

Dramatis persona:

Queen Marzanna Velcin – 38 years old

Prince Rodmond “Roddy” Velcin – 18 years old, her son

Princess Gildred “Gilly” Velcin -18 years old, her daughter

Princess Maymon “May” Velcin – 20 years old, her daughter

High Priestess Morrigan Velcin – 40 years old, her sister

Ser Blant, Commander of the Knights of Trevilan – 54 years old

Tustin, High Sorcerer – 80 years old

Nurse Wengigia Anin – 25 years old

### **The Prince's Potion - The Complete Potion Edition**

1

Queen Marzanna Velcin anxiously paced the royal bed chamber. She was alone and the only other movement was a roaring fire. Above the mantle hung the ancient green and gold Velcin banner and crest, a snake eating its tail. Outside the castle, a wicked thunderstorm raged. It was well past midnight and Ser Blant had taken her husband's corpse away less than an hour ago.

The illness had been mercifully swift. The terrible pox which had ravaged her coastal kingdom of Trevilan for nearly three months had now taken her husband's life. In his final days, the aged king's most trusted advisors swore the worst of the plague had passed, until one by one, each of them succumbed to the wretched disease.

Marzanna was no fool. She knew how strong the disease truly was. She knew how dire their situation had become in such a short time. She knew that without a king, Trevilan would be severely weakened. Politically crippled and susceptible to attack both by sea and on land, the kingdom was in a difficult position. The uneasy peace they shared with the neighbouring kingdoms of Sar Sanrosan and Balmudia rested on the relationship her husband had forged with their rulers over the course of his thirty-year rule. Would that peace transcend his death? Would they honour it under the rule of the new king?

*Our borders will need strengthening; our people need to know their king will see them through this sickness, Marzanna's thoughts raced as she tried to remain calm. The plague might actually buy us time... to fortify the borders and secure the throne. How would that be perceived though?*

She continued to pace about massive bed chamber. And then there was her son, Rodmond, to think about. Barely eighteen... Could he suddenly become king to a plague-torn country? Her only son... hardly a man, let alone a king. But such was his birthright...

Rodmond, or Roddy, as everyone called him, had been born sickly and smaller than they had hoped. Marzanna's only son spent most of his days bedridden in his tall tower. He was handsome and tall for his

age, but quite thin and scrawny. Though he had survived childhood, and the royal blood was pure, their line secure, he was slow minded and meek.

Generations of royal Velcin blood ran through her veins and all three of her children. No one would ever contest Rodmond's ascendancy. Royal inbreeding was common among all five kingdoms. But none more so than in the Velcins of Trevilan. Her own recently deceased husband, King Rodar Velcin, had in fact been her birth father, twenty years her senior. When his first marriage, to his own sister, had failed to produce a male heir, he took Marzanna as his next wife, as soon as she had reached child-bearing age.

But Rodmond was not his father...

Could she make a king out of little Roddy in such dangerous times? She shook her head. The idea of her baby boy suddenly thrust into the royal spotlight. He was so weak and tired all the time. How would he know what to do? The boy had no mind for politics and statecraft. He had no way with words, to mold the minds of men; or had any skill with a sword for that matter. Would he know how to defend the kingdom should war come to Trevilan?

The entire kingdom knew Prince Rodmond would someday take up his father's sword, wear his crown, but not so soon. Not yet. Not at such a young age...

Marzanna continued to pace back and forth. She could always remarry, she was not yet forty. She could still bare children; the Redeemer knew she had the body for it. Her husband had almost immediately taken to her, years ago, when she blossomed into a very full-bodied woman.

After three children of her own, she was far bustier than she was comfortable with.

She inspected her sensuously curvy form in the mirror. Her breasts were enormous, heavy teardrops hanging low and full on her chest, and it took a well-laced corset to create the expansive creamy cleavage she now looked upon. Her wide hips, a big bubbly rear, seemed to be expanding every season. Though she knew these were not unappealing qualities to potential suitors. They could now prove to be an asset.

Yes, she could take some noble Trevilan lord, from a lesser bloodline, but a secure one, as her new husband. She could be queen regent and groom Rodmond... given the time to have him adequately trained by a team of advisors, physicians, and knights. *Oh Redeemer, but this terrible plague*, she thought, *and my husband's corpse is not yet cold, and I think of remarrying! No, I think of it only for the welfare of my kingdom, and my children...*

The buxom queen also had two young daughters to think about. Both were nubile and ready to be wed, if not for love, then politically. All in service to save the kingdom, of course, she told herself. *My girls, Maymon and Gilly.*

Gilly was Rodmond's twin sister. Beautiful little Gilly, with her adorable face and luscious long black hair, ruby red lips, and surprisingly big bottom... Marzanna knew the Velcin genes all too well and her girls had clearly inherited them. Under normal circumstances, Gilly would in fact be promised to Rodmond,

his sister-queen and bear his offspring. Would they follow through on that plan now or would new alliances need to be formed through Gilly's hand in marriage? Raised as a lady of the court, beautiful little Gilly would do anything for her mother, for the kingdom.

