise!"

There is a moment of stunned silence and then the King's Guard and the soldiers present shout in response, "All hail Queen Celise!" Captain Tollene spares a glance at Nasser and Prius and they step forward as one, thump their chests with closed fist and cry out, "Long live King Jonos and Queen Celise!" There is a moment's silence and then most of the crowd repeats the cry and break out in applause, men smiling and nodding and more than one woman's face betraying thoughtful expressions.

When the uproar fades, into the quiet, steps the Patriarch, his face scarlet with fury. "This is blasphemy! Incest has been banned in Agosta for centuries! You cannot force your mother into such a shameful act. I demand you free her of this barbaric claim of yours."

"You protest for naught, Patriarch," says Celise. "I happily pledged my love and devotion to my king, my son and my love. You speak too forcefully and glibly. Your Temple of the Gods has preached a ban on family love, but the right of the son's claim has never been banned. The rest of the civilized world allows it and is blessed by the gods for it." Celise's smile dissolves and in a tight and dangerous voice she adds, "Dare not come between my heart's desire and I or face my wrath, old priest. I will show you power blessed by the gods' approval of the joining of mother and son!"

Another shocked murmur spreads through the court, partly from the Queen's threat and partly because as she speaks, she reaches up into her son's kilt and begins to masturbate his cock.

Jonos raises his hand and the Great Hall falls into silence. "There is no debate here. I have spoken. You call the old traditions barbaric, Patriarch. But if one looks out upon Atria and at your beloved temple, it would be well to remember that it was built by those barbarians that lived by the right of son's claim or father's claim. Your priests pontificate and judge them, but how long since you and your ilk could weave the magic capable of building such a pyramid!"

The Patriarch trembles, his face indicating imminent apoplexy. "Jo -- King Jonos, you would bring your kingdom down in ruins. You dare too much too soon!"

King Jonos laughs derisively even as his mother exposes his manhood, now swollen and huge, eliciting whispers from those in the court and more than one awed sigh from the women in attendance. Queen Celise opens her mouth and covers the head of her son and now husband's erect penis and begins to suck it as he replies, "I will raise my kingdom back to its days of glory, old man. One can only do so if he dares great things."

Jonos grips the braid of his mother and wife's hair and jerking it forward, forces more of his cock into her mouth, making her moan with desire as he says, "I am not afraid to dare and to take what is mine. Heed my mother's warning well. I decree the right of a son's claim to be lawful -- as well as the right of a father's claim. Let he who would oppose my will know they risk peril."

The king dismisses the priest with a wave and turns his attention back towards Minister Larass who has stood in stunned silence since Queen Celise's entrance. Jonos settles back, spreading his thighs to allow his mother better access, pleased to see her attempting to deep throat his shaft even though he knows it is near impossible. Her gurgles and wet grunts mix with his spirited exchanges with the member of the High Council until he suddenly holds up his hand for silence.

"Ah, Mother, you are truly a Queen of Whores," Jonos moans and then he laughs as his climax explodes and he begins pumping Celise's mouth full of blistering hot semen, so much that she is unable to swallow it all and it streams from her cock filled mouth to drip down her chin and splash onto her heavy but youthful breasts. When finally he is drained, Celise lets her head fall back to be

cushioned by his hard thigh, smiling with a mouth full of the king's seed drooling onto her mostly naked body.

The day passes with many petitioning King Jonos to be heard, many seeking to retain positions held under the old King while others protest or proclaim support for the new ruler's pronouncements.

Amid the many duties of the day, Queen Celise pleasures her son and king twice more, each time proudly sucking the King's cock in total view of the entire court. The clothing concealing her cunt becomes sodden, molding itself to her mound and King Jonos mercifully grants her spoken request to pleasure herself as well while she sucks his cock that third and final time. Sitting on the steps of the dais, her head thrown back and her son's cock buried in her mouth, Celise will spread her legs wide and plunge three fingers in and out of her pussy until her choked screams of orgasm draw everyone's attention away from a debate with Minister Larass on another foreign policy issue.

Rumors trickle in that Jonos's Uncle Kellas is marching with an army and wizards to avenge his brother and claim the throne for himself. "Direct confrontation is not Kellas's way, my son," murmurs Queen Celise from between Jonos's thighs, nuzzling her son's semi-erect cock with her semen splattered cheeks. "Like Janish, Kellas believes that sometimes more can be accomplished by deceit and assassination than with open war. Be wary, my King."

