Dickgirl Dynasty pt.2 – A Pawn's Sacrifice

(Futa on male domination)

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Preface

Author note: This erotic fantasy story contains explicit Futa on male domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

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A Pawn's Sacrifice

"Beware the enemy without, and the friend within"

To my King

I report from Belinzar. The women here are ravenous, and possess physical advantages that I had not foreseen. Your son, Prince Arthur, was defeated in ceremonial battle, but stained his honour after the fight ended. His fate remains unknown… slavery, imprisonment, or worse. Your brother Lord Telin accompanies the Queen of the Lothari into the basilica, to what end I do not know. The Kingsguard have no leader, and some have taken to the streets whilst others remain in the guard quarters or barracks. Mordren, head of the kingsguard, was last seen between two young women in an alleyway on his hands and knees. I fear there may be grave danger for all of the men who travelled here, but I will continue to report my findings as long as I am able.

Your loyal servant - TF

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Arthur moaned as the bandage was tightened.

With the adrenaline dissipating, the wound now felt like it was being stabbed all over again.

"GAH, CURSE YOU WENCH!"

The doctor, a woman taller than him as most Lothari were, looked at him with cold eyes, not understanding all the words but most certainly catching the tone.

"*Qamah*… If you want, I take it off."

"It would be better than having your clumsy hands around me!" he spat.

The woman seriously considered for a moment pulling the bandage free and letting the boy fend for himself, but rationalised that the Princess would be the one meting punishment soon enough. It warmed her as he continued to ache and cry like a petulant child until the bandages were wrapped around his chest. Every so often he would glance down at the bulge shifting under her simple cloth skirt.

"No move."

She gestured to her right arm and to her hip, moving them and twisting them.

Arthur snarled, but stayed still until she had finished. Eventually she stood back.

"Go."

"You said *no move,"* he replied haughtily.

" Surrahn!!"

Two huge women walked into the room, spears in their arms, and grabbed Arthur roughly off the slab, dragging him from the room.

"OWWWW, LET ME FREE YOU FILTHY INBREDS!!!! I AM A PRINCE, I AM-"

A heavy slap to his face left a red mark which was equalled by the mixture of shock and rage ridged across every vein and tendon in his neck and face.

"Y-you… will pay for th- *uuf!*

Another blow left blood trickling from his mouth, and he whimpered, the women dragging him once more, this time in silence down long corridors, beams of light stretching through ovular windows, some of them covered in designs of trees and plants. Arthur didn't take any of it in, still shaken and in a pit of fury and humiliation that once found was hard to escape from as pain stabbed his chest again via the rough movement of his handlers.

"HHGGhhh…"

One of the guards muttered something, which made the other chuckle, and then he was let go, his weight carrying him forwards where he slumped on a cool marble floor.

"*UGH*… I-I will have your *heads*, my mother will… WILL NOT STAND FOR THIS, I AM A PRINCE..."

Something small hit him in the head which halted him in his tracks, and he looked back for the offender with wild eyes, seeing a strange, bright fruit (which he would later learn was an orange) rolling away from him, followed by the huge wooden frame of what looked like a bed, although it was far more ornate, with lilac threaded pillows which seemed to cover half of the quilted cover. In fact, the entire room looked like a different world to the ugly simplicity of the doctor's grotto, far more spacious with

swirling sheets of purple coming down from the ceiling to the bed, giving it an almost dream like quality.

Atop of it, between the sheets was the girl who had bested him earlier that day in combat, with another fruit in hand.

The second orange bounced off his forehead.

Arthur's face went so red that it looked he might explode.

"YOU!!!"

The girl seemed smug, yet he noticed the bandage tight on her arm and felt a tiny bit of satisfaction that he'd hurt her in some way. When she spoke, her voice was far lighter and younger than her war cries from earlier.

"Ugh, your tongue is ugly. You really are *pa-the-tic."*

He screeched.

"YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR INSOLENCE!"

Rabihah idly pulled another orange from the tray beside her and flung it, and this time Arthur dodged to the side, wincing as the pain in his side flared.

"You sleep on bed.. but if... naughty.... you sleep on floor, *Laa?* And you wear…"

She held up a collar and leash.

"… So they know you.... for me. *Only*."

He raised his eyebrows in disbelief.

"For *ME*," she emphasised.

Arthur was so apoplectic he could only let out a strangled wheeze, lunging towards the girl. A guard made to move forwards but Rabihah stopped her with a subtle gesture as Arthur staggered forwards, fists balled.

He didn't know what he was going to do, but it didn't matter, scrambling onto the bed. He was going to hurt her, *hurt her for this humiliat-*

THUMP

The fist that rammed into his temple was travelling at such velocity that Arthur's entire body followed his head like it had just been flung out of a catapult, landing hard into the pillows on one side of the bed.

Leather was rough on his neck as it was strapped tight, and when he had regained his awareness through the pain, it was to the sight of Rabihah unclenching her fist, the other gripping the other end of the leash attached to his neck, her face set in a smug stare.

If he had not been semi-conscious and shaking with rage, he might have appreciated the beauty in those large, glassy eyes.

"Good… Strong boy… Not like others."

He cried, lunging at her again.

The leash was yanked to the side, and he yelped as his forward momentum was halted, flying into the pillows once more.

The wound in his side screamed.

"Now you sleep on floor."

Before he could rise once more, he was being manhandled off the raised sides off the bed, and dragged across the floor to a table near the window, and what looked like a metal bracket on the wall.

He pulled back feebly at the leash, but Rabihah paid him no heed, fastening the end of it tightly to the bracket with some sort of metal lock, before going to retrieve something else from the ornate set of drawers nearby, setting the key inside.

He watched, whimpering on his side as rope was produced, and when she knelt down over him, he tried to scurry away.

She grabbed his face, forcing him to look up at her.

"See."

He looked away.

Her other hand dropped the rope and roughly grabbed his balls, making him mewl, curling up protectively.

"SEE!" she hissed.

He looked up with all the spite he could muster, even as he let out a pitiful gurgle as she played her fingers carelessly across his grapes.

"You.. learn… or I sell you."

"…..*G.…Go ahead*," he mewled, before groaning as a spear hit his side once more, though it took him a moment to realise it was simply the movement of him trying to sit up that had cause the sensation. "*sell... me!"*

For the first time she grinned, teeth appearing behind thin lips.

"*Laaaaaaa...* Very strong boy… *very stupid* boy…….I break you……."

He opened his mouth to respond, but the pain in his side was so great that he merely collapsed to the floor, and moaned. The rope was rough on his wrists as she bound them tight.

Rabihah contented herself with a brush of his hair, before retreating to her bed.

As darkness beckoned, Arthur caught a glimpse of her slender ankles hanging over the edge of the frame, and wondered how someone so pretty could be so evil. He also wondered where his Uncle was, and whether he'd ever come to rescue him from his evil captors… or whether he was also experiencing their evil and savage ways.

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Telin gazed in wonderment at the vibrant hues of the marble upon which they stepped, the purples merging into pinks and blues that shimmered like a lake of oil in the low sun.

The grand basilica of Belinzar, a city within a city. As he looked out over the open court between buildings, the distant wall ringing the basilica felt smaller, despite being a thirty-foot cliff which now separated him and Arthur from the rest of Belinzar, and his soldiers.

The city itself was no slum, but inside the grounds was a paradise of sorts. A woman-made lake stood at the centre of the basilica, sourced from underground springs to create a mirage made real, trees growing in a huge oval around the area known as 'The Womb.' Ashaki had informed him it was because this place was seen as the giver of life, based above an underground spring; the reason that they had been able to settle in these lands until irrigation and other methods were able to fuel the city's expansion.

Telin felt the reverence for this place, the serenity of it. If Belinzar were a living creature, this would be its beating heart.

His gaze swept over huge pillars looming either side of them as they walked through, etched with vistas of glorious victories and civil wars, and heroes leading their armies into battle. His attention pondered these monuments before gravitating back to the ass swaying in front of him, leading him forwards.

He looked up to see Ashaki's gaze turned over her shoulder, and instantly set his own back out through the pillars into the evening sunset, throat tightening with the knowledge she had clearly caught him staring.

"Beautiful isn't it," she murmured.

"Yes."

"And the sunset?"

He looked up at her with an even more uncomfortable feeling in his stomach to see that smirk on her face again. Even now, she made him weak…. But being made to feel weak had never felt this exciting. He composed himself, upping his pace to come side-to-side with her, despite technically being a prisoner.

"So, you wish to learn chess?"

"Well is there another reason for you to be here?"

A smile was drawn to his face despite himself.

"Very well… but how do I know Arthur will be safe?"

She stopped, level with him.

"You won't. But seeing as we…. *manipulated* that little scene for our advantage, I will talk to Princess Rabihah. There is fight in that boy, and it would be a waste to leave him for slavery…"

"I see."

"… *if* he cooperates."

Telin's shoulders, which had only just relaxed somewhat, tensed up again, and when they walked he was a little further from her elbow then he had been before.

As they were heading towards a building off to the side of the seemingly endless open courtyard surrounding the Womb, an austere looking woman with short silver hair floated past, gossamer robe covering her feet so that she looked weightless, her eyes briefly flicking to the pair walking together.

