

A Statue fit for a Princess

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"I'm telling you sister, lord Airavis has only the throne in mind, not the shine of your blue eyes. Don't fall for his charms" Eadlin warned with a giggle, walking right next to her older sister. "Do not worry, my dear. Our interaction at yesterday's fair was merely child's play" Amalia reassured her, always acting a bit more mature and queenly than her younger sister, even though she was just 21 herself.

It was the last century of the medieval years. A prosperous time for the Kingdom and its two maiden princesses; Princess Amalia, the heir to her father's throne, and next in line, her 19-year-old sister, Princess Eadlin. Both were fair young women of exceptional beauty, their soft, marital hands coveted in all the land. Both had porcelain skin and slender bodies that moved with the mandatory grace of high-end royalty. Long, light-brown, wavy hair adorned down their waists, lightening to a more blonde color during the summer months. The girls had gorgeous, feminine faces, with perfect jawlines, full lips and button noses. Amalia had bright blue eyes and Eadlin gorgeous green ones, both able to get any peasant or lord to give their life for them. The girls' full chests and scandalizing backsides were a short-term for sinful feelings across the kingdom. Amalia was a couple of inches taller than her younger sister, 5'7" and 5'5" respectively.

The two young girls were currently dressed in immaculate, long dresses that concealed their legs down to the ankle, as any self-respecting woman ought to. Their slim waists were further outlined by their corseted garment, which hugged their midriffs and accentuated their bulging gorgeous breasts above, currently covered in the finest velvet.

The princesses made their way through the vast, wide halls of the Palace, their armored bodyguards following them at a respectable distance. The men's stature contrasted the fragile, delicate forms of the young girls they had sworn to protect.

The youthful royalty strutted along the palace's corridor, passing by the occasional royal guard standing in attention, in front of yet another set of double-doors, leading to yet another vast room of the palace. Each time, the guard made a reverent bow to the young maidens, who simply gave him the slightest of nods.

Amalia and Eadlin were scheduled for a countryside carriage ride with their 'beloved' aunt, Lady Magdalene. The woman, situated right behind the two girls in the line for the Kingdom's throne, had requested their company in this fine day. Though the two girls had tried to make some kind of excuse to avoid this invitation, their 38-year-old relative appeared particularly insistent that day.

Eadlin and Amalia never really got along with the King's sister. Nothing overt, of course, as was the case with royal families; everything was under the surface. But there was always a cold indifference between the powerful woman and her even more powerful nieces.

Magdalene's black eyes matched her dark, conniving nature perfectly. The Lady liked to make few public appearances, but she made so many moves in the shadows.

Amalia first stepped out of the palace's giant wooden double doors and into the chilly sun, moving as gracefully as her slim, lightweight physique lent to, even more so through the countless etiquette practices she had ever since she could remember. Eadlin followed right behind her.

The two princesses approached the lavish horse carriage, waiting for them out front. A man was waiting by the carriage door, simply to aid them up on its passenger compartment. Lady Magdalene was already waiting inside the carriage.

"Don't fret Eadlin, this social curtesy will be over before we know it" Amalia cheered up her bored sis right before they were within ear-shot. None of them was looking forward to spending her morning with her snake of an aunt.

Never really feeling close to her or trusting her, the young royalties rarely missed a chance to use their higher rank out on the almost 20 years senior. They often ordered her around, reminding her of their higher station. When they were feeling especially cruel or were just in a bad mood, they would reprimand her that she, like all their other loyal subjects, should bow before them and ask for permission to speak before opening her mouth. It didn't matter that she was their aunt.

"My apologies, your highnesses..." the woman would swallow her pride, offering a bowed curtsy with grinded teeth that betrayed her indignity.

"Your highnesses! So thankful you could make it" a dark-haired beauty smiled brightly, greeting her nieces as they sat opposite her inside the carriage. Magdalene was in her late 30s. She had luscious,

dark-red lips, full bosoms outlined by her corseted, long, drape-sleeved black dress, and a thick set of curly, long hair, matching the darkness of her attire and surrounding her alluring form.