Jonos agrees, but appoints Captain Nasser as General of the First Legion of Agosta and directs him to prepare for open war with any challenger. It is well after dark before the new King calls an end to the day and taking his Queen by the arm, retires to the King's chambers.

Queen Celise leans against her King's strong body while his hand cups her buttocks, fingers slipping down the crack between her shapely cheeks until he can slip fingers into her soaked cunt. The guards on the chamber doors salute as they pass, their faces impassive as they observe the Queen's face slack-jawed with exquisite pleasure. When the doors are closed behind them, Jonos takes his mother in his arms and kisses her hungrily, thrusting his tongue into her mouth and sucking on her lower lip. When he pauses, he smiles and reaches up with one hand and tugs gently on the chain held in place by the nipple clamps. "I'm very pleased, Mother. Your conduct today would make any whore proud."

Celise begins to reply, but falls silent as her son suddenly places fingers upon her lips with one hand while the other pulls 'Vanquisher' from its scabbard. Jonos cocks his head to one side as if listening to some far off noise. Celise shivers and then hears cries of "Defend the King!" from beyond the doors.

Jonos snarls, "Stay here!" and turns towards the door and then comes to an abrupt halt. He sniffs the air and spins around, bringing his sword up. He sniffs the air again and hisses, "Be alert. We are not alone!"

Celise's eyes grow wide, but she, being a daughter of Elysiis, reacts out of a lifetime of training. Her fingers trace eldritch symbols in the air, causing the very air to shimmer with energy which with another gesture she pushes outward so the shimmer expands throughout the room.

A brutish growl fills the room as shadows are stripped away, revealing, a large figure which flings itself at mother and son, a blur of teeth, claws and furs. King Jonos swears and pushes his mother to the side, taking an off balance swing at the intruder and missing while it in turn slashes long nails across his chest, causing lines of blood to well to the surface. Jonos rolls and comes up in a crouch,

sword at the ready, in front of his mother. Blood trickles from the slash marks scored across his chest.

From outside the doors, men's cries and the sharp clang of weapons crossing in battle are heard. Inside the room, the beast turns, snarling and drooling -- yellow eyes burning with hatred as it advances towards the king and queen. "By the Gods -- a werewolf!" gasps Celise. Without thinking of her own safety, she ducks under her son's arm and again makes arcane gestures and great goutts of flame erupt from her fingers and envelope the monster advancing towards them.

The flames seem to lick at his fur and do nothing as Celise cries out in frustration. "This creature is warded. I cannot hurt him!"

Jonos curses, both at the wolfish creature and at his mother's impulsive actions. "Damn it, bitch. Stay out of my way!" He grabs her by her long braid and flings her back, saving her life as the werewolf charges again, intent on disemboweling her. Jonos tries to strike with his sword, but in saving his mother, is unable to complete his swing and a powerful blow from the creature's fist sends him reeling. Another swing of the monster's claw tears at his face and then it slams him into a wall, stunning him, 'Vanquisher' clattering to the marble floor.

The creature throws back his head and howls in triumph before moving to close with the dazed king and finish him off.

"NO!" screams Queen Celise, her mind reeling as she tries to comprehend a way to stop the beast. Having shrugged off her most potent offensive spell, she knows instinctively that such overt power will not stop the lycanthrope. She climbs to her feet and she acts completely out of pure instinct. Her hand plunges between her legs, scooping up precious fluid of her own arousal. "Aramour!" she cries, flicking her own cunt cream at the muzzle of the beast, the liquid love shimmering with arcane power as the scent of pussy suddenly fills the room..

Drops of her pussy juices splatter on the werewolf's moist muzzle and he swings his head around as he comes to a complete stop -- his cruel eyes completely focused on the beautiful woman, the stunned Jonos forgotten. Queen Celise stands tall and proud, her breasts jutting out as she tears the silks concealing her loins away from her body. Her fear combines with the arcane lust of the spell she has just cast to make her nipples and labia to swell and a sexual flush to spread across her face and chest.

The werewolf's long, lascivious tongue lashes out and licks her wetness from his muzzle and he begins to snarl, advancing on the queen. With bravado in her voice that she doesn't truly feel, Celise hisses, "Come, foul beast. Killing can wait, now is the time for rutting!" She again slides her fingers through her wet labia and holds soaked and glistening fingers up for the monster to see.

