

The Queen's Banners part 2

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The castle's court yard was a jaw-dropping display of flowery bushes and medium-sized trees, also blooming around this time of year. The cross-shaped stone paths separated the grassy ground, and in the middle was a majestic fountain of a sculpted mermaid, gift from the neighboring Kingdom as a sign of peace-making. Around the round shape of the fountain were these marble, back-less benches, one of which housed an esteemed company of four young ladies of the court.

Each was as young as the queen, and just as attractive, with the addition of being able to look down at her by some inches. Something they rarely failed to mention when talking about her.

And they discussed the Queen at length:

-I heard that not one, but two chests of...guests were brought up her quarters the other day.

-We should gift the dwarf queen a block of ice. It should satisfy her thoroughly.

-At her rate, soon the kingdom will be nothing more than naked cadavers.

-Hey, at least then she'll be a respected ruler...

The four beauties did not have much issue 'throwing mud' on the Queen's name, especially since their comments were concealed behind their bejeweled, hand-held fans and their modest volume. It wasn't that difficult for the influential court of bluebloods to have an extra...eye or ear in the Palace's affairs.

Especially when such espionage had been 'requested' by the queen's dear cousin, Lady Victoria. With the promise of social mobility in the ranks of power, Victoria was gathering dirt on all of Selina's less-than-complimenting endeavors. Her 'little birdies' then transported (via their own minions) these rumors out of the castle walls and into the ears of the queen's subjects, ruining her fine reputation.

An uprising was brewing up and along with it, a 'swap' in the throne.

Meanwhile, the sadistic young queen's deadly reign continued unobstructed. A general dread fell upon the female population of the Kingdom, especially the attractive one. If you were easy on the eyes, you'd better be careful to not attract the wrong kind of attention. Any attention. A few, panic-driven women were going as far as to pull off front teeth or mar their faces with hot irons, in order to diminish their beauty and stay safe.

Selina's gory displays of power only got more unhinged as her place in the throne solidified and she got more comfortable and less subtle. Nowhere was the queen's notorious affinity for snuffing pretty lasses more apparent than by the 'decors' of the castle's exterior:

Dangling from 6-foot long, metal poles that jutted out of the stone walls over a stone window, many, many feet above any ground, were different noosed, executed damsels, all as nude and as arm-bound as they day of their demise, with the only exception being a large piece of burgundy fabric (the colors of the Kingdom) with a golden lion, the symbol of the House, tied over on shoulder and left to wave in the strong winds, barely covering the women's swaying, shapely figures.

The wrist-bound women would be noosed to the rope already tethered on the long pole, before being pushed through the opening for a high-flying noose dance. They weren't sure if it was better to be left to splatter on the ground below with a 100-foot drop, or meet this humiliating, lengthened and pretty painful end. People would be gathered far below to gaze up at the hangings, often being splattered with a brief rain of piss when the deceased 'criminals' emptied their loose bladders.

The executed girls would then be left there for weeks, with their pretty half-rolled up their heads and their alluring tongues sticking out of their dead lips, until after a couple of weeks their beautiful, hanging corpses would start turning a greenish grey, looking unappealing and dried up of any life-affirming moisture. The rotting corpses would then be discarded, to make room for new air-dancing sluts.

The grim, but apt nickname these poor women got from the public was 'The queen's banners'. Each of the four towers of the castle had 4 damsels surrounding it, often in different stages of decomposition. That made for 16 'banners' flying the Queen's red-and-gold colors.

The weekly hangings became a sort of Colosseum-like public spectacle, a way for the masses to lay off some steam and forget their hunger for a while. In that way, the 'Sunday Hangings' were getting more elaborate and 'showy' as time went on.

They even followed the format of a performance show, with an opener, a middle 'act' and a headliner.

Queen Selina takes her place in an elaborate seat at the balcony. Only two handmaidens are present on either side of hers, the rest of the royalty politely instructed to fuck off for Her Majesty's privacy.

- Starting things off, 'warming up' the crowd, two sisters with long, braided brown hair, had been condemned of witchcraft (another common, difficult-to-dispute accusation) simply due to their affinity for science and math. The booksmart girls couldn't hurt a fly, they looked so innocent. But in these dark times, being cleverer and prettier than you should could backfire.

The two sisters were now fully naked at the gallows, their small, perky breasts and tight asses out, their cute nipples hard from the morning winter cold. The 18-year old, the little one, was standing on her older sister's (24 years old) shoulders, with a noose around her neck. Both sisters were wrist-bound and tightly cleave-gagged, their petite bodies trembling precariously in fear and moaning pitifully at the man pointing his crossbow towards the older girl.

