

# The Queen's Banners part 1

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

"All hail to the new Queen Selina!" the arch-knight announced loudly, and the whole court, comprised of hundreds of nobles gathered for the inauguration, knelt and bowed in unison. The new queen, a baby-faced, petite young woman with fiery red locks of hair, which were draped gracefully down her tiny waist from either side, rose from her oversized throne, overseeing her court for the first time. She had a cunning smirk, hidden behind a royal demure of sternness.

Her beloved mother, the Queen, had left the princess orphan, succumbing to illness.

The young Princess always wished for the opportunity to rule the kingdom. She had been raised to never miss anything, but the ambitious girl always had ambitious plans. In that regard, her dear mother's 'unfortunate' death came quite handy.

Selina relished the feeling of an entire audience hanging from her lips, savoring the silence around the vast throne room. Despite barely reaching 5 feet of height, the young beauty currently felt as though she could reach the stars.

She was dressed in an immaculate silky green dress, bedazzled with intricately woven golden jewellery all across the wide, big skirt, which reached down her ankles. Her golden crown, gently placed on her head moments ago, completed an image that Selina always longed for.

She had unlimited power and could not wait to start wielding it.

Amongst the chorus of high society was also Selina's stunning cousin, Victoria. A niece of the departed queen and three years older, Victoria was a slender beauty, reaching 5'8" and towering above her cousin only in height, not power. Her fair skin was accompanied by her long, braided, sunny blonde hair. Her full breasts and wide hips were outlined by her beautiful royal gown of an ocean blue color.

Having grown up alongside her cousin, Victoria was more than worried to see the little demon-girl sit on that imposing throne. Selina was always a selfish, hedonistic girl. From squashing bugs and little

frogs ever since they were children, Victoria knew that there was a twisted side to the nation's new monarch.

If only she could do something to stop her.



The 19-year-old Queen's rule begun unassumingly enough, with lots of bureaucracy and briefings on the current affairs. Boring shit Selina barely paid attention to and tasked her advisors to 'deal with'. With her pretty, skinny legs crossed over as she sat on the throne, her huge queenly cape falling down the red carpet under the throne, the tiny redhead could not be bothered with every schmuck that knelt before her, at the bottom of the stone staircase that led up to her throne.

Requests for founding, for justice, for both. It all felt so dull to her. Selina could not wait for the more exciting, fun perks of a being a queen to begin.

That first opportunity came about when the teen-ruler attended her first execution ceremony, as per custom. Peering over her stone-made palace balcony, in another fabulous, bejeweled dress, Selina laid eyes on two women and a man from, standing on the gallows.

They had been sentenced for the murder of a farmer family. They were trying to steal the farmers' cattle when they were discovered by the family and ended up killing them before fleeing. They were low life thieves that had little regard for a human life.

Besides the rope noose placed around their necks, their ankles were also roped together and their wrists were bound behind their backs. Both women appeared to be around their 30s, the man older.

Their appearance was unflattering; all of them dirty from head to toe. The man wore a white blouse and brown leather vest along with some plain pants, tied around his waist with a single piece of hemp rope.

As the priest reached the wooden platform and started addressing the common-folk with a religious verse, Selina's attention immediately fell on the two women. One was black-haired, the other brown, but both were rather beautiful, in that feral way, underneath the coating of dust and mud on their frowning, tough faces and their extremely tussled, oily hair. With the right clothes and make-up, they could gladly share the young Queen's spacious royal bedding. They were dressed in similar garments. A laced, string-strapped top covered their chest and belly while the black-haired one wore a rugged skirt down to her knees and was barefoot; the brown-haired lass had knee-high pants and boots.

That evil, sadistic spark lit like a match onto oil inside the girl's chest. As a little princess, Selina had her fair share of 'incidents', hugging her bunnies a little 'too tight' or 'accidentally' shooting at dogs with daddy's crossbow.

But a human life, that one was much more ...interesting. Her mother never allowed her to attend these 'gruesome' execution events. They were 'no place for a young lady' she'd say, whenever Selina would plead to join her.

Now, Selina couldn't wait to witness the two roped women struggle from the end of the noose, not caring that much for the man. Her cruelty and her libido mostly spoke to the female gender.

All three of them looked like they were concealing their fear, with a mean, pissed mug stuck as their expression. They knew that in their line of 'work', this end was possible.