“Good morning, dearest aunt. It is a fine day for a ride, indeed” Amalia nodded with a courtesy smile, seeing right past her aunt’s phony gesturing. The rider gave a crack at the reins and the horses took off, pulling the carriage through the dirt-roads into the muddier ones of the beautiful outdoors.

The interaction between Magdalene and her nieces was...uninspiring to say the least. Frivolous comments on the women’s shared royal family and the general state of the kingdom. There was always either war or a peace treaty in the works. Sure, they pass beautiful scenery of green fields and the Kingdom’s woods through a known, safe dirt road. It was, as Amalia described, an ‘awe-inspiring sight’.

Utterly uninterested, Amalia and Eadlin could not wait for the carriage to turn around and start heading home. Though Magdalene did not appear disheartened with the ‘quality time’ she was spending with her nieces. If anything, things were going according to her plans.

“Alright, that’s quite enough” Magdalene spoke to her rider outside and the man pulled the reins on his horses, stopping the carriage. “Why are we stopping Magdalene? There’s nothing of significance around this path” Amalia inquired, confused. “Oh, I disagree, darling...” the woman spoke with a deep, looming voice and lingering meaning, right as hurried footsteps right outside the cart reached the girls’ ears.

“You are quite significant ladies...” the woman smirked, just as her two goons, who were hiding in the luggage compartment of the carriage this whole time, jumped inside and assaulted the two princesses.

“What is the meaning of this?...Keep your filthy paws off meMNNNNGGG!” Eadlin’s frustrated words were met with the henchman’s dirty glove pressed over her pretty mouth, handgagging her screams. The same fate found her sister Amalia, who was being incapacitated by the second man. Magdalene simply watched with a satisfied smirk on her dark-red lips, not even bothering to uncross her shapely legs.

In the deep end of these woods, no one was around to spot the squirming princesses being tied up with rough hemp rope by the men that jumped them. Soon, Amalia and Eadlin’s wrists were tightly

secured behind their backs, their ankles and knees were fused together with more rope. Scarves were snugly tied over their pretty lips, gagging them firmly.

“MMMNGNGGHH! GGNNFFF!” both cute princesses struggled and moaned, shuffling their bound bodies against the carriage’s floor, looking up at their aunt with angry eyes. She looked down at them from the much more comfortable seat, oozing dominance. Following their Mistress’ orders, the men shoved the struggling young girls inside two burlap potato sacks, tying the sacks’ ends with rope.

“Throw them in the back. We don’t want any surprising visitors seeing our guests in this manner” Magdalene commanded. “MNNNNNGGGG!” the young princesses’ moans could be heard from their sacked, bound and gagged forms, as they were carried over the shoulders of the henchmen. They tossed them on the small space in the back of the carriage, then took out a wooden glop from their belts. Amalia and Eadlin could not see the ‘bong’ coming, as each was knocked out with a blow to the head, their gagged moans cut abruptly and their bound bodies slumping over inside their sacks.

The cart continued its merry route to an unknown destination, away from prying eyes.



The two sisters returned to consciousness almost in synch, many hours later. They were certainly not in the horse carriage they last remembered before all lights went out. Their bodies felt uncovered with the breeze hitting only their front side, then felt incredibly stiff, unable to move even a centimeter. With the first thing they spotted being a stable's wooden ceiling, the two girls realized they were lying flat somewhere.

Their fully disrobed, youthful bodies were snugly enveloped inside a metal plating of sorts. It felt rigid and hard against their backs. It was bronze, tracing their slim, feminine shape perfectly; too perfectly.

The surface the girls laid on was a mold of the entire backside of their own bodies, perfectly tracing from the heels of their bare feet to the top of their heads; copping their perky asses, their inner curvature of their waist and their exact measurements of their delicate backs. The metal made snug contact with every inch of their flesh, causing an uneasy, ensnaring feeling. It still felt warm against their bare skin, cast no more than an hour ago.

"Nggg, HEEELP!" the two girls called out, straining to lift themselves off their strange metal beddings. They found it impossible; snug leather straps pressed around their foreheads, their slender necks, their slim waists and many more straps went over their dainty arms (at the wrist, elbows and upper arms) and firm legs (over their thighs, knees, calves and ankles). The leather restraints, attached to the inner edges of their metal casings, kept them completely immobilized, pinned down in these form-fitting iron maidens.