With the queen's signal, the guard fired his weapon, and the arrow flew and got buried with a hard thud in the 24 year-old girl's left breast, penetrating her flesh, ribcage and heart at once. The damsel immediately lost any strength on her legs and collapsed dead, leaving her little sister with no support, to hang in front of the cheering crowd.

Shamelessly placing her stocking-clad legs and heeled feet spread on either armrest of her huge, comfy chair, the redhead queen started diddling herself at the pleasant spectacle, her crude position hidden from the much lower peasants.

- Once the 'opening act' was expired and removed from the gallows/stage, a lesbian, foreigner couple, around 30, was lined up. Both were brown-skinned, one had short, dark hair like a pubescent tomboy, the other one possessed long red strands, easily making her the more feminine half of the couple. They were both beautiful with cute faces, slim bodies and a womanly shape, the redhead lass curvier than the leaner tomboy. Selina licked her lips upon witnessing them. She didn't wanna be ahead of herself, but she had already decided she wanted the soon-to-be-hanged lesbian couple in her bed for a threesome.

The traveler folk were convicted for 'desecrating' a church, by making out up against the building's wall, something they had no idea was illegal, coming from a much more free-spirited place. Their ankles were bound separately to each other's, the terrified women facing each other. Though noosed, the ropes around their necks were not tied above them, but to wooden cranks, attached to poles on either side of the stage.

The two executioners then cranked the ropes in, pulling the couple apart towards each pole, until their nude bodies left the floor and stretched horizontally, becoming as taut as their noose-rope. They squirmed in unison, their legs flailing together in synch, due to their joined ankles and the tension on their nooses held like a remote garrote. Their tongues poked and wiggled out of their gaping mouths, as if searching for the air they couldn't find. They offered a great "performance".

- For the 'finale', three women of different backgrounds were finding themselves in the gallows for solicitation charges. Though none of them had been caught red-handed, 'witnesses' reported various different men entering and leaving their separate premises, so it could have been simply their promiscuity that had doomed them. In any case, they were sentenced as God-offending prostitutes.

A chubby, curvy, milky-skinned brunette with nice, heavy tits was tied at her ankles, the currently loose rope ending high above them at a 20-feet tall wooden bar. Her noose was connected with a short rope to the noose of a pitch-black-skinned woman, with very short, frizzy hair and a gorgeous, slim physique all through her 6-feet-tall stature. That woman's bound ankles were attached to the noose of the third lass, a Southeast Asian brunette with shoulder-length, straight hair. All of them were arm-bound behind their backs and rope-gagged, the guards stuffing sponges they had previously pissed-on, into their mouths before gagging them. They were currently lying on the gallows floor, their soft flesh getting blisters from the rough wood. Groaning with a both worried and feisty attitude all together.

Once the young Queen lowered her arm, another crank started to turn, causing the full-figured girl's ankle-rope to be pulled and lift her upside-down, pulling her up towards the sky. "MMNFNFnf! NNNGGG!" all of the women moaned intensely, seeing what would transpire. Very soon, the rope connecting the white and the black bitches' necks became taut, and up the chocolate girl went, kicking like a banshee, both she and the chubby girl asphyxiating. The rope kept being pulled upwards and seconds later, the Asian girl was strung up.

The macabre sight was exquisite. The chubby girl's eyes had already popped a couple of vessels, her neck carrying the weight of two girls. The black girl in the middle was stretched by two opposing forces. Below her, the light-brown Asian girl hanged from the pair of tied, black ankles, comprising the tail of this monstrosity of human agony. A monster that offputtingly moved as one, swaying its long body like a snake pulled up by its head, slithering vertically in the air and squirming all across its length, dying as soon as it was 'born'.



While the peace with the Kingdom in the East was well settled, a new power was rising in the North. With ambitions to further its dominion, the brute, cold-forged army and its scruffy-bearded, beefy ruler, King Omen, were moving threateningly towards Queen Selina's land. Omen was 200 pounds and 200 centimeters of muscle and conviction, his aim to expand the Northern Empire going pretty well so far, having conquered two nations already.

While her advisors were weary of their approach, the immature queen waved the danger off, mostly citing that the Kingdom had enough soldiers to counter the invasion, IF (and she emphasized that word) there was a need for defense. She didn't seem worried about the Northerners, with their wolf-fur capes and their big axes.

Besides, she had more fun, more important things to worry about.

The queen's 20th birthday was a huge event. Apart from having royal servants tossing bread and loose red wine from big baskets and jugs down at the peasant folk (whose mixed reception of the Queen needed some 'greasing up'), there were also plenty of festivities. The kind that Selina fancied the most:

A phantasmagorical execution!

