

ENCHANTING THE QUEEN



by KLRXO

Enchanting the Queen

By Klrxo

Princess Eleanor sneered as she watched her younger brother's feeble attempts to swing a practice sword. "Honestly Cedric, it's embarrassing to watch you flail about like that. A stiff breeze could knock you over!"

Prince Cedric's pale cheeks flushed red with humiliation. He knew he was slight of frame compared to the burly knights, but he was trying his best. "I'm still learning, Eleanor," he muttered, lowering the heavy sword.

"Learning?" Eleanor scoffed. "More like failing. Look at Sir Aldric and Sir Percival - now those are real men who know how to wield a blade. You look like a child playing pretend."

Cedric glanced over at the armored knights gracefully sparring in the courtyard, their swords flashing in the sun. He wished he had even a fraction of their strength and skill.

"Why don't you stick to your books and leave the fighting to the real warriors, little brother?" Eleanor taunted. "We wouldn't want you to hurt yourself." She turned on her heel and strode away, her luscious teen buttocks wagging with every step. Her mocking laughter echoing off the stone walls.

Cedric's shoulders slumped in defeat. Maybe his sister was right - maybe he wasn't cut out for this. He gazed wistfully at the knights, doubt and embarrassment weighing heavily upon him. Would he ever prove himself worthy of the title of prince?

Cedric trudged through the castle halls, his head hung low and his spirit deflated. The weight of his sister's mocking words pressed down upon him, as heavy as the practice sword he had struggled to wield. He was the prince, destined to one day lead the kingdom's armies into battle and protect the realm. Yet here he was, slight and bookish, more at home in the library than on the training grounds.

As he walked, lost in thought, a glimmer caught his eye. There, nestled in a shadowed alcove, lay a ring. Curious, Cedric bent to pick it up. The moment his fingers touched the cool metal, a familiar voice echoed in his mind.

"Prince Cedric, do not despair," the voice said, and he recognized it as belonging to the castle's wizard, Aldwyn. "Your path may be different from those who yield the sword, but it is no less important."

Cedric startled, glancing around to see if the wizard was nearby. But he was alone in the corridor. He looked down at the ring, now glowing softly in his palm.

"Aldwyn?" he whispered. "How are you speaking to me?"

"Through the ring, my prince," the wizard's voice replied. "Set it back down and you'll see."

Cedric carefully set the ring back down on the stone floor. In a shimmering flash of light, the ring transformed into the aged wizard Aldwyn himself, his long white beard nearly reaching the floor and his eyes twinkling with wisdom.

"You see, my prince," Aldwyn explained, "I have developed a spell that allows me to take the form of any object I choose. It comes in quite handy for moving about the castle unnoticed."

Cedric's eyes widened with wonder. "That's incredible, Aldwyn! How does the spell work? What does it feel like to become an object?"

The old wizard chuckled at the boy's enthusiasm. "Ah, the curiosity of youth! It warms my heart to see such a thirst for knowledge."

He leaned in conspiratorially. "You know, Cedric, with your love of learning and your sharp mind, you would make an excellent apprentice."

The prince's heart leapt in his chest. "An apprentice? You mean, to learn magic from you?"

Aldwyn nodded, his smile warm and encouraging. "Indeed. I sense a great potential in you, my boy. Your path may not lie in the art of the sword, but

in the realm of the arcane. Under my tutelage, you could become a powerful wizard, capable of defending the kingdom in ways your sister can only dream of."

Cedric's mind raced with the possibilities. To study magic, to unlock the secrets of the universe - it was everything he had ever wanted. And to think, he might one day be able to transform into objects himself!

"Yes," he breathed, his eyes shining with determination. "Yes, I want to be your apprentice, Aldwyn. I want to learn everything you can teach me."

The old wizard clapped his hands in delight. "Excellent! We shall begin your lessons at once."

Cedric rushed to find his parents, his heart pounding with excitement at the prospect of becoming Aldwyn's apprentice. He burst into the throne room, where his mother, Queen Velariana, sat beside his father, King Alric.

Velariana was a breathtaking sight, with lustrous dark hair cascading down her back and a figure that turned heads throughout the kingdom. Her gargantuan tits and shapely posterior were the stuff of legend, the subject of many a bawdy tavern song.

The Queen was resplendent in a low-cut, form-fitting gown of shimmering crimson silk that clung to her voluptuous curves. The plunging neckline displayed an almost scandalous amount of her tit-cleavage, the creamy swells of her breasts threatening to spill out with each breath. The gown's skirt was slit daringly high up one thigh, offering tantalizing glimpses of her long, toned legs as she crossed them. Her pretty feet were adorned in strappy gold stilettos that accentuated her shapely calves.

As she shifted on her throne, the gown stretched taut across her generous posterior, emphasizing the shelf of her bubbled behind. Many a noble had fantasized about worshipping that royal rump.

The king, in contrast, looked rather plain seated beside his sexy queen, though his eyes shone with pride and love for her.

Cedric took a deep breath, trying to ignore his mother's distracting beauty as he approached the thrones. "Mother, father," he began, "I have wonderful news. Aldwyn has invited me to become his apprentice and study the magical arts under his tutelage."

Velariana's eyes lit up with pride and joy. "Oh, Cedric, that's marvelous! I always knew you had a special gift. Learning from Aldwyn will be the perfect way for you to cultivate your talents."

King Alric, however, furrowed his brow. "Magic? You want to spend your days holed up in a dusty old tower, poring over spellbooks? What about your duties as a prince? What about leading our armies?"

Cedric's heart sank, but Velariana placed a gentle hand on her husband's arm. "Alric, my love, not every prince is destined to be a mighty warrior. Cedric has a brilliant mind and a kind heart. With Aldwyn's guidance, he could become a wise and powerful advisor, able to protect our kingdom in ways brute force never could."

The king sighed heavily, but as he gazed upon his wife's beautiful face, her persuasive words and voluptuous figure wore down his resistance. "Very well," he conceded. "If you believe this is the right path for our son, Velariana, then I will support it. Cedric, you have my blessing to study with Aldwyn."

Cedric beamed with happiness, throwing his arms around his mother and burying his face in her pillowy, perfumed cleavage. "Thank you, Mother," he murmured. "Thank you for believing in me."

Velariana stroked her son's hair, her heart swelling with love and pride. "Always, my darling boy."

The queen's breath caught in her throat as she felt the unmistakable heat and rigidity of her son's manhood pressing against her thigh through their clothing. By the gods, when had young Cedric grown so large and virile? Surely this throbbing length of manly flesh could not belong to her sweet, bookish boy.

Velariana's pulse raced as forbidden, shameful thoughts flooded her mind unbidden. She imagined her son's hard cock springing free, long and thick and flushed with need. In her fantasy, she wrapped her fingers around that meaty shaft, stroking it as Cedric groaned with pleasure. She pictured taking him into her mouth, worshipping his princely rod with her lips and tongue until he spent his royal seed down her eager throat.

The queen shuddered, a hot flush spreading through her body at these taboo images. What sort of depraved mother was she to entertain such lewd notions about her own son? And yet, she could not deny the aching, empty throb between her thighs, the dampness of her silk smallclothes as they clung to her heated sex.

Velariana forced herself to pull away from the embrace, her hands trembling and her cheeks flushed crimson. She prayed Cedric could not smell the musky scent of her arousal or see how her diamond-hard nipples strained against the bodice of her gown. What was wrong with her, lusting after her child like some debauched harlot?

The prince gazed at her with adoring eyes, blissfully unaware of the carnal hunger he had awoken within her. "I will make you proud, Mother," he promised earnestly, his voice cracking with youthful sincerity. "I swear it."

"I know you will, my son," Velariana managed, thankful her gown concealed the tremble in her legs and the shameful dampness between them. "Now go, begin your studies with Aldwyn. I shall see you at dinner."

Cedric bowed and hurried off, his movements unintentionally highlighting the enticing bulge at the front of his trousers. Velariana bit back a moan, her pussy clenching with illicit need. Gods forgive her, she would be imagining that bulge as she touched herself tonight, lost in the forbidden fantasy of her son's hard teenage cock pounding into her greedy cunt.

The queen took a shaky breath, trying to compose herself. She could not let these dark desires consume her. She had to be strong, to resist temptation for the good of her son and the kingdom. But deep down, a traitorous part of her hoped that one day, Cedric's magic studies might uncover a spell to make all her taboo dreams come true.

As Cedric left the throne room, his mind swirled with conflicting emotions. He was overjoyed at the prospect of studying magic under Aldwyn's guidance, but a darker desire gnawed at his heart. For years, he had watched his father, King Alric, rule beside Queen Velariana, a woman of such breathtaking beauty that it made Cedric's loins ache with longing.

In the secrecy of his bedchamber, Cedric often found himself stroking his oversized appendage, imagining what it would be like to sink his tender boy-cock into his mother's lush, voluptuous body. He dreamed of burying his face in her ample bosom, suckling at her fat, rosy nipples until she cried out in ecstasy. He fantasized about gripping her wide, fertile hips as he plunged into her depths, claiming her as his own.

It was a forbidden desire, one that filled him with shame and self-loathing. And yet, he could not help but envy his father for having the privilege of making love to such a gorgeous creature every night. The thought of King Alric's hands roaming over Velariana's curves, his lips tasting her sweetness, drove Cedric mad with jealousy.

He knew it was wrong, knew that he should banish these impure thoughts from his mind. But as he made his way to Aldwyn's tower, his cock throbbed insistently against the confines of his trousers, a testament to the all-consuming lust that burned within him.

Perhaps, he mused darkly, his magical studies would provide a distraction from his incestuous longings. Or perhaps they would only serve to fuel his forbidden fantasies, granting him the power to make his deepest, darkest desires a reality.

In the days that followed, Cedric threw himself into his magical studies with a fervor bordering on obsession. Under Aldwyn's patient guidance, he learned to harness the power that thrummed through his veins, shaping it into spells of increasing complexity.

Yet even as he progressed in his lessons, his mind continually wandered to thoughts of his mother, and also the buxom servant girl who worked in the

castle kitchens. Her name was Rosalind, and she possessed a figure that compared to the Queen's. Cedric often found himself lurking in the shadows, watching as she went about her duties, her enormous tits struggling against the confines of her bodice.

One day, as Rosalind bent over to retrieve a fallen spoon, Cedric saw his chance. Muttering an incantation under his breath, he focused his newfound magical energy on the buttons of her dress. With a soft pop, the first button came undone, exposing a tantalizing glimpse of her creamy cleavage.

Rosalind straightened, a puzzled frown on her face as she felt the sudden looseness of her bodice. But before she could investigate further, Cedric unleashed another burst of magic, this time targeting the remaining buttons.

In a cascading wave, the buttons popped free, one after another, until Rosalind's dress gaped open, revealing her magnificent, heavy tits in all their glory. They wobbled and bounced as she gasped in shock, her nipples hardening in the cool air of the kitchen.

Cedric's cock immediately sprang to attention, throbbing with need at the sight of such perfection. He yearned to bury his face between those soft, pillowy mounds, to suckle and tease her until she writhed with pleasure.

Rosalind, spotted the Prince, her face flushed with embarrassment and anger, clutched her gaping bodice to her chest and fled the kitchen, tears stinging her eyes. She ran straight to Queen Velariana's chambers, bursting in without knocking in her distress.

"Your Majesty!" Rosalind cried, her voice trembling. "Forgive the intrusion, but I must report a most distressing incident. Prince Cedric, he... he used magic to expose my bosom in the kitchens!"

Velariana's eyes widened in surprise, but she quickly composed herself. "Calm yourself, Rosalind," she soothed, rising from her seat to comfort the distraught servant girl. "I will speak with Cedric about this matter. You have my word that it will be dealt with discreetly."

Rosalind sniffled, nodding gratefully. "Thank you, Your Majesty. I am sorry to trouble you with this."

"Nonsense," Velariana said, her voice gentle but firm. "You did the right thing by coming to me. Now, take the rest of the day off to collect yourself. I will ensure that Cedric understands the gravity of his actions."

Once Rosalind had departed, Velariana summoned her son to her chambers with a sense of urgency. The young prince entered, his head hanging low, weighed down by the heavy burden of shame, unable to meet his mother's piercing gaze.

"Cedric," Velariana began, her voice firm, imbued with a sternness that cut through the air like a blade, yet tempered with a hint of compassion.

"Rosalind has informed me of your disgraceful conduct in the kitchens. Using your magic to strip a servant girl of her dignity is an abomination and a stain on your honor as a prince."

"I'm sorry, Mother," Cedric murmured, the words tumbling out of his mouth as his face flushed crimson with humiliation. "I don't know what possessed me. It won't happen again, I swear."

Velariana sighed deeply, her expression softening as if a storm had momentarily passed. "I understand you are a young man grappling with...urges. But you must master them, Cedric. Wielding your power, magical or otherwise, with recklessness is a path to ruin."

She giant boobies wobbled ever so slightly as she stepped closer, her presence an anchor in the tumult, and placed a reassuring hand on his shoulder. "I will shield you from your father's wrath, for I believe you are genuinely repentant. But henceforth, should you feel an overwhelming need to exercise your magic in such a manner, you will do so exclusively with me. Is that understood?"

Cedric's head jerked up, his eyes wide with shock and a spark of forbidden thrill. "With...with you, Mother?"