Telin noticed her nostrils flare, and for a moment she stopped dead, staring straight into his soul. The hatred in her expression was so open that it felt like icicles had pierced his skin, and he flinched, but she merely nodded at Ashaki, who responded in kind, and hovered away.

"Who was that?"

"Balla. One of the magistrates…. A thorny one."

"Magistrate? But are you not the Queen?"

She smiled.

"Unlike your realm we do not allow one person to solely wield power. It took… painful lessons to understand the perils of such things."

She gestured to a mural nearby, featuring a large figure with red eyes, and the heads of other women hanging from her belt. He nodded.

Perils indeed.

Eventually, they reached a room with nets over open circles in the walls, looking out onto the Womb which, from this lower angle, felt like a jungle had sprouted magically in the desert overnight, dreamlike in its beauty.

"You will sleep here."

"What if I need to find you?"

She came closer, close enough to see the subtle lines of age a little sharper on her cheeks, the glow in her skin.

"You'll just have to do without me for a night, if you can manage it?"

"… Somehow."

"Sleep well, Lord Telin."

He bowed after a second of indecision.

"Queen Ashaki."

A hand reached out and rubbed his chin.

"Just Ashaki… I won't tell you again…..."

His mouth opened as she withdrew her hand, a look of vague satisfaction on her face as she walked off, leaving him dazed after the day's events.

It took hours before he managed to finally fall into a fitful sleep, only to find her waiting for him in his dreams as well, wearing even less clothing than she had in real life… with a dagger in her palm.

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Late morning. The sun's rays beat down on a sand-coloured city sprawling into the desert, almost indistinguishable where the city ended and the dunes began. Four dishevelled men, the kings-guards, limped down the dusty cobbled streets where coastal winds gave only brief moments of relief from the heat, muttering to each other as they adjusted their braies, too restless to sit and wait for Lord Telin to return.

Especially after yesterday.

Having been carried from the arena back to their quarters by the powerful Belinzar guards, it had been an awkward postmortem; some attempting to engage in uneasy conversation, others just blacking out, exhausted. The rest had crawled into their hammocks only to stare at the ceiling of a foreign guardhouse that was far airier than they were used to, rolling the day's events over in their mind.

Many had emptied their sore assholes of pints of semen.

Now, eyeing the beautiful women opening their stalls or walking the streets in pairs, the few who dared to venture out shied away from curious glances, searching for a place to drink and try to make sense of it all out in the dusty streets, with what little Belinzarian they were able to muster.

Mordren, their captain hadn't joined them either…. He hadn't been seen at all since yesterday.

At the back of the four figures, the smallest of them all gazed with wonder upon the city. Dale felt like he was in some sort of otherworld… all the children playing in the street were girls, a stone tossed here and there across the cracked mosaic-turned-

cobbles. Here and there, a pregnant woman could be seen, almost always with a larger female partner close by. Peddlers sang their wares in the guttural but poetic language of the Belinzarians, using their slender or curvy bodies to attract attention.

"Menkna, Menkna!!"

One young woman jumped in the way, excited, holding two tatty scraps of material that almost looked like... thongs? When she began gesturing and trying to grope him, the other Kingsguard shirked her away with angry waves, leaving her shouting after them with a parting pinch of Dale's ass.

All the commotion made him remember why they were all limping, his rear end already tender from the spank.

"Ow..."

Garon, a red-cheeked, generally jolly fellow, chuckled.

"Oh come on now. After yesterday, that's nothing-"

"DON'T mention yesterday. EVER!!"

His brother Faron's voice was so stricken with fear and fury that the rest shut up. All of them knew what had happened between the brute of a lieutenant and he back at the arena, Faron bearing the worst limp of the lot, yet he refused a walking stick lest he acknowledge what had been done to him. Garon eventually muttered.

"Ah... did Clemend say he would be joining us?"

"He uh.. decided to stay..." murmured Dale, provoking a grunt from Faron.

"Huh... decided..."

Dale fidgeted with slender fingers. Clemend hadn't even been able to rouse himself from his state of cum-drunkenness, slumped across his hammock in the quarters given to them by the Lothari.

"W-which bar was it again?" murmured Dale.

"The.. the Kal-aaght?" said Garon.

"No, Kal-*Uught!"* grunted Faron, swivelling left and right.

"…. I ain't got no idea where to go…"

"Well… let's ask someone?" said Dale hopefully.

Faron grunted.

".. Alright… but I'm having one drink then m' leaving…"

"Why!"

"You KNOW why," he spat, lip trembling before he composed himself. "One drink."

"You coulda just stayed in the quarters with Clemend and Poxie," smiled Garon.

"With all those *beasts* about? No, no I ain't staying alone… they're gonna be pork-meat and Telin ain't there to protect us!"

"What?" whispered Dale, "they would never… He's royal."

"Your *Royal* ain't protectin' anythin' in this city, dummy."

"But th-that's Lord Telin.."

"Shut your face-hole, we ain't in Galviniel anymore, and only reason they don't fuck him like a dog is BECAUSE he's royalty. Not scum like us…. If Cap'n Mordren ain't here, means they got him too."

Garon hummed to himself, eagerly checking left and right for any sign of the so-called bar, despite having no idea what the inscriptions above every shop meant.

"Oh would you calm yourself brother? Why I am sure a tavern must be down one of these streets… we can't be too far!"

Faron sighed. The weariness on his face was evident as he glanced up at dusty walkways and corridors between buildings which seemed endless.

"Why don'tcha write us a poem, maybe that'll help."

"Poetry is the highest form of art, and allows one to journey into their soul."

"Well let me know when someone makes you a magic potion for integgil… inge... inl...*Hn… a potion for smarts*."

"You could use some of that potion," murmured the fourth and quietest member of their group, Sully.

Tall, willowy and possessing curly red hair, Sully was perhaps almost as ill-suited to his role of kingsguard as Dale, always possessing a twinkle in his eye, and someone Dale warmed to although they didn't speak much (usually due to Faron and Garon's bickering leaving no room for anyone else to talk.)

"What did you say?!"

"I said we could use a good ale."

"Perhaps that way?" Garon said quickly, changing the subject.

Faron cast a fierce eye his way before marching on ahead.

They wandered on through sand-weathered stone buildings, most of which had woven reeds or cloth instead of wooden doors and windows. In contrast to Galviniel, Belinzar had crammed so many people into one city that it felt like the populace was almost on top of itself, and it appeared to have caused the city to creep outwards, further and further into the desert like a spider's web beyond the city walls.

They wondered through a busy market, dwarfed by women who bumped into them a little more vigorously than perhaps they needed to, past a guard post where they increased their speed to avoid the open lust of many prying eyes, and soon found themselves in an area which seemed to have been badly maintained, a few windows boarded here and there, the occasional squint coming from behind dark curtains.

Dale was silent as he took it all in, observing the smell which was so different to Galviniel… cleaner, mainly because the animals that were in the streets mainly consisted of either cats or street dogs, as opposed to horses and oxen that frequented the paths of his home.

He watched two women lifting a box between them, heaving as the muscles on their arms bulged.

Clearly, they had little use for beasts of burden with such prodigious strength.

Faron regarded them warily.

"I don't trust any of 'em… savages…"

Dale shivered and looked up at the clay gutters which ran across and along all the buildings, like veins bringing the lifeblood of the city to the people. Inside a window, a little girl was being lifted up by an aged woman, waving a small wooden toy in her hand.

"I don't know… it seems… nice."

Faron grunted, glancing back at a woman with humongous breasts and a large belly who was sat outside with only the slightest of garments on, licking her lips at the trio.

"Well, I ain't so sure…"

He didn't finish his sentence as she winked at him, hurriedly looking left and then right.

"We're lost."

"I'm sure we'll be fine."

"You think that what happened to us up there was FINE?!"

"You're alive and healthy enough to grumble aren't you?"

Faron glanced back again and saw that the woman's right hand had disappeared under her loin-cloth. As it began oscillating, the woman grinned. He wrenched his gaze away and shoved them onwards, away from the groans.

"Only because I left them idiots back in the barracks! You saw the number of women just lazin' around drunk? If anyone in that crowd catches them, they'll be dog-meat, and as for the off-duty lads, well I saw them flirting with the women down below… they'll be getting what's coming to them and all."

"I'm sure they, *and* we, will be fine, praise the higher," said Goran genially, nodding at a tall young woman sporting a ragged robe who winked back with a suggestive grin.

"Oh yeah?.... you watch what they do to that wriggling little prick, prince Arthur… hopefully they dog him in the stre-"

Garon interrupted him.

"Well… what about… those two!"

They noticed two women kissing, one tall with a hawkish face and dark hair, the other young and innocent-looking, ginger hair pulled up in a hairband making her seem almost boyish.

"If they like each other.. they won't do anything to us!"

"Good idea," said Dale eagerly. It seemed like a good solution.

Faron grunted as Garon approached.

"Hello there!"

The two women stopped and looked around, expressions changing from annoyance to intrigue, and Garon paused as he saw the thin scar trailing from the hawkish lady's forehead to her chin, straight through an eye which was white and dead.

His insides went cold.

"Ah… my good… good ladies…"

The hawkish lady's lone dark eye pierced his soul, her lips unmoved.

"Ah… delighted to… make your acquaintance…"

Faron rolled his eyes and shouldered his brother aside.

"A tavern!"