On the big town square was set the 'Sun of Death', a gallows-inspired Carousel, for lack of a better word. A large, rotatable trunk/pole was in its center, with a round platform on the bottom and another round ceiling on top, from which 5 nooses dangled at equal distance from each other, forming a perfect geometric pentagon.

All that it required was for someone to work the crank, for the platform to rotate at a steady speed. Then physics would take over, the centrifugal forces sending the unlucky standing damsels over the edge of the small platform. From above, the girls would look like agonizing, spinning rays of a morbid sun.

Five beautiful 'criminals' (the definition of the word stretched as much as their necks would soon be) were now standing on the edges of the round platform, either quietly sobbing with their heads down or desperately begging the nearby guards for mercy. All attractive shapes and sizes, all naked as the day they were born, discounting the tight ropes pinning their wrists behind their shapely backs.

With festive music played by the court's bards mixed in with the excited cheers of the violence-hungry crowd, the Queen this time took to the wooden 'stage' herself.

“I want to thank all of you, for attending my festive day. This execution is a symbol of my dedication to the cause of justice, even at this joyous occasion. The enemies of our society are enemies of mine, as well” she gestured to the wrist-bound, nude ‘enemies’:

A young bookworm accused of witchcraft, two cuties ‘selling their souls and bodies to the devil’ and two pretty foreigners just because they excited the crowd’s xenophobic urges (on some made-up trespassing charges).

With its embroiled rubies sparkling to match the color of her long, silky hair, Selina’s royal green dress cost more than the entire crowd’s outfits combined. The small queen stepped with her short heels towards the giant wheel/crank connected to the main pole of the carousel. She wanted to be the one to ‘fling’ these bitches off their pedestal.

She grabbed the large handle and proclaimed “I hereby pronounce this day a national holiday and rest day. Long live our Kingdom!” as she cheered, she pushed down on the handle to get the pole spinning, but her tiny arms had no force behind them and instead the five scared-shitless damsels only teetered on the edge with their adorable toes, as their nooses moved very little to the side.

“Damn” Selina mumbled as she strained to move the crank; not wanting to be outdone by a piece of machinery, Selina jumped with her whole weight onto the crank’s handle, resting on it with her knees. This did the trick, as suddenly the carousel spun rapidly and all five tied girls were thrown off the edge before getting any last words. The crowd cheered with drunken woos and whistles.

Only choked death rattles were now leaving the five poor gals, as with this ‘head start’, Selina was now turning the crank much easier, causing the carousel to spin and watching her cute dolls go round and round, their naked bodies making an angle with the floor, or more accurately, the empty surface beneath their feet. The centrifugal forces crushed their windpipes further than just their weight would, all getting purple-faced rather quickly, their suggestive tongues inviting Selina to a fun ‘after party’, while their angled bodies twisted and squirmed so delightfully in their aerial bondage.

Bored, Selina gave the cranking duties back to the beefy executioner standing beside her. She sipped from her golden chalice with glee, enjoying the spinning show. She would never get dizzy watching these noosed cunts fly by.

She was also looking forward to the guillotine event, taking place next.

This would be a proper celebration.

Six guards of the crown were moving at quick pace. Their destination, the back gardens of the palace, a common area for the royalty to mingle and share gossip. Indeed, there was some foul, despicable gossip being spread about 'The People's Queen', from four ill-spoken ladies of the court; Gossip about her bloodthirsty habits; Gossip that needed to be shunt under the carpet.

The soldiers found the four stunning ladies enjoying the sunny day together, as usual. They were all young and blossoming, immaturely presented and dressed in gorgeous dresses. "By the order of her Highness, you are under arrest for crimes of treason against the crown and are sentenced to death, effect immediate" a guard read the signed and stamped scroll while the other four were already assaulting and incapacitating the stunned ladies, roughing them up and tying their wrists behind their backs.

"What is the meaning of this?! I demand a hearingMMMFFFGG!" the unspeakable "leader's" protests were stifled with a thick wooden bit-gag shoved past her delicate lips. The other three followed suit and in seconds, a chorus of four muffled, girly cries filled the gardens, as the four damsels were grabbed and led towards the other side of the castle, where the gallows were.

Despite being witnesses, no one dared oppose the queen's guard or speak up, only whispering under their breaths with each other.

Selina had recently started popularizing the phenomenon of impromptu executions. A loud royal horn would blare to alert the town of the event. So was the case, as the four fair maidens, despite their physical resistance were easily arm-pulled up the scaffold, some audience had already gathered, grabbing "first row seats". The bound and gagged girls were quickly placed on stools and nooses were pulled over the heads. They were the most pampered and privileged of young ladies, their fear was off the roof.