"Finally, I was getting rather bored waiting for you two whores to wake up" a feminine voice was heard in proximity. The girls could only hear the slow, victorious clicking of heels, before the woman came into their frame of sight. It was Lady Magdalene, their ruthless aunt! The woman was still adorned in her elegant black, lace dress, resembling a spider that was licking her lips at the sight of her caught prey.

"What is the meaning of this, Magdalene?" Amalia barked, trying to maintain an authoritative tone, but finding it difficult due to her vulnerable nudity and bondage. She was way past calling the woman 'aunt', all pretenses of courtly behavior out the window. Able to only see their captor from the waist up, the girls realized they were not at floor level. The metal contraptions the girls were bound on were themselves nesting inside a rectangular floorboard box, about 3-feet tall.

"Getting rid of you, of course!" Magdalene chuckled at the girl's inability to put two and two together. "I'm not going to sit there and watch while two Barbie hussies become Queens" Magdalene expressed her desire to steal the throne from the two successors. "King Joren will have to wait a few more years to mysteriously 'fall under illness' the woman divulged her masterplan. "But once the two of you are out of the picture, I will be that much closer to ruling this kingdom".

“You...heinous...bitch! I’ll have your skin flayed for this indecency!” next to her sister, Eadlin cursed in outrage, pulling once more against her unyielding restraints. The 19-year-old, naked damsel could only writhe in place, stashed inside this spooky enclosure. Her gorgeous C-cup tits jiggled ever so slightly with her confined body’s jerking, still trying to defy its restraints. The cold air made her cute, pink nipples stiffen up. Next to her, Amalia’s D-cup jugs were free-to-sway in her distress.

But not for much longer.

As the two young women struggled helplessly, a crowd of about 6 masked men entered each one as strong as an oak-tree. They were carrying a human-shaped, bronze frame of sorts. The piece must have weighed a quarter of a ton, as it took all of the men’s strength to be carried over Amalia’s struggling form. Only when it was positioned right above her, did the young princess realize that this was the front half to what they were currently tethered on. An imprint of the front of the woman’s body!

What the girl couldn’t see was her own bronze depiction, reflected on the other side of this heavy metal creation. The statue of Princess Amalia was waiting to meet its other half.

Seconds later, a second group of men brought in another metal frame, this one adhering perfectly to Princess Eadlin’s attractive body and face. The exteriors of these immaculate pieces of sculpture depicted each princess in a beautiful, innocent dress, holding a graceful, plain pose. Their likeness had been captured spectacularly, with their beautiful faces holding a warm, pure smile. A princessy tiara rested on each girl’s head.

“I could have just had my men slit your throats and toss you into the deepest pit or lake in the land. It would be fitting for the swine you are” Magdalene continued, as she run her hand on Amalia’s flat belly, then down her feminine hips and her thigh. The gorgeous girl grinded her teeth, unable to avoid the touch. “...but then I remembered all the times you made me bow down to you, follow your orders, a child’s orders” she said, having villainously moved on a couple of steps further, with her fingers now running over Eadlin’s collar bone then her chest, the girl trying to pull away from her aunt’s touch, unable.

“You debased me, humiliated me. No, killing you would be too merciful of me” the woman concluded with a cold conviction. During Magdalene’s monologing, the frames were carefully lowered over the princesses’ bound forms. Eadlin and Amalia shuffled in place, finding only strict leather in front and unflinching metal behind them. Their worries increased when they spotted some extra ‘additions’ to their metal body- molds. A thick, long, bronze phallus was sticking out of the face of this spotless indentation of each girl’s body, where their mouth would be.

“N...no, aunt, please...don’t do this!” the girls’ desperation started to kick in and their angry threats swiftly turned to pleas, as the encasing metal was now a couple of inches away from their struggling skin. “Stop at this instance! Your treason will be punished by death!” a desperate Eadlin ordered the henchmen, who worked silently, following only Magdalene’s orders, lining up two halves of this statuesque coffin perfectly.