The little queen's heart was pumping fast, as the priest's announcement was concluding, and the executioner hooded the three convicts with dark sacks. "With your word, your Majesty, sentence these condemned souls to repent in the afterlife" the priest addressed the Queen, up on her royal balcony. The protocol simply called for Selina to raise her hand and then lower it, for the execution to be 'triggered'.

Selina had other plans.

"Thank you, your holiness for the wonderful, divine words" the young girl spoke, her girly, feminine voice booming down her audience, magnified not only by her vantage point, but by her sheer conviction. "But I do not believe that these people that defiled our sacred laws, deserve the dignity of concealing their shame from us, those who follow the light" the young girl spoke like a seasoned rhetor.

"They should be stripped of all their clothes and their faces should stare up at God uncovered!" she declared with might. A murmur sprouted across the gathered crowd. This was unprecedented!

"B..but... Your highness ... the protocol dictates..." the priest was taken aback at this sudden order from his queen, chewing his words. "The protocol should reflect our beliefs and values" Selina cut grandpa off.

"We should punish those who seek to cause mayhem to our community, not only in flesh, but in spirit" Selina replied with educated, flourishing words that only masked her true, twisted intention.

"As you wish, ma'am" the befuddled priest bowed softly and signaled to the guards to do as they heard. Their head-sacks were pulled off their heads. Gasps and murmuring intensified, as the convicts' clothes were hastily cut off of them with the guards' sharp blades, leaving them with only their hemp

rope bonds, completely naked in front of everyone, leaving them more degraded than it was previously possible.

The women's firm tits (the dark-haired ones were heavier than the 'brown's' perkier ones) and their bare pussies were now exposed to the crowd, causing some howling from the male section of the crowd.

Appearing rather solemn before, now the two women could not hide their blushing and humiliation, instinctively trying to conceal their abrupt nakedness. Their bound hands were not helping them, trapped behind their backs.

Looking their demise straight on was already a pretty taxing challenge; the two rough-around-the-edges beauties were preparing themselves for a much more honorable death than this.

Selina's bright brown eyes traced the wonderful nakedness of the two dirty, bound women, their heaving full breasts as they moved up and down, betraying their fear, the curvature of their shapely hips, their firm but soft, round bottoms. A rush of heat passed through the young girl's body, more accurately through her youthful sex.

The bound, naked women's curly, thick pubic hair, almost fanning above their sex was uncared for; no such luxury in the more 'outdoorsy' way these bandits lived. Their thick bushes were nothing like the young queen's royal ginger curls; cleaned, perfumed and trimmed to perfection down there.

The priest did the reading of the sentence and the 'any last words?' stick. Both the disrobed bandit girls spat on his shoes, which the crowd found amusing and cheered, though the ruckus immediately quieted down in unison as soon as the queen stood up from her seat and raised her arm up in the air.

Selina cherished the tension of all eyes on her, and the last peaceful seconds these cute bandits would ever have. Some chirping birds, flying above the gallows in the clear blue sky, only added insult to injury, their song clear in the tense silence.

Biting the inside of her cheek to mask her anticipation, the young queen gracefully lowered her arm and the executioner pulled the lever, the rusty metal squealing as he did so.

At once, the wooden platform opened underneath the two bandits. The women (and man) dropped about 5 feet, their breasts and long hair defying gravity for the split second their tied, naked bodies fell through the void underneath. Their long hair and round boobs appeared as if they were pulled up to the sky, only because of their bodies' rapid decent.

The two thief-girls had no chance for a scream, only for a gasp, until their nooses became sharply taut, at which point their necks gruesomely snapped with a loud crack to the side by their weight's inertia, the strong rope fatally freezing their free-fall. The rope vibrated like a guitar string from the dissipating energy, as the women's now lifeless, naked bodies, dangled softly from the nooses, their faces slack-jawed and dead-eyed, tipped to the side by the natural twisting of the noose.

Selina was furious, finding it difficult to contain her disappointment. The two bitches had perished so, so quickly! This was not what she expected. As the crowd started breaking off, with a few creeps sticking around to gawk at the naked female corpses that hanged above them, Selina scoffed and without a word, walked back inside the palace.

This was not the fascinating, macabre display she was hoping for. Some changes were in order.



During the following weeks, the young princess, now queen, ordered that all the inmates would be executed in the nude from now on, their faces uncovered. Thick cleaves or wooden bits were often used to gag any last words. Selina was done with any of this respectful, civil nonsense.