Velariana smiled, a conspiratorial edge to her voice that sent a shiver through the room. "Yes, my darling boy. As long as you vow never to exert your magic on others without their consent, I will permit you to explore

your spells on me. But tread carefully, for you must not let your passions consume you. Do you understand?"

Cedric nodded fervently, his heart pounding with disbelief at his unexpected fortune. "Yes, Mother, I promise. I won't get carried away."

The next morning, Cedric awoke with excitement thrumming through his veins. His mother's words from the previous day echoed in his mind, a tantalizing invitation to explore his burgeoning magical abilities on her magnificent body.

He made his way to the great hall for breakfast, his eyes immediately drawn to Queen Velariana as she sat at the head of the table. She was a vision of regal beauty, her ridiculously-oversized bosom straining against the confines of her emerald gown, the soft curves of her body a testament to her fertile femininity.

As Cedric took his seat, he focused his mind on the spell he had been practicing in secret, a subtle incantation designed to manipulate the very fabric of his mother's gown. With a furtive glance to ensure no one was watching, he muttered the words under his breath, his fingers tracing arcane patterns beneath the table.

At first, nothing seemed to happen. But then, as Velariana reached for her goblet of wine, Cedric saw it - a slight shimmering around the bodice of her gown, as if the material had suddenly become imbued with a will of its own.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly at first, the queen's breasts began to sway and bounce beneath the emerald fabric, as if caught in a gentle breeze.

Velariana's eyes widened in surprise as she felt the unexpected movement, her hands instinctively moving to still her jiggling bosom.

But Cedric's spell had taken hold, and with each breath his mother took, her giant tits seemed to grow more animated, straining against the confines of her gown as they swelled and quivered. The fabric stretched taut across her ample bust, the outline of her hardening nipples clearly visible beneath the thin material.

Velariana's cheeks flushed a delicate pink as she realized what was happening, her eyes darting around the table to see if anyone had noticed her predicament. With a subtle grace, she reached for her flowing robe, draping it over her shoulders to conceal the evidence of her son's magical mischief.

But as she caught Cedric's gaze, a knowing smile played across her lips, a silent acknowledgement of the game they had begun to play. She said nothing, but the blush that stained her cheeks and the sparkle in her eye spoke volumes.

Cedric's heart raced with a heady mix of triumph and arousal, his cock hardening beneath the table as he watched his mother's breasts continue to dance and sway beneath the concealing folds of her robe.

Beneath the concealing folds of her robe, Velariana's enormous tit-melons heaved and wobbled as if possessed by a dozen invisible hands. Her aching nipples, stiff and engorged, poked out like fat thimbles against the thin emerald silk of her gown. The fabric pulled taut across her quivering tit-flesh as unseen fingers pinched and tugged roughly at the sensitive buds.

The queen bit her plump lower lip to stifle a moan as her son's magic sent shockwaves of pleasure radiating through her trembling body. It felt as though a horde of lusty specters had descended upon her, their ghostly hands boldly groping and kneading her ponderous bosom. Cedric's spell squeezed and massaged the heavy globes, the touches growing more aggressive by the second.

Velariana's bountiful cleavage jiggled like jelly as her breasts were mauled beneath her robes, the brutal fondling sending tingles straight to her dampening core. Her face flushed with mingled arousal and embarrassment, glancing at her playful boy, praying no one else could discern the lewd bouncing and rippling of her enchanted bust.

Just then, a servant girl approached with a platter of pastries, concern etched on her youthful face. "Are you quite alright, Your Majesty?" she asked, noticing the queen's labored breathing and flushed complexion. "You look a bit...feverish."

Velariana forced a reassuring smile even as she felt her tender nipples being pinched and twisted by phantom fingers. "I'm fine, dear, just a touch warm," she managed, her voice husky. Beneath the table, she pressed her thighs together as her pussy clenched with illicit need. "Thank you for your concern."

As the servant curtsied and withdrew, Velariana shot her son a pointed look, her eyes dark with barely restrained lust. This magical teasing was maddening, stoking the forbidden flames of her desire to unbearable heights. But she had granted Cedric permission to test his spells on her body, and the depravity of it all only heightened her shameful arousal.

The Prince knew he was treading on dangerous ground, knew that he was playing with forces beyond his control. But in that moment, lost in the thrall of his forbidden desires, Cedric couldn't bring himself to care. All that mattered was the power he wielded, the secret thrill of bending his mother.

Later that day, Cedric sought out Aldwyn in his tower, his mind abuzz with the tantalizing possibilities of his newfound power. The old wizard looked up from his ancient tome as the prince entered, a knowing twinkle in his eye.

"Aldwyn," Cedric began, his voice trembling with barely contained excitement, "I was wondering if you could teach me how to change into an object, like you did with the ring. It seems like such a useful skill to have."

The wizard chuckled softly, stroking his long white beard. "Ah, my boy, I had a feeling you might come to me with such a request. Your magical prowess grows by the day, and I can see the hunger for knowledge burning in your eyes."

He leaned forward, fixing Cedric with a penetrating gaze. "But I must caution you, young prince. The spell of transformation is not one to be taken lightly. It requires great focus and control, lest you become trapped in an object's form forever."

Cedric nodded eagerly, his desire to learn the spell outweighing any sense of caution. "I understand, Aldwyn. I promise I'll be careful. Please, teach me."

Cedric threw himself into mastering the transformation spell with a passion bordering on obsession. Under Aldwyn's watchful eye, he began by shifting into small, inanimate objects - a candlestick, a quill, a goblet. The sensation of his body melting and reforming was disorienting at first, but with each successful transformation, his confidence grew.

Soon, he was practicing the spell on his own, pushing the boundaries of what he could become. He turned himself into a suit of armor, clanking and creaking as he moved. He became a tapestry, his consciousness woven into the intricate threads. He even dared to take the form of a chamber pot, giggling to himself at the absurdity of it all.

But it was the thought of his mother that consumed him, driving him to perfect his newfound skill. He imagined transforming into her hairbrush, fantasizing about the way her silken tresses would feel against his wooden form. He longed to become her corset, to feel the warmth of her skin and the swell of her colossal breasts as he held her tight.

Continuing to put his transformation skills to the test, Cedric snuck into the castle hallway and, with a muttered incantation, shifted his form into that of an ornate vase, perched atop a pedestal.

As he settled into his new ceramic shape, he heard the approach of familiar voices - his sister Eleanor and her gaggle of noblewomen friends. They paused near his pedestal, their conversation turning to the topic of their recent sexual exploits.

"I swear, Lord Farnsworth's cock is as thick as my wrist," Eleanor bragged, her voice dripping with smug satisfaction. "I could barely walk straight after he finished with me last night."

Her friends tittered with laughter, each chiming in with their own lurid tales. "Well, I let Sir Grayson take me in the stables," Lady Beatrice giggled. "Right there in the hay, like a couple of rutting animals. It was positively scandalous!"

"And I had both the blacksmith's sons at once," Lady Cordelia added, her tone conspiratorial. "They bent me over the anvil and took turns plowing my arse. I've never felt so deliciously full."

Cedric, trapped in his vase form, could only listen in shocked arousal as his sister and her friends continued to swap stories of their debauchery. He felt his non-existent cock twitch with need, his mind reeling at the thought of such wanton behavior.

He had always known that Eleanor was no blushing virgin, but to hear her speak so brazenly of her conquests sent a thrill of forbidden excitement through his ceramic form. And her friends - ladies of the court, all - seemed just as eager to embrace their slutty reputations.

Just as the ladies were about to round the corner, Cedric transformed back into his human form in a swirl of magical energy, appearing behind them with a mischievous grin. He cleared his throat loudly, causing the noblewomen to whirl around in surprise.

"Well, well, well," he drawled, enjoying the shocked expressions on their faces. "What scandalous tales you ladies weave. And here I thought the court was a place of virtue and propriety."

Eleanor's eyes narrowed as she took in her brother's smug expression. "Cedric," she hissed. "Were you eavesdropping on our private conversation? How dare you!"

"Oh, I dare quite a bit these days, dear sister," Cedric replied, his voice dripping with newfound confidence. "I've been honing my magical skills. Aldwyn says I show great promise."

Eleanor scoffed, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "Magic? Please. What good is pulling rabbits out of hats compared to the might of a brave warrior? You'll never be a real man, Cedric. Not like the ones who warm my bed."

Cedric's eyes flashed with anger, his fingers twitching with the urge to cast a spell and put his sister in her place. But he remembered his promise to his mother, to use his magic only on her.

"If you're so skilled with magic, then prove it," Eleanor challenged, a wicked gleam in her eye. She traced her finger along the golden necklace around her throat. "Turn this simple chain into a jeweled masterpiece, and perhaps I'll take your powers seriously."

Cedric hesitated, torn between his desire to show up his sister and his vow to Velariana. "I...I can't," he admitted, his voice tight with frustration. "I gave my word to Mother that I wouldn't practice my spells on others."

Eleanor laughed, a cruel, mocking sound that made Cedric's blood boil. "Of course you did," she sneered. "Always running to hide behind Mother's skirts. You're pathetic, Cedric. A weak, sniveling excuse for a prince."

With that, she turned on her heel and strode away, her friends trailing behind her with titters of laughter. Cedric stood there, his fists clenched at his sides, humiliation and rage warring within him.

With a determined stride, the boy made his way to the rose garden, where he knew his mother would be taking her afternoon stroll with his father, King Alric. They walked arm in arm, heads bent close in intimate conversation, discussing the troubling rumors of an approaching enemy army.

Cedric concealed himself behind a towering hedge, his heart pounding with anticipation as he watched his mother's voluptuous figure sway with each step. Her gown clung to her curves like a second skin, the rich fabric straining against the ripe swell of her jugs and the lush roundness of her hips.

Muttering the words of the transformation spell, Cedric focused his mind on his goal, visualizing the delicate scrap of silk that rested against his mother's most intimate places. In a shimmering mist of magic, his body began to change, shrinking and morphing until he had taken on the form of Velariana's snug panties.

In an instant, he found himself pressed against her warm, fragrant skin, the soft folds of her womanhood cushioned by his silken embrace. He could feel

the heat of her, the slick whisper of her arousal as she moved, each step causing him to rub and caress her most sensitive places.

Velariana paused mid-stride, a small gasp escaping her lips as she felt the sudden change in her undergarments. The panties that had once been a whisper against her skin now seemed to cling and mold to her intimate contours, pulsing with a magical energy that sent shivers of pleasure rippling through her body.

"Is something amiss, my love?" Alric asked, concern etched on his rugged features as he noticed his wife's flushed cheeks and quickened breathing.

"No, no, I'm quite alright," Velariana assured him, her voice breathy and distracted. "Just a bit overwarm, perhaps. Shall we retire to the shade?"

As they settled onto a carved stone bench beneath a canopy of roses, Cedric reveled in his newfound power, flexing and contracting his silken form against his mother's slick, plump folds.

Velariana trembled with illicit pleasure as she felt the enchanted silk of her panties writhe and undulate against her most sensitive areas. The crotch wedged itself deeper into the slippery crevice of her cunt, rubbing insistently against her aching clit, while the back burrowed between the plump cheeks of her ass, probing teasingly at the forbidden rosebud of her anus.

She struggled to maintain her composure as the panties seemed to take on a mind of their own, squeezing and massaging her in all the right places. A damp patch began to spread across the front as her arousal soaked through the fabric, the musky scent of her excitement mingling with the heady perfume of the roses.

"Are you certain you're feeling well, my dear?" Alric pressed, noticing the flush that had crept up his wife's neck and the glassy look in her eyes. "You seem rather...feverish."

"I'm fine, truly," Velariana insisted, her voice strained. She subtly clenched her thighs together, trying to still the relentless movements of the panties as

they worked her towards a forbidden climax. "It must be the heat getting to me."

But even as she spoke, she knew it was more than the summer sun that had her blood running hot. The realization that it was her own son, transformed and nestled intimately against her most private places, sent a thrill of perverse desire coursing through her veins.

Cedric, for his part, was lost in a haze of ecstasy, drunk on the power he held over his mother's pleasure. He flexed and rippled against her slippery folds, delving deeper into the honeyed well of her cunt, painting himself in the flowing cream of her lust. The intoxicating aroma of her musk filled his senses, spurring him on as he ground himself against the throbbing bud of her clit

He could feel the tension building in Velariana's body, the barely perceptible tremors that shook her frame as she fought to maintain her composure. Her breathing grew shallow and rapid, her breasts heaving against the confines of her bodice as she teetered on the brink of climax.

Alric droned on about matters of state, oblivious to his wife's rising desperation. But Velariana heard none of it, her focus narrowed to the exquisite torment between her thighs, the relentless swirl and caress of the enchanted silk driving her to new heights of forbidden bliss.

Just as she thought she could bear it no longer, that surely she would shatter into a million pieces from the intensity of her need, Cedric delivered the coup de grâce. With a final, decisive thrust, he ground himself hard against the throbbing pearl of her clit, sending Velariana careening over the edge into rapture.

Her body convulsed, thighs clamping tight around Cedric's silken form as a strangled moan tore from her throat. Wave after wave of ecstasy crashed over her, the pleasure so intense it bordered on pain. She shuddered and writhed on the stone bench, her fingers digging into the unyielding surface as she rode out the crest of her climax.