“Pleaseeeee! Nooooo!” the same girl lost her cool a second later, finding her power useless here. Tears were forming in the girls’ gorgeous eyes.

Magdalene watched with a soft, longing smile as Eadlin and Amalia’s cries were simultaneously smothered as soon as the thick metal dicks met their luscious lips. Both girls instinctively opened their mouths to avoid the (really) hard cock smashing their perfectly pearly-white teeth in with 250kgs worth of force. “HMMMGGG!” they gagged and moaned as the lowered frames gradually pushed the cock deeper in their oral cavities, widening their lips and filling first their poor mouths, then their throats with their first ever oral lovers. It turns out they would also be the last.

“Farewell my sweet Amalia, goodbye dearest Eadlin!” Magdalene waved teasingly, tilting her head to take one last peek at the woman’s writhing, beautiful bodies before they were forever stashed away, trapped in their metal prisons. When the edges of the two halves finally met with a loud clank, the thick, bronze rods were nesting firmly down the girls’ throats, completely plugging their terrified cries. Eadlin and Amalia’s choked gagging and gagged screaming never made it to Magdalene’s ears, drowned out by the added thick layer of metal that encased them.

In the place of their naked, squirming forms, was now a glistening, bronze-colored depiction of them, its peaceful, content demeanor harshly contrasting the girls’ true state.

As soon as the women were entombed in their respective sarcophagi, Magdalene’s henchmen brought cauldrons of melted, red-hot bronze, which they applied to the seam-line between the two halves, sealing them smooth and permanently encasing the young maidens in metal. No one would ever be the wiser to the statues hollow nature.

But Lady Magdalene was not yet done with her lovely nieces. A piece underneath the girls’ crotch was missing. Like a figurine with a hole in its base to be mounted somewhere, something was missing between each girl’s warm thighs.

The device was only elaborate enough to serve their aunt’s diabolical purpose. It was essentially two cranks mechanisms situated right next to each other, the spinning disks at the base of the statue

connected with two-feet-long bars to a curved bar that snugly fitted over each girl's precious sex mount. Two large holes were made along the bar's length, for two enormous bronze cocks screwed on the ends of metal poles to thrust through. Its cock was about 8-inches in length and 2 inches wide, with a visible texture of realistic veins and a throbbing cock head. They were both real cervix bruisers, though one was 'destined' for a tight royal asshole.

The femme fatale first stood in front of Amalia's statue, wanting to do the 'honors' herself. The statue's stillness concealed the trapped girl's distress, her screams of agony and fear trapped along with her. Magdalene moved the double-dicked piece so that the anal and pussy 'stretchers' were lined up with the girl's vulnerable, virginal holes. They were lubed for the initial insertion, but after inserted, the two bitches would be 'on their own' when it came to helping these two monster slide along their sex-holes.

With some small adjusting and wiggling, Magdalene pressed the metal crotch bar to meet between Amalia's slightly spread thighs. The disks had no external force with which to spin, standing idle, but even with the crank bars at their furthest distance from Amalia's holes, the two cocks-on-a-stick still poked about 2 inches inside the girl's sensitive holes, pushing the pure, virginal pussy-lips and stretching their puckering, unexplored assholes wide. The thickness still hurt like hell, but Amalia and Eadlin's painful moans were silenced by the bronze cock both were involuntarily sucking on.

Once certain that both princesses' 'metal underwear' was affixed, Lady Magdalene let a smirk brush over her blood-red lips. The two hussies would not be an obstacle on her way to the crown, ever again.



Hundreds of civilians were gathered at the town square, a beautiful, stone-paved place that overlooked the flowing river, one of the geographic signatures of this city. There were lots of small cottage industries in the rivers' fenced shores. Many, many wooden watermills made for a beautiful spectacle. They were vital to the economy, too, as the town-folk used the ever-present flow of the river to run their machinery.

But today's occasion for such an amass of people was not joyous. The atmosphere was mournful, as the crowd had gathered to pay their respects to the recently 'departed' princesses, Amalia and Eadlin. The remnants of their carriage were found floating at the river's mouth, along with one of young Eadlin's shoes, presumable lost during the girl's heart-wrenching drowning.