Selina appeared atop her royal balcony, looking down at the distressed, eye-wide damsels with an evil smirk. Those chatty cunts would never tarnish the good, god-fearing queen's name again.

"MMMMNNNGGG! NNNNNGg!" all the maidens protested as their luxurious dresses were sliced off their slim, youthful, milky-white bodies with sharp blades, their modest, white lacy undergarments following. Only their feminine, 2-inch heeled, Princess-like shoes were left on, along with their white, thin socks, which had cute frilly lacing at the top.

None of them had married yet, so the first time they were presenting their pristine nudity would be bound and gagged in front of literally any and every old sap, instead of a handsome lord during their wedding night. Their oiled and perfumed bodies glistened in the same jolly sun, under which the girls were discussing the subtle minutia of their romantic endeavors, no longer than 30 minutes ago. Their perfectly trimmed, tight pussies would never get fucked after all.

The thick, wooden bit-gags were stretching the damsels' delicate jaws, rendering any plead into incoherent babble. Drool was flowing from them onto their perky tits and dripping down their slender forms, some droplets running down to soak their cute little pubes. All four were a scared, crying mess, nothing like the aristocratic, formal behavior they were so skilled at.

"Let's see you whores talk your way out of this one" Selina whispered, lowering her arm and sending the four women to the underworld.

The four lined up girls lost their standing stools, each one plummeting down her noose. The peasant crowd pelted the squirming girls with rotten tomatoes and eggs, eager to humiliate four aristocratic bitches more than usual. The poor girls were too busy searching for a breath, to even register the filth coating their untouched, naked bodies. Their cute, expensive shoes and princessy socks kicked the air wonderfully.

Each noose was rather close, only about a yard between them, so the desperate women were soon trying to climb one another, to find any physical support. This resulted in plenty of flailing and kicking towards each other, which only entertained the crowd more.

One damsel managed to get her foot up another's shoulder, while another "lady" had wrapped her naked legs around a 'neighboring' girl's waist, in a vain attempt to hold herself up. The group was supposed to be best friends, though this would not be apparent from watching them kill each other for a sliver of air.

Their calculated, diplomatic relationships were exposed in their last, degrading moments.



“Down with the queen! Killer queen! Down with the queen!” the chants from the exasperated public were loud enough to reach Selina’s tall tower. Selina looked out of her window with a glass of red wine and her burgundy robe half-open. The noon was cloudy, like her mood.

Behind her, a beautiful corpse, belonging to a 23-year-old girl with long and straight, autumn-brown hair, was still laid on Selina’s huge royal bed, on its back. Like all of them did, the girl had an awful (though to Selina it looked lovely), purple bruise-ring around her slender neck. Her dead eyes were looking to the side, as her face was turned by her lover.

Her body, from her neck to her breasts and her inner thighs, had clear red lip-marks from Selina’s kisses. Her rapidly dehydrating, purple lips were stuck in a slack-jawed pout, still having the young redhead’s creamy sex juices on them. Her pussy had Selina’s saliva on it, a couple of tiny drool bubbles resting on her delicate cunt-lips.

The 20-year-old queen sipped from her golden chalice. Despite stomping some of her little court minions to the ground, Victoria, her ‘dear’ cousin, was still making waves through the kingdom. It had all accumulated into frequent protests outside of the castle walls.

Something had to be done about her. She couldn’t simply arrest her. That wouldn’t be so easy and it would enrage her subjects more. She had to come up with some first rate slander. Something that would turn people against her.

Knock* *knock

“Come in” Selina mumbled in a tone that betrayed her worry-sunken state. She expected the two handmaidens coming to collect her neck-strung, now used and discarded toy, but it was actual the head of her royal guard, Sir Nicola. Still in his gold-and-red armor, the man handed his (more than a foot smaller) queen a letter.

“Our scouts intercepted this late at night” he informed her after the typical bow. “Hmm” Selina’s pretty brow rose at him as her pristine little fingers opened the small envelope. The more her eyes traced the words on the paper, the more the smirk on her lips widened.

“Traitor! Traitor! Traitor” the crowd’s chants were not directed at Selina, but at a shocked and overwhelmed Victoria, who was currently being pushed up the gallows’ steps, wrist-bound and cleave-gagged.

Selina had corroborated with the neighboring King, whose correspondence with Victoria had been uncovered lately. The blonde beauty was plotting for an overthrow with the help of the West Kingdom, whose relationship with Selina’s was always a tense one. Upon being informed that the jig was up, the Westerners chose to change course and backstab Victoria, in exchange for some military equipment and manpower, granted to them kindly by the ‘Red Queen’.