"Kal-Aaught brother*!"*

"Shut it!"

The two women turned to each other for a moment and spoke in their language for a moment, voices low.

Dale peered at them, nervous.

"Ah.. do you know any…?"

The first woman sprang up.

"*Laa*. Tavern."

"OH…. Really?"

"Yes."

The scarred woman's accent was heavy, but she seemed confident, gesturing to herself.

"Glissi."

She gestured to the sweet-looking companion.

"Tohlaki."

"Ah… delighted to meet you!" said Garon in relief, and the rest introduced themselves, Faron's eyes peeled at the two women whose smiles didn't seem filled with mere good will for strangers in his opinion, but when they bid them follow, he grudgingly agreed.

"You see brother? Glissi here will take us to a beer emporium. All will be well!" said Garon, his spirits restored.

Faron grumbled.

"Why must I bear a fool like you as a brother…"

Garon was already whistling to himself.

The trio followed the two women down a hard left, into an alley which seemed to barely fit the hawkish woman, the men uneasily walking down the cramped area until they were led to a door with two large women by the entrance, clad in dirty garments. The guards' dumb expressions looked painted on each giant face. Glissi muttered at them, harsh and fast.

"Is… is this the place….?" whispered Dale as Glissi gestured to the bar, and at the men.

"Absolutely!" said Garon.

"Doubt it," muttered Faron, fingering his sword handle.

The women nodded, but placed a hand in front of Faron.

"Eh?"

He looked up into mean eyes, pudgy fingers gesturing at his sword.

"Inat'a al Halis,….."

He grunted.

"No."

The others turned.

"What's wrong brother?"

"F-Faron?"

The women shook their heads and pointed again at the sheathed weapon and repeated something in their guttural language, folding their arms, and for a moment it seemed as if Faron would draw his sword until the innocent looking girl, Tohlaki, gestured, placing her hands together in a sign of peace.

"Malas! Malas!"

"Brother!" pleaded Garon, "it'll be fine! No need for a weapon! It seems a civilized place…"

Faron snorted, eyes flicking from his compatriots to the hawkish women, to the ginger girl, and the guards outside the windowless place. It seemed like the sweetness of the girl's expression was what prompted him to gently released his grip on the weapon, unbuckling his belt and handing it to the women. They grabbed the equipment and gave smirking nods, leading them in. They throw Faron's weapon idly into a room as they went into the strangely cramped, dark hallway with many voices and music coming from nearby.

"This better be worth it," Faron grunted.

As they stepped into a large busy room, Faron and Garon both paused.

"Ah."

"Well then… it seems we're in luck! I told you brother!"

Dale followed in behind, eyes wide.

It might not have been an ordinary tavern with less windows than one might be accustomed to… but none of the others were complaining. The whore-house (for it could only be such a place,) contained dancing girls with pretty, slim waists and sultry eye-shadow who were enticing eager patrons… in the corner a group of female musicians played a lilting tune for the dancers to wind and contort to, more sultry than any tavern that they had known. Women spoke in low voices here and there, with some arm wrestling or engaged in a strange board game involving the flicking of counters against one another. Subtle creaks from rooms beyond suggested activities of an intimate nature.

He also realised that every last one of the patrons and dancers were women. They were the only men in the room.

Dale's mouth fell open as a he watched a woman sat atop another double her size, grinding against a bulge so huge it would make a donkey blush. The stench of stale ale and a rather muskier smell that he found quite familiar was thick in the air.

"Well," muttered Faron, "I won't pretend this isn't a fortunate turnup …"

"See brother? All's well that ends well…!"

One in particular, a dainty girl who looked around Dale's own age, wearing nothing more than the slightest garments to hide her modesty, and surprisingly with no bulge at all, had her pert ass up against a real brute of a woman, who was eyeing her ass like a piece of steak.

A hand came down and spanked it.

"UNN! *Fikwat mah!"*

Two more large women who seemed to be the whorehouse's muscle reacted immediately, stepping forward with angry faces, and the brute put her hands up mockingly in apology.

"Fisa, Fisa…."

The women paused, begrudgingly returning to their positions as the dancer continued, removing the annoyed expression from her face as she ground against the brute.

Garon was waving at a girl in a light green shawl with a nose piercing, who smiled back.

"Do you think we can get a dance?"

"I'd bloody better! Them girls don't have the ah…. Extra parts…. Right?..."

"Well you weren't complaining about that earl-"

"WOULD ya shut yer mouth!" growled Faron, a note of panic entering his voice as patrons began to notice the men who had entered their midst, openly observing them keen gazes and sultry smirks.

Dale watched the girl who was grinding up on the brute, and was shocked to see her pause and stare at him. The brute noticed and joined her gaze. He hurriedly cast his attention elsewhere, but found many other predatory eyes peeled in his direction.

Sully sniffed.

"Perhaps if we… move to the bar…" he murmured, patting Dale's shoulder.

"Yeh… and quick," Faron nodded.

Dale shimmied after the others, casting furtive glances at the dancers that weren't looking his way, watching one girl hovering over a humongous bulge owned by a barrel-chested woman whose breasts seemed to have been modelled on the moon, and perhaps weighed as much as the dancer herself. Every time the dancer pushed her ass down on the bulge, it twitched, and Dale shivered as he saw a wet patch begin to spread at the tip. He was so entranced that he didn't notice the women he was walking past until their elbows made contact, and beer sloshed over the floor.

A woman with a dirty blond ponytail, large nose and heavyset frame wearing worn thuggish leather snarled down at Dale, and her equally tall, mean-looking compatriot joined her stare.

"Awfa… Al Emak!" she said, throwing her empty tankard. It hit the ground with a *CLANG* that turned more heads, the bustle of the place fading to a tense silence.

"S-sorry! W… what?"

The friend spoke, her head shaved, a weathered face lending her an intimidating air which didn't draw away from her stunning beauty.

"She said, you… owe her a drink."

The first woman then looked him up and down, and a light smile crawled across her face.

"Emmm Akkammat ka…."

He waited for the second woman to translate, and she was also smiling.

"… Or other thing"

"I-I'm sorry…..?"

Before he could speak further the women who had led them here were squaring up to the new pair, gesturing as they began to jabber at each other. The voices quickly increased in volume, and one of them looked like she was about to shove the other, until the innocent-looking girl intervened, hands raised.

"What's going on here," Garon murmured. Faron simply chuntered to himself, reaching for a weapon that was no longer there.

Dale's eyes widened as the smaller woman who had led them there seemed to morph from innocent into sultry, even stroking the chin of the shaven-headed woman until she was almost trying not to smile.

"What's going on ladies….?" Garon enquired, but he was entirely ignored by the women who pointed at Dale and then gestured to a door behind them. Their guides seemed to be mulling things over, jabbering in their own worlds.

He noticed them form a 'four' with their fingers. The others were forming 'three'. All of a sudden the atmosphere diffused, two rivals nodding, before one fished into her pouch on her hip and began counting gold.

"Wh-what are they….?"

"This ain't good," muttered Faron, eyeing the three pieces that fell into their guides' hands, which seemed to make her and her young lady quite pleased, gesturing with wide arms to Dale.

He looked up at the women in confusion.

"Sorry.. what has…?"

The ponytail woman reached out and grabbed him.

"H-hey…!"

Faron leaned forwards.

"Oy, hands off."

The woman ignored him, her friend grabbing his other arm, and then Dale was being dragged away.

"W-WAIT, W-what's going on?!?!"

Women in the bar watched on with mild interest as Faron leapt forward, but the ruff of his neck was seized by the scarred women.

"Dale-! Get your hands OFF me-"

A sharp slap on his face made him gasp, as his brother cried,

"B-but w... we gave up our weapons!...*!"*

Faron swung, yet the woman held him easily as his punches hit her mid-riff like a child's, and the woman sneered.

"Fia-ad."

"UNHAND ME- ooof!"

She slapped him again, harder, and he mewled as a red welt was visible on his face, covering up from further abuse as Garon looked around at the total antipathy from the large women all around.

"W-we are soldiers! Soldiers from Galviniel-!"

The young girl who had helped bring them here grabbed Garon by the throat, a cruel smile on her face.

"Fia-ad…. weak."

He reached to remove the hand, but her other flew to the manhood beneath his braies, and he whimpered as she rendered him dumb, clutching his pearls.

"So *small!*....."

A few of the women in the bar who understood Galviniel tittered, and Garon grimaced as he was led to his knees by the tender sacks.

"Please… *we're not your en-EMY-UHh…."*

"You not soldiers… you carry weapons, but not fighters…"

The barmaid idly cleaned a glass whilst Garon was laid on the floor.

"W-We… *will fight you-!"* shouted Faron, whose arm was pinned behind his back, propped over the bar by the scarred woman.

The woman grunted, as close to a laugh as she could manage.

"Stupid men… no true fight."

Faron whimpered as his braies were pulled down, exposing his bottom to the room. Several women began to cheer or clink tankards of ale, laughter spreading.

"Oh *for the higher*…. D-Don't you dare.."

The small and large women both grinned at each other, then loosened their breeches until they fell away, revealing two hard cocks pointing diagonally from their bodies. The ginger girl's was a mere six inches, the larger woman's around eight. A spot of cum leaked from the latter onto Faron's exposed buttocks, making him mewl.