Two wonderful bronze statues stood on a small platform at the square's center. It was a generous donation by the princesses' aunt, Lady Magdalene. The two young women were sculpted standing side-by-side, Amalia's palm ever so gracefully grazing her sisters. They were dressed in some beautiful dresses, with their royal tiaras decorating their heads. The princesses' likeness would be forever displayed in this very public space, preserving and honoring their eternal grace and beauty.

But things were not exactly as the unsuspecting crowd believed. Their sorrowful hum, albeit very muffled, made it through the bronze walls that separated the public from a much truer, unfiltered depiction of the two princesses.

"MMMMmmmmnnnn! MMMnnngg!" Amalia and Eadlin's unified, suffering moans never reached past their own eardrums. The young women writhed, encased in this claustrophobic nightmare. More accurately, they attempted to writhe, since they were petrified in total immobility from all angles. Whenever the girls went to make the slightest, most faint wiggle, from a shift of their hips to a twitch of their wrists or a single degree turn of their chins, they met the stop of relentless metal. Their naked bodies were as stiff as their bronze re-imagining.

Eadlin and Amalia felt the constant light-pressure of metal against the surface of their fair skin. When the metal felt resistance, its 'push-back' intensified, like it was one of the girls' royal guards, pushing his spear against an excited farm-boy that tried to sneak a closer peek at the gorgeous princesses.

The hard metal's contouring surface met their eyelids, their cheeks, their foreheads and temples. It perfectly outlined their jawline and gripped their neck with like an alleyway thief. In the same way, the cold metal fondled their ripe breasts; it 'counted' each of their ribs and corseted their already skinny waists from all sides; it caressed their wide, feminine hips and groped their round asses with an encompassing grip, never letting go; It firmly held their beautiful legs still.

Eadlin and Amalia's lungs had a tough time expanding fully, since that 'luxury' was also stolen from them by their tight encasement. The princesses' discreet air-holes were hidden in plain sight. A hole as small as a needle-prick laid sneakily under each statue's petite button nose, only allowing them

shallow, laborious nasal breaths. This shortage of air added to their panic-inducing predicament, since Amalia and Eadlin had to greedily suck in air through the half a millimeter-wide hole in order to avoid suffocation.

Any attempt they made to defy these confines of their freedom, shrunken to the smallest possible physical barrier, was met with harsh, non-negotiable, inelastic resistance. Struggling was not only fruitless, but impossible.

While banned from any 'rights' to movement, not everything that surrounded the girls was devoid of motion. Inside the inconspicuous platform of the princesses' statues, the cranks connected to their bronze dildo pair span rapidly via a long underground mechanism that linked them to a small watermill on the riverside, its presence and purpose lost in the surrounding, larger watermills around it. It was the water's power that moved the mills and ultimately, the two poles that fucked the poor girls with these colossus cocks at their end.

"MMMMMMMMNGgggggggHHH!" Eadlin trembled very much in place, her trapped body shaking into another orgasm as both her spankable ass and her heavenly pussy were being fucked senseless by the two metal horse-cocks, with the same pace but uneven rhythm. It was too much for the poor girl to handle, for any woman! Her trembling or shaking was more internal and mental than anything, since the girl's corporeal form was stuck in space.

Maybe in time as well, as nothing really changed for the tortured girls, in the past 48 hours they've been firmly entombed in bronze. Permanent darkness looms around them; their encased, suffocating sensation was only partnered with sexual torment, as their porcelain bodies were being raped non-stop by this brainless machination.

Their sexual torture was half part hip-splittingly painful and half part unwantingly arousing. It built up to unwanted orgasmic peaks, then flowed back down to repeat the same cycle, since the cocks maintain their tireless pace. The young women's accelerated breathing and their fast-beating heart, a result of their enforced arousal, only added to this buried, smothered sensation.

Betrayed by their healthy, womanly biology, the two princesses could only be vessels of suffering, as they were forced time and time again into climaxes, alternated with sore, dry fucking, before the dreaded arousal ramped up again.