In this new deal, they backed Selina’s claims that posed Lady Victoria as a traitor, in bed with enemy forces to orchestrate a siege against the city and the castle for her own insidious plans.

The good faith she had built with the people, evaporated in an instant.

The royal court found the queen’s cousin guilty of treason, no matter how much the stunning woman professed her innocence. The secret, diplomatic move had cost her some monetary setbacks, but Selina could not care less. She had achieved a more important goal, marveling the exquisite view of her dear cousin about to get the noose.

The gullible public had eaten the queen’s propaganda up and was now aching to see the traitor hung. The woman was led up, her pretty, white with golden-details dress already stained by the veggie-pelting she was receiving by the mob, as was her long, blonde hair.

“My honorable people! We should make an example out of such despicable plans against our kingdom!” Selina addressed the huge crowd, while Victoria’s clothes were being cut with blades and literally ripped off from her body by multiple soldier arms as a slack noose was being placed around her neck. “MMNNNng FFfng!” the framed woman’s angry protests were being silenced by her firm, tight gag.

“People like her should be degraded for plotting against our own freedom!” Selina continued her poisonous rhetoric at the top of her voice, as the executioner, a giant, swollen man, 7 feet tall, muscular with a forest-y chest and no shirt, approached the naked Victoria, who was made to kneel on the wooden platform. The woman tilted her head up at him. His face was concealed by a black hood, only two shadowy eye-holes there.

The man dropped his trousers to reveal a girthy 8-incher of a cock. It almost slapped the dainty woman in the face as he took it out. He then pulled the (only in comparison) tiny woman's cleave-gag down, letting it drape around her neck.

"The queen is conspiring against me! I'm being accused of false crimes!" the half-honorable damsel yelled with a conviction that struggled to contain her fear.

The huge man did not seem interested, grabbing a good tuft of Victoria's long, sun-kissed hair and immobilizing her head perfectly still while he guided his pulsating cock towards her pretty lips. The crowd egged him on, cheering for this (apparent) traitor's misery.

Selina place one foot on the base of her balcony's stone railing, slithering her fingers more easily down her sopping wet crotch. She was enjoying the sight of her lawful cousin, stubbornly pursing her lips to block the incoming monster-cock. She couldn't wait to see her 'swing'.

The man enjoyed her defiance, rubbing his giant, smelly member all over the woman's lips and her face. "If you suck me well, I'll let you sit on my cock while you hang" he offered in a growly, deep voice, receiving a prideful moan of rejection and some mean eyes from the bound, high-born damsel.

"Ok, enough" he mumbled, pressing with "actual" force his dick, which burrowed its way inside Victoria's mouth, almost breaking her teeth in the process. "GGhhnnmmhHHH!" Victoria's mouth was immediately filled before her throat got also plugged up, the man's thick member almost cutting the corners of her lips.

The crowd chanted more eagerly, as the giant moved his erection in and out of the choking royalty's lips, Victoria gagging with each thrust. Victoria tried backing away on her knees, but she could not avoid his "advances", with the gorilla-grip he hand on her hair. She twisted her back-bound arms helplessly, her scared eyes looking up at his shadowy face, watery. Up on her tower, the young queen had shoved two fingers inside herself, privately enjoying her cousin's humiliation.

This public fellatio continued. Periodically, the executioner pressed the vulnerable woman's head all the way down his shaft, making basically all of it disappear down her esophagus. The noosed, red-faced damsel could only mutely struggle in his grip, her bound struggles increasing in intensity the closer she was getting to 'bursting', which was when the man would "retrieve" his meaty sword, fully drenched in her thickest saliva, "mined" from deep within her throat.

Once he had his fill, it was time for the farewell. Victoria's noose started to get pulled up, hoisting the arm-bound damsel up in the air. "Nnno. Pl..pleassee...hhhhhhghghh!" was all she got to utter before

her pretty feet left the scaffold and her pleads turned to gurgling. Her pretty, perfectly pedicured toes were only an inch or two out of reach of the wooden-barred floor.

The hooded giant let her dance for a bit, enjoying her breathless panic, and her wailing tongue, then (only wearing his hood and boots) he positioned himself where she was. The asphyxiating woman instinctively raised her shapely legs and wrapped them around his hips, clutching onto anything she could to survive.

He was expecting just that, putting his giant hands on the woman's hips and bringing her towards his saliva-lubed cock. "GGGgg...gghh....ghhhh" a choking Victoria uttered pained, throat-iced squeals as the man started thrusting inside her pussy, first slowly, then more excitedly. Victoria was in a world of agony, for different reasons. Her little cunt was much too inexperienced to take such a cock and such a pounding and her crushed windpipe was arguably not a pleasant sensation.