"NNno….*NNUh.."*

The small girl slipped Garon's down gently, and gave a kiss on his neck, whispering to him. Then both women and men were lined up, their cocks already wet with pre-cum.

Dale watched in horror as the woman entered Garon and Faron at the same time, the men gasping as cocks began to slide into their open holes.

"N-no!--*uuuhhhhnn."*

Faron had the harder task of the two, his worst fears confirmed as the scarred woman's eight inches entered him, although his asshole easily accommodated the invader thanks to being stretched by the mighty lieutenant earlier that day. The bar began to vibrate as he was thumped against it, the woman harsh as she rutted him with no sensuality whatsoever, just a raw fucking as her balls slapped his, the final humiliation on top of the anal ploughing as she dug for gold. The man grunted and sobbed as he grabbed onto the bar top with his free hand, the stink of old beer in the wood not enough to distract from the iron bar sending shocks of unwanted pleasure through his body as the scarred woman spat on his neck.

"Arihai..!"

Garon's ride was much softer, the girl whispering what might have been Belinzarian dirty talk, although he understood none of it as he made small clucking noises, accepting his captor's gentle pumps as she moulded their bodies together with small kisses in between the chatter.

Another much heavier woman with a fat belly stepped out from the shadows, revealing a cock that was wider than a spearman's fist, but the girl shooed her away before Garon's eyes almost popped out of his head.

"Th-thank you… thank.. .OOh……."

Dale meanwhile was scrabbling as the ponytailed woman pulled him and then, when he tried to give token resistance, simply lifted him into her shoulder, carrying him away.

"Shrak, shrak!!"

"Arihai!!"

Many of the women laughed or threw words his way, and the woman seemed to enjoy the attention, taking a great hand to his buttocks, slapping his behind which was still sore from earlier.

SMACK

"OOHhh!"

He could hear Faron and Garon trying to break free, but more thumps reached his ears, and one of them made a gasp of pleasure as their captor's penises began to slam into them, the last thing he heard the furious chorus of skin-on-skin alongside screeches and hollering from all corners as the men were taken to task.

'*Where are they taking me… F-Faron.. Sully?!*'

As Dale tried to struggle, he didn't see the door-frame coming until it hit him in the head. A sharp pain, and his vision blurred, the last thing he saw a dark corridor retreating behind him.

***

Faron huffed, gripping the sodden wooden surface of the bar as he tried not to make feminine noises, but ended up making even more humiliating half-repressed yips like a pained dog each time the scar-faced woman gripped tighter to his neck, slamming her cock through his insides. His own manhood was already hard, but he tried not to press it against the bar top in case he got stimulated and….

PLAP-PLAP

The hard thrusts sent his eyes inwards as he tried to fight the rising heat in his body. He could feel the warmth of his own seed staining his braies already, his cock throbbing.

'You can't enjoy this. You're a man. You're a-'

PLAPPLAPLAP-

"UUuuuuYYYYy-UUUHh-Uuyy-uy"

The whoreish pleasure couldn't be contained. He began to moan, leaking a solitary tear as his back arched. It was as if the woman were puppeteering his limbs as her own.

The bartender said something, and a woman sitting nearby laughed, stepping over to the pair in their rut. Faron flinched as warm liquid poured onto his head, the tang of beer infusing the air and tickling him as it ran down his forehead and neck, stinging his eyes. As the growing stink of cum, beer, sweat and incense amid the shunts of the woman overwhelmed him, he looked down at his brother. Garon was laid out, barely having attempted to escape the small, ginger girl as she rode his ass. At least she was going slow, and her cock was smaller, the man whimpering softly.

'Garon was always lucky…OH-!'

The scarred woman's balls spanking his put a stop to all thought except pain and pleasure. He tried to butt back, perhaps to push a little space between them and begin some sort of escape, but fucking backwards onto her thick, jabbing spear was a mistake, and such a riot of pleasure went through him that his eyes half-rolled up before he managed to contain himself, temporarily squealing like a little girl.

"UYYGUH!!… Uuy-… *OOhh!… HHouh…."*

More laughter. The atmosphere of the place had become a din as all and sundry toasted the raping of the intruders. The scarred woman was certainly getting into her rhythm, beginning to excavate all of the places in his rear end that a cock her size could reach-

Heavy footsteps.

Suddenly, the machine-like pumping paused, the woman balls-deep inside him. He shivered as her heartbeat quickened a touch against his anal walls. A deep, steady voice spoke from somewhere behind.

Then the cock in him flexed, and the scarred woman gasped like she'd been punched in the stomach. Some urgent, desperate pleas in Belinzarian from behind him as the music died down, the atmosphere punctured.

"*NAI, NAI MALAS!"*

A snort.

Then the cock in him throbbed even harder, and the scarred woman let out a high-pitched, feminine squeal she'd seemed incapable of making before. Faron turned his

head, biting his lip as he tried to hold in his arousal…. To see the scarred woman with eyes bulging…. And the blond Lothari lieutenant who had fucked him earlier that day towering over her, her cock halfway inside the woman's body. Apparently this was a less-than-usual occurrence in the tavern as the entire room fell silent, their drinks paused halfway to their mouths as the lieutenant gave an air-kiss to Faron, before pulling the scarred woman back onto her hips.

The scarred woman's face sagged, then her whole body tensed, then she was pleading, whimpering, as she began to tremble. Faron rasped.

"H-hope you like em humungous..."

The cock slowly sucked its way out of his asshole, and he clung to the bar top just in case his legs gave way, the (semi-)cool air fluttering over his thighs and pink flower wet with the woman's pre-cum. He looked over his shoulder again in time to see the scar-faced woman unravelling, drool beginning to fall from her lips, her cock swinging beneath her uselessly, leaking all over the floor. The lieutenant did not allow her mercy, pulling her until she was impaled.

Then the lieutenant walked her until she was parallel with Faron over the bar top… and he noticed Sully hiding behind her, with another of the Queen's honour guard with a hand on his shoulder… the same one that had 'made love' to him back in the arena. He was looking nervous, and the woman, a cold, older woman with pale skin, dark wispy hair and thin, slanted eyes that made her look incredibly youthful despite the obvious lines of wisdom, took a whiff of his hair, basking in it for a moment.

Then the lieutenant began to fuck. The scarred woman squealed, pleasure raped into her body by the beastly, beautiful blond, as sturdy as an oak tree and as aggressive as a bull as she ploughed the woman's ass with her giant tool. The scarred woman's face was level with Faron's and briefly their eyes met, hers full of pain, emasculation and pleasure, his with a sense of righteousness and relief.

The bar top shook with the force of the impaling. It was barely a minute before the woman screeched even louder, a parrot crowing to the gallery as her cock exploded all over the side of the bar and the floor beneath her. Faron managed a shaky step back.

As he did so, the lieutenant gently placed a hand on his belly, stopping him from moving too far. Their eyes met. Hers were hungry… excited. She was leaning in. Faron's heart pounded harder than when he had been bent over the bar as a huge pair of lips attached to his, a different rhythm entirely as a soft, yet light sound came to vibrate their lips. Who made it, neither could say. Barely a hint of tongue, yet Faron was panting as she broke it, and their eyes locked on one another, hers an icy blue that was comforting to him as they strangely almost mirrored the blues of his mother. Their stare didn't break his as she stroked his cheek, all whilst fucking the piece of meat beneath her as hard as she could, stamping her authority on every single woman and man in earshot. No-one fucks her property.

The scarred woman lost consciousness, her boots scraping the floorboards for a few seconds until the lieutenant slowed. She let out a frustrated grunt, and unceremoniously pulled her cock out of the woman's now gaping anus. Sliding to the floor, the lady collapsed in a heap, eyelids fluttering.

The lieutenant turned to Garon, who was getting to his feet shakily, and the blushing ginger girl with her hands up in a sign of pitiful surrender, her small cock deflating in front of her. As the lieutenant stepped forwards, Garon placed up his hands to stop her.

"*It's….* Alright…. Sh-she was gentle…."

The lieutenant frowned, but relented. Taking Faron's hand, she began to walk, with Sully and his keeper in tow.

"Wait…. *Wait… Dale…..*Dale is still in there!"

The woman didn't respond, muttering something to Sully's woman who nodded, making their way quickly to the exit. The bartender and many of the women inside were staring daggers as they left, the lieutenant grabbing her hammer on the way out as she ducked under the lintel**.**

Garon watched them go, turned to the woman who was drooling on the floor, glanced over the venomous faces arrayed around the bar, and paused at the ginger haired girl. A quiet whisper in her ear. She nodded.

"Laa."

"*Thank you, Tohlaki…."*

He sprinted out to join his compatriots, leaving the girl staring after him.

***

When Dale came to his senses, he awoke slumped on a set of pillows in a low-ceiling-ed, partitioned maze with low moans issuing from somewhere within, masked by a low bowed instrument which was droning over a steady, hypnotic drumbeat. Incense and smoke creating a bittersweet blanket that made his eyes water as he took in the embroidered curtains sectioning off parts of a sizeable room (it was hard to tell how big as the light came from no windows, only from a few choice braziers lighting wooden doors and cushions arranged on the floor everywhere.

As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he saw figures dancing up against tall woman, grinding against them, in some cases being led into smaller partitions where lewd sounds were issuing, quiet cut-off moans and harsh insertions taking place. A 'guard' lounged in a chair with a set of keys and a half-finished tankard, watching the array with quiet satisfaction.