There was a permanent sensation of near-burst, with their princessy assholes, pussies and throats packed to the brim. These same holes were virginal two days ago, but now bronze was stretching their inner walls, while at the same time pummeling their insides. Nothing like the sweet boy Eadlin and Amalia thought they'd meet and fall in love with.

In this hellish limbo of sex and bondage, Amalia and Eadlin's metal-capped ears picked out the low-end, muffled sounds that appeared to be a female voice, giving a speech to the surrounded crowd. It was the voice of their aunt, Lady Magdalene.

"We're gathered here for a deeply sorrowful reason. Our nation's purity and hope, our most beloved princesses, are no longer with us" the woman spoke with a fake sincerity and reverence to the large crowd, standing next to the gorgeous statues.

"Their loss is profound, cut down in the brink of their maturity into rightful leaders of this nation" Magdalene continued the honoring rhetoric, as a couple of meters behind her, the girls struggled and moaned in misery.

No one in the crowd registered the girls' pleas, only marveling at their sculpted forms, which sealed away the real ones. The knowledge that the two uppity sluts were suffering in excruciating bondage right beside her 'tickled' Magdalene right between her thighs. The woman shifted her alluring hips stealthily to elivate this 'tickling' that has surged deep within her wet pussy, before continuing with the same stoic, solemn expression.

"It is our duty to remember these wonderful young women as they were..." the woman gestured to the two beautiful pair of statues, depicting the merry princesses standing side-by-side Eadlin had her palm ever so gently resting on her older sister's open hand, in a way where the statues connected at a single point; the tips of the girls' ring fingers.

"...Beautiful both in body, mind and spirit, wise beyond their years and undoubtedly what would have been glorious leaders to our nation" Magdalene showered her nieces with diplomatic compliments, while they hopelessly tried alerting people to their entombed peril.

"...one thing is for certain. We will all miss them greatly" Magdalene wiped a fake tear from her eye as she stepped off the small platform the statues were placed on. The crowd broke into a respectful clap, stranger to the fact that their beloved princesses were alive in front of them.



As the town's folk went on with their ordinary lives, the two statues of princess Amalia and princess Eadlin faded into the background. Every so often, a faithful peasant would deposit a flower or stand to say a small prayer for the gone girls, before continuing their route. No one could discern anything out of the ordinary about these statues, besides their magnificent craftsmanship and their gloomy implication. The faintest hiss of air coming through the two sculptures' 'noses' went unnoticed.

Even if you stood right in front of the girls' life-size, bronze forms and put your ear to their bronze lips, you wouldn't be able to hear the screams pleading for mercy, calling for help, or simply expressing dread. After the first few weeks, the two girls had themselves forgotten whether their throat-plugged cries aimed to alert or vent their misery.

Alive for weeks? Without any food or water? How could that be possible?

Well, Lady Magdalene wasn't keen on ending her uppity nieces' suffering too early. The statues' base not only housed their nature-powered sex toys, but also a huge tank filled with pig's gruel and water pulled straight from the nearby river. Two metal tubes run through this tank to connect to hollow tubes inside the statue's front frame, the skinny tubes ending out at the girl's girthy mouth-filling cocks. The girls were literally being fed through their mouth-rammed cocks.

The poor girls had to suck them in order to get the mushy/watery mixture to rise the extra couple of inches from its resting surface and reach their cock-sucking lips. In order to avoid starvation, Amalia and Eadlin would essentially fellate their bronze sarcophagus' accessories, all whilst simultaneously being painfully rammed by them for all eternity.

It was an utterly degrading, humiliating exercise, but their only choice besides a horrible death.

"GGGNmmfmf!" Amalia strained, sucking as hard as she could, her body spent from being fucked raw 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. The river never stopped after all, so their bronze 'lovers' never did, either.

Mercifully, after an especially whorish suck, she felt a squirt of nutritious, albeit appalling watery gruel, meet the back of her throat, from the tip of the bronze cockhead rubbing against the girl's uvula. "Gkkk..*glug* mMMMG!" the penis-gagged girl swallowed like a good girl, yelping a moment later at her poor rectum's soreness. The veiny bronze dildo kept ass-fucking her, its 'partner' doing the same to her cunt, an inch away.