The beast stalks towards her, eight feet tall and thick furred sinewy limbs. Celise shudders as it comes upon her, its rough pelt brushing against her flawless, dusky skin, claws gripping her arms and its muzzle striking, only to stop short of a bite, choosing instead to lap at her fingers like a hound parched from the hunt. Celise looks down, trying to avoid its cruel yellow eyes and its stinking breath. She groans as she spies its penis, long and hard, a lupine knot emphasizing its unnaturalness, emerge from a sheath between its hind legs.

One claw reaches out and yanks the gold chain hanging between her breasts, making her cry out as the nipple clamps hang on tight to her large meaty nubs. Celise is thrown against the bed, face down and she cries out in fear as she feels the werewolf's weight come down upon her. Something long and stiff rubs against the inside her thighs and then she is pushed forward and lifted onto

hands and knees. The bed shifts as the monster climbs on, its foreclaws scratching her belly as it lifts her pelvis up, raising her ass up high in the air.

It pauses and fearing the beast's attention is beginning to waver, Celise looks over her shoulder and wiggles her buttocks, offering the werewolf the almost universal signal of a female in heat desiring to be mounted. The knobby cockhead brushes against her mound and seems to almost drink of her wet arousal, swelling as the beast crouches and then plunges with an angry snarl.

Queen Celise's body goes rigid as she feels the lycanthrope's cock plunge deep and swiftly into her pussy, one claw digging into her belly as it keeps her pelvis properly tilted while the other claw slides up her body to cup a meaty breast, nails digging deeply into her lush breast flesh. As the first nonhuman penis ever pierces her cunt, Celise lets out a soul rending scream. Her mind reels, in part from fear, knowing she and her son are mayhap moments from death and in part from the horrible realization that there is deep within herself something that is responding to this inhuman rape!

Jonos's voice echoes in her mind, his words, "Ah, Mother, you are truly the Queen of Whores," reverberating in her thoughts even as her body responds to the werewolf's carnal assault. As the beast plunges into her wet cunt again and again with his long penis, Celise struggles and loses to resist the lewd needs of her body. OH GODS, I AM A WHORE! I LOVE THIS, her mind screams as she lifts her ass higher while the werewolf snarls and slobbers, his long tongue rolling over the nape of her neck, making her shiver with unnatural delight.

Celise's efforts to get more of the werewolf cock inside her spasming cunt earn her an unexpected reward. She sobs with pleasure and pain as its lupine knot presses against her quivering labia and then as she recalls the size of the knot and the implications it portends, the queen attempts to resist, but too late as the werewolf shifts its hind legs for better leverage and thrusts hard, forcing the meaty knot of cockflesh into her cunt, filling her in a way she never imagined and producing pleasure so intense that it is only a fraction away from pain.

Celise's orgasm rips through her even as it seems the lycanthrope's meat will tear her apart. Blood drips from her breast as the monster's nails dig deep and it increases its pace, rapidly plunging into her, the knot preventing it from withdrawing more than a little from her battered womb. Tears flow down her face as the beast makes her cum and cum and cum yet again.

A shadow crosses the joined human and creature and Jonos's voice, harsh and angry, rasps, "By the Gods, you whore, will you fuck anything?" The werewolf yelps in surprise as a wet and meaty noise results from a fist being driven into its head. Celise screams as the beast jerks back, trying to withdraw, but prevented by the thick knot wedged inside the woman's wet and steamy cunt.

Pain and pleasure conspire together to take the queen's orgasm to a new level. Amidst her screams of ecstatic agony, she glances over her shoulder to see her son and husband take hold of the lycanthrope's head and begin to slowly twist. The monster yelps and screams in pain, limbs scrabbling for a hold, attempting to break the king's lethal assault, but only managing to scratch Celise's back and thighs -- its cries mixing with her shrieks of lusty pleasure.

The wolf creature lets out a long, unearthly howl, full of pain, confusion and desire as its bestial intelligence and desire to survive war with its animal urges to mate. Jonos roars with rage, muscles swelling with effort to tear the monster's head from its body while Celise sobs with pleasure, her cunt muscles clamping tightly around the werewolf's cock. The beast's struggle to get free, propel it backwards, dragging the orgasming queen with him, caught fast on his swollen knot.

Jonos grunts and stains, halting the backwards movement and then shoves forward, driving the werewolf's body against his mother, driving the beast's cock deeper, his knot spreading Celise's cunt even wider. The monster's body yields to the age old instincts and Celise begins to scream anew as the werewolf's hot seed begins pouring into her womb, spreading out like burning oil and bringing her to an orgasm that is unlike any she has ever known.