"Velariana? Velariana!" Alric's concerned voice cut through the haze of her bliss, his hands gripping her shoulders to steady her trembling form. "By the gods, what's come over you?"

Panting and flushed, the queen struggled to regain her composure, her body still pulsing with the aftershocks of her release. She could feel Cedric's silken form, now drenched in her juices, still nestled snugly against her oversensitive flesh.

"I...I don't know," she lied, her voice ragged. "A dizzy spell, perhaps. I think I should retire to my chambers to rest."

Alric nodded, his brow furrowed with worry as he helped his wife to her feet. "Of course, my love. Shall I send for the physician?"

"No, that won't be necessary," Velariana assured him, her legs still unsteady as she leaned against his solid frame. "I'm sure a bit of rest is all I need."

As the royal couple made their way back to the castle, Cedric extricated himself from his mother's intimate embrace, his silken form heavy and sodden with the evidence of her pleasure. With a thought, he resumed his human shape, appearing behind a nearby hedge, his own cock aching hard and straining against the confines of his breeches.

He had tasted the forbidden fruit of his mother's lust, had felt the power of bringing her to the heights of ecstasy with his magic. And now, he knew, there would be no going back. He was addicted to the thrill, to the heady rush of control, and he would stop at nothing to feel it again.

As he watched his mother's voluptuous figure disappear into the castle, her steps still slightly unsteady, Cedric's mind raced with possibilities. He would master the transformation spell, would find new and inventive ways to infiltrate Velariana's most private moments.

And one day, he vowed, he would claim her fully, not as a scrap of enchanted silk, but as a man, his cock buried deep in the slick heat of her cunt. He would make her his, and damn the consequences.

With a dark chuckle, Cedric adjusted his straining erection and set off towards Aldwyn's tower, eager to continue his magical studies. The game had only just begun, and he was determined to emerge the victor, no matter the cost.

The queen made her way to her private chambers, her legs still weak and trembling from the intensity of her climax. She rang for her most trusted lady's maid, Isabelle, to draw her a bath.

As Isabelle filled the large copper tub with steaming water and fragrant oils, she couldn't help but notice the queen's flushed cheeks and distracted air. "Your Majesty, are you quite well?" she asked, concern etched on her pretty face. "You seem rather...out of sorts."

Velariana's naked, heavy breasted body sank into the warm, soothing water with a sigh, letting the heat ease the ache in her muscles. She hesitated for a moment, then decided to confide in her loyal servant. "Oh, Isabelle," she murmured, a blush staining her cheeks. "I'm afraid I've allowed myself to be caught up in a most improper situation."

Isabelle's eyes widened, her curiosity piqued. "Whatever do you mean, my lady?"

"It's Cedric," Velariana admitted, her voice low. "I've given him permission to practice his magic upon me, and he's been using it to...to bring me pleasure, in the most scandalous of ways."

The maid's hand flew to her mouth to stifle a giggle. "Truly? The young prince has been using his spells to...satisfy you?"

Velariana nodded, a smile tugging at the corners of her lips despite her embarrassment. "Just now, in the rose garden, he transformed himself into my panties and...oh, Isabelle, the things he made me feel! I could scarcely keep from crying out in front of the king."

The two women dissolved into peals of laughter, the absurdity and audacity of the prince's actions striking them as both shocking and strangely thrilling.

Isabelle's eyes sparkled with mischief as she leaned in close, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. "I must confess, Your Majesty, the thought of being at the mercy of a young man's magical prowess is rather...intriguing. I can only imagine the exquisite torments he could inflict with a wave of his hand."

Velariana shook her head, a forced smile on her face. "No, no, it's not like that at all. I'm simply allowing Cedric to practice his magic on me so that he doesn't get into any more trouble with the servant girls. It's purely for his own good, to keep him out of mischief."

But Isabelle could see the telltale flush on her queen's cheeks, the way her nipples had stiffened beneath the water's surface at the mere mention of Cedric's magical attentions. It was clear that Velariana was deriving far more pleasure from her son's spells than she cared to admit.

"Of course, Your Majesty," Isabelle said, her tone laced with a knowing amusement. "I'm sure you have only the prince's best interests at heart. But if I may be so bold, it seems to me that you rather enjoy being the subject of his magical experiments."

Velariana's blush deepened, and she averted her gaze. "I...I don't know what you mean," she stammered, but her body betrayed her, a shiver of anticipation running through her at the thought of what other delicious torments Cedric might inflict upon her.

Late that night, Cedric lay naked in his bed, his body flushed and trembling with anticipation. With a whispered incantation, he enchanted his bedsheet, imbuing it with the essence of his mother's lush, voluptuous form.

The sheet began to move of its own accord, slithering over his skin like a sensuous serpent. It molded itself to his contours, cushioning his head and back like Velariana's soft, pillowy breasts. The silken fabric caressed his

chest and belly, teasing his nipples erect before dipping lower to encircle his straining cock.

Cedric groaned as the sheet wrapped around his raging-hard manhood, conforming to every ridge and vein. It began to undulate, rippling up and down his shaft in a magical mimicry of his mother's warm, wet cunt. The enchanted fabric squeezed and stroked him, winding tighter around his balls and fluttering over the sensitive head of his cock.

"Oh yes," Cedric panted, his hips rocking into the sheet's sensual embrace. "Mother...feels so good..."

As if summoned by his words, Velariana's honeyed voice filled his ears, a breathy whisper that sent shivers down his spine. "That's it, my darling boy," she purred. "Let your magic consume you. Feel the power coursing through your veins, concentrated in your throbbing staff."

Cedric let out a choked moan, the phantom sensation of his mother's breath against his ear only heightening his arousal. The sheet began to pump faster, twisting and milking his cock with ruthless precision.

"You're a mighty wizard, Cedric," Velariana's voice continued, low and seductive. "So strong, so virile. Your cock is your greatest weapon, capable of conquering any wench you set your sights upon."

"Yes," Cedric gasped, thrusting feverishly into the sheet's slick embrace. "I want to conquer you, Mother. Want to claim your lush body, make you scream my name as I pound you with my magical staff."

The queen's spectral laughter echoed in his mind, rich and throaty. "Such a naughty boy, lusting after your own mother. But I can't deny the ache I feel, the desperate need to have you fill me with your throbbing cock. You've bewitched me, Cedric, body and soul."

Cedric squeezed his eyes shut, lost in the vivid fantasy conjured by his spell. The sheet was a fever dream against his skin, its caress growing frantic, driving him closer and closer to the brink of ecstasy.

"Let go, my son," Velariana's voice urged, a siren's call he was helpless to resist. "Unleash your seed, anoint your bedchamber with your potent magic. Claim your birthright as the most powerful sorcerer in the land."

With a guttural cry, Cedric's back arched off the bed, his hips jerking wildly as his cock exploded in a fountain of pearly seed. The enchanted sheet coaxed him through his release, wringing every last drop of cum from his pulsing shaft, milking him dry.

Cedric shuddered and gasped, stars bursting behind his eyelids as the intense pleasure consumed him. Thick ropes of his royal semen painted his chest and belly, glistening obscenely in the candlelight. The musky scent of his spend filled the air, mingling with the heady aroma of his sweat and the lingering traces of his mother's perfume.

As the final tremors of his climax subsided, Cedric collapsed back against the pillows, his chest heaving and his body deliciously spent. The sheet slowly unwound from his softening cock, caressing his oversensitive flesh like a parting kiss before settling innocently over his prone form once more.

Even as he drifted towards the sweet oblivion of sleep, Cedric's mind was aw whirl with dark fantasies and forbidden desires. The feel of the sheet against his skin was a pale imitation of his mother's warm, plush curves, and he ached to experience the real thing, to sink into her welcoming softness and claim her at last.

But for now, he would content himself with his magical trysts, honing his skills and stoking the flames of his lust until the day he could make his filthy dreams a reality. Velariana would be his, one way or another. It was only a matter of time.

When the Queen slipped on her gown the next morning, she found her corset laced tighter than usual, squeezing her waist and thrusting her ample bosom upwards in a most provocative display. The corset, of course, was Cedric, using his magical laces to mold his mother's figure into an even more exaggerated hourglass, emphasizing her fertile curves. The boning pressed

against her ribcage with each breath, a constant reminder of her son's lingering, intimate embrace.

Even as the corset pinched her ribs and squeezed the breath from her lungs, Velariana couldn't help but let out a breathless giggle. There was something oddly endearing about Cedric using his magic for such boyish mischief, molding her body to match his adolescent fantasies. She knew she should scold him, put an end to these illicit games, but a shameful part of her delighted in being the object of her son's lustful experimentations.

Moments later, as she sat at her dressing table to brush her hair, Velariana's silver-backed hairbrush suddenly took on a mind of its own, stroking through her long tresses with languid, sensual caresses. The bristles scraped lightly against her scalp, sending tingles down her spine that settled between her legs as a growing ache. Cedric, now her brush, shivered with excitement as he ran himself through his mother's silky locks, the subtle scent of her hair oil filling his senses.

Later that day, the queen decided to steal a moment of relaxation in her private garden. She settled onto a cushioned bench with a contented sigh, only to gasp as the plump, embroidered pillow seemed to come alive beneath her.

It kneaded and massaged the globes of her spectacular ass through her gown, squeezing and releasing in a maddening rhythm that had her squirming in her seat. Velariana bit her lip to stifle a moan, realizing that Cedric had taken on yet another form to toy with her.

That night, as she slipped into bed and pulled her thick blanket over her nearly nude form, Velariana felt the heavy fabric slither against her like a thousand caressing hands. It rubbed against her breasts, teasing her nipples with its soft fibers, before gliding lower to stroke over her stomach and thighs. The enchanted blanket dipped between her legs, pressing against the damp, heated silk of her panties, wringing a choked gasp from her throat.

Cedric, desperate to be closer to his mother's most intimate places, transformed himself from her blanket into those very panties, just as he had

in the rose garden. He nestled snugly against Velariana's slick folds, delving into her honeyed depths.

The naught delved deeper, intoxicated by the slick, spongy walls of his mother's most sacred passage. He could feel every ripple and fold of her vaginal canal as it stretched to accommodate his questing form. The hot, velvety flesh seemed to pulse and quiver around him, drawing him in, engulfing him in a world of primal heat and wetness.

As he probed further, he marveled at the feel of her strong pelvic floor muscles clenching and releasing, squeezing him with rhythmic contractions. Velariana's body was responding to his intimate touch, welcoming him, urging him onwards. He could sense her arousal in the copious slick juices that soaked into his silken fibers, the musky scent of her desire filling his consciousness.

Finally, his silky form brushed against the ringed opening of her cervix, that precious gateway to her womb. The firm, textured flesh was swollen with arousal, pulsing under his gossamer caress. Cedric quivered with excitement, overwhelmed by the knowledge that he was pressed against the very threshold of his own conception, the entrance to the sacred chamber where he had once been nurtured and carried, so many years ago.

Velariana writhed helplessly against the bed, her body alight with sensation as her son explored her most intimate depths. She had never felt so entirely possessed, so completely at the mercy of another's touch. The illicit thrill of it, the perverse pleasure of her own child stimulating her in ways no man ever had, sent her hurtling towards the brink of ecstasy.

With a final, artful twist, Cedric simultaneously ground himself against Velariana's throbbing pearl and thrust deep, the silken tip of his panty-form kissing her cervix in a lewd approximation of penetration. The double stimulation proved too much for the queen to withstand.

Her back arched off the bed as a silent scream tore from her throat, her body convulsing in rapture. Her inner muscles rippled and grasped, milking the phantom cock of her enchanted panties as gush after gush of liquid bliss poured from her spasming cunny.

Cedric reveled in his mother's climax, glorying in the feel of her contracting around him, painting him with her sweet honey. He continued to undulate gently against her as she rode out the waves of her pleasure, drawing out her orgasm until she collapsed limply back against the sheets, panting and trembling.

In the afterglow, Velariana knew she should feel shame, guilt, remorse for allowing things to go so far. But all she felt was a deep, sated contentment and an aching emptiness when Cedric finally transformed back into himself, leaving her bereft of his intimate touch.

At breakfast the next morning, Velariana and Cedric exchanged knowing glances across the dining table as servants bustled about filling plates and cups. The queen took a long, slow sip of her morning tea, her eyes never leaving her son's as she licked a stray drop from her lip.

"I must say, I slept more soundly last night than I have in ages," she remarked casually, setting down her cup. "I had the most vivid, delicious dreams. I woke feeling utterly...satisfied."

Cedric hid a smirk behind his napkin, his eyes dancing with mischief. "I'm so pleased to hear that, Mother. You deserve only the sweetest of dreams and the most fulfilling rest."

King Alric glanced up from his heaping plate, oblivious to the charged undercurrent between his wife and son. "Glad you're sleeping well, my dear. A well-rested queen is a happy queen, I always say!"

Velariana's lips twitched with amusement. "Indeed, husband. And we all know a happy queen makes for a content kingdom." She turned her gaze back to Cedric. "I'm so fortunate to have such a thoughtful, attentive son to ensure my...happiness."

Cedric inclined his head, accepting the veiled praise. "I live to serve, Mother. Your wish is my command."

"Is it now?" Velariana purred, arching a brow. "Well then, perhaps after breakfast you could join me in my solar. I have some new...tapestries I'd like your opinion on. I trust your keen eye and deft touch in such matters."