The gallows would become a playground to fulfill her darkest fantasies and the relentless monarch relished the opportunity with no scruples.

Selina ordered the alteration of the gallows' system, with the trapdoor floor replaced with short wooden stools, that every inmate would stand on. This would cause a fall of only a few inches, making sure that the victim could only die from asphyxiation and not a short and painless neck snap. In addition, the inmates' legs were ordered to be left untied, for a humiliating, desperate air-kicking.

The little queen was enthralled when, next month, the execution ceremony reflected her wishes. Two pretty, Nordic blonde fighter-girls, captive enemy soldiers, 'flaunted' their gorgeously lean and tall bodies in front of hundreds of strangers. They both had long, sunny hair, caught in multiple braids.

While also naked, the rest of the male soldiers went ignored.

"MMGgffh! NNGGffh!" The blonde amazons grunted indignant, biting into their thick scarf-gags that were tightly tied between their grinning teeth, leaving only moans for their last words, which were further drowned in the general ruckus of the crowd. Selina watched mesmerized as the shamed women angrily pulled on their wrist-bonds, while simultaneously trying to hold on to some stoic pride. It was adorable! They looked really fit too; with a bit of visible tone on their muscles. They could easily snap the tiny queen's back like a twig, which made Selina all the more aroused at their helplessness.

With an air of utter dominance, Selina lowered her slim, queenly arm. A rope, lined through and attached to all the foot-stools was yanked, causing them all to be pulled in unison from under the convicts' feet.

The bound Viking-girls only sunk an inch, finding themselves in the air, their windpipe closed by the noose. Selina's eyes were locked on their bound, naked forms, which first tensed their athletic legs and feet towards their floor, then once they found nothing but air to step on, started kicking at whichever direction.

The flailing caused their involuntarily flaunted bodies to sway more on their rope-pendulum, their coughing and throat-squeezed sounds further muffled by the cleave-gags that squeezed the corners of their lips. Their whole bodies were tensing up from the life-threatening strain, the involuntary flexing on their tight abs and juicy thighs visible to everyone.

They tried to reach at their strangled neck with their hands, but their bound arms did not allow for such contortions and they only got them up their ribs, near their pretty, big milk-duds, which were flopping left and right with their struggling, only drawing the eyes of hundreds of onlookers further onto them.

Selina could not contain herself. Her delicate lace panties, made out of the finest silk in the land, were drenched underneath her bubbly, wide dress. With her hands at the stone, thick bannister, she was breathing deeply, lustfully, involuntarily squeezing her skinny thighs.

The crowd watched this graphic show with increasing interest, the women disgusted, by this graphic sight. Some cheering broke out occasionally, since the blonde cunts were the enemy, after all. Why wouldn't they deserve a painful, humiliating death?

The two female soldiers, hanging next to each other, were now fully red-faced, stealing looks from each other in the erratic twisting of their bodies; looks that tried to be defiant, but were actually terrified. The women were not just army-mates, but secret lovers.

They were strong and skilled in combat, but everyone needs oxygen.

After 14 minutes of noose-dancing, the Nordic girl's kicks got weaker, not reaching far. The lesbian warriors' bloodshot eyes slowly rolled to the back of their head, their brain shutting down.

All the men had perished, their floppy penises out in the open just as lifeless, but the sun-haired bitches were still twitching on their nooses. The older one, about 32, seized her struggling first, expiring next to her lover, about 28, who got some more kicks and death-spasms in, before succumbing to the inevitable.

As soon as the damsels' pulse was gone, Selina swiftly got up from her chair, speeding towards her private, royal quarters, where she masturbated furiously, without even bothering to undress.





Queen Selina needed more damsels, more pretty girls to hang. The monthly execution ritual was not frequent enough, but this would only change if more convicts were there to hang.

So the ruthless queen passed new strict laws, turning the previously slap-in-the-wrist offence of prostitution into a deadly, god-forsaken crime. This ensured that a wave of seductresses was soon lined up in the gallows.

She also brought back the outdated practice of witch-hunting, targeting any pretty women who dabbled in science or literature. Finally, even petty theft was deemed punishable by death, though the vagueness of that last law gave plenty of room for discrimination, the soldiers having discreet orders to arrest female offenders much more liberally and try to tuck on their list of charges whatever they could, be it truthful or not.