But then there was Maymon...

Two years older than the twins, Maymon was her feisty little sorceress-in-training. She was piercing and defiant, a gorgeous young woman, but headstrong like her father. Radiant Maymon had a keen interest in the arcane, and was apprenticed to old Tustin, their court wizard, that rascal.

*And where was he now? Shouldn't he have come up with some cure to the pox by now?* Marzanna tutted. That horny old goat, who had served the Velcin Family for four generations, using his dark magic to ensure each of their inbred heirs was safely delivered.

*Yes, the old wizard,* she suddenly thought. *The old goat would know what to do!* He was an ancient practitioner of the mysterious black arts which had for so long protected the Velcin's from the ravages of such repetitive inbreeding, and Tustin had graciously accepted Maymon into his inner circle. His teachings would prepare her for her eventual training at the Academy in Gristult, should she pass the required tests.

The wheels began to turn in the queen's mind. *Why... if the wizard could whip up some magical stamina spell, or a strength spell or something... even if only to make Roddy appear to be in a ruling state of body and mind...* Marzanna suddenly stopped, snapped her fingers, and turned to face the door.

As if summoned, there was a knock.

'Enter,' she spat. It was her captain of the guard and two of his loyal dogs. Ser Blant approached slowly and Marzanna took a moment to regard him. The captain was well into his fifties now; two years older than her husband had been and easily twice the size of him. Blant was a seasoned fighter, had trained every soldier in the castle, and even the king himself, sparring with him since they were boys. Still powerfully built, though now showing his age, flecks of white on either side of his black hair, Blant was a fixture in the daily life of the castle. He was a rock within its walls and a powerful weapon outside it. She knew she would not be able to go on without him. He had such a friendly way with the children and had formed an especially close bond to Gilly.

'Majesty,' he kneeled before her, as he had done a thousand time, 'the royal body is now being prepared for the funeral rites, as ordered. What would you ask of me?'

Marzanna steeled herself against the tears, against breaking down again, and straightened, cleared her throat. 'I must speak with the wizard. Take me to him, Ser Blant. Does he... yet know of the King's passing?'

'I know not, your majesty,' the old knight said, still kneeling, 'but, to be sure, little escapes his grasp...'

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The wizard Tustin groaned as he fought to maintain a strong grip on the princesses' shuddering legs. Try as he might, from all their thrashing, every once in a while a foot would slap him in the face or a toe would slip into his mouth. Not that he minded much.

He had been fucking her royal highnesses' sweet little pussy for the better part of an hour. Presently, her scrumptious naked form was spread out on top of his worktable while he stood gyrating between those perfectly toned young legs.

The spell he had cast on himself was nowhere near letting up, nor was he anywhere close to cumming. Princess Maymon on the other hand had been brought to three... no, maybe it was four powerful orgasms so far.

'Oh... Yes! Oh, fuck me!' she moaned between incoherent babblings, trying to form one sentence amidst the ceaseless pounding her precious little muff was getting from the old goat. 'ohhh no! Not again, Master! You're making me... again, again!'

'Quiet, child,' the wizard grunted, 'you'll wake the entire dungeon.' The old man corrected his stance, tightened his grip. He continued working his hips, pushing into her spasming cunt. He rode her through another climax and watched as his enormous, magically-enchanted cock disappeared into the comically stretched cunt of his young pupil.

The princess was doing her best to hang on, meeting each powerful thrust from her aged master. Scrolls and bottles had all been scattered on the floor. She let go of the table and clasped at her budding round breasts, steadied them against all the wild jiggling and hard thrusting.

'Yes, master! Here it comes! Ohhhh!' Tustin heard her cry out but did not stop his thrusting. He couldn't stop. Not until he came, the spell wouldn't let him go stop unless he orgasmed. This was typically how they ended each of their tutoring sessions. Tustin had been teaching the princess for a few years now and, while she did indeed show real promise in the black arts, she showed an even greater promise between her legs.

He looked down upon her young form spread out and convulsing before him in her ecstasy. He watched her beautiful, full breasts wobble delightfully as she tried to hold them back, tits that would surely be as large as her mother's someday. The old wizard admired them now, dancing across her chest, pearly-white flesh lined with tiny blue veins.