The white fire of inhuman pleasure courses through the queen's body, bringing with it, knowledge. Celise now understands why the wolf howls and the great jungle cats scream and shriek in the night. She comprehends the bellows of the great buffalo in rut and the triumphant trumpet of the war elephants in their breeding pens. The pure and savage joy of being mounted and brought to bestial orgasm rip away every shred of Celise's humanity as she surrenders to the sheer carnal delight of being filled with the beast's semen. Her voice grows hoarse with her screams of pleasure even as the sound of ripping sinew and snapping bones fill the air.

There is a single forlorn yelp and the lycanthrope falls lifeless in Jonos's embrace. He flings it off the bed, triggering a cry of pain and loss from his mother as her cunt yields up the beast's cock. Jonos's eyes are full of fire fueled by battle, his cock erect and jutting out from beneath his kilt. He lets loose with a savage scream, proclaiming his victory won with his own hands.

The king gazes down at his mother, still kneeling, thighs spread wide, her cunt gaping wide and oozing copious amounts of the monster's semen and her body scratched and bleeding. Celise's eyes are wild-eyed with lust as she looks over her shoulder at her son and lord. "Take me, Jonos. I beg you -- fuck your mother now!" The queen reaches back with one hand, fingers wiggling, eager to grasp her son's cock.

King Jonos breathes heavily, his nostrils flaring as he takes in the scent of sperm and pussy and mayhap the bloodlust is upon him thanks to the thrill of battle or mayhap remnants of his mother's sex spell is still present in the room -- whatever the case might be, he snarls, tearing his kilt from his bleeding and bruised body and moves towards his mother.

"Whore Queen, you would dare offer your sex to me befouled with that thing's seed? I'll fuck you, Mother, but I insist on a virgin hole!"

Celise moans, a part of her understanding his meaning and quivering with fear at the pain to come, while yet another part of her moans with need, aching to be violated and used. That part of her wins out and she reaches back and spreads her ass cheeks. "Fuck me, my King! Fuck my ass with your godly cock!"

Jonos kneels behind her, his hands gripping her taut cheeks as he presses his swollen cock head against Celise's brown, puckered hole. The sole lubrication is the drops of precum oozing from his mammoth cock, but lack of lubrication does not hinder him and he thrusts his erect penis forward, forcing his way into his mother's anus with a satisfied roar.

The air again quickly fills with Queen Celise's screams as she is split asunder, Jonos's cock worming its way into her hot, moist asshole. Pain sweeps through her body, rendering her almost unconscious as she slumps down, her face pressing into the furs and silks of the bed, her fingers clawing at the bedding. Out of instinct, she tries to scrabble forward, away from her son's invading erection, but Jonos reaches out and grabs her by the hair, her braid long undone, her dark mane now tangled and wild. He yanks her back, reining in her escape while he thrusts again and again, burying his throbbing cock deeper into her asshole.

Celise begs for mercy in Agostian and Ilysii, her body on fire from the cock now buried deep in her bowels. Jonos laughs as he hauls her back, pulling her up against him, up onto her knees in an upright position, her pubic hair scratching her smooth cheeks, his free hand squeezing her mauling her proud and bloody breasts while he nuzzles her neck and face, bending her head back further so he can force his mouth down on hers, his tongue finding and capturing hers, sucking and licking.

His fingers pinching her now slippery nipples sparks new pain within her, but pain mixed with pleasure and as her body recovers from his initial anal assault, her body begins to respond to her son's throbbing penis and pain transforms into ecstasy, the incestuous pleasure spreading throughout her body. Her screams escalate and her near unconscious state is again replaced by a ravenous beast of lust. Celise begins to return her son's kisses, biting and sucking at his thick digit as their tongues dance feverishly.

"FUCK ME, MY KING. FUCK YOUR MOTHER WITH OHHHHHH YESSSS THAT GODCOCK!" Queen Celise croons as she again crosses into the realm of orgasmic joy. She wiggles her ass, thrusting back as Jonos fucks her.

"Oh yes, Mother -- my whore. You love your cock! Like a good whore queen you would fuck any cock offered up, wouldn't you my queen?" Jonos is overcome with his lust, battering his mother's asshole without mercy. The king shoves her back down and without breaking stroke, he somehow rises to his feet, never ceasing his thrusts into his mother's tight anus, crotching behind her like a beast in rut, hugging her body to him as he fucks her with almost inhuman speed.