Add to that her naked, public shaming and her fear of imminent death and you got a cocktail of pure agony. Victoria was in no love-making mood, but she had no choice but to clench her thighs and wrap her calves around this...monster. She was still running out of air, just at a bit slower pace.

The crowd went wild, witnessing this graphic demystification of the beautiful royal, her serene, confident and educated persona during her public appearances, contrasting the horrified, suffering, disrobed and violated woman in front of them.

As she was being cervix-rammed by the masked executioner, Victoria's tongue was fully jutting out of her mouth, the strangling noose pushing it out. The man enjoyed the twitching royalty's cunt, it was soft, warm and tight around his humungous erection. He was fully maneuvering the neck-dangling girl by her juicy hips, bringing her up and down his cock with ease.

He started pumping faster and faster inside her, Victoria's reddened pussy-lips sore from the senseless friction, though that pain was overshadowed by her burning lungs and crushed throat. With no agency whatsoever, the breathless damsel took the bear-man's pounding until finally, he pulled his cock fully out, "disembarking" from the hanging woman and a moment later spraying her pubic mount and belly with a big stream of cum.

The cum-decorated damsel was then left to sway on her noose, the crowd cheering for her approaching demise. She kicked and struggled hopelessly, much drool escaping her gaping lips, as semen dripped from her shapely body down onto the wooden floor. As she struggled in the air, the executioner added to her indignity by rubbing his cum-stained cockhead against her asscheeks, in order to clean it.

20 minutes the blonde cunt danced up on that noose. "Oh Cousin, stubborn to the last breath" Selina muttered, breathing deeply from her self-pleasuring, having already orgasmed twice. As Victoria's red face shifted to a strong purple shade, her fight subsided. The besmirched young lady kicked her final twitches and letting one last death rattle, her eyelids drooped halfway and she went motionless, her tongue left fully sticking out between her lips, as if asking for another load on it.

The next day, Victoria's violated, nude body swayed softly in the breeze whooshing around the high tower. The red/gold fabric flapped, tethered around her slim waist. Her unfocused look, as well as the fact that she was hanging from her neck, betrayed her demise.

Exhibited like an example to be avoided, Selina's dear cousin was now just another meaty banner for which to salute the queen.



With her biggest competition rotting away from the high windows of the castle towers, Selina's rule was reinvigorated. Though unquestionable, her leadership was feared by both allies and adversaries. The chaotic girl just kept enjoying the 'good life' only a monarch can have.

Behind heavily guarded doors, the red-haired little demon indulged in some pretty debauched parties, parties that Caligula would be proud of.

One such party was currently taking place in a vast room of the palace. Selina is lying on her side on a long comfy couch, with all sorts of mostly nude girls rubbing her legs or massaging and others serving her wine and treats. They are all 'dressed' in some half-transparent long strands of light gauze fabric, moving down from a little golden chain-belt around their waists down their legs, not concealing their sex or ass one bit. Their breasts are also free, as only their arms from the wrist to the upper arm are adored by the same colorful linen. While barefoot, their hair and necks are adored by jewellery.

Selina had recently created her own little harem of ambitious, foxy girls that wanted a taste of the good life. The rewards of living inside the palace walls was counteracted by the constant risk of displeasing the queen enough that she decided to 'terminate' your employment.

In the only way she saw fit.

"GGkaaahhh...ggklrrg..." a young, naked beauty twitches pathetically, hitched onto a big wheeled contraption. The wrist-tied lass has each of her knees tied with rope which is passed through two loops of an arching bar above her head, that lead to two nooses that come back down and circle her neck. With nothing to grab on to, the poor harem girl is being strangled by her own weight, her legs forced wide and her knees locked to the height of her firm, B-cup breasts. Her long, sky-blue hair was reaching just past her tight ass, split in half by her unwilling position.

Selina beckons with her finger and two harem girls push the wheeled hanging device towards their mistress, so that the asphyxiating girl is facing the queen, her form lightly swaying back and forth with her cart's movement.

"Now you can just relax all you like" the redhaired girl uttered with a smirk, in reference to catching the blue-haired cutie being less than laborious during yesterday's 'group massage', when all the servants adore the queen's petite body with their gentle touch. The rest of the girls eye their dying comrade with a seductive, half-horny look as they keep pleasing Selina.

Corsica is on the 'other side' now, no need to feel much sympathy for her. To the selfish girls, all that matters is that they don't share her fate.