Dale's mouth fell open, face turning white as he realised that almost all of the dancers were different to the previous ones, in that they shared a particular trait.

They were men.

His eyes snapped between the dainty figures, all of whom shared almost no muscles, slender and sweet, wearing only the lightest of silks over their groins, their mouths covered by tiny sashes through which he could see them moaning or biting their lips. Subtle powders and makeup had been used to make their lips pinker, their skin softer.

It was almost impossible to differentiate them from the one or two women in the room except that they possessed no breasts, and laughable bulges in tiny silk panties.

Dale mewled, and called out.

"W-wait, Faron… Garon!!"

None of the women in the room even turned their heads, and two of the dancing boys briefly glanced his way before ignoring him completely like it was the most

natural thing in the world for a man to cry for help, pulling the huge cocks they were sliding up and down between their cheeks, clenching around the objects, making their owners groan with pleasure as they themselves moaned.

Two voices nearby. A brief conversation between the ponytail woman and the guard, haggling. A coin was flipped and caught, and then his captor walked over, disregarding her leather jerkin as he tried to scramble away.

"N-no, I won't-!"

She grabbed his hair. Dale froze, docile, and he whimpered as she pulled him into one of the partitioned areas, and set him down on a collection of pillows on the carpeted floor. The woman lay down on the pillows next to him with an air of someone in a hurry. She pulled him roughly into a seated position on her lap, facing her, and uttered something guttural in her language.

"I.. I don't…"

"Lllaaaaa-Uuhyy!"

His knees shook as he heard a squeal and squelching sound from the somewhere near them, and the fingers Dale tried to push away began to claw into his thigh, making him gasp.

"You. Ride," she growled.

He realised there was nothing he could do and managed a tiny nod, settling his hands on her shoulder, and it seemed to placate the woman, who leaned back so that her breasts were exploding through the rough tunic she was wearing. Dale saw the nipples showing flush through the material and had to remind himself that this woman was dangerous and had no scruples for his welfare, her face scrunched into a wide leer.

He began to grind slowly, like he was riding a horse. The woman sighed.

Immediately his heart accelerated as it came into contact with the brutal bulge nestled between her thighs, and Dale had to try to stifle the whimper as it felt another so much bigger than his own, like he was rubbing up against a tree-trunk.

"Huhh…"

The woman grunted, and began to roughly squeeze her boobs.

"You touch."

He paused his gentle riding of her thighs.

"Touch…?"

She nodded, and when he didn't react a grunt signalled her thimble-full of patience had run out once more, grabbing his hands and forcing them beneath her tunic up to her breasts.

"O-OH!"

As soon as he felt them, he couldn't help but admire how large the woman's melons were, and without being prompted, gave them a squeeze.

"Hnuun…"

The woman let her arms fall away, allowing him to explore, and placed them on his hips.

"Uuuughhh!"

Her pleasured groans made him shiver, and he gently pressed against the mound of tit-flesh available, annoyed with himself that such a fiendish brute could feel enjoyable between his fingers, feeling the heat and softness of her flesh, the nipples which pinged back to attention whenever he worked them.

Dale could feel himself getting aroused despite the situation, a soft whimper escaping his throat as the ponytail woman began to relax. She fingered her tunic and pulled it off, revealing his hands placed on huge white tits that were much lighter in colour than her neck and head tanned gold by the sun.

Then her fingers reached into her waistband and pulled out a seven inch, generously sized cock.

He eyed it, relieved that at least that it wasn't as big as Oni's…. but after a few seconds she grabbed his wrist and pulled him towards it, giving him a nasty look that meant bad things would happen if he didn't get to work. As soon as he touched it, his mouth opened. The skin was so hot, like she it had been imbued with the sun's power, taut ligaments pulsing and jerking in time with her eager heartbeat.

Allowed to explore, he cradled it, felt the weight of it... until she became impatient.

"Razha."

A harsh grip on his neck began to guide his face down.

"W-.....wait!"

He tried to resist. Her expression became furious.

Suddenly his head was being driven at her lap, and he screamed just in time for a cock so slam straight into his mouth and into his throat.

"NNNUUU-*glgghh-ghhg-Glh!!!*"

The woman groaned as his lips wrapped so tight around her shaft in panic that the pleasure flushed up the base of her spine and filled her body. A pump of her hips jabbed a little deeper into his throat, Dale going cross-eyed at the shaft almost two-thirds into his mouth. A riot of cock-stench filled his mouth. He managed a weak mewl.

"MMmf-"

She jabbed her hips again. Dale moaned as the bitter tang of seed spat against the back of his throat, and he choked, pulling his head back and emerging to rake in a ragged breath full of incense-smog, only to be driven back down by a hard fist in his hair.

"GLHG!"

Her shaft lodged in the entrance to his throat, and finally pressed past the painful part. Tears began to run down Dale's face as he snivelled, the woman's musk and brutal manner overwhelming as she pushed down into his neck.

The woman didn't mind his squirms and snivels, revelling in the spittle collected around his mouth and her cock. She began a steady rhythmic shunting, her bushy mass at the base of her cock getting nearer to his eyeballs with each insertion, churning the cum-butter on his tongue as he tried to keep it away, but somehow ended up tasting every last bit of the riot of tangy flavours.

A few guttural grunts from the woman had him flinching as his chin becoming covered in a drool-jism cocktail.

There was one thing that made it far worse - He was rock hard. He hated that he was rock hard.

Tears came to his eyes as the cock hit his throat again, and he gagged, spluttering and choking on the weapon which she used like a paintbrush, trying to cover every inch of his mouth with her leaking appendage.

The smell was rife and he would have passed out had the claw in his hair not tightened, and fully shoved him all the way so his nose was buried in her pubic bush, the oily matt coating his face in another of her bodily fluids. Her balls sat on his chin, heavy and hot as they squelched, the woman shuddering.

"LLlllaaaaa-!"

The shaft in his face jerked, and her body rippled.

"Mghh!-"

'Oh Praise the Hi-'

The load that hit his mouth was so thick that he cringed as it exploded across his jaw, filling his entire mouth in seconds, eye-wateringly strong in taste and smell. It felt like she hadn't drunk much water recently, as the cum was so thick it was almost a paste, having to swallow the horrid musk down and lick between his teeth to get rid of it. It felt like the stench would never leave him.

He tried to keep it in his stomach, knowing that any possible spillage would most likely be looked on unfavourably as another string of nasty white toffee fell on his tongue, and he began to gulp, spasming in disgust. Whatever the woman's diet was, it wasn't good. She gave harsh groans whilst depositing the last of her feed to Dale, who sucked it all down.

A few moments of heavy breathing, and the woman was done, a murky grin on her face.

Slowly, trying to hold back tears of humiliation, Dale pulled his lips all the way up the shaft of the woman. Saliva and cum dribbled down his chin as it popped free of his mouth. He looked up with red eyes. He knew he shouldn't have enjoyed it… he hated himself for it, but still, he remained hard like it was his first day with a pretty maiden,

his boyhood bobbing between his legs as he waited for the stench to dissipate from his nostrils and tongue.

"Good," she said with a smirk, indicating it wasn't a compliment. "You clean."

When he didn't immediately move his head down, she grabbed him and began to grind her hips against it. It sent a shiver down his spine as her ligaments throbbed against his face, leaving him slick in her sweat, jism and his own drool.

"CLEAN!"

Giving into his disgusting, submissive nature, he obediently licked her shaft, up and down, left and right…. Eventually he'd done two full circuits of her cock and even sucked on her balls just to make sure. He'd be safer if he did a good job, surely?

Giving her nutsack a kiss for raping his face was the ultimate pitiful offering, the boy trembling from his actions. To commemorate the deed, she patted his head.

"Hn… daj Arihai," she muttered, the foreign language harsh to his ears. It didn't seem like nice words that she had said.

Eventually she cuffed him with a smile, and he fell back in the pillows.

'What now…?'

She didn't even bother with a parting word as she stood up, pulling her tunic back on and tying her trousers with a thin cloth around her waist.

"I…"

He made to follow her as she walked away but she shoved him back in the pillows.

"Nai."

Dale whimpered.

"But I… I did it… Can't I go now?"

She didn't reply, striding away. The moment she left, he jumped to his feet.

'I am a member of the royal guard… I cannot be taken prisoner!'

He poked one eye through the curtains of the private booth, searching through the smoky haze, and saw the curtain that led back towards the main bar.

'Escape..'

If he could just reach the others..

He began to crawl towards it.

"Fequ!"

He jerked as the guard that had been eyeing up one of the other dancing young men noticed him. Clad in simple cloth, her muscles still looked brutish, as did her expression, pug like and un-compromising, hair scraped into a rather rattish pair of pigtails.

He showed his hands, an offering of forgiveness, head bowed as he wiped the water from his eye. The woman nodded, and then smiled with not enough teeth at Dale.

Dale had never felt less like a human then when that woman looked at him.

"….Come."

She blinked lazily, and offered a hand, her tone less civil.

"Come…. we dress you good…."

"I d-don't want to!"

He darted forwards, but she grabbed him, and Dale quivered as she grinned into his face.

"We dress you good….."