Queen Celise squirms and writhes under her son, screaming until her voice is almost gone as he fucks her ass until she is almost unconscious, only coming to life again as Jonos thrusts deep one last time and empties his heavy balls, pumping her bowels full of hot semen. The beautiful, but battered woman flops convulsively on his cock, her orgasm rendering her voiceless -- able to manage only a husky groan as she cums one last time.

King Jonos throws back his head again and roars victoriously, his mother impaled on his cock. In the quiet that follows, he senses they are not alone and turns to find several of his guard and a bloodied Captain Tollene standing before him. Faces are full of shock or awe at the sight of the mighty warrior fucking his mother's asshole.

"Nothing like a good fight to make fucking all the better, eh, Captain?" King Jonos says, the rage in his voice gone, replaced by satisfaction and pride.

Tollene smiles and nods, replying, "You are correct, King Jonos and I expect your men will following your, um, kingly example before the dawn." He gestures at his men, all of whom bear the signs of battle, spears and swords red with blood, dented and bloodstained shields and wounds still open and raw.

"When the men have had their pains tended to send them to Lynestra's -- tell the money grubbing whore to send me the bill," Jonos orders. He grips his queen's buttocks for leverage and with a satisfied grunt pulls his still thick cock free from his mother's asshole, drawing a sharp cry of pain and pleasure from Celise.

Jonos reaches for her long hair and pulls her around as he takes a seat on the edge of the bed, drawing his exhausted mother's face into his crotch. "Clean your King's sword, Mother," he commands. Celise moans, weary, but she eagerly begins to lick her son's semen covered cock, the taste thrilling her -- his salty flavor mixed with the earthy funkiness of her asshole. As she sucks her son clean, Jonos looks up at the captain of his personal guard. "Report," he says.

"My liege, the palace was attacked by a mixture of your uncle's personal guard and assassins hired out of the Southlands...Nedalians." There is disgust in his voice. One of the palace wizards brought them in through a teleportal. General Nasser killed him. The fighting was fierce, but I -- we've been ready since last night. We lost eight men, but the assassins have been killed to a man -- none escaped." Tollene turns to regard the corpse at the foot of the bed. "I see you had no problem here -- who was he?"

King Jonos leans over and considers the naked dead man lying on his stomach, his head twisted around and staring sightlessly at the ceiling. Queen Celise takes one last long slurp of her husband and son's shaft and looks down at the corpse. "Werewolf, Captain Tollene," she says in a voice harsh and raw from screaming. "Look at the pointed ears, the nails and the pentagram branded on his shoulder. "The Lycanthrope Guild of Nedal. Janish's brother employed their best often, both for himself and for Janish."

Celise points down at the dead creature. "There is a medallion on him. Bring it to me, Captain. Take care not to touch it with your bare hands."

Tollene uses his boot to roll the werewolf over. A small medallion hangs on a choker chain around his neck. A quick flick of the captain's sword breaks the chain and after looking around, Tollene picks up a scrap of Celise's cunt stained silk garment and uses it to pick up the medallion, his mouth twisted with distaste as if sensing the magic within. He hands it to the Queen. "Careful, my lady," he says softly.

Celise picks it up and examines it carefully. "A protective charm and a powerful one at that," she announces after studying the runes etched upon it. "No wonder my Fireburst spell did not work."

"Who made it," asks Jonos. "One of my wizards?" He speaks with hatred in his voice. The King is a warrior, bred and trained to fight with sword, spear and fist and hates the arcane arts.

Celise shakes her head and said, "No, my king. I recognize the craftwork. It was created by Kallas's wife, Nesharina. Like your father, he wed a magic user -- only she is Nedalian, schooled in their dark arts." She reaches out and takes her son's hand. "The attack on the palace was a feint. This beast was the true killer and was gifted with a powerful artifact. This item is a year's hard work for a practitioner of the art and its cost goes beyond materials and time. Part of Nesharina's lifeforce is bound within this medallion."

King Jonos nods his head and looks at his new wife approvingly. "A deadly and costly gamble on my uncle's part. So be it." He stands, swaying slightly from the aftereffects of battle and the sex that followed. "Captain Tollene, Send word to General Nasser to march on my Uncle's holdings. My wizards are to accompany him. I want Kallas's strongholds leveled and his head on a platter within two fortnights. Announce my decree -- any who stand with my uncle die -- they and all of their line."