With a choking Corsica eyeing her murderous mistress with wide, bloodshot eyes, Selina takes a bright red cherry from a huge bowl next to her (held by another harem girl) and holding it by its stem brings it onto the hanging girl's involuntarily protruding tongue, out for a while now. Selina rolls the cherry by its stem to coat it in Corsica's drool, which is already making a mess on the girl's slim body, before bringing it to her mouth. "Mm" she savors the taste, amplified by her dying servant's saliva.

"Maridda, bid a kind farewell to our friend here. She's flashing us with her sex for so long, I think it is clear as day what she wants" Selina called on another gorgeous blonde girl, pointing her to Corsica's forcefully spread pussy. "Yes, your Highness" blondie nodded and swiftly knelt in front of these morbid furniture of sorts, putting her tongue to Corsica's very exposed pussy. The blue-haired, exotic beauty did not seem to appreciate the licking much, preoccupied with being strangled. She did twitch her lovely feet, though.

Thoroughly massaged and foot-rubbed, Selina popped another cherry in her and enjoyed this macabre cunnilingus. She was having so much fun.

There was nothing that could ruin this. She was living her best, most magnificent life.



A huge broadsword comes down with force, causing a gruesome splat as it finds both metal and flesh, separating both. The battlefield is a cacophony of yelling, metal clanking and bodies thudding onto the mud. The Northern army is making an exhibition out of Selina's troops. It's a good thing they are already wearing red, since it makes the blood-splattering sight a little less vile.

"Another battalion dismantled!" a furious Selina slapped the big pawns off the battle map. "Why aren't we pushing back!?" she yelled. "Your Highness, our forces lack not only in numbers but also in artillery. A large sum was spent on our pact with the Westerners" the General replied, though his tone never indicated the blame he clearly gave his superior. "Well, we'll take a loan, then. Contact the Central Bank" Selina replied, pacing back and forth, in a state of disarray.

"I'm afraid there's no time to create such infrastructure, Ma'am" the general said and the rest of the small, present company of army guys nodded. "We just have to hope our walls hold" he added to the 21-year-old ruler, whose look was as distant as the incoming enemy.

"We shall call on a draft. Declare that every man within 30 miles of the castle must register" Selina through everything to the wall.

King Omen's forces were cruising through the valleys leading up to the Southern Kingdom. On their way, they did not pillage any small towns nor kill any innocent farmers or bystanders. They knew that would only paint them in a worse light. They knew of the cute ruler's less than favorable reception with her subjects.

So when their forces marched through the castle's walls, they found a disheveled army, mixed of crown's soldiers with no morale and people who had grabbed a sword for the first time a few weeks back. A lot of them did not even fight, fleeing the 'tilted' battlefield. Selina did not appear to care that she was sending her own people to slaughter, if it meant increasing her chances of survival by a sliver.

With half of her army butchered, the other half quickly gave entrance and the competent Northern army breached the castle. Selina was promptly captured before she could flee the palace.

The gallows at the town square was once again full of people. The siege had concluded successfully and a change of leadership was in order. Though usually looking down at the proceedings from the

privacy and comfort of her balcony, Selina was now center-stage. And she was not looking happy about it.

The alluring young woman, still in her queenly green dress was wrist-tied, with Northern guards behind her. King Omen made a couple of confident steps forward and addressed the crowd:

“Good people of this Nation...” he left a dramatic pause. “We do not seek to enslave, nor harm you. Our goal is to unite our nations in one vast power” his deep, masculine voice thundered through the silent, listening crowd. “As far as my eye reaches I see good people, who I will only show respect and kindness. But your good place was infested with a plague, a plague brought upon by your greedy, heartless ruler” King Omen pointed his muddy finger to Selina. “I won’t show her any respect. No, she has to pay for her crimes, with the same token. Shame and brutality!” he declared, as Selina watched the guillotine she had put to such good use, being brought forth.

The battered, worn crowd slowly started cheering for the downfall of their tormentor. If being taken over meant that the little fire-haired whore was out, maybe it wasn’t such a bad deal.

“Get your filthy paws off me!” Selina whined but the two men had no issue tearing her delicate, royal garments off, until only her golden crown, her white, thigh-high stockings and her tall, black heels were left on her. Her small titties and tight ass, not to mention her pristinely hairless, cute cunt, were now on full display in front of her (until recently) subjects!

Swiftly, working like a well-oiled machine, the guards placed the tiny, naked queen onto the guillotine’s frame, locking her delicate neck between the wooden stocks. Her wrists were already tied with rope behind her back, but then Selina felt (since she could no longer see) her fragile ankle grabbed and pulled into two metal cuffs attached to the sides of the frame. The position of the cuffs meant that the pale-skinned girl was forced to kneel rather provocatively with her ass up and her legs parted, since her body was locked at both ‘ends’.