Alric nodded, clearly believing they were discussing actual decor. "Excellent idea! The boy has a gift for the aesthetic. Everything he touches seems to come alive with beauty under his hand."

"Oh, you have no idea," Velariana murmured, her cheeks flushing at the memory of Cedric's silken caress against her most intimate places. "I'm sure he will bring a fresh, stimulating perspective to my chambers."

Cedric's grin widened, his mind already conjuring a dozen lascivious scenarios involving his mother's supple body and his transformative powers. "It will be my pleasure to attend you, Mother. I'm sure we'll have a most scintillating...discussion."

The queen and prince shared a final heated look, rife with anticipation and unspoken promises, before returning to their breakfasts and more innocuous conversation. But beneath the veneer of propriety, the air between them fairly crackled with barely restrained lust, the forbidden charge of their illicit connection.

Alric, for his part, continued to dig into his eggs and sausage, utterly unaware of the incestuous affair unfolding right under his nose.

When Cedric arrived at his mother's solar, he was practically vibrating with anticipation. Velariana greeted him with a coy smile, her jutting bosom heaving beneath the tight confines of her bodice. "Come in, my darling," she purred, ushering him inside. "I've been waiting for you."

As soon as the door closed behind them, Cedric brazenly pulled his mother into a passionate embrace, his hands roaming greedily over her lush curves. "I've been thinking about you all morning," he growled, nuzzling her neck. "Dreaming up new ways to please you with my magic."

Velariana shivered in delight, her nipples pebbling against his chest. "Show me," she breathed. "I want to feel your power, your touch, in ways I've never experienced before."

A wicked grin spread across Cedric's face. "As you wish, Mother."

Cedric muttered an incantation under his breath, his eyes flashing with arcane power. Velariana suddenly went rigid, her limbs freezing in place, trapped in an invisible cocoon of magic. She stood before him like a living statue, her expression one of wide-eyed shock, her lush lips parted on a gasp she couldn't voice.

A thrill of dark excitement raced through the boy at the sight of his mother so completely at his mercy, unable to move or protest as he began to explore her buxom figure with greedy hands.

He palmed her heavy, fatty breasts through the straining fabric of her bodice, marveling at their weight and suppleness. They overflowed his grasp like pillowy mounds of warm bread dough, soft and pliant beneath his kneading fingers.

"Gods, Mother," he breathed, his voice rough with lust. "Your tits are magnificent. I've wanted to touch them like this for so long..."

He traced the deep, shadowed cleft of her cleavage before dipping his fingers beneath the edge of her bodice. With a sharp tug, he wrenched the fabric down, exposing the creamy, wobbling swells of her giant breasts and the dusky rose of her fat nipples. Golden jeweled nipple-rings surrounded the turgid teats, enchanting the teen even more. The fat buds stiffened and crinkled under his avid gaze, puckering to tight nubs that begged to be suckled.

Cedric licked his lips, desire blazing through his veins at the knowledge that Velariana was helpless to stop him, unaware of the liberties he was taking with her frozen form. He squeezed and molded the tender flesh of her breasts, fascinated by how they yielded like heated clay to his touch. He rolled and pinched the jutting peaks of her nipples between his fingers, twisting just shy of pain, watching them flush a deeper pink.

Velariana stood motionless through it all, a voluptuous mannequin subject to her son's perverse whims. Only the rapid flutter of her pulse at the base of

her throat betrayed any hint of inner turmoil, of the shameful currents of pleasure his touch stirred to life within her paralyzed form.

Cedric felt drunk on the power he wielded, the heady thrill of having his mother so completely in his thrall. He dipped his head, drawing one stiff, elongated nipple into the wet heat of his mouth. He suckled hard, his cheeks hollowing, teeth grazing the sensitive bud as his tongue swirled and flicked. He nursed at her breasts with lewd hunger, pushing his face inward, making it disappear in to the squishy meat of her mammarys. For minutes he continued sucking, switching back and forth, leaving the plump globes glazed with his spit.

His hands roamed lower, gathering fistfuls of her skirts and hitching them up to bare the creamy expanse of her thighs and the scandalous lack of undergarments beneath.

The teenage wizard sank to his knees before his mother's frozen form, his eyes glittering with dark hunger as he took in the glorious sight of her strong, shapely legs, bared to his avid gaze. He ran his hands slowly up the silken expanse of her calves, savoring the feel of her smooth skin and the flex of taut muscle beneath.

He nuzzled his face against her thighs, inhaling deeply of the intoxicating musk of her arousal. The heady scent filled his nostrils, making his mouth water and his cock throb with need. He pressed open-mouthed kisses to the tender flesh of her inner thighs, his tongue darting out to taste the salt of her skin.

Higher and higher he worked, his lips and teeth leaving glistening trails and blooming marks in their wake, until his mouth hovered a mere hairsbreadth from the glistening folds of her sex. Her delicate pink petals were already slick and swollen with desire, the evidence of her body's unbidden response to his touch.

"Look at you, Mother," Cedric rasped, his hot breath gusting over her exposed core. "So wet for me already, and you don't even know what I'm doing to you. What a wanton creature you are, your body craving your own son's touch..."

With a groan of pure lust, he surged forward, burying his face between her thighs. He sealed his lips around her weeping slit, his tongue delving deep to lap up the honeyed flow of her juices. He thrust into her rippling channel, fucking her with his mouth, swirling around her hidden pearl.

Lost to the taste and scent and feel of his mother's cunt, Cedric ate her with sloppy abandon, his lips and chin glazed with her essence. He suckled and nibbled, pumping two fingers knuckle-deep into her tight sheath, crooking them to stroke the sensitivity hidden within.

Velariana remained as motionless as a statue, unable to arch into his touch or cry out her pleasure, but he knew her body was on fire, every nerve alight and yearning towards climax. He could feel her fluttering around his plunging digits, her cream flowing to coat his hand and drip down his wrist.

Cedric redoubled his efforts, licking and sucking, fucking and frigging, until he felt his mother's cunt clench like a vice, pulsing rhythmically in the unmistakable grip of orgasm. A flood of honey gushed over his tongue and he drank it down greedily, wringing out every last tremor of her release.

Finally, he drew back, his face a wet, debauched mess, his eyes glittering with triumph and insatiable hunger. His cock raged against the confines of his breeches, iron-hard and weeping with need.

With a snap of his fingers, Cedric ended the paralyzing spell. Velariana gasped as sensation flooded back into her limbs and she slumped to the floor in a graceless heap of skirts.

She blinked up at her son in dazed confusion, her mind reeling as it tried to process the abrupt shift. One moment she had been conversing with her son, and the next she was crumpled on the plush Lysian carpet, her body tingling and over-sensitive, her cunny sopping wet and still fluttering with the aftershocks of a intense climax she had no memory of.

"W-what happened?" Velariana asked breathlessly, pushing herself up on shaky arms. "I feel so strange, like my body has been put through the wringer..."

Cedric simply smirked down at her, his eyes glittering with dark satisfaction. "You asked to feel my power in ways you never have before, Mother. And I was all too happy to oblige."

He offered her a hand, pulling her to her feet. Velariana swayed unsteadily, her legs threatening to give out as another pulse of pleasure radiated from her core. She pressed her thighs together, feeling the slick slide of her arousal painting her skin.

"Gods," she panted, realization dawning. "You used your magic on me while I was paralyzed, didn't you? Took liberties with my helpless form?"

"And you loved every second of it," Cedric purred, pulling her flush against him. She could feel the thick, hard ridge of his cock pressing insistently against her belly. "Look how wet you are, Mother. Your body can't lie, even if your mind wasn't aware. You crave my touch, my dominance."

Velariana shuddered, equal parts mortified and aroused by the truth of his words. She burned with the forbidden knowledge that her son had played her body like an instrument, coaxing it to ecstasy without her consent or participation. It was a violation, and yet the thought of being so utterly at his mercy, subject to his darkest whims, ignited a spark of molten heat low in her core.

"You are a wicked, wicked boy," she breathed, but there was no real condemnation in her tone, only a breathy sort of wonder.

"And you are a goddess made flesh," Cedric growled, his eyes roaming possessively over her lush curves.

"But I wonder," she mused, a sly smile playing about her kiss-swollen lips, "if you have the skill to bring me such pleasure without resorting to cheap tricks like paralysis spells. Any hedge wizard can render a woman helpless - it takes a true master of the arcane arts to seduce her into willing submission with naught but his own powers of persuasion."

Cedric's eyes flashed at the challenge, his grip tightening on her waist. "Is that so? You doubt my abilities, Mother?"

He stepped back and began murmuring an unfamiliar incantation, his hands weaving intricate patterns in the air.

Suddenly, Velariana felt an invisible force lift her into the air, her skirts billowing around her as she levitated several feet off the ground. She gasped in surprise, a thrill of excitement coursing through her. "Cedric! What are you doing?"

"Something a bit more...bold," he replied, his voice husky with desire. With a flick of his wrist, Velariana's gown vanished, leaving her naked and vulnerable, suspended in midair.

"By the gods," she whimpered, equal parts shocked and aroused by her own son's boldness. Never had she felt so deliciously helpless, so completely at the mercy of another's whims.

"This is the part where I don't force you mother," the Prince stated. "Spread your legs."

Without hesitation, Velariana spread her legs obscenely wide wide, her glistening pink folds exposed to his hungry gaze.

Cedric circled his floating mother slowly, admiring the view from every angle. The plump globes of her ass, the heavy sway of her giant tits, the small trimmed thatch of pubic fuzz at the apex of her thighs - all of it called to him, begging to be touched, tasted, claimed.

With a thought, he summoned tendrils of arcane energy, glowing filaments that danced around Velariana's hovering form. They brushed teasingly against her skin, leaving trails of tingling warmth in their wake. Slowly, deliberately, they spiraled inward, homing in on her most sensitive places.

The queen let out a sharp cry as the tendrils found her breasts, coiling around the soft mounds and plucking at her nipples until they stood out hard and proud, aching for more. Another luminous strand dipped between her spread thighs, parting her slick folds to stroke along her slit, circling her swollen bud with maddening precision.

With a lewd grin, Cedric manipulated the glowing tendrils of magic, spreading Velariana's legs even wider until she was splayed obscenely in midair, her dainty bare feet pointing to opposite corners of the chamber. The arcane filaments danced over her skin, leaving no intimate place untouched.

Slowly, teasingly, a pulsing tendril circled the puckered rosebud of her anus, making the forbidden ring quiver and wink. Then, with a surge of power, it penetrated her, sliding deep into the tight clutch of her rectum. Velariana wailed as the magic stretched and filled her, setting off sparks of pleasure-pain that made her toes curl.

"Yes, oh yes!" she sobbed, undulating her hips as much as her invisible bonds would allow, trying to take the invading tendril even deeper. "Fill me, please!"

Cedric obliged, commanding another glowing strand to plunge into his mother's dripping cunny, impaling her on a shaft of pure energy. It pulsed and undulated within the clasping sheath of her vagina, striking her hidden sweet spots with unerring precision until she was babbling incoherently, lost to the bliss.

Not neglecting any orifice, the young mage directed a final tendril to slither past Velariana's gasping lips, pushing into the wet heat of her mouth to thrust lewdly down her throat. The queen gagged and sputtered around the intrusion, saliva dripping down her chin as she was penetrated in every hole, suspended like a debauched marionette.

Velariana gazed down through lust-fogged eyes at her wizard son, his robe pulled aside to reveal his massive, throbbing erection.

Cedric stroked himself furiously, his cock swollen and glistening, the bulbous purple head leaking copious pre-cum as he drank in the debauched sight of his mother suspended before him. A wicked grin split Cedric's face as he pumped his shaft, his eyes roving greedily over Velariana's stretched holes, her quivering, sweat-slicked flesh.

The arcane tendrils pulsed and undulated within her, making her body jerk and shudder with the force of their thrusting. Muffled moans spilled around

the glowing filament plundering her mouth, drool trickling freely down her chin to drip onto her jiggling breasts.

"Look at you," Cedric growled, his voice rough with lust. "Stuffed full of magic in every hole, floating there like a fallen goddess of fertility. You were made for this, Mother. Made to be violated, taken, claimed."

Velariana could only whimper in response, her mind lost to the all-consuming pleasure of being so thoroughly ravaged by her son's power. The tendril in her ass pulsed and swelled, stretching her impossibly wide, while its twin in her cunt stroked along her spasming walls.

Cedric drank in the depraved sight of his mother splayed wide and impaled, trembling on the brink of what promised to be a shattering climax. With a thought, he sent an intense surge of power through all the violating tendrils at once, making them swell and crackle with energy deep in Velariana's stuffed orifices.

The queen screamed around the magic gag in her mouth as the overload of sensation ripped through her, back arching impossibly, making her jutting tit-melons heave and ripple back and forth as every muscle seized in ecstasy.

Juices squirted from her quivering cunt, soaking Cedric's grinning face as he basked in the force of her explosive orgasm. The obscene wet sounds of her holes clenching the invading tendrils, the choked gargles and moans spilling from her stretched lips, all echoed off the stone walls.

It seemed to go on forever, rapture crashing over Velariana in relentless waves until she was limp and spent, hanging in her magical bonds like a ragdoll. Only then did Cedric relent, slowly withdrawing the tendrils from her twitching, dripping orifices and lowering her gently onto a plush divan.