Most of these harsh new measures were established in the name of social purity and swift justice. But within the palace's walls, Queen Selina's blood-thirst for beautiful maidens was slowly becoming a known secret.

With the new measurements swiftly implemented, the amount of (mostly attractive and feminine) criminals sentenced to hanging quickly quintupled and the monthly executions became weekly, every Sunday after mass, funny enough.

It was another one of these 'fun' events, the 9<sup>th</sup> since the strict measures were implemented. The young queen was perched in her high balcony as always, clad in luxurious outfits and jewellery. Beneath her was a row of 7 dolls, all clad in absolutely nothing.

"PLEAAASE! I beg of you! I've only stolen a load of bread for my child, don't gGGMMMMFFf!" one unfortunate brunette woman of Roma descent was swiftly silenced by a rough, thick wooden bit-gag that was shoved between her alluring lips and the hemp rope straps tied tightly behind her head.

The brown-skinned lady wasn't lying about her benign crime, but she was a true stunner, a curvy, hour-glass figure on her, and nice heavy jugs, currently not covered by her long, dark hair. The royal guards had 'picked her up' in an instant.

On one side of hers, were two pickpocketing girls, both only recently turned 18, simply trying to survive in the rough inner city. The bound and gagged girls had barely bloomed into womanhood, their small, cute tits and tight little asses exposed to the public. None was over 90 pounds, their ribs and hip bones were visible through their rather starved physique. They both had clumsily cut, short hair not reaching

their shoulders, clearly cut with a knife. The girls were literally trembling from fear, their pretty, big eyes scanning around the gallows in terror.

On the mom's opposite side were four town-whores of various ages. A couple in their 20s, one in her 30s, one in her late 40s, her long curly hair greying beautifully. They had no way to make ends meet but to sell their bodies, which though beautiful and of varying body shapes and statures, all exhibited some slight 'wear' from their rough 'use'. Once their little hideout/brothel was discovered, they were promptly hobbled and chained up, their customers walking away scot-free.

The two older prostitutes groaned angrily in their gags, able to do nothing as the guards atop the scaffold were very shamelessly 'copping feels' of their vulnerable, naked bodies, while the two young ones were mostly scared-shitless like the thieves, too preoccupied with their impending demise to address the groping they were receiving.

With a new line of fresh meat to marvel hanging each week, the royal guards were always getting rather 'handsy' with the death-row convicts, before enjoying their first-row view. The queen never reprimanded such acts, so they never stopped.

Keeping up with tradition, Selina raised her hand with confidence and godly elegance. A powerful, soft smile was decorating her pretty, peach lips. The gypsy, the pickpockets and the whores' muffled cries were half-drowned by the anticipation-filled roar of the crowd, the atmosphere nothing like the respectful peace of the past.

Sunday hangings, for the male population, had gotten a reputation akin to a sports event, a public show. Females were scarce and few during these, nowadays.

"MMMFFFFfff! MNNNGG.....!" the beautiful Roma mother's gagged pleads were cut like a knife through butter, as she lost the stool from her pretty, bare feet and the noose gripped her throat with unyielding strength. A loud cheer echoed from the manly crowd, as all seven naked sluts begun 'dancing' for them and for their queen.

While not a choreographed dance, it was just as breathtaking in Selina's eyes. Each peasant cunt offering her own 'spin' on how one might greet the noose. Selina loved them all:

- First were the ‘Flailers’, like the two pickpocketing teens, who immediately kicked like crazy. They were usually the most scared of the bunch. They would tire themselves quickly and perish first, but they offered an exciting show.
- Then there were the ‘Reachers’, like the four whores happened to all be. These were the kind that somehow believed they could game the system, stretching their whole slender body, their legs and toes aaaaall the way down, in a hopeless attempt to spontaneously grow 10 inches taller and reach the floor. It was funny how their straightened, bound bodies swayed softly from the noose, though their faces showing the truth of their agony. These sluts also tried to reach the noose with bound hands, assumingly to take some of the weight of their neck, a fit also impossible even for contortionist circus performers. It was appealing for Selina to watch them try to slither their locked arms, rubbing their anxious fingers against their visible ribs.
- But the darker skin-toned Roma woman was Selina’s favorite. The ‘Stubborn’ type. The petite queen liked those, because she knew just what went inside the noosed bitches’ minds. The stubborn one tried to stay demure and dignified in the face of death, her body remaining largely unresponsive at first. In her mind, she would not give her blood-thirsty audience the satisfaction of squirming or fighting. Selina loved them, because their plan always, ALWAYS failed. After 3 or 4 minutes, when the pain was becoming too harsh to handle and the oxygen ‘tank’ had run out, these goody-two-shoes slowly started to gurgle, hiss, squirm and kick like all the others.