He let go of one soft leg and reached across to inspect a bright pink nipple, pinched it in his long nails. 'Oh, so perfect,' he murmured, thrusting into her with need, 'so young and full of life. Just like your... grandmother, was it... or...'

'*Redeemer!*' the princess roared through her climax. Her little hands raced to her abdomen, grabbing at a grotesque bulge that now protruded just above her groin. She stared in disbelief at the ancient and wicked cock of her master, buried deep into her most sacred of places, creating a noticeable bump just above her stretched-to-capacity love tunnel.

Yes, he had trained in all the ways of lovemaking, but it was not the technique she wrestled with now, it was his demonic size. Tustin had been experimenting again and not only with prolonged stamina. The wizard had all but perfected that spell. It was the length and girth of his wicked member that he now chose to play with, to enlarge mercilessly, and the sheer size of it was one that she had yet to learn to accommodate, if ever.

The girl watched as his cock slowly receded and prepared for another beating. It had to be... more than ten inches of hard, granite-like flesh, magically enhanced, and far larger than anything she was used to having inside her. She watched him ready himself; she took a deep breath, knowing it would soon be buried once again in her impossibly small cunt.

Princess Maymon, or May, as everyone called her, had been in a near constant state of orgasm for the better part of an hour. Earlier she had been on top of him. She could set the pace with her ancient master that way, leading him by the cock, and could thereby control the intake.

But now he had her on her back and she was at his mercy.

*How much longer can the old man go on?* May thought, coming down from another wave of pure ecstasy, her rationale mind returning at last. Her face was a mask of sweat, her body red and blotchy from his lusty grab marks. *It's not fair!*

While his magic kept him cool and focused, mercilessly pounding her young pussy for everything it was worth.

Soon the rhythmic thumping continued. The princess was getting tired, her body was getting sore, and she was exhausted. She needed... sleep. *Sleep!* May thought of a spell to try and put the old wizard out, but he'd never fall for it.

'Master, does my body... ugh... not satisfy...ohhh... your lust?' she pleaded.

The old man merely grunted. 'Nonsense, girl, I'm just warming up!' He laughed.

Another few thrusts and he got an idea. As much as he loved staring at his young pupil's perfectly round tits, those bright nipples, he had suddenly had a powerful lust to barrel down on that magnificently shaped bottom of hers, those fat little white cheeks. He ungraciously extracted his fat, slimy member and proceeded to flip her over on the table.

With a playful cry, the princess flipped around, and soon felt her slim legs dangle off the edge. May was aware that her big round ass was on full display for the randy old wizard. She couldn't help but giggle as she felt him slap his giant erection against the soft flesh of her plush bottom.

'*Oh, so perfect,*' he breathed, he could barely contain his excitement. 'What a delicious rump, my young pupil!'

The princess was suddenly filled with relief when she heard him exclaim and felt him worshipping on her perfectly shaped bottom. *Of course! My ass! That always gets him there,* she remembered.

'Oh yes, master,' she cried, 'please take me from behind! You'll have no trouble reaching ecstasy... this way.'

It was true, the wizard could always bottom out when he took her from behind and it was almost a guarantee that he would finish inside her when he did. Maymon rolled her green eyes for not thinking of it sooner and then giggled again as she suddenly felt him licking her warm cheeks, kissing each one before lovingly tonguing on her tight asshole. Then he was off, and that giant throbbing head of his cock back, and parting her pussy lips once again.

*Oh, there are his little rituals, she thought, he's preparing for the finale.* She braced herself on the table for what was sure to be another intense fucking.

For Maymon, barely past her twentieth year, she always relished these moments. She knew how important they were. The impending orgasm. The ecstasy. For there was always a moment, even if but one, when the true clarity of thought came... during a good fucking. Her mind went blank, her thoughts receded. She faced emptiness, and during that peak, that high, the intense pleasure that she obtained here; when she was being completely fucked apart by her master's magically enchanted cock... it was pure ecstasy.

Rivaled only by the ecstasy of learning a new spell...

One ecstasy was tied to another, of course. As it had always been between Tustin and her. The old wizard had early on revealed that, in exchange for the earthly pleasures of her flesh, he would teach her untold wisdom and the most powerful spells in all the realm.

How could an ambitious, and sexually promiscuous, girl like sweet little Maymon resist? And the fact that he had actually made good on his promise since her tutelage had begun was a big plus. But there was always more to learn... There it was. He bottomed out inside her. She could feel that ecstasy coming on again. There it was... the pounding, the intense pleasure. He was back in her pussy, harder than ever. *Nevermind my little rosebud asshole, apparently. Fuck me good, you old goat.*

She took his entire length. She could hear him grunting loudly. *Oh, my poor womb! I'm going to feel this for days.* But there it was... The light at the end of the tunnel. He would take her there. He would flood her young, dangerously vulnerable womb with his magically enchanted seed. That rush of hot and thick potency that always gave her one last kick. Even when she thought she was totally finished, there was more! She could see it coming. Feel it. There it was. It was coming. She was cumming and soon... very soon...