Next to her, young Eadlin was going through her 20th forced orgasm of the day. Not that days or hours or time in general had any effect on them. Their existence was a perpetual, encased rape, which they

could only choose to prologue by sucking their bronze cocks' life-preserving 'loads', in the vain hopes of someday being rescued.

Sometimes the river was more 'gentle' with them, the soft winds making its stream peaceful and the two cocks pace slower. The stormy nights brought with them a surge in the river's flow. The watermills span fast, and the poor girls were anally and vaginally fucked just as fast.

All the poor girls had to comfort them throughout this ordeal was the faintest human contact they could achieve and that was the meeting fingertips of their ring fingers. This squared centimeter of empty space was the only part of their encasement that was left hollow, a 'generous parting gift' by their good aunt.

The surrounding surface had been covered from public sight with more molten bronze poured around that crevice, like with the rest of their bodies. Amalia and Eadlin could at least feel each other's presence through this otherwise pointless human contact. Even though they could do nothing to aid each other in an escape or even to lessen some of their pain, knowing they weren't completely alone through this was the only spark of light in their horrible darkness.

It was well into the dark hours of the night. Two years have passed since the statues' uncovering. Two years since the unlucky princesses had been declared dead.

The shine of the reddish brown bronze had started to fade. It hadn't rusted or peeled off yet; that would take many more years. Hopefully, the princesses would still be alive and well through all of them.

Well, at least alive.

A dark-veiled woman approached the statue, her dark cape flowing behind her majestically. She hadn't visited this monument, her monument, during this period.

Standing in front of their nieces' gorgeous statues, the woman took off the black leather glove off her right hand and placed the tip of her finger underneath the bronze nose of the one depicting Amalia. Magdalene had to concentrate on it, but she did feel that slightest, thin puff of air meet it. A tiny puff of air can't have many characteristics, really. But to the woman, it felt...strenuous, tormented.

The metal-cocooned cunts were still alive. Good. She wouldn't want them dead so early. Their underground supplies could last them up to 20 years. The royal little bitches had way much more suffering to do.

Humoring herself, Lady Magdalene blocked the statue's tiny nose-hole with her fingertip, cutting off Amalia's oxygen, just to picture the sudden panic that would overtake the already distressed damsel. She was not wrong.

"MMMMMMGG! MMMMMMMG!" the tiniest of panicked cries escaped the double-fucked girl, who had suddenly found her already limited air supply gone.

"Comfy in there?" the two girls made out the muffled, but unmistakable voice of their aunt, dripping with sadistic joy. "Do not worry. I'll make sure your beautiful monument becomes a staple of the town square for many, many years to come" the woman said, finally removing her finger and letting Amalia breathe again. "I have that short of power now, being a Queen and all..." the woman let that sentence sink in her encased victims' ears. "That's right. Your dear father passed away last week. He fell terribly ill to a bad plate of soup" the woman hinted at the King's poisoning.

"GMmmFFf!" both girls renewed their indignant, insulted squirming, as if their bronze cocoon would do them the favor and open up, now that the culprit was standing before them. Nothing of that sort happened.

Queen Magdalene put her glove back on, taking her sweet time. She caressed the bronze copy of young Eadlin's face. It was almost as beautiful as the real thing. But Eadlin's would gradually falter to the sands of time, while this would remain as young and as pretty as the day it was presented to the public.

The now 21-year-old Eadlin of course never registered the femme fatale's touch. She was busy battling to fend off (rather unsuccessfully) yet another, painful anal orgasm. It turned out the hot princess' asshole really enjoyed getting fucked to pieces, even the shamed girl would never admit it. This double-penetrative feeling was the young princess' sinful fantasy, back in the days where she touched herself under the silky covers of her huge bedding.

But now that it was a reality, it was more akin to a never-ending punishment. Eadlin's asshole clenched against the metal erection that kept sliding hard against her sphincter's walls.