Selina watched with great pleasure the ‘show’ unfold, from the comfort of her tall balcony. Amongst other royalty, counselors, Counts and Duchesses, the small woman snuck her right hand, gloved in white velvet up to her arm, between the high-thigh stockings of her skinny legs and under her silky, luxurious dress.

She had not worn any underwear, something she was doing for the past 5 executions. Since all eyes were on the actual execution, the young queen stealthily started rubbing her uncovered clitoris, only her accelerated nasal breathing and the slight bite she gave her lower lip, any indicators of what was happening.

She watched the poor little teen thieves, dying way too early in her hands, the filthy whores that were serving their purposes of offering sexual pleasure, albeit at the cost of their lives. And the innocent mother, still fighting her instincts to debase her last moments on earth, as if her degraded public nudity was where she drew the line. The thick, brown mommy let out these wonderful “Gh....gh....kH.....H...” sounds through the faintest crevice the noose momentarily allowed her windpipe. Her red spread-open lips bit the cleave-gag, her eyes scrunched shut, her fists clenched, everything betraying her need.

Selina loved the miserable looks each woman was periodically sharing with her other 'noose-mates'. They were all pretty busy asphyxiating to death, but during their spinning on the noose, their gazes sometimes met, always signaling a mutual panic and agony.

The two teen thieves were already swaying lifelessly on their nooses, with dead, teary eyes pointing at the wooden platform. Their alluring, albeit malnourished bodies were much more still now. A common occurrence, one of them had involuntarily emptied her bladder post-mortem, a small puddle of piss on the wooden bars underneath her. Her pal followed her soon, as her lifeless body also urinated on itself, the girl's piss running down her skinny thigh and down the length of her leg

"HURRAY!" the crowd gave another loud cheer. It did so each time a noosed, dead cunt pissed herself.

Next to them, the more mature, Roma woman started suddenly lifting her legs, one then the other, like she would run across the air and away from her fate. Finally she was losing her composure. She also started pulling at her snug wrist-bonds, her arms tensing behind her back in every which way. Her sudden struggles caused her noose to swing, ruining any semblance of dignity the naked, asphyxiating mother had hoped for.

The crowd cheered as the rope-dancing was reaching its peak from most of the 'dancers'. Though it was early curtains for the young pickpockets, the 4 unlucky prostitutes and the gypsy mom were giving it their 'best'; frantic kicks, body-twisting and purple-red faces all around.

The five dancers' pathetic, animated struggling made the two limp corpses dangling alongside them appear even more lifeless by comparison.

Queen Selina was having difficulty containing herself, the white velvet covering her index and middle fingers soaked with her maiden nectar, having 'breached' the small lips of her delicate sex hole. She was close to climaxing, her eyelashes quivering with ecstasy, the girl finding it difficult to not close her eyes, which were fixed on the frantically struggling gypsy mom and her big, bouncy tits.

Selina thought she oughta call off the tradition of various royalty accompanying her on the balcony during the ceremony, able to 'express' herself more freely. Though the crowd could still gaze up at her from a distance, the balcony was concealing her from the waist down.

Eventually, the naked sluts started one by one 'sinking' onto their nooses, a sudden kick-spasm here, a neck-twitch there and it was 'lights out'. Their naked feminine bodies not feeling the cold Sunday breeze on them, anymore.

The poor mother slowly, unavoidably, also weakened her fight, succumbing to her mortal design. Her pretty eyes, full of tears that had rolled down her pretty cheeks, froze open, as her head draped on the side of her noose, her juicy jugs not swaying along to her lively energy, anymore.

"GGghhhuuummmmm..." a feminine, girly squeal involuntarily escaped the young queen's lips, the girl biting them to stifle her noise, as she reached the best orgasm of her young life. Making her way inside the palace, she addressed one of her closer court ladies, a young brown-haired woman, who was stoically waiting for her at the balcony's door.

"The gypsy one..." Selina simply said to her as she passed her by, with the same tone with which someone would choose between heads of lettuce. The young maiden simply bowed nodding and departed to fulfill her order.