Velariana trembled as she struggled to sit up on the divan, her limbs heavy and uncooperative in the aftermath of her shattering climax. Her magnificent breasts heaved and wobbled with each labored breath, the creamy mounds capped with rosy nipples still stiff from Cedric's magical attentions.

Shame and modesty suddenly overtook her, and she scrambled to her feet crossing her arms over her bountiful chest as a crimson blush stained her cheeks. "Cedric, my son, you must go," she panted, her voice ragged. "Your father or the servants may have heard my cries. We can't risk being discovered."

But even as she spoke the words, a part of her mourned the loss of his intimate touch, yearning to be filled and stretched by his sorcerous tendrils once more. Her cunny still throbbled with aftershocks of pleasure, her nectar dripping onto the plush velvet cushions beneath her.

Cedric, his own face flushed with triumph and barely restrained lust, nodded in understanding, his cock still rigid and throbbing lewdly. "As you wish, Mother," he murmured, his eyes drinking in her disheveled, well-ravished form one last time. "Until next time."

With a parting glance at his engorged manhood, Velariana's eyes widened, a new hunger sparking within their depths. "Wait," she called out, halting Cedric's departure. "It was selfish of me to leave you in such a state after the exquisite pleasures you bestowed upon me."

Her gaze roved over the thick, pulsing length of his shaft, the bulbous head an angry purple and leaking copious pre-cum. The sight made her mouth water and her spent cunny clench with renewed desire. Slowly, she uncrossed her arms, allowing her heavy breasts to spill free once more.

Suddenly, there was a frantic knocking at the door. "Your Majesty!" came the muffled cry of her handmaidens. "Are you alright? We heard screaming!"

Velariana's eyes widened in panic, her gaze darting around the room for something, anything to cover her nudity. But before she could move, an invisible force pushed her back down onto the divan, pinning her in place.

"Don't worry, Mother," came Cedric's disembodied whisper, his breath hot against her ear. "I have a plan."

With a wave of his unseen hand, Velariana felt her dressing gown materialize around her, wrapping her in a cocoon of silk and lace. But something was different - the fabric clung to her like a second skin, molding

to every curve and valley of her body. And there, nestled between her thighs, was a thick, pulsing bulge.

Cedric had transformed himself into her knickers, his engorged cock pressing insistently against her slick folds. Velariana had to bite back a moan as he throbbed against her, the head of his shaft nudging her still-sensitive clit.

"Enter!" she called out, her voice wavering only slightly. The door burst open and her handmaidens rushed in, their faces etched with concern.

"I'm fine, really," Velariana assured them, trying to keep her composure as Cedric's cock began to move, slowly sliding back and forth along her slit. "Just a nightmare, that's all. It was so vivid, I'm afraid I let out quite the scream."

The maids exchanged doubtful looks, but nodded, hovering around their queen. "Can we fetch you anything, Your Majesty? Some soothing tea perhaps?"

Velariana shook her head, barely suppressing a gasp as Cedric's thickness parted her folds, the broad head pushing into her tight entrance. "No, no, that won't be necessary. I think I just need a moment alone to collect myself."

With murmured curtsies, the maids departed, closing the door softly behind them. The moment they were gone, Velariana let out a shuddering moan, her hips rocking against the insistent press of her son's cloth-covered cock.

Suddenly coming to her senses, Velariana pushed Cedric back, breaking the intimate connection. "No, my son, we mustn't," she panted, her eyes pleading. "My womanhood belongs to your father alone. It is not for us to share, no matter how much my body may crave your touch."

Cedric's face contorted in frustration, his engorged manhood throbbing painfully with denied release. "Any other hole then," he growled, desperation edging his voice. "I need you, Mother."

Velariana hesitated for a long moment, torn between propriety and the aching emptiness between her thighs. Finally, shamefully, she nodded. "Yes," she whispered, defeat and desire mingling in her tone. "You may have my mouth, if you must."

In a flash, Cedric resumed his true form, towering over his kneeling mother. His hands tangled in her hair, dragging her face to his weeping cockhead. "Open," he commanded, his voice raw with need.

Velariana's lips parted automatically, and Cedric thrust forward, driving his thick shaft over her tongue to bump against the back of her throat. The musky, slightly salty taste of him flooded her senses as he began to pump his hips, fucking her face with abandon.

Gagging and sputtering, Velariana struggled to accommodate her son's punishing thrusts, saliva dripping down her chin to splatter against her heaving breasts. But even as she choked on his invading flesh, she felt a treacherous thrill shudder through her, her nipples tightening and cunny clenching in perverse arousal.

Her long royal tongue came alive, swirling around his shiny-skinned glans, probing his weeping piss-slit.

Cedric grunted and swore, his rhythm growing erratic as he neared his peak. "Swallow it all," he gritted out, his fingers tightening cruelly in his mother's hair.

With a strangled cry, he buried himself to the hilt in Velariana's spasming throat and unleashed his seed, flooding her mouth with spurt after spurt of thick, bitter cream. The queen gulped desperately, her neck bulging obscenely as she struggled to obey, swallowing every drop of her son's massive load.

Finally, Cedric withdrew, his softening cock slipping from his mother's bruised, gasping lips with a wet pop. Velariana collapsed forward onto her hands, coughing and retching, strands of pearly cum dangling from her chin.

As the last drops of his seed dribbled onto Velariana's heaving breasts, Cedric staggered back, a look of horror dawning on his face. "Mother, I...I'm

so sorry," he choked out, dropping to his knees before her. "I don't know what came over me. I was too rough, too forceful. Please forgive me."

Velariana, still panting and flushed, gazed up at her son with a mixture of love and sadness. Slowly, she reached out to cup his cheek, brushing away the tears that had begun to fall. "Oh, my darling boy," she murmured. "There is nothing to forgive. What transpired between us was simply the natural expression of a young man's ardor, his primal urges."

She drew him into a tender embrace, cradling his head against her cum-splattered bosom. "You must remember, though," she continued softly, "that while I cherish the pleasure you bring me, while I crave your touch in ways a mother should never desire her son, there are lines we must not cross. My womanhood, my most sacred passage, belongs to your father alone."

Cedric nodded slowly, a single tear tracing down his cheek. "I understand, Mother. Forgive me for losing control, for pushing beyond the boundaries we had agreed upon. It won't happen again."

Velariana brushed away the tear with her thumb, offering him a warm, reassuring smile. "There is nothing to forgive, my sweet prince. We are both learning, navigating the complexities of our bond. What matters is that we move forward with love, respect, and understanding."

Rising gracefully to her feet, the queen extended a hand to help her son up. "Come now, let us set ourselves to rights. We have a kingdom to run, after all, and appearances to maintain."

As they tidied themselves, stealing furtive glances and secretive smiles, the forbidden charge between them thrummed like a living thing, tempered now by a newfound sense of restraint and purpose. They had tasted the forbidden fruit, danced along the knife's edge of taboo desire, but they knew now where the line must be drawn.

Later that evening, as Isabelle brushed out Velariana's long, lustrous hair before bed, the queen found herself unburdening her heart to her most trusted maid.

"Oh Isabelle," Velariana sighed dreamily, a secret smile playing about her lips. "You cannot imagine the depths of ecstasy my son's magic has brought me to. His power, his skill, his creativity - it's beyond anything I've ever experienced."

The maid's eyes widened, her hand stalling mid-stroke. "Truly, Your Majesty? Prince Cedric's abilities have grown so formidable?"

"Formidable indeed," Velariana purred, a wicked glint in her eye. "Why, just this afternoon, he had me suspended in midair, impaled on tendrils of pure arcane energy in every orifice. I was stretched and filled and stimulated in ways I didn't even know were possible. I came so hard I feared I might pass out from the sheer bliss of it."

Isabelle gasped, nearly dropping the jeweled hairbrush in her shock. "My word! That sounds...intense. And you're certain such acts are wise? He is your son, after all..."

Velariana waved away her concerns with an airy hand. "Oh pish posh. What harm is there in a mother helping her child develop his talents? If anything, I'm providing Cedric with a safe outlet for his burgeoning desires, allowing him to hone his skills in a controlled setting."

She turned to face Isabelle, her expression growing conspiratorial. "And let me tell you, the prince is not lacking in the manly endowment department either. His staff of power is truly a sight to behold - long, thick, and always so hard for his mother's touch. Why, he barely fit in my mouth when I took him earlier!"

The maid's face flushed scarlet at the lewd disclosure, her thighs pressing together as a forbidden tingle raced through her loins. "You...you pleased him orally?" she asked breathlessly.

"Mmm, I did," Velariana confirmed with a smug grin. "Swallowed every creamy drop, too. It seemed only fair, after the exquisite orgasms he gives me on a regular basis. A mother must reward her son's efforts, after all."

Isabelle nodded slowly, trying to wrap her mind around the depraved intimacy the queen described so cavalierly. A part of her was shocked,

scandalized that a mother would engage in such acts with her own child. But another, darker part throbbed with illicit curiosity, wondering what it must be like to be at the mercy of Cedric's mystical sexual prowess.

"I must admit, Your Majesty," the maid said carefully, "I find myself rather envious. To be the focus of a powerful young wizard's attention."

Isabelle bit her lip, hesitating for a moment before giving voice to the scandalous question burning in her mind. "Your Majesty," she began tentatively, "have you ever been tempted to...to go further with Prince Cedric? To experience the full extent of his magical and manly prowess in the ultimate carnal act?"

Velariana's eyes widened at the maid's brazen query, a deep blush staining her cheeks. She was silent for a long moment, grappling with the forbidden desires that lurked in the darkest recesses of her heart.

"I...I would be lying if I said the thought hadn't crossed my mind," the queen finally admitted, her voice barely above a whisper. "In the heat of passion, lost in the throes of the ecstasy he brings me, it would be so easy to give in, to beg him to claim me fully. To feel his throbbing staff of power sheathed deep in my aching womanhood, to be filled and stretched and taken as no man, not even my husband, has ever taken me before."

She shuddered, her thighs clenching reflexively at the forbidden mental image. "Can you imagine it, Isabelle? The sheer magical forces he could unleash upon my body as he made me his, the pleasure bordering on pain as he thrust into my very core, marking me, possessing me in the most primal way imaginable?"

The maid swallowed hard, her own loins throbbing in sympathy at the queen's graphic description. "It sounds...overwhelming," she managed, her voice husky. "Transcendent, even."

Velariana nodded, her expression torn between longing and resolve. "But I must resist such base urges," she declared firmly, almost as if trying to convince herself as much as her confidante. "I am still Alric's wife and queen, bound by sacred vows of fidelity. I may permit Cedric certain...liberties, in

the name of his magical education, but I cannot let him claim my most hallowed temple. That final line must not be crossed, no matter how my traitorous body may yearn for his touch."

She turned back to her mirror, her eyes distant and pensive. "I am only human, Isabelle, subject to the same weaknesses of the flesh as any woman. But I must be strong, for the sake of my marriage, my kingdom, and my son. Cedric deserves a mother who guides him with wisdom and restraint, not one who gives in to every depraved whim."

The maid nodded solemnly, moved by her queen's resolve even as a small, selfish part of her mourned the loss of such deliciously forbidden fantasies. "You are truly a paragon of virtue and strength, Your Majesty," she murmured. "Prince Cedric is blessed to have such a loving, devoted mother to shepherd him through these confusing times."

The next day, King Alric's voice boomed through the great hall, his face grave as he addressed the assembled court. "My loyal subjects, I have dire news. A scout has returned with word that a vast army marches upon our kingdom, their numbers far exceeding our own. They will be at our gates within two days' time."

A murmur of fear rippled through the crowd, nobles and servants alike exchanging worried glances. Queen Velariana clutched at her husband's arm, her brow furrowed with concern. "What are we to do, my love?" she asked, her voice trembling. "How can we hope to defend against such a force?"

Cedric stepped forward, his eyes alight with determination. "Father, Mother, let me use my magic to protect our kingdom. I have been honing my skills, growing stronger each day. I know I can face this threat and emerge victorious."

But before the king could respond, Princess Eleanor's mocking laughter rang out, cutting through the tension like a knife. "Magic?" she sneered, tossing her hair over her shoulder. "Oh, please. What good are your parlor tricks

against an army of seasoned warriors? You'll be crushed like a bug under their boots."

Cedric's face flushed with anger and embarrassment, his fists clenching at his sides. "You underestimate me, dear sister," he ground out through gritted teeth. "My power is far greater than you realize. I could strike you down with a single word, turn you to ash where you stand."

Eleanor's eyes widened in shock, a flicker of fear passing over her features before she quickly masked it with a haughty sneer. "You wouldn't dare," she hissed. "Father would have your head on a spike."

King Alric held up a hand, silencing the siblings' bickering. "Enough," he commanded, his voice firm. "We have no time for petty squabbles. Cedric, my son, while I have faith in your abilities, I cannot risk the fate of our entire kingdom on untested magic. We must prepare for battle in the traditional sense - fortifying our walls, sharpening our blades, and rallying our troops."

Cedric's shoulders slumped, disappointment etched on his face. "But Father, I know I can help. Please, let me prove myself. Let me stand beside our brave knights and defend our home."

Velariana placed a gentle hand on her son's arm, her eyes soft with understanding. "Cedric, my darling, your father is right. Your magic is a gift, but it is not yet tempered by experience. In time, you will have your chance to shine. For now, focus on honing your craft and supporting our forces in whatever way you can."