***

"What the *HELL…* Where did you go then!" Faron shouted, trying to cuff Sully round the ear as they exited the dingy interior of the tavern, blinking into the daylight with a hard look back at the two muscular women standing either side of the entrance. Faron noted with some satisfaction that they gave them a much wider birth on the arm of the lieutenant.

It turned out to be a mistake as the wiry woman attached to Sully's side said something fiercely, and the lieutenant paused, sniffing as she placed her hammer down. Faron felt himself being bent over via his neck, and then whimpered as his trousers were pulled down again.

"Wait, wait-!"

SMACK

"OOUUyy!"

SMACK

"OOUh"

She gave him a look, pulled his trousers back up, and they continued. Faron's face was flushed red as Sully quietly responded, "I… saw what was happening and snuck out. I found the Queens-guard but they refused to help… so I had to…."

He swallowed as the woman cupped his bottom.

"… I had to convince them."

"Convince? How?…"

"I um… made a promise."

"What promise?!"

"Well… *Marriage."*

"MARRIAGE?! Between who?!?"

"W-well… me and, and….. *Ah*……"

He gestured to the woman lovingly tight against his elbow, or rather, the woman he was lovingly being kept tight against.

"…this lady will be married… and *ah…."*

He gestured to Faron and the woman pulling him along.

"No…"

Faron's eyes bulged.

"NO….!"

The lieutenant growled again, and Faron whimpered.

"*Sorry…. O-oh God…."*

As they were led out into the street, Garon caught them up.

"*Well…* I suppose that wasn't what we'd hoped…"

"Oh you *SUPPOSE, eh?!* Screw that!" Faron hissed, eyeing the lieutenant warily, understanding that there was no chance of escaping the bear paw his hand was trapped in. "Dale's been taken… and we've been rescued just so that we can get….."

He closed his eyes, trembling.

"… more of… of *that…"*

“Oh I’m sure you’ll be fine… your lady seems quite charming,” Garon said, eyeing the huge blond woman with a hint of amusement.

“Garon I SWEAR I’ll-“

Another grunt. Faron’s braies came down instantly.

“-W-WAIT-“

SMACK

“-UUGH-“

SMACK

“YUUHG-“

Women in the street regarded the scene with amusement, but no real surprise, others even pausing to lean in and get a better look at the man’s naked buttocks. The rest of the walk back to the barracks was made in silence.

***

Arthur saw a girl, laughing at him, framed by the sun. A sword, plunged into his side. Pain….

-

Arthur awoke groggily to the feeling of something meaty hitting his cheek. He opened his eyes and cried out at the cock and balls in front of his face.

"FUCK-!"

As he scrambled back as far as his leash allowed, the owner of the cock and balls tittered, Princess Rabihah resplendent in nothing but the simple jewellery on her wrists, the pink morning light from the window playing over her naked body as she stood unashamed, hands on hips with her dick swinging between her thighs. She gave it some extra speed and he wanted to vomit as it slapped against the insides of her thighs.

Slap-slap-slap

"Scared."

"I'm not SCARED," he spat eyeing the disgusting manhood as he settled himself into as good a fighting position as he could whilst tied to the wall. Briefly, he noted her

teardrop breasts and chastised himself for even considering she might be beautiful. She was just another savage, and beneath him.

"You lie. Scaaaaarrrrre," she drawled.

"Your speech is as dull-witted as an oxen's."

She frowned, but seemed unperturbed at the more obscure language before switching to her own.

"Nalah yabdaq satmas."

Arthur gave a mirthless laugh.

"If you cannot speak a cultured tongue, stay silent *swine."*

She looked on unperturbed, and then stepped forwards, placing her hands on his shoulders. He aggressively shrugged her off.

A sniff.

Two strong hands grabbed his shoulders, and as he tried to push her back, she forced him to his knees with a surge of power that made the impact on the stone painful. The pain in his side returned doubled.

"OOOF!"

Then the cock was in his face again.

SMACK

He let out a chirrup as her manhood almost whipped his head all the way around, ears ringing.

"Am I interrupting something?"

The deeper, womanly voice was one Arthur didn't recognise. He looked up and blinked away the stars to see a caramel-skinned older woman's head peeking around the doorway.

"Rabihah?"

The girl bowed, grabbing Arthur's hair as she spoke in her native tongue.

"My Queen Ashaki. I am teaching the slave how to behave."

"Let us speak in Galviniel, Rabihah."

The princess groaned.

"*But it is such a savage tongue.*"

"And you need to understand it."

She huffed but did so.

"….Yes."

"GET your hands off me!" Arthur screeched, and tried to aim a bite at her cock. The knee to the face was barely travelling, but it stunned the boy who dropped instantly, groaning on the floor. Ashaki raised an eyebrow.

"This is how you treat foreigners?"

"He is *slave.*"

"He is '*A*' slave, Rabihah. You need to improve your Galvinian. And he is still a worthy foe."

Rabihah snorted.

"He is a..."

She switched to Belinzarian and uttered a word which Ashaki had to withhold a smirk for.

"*Rabihah.* I understand their culture may be... different."

"I'll KILL YOU, YOU PIG-HEADED WHORES.... I-I'll...."

Arthur's screeching made Ashaki scowl.

"Hmm... well perhaps another knee to the head just this once, dear?"

Rabihah looked at her cluelessly until Ashaki's jaw tightened.

"Learn your Galvinian girl…. Shut him up."

She made a kicking motion with her leg. The girl smirked.

"... AND BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL-"

Thnk

"OOyy-"

Arthur collapsed again, holding his head, but also his ribs which had flared up again from all the sudden movement.

"Perhaps... a harder approach is needed in this context," Ashaki conceded, "but...."

She switched to Belinzarian, a subtlety not lost on Rabihah.

"*.... it is worth understanding this one better.*"

The young girl twitched.

"Why? He is just a slave. An enemy."

"*Well, then use this opportunity. Learn the nature of your enemy.*"

Rabihah nodded stiffly.

"Yes, my queen."

"Now, please excuse me.... I have an appointment."

She left with the quiet whining of Arthur on the floor of his prison caressing her ears.

***

Telin awoke with a groan.

Why was there something wet in his bed?

He looked down and his cheeks warmed as he beheld the dark stains over his front. He had experienced a boyish dream… and spread his seed all over the fine gossamer sheets.

"By the might of the higher, pull yourself together," he muttered.

He dried them as best he could, and made a small prayer in his head to the higher before looking for somewhere to bathe.

His first steps were into the open courtyard bathed in blinding white light, his eyes taking moments to adjust. He realised after a few seconds that no-one was walking there because it was far too hot, his lungs feeling like he was being squeezed in a thronging crowd, allowing him no space to breath, the sun roasting the hair on his head so quickly that it felt like he might catch fire.

He scurried back to the shadows and instead stayed inside the pathways lined by pillars, looking for more hallways that might lead to somewhere, or someone, helpful.

The sand in places had blown over the walls, giving a sheen of dust that made the place look weathered and incredibly old as he beheld a pillar with a woman who reminded him distinctly of Ashaki, possessing the same blue garments as she had yesterday. His eyes zeroed down to the woman's groin, where the artist had surely taken liberties with the size of certain appendages.

Then again, considering what he'd seen already with Ashaki, anything was possible in these lands.

He set on, unsure if his cheeks were warm because of the weather or because of thinking about Ashaki's bulge, and he was so set he almost didn't see the woman with a spear on her back and a harsh look staring at him until he was level with her. Telin's heart trembled, wondering if he was even allowed to venture onwards without permission.

He decided to give back a level stare, continuing past, and the woman's lip twitched, but said nothing. The light smell of his own seed would hopefully not be noticeable, but a bath-house would be preferable if he were to meet Ashaki today.

He noticed small figures clearing the dust with palm fronds and strode towards them, wearing long colourful dresses.

"Excuse me…"

Realisation set in as he approached that these were in fact men, the same size as him. He'd gotten used quite quickly to everyone around him being giant, powerful women.

"Excuse me!"

The man looked up, and Telin was surprised by how feminine the man's features were, no facial hair to speak of, with pouted lips and large eyelashes, wearing a wide hat that covered them in shade. His skin was a bronzed olive, but his nature was so demure that his softness radiated off him, like a grazing foal lost without it's mother.

"Oh…. ah… bath-house?"

The man looked at him with a gormless stare.

"The…. *Hm*.."

Telin mimed scrubbing himself.

The man's face lit up.

"Mamahk!! La'at, La'at…."

The man beckoned to follow, and Telin was taken by the hand, down long halls. Women in long gossamer gowns that seemed almost see-through ignored them as they walked, although one or two cast a wary eye his way. One in particular seemed

to stare for a long time, so youthful she could have been ten years his junior, and Telin's face went red as the girl cast her eyes down and up his body and began to slide a hand down to her crotch, rubbing openly across the front of it. Through her gown he could clearly see her penis and the bushel of unkempt hair framing it.

He hurried past the piercing stare, and eventually was led to an indoors area, shielded from the sun with pretty windows carved in the stone every ten metres, lending an air of mystery to the place. The place was hard to see through, and it took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the dark, indistinct voices echoing back and forth off the wet stone pillars.

His jaw fell open.

A room of steam was broken up by naked women bathing throughout it, one lounging with their leg on a raised dais, many in sunken pools in the centre and corners of the room.