It was a more recent endeavor of the young queen, that after the hanging 'ceremony' was concluded, her Highness often 'requested' a fresh cadaver that had 'caught her eye' to be cleaned, perfumed and delivered to her quarters, at the earliest opportunity. Malicious rumors said that the young queen was being amorous with the beautiful, deceased damsels, kissing and fondling and grinding her naked warm body against their unresponsive, cold ones to sexual completion.

These hideous rumors were never of course, acknowledged, though the poor Roma mother's corpse was indeed discreetly delivered to Selina's queenly bedroom that very noon, concealed in a wrapped sheet inside a wooden crate.



“What is this? The people need to see compassion and care from their leader, not mayhem” Selina’s older cousin, Victoria voiced her objection, with an elegant, self-righteous tone, as she stood up amidst the crown’s council. Stricter measures and more vile displays of power had just been ‘proposed’ by the young ruler. While the council rarely ever stood an obstacle to the 19-year-old, not wanting to end up on her bad side, the 22-year-old blonde beauty was much more virtuous and moral than her young cousin, often speaking her opposed mind.

She was appalled by the things Selina was getting away with.

The circle of royal advisors was currently in the middle of its meeting. Seven members were seated around a long rectangular table of beautifully carved mahogany, mostly men like the head of coin, the head general, the archbishop and other.

The smallest, youngest person in the room, queen Selina, was seated at the head, with her legs crossed as usual and her chin resting on her fist, calmly observing this spike in tension. “What is your issue, dear cousin? Why are you siding with the criminals that threaten our community?” Selina spoke with an overly stern demeanor, exerting her influence.

Victoria might have like acting morally superior but Selina had seen the blonde bitch for what she really was; a usurper to her precious throne.

Victoria did not air her thoughts out. She wasn’t an idiot, treading carefully with her queen and family member, amongst powerful company. “I believe that further cruelty might instigate sparks of violence amongst your subjects, your Majesty” she said, masking her deep hatred and seething rage for her tiny ruler with a polite smile.

Victoria was not just content with the sly council comments, though. The young royal had already started pulling threads. Threads that criticized the queen’s rule and her barbaric methods of justice. Her anonymous propaganda was starting to seep into the public conscience. “Do you doubt my pure motives, good cousin?” Selina replied with a smirk.

There were two parallel conversations going on at this table. The audible one and the much more real one, behind all those courtly words and gestures. Victoria was testing the waters of her influence, waters that might suddenly spring into a storm and swallow her.

Selina despised her cousin. She pushed back more than any other pawn that played along to keep their power. Victoria was... bothersome.

If only Selina could get rid of her.

It was soon to be the early hours of noon. The petite redhead queen was comfortably lying on a beautifully carved fainting-type couch, its red velvet matching the overall pallet. Dressed in a gorgeous, green satin sleeping gown, the girl was throwing green grapes in her mouth, clearly waiting for something.

Or more accurately, someone. The hanging wasn't done more than an hour ago, the faint murmur of a large crowd dispersing still audible from the tower's tall window.

Suddenly, a soft, polite knock is heard on the boudoirs' double door. "Come in" Selina allowed entrance with a bored tone, knowing well who was on the other side.

Two maids come in holding a closed wooden box resembling a litter vehicle, which each woman carrying two poles from the front and back of this chest. Knowing exactly what their procedure is, the two maids deposit the chest on the floor, before opening it and lifting out a person-shaped object, all but mummified in clean, perfumed sheets. The servants deposited the object of interest on the queen's bedding and exited with a small bow only after the short girl waived them off.

Popping one last grape through her open lips, Selina made her way towards her lavish bed frame, with each nicely oiled wooden bedposts and pretty burgundy velvet curtains with gold tassels giving some added sense of privacy.

Getting on the soft bed, she crawled over her newest self-sent gift. All wrapped up as these things were, Selina always pictured them like little presents meant to satisfy her twisted needs. With her tight pussy already twitching with anticipation, not covered by any underwear, the small queen pilled off the sheets to reveal the naked, lifeless body of a gorgeous woman.