The young prince nodded reluctantly, swallowing his frustration. "As you wish, Mother. I will do all I can to aid in our defense."

As the castle bustled with frantic preparations for the impending siege, Queen Velariana couldn't help but notice her son's wandering eye. Cedric seemed to gravitate towards the older, more voluptuous women of the court, using his magic to make their clothing disappear in the blink of an eye, leaving them flushed and giggling as they scrambled to cover their exposed curves.

One particularly buxom noblewoman caught the prince's attention, her ample bosom straining against the confines of her bodice. With a sly grin, Cedric waved his hand, vanishing the front of her dress and freeing her massive breasts to bounce and sway in the open air. The woman gasped in shock, then let out a throaty laugh, pressing her naked tits against Cedric's chest as she leaned in to whisper something naughty in his ear.

Velariana felt a hot surge of jealousy course through her as she watched the shameless display. How dare this harlot flaunt herself so wantonly in front of her son? And how could Cedric be so easily swayed by a pair of heaving breasts, when he had her own ripe, motherly curves to worship?

Striding forward, the queen grabbed Cedric by the arm, pulling him away from the giggling noblewoman. "A word, my son," she hissed through clenched teeth, dragging him into a secluded alcove.

"What do you think you're doing?" Velariana demanded, her eyes flashing with anger and hurt. "Cavorting with those painted trollops, using your magic for such lewd displays? Have you forgotten that you're to use your powers only on me?"

Cedric had the grace to look ashamed, his gaze dropping to the floor. "Forgive me, Mother," he mumbled. "I got carried away in the moment. It's just...those women, with their ample charms...I find it hard to resist."

Velariana softened, cupping her son's face in her hands and forcing him to meet her gaze. "Oh, my sweet boy," she murmured. "I understand the allure of a full giant bosom and shapely hips. But you must remember, your power is a sacred gift, not a toy to be used for such base pursuits."

Cedric's lower lip trembled, his eyes welling with unshed tears. "Mother, I...I have a confession to make," he said, his voice barely above a whisper. "With this army marching towards us, I fear our days may be numbered. And the truth is, I...I don't want to die a virgin magician."

Velariana's eyes widened in surprise, a soft gasp escaping her lips. "Oh, Cedric..."

The young prince swallowed hard, his cheeks flushing with embarrassment. "I know it's selfish of me, with the kingdom in peril. But I can't help but think that if I'm to perish in the coming battle, I want to have known the touch of a woman. And those noblewomen, with their ample curves...they reminded me so much of you, Mother. Your beauty, your voluptuous figure...I thought maybe, if I couldn't have you, I could at least find solace in someone built like you."

The queen's heart clenched with a mixture of sympathy and forbidden longing. She drew Cedric into a tight embrace, cradling his head against her fat, cushiony tit. "My darling boy," she murmured, stroking his hair. "I understand your fears, your desires. But you must not let them cloud your judgement or compromise your integrity."

Cedric clung to his mother, inhaling her sweet, comforting scent. "I know, Mother. Forgive me for my weakness. I just...I feel so lost, so afraid. I don't know what the future holds, and I can't bear the thought of leaving this world without having truly lived."

Velariana pulled back slightly, cupping her son's face in her hands. Her gaze was tender, yet tinged with a hint of mischief. "Then let me help you live, my sweet prince," she whispered. "Let me give you a taste of the pleasure you crave, a memory to carry with you into battle and beyond."

Before Cedric could respond, the queen captured his lips in a searing kiss, her tongue delving deep to dance with his own. The young prince moaned into his mother's mouth, his hands coming up to clutch at her waist, pulling her flush against him.

Velariana took Cedric by the hand and led him through the winding castle corridors, their footsteps echoing off the stone walls. Around them, servants and knights bustled about, shouting orders and hurrying to prepare for the impending siege. But the queen paid them no mind, her focus solely on her son and the forbidden desire burning between them.

At last, they reached the heavy oak door of Velariana's private solar. She ushered Cedric inside, then turned to bolt the door behind them, ensuring they would not be disturbed. The room was opulent yet intimate, lit by the

soft glow of flickering candles. A large, curtained bed dominated the space, its silk sheets shimmering invitingly.

Cedric stood nervously in the center of the room, his heart pounding in his chest as his mother turned to face him. Slowly, deliberately, Velariana began to disrobe, letting her gown slip from her shoulders to pool at her feet. She stood before him in all her naked glory, her voluptuous figure a feast for his hungry eyes.

"Come, my darling," she purred, holding out her hand. "Let me love you as a woman loves a man. No magic, no tricks. Just the two of us, flesh to flesh, heart to heart."

Cedric swallowed hard, his throat suddenly dry. With trembling fingers, he fumbled at his own clothing, shedding his garments until he too stood bare before his mother. His cock jutted out from his groin, hard and throbbing, a pearly bead of moisture glistening at the tip.

Velariana drank in the sight of her son's youthful, virile body, her eyes darkening with lust. She stepped forward, pressing her ballooning boobs against his chest as she claimed his lips in a deep, passionate kiss. Cedric moaned into her mouth, his hands roaming greedily over her curves, cupping and kneading the ripe globes of her thick ass.

The queen guided her son towards the bed, gently pushing him down onto the silken sheets. She crawled over him, her massive udders swaying hypnotically as she straddled his hips. With a wanton moan, she reached between their bodies to grasp his aching cock, positioning it at the slick, heated entrance of her cunt.

"Are you ready, my love?" she breathed, her voice husky with desire. "Ready to become a man in your mother's arms?"

"Yes," Cedric gasped, his hips bucking upwards instinctively. "Please, Mother. Make me yours."

With a cry of ecstasy, Velariana sank down onto her son's rigid shaft, sheathing him to the hilt in her tight, clasp heat. They both shuddered at

the exquisite sensation, their bodies joining as one in the most primal of dances.

The teen prince gasped in awe as he watched his mother's massive, pillowy breasts bounce and jiggle with each roll of her wide, fertile hips. The fleshy globes heaved and rippled, pale and perfect, the rosy nipples stiff with arousal.

Cedric's gaze drifted down the queen's lush, womanly torso to where their bodies were intimately joined. He marveled at the sight of her plump, glistening pussy lips stretched taut around his throbbing shaft, sealing to his cock root on every powerful downward plunge.

"Oh Mother," Cedric groaned, his hands gripping the soft, abundant flesh of Velariana's ass as she rode him. "You feel...incredible. Like silken heaven wrapped around me."

The queen let out a wanton moan, tossing her head back in ecstasy as she undulated atop her son, taking him deeper and harder with each roll of her wide hips. "My sweet boy," she panted. "My beautiful man. To be one with you, to feel your virile strength pulsing inside me...it's the sweetest magic of all."

Cedric thrust upwards, driving himself even further into his mother's hot, clasp sheath. The obscene wet sounds of their coupling filled the chamber, punctuated by their moans and sighs of rapture. He watched, enraptured, as Velariana's ripe body writhed above him, her huge, heavy breasts bouncing lewdly, the pink tips protruding from the caps of wide areola just begging to be sucked.

Unable to resist, the prince surged upwards, latching onto one swollen nipple and suckling hard. Velariana cried out sharply, her cunt clenching like a fist around Cedric's pistoning cock. Her fingers tangled in his hair, holding him to her breast as he feasted, his tongue swirling and flicking the sensitive bud.

"Yes, oh yes!" the queen babbled, grinding herself down on her son's thick rod with increasing desperation. "Suck Mommy's titties, my sweet boy. Drink from me as you once did as a babe. I've ached to nurse you again."

Cedric growled around his mouthful of plump, succulent tit, his teeth scraping the tender flesh. He switched to the other nipple, lavishing it with the same greedy attention, his hips never ceasing their relentless upward thrusts. He could feel the tingling pressure building in his heavy, aching balls, the overwhelming need for release coiling tighter and tighter at the base of his spine.

Velariana, too, was hurtling towards her peak, her lush body trembling and tensing as she rode her son with wild abandon. "I'm close," she whimpered, her nails raking down Cedric's lean, sweat-slicked chest.

The teen's thick, sinewy cock stretched Velariana's spongy, corrugated walls exquisitely as he plunged into her again and again. The plush, sensitive tissues of her vaginal lining ignited with pleasure, sparks of ecstasy firing from every nerve ending.

Cedric's bulbous, cum-drooling knob plowed relentlessly into the rounded head of her cervix, that precious gateway to her womb, sending shockwaves of rapture reverberating through the queen's core.

"Fill me," Velariana begged, her voice a desperate keen. "Pour your hot, potent seed deep inside Mommy's fertile cunt. Breed me, my virile young stud!"

With a roar of triumph, Cedric slammed his mother down onto his pulsating cock one final time, burying himself to the hilt as his balls drew up tight. His shaft swelled and jerked within her spasming sheath, unleashing a torrent of thick, scalding cum directly against the entrance to her womb.

Velariana shrieked her euphoria to the heavens, her body convulsing wildly as a shattering climax ripped through her. Her untamed inner muscles rippled and milked her son's spurting cock, greedily drinking down every drop of his abundant, virile release.

Her massive breasts bounced and quivered, the hard peaks of her nipples rubbing deliciously against Cedric's sweat-sheened chest as she writhed in ecstasy.

They clung to each other, trembling and panting, locked in the throes of the most intense pleasure either had ever known. Cedric's softening member remained nestled deep within his mother's warm, cream-flooded depths, their perfect fit a testament to the rightness of their joining.

"My son, my love," Velariana murmured, showering Cedric's face with tender kisses. "You are a man now in truth. No matter what the future may bring, know that you have claimed your place in this world - and in my heart."

Cedric gazed up at his mother with adoring eyes, his soul brimming with love and newfound confidence. "Thank you," he whispered hoarsely. "For this gift, for your faith in me. I swear to you, I will use all that I am, all that I have learned, to defend our kingdom and our people."

They sealed their vow with a deep, languid kiss, their bodies still intimately joined. In that perfect, shining moment, the impending war seemed a distant concern. They had each other, bound by love and magic and the unbreakable ties of blood. And together, they would face whatever challenges lay ahead, as one.

The next morning, the invading army advanced ferociously, their numbers swelling into the thousands as they marched relentlessly towards the castle walls. King Alric's warriors fought bravely, their swords and shields clashing against the enemy's in a desperate bid to hold the line. But for every foe they felled, two more seemed to take their place, an endless tide of death and destruction.

Cedric watched in horror as many of his father's best knights began to fall, their blood staining the ground crimson. The enemy's superior numbers were overwhelming, and it soon became clear that retreat might be their only option to avoid total annihilation.

But the young prince refused to give up hope. With a determined set to his jaw, he raced through the chaos of the battlefield towards Aldwyn's tower, his mind racing with a last-ditch plan.

He burst into the wizard's sanctum, startling the old mage from his frantic preparations. "Aldwyn!" Cedric cried, his voice edged with desperation. "I have an idea. What if we combined our powers, yours and mine? Together, we might have the strength to repel the invaders, but without causing any more needless death on either side."

Aldwyn's bushy eyebrows shot up, a spark of intrigue lighting his ancient eyes. "Go on, my boy," he urged. "What did you have in mind?"

Cedric took a deep breath, his words tumbling out in a rush. "Your mastery of the arcane arts, coupled with my raw, untamed potential...if we could find a way to weave our magics together, to create a single, unified force...perhaps we could cast a spell that would render the enemy's weapons useless, or erect an impenetrable barrier around the castle. Something to end this battle without further bloodshed."

The old wizard stroked his beard thoughtfully, his gaze distant as he considered the prince's proposal. "It would be a feat of magic unlike any attempted before," he mused. "The sheer power required, the delicate balance needed to fuse our disparate energies...the risks would be great."

"But so would the reward," Cedric pressed, a fervent light in his eyes. "Aldwyn, please. We have to try. For the sake of our kingdom, our people...for the future."

For a long, tense moment, the two stared at each other, the weight of possibility hanging heavy in the air between them. Then, slowly, a grin spread across Aldwyn's weathered face. "Very well, my young friend," he said, clapping Cedric on the shoulder. "Let us see what miracles we might conjure, you and I."

A short time later, Eleanor let out a derisive snort as she watched her brother and the old wizard frantically waving their arms and chanting in some arcane tongue. "Pathetic," she sneered, tossing her hair over her

shoulder. "While our brave knights lay down their lives on the battlefield, you two play at magic tricks. What good are your spells against cold steel and brute force?"

Cedric ignored his sister's taunts, his focus entirely on the complex web of magic he and Aldwyn were weaving. He could feel the power building between them, a crackling, sizzling energy that made the very air hum with potential. Sweat beaded on his brow as he poured every ounce of his strength and will into the spell, his voice rising in a crescendo alongside Aldwyn's.

The earth began to tremble beneath their feet, distant at first, then growing in intensity. Eleanor stumbled, her mocking laughter turning to a cry of alarm. "What have you done?" she shrieked, her eyes wide with sudden fear.

A deafening roar filled the air, drowning out the sounds of clashing swords and screaming men. On the horizon, a massive wall of water rose up from the sea, towering over the landscape like a mountain of liquid fury. It surged towards the shore, picking up speed as it came, until it seemed that the entire ocean was bearing down upon them.

Knights and invaders alike turned to gape in horror at the approaching cataclysm, their petty squabbles forgotten in the face of nature's wrath. Some threw down their weapons and fled, scattering like ants before a flood. Others simply fell to their knees in awe and terror, prayers tumbling from their lips.