“You filthy pigs, I’ll slaughter all of youGGgnmm” Selina’s curses were interrupted as the end of the thick rope that led to the guillotine’s blade was placed between her teeth. The small lass had no choice but to bite down hard on it, since once the safety was released from the 40-pound hunk of blade, this jaw-grasp was the only thing keeping her head on her body. Selina could already feel her jaw straining to keep 40 pounds of weight on her delicate little chompers, baring them out like a feral beast in the process.

“FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!” the vengeful crowd started chanting, first scarcely, then more and more in unison, as King Omen was already ahead of them, positioning his ripped, toned, almost 7-foot-tall body behind the tiny girl’s bound one.

“Huhhh...huuuuh...huhhh...huhhhh...” Selina was panting with dreadful anticipation, straining to look behind her only to face the stocks’ wood, all while her morals were being overworked to hold on to that thick rope, which was now acting as a good gag, too. She felt the man’s giant, rough-skinned hands (he was wielding his axe frequently lately) roughly fondle her tight, small asscheek. “Ggggggg” she fought the urge to yelp or moan, as the man slapped her ass, her inability infuriating her further. That task became harder though once she felt his swollen cockhead prod at her tight slit.

“GGnnmmfhff!” she mumbled with grinding teeth, as Omen slowly eased his almost 3-inch-thick shaft inside her little hot cock-pocket. This wasn’t an easy task at all, the ‘glove’ not fitting the ‘hand’ by a long shot.

But the burly man ignored the little bitch’s wincing and whining and with sheer perseverance broke through the resistance of her tender lips, just like his men’s battering ram did to her castle’ gates a few hours ago.

With tightly squinched eyes, Selina exerted all her willpower to not scream, as her pussy was less-than-romantically stuffed by Omen’s battering ram of a cock. The crowd cheered louder, as the small queen was savagely raped in front of them, bound, disrobed and with her life hanging by the strength of her feminine jaw. Each thrust buried his 9-incher deeper, slamming into her cervix, and bruising her pussy’s walls all along their length.

“Gnnn!....Gnnnn!....Gnnnn!....GNnnmm!” the lass’ bright red hair flopped with each dicking, as Selina moaned in rhythm with his violation. It didn’t feel as good being the star of such events, as being the audience. The tables were very much turned on the sadistic damsel.

The dark-blond conqueror enjoyed the nice squeeze the little slut gave his hard cock. Her whole skinny, fragile body was so tense from the strain of her deathly predicament that it gave her pussy that involuntary extra ‘grip’ on his meat-sword, which felt quite nice. He pounded the bound bitch, each dick-ramming causing her tiny shoulders to slam against the wooden stocks. Her nervous legs squirmed so adorably in their bondage, her ankles going nowhere, surrounded by harsh metal. Her ass wasn’t going anywhere either, with Omen using the girl’s girly hips as a nice handle to drive his erection deep.

Approaching climax, the man fucked his royal toy harder and harder, and the chants filling Selina’s ears became louder and louder, the words and curses tossed her way harsher and harsher. Whatever pride and dignity the fallen queen might be holding onto, was undoubtedly gone.

Her jaw was aching almost as much as her pussy; she could feel the rope ever so slightly sliding away from her teeth’s grasp.

Just then, with Omen's thrusting peaking in power and speed and with the violent chants doing the same, Selina felt his hot load shot up against her cervix and coat the virtually, non-existent gaps between the hard, veiny cock and her cunt.

"Aaa!" the girl's whole, tethered body shuttered as she let a gasping moan, and a moment later, her head was violently separated from her petite body as the heavy blade fell on her neck with gravity's speed. Her pretty head dropped on the wooden state, rolling a couple of times before stopping. Her wrist-tied, seductively propped, headless body twitched a couple of moments in a spasming display, almost as if surprised by its sudden demise.

Omen retrieved his member from the cum-filled orifice of the tiny ruler and approached the front. He picked up Selina's head by a tuft of its long, fiery hair, the crown still on it. The girl's eyelids had an asymmetrical droopiness to them, like a plastic doll, and her mouth was left open from the last lustful moan she'd ever let out. Her neck and bottom of her chin were stained with her own blood.

As the rest of that blood gushed with the pulse of a very dying heart from the chopped neck's carotid artery, the new King from the North lifted the disembodied head up to the crowd, which cheered triumphantly.

The cruel queen's reign was over as graphically as it had begun.