"The general is already gathering his forces together. Your will shall be done, my liege." Captain Tollene turns to leave, but pauses to consider his bloodied king and queen. "King Jonos, you and the Queen have suffered wounds. Shall I summon the healers?"

Jonos eyes widen and he looks down at his bloody chest and arms, touches his torn face, then turns and gazes upon the bloody body of the queen -- blood seems to cover her naked body, several cuts and scratches evident. His cock stirs at the sight though. Celise appears as some kind of avatar of the warrior angels and her bloody nudity only seems to arouse him. "Aye, Captain, send the healers to us."

He pauses and studies his mother more carefully kneeling on the bed next to him. He snorts derisively as he spies semen oozing from both her well fucked anus and cunt, pooling on the bed between her thighs. Summon the Queen's handmaidens as well. She is in need of being cleaned up after this night's adventures." He grins at his mother who stares back, blushing but unashamed.

Captain Tollene nods and signals his men to move out. As he nears the door, Jonos calls out. "Quite a first day as King, eh, Captain?"

Tollene turns and grins at his King. "An interesting beginning, Sire. I suspect that this will actually be one of the quieter days of your reign." He exits to the sound of Jonos's riotous laughter.

King Jonos takes a sip of wine as he watches the sun rise from the great window of his chambers. He scratches absently at his stomach, the newly healed skin over his wounds a pinkish weal contrasting with his mostly bronze skin -- harshly tanned from many days in the wilds. He marvels at the ability of the healers to mend his wounds so quickly although he curses that damned itching that will persist for several days.

A moan from the king's bed draws his attentions away from the beauty of the sun revealing the beauty that is his city of Atria. Celise is on her hands and knees, a position he finds pleasing. Beneath her lies a young, blonde-haired girl, scarcely eighteen, her freckled face glistening with his mother's juices and the seed of the dead assassin. She has an unusually long tongue and has been working on cleaning Queen Celise's assaulted cunt for most of an hour.

Kneeling behind the queen is an ebony skinned girl, her long black hair streaming down to her ass. Like the other, she has not yet seen her nineteenth birthday yet. She has his mother's ass cheeks spread and is spearing her tongue deep into Celise's asshole, scooping up blobs of the king's seed, still hot inside the queen's tight anal passage. Every so often, she pauses and clambers around to share Jono's semen with his mother who insists it should not go to waste. Watching them kiss rouses the King's ardor and when the last of the lycanthrope's sperm has been sucked from his mother and wife's womb, he intends to follow the servants' redemptive tongue bath with a renewing and cleansing fuck from her lord and master.

Jonos regards his mother in a new light. That she is a whore, he has no doubt -- in truth, it is part of his attraction to his mother, her capacity to yield to her baser desires. Even in the lust of battle as he stalked towards the werewolf as it fucked the queen, he was in awe and aroused by her succumbing to the carnal pleasures the beast offered. And now there was more...

His doubts about her loyalty were now washed away. She had done what she had done to save his life -- although he had been stunned and unable to rise for long minutes from the blow to the head, he had known that instantly. She above all others was above reproach now. He could rely on her, trust her and use her as he saw fit.

King Jonos knew that his own lusty soul was born of his mother's own sluttish ways. He indeed would insure that in times to come, the stories of the Whore Queen Celise would be many and wondrous to hear, just as he would carve his own legend upon the world. He grinned and stood, his cock now slapping against his cock. Striding around the bed until he was in front of his mother, he took in her great beauty and felt his cock swell even more.

Celise's face was contorted with the sweet ecstasy of the young women's loving tongues. Her lips and chin were smeared with the blonde handmaiden's own pussy juices. Her eyes suddenly focused and she smiled, weary yet aroused by the sight of her son's long and thick cock in front of her.

"My son and king -- may I -- ummmm Gods..." Celise shivered from the talented ministrations of her servants. She licked her cream covered lips and began again. "My son, may your mother and queen please you?"

Jonos smiled, both love and cruelty on his face. "Oh yes, Mother, yes," he replied as he guided the swollen head of his penis between his mother's open lips, her tongue rolling over the crown. "You will please me, now and forever."

So ends this first chronicle of Jonos and his Whore Queen. Go now and pleasure each other in their memory. There will be more stories...many stories to come...