Closer and closer the wave came, blotting out the sun, casting the world into shadow. It loomed over the castle, over the armies, a death sentence writ in saltwater and foam. Eleanor screamed, cowering behind her mother as the royal family huddled together in the courtyard, bracing for the impact that would surely sweep them all away.

But just as the wave was about to crash down upon them, a blinding flash of light erupted from Cedric and Aldwyn's outstretched hands.

The towering wall of water hung suspended in the air, defying gravity, its surface churning and frothing with barely restrained power. The leader of

the opposing army, a grizzled warrior with a scar running down his weathered face, stepped forward cautiously. He gazed up at Cedric and Aldwyn, a mixture of awe and trepidation in his eyes.

"What sorcery is this?" he called out, his voice gruff yet tinged with a hint of fear. "Do you mean to drown us all, wizard?"

Cedric, his youthful face set with a wisdom beyond his years, shook his head slowly. When he spoke, his voice rang out clear and strong, imbued with an authority that belied his tender age.

"This wave means you no harm," he declared, his hand still outstretched, holding the vast wall of water at bay. "But if you do not turn back now, if you do not return to your own lands and leave our kingdom in peace, then you will bring destruction upon yourselves and all you hold dear."

He gestured towards the distant horizon, where the faint outline of the enemy's own coastal cities could just be glimpsed. "For this wave will not stop at our shores. It will surge onwards, growing in strength and fury, until it crashes down upon your own homes, your own families. Is that what you want? To see your children swept away, your wives drowned in the unforgiving depths?"

The enemy leader paled, his eyes widening as the true scope of Cedric's power dawned on him. He looked to his men, saw the fear and doubt written plainly on their faces. In that moment, he knew that no prize, no glory, was worth the risk of such total annihilation.

Slowly, grudgingly, he lowered his sword, the blade clanging dully against the blood-soaked earth. "We will go," he ground out, his voice tight with barely suppressed rage and humiliation.

With a final, resentful glare, the enemy leader turned and stalked away, barking orders to his men. Slowly, reluctantly, the invading army began to withdraw, their ranks thinning as they melted back into the mists from whence they'd come.

As the last of the enemy vanished from sight, Cedric and Aldwyn released their hold on the wave, letting it dissipate into a fine, salty mist that settled gently over the battlefield.

The entire royal court stared at Cedric in stunned silence for a long moment, scarcely able to believe what they had just witnessed. Then, like a dam bursting, a deafening cheer erupted from the assembled crowd. Knights and nobles alike raised their voices in jubilant cries, praising the young prince's name to the heavens.

"Cedric! Cedric! Hail Prince Cedric, savior of the realm!" they chanted, their faces alight with awe and adoration.

Queen Velariana, her eyes shining with tears of pride and relief, rushed forward to embrace her son. She enfolded him in her arms, crushing his face within the canyon of her cleavage as she peppered his hair with kisses. "My boy, my brave, brilliant boy," she murmured, her voice choked with emotion. "You've saved us all."

Cedric, his cheeks flushed with a mixture of embarrassment and elation, returned his mother's embrace, savoring the comforting softness of her breasts as he nuzzled into her cleavage. In that moment, surrounded by the warmth of her love and the cheers of his people, he felt truly invincible.

Even Eleanor, usually so quick to mock and belittle her younger brother, could not hide her amazement. She approached him slowly, her face a mask of grudging respect. "You did it," she muttered, shaking her head in disbelief. "You actually did it. I never thought I'd say this, but...you were great out there, little brother."

Cedric grinned, basking in his sister's rare praise. "Thank you, Eleanor," he said simply, knowing how much the admission must have cost her.

King Alric, his battle-worn face split by a broad, beaming smile, clapped his son on the back, nearly knocking the wind out of him. "That's my boy!" he crowed, his chest swelling with fatherly pride. "A true hero, a credit to the kingdom! I always knew you had it in you, son."

As the royal family stood together, united in their joy and triumph, the people of the kingdom continued to cheer, their voices rising in a crescendo of celebration. Aldwyn, watching from the sidelines, nodded in satisfaction, a knowing twinkle in his ancient eyes.

For he had always seen the potential in young Cedric, had always known that the boy's unique gifts would one day shape the very fate of the realm. And now, as he watched the prince bask in the adulation of his subjects, the old wizard knew that his faith had been well placed.

The next morning dawned bright and clear, the horrors of the previous day's battle feeling like little more than a fading nightmare. The kingdom was safe, the enemy vanquished, and all thanks to Prince Cedric's incredible magical feat.

King Alric strode into the great hall, expecting to find his wife and son already breaking their fast. But to his surprise, the long table was empty save for Princess Eleanor, who sat picking listlessly at a bowl of fruit.

"Where are your mother and brother?" Alric asked, frowning as he took his seat at the head of the table. "It's not like them to miss breakfast, especially after such a momentous victory."

Eleanor shrugged, popping a grape into her mouth. "Last I heard, they were planning to go 'cloud flying' today, whatever that means. Probably some new magical trick Cedric's cooked up to show off."

Alric's brow furrowed in confusion. "Cloud flying? I've never heard of such a thing. Are you certain that's what they said?"

The princess rolled her eyes. "Who knows with those two? Ever since Cedric discovered his powers, he and Mother have been thick as thieves, always whispering and giggling together like naughty schoolchildren. It's quite nauseating, really."

High above the castle, Prince Cedric and Queen Velariana were "cloud flying," floating in a tangle of nude limbs and glistening flesh, their bodies

entwined in the throes of passionate lovemaking. They bobbed and swayed on the gentle air currents, heedless of their surroundings, lost in the ecstasy of their forbidden union.

Velariana's giant tits bounced and jiggled with each snap of her son's hips, her rosy nipples stiff and glistening with his saliva. Her head lolled back in rapture, her lush mouth open in a silent scream of pleasure as Cedric pounded into her again and again.

The prince's lean buttocks flexed and dimpled as he drove himself deep into his mother's accepting body, his face a mask of concentration and bliss. Sweat gleamed on their naked skin, a carnal dew that sparkled in the morning light.

Gossamer tendrils of magic, glowing softly with arcane power, coiled around the writhing lovers, cradling them in an ethereal embrace. It was these sorcerous filaments that held them aloft, allowing them to drift untethered through the sky as they lost themselves in the throes of passion.

The Queen caged her lean Prince in the strong grip of her legs, his powerful cock-thrusts making her buttocks ripple and their bodies roll through the clouds like a drifting bubble of clinging, writhing flesh.

Velariana wrapped her thighs tighter around her boy's pumping hips, anchoring him deep within her as they soared and spun, gravity losing all meaning in the throes of their passion.

"Oh yes, my darling boy," she gasped, her voice thin in the rushing wind.
"Claim me, fill me! Make me yours in body and soul!"

Cedric could only groan in response, his face buried between his mother's heaving breasts as he rutted into her like a man possessed. Each mighty surge of his hips sent them tumbling through the air, their nude forms a tangle of straining limbs and undulating curves, all modesty abandoned in their lust.

The prince's heavy balls slapped lewdly against Velariana's upturned buttocks as he pistoned in and out of her tight, clasping heat, the obsence

sound nearly lost in the rushing of the wind. Her huge, heavy breasts bounced and swayed with each impact.

Cedric paused in his relentless thrusting, his cock buried to the hilt in his mother's spasming cunny. Through the haze of his lust, an idea took form, a wicked urge to push their depravity to new heights. With a whispered incantation, he summoned his magic, focusing his will on creating a perfect duplicate of himself.

In a shimmering haze, a second Cedric appeared, just as nude and aroused as the first. The doppelganger pressed himself against Velariana's back, his hard cock sliding between the plump cheeks of her ass as he reached around to maul her heaving tits.

The queen let out a shocked gasp that quickly became a wanton moan as she found herself sandwiched between two identical versions of her virile son. "Cedric!" she keened, her head lolling back against the clone's shoulder. "Oh gods, what are you doing to me?"

"Giving you everything," the original Cedric growled, punctuating his words with a sharp thrust that made his mother wail. "Every inch, every drop, every ounce of pleasure you can handle."

As if to prove his point, the duplicate began to work the bulbous head of his cock against Velariana's puckered rosebud, teasing the tight ring of muscle with every roll of his hips. The queen whimpered and squirmed between them, impaled on one throbbing shaft while another sought entrance to her most forbidden hole.

With a guttural groan, the clone breached her anal ring, sinking inch by inch into the scorching grip of her rectum. Velariana threw her head back and screamed, her cries of ecstasy swallowed by the rushing wind as she was stretched and stuffed to her limits.

The two Cedrics began to move in tandem, their cocks sawing in and out of the queen's stuffed holes in a lewd counterpoint. Velariana could only hang between them, suspended in the sky and skewered on the double poles of their lust, reduced to a babbling, writhing mess of sensation.

They soared and spun, bobbing on the air currents, the magic binding them together as surely as their carnal connection. The original Cedric pistoned into his mother's clenching cunt with long, driving strokes, while his doppelganger reamed her clutching asshole with short, sharp jabs. Their heavy balls slapped against her jiggling ass-flesh, a lewd drumbeat to accompany her wails of rapture.

"Fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck!" the queen chanted deliriously, her the meat of her squashed tits jiggling wildly as she was pummeled between her son and his magical clone. Drool trickled from the corners of her slack mouth, her eyes glazed and rolling back in her head as she drowned in pleasure.

The queen was lost to the world, a slave to the overwhelming pleasure assaulting her senses. Just when she thought she could take no more, Cedric's voice rang out once again, the arcane words falling from his lips in a sensual growl.

Suddenly, the thrusting of the two cocks inside her accelerated to an inhuman pace. Cedric and his clone became blurs of motion, their hips snapping back and forth with supernatural speed and force. Velariana felt like she was being split in two, skewered on a pair of relentless, jackhammering pistons.

Her massive tits bounced so violently they became fleshy blurs, the skin reddening under the brutal impacts. The wet, obscene sounds of her holes being pummeled filled the air, punctuated by her escalating screams of ecstasy. Her pussy spasmed and gushed, coating Cedric's pistoning cock in a froth of her cream as he fucked her into oblivion.

"FUCK, FUCK, FUUUUUUUUCK!" Velariana wailed, her voice cracking, her words devolving into mindless babble as she was hammered into incoherence. Her eyes rolled back, showing only the whites, as she surrendered completely to the onslaught of carnal bliss.

The original Cedric snarled in triumph, his face contorting with savage lust as he felt his mother's cunt squeeze him like a velvet vise, rippling and milking his shaft as she hurtled towards a bone-shattering climax. His doppelganger grunted and growled, sheathing himself to the hilt in her

convulsing asshole again and again, stretching her beyond what should be possible.

The twin Cedrics grinned wickedly at each other over their mother's shoulder, their eyes glazed with unbridled lust and their tongues lolling obscenely. They ground the voluptuous queen between their sweat-slicked bodies, trapping her in a tight knot of straining flesh as they worked her holes in perfect unison.

Velariana was beyond words, beyond thought, a creature of pure sensation lost in a haze of taboo ecstasy. She could feel every thick inch of her son's cocks as they plundered her deepest reaches, stretching her impossibly as they rubbed together through the thin barrier separating her ass from her cunt.

They rutted into her like a pair of demons, tireless and insatiable, determined to wring every last drop of pleasure from her quivering flesh. Velariana could only take it, her body no longer her own, a vessel for their lusts and depravities.

Higher and higher they spiraled, ascending towards the sun on currents of magic and sin, the ultimate high of forbidden pleasure. The queen clung to her sons, impaled and insensate, her mouth open in a silent, continuous scream as they fucked her beyond the limits of human endurance and straight into the realm of the divine.

Velariana felt her climax building like a tidal wave, cresting higher and higher with each jackhammering thrust. Her massive breasts heaved and bounced, slick with sweat, the cherry-red tips straining towards the heavens. Her vision wavered, sparks dancing behind her eyes, as every nerve ending in her body tensed and quivered on the knife-edge of release.

"CUM IN ME!" she shrieked, a banshee howl ripped from the very depths of her being.

The two pulsating shafts, separated only by the thin, fleshy wall between Velariana's vaginal and anal tunnels, rubbed and undulated against each other through the sensitive membrane, setting off unimaginable sparks of

pleasure within the queen's overstuffed orifices. The combined sensations proved too much for her beleaguered body to withstand.

With a piercing, guttural shriek that rent the very heavens, Velariana came, her overheated cunt bearing down on Cedric's thrusting cock like a silken fist. A geyser of frothy ejaculate exploded from her spasming slit, drenching the prince's pistoning hips and churning balls in her essence. The force of her release was so great, so charged with primal magic, that it sent ripples of arcane energy pulsing through the air around them.

The twin Cedrics roared in savage triumph as their mother's climaxing holes milked them with merciless intensity. They slammed into her with abandon, their strokes becoming erratic and desperate as they hurtled towards their own explosive finales.

With a final, synchronized thrust, both versions of the prince buried themselves to the hilt in Velariana's clenching depths and let loose. Scalding jets of seed erupted from their jerking cocks, painting the queen's rippling inner walls with ropey strands of teen cum.

The original Cedric's pulsing sack disgorged its heavy load deep into his mother's hungry womb, while his doppelganger's twitching cock flooded her spasming bowels with virile cream.