His eyes couldn't help themselves, flicking to a black woman with thick thighs and a juicy ass whispering to a pale woman turned golden by the sun's kiss, both of them with their cocks hanging between their legs like sleeping snakes. Four more women were quietly enjoying the central pool with their eyes closed, breasts wet and glistening a man, small in stature, rubbed across their fronts and backs with a sponge.

His concentration homed in on a woman on the edge whose nipples were clearly hard, and whenever the man attending to her rubbed the sponge across her front he seemed to slow down, subtly sliding his other hand beneath the sponge and over her breasts.

The woman began to murmur, and the washer's cheeks were pink as he worked insistently across the woman's chest.

"Ahdam, La'aft anu?"

Telin jerked, whipping round to the voice that had spoken behind him. A tall, older woman with short silver hair was staring down, water dripping down her naked front. The stern, icy stare of magistrate Balla was boring into his forehead, the wrinkles on her body seeming graceful across her slight belly, thick thighs and breasts with

large areolas and huge, chunky nipples thicker than Telin's thumb. The ugliest cock he had ever seen hung between her legs, crooked with water dripping from the purple, misshapen head.

"What are you doing here?"

"Ah….!"

The woman's expression turned into a smooth smile.

"But you are dressed? Please, if you wish to bathe with us… you must relieve yourself of your clothes."

Telin suddenly felt not only embarrassed but fearful. He still remembered the look from yesterday, noticing the stares that were beginning to come his way. Quickly he disrobed, sparing his undergarments for last. Balla intervened.

"Allow me…."

A firm hand gripped his undergarments, and pulled upwards. Tellin squeaked as the material wedged up into his buttocks and on his balls, before she reversed, throwing them to the floor with a flourish.

"… Wonderful. Let us bathe together, Lord Telin?"

"Y-You.. know who I am?"

"Oh you're the talk of the city… you and that little…. *Prince* of yours…"

She put an arm across his shoulder, and steered him so he was presented to the whole bathhouse. Women looked on curiously, some smirking, others doing the now familiar scan of his body, resting on his dainty penis perched up on his balls. One even pointed and muttered to another whilst a man scrubbed her ballsack, the washer taking great care and attention to even lift the sack and slide underneath towards her taint. She spread her legs wider, grunting in appreciation.

Balla's grip was firm.

"Come. We'll find somewhere quiet."

"Ah.. I'm not sure that's…"

She clicked her fingers, and a man appeared carrying a sponge.

"Esah!"

She grabbed it and waved him away with a cold flick of her wrist, before guiding Telin to a quieter corner, sitting down on a bench with their feet in warm water.

"Do you bathe in your culture?"

"Well….. Yes, of course…"

"Hm… "

Telin felt the snide jab in her response and shivered despite the warmth of the sponge gliding down his back. She had a steady hand, and it might have been relaxing if he hadn't felt her free hand settle around his neck. The sponge came hard down his front, and he gasped as she cleaned roughly between his legs.

"I'm impressed any man has enough intelligence to command on a battlefield, although wars between men must be quite amusing… such… *dainty* muscles…"

She rubbed the sponge on his arm and pinched the fairly solid bicep there. Telin couldn't help flexing, and the woman snorted.

"Showing off? They're almost as big as my granddaughter's…."

"Your gran-daughter?"

"Princess Kata. Daughter of Strayana, a captain of the fleet… Perhaps you'll meet my daughter. I've heard the foreign lands have no small desire for pretty slaves like you…."

Telin gritted his teeth.

"I must apologise… but I am no slave."

The sponge scraped down his thigh and he winced as the woman's snake-like hiss came close to his ear.

"…. *Not yet."*

He pushed the sponge away.

"I will never be a slave. Not to you, nor anybody."

"Ha, oh really!… let us see if that's true…!"

The hand on his neck pressed, and he felt himself being bent forwards by a tremendous power, forced to his hands and knees in the low pool. The sponge came to

his ass, and began to rub right at his asshole, Telin trying to break the hold on his neck as sparks travelled up his spine.

"HHnu…..Release *m-me-ah!"*

"*Hands down,"* she hissed, pressing a part of the sponge up against his anal rim with her finger.

"*OOFff-… d-don't…!"*

"I see no reason to be lenient. Put your HANDS DOWN."

The sponge pressed to the point it was entering him and he whined. His hands came to the water, panting as the small but sudden invasion paused, before reversing course.

"Now… tell me… do your people know how to pleasure your superiors?"

He stayed silent. It was obvious what she meant, as she marched to his front, her cock level with his head. It was a veiny, ugly thing, almost bent in two places with a large turkey's wattle between the purple halves of her helmet; the opposite of her sleek demeanour, as if her inner blackness had revealed itself in her genitals. She tried to gently nudge his head with it, but he faced down, so it patted against his hair.

"How *insolent.* You don't even deign to SPEAK?!"

She marched to his rear and a hard kick to his bottom sent him face-first into the water. As he surfaced, drenched, she kicked again until he was forced out of the alcove and into the more public area, looking up to see tens of women with wide-eyed male slaves watching him.

"L-*leave me al-!"*

A foot came down on his back, and he wretched as the water filled his mouth, having to arch his neck to keep his face out and breath in the small pool.

"A man in your prime and you have not the strength to fight a magistrate of near sixty years?! And the Queen lets a weakling like *you* into our sacred baths… our *temples….!"*

The foot released, and he staggered to his hands and knees only to feel something heavy hit him on the head.

Pain spread, the shock of something meaty and large connecting with his forehead nearly sending him back into the bath again. He had time to look up and get a hand in the way of another mighty hammer blow from the woman's penis, who was grinning as she swung it like a mace.

"Come now, is this what they call a warrior in your lands, boy?!"

Some of the other women were muttering and even calling out with wide smiles as she swung again, catching the arm he attempted to block with in the process, this time connecting with his cheek so hard it twisted his head.

"OOF-!"

He was sent sprawling into the water again, feeling the beginnings of a bruise form on his face.

"Maybe I should end your worthless existence here... and spare you from such a pitiful fate as to live another of your meagre days…"

"MAGISTRATE BALLA!"

Telin looked up in relief, to see Ashaki who was glaring at her, fists balled. Balla responded with a cool demeanour.

"It is customary to remove one's clothes in the sacred baths, my Queen."

"And it is also customary to refrain from humiliating a foreign dignitary… even more so in the *sacred baths."*

"Oh, I was just... helping him from his lowly position," she said smoothly, gripping easily under one arm and hefting him up. A patronising pat on the bottom made him clench his teeth, although he was still too dazed to speak, instead staggering on towards Ashaki. When he reached her, she cupped his face and muttered, "I'm sorry. Go to the servant's changing rooms down the hall. I'll follow you."

As he limped off, he glanced over his shoulder to hear them remonstrating. Unfortunately they had switched to their own guttural language, and a warning look from Ashaki hastened his step before she spoke once more.

"This will not be tolerated."

Balla lazily clicked her fingers, motioning to a slave to come and clean her as she sat, wide-legged on a bench close to the centre of the room.

"I don't see any issue. I just wanted to understand their foreign customs…. and perhaps introduce him to a few of our own," she stated sweetly, rubbing the side of her penis which was pulsing, rising up to the ceiling.

"Perhaps I should remind you of our own customs, then," Ashaki stated sharply.

"You threaten me?"

"I would *remind* a woman of your standing that her role demands tact. Perhaps you overstep your role as a representative of the people?"

Balla snorted as a young man began to quickly wipe a wet sponge up her legs.

"Start with the balls, *runt,"* she sneered, before switching her attention back, "look around you..... are your subjects not entertained?"

The smirks and unbothered expressions of the women staring from all around the room told their story. Ashaki nodded sternly, before gesturing to Balla's belly.

"Enjoy your bath. Try not to become *too* rested with your daily comforts...."

With that, she strode away, leaving Balla red-faced.

***

"Teach me."

The blue sky surrounding the empty courtyard made it feel larger, combined with the lack of windows or walls in this particular area giving quite a scenic feel to their first lesson, but Telin wasn't concerned with the pillars holding up the high roof, ornate and intricate, or the huge marble square that made them seem tiny in comparison, sat on some cushions. He was concerned only with the board in front of him and, more importantly, the woman behind it. Now that the adrenaline had dissipated from his bathing incident, he could properly observe her.

Ashaki's shawl today was a similar colour to her skin, making her seem somehow naked despite being clothed. A small movement of her ankle drew his eye to the grace of her posture.

Maybe the board was a better place to concentrate.

"So, have you played before?"

"No."

"Well then.. we will start with the pawns."

He picked up the smallest of the pieces, arrayed in a row at the front of the army.

"Pawns are the simplest pieces… they are weak on their own, but strong together. More than any other piece they can be sacrificed where necessary for a positional advantage."

She eyed them thoughtfully.

"Hmm…It seems that whoever made this game was not thinking of abstract concepts."

"Indeed….They move thusly."

He proceeded to bring her through the pawn movements, the rooks, and then the knights.

"The knight is tricky; it moves in a unique way."

"I agree… this game is proving quite accurate."

Telin knew she would be giving him that look, so he kept his head down, hoping he wasn't displaying any colour in his cheeks.

"They… they move forward two squares, and sideways one square, and are able to move over friendly and enemy pieces."

"Hmm… So were you planning to jump over me… Or on me?"