"Good riddance, sluts" Magdalene said with a disgusting wince, before spitting at the statue's face. She then turned and spat at Amalia's, and walked away in the night's dark. Her spittle was left dripping from the statue's smiling, unchanged faces.



Many more seasons and many more years came and went, as Queen Magdalene's reign in the throne was a long one. The two beautiful bronze statues, embodying the memories of the unjustly lost princesses, remained in the town square. Their red hue gave way to a darker, blueish one, a result of the bronze's gradual rust and wear. Gone through countless rains, countless blaring sun and even their fair share of snowstorms, the statues remained unfazed in their blissful expression.

Weather conditions played some part in the encased females' tortured lives, since the thermally conductive metal that encased them transmitted that heat. During summer, it cooked their young bodies like a bronze furnace, making the poor girls sweat profusely, like being stuck inside the snuggest sauna room ever. During the colder months, it made their naked, shapely bodies shiver against the chilly metal that barely insulated them from dying from the cold.

The inevitable dehydration, accelerated by the young women's bodies being squeezed-dry with forced orgasm after forced orgasm, was replenished by the girls thirstily 'swallowing' their 'semen' with their pink, splayed lips perpetually wrapped around their metal penis-gags.

Their pussies became perpetual fountains of sexual secretions, drained like offerings to some bronze-themed god. Or to their relative the Queen, for the insults they had inflicted upon her.

The well-hung cocks that 'graced' their asses and cunts never stopped or lessened their inhumane stimulation. Each time Amalia or Eadlin thought this was the last orgasm that could be wrung out of them, they were proved wrong a few minutes or hours later, as another incredibly painful orgasm (each one getting worse) shook their petrified bodies.

"NNNNNNNNNNNGGGHh!" Amalia feels another painful shiver rush over her, from her spine to the rest of her slender body. Taken over by another painful orgasm, her pussy involuntary clenches around the rough 'lover', hurting herself more by this reflexive squeeze. Amalia's cute, jiggly ass attempts to shake with the shivers that come from the orgasm's tail-end, but it's unable to do even that, as it's tethered in place by more external (her encasing) and internal (her huge anal-fucker) metal.

But the woman's involuntary cock-squeeze also triggers another orgasm-chasing arousal, right after the one that just concluded. The woman's body has been conditioned into these multiple, subsequent orgasms. Along with the metal tightly hugging every molecule of her body, her sore paingasms are basically the only thing the woman ever feels.

She used to require many pillows on her back and just the right temperature in the room in order to achieve orgasm. Now, she can come without even moving. The princess has been fucked into a brainless ragdoll for 12 straight years.

Getting horned up once more, Amalia instinctively twirls her tongue around the bronze cock filling her mouth. She has learned every bit of its veiny texture just by tracing her tongue on it. Pleasing it like that gets her juices flowing again, and as the two cocks fuck her pussy and ass relentlessly, the 33-year-old woman is approaching another tormented, brainless climax. A different set of boner-inducing lips, the ones on her beautiful face, are perpetually wrapped around the base of its shaft. They now wrap tighter around it, as Amalia 'finds' her 2nd orgasm in a row, immediately going for the 3rd one.

The cocks keep fucking her into a brain-melting state, the sensory deprivation her encasement brings often giving her rapid-fire orgasms (loops she can be 'stuck in' for hours on end) a hallucinatory effect.

The entombed princess involuntarily pleasures each of her three phalluses with each lovely crevice of her supple body. "MMmmkh....kh....MMMm!" in the throes of debauched, brainwashed passion, the (once) future queen writhes and chokes on her bronze mouth-fucker. The fact that she choked on the cock is enough to get the filthy whore over the hurdle of her 3rd orgasm.

Next to her, her 31-year-old sister, Eadlin is going through a similar cycle of self-induced degradation. The two mind-broken ...things can barely be described as humans anymore, just an assortment of nerve endings, constantly firing on all cylinders, until their eventual collapse.

The two sisters don't even register the joyous ruckus around them, since the square is full of people celebrating a Saint's name day. To them, there's nothing out of the ordinary about the two statues at the center of the square.

Simply two relics of the past.