She looked around 25, with her dark, wavy hair zig-zagging down the level of her shoulder blades and gorgeous, round and full chest. Her face was of angelic beauty, a couple of small, cute moles above her left eyebrow. Her gorgeous, but dead, half-wide sky-blue eyes were looking up past Selina's, towards the ceiling. Her succulent, half-open lips remained idle like the rest of her, and just like the rest of her already pale body, they had been scented and oiled for her Majesty, to retain some smoothness and softness. Her stature was much taller than Selina's (almost all of them were), with a perfect, slim waist and wide, feminine hips. Her dark bush only faintly hid the wonderful hole between her loins.

Like with all of Selina's boudoir 'visitors', the unfortunate girl exhibited an intense purple ring around her pretty neck, where the noose had squeezed her life out of her about an hour ago. Selina traced her hand over it, always liking their look.

The girl had danced so damn well on that noose, titillating her queen with her swirling tongue, her swaying tits and arousing body, slithering in place around the cold morning breeze. And those pretty blue eyes; they looked so hot, full of terror and panic, as the girl kicked the air for dear life.

She was practically begging for an intimate tête-à-tête with her Highness.

The beautiful corpse, once answering to the name Juliette, was a farmer's girl from the outskirts of the castle. Royal guards had stopped her on route to the market, the girl's boots making their way through the thick mud with a sack of veggies over her back, the edges of the long skirt of her farmer dress getting soaked with mud.

The abrupt inspection by the guards 'revealed' a golden pocket watch in the girl's sack (planted by the guards themselves). Grounds for an arrest and quick prosecution.

As much as she protested her innocence (to be fair very incoherently over the tight cleave gag tied over her mouth), the verdict for the wrist-shackled farmer girl by the Queen's councilor was 'guilty of theft'. A death sentence was frivolously tossed out like all the ones before it.

Selina took her sweet time gazing all over the motionless specimen of beauty, half-straddled on her knees over the brunette whore and sensually running her petite fingers across the still, feminine body. Though not as warm as a living one, it was still soft, smooth and pliable and smelled not only of the oranges the girl was picking the morning of her arrest, but also of the fine perfumes and oils it had just been graced with by the queen's handmaidens.

Selina flung the long cape of her gown behind her, getting more comfortable as she leaned over her new lover and started placing tender, soft kisses on the unflinching girl's cheeks, forehead, then finally her loose pink lips. The girl didn't return the kisses, eyeing the nothingness over Selina's shoulders.

Keeping the foreplay going, Selina lied her 5-foot-long skinny body over the pale woman's more curvaceous one, straddling the front girl's upper thigh and started softly grinding her crotch against the soft flesh. Rigor Mortis would have to wait.

The young woman's breathing accelerated and deepened with arousal, as Selina inserted her fingers in the welcoming, idle mouth of her dead toy, which unlike her, showed no signs of any breathe. With her dainty, royal finger, she scrapped the last bits of salivating moisture from inside the girl's mouth and from her dry tongue. Meanwhile, she massaged the woman's C-sized, round breast, falling a bit to the side of her chest by the way she lied on her back. She dug her nails into it, eliciting no moan of pain nor joy from the dead girl. Not a blink or twitch from the maiden.



Selina cherished Juliette's lips. They tasted faintly of oranges, the farmer girl probably having had one for breakfast, on that faithful day she run into the royal guards. She stuck her tongue deeper down the corpse's throat, enjoying vilifying it and groping it. The queen's sex juices were now dripping on the soft, pale flesh of Juliette's thigh, and Selina was grinding a bit faster and harder, with images of the girl's noose-dancing still fresh in her memory.

With the small girl getting lower and her face now resting on her expired lover's generous bosoms, Selina slid her two fingers inside the girl's tight pussy. Like all peasant girl's, it had a pretty, dark-haired curly bush above two gorgeous, bare cunt-lips. Selina violated the helpless girl's pussy with her fingers, driving in there with little care as she rubbed her face on her titties and rubber her cunt against her leg. It felt pretty tight. Had farmer girl died a virgin? That notion that she was her first excited Selina more.

Approaching orgasm, Selina sank her teeth hard into the pale breast flesh and held on to it like a beast with a fresh prey, as she grinded against her toy's body to a climax. Still, the unlucky farmer was unable to register the pain from the underworld, eyeing up at the heavens.

"GMMMff!" she moaned with a mouthful of tit-meat as she orgasmed wonderfully. A clear, curving teeth mark was visible on Juliette's left breast as the queen got off her, rather satisfied, closing her gown.

The handmaidens would arrive soon enough to take the hanged cunt away.