This time there was no stopping his flushed face as he looked up and lost himself in the stare of Ashaki, who was shifting herself on her cushion, as if to make space for something between her legs.

"D….Depends what you mean by *on* you."

At that moment he wished he were a far better wordsmith, but Ashaki seemed to enjoy his poor attempt at flirting regardless, her nostrils flaring, hands pawing at her knees.

"What about this one?"

"Ah yes… I believe you'll like this one."

"Is that so?"

"This is the Queen….. The Queen is the most powerful piece."

She smiled.

"Are you trying to flatter me?"

"Oh I would never try such a thing M'lady."

Her legs adjusted again, and Telin's eyes snapped between them as if magnetised.

"M'Lady?"

"I mean.. Ashaki."

"You'll have to give a better apology than that."

"My apologies… I'll do whatever you wish M'l…. Ashaki."

Her grin grew wider.

"And what exactly *do* you want to do, Lord Telin…"

He wanted to kiss the part of her shoulder showing above the dress, to rub her feet and suck on the long slender finger hovering over the board.

"I….. want to teach you chess."

She gave him a sly eye.

"That all?"

All the blood in his body seemed to have gathered in his lower regions, which felt like they might explode at any given moment.

"…..I… *Ah…."*

She let out a laugh woven from silk and spared him from his constant blushing, gesturing to next piece.

"And what is this? Don't tell me that the tallest piece is a sad representation of your manhood?"

"That would indeed be the King."

"Hmm…. I would say it is sad you men feel the need to compensate for such things but…. having witnessed the lengths of some, I must say it makes sense."

Telin's cheeks grew heated.

“Any other statements you feel you must make regarding the game or our manhoods?”

“Only that if it were anatomically accurate, the Queen would be at least twice the size of the King….”

Something seemed to be closing around his throat that he couldn’t see.

“… What does anatomically mean?” he managed eventually, feeling incredibly stupid, “Is…. it a Belinzarian word?”

“Oh, don’t worry my sweet Telin,” she said softly, like a mother speaking to her child, “maybe I’ll teach you someday.”

“Someday?”

“When I have you all to myself.”

“To.. yourself?”

“Are you just repeating my words… or are you teaching me chess?”

“I… am teaching you chess,” he said, wrenching his gaze down to the board.

Talking through a few more concepts, they then began a soft game. Ashaki was a scarily fast learner, and aggressive. She looked to attack first, and after a few positions where she overextended herself, her creases lined with wisdom as she stared intently at the board, beginning to grasp the key concepts.

"Pawns are stronger together.... Alone they are weak, without the support of the other pieces."

"And yet, wars cannot be won without them."

Telin placed his own pawn forwards.

“You see they protect one another?”

"What piece are you in your king's games, Telin?"

Telin glanced up at Ashaki. She was looking thoughtful, and he wondered if she were trying to gain an insight into his brother's mind. If so, it wasn't a good strategy when seen through the lens of his own dull intellect by comparison.

"Most likely we are all pawns to his highness, King Corvin."

"Oh really?"

"Well, I wouldn't know..."

He didn't like the way she was prying, and he pressed his pawn onwards to be taken.

"You are no pawn Lord Telin."

"Am I not?"

She shook her head as she took it.

"The farmers with dull blades and minds have no names in these games of ours.... "

She placed the taken piece on her side.

"... and I doubt we'd even recognise the pawns even if they looked us dead in the eye."

"I remember."

"All of them? Every single man under your command?"

Telin stewed.

"Some."

"Some. At least you are a hopeful fool."

***

Dale squealed as he was ploughed, facedown into the pillow so he would not cause too much commotion. He'd learned that discretion was vital, and in what was turning out to be a secret male whorehouse, noise was not permitted by bitches. No matter how big the cock they were being fucked with. Clad in satin sheets that covered almost none of his body, his wrists jingled with beggar's gold as the woman behind him put her full weight into shunting him like she was using him to plough the green fields of his homeland. It had never felt farther away in that moment as his toes curled.

"MMm..MMMFFF-"

He sank his teeth into the pillow and cried as the huge woman crashed her hips into his, sinking her cock so deep inside him that he half expected it to come out of his mouth, his internal organs moving along with it as it explored in, around and through his mind, body and soul.

Occasionally she'd pull the collar on his neck, and he'd have to raise his head up, arching his spine so his ass was even more open to be invaded, unable to prevent a mighty "CCAWWWUHHH!" that would have put the cockerels of his homeland to shame as she let out a particularly spiteful bludgeon.

PLAP-P-PLAP-P-P-PLAP-

The slaps of her hips on his were answered in the smoky partitions either side, as if other male whores were mirroring his own sorrows and bitch-whines back at him.

The woman currently balls-deep in Dale had looked smart at first, with a noble chin and white hair cascading down her back, but he'd quickly realised that it didn't matter what they looked like on the surface. Underneath it all they could be soft or as savage as a wolf, this woman in particular veering towards the latter, baring her teeth as she laid a hard spank that had him struggling not to cry. The pain of the hand-print on his buttocks was added to the width of his asshole as she punched through his anal rim, decimating him. The ghastly low drone of music that continued endlessly in the background couldn't hide the sharp *SNAP-SNAP-SNAP* of her hips on his backside.

"MFMF-MMFFF-"

He drooled into his pillow, the only companions he had apart from the other 'dancers' and the guard nearby who had no reason to discuss matters. The whores were kept separate during working hours… but to Dale, it felt like the working hours were never-ending. Women seemed eager for him in particular. Perhaps it was the colour of his skin, so light and delicate compared to his compatriots despite some having far more slender appearances compared to his slight muscle.

The woman lurched and howled to the moon. Three hot splurges of cum joined the cum of the previous woman that had been inside him. His insides felt hot and wet, as they had for the last four hours when there wasn't a dick ploughing through him.

"MMMFF-"

He felt his own go, and his back arched as he fired his pathetic, submissive jism into the soft carpet beneath him. Another few splurges of seed were deposited directly on

his aching, broken butthole, four more fired over his back. The last one she eked out over his face, clicking her fingers at him until he licked her helmet clean.

Satisfied, she patted him on the forehead with her genitals, and left with a parting smirk.

Dale collapsed. He didn't know what time it was, only that this day felt like it was going on forever. It wasn't long before another woman entered, young and nervous. For a moment he felt a certain innocence in her approach, until she ran a hand over the back of his neck and squeezed, baring her teeth. Dale whimpered, and got onto a shaky all-fours.

***

"Checkmate."

Ashaki sniffed. Her eyes seemed to glimmer with anger for a moment, or perhaps it was just a reflection of the sun beginning to arc back down towards the horizon.

"I did not see the knight."

"Like I said, they're tricky at first."

She looked up from the board.

"Indeed. So tell me… what were you doing in the sacred baths?"

"I.... was trying to take a bath."

"That is all?"

"*Yes,"* he replied testily.

"Next time you wish to bathe, perhaps we can do so together, unless you wish to use the servant's bathing pool."

He felt a lurch in his stomach.

"Well... what would bathing together entail?"

"You tell me."

"Ah... well I saw men in the baths with women… it seemed very... one-sided."

"How so?"

"The men... were all washing the women, but the women didn't wash the men."

"*Ah,"* she nodded, smiling, "slaves."

He frowned.

"Slaves?"

She gave him a wary look.

"Is there something on your mind?"

".....Am I a slave?"

A chuckle. That warm, honey laugh that made him dissolve.

"*No*. I mean, a concubine is a form of enslavement so, perhaps something to consider in the future if you wish..."

He gulped.

"Do all those men *wish* to be enslaved?…"

Ashaki got up slowly, doing a long, slow stretch as he spoke. She moved with a grace and strength that only the most athletic of beings possessed. It was so mesmerising that he lost track of what he had said, descending into silence as she did a long, slow lunge that made her glute swell with glorious muscle. Intentional or not, it brought him out of his thoughts.

".. and *ah*... well...."

"I apologise, Telin. I should have warned you not to walk alone. You should never have seen that place."

"May I leave my bedroom?"

"Not without me as your guard."

"Does that make me a prisoner?"

"Yes."

"I do not enjoy being kept in my chamber."

"Most prisoners do not."

Her tone was slightly harder, and she gestured to follow.

"Or do I have to remind you why you are here?"

".... To teach chess."

"A good answer."

She led him back to his chambers, where some fruits awaited, as well as some books.

"I thought it might be of interest to study Belinzar."

"But I do not understand...."

"There are pictures. And you should learn our language seeing as you may be here some time. Learn a little *diplomacy,* perhaps."

She lingered, close enough to smell, not close enough to taste.

"If you need help, just ring the bell. A servant will assist you."

"A slave?"

Her gaze became stony.

"As is our custom. You would do well to remember you are no longer in Galviniel."

"I understand very well.... Can I see Arthur?"

"Not yet."

"And I suppose my men..."

"Are outside of the Basilica walls, and thus unreachable."

"Can I at least ensure their safety-"

"You should have thought about that before you became an assassin."

"I didn't try to assassinate you."

"But you considered it."

She left his head swirling with uncomfortable thoughts. His sleep that night was even worse than the one before, filled with fitful dreams of Ashaki dancing naked through an endless checkered board of black and white pieces.

###

About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for years, specializing in stories about girls with throbbing bulges in their panties.

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