The trio shuddered and convulsed as one, their bodies locked in the throes of a pleasure so intense it bordered on agony. Frothy spunk oozed from Velariana's stretched and ravaged holes, splattering obscenely into the open air as gravity took hold. Their ecstatic cries mingled and echoed across the sky, a symphony of unbridled lust and depravity that seemed to shake the very firmament.

They hung suspended for a long moment, trembling and twitching in the aftermath of their mind-shattering releases. Then, slowly, they began to descend, drifting downwards like a feather on the wind, still joined in their obscene embrace.

As their feet touched the ground, the doppelganger wavered and vanished, leaving Cedric and Velariana to cling to each other, their chests heaving and

bodies slick with sweat and spent passion. They stared into each other's eyes, seeing their own lust and awe reflected back at them, marveling at the heights of ecstasy they had just scaled together.

"That was..." Velariana panted, struggling to find words to encapsulate the sheer magnitude of what they had just experienced.

"Magic," Cedric breathed, his voice still rough with the aftermath of their coupling. "Pure, incredible magic."

In the weeks and months that followed, Cedric and Velariana found countless magical ways to indulge their forbidden passion, right under King Alric's unsuspecting nose. Whenever they could steal a moment alone, they would come together in a tangle of groping limbs and hungry mouths, their desire for each other only growing with each illicit tryst.

One afternoon, as Alric and his advisors were deep in a council meeting, Cedric snuck into the throne room and hid himself behind the heavy velvet curtains. With a whispered incantation, he transformed his body into a shimmering mist, invisible to all but his mother's knowing eye.

As Velariana sat beside her husband, looking every inch the regal queen, Cedric's spectral form drifted towards her. He swirled around her voluptuous figure, caressing her curves with ghostly fingers, making her shiver with suppressed arousal.

Slowly, teasingly, he seeped into her gown, permeating the rich fabric until he was pressed directly against her heated skin. Velariana had to bite back a moan as she felt her son's essence envelop her breasts, kneading the plump mounds and teasing her nipples to aching stiffness.

Unseen tendrils of arcane energy slithered up her thighs, parting her plush folds to stroke along her slick, sensitive slit. Cedric's spectral fingers delved into her honeyed depths, pumping in and out, making her clench around the invisible intrusion. All the while, Velariana had to maintain a mask of regal composure, even as her cunny dripped with arousal and her womb clenched with the need to be filled by her son's cock.

It became a delicious game, seeing how far they could push their magical trysts without getting caught. Cedric would use his powers to pleasure his mother in increasingly public and risky situations, getting bolder and more inventive each time.

He would transform himself into her clothing, wrapping her in living, sensual silk that caressed and fondled her at his command. He would become the saddle of her horse as she rode out for her daily exercise, the leather molding to her intimate curves and pulsing against her needy slit until she was biting her lip to keep from crying out.

At formal dinners, he would levitate morsels of food to brush against her lips, each bite an erotic tease. He would transform her utensils into wriggling, phallic shapes that she had to suck and lick, all while maintaining polite conversation with oblivious nobles. While she did, he could feel every suckle of her mouth, every stroke of her tongue on his own horny cock.

Sometimes, at night, he would appear in her chambers, his young body hard and straining with need. They would come together in a frenzy of groping hands and hungry mouths, lost to everything but the feel of skin on skin and the urgent need to rut.

One fateful night, emboldened by lust and secure in his magical prowess, Cedric crept into his parents' bedchamber, his heart pounding with anticipation. With a wave of his hand and a whispered incantation, he cast a deep slumbering enchantment over his father, ensuring that nothing short of the castle walls crumbling would rouse the king from his unnatural sleep.

Velariana, draped in a sheer silk nightgown that did little to conceal her abundant curves, watched with heavy-lidded eyes as her son approached the bed. Her breasts heaved with each shallow breath, the dark points of her nipples straining against the gauzy fabric.

"Cedric," she whispered, her voice husky with need. "We shouldn't...not here...not with your father mere inches away..."

But even as she voiced the weak protest, the queen was already shifting her position, rising up on her hands and knees and presenting her heart-shaped ass to her son's hungry gaze. The nightgown rode up over the succulent globes of her buttocks, exposing the dripping pink folds of her eager cunt.

Cedric licked his lips, drinking in the sight of his mother's perfect posterior. With a thought, his own clothing melted away, leaving him bare and throbbing with arousal. He knee-walked onto the bed, positioning himself behind Velariana's upturned rump.

"Don't worry, Mother," he purred, running his hands over the plush cheeks of her ass, squeezing and kneading the abundant flesh. "Father is deep under my spell. Nothing will wake him, no matter how loudly you scream my name."

With that, he gripped her wide hips and surged forward, spearing her slick channel with his sinewy cock in one powerful thrust. Velariana had to bury her face in the pillows to muffle her ecstatic cry as her son filled her to the brim, his heavy balls slapping against her engorged clit.

Cedric set a hard, driving rhythm, his lean hips smacking against his mother's jiggling ass with each forceful pump. The fleshy globes rippled and bounced hypnotically, the pale skin flushing rosy from the impact. Velariana rocked back to meet his thrusts, reveling in the delicious stretch and drag of his thick cock along her fluttering walls.

"Yes, oh gods, yes!" the queen chanted breathlessly, fisting her hands in the sheets as she was pounded from behind. "Fuck me, my darling boy! Fuck your mother's needy cunt!"

Cedric grunted and snarled, lost to the primal pleasure of rutting. He leaned forward to brace one hand between Velariana's heaving shoulder blades, pressing her upper body down into the mattress while keeping her ass high.

Proudly, he gazed down at his glistening, pistoning shaft, marveling at how it stretched his mother's pink folds to their limit. With a wicked grin, he began to chant, ancient words of power falling from his lips. His cock

started to pulse and swell, growing impossibly larger, the flesh distending and shifting.

“By the Gods!” the mother shrieked, her dangling titties shuddering as her eyes went cross.

In moments, the prince's manhood had transformed into a monstrous purple dragon's cock, over a foot long and thick as Velariana's forearm. The muscled shaft was lined with bulging veins and pulsing ridges, fleshy nubs protruding along its length to rub against the queen's sensitive walls. The massive head flared into a lewd, spiked crown, the tip sharp and curved like a cruel barb.

Velariana let out a choked scream as she was suddenly impaled on the inhuman phallus, the enhanced cock splitting her open, rearranging her guts to make room for its girth. The bumps and ridges scraped against her tender tissues, igniting sparks of pleasure-pain that made her toes curl and eyes roll back.

Cedric snarled in bestial triumph, overcome by the new sensations engulfing his transformed sex organ. The dragon cock felt a thousand times more sensitive, every nerve ending ablaze, drowning him in ecstasy. He could feel his mother's molten sheath spasming around him, stretched drum-tight, fluttering muscles massaging his pulsating length.

With a roar, he began to pound into her with renewed vigor, sawing the mutated member in and out of her straining cunt with jackhammering force.

The ugly barbed tip battered against Velariana's cervix with each brutal thrust, the fleshy ring clenching and shuddering as it was battered into submission.

The queen could only gurgle and babble incoherently, too overwhelmed by the unholy pleasure to form words. Drool leaked from the corners of her gaping mouth, her eyes nearly crossed from the intensity of the fucking. Her giant breasts swung and jounced violently beneath her, the heavy globes slapping together lewdly.

Cedric reached around to maul the quaking tits, pinching and twisting the engorged nipples savagely, making his mother squeal. His dragon cock pistoned ever faster, a blur of veiny, nubbed flesh, the wet slap of groin against ass echoing obscenely through the room.

The bed creaked alarmingly beneath their violent coupling, the headboard slamming against the wall. Velariana's cries grew higher and sharper as she was pummeled towards a bone-rattling climax, her son's name a desperate chant on her lips.

The hideous dragon cock was a nightmare given flesh, a vision of primal horror and lust. Its unnatural skin was a mottled purple, pulsing with an inner heat that seemed to scald the queen's tender insides. Bulbous veins and twisted ridges lined the shaft, their obscene texture scraping against Velariana's fluttering walls, igniting nerve endings she never knew existed.

The transformed member flexed and undulated within her like a living thing, the pulsating nubs massaging her g-spot with merciless precision. Scalding pre-cum bubbled from the tip, foreshadowing the molten load churning in Cedric's swollen balls.

The spiked crown caught on her delicate cervical ring with each withdrawal, tugging the tender orifice inside-out before ramming back through, spearing into her defenseless womb.

Velariana's ravaged cunt squelched obscenely around the plundering cock, her copious secretions overflowing to stream down her trembling thighs. The drool puddling on the sheets beneath her slack mouth was nothing compared to the flood between her legs, clear evidence of her body's shameful arousal at being so brutally defiled.

The coil of orgasm tightened in her core, her womb clenching in preparation to milk her son's mutated cock of its searing seed. Cedric could feel her impending climax in the desperate flutter of her muscles, the way her ass bucked back against him in wanton need.

"Cum for me, Mother," he growled, his voice guttural and strained with the effort of holding back his own building eruption. "Cum all over your son's dragon cock!"

He accentuated his words with a vicious thrust, slamming the full length of his monstrous member into her convulsing depths. The barbed tip punched through her cervix like a battering ram, sinking into the wet heat of her innermost sanctum.

Velariana came with a ragged scream, her back bowing as ecstasy ripped through her like lightning. Her cunt bore down on Cedric's cock like a vise, rippling and milking the pulsating shaft. A gush of squirt exploded around the root, splashing the prince's churning balls and dripping down to soak the sheets beneath their rutting forms.

The force of his mother's climax pushed Cedric over the edge. With a bellow of completion, he buried himself to the hilt and let go, his enlarged testicles drawing up tight. Boiling seed erupted from his jerking cock in a searing torrent, flooding Velariana's womb with viscous heat.

The mutated cock pulsed and throbbed as it disgorged its unnatural load, the bulging veins flaring with each spurt.

Velariana shrieked as she felt the molten flood of Cedric's seed erupt inside her, painting her womb with ropey strands of sorcerous cum. The thick, potent cream poured into her like magma, searing her tender insides and making her belly swell with its sheer volume.

She could almost feel her son's billions of sperm swarming through her passages, their flagellated tails lashing as they raced towards her waiting egg. With the arcane power saturating Cedric's enhanced release, his seed was supernaturally virile, virtually guaranteeing conception.

The queen's ovaries twinged, a single ripe ovum quivering in anticipation of being claimed and fertilized by princely spunk. Her inner muscles rippled and milked, working in overdrive to draw every last drop of Cedric's unnaturally abundant ejaculate deeper into her defenseless body.

Through the fog of her climax, Velariana felt a sudden spike of fear slice through her blissed-out mind. What if this mating took? What if she quickened with her son's magical bastard, her belly rounding with forbidden fruit for all to see?

But then Cedric's still-pulsing cock flexed inside her and a fresh wave of ecstasy crashed over the queen, drowning out all reason. Her eyes rolled back as she surrendered to the searing pleasure, uncaring of consequence, craving only to be pumped full of her child's incestuous seed.

The dragon phallus gave a final, mighty throb, disgorging the last spurts of burning jizz before slowly softening and shrinking back to its original human size and shape. Cedric collapsed atop his mother's sweat-slicked back, his lean chest heaving as he fought to catch his breath.

They lay there panting in the aftermath, their bodies still intimately joined, Velariana's swollen cunt plugged with her son's semi-hard cock. Cedric's abnormally copious spunk seeped out around his root, the pearly overflow dribbling down the queen's thighs to puddle on the once-pristine sheets.

Beside them, King Alric snored on obliviously, his slumber supernaturally deep thanks to Cedric's spell. The sorcerous prince grinned wickedly to himself, relishing the forbidden thrill of fucking his queen mother in her marriage bed.

Velariana shivered as Cedric's softening member slipped free of her tender folds with a obscene squelch, a river of his seed pouring out in its wake. She clenched desperately, trying to keep his potent emission plugged inside her, suddenly desperate to be bred.

"Oh Cedric," she moaned, glancing over her shoulder at her smirking son through the tangled curtain of her hair. "

What have you done to me? I've never felt such...such utter bliss, such complete surrender."

Cedric chuckled darkly, running a possessive hand over the swell of his mother's ass. "I've shown you the true heights of pleasure, Mother. Opened you up to magics and sensations beyond your wildest imaginings."

He leaned down to nip at her ear, his voice a sinful purr. "And this is only the beginning. Just think of all the deliciously depraved acts we have yet to explore. The boundaries of flesh and magic we've yet to push."

Velariana shuddered, her cunt clenching around the slick, musky proof of their coupling. She knew she should feel shame, revulsion at how far she'd fallen, how thoroughly she'd been debased. The queen of the realm, reduced to a mewling sextoy for her own young son.

But as Cedric's fingers dipped between her thighs to scoop up a sample of their mingled juices, as he brought the dripping digits to her lips and she eagerly sucked them clean, all Velariana could feel was a dark thrill of anticipation. Her womb throbbed, hungry to be filled again and again by her child's mystically potent seed.

In that moment, she knew she was lost, addicted to the forbidden pleasures only her sorcerous son could provide. Damn the consequences, damn propriety and morality. She was Cedric's now, body and soul, to use as he saw fit. His personal fucktoy, his breeding bitch. The mother of a new generation of magic.

THE END