A sudden knock at the door tore them from their revelry.

'Oh drat! Who could that be!?' Tustin moaned, freezing in place, balls deep in Maymon's hot little cunt. He felt her pussy spasm and twitch around his enormous shaft. *What a waste!* Peeling away from the sight of the most beautiful asshole he had had eaten all week, his gaze went to the giant wooden door on the other side of his cluttered chamber. 'Yes? What is it?'

'The Queen,' he heard a man's muffled voice speak, 'wishes to have a word with you, wizard.'

'Now!? Here?' the queen was waiting outside? But she never comes down here, his mind raced. Something had to have happened. Oh, it must have been the king. That blasted pox. And I was so close to finding a cure too.

'Yes,' the voice said, 'Now.'

'*Mother?!*' Maymon yelped. 'Mother is waiting outside? Oh no, what... what do we do?'

'Keep quiet, child,' he waved and pulled his painfully erect cock from her gushing cunt. 'Get dressed. Quickly now. I'll delay them at the door.' He tried to wrap himself up as best he could, but his member was still under the spell. It looked absolutely obscene sticking out from beneath his heavy black robes.

'And then what? Tustin... Where shall I go? You must do something. It is the middle of the night. She'll kill me. She'll have our heads!'

The wizard shook his head and sighed. Such a waste of the spell, he thought, oh well, back to work. 'The curtain, girl, over there. Move it aside and try to pull out the big red tome on the second shelf. It will be heavy, keep pulling.' He was already making for the door, grabbing at the latch. 'Hurry... and be sure to close it behind you. Quietly. Follow the stairs up and around. you'll be in... Wengigia's quarters.'

*Roddy's nurse?* Maymon didn't have time to question it. She nodded and did as she was told.

'Your grace,' the wizard bowed upon opening the door, 'it is an honor... but the hour is so late.'

'Spare me,' the queen said briskly, walking in, boobs first, past the ancient and hunched form of her wizard and into the dark chamber. It was very warm in here and she couldn't help picking up the heavy smell of sex in the air. 'The king is dead, Tustin. We must speak.'

'Majesty,' Tustin remained bowed, fighting against the strain of his heavy erection. 'My deepest condolences. I only wish... I could have done more for him.'

The queen heard him but wouldn't let the sadness in. She instead regarded him for a moment, studied the bald spot on his head and the tangle of white hair around it. *Who had he been fucking*, she wondered, *some young thing no doubt*, from what she remembered of his tastes. She turned to her guards, 'wait outside.'

The two of them soon sat across from one another in total silence. Tustin collected himself, did his best to hide the painfully pronounced erection between his robes while the queen fought to remain stern and composed. She held it all back. It would be far too easy to give in, break down and weep over the loss of her husband, her whole world, all of her safety and security. Things were about to get very difficult for all of them unless they acted quickly. Tonight. Unless she took the steps right now, with Tustin's help, to secure her son's place on the throne, and overcome any opposition to his rule. She must present Rodmond as a strong leader, one who deserves to wear his father's crown.

Despite these rushing thoughts, 'Rodmond *must* be king,' was all she said.

'Of course, your majesty,' the wizard said. 'We will see him on the throne. I live to serve the Velcin family. Tell me all your thoughts.'

They then spoke at length for the better part of an hour.

Presently, Marzanna said, 'his coronation will be tomorrow. We must present him as a strong leader, able to bring the country out of this plague and uphold the peace. We must show stability. The other kingdoms need to know we are strong in the face of the King's death *and* this plague. I don't need to tell you how vulnerable we are right now.'

'No, your majesty,' Tustin said. All the while, his erection had become even more painfully turgid and he was very feeling wobbly. The magic wasn't wearing off. He had no idea how long it would continue. He needed to cum. Badly. It was his only way of breaking the spell. Worse was the fact that the sultry queen was still regally dressed, her intricately laced corset displaying her mountainous breasts spectacularly before his aged eyes. *Such a mature and busty woman*, he thought, *though much older than I prefer*. Her deep line of cleavage vibrated as she spoke, the heavy globes of tit flesh on full display and perfectly held together just beneath her collar bone. Tustin did everything he could to keep his eyes off her big tits. But with every wobble of flesh, there gave a painful throb of his enchanted cock, oozing thick precum; he was helpless before Marzanna's matronly bosom. He considered a hypnosis spell to use on her, and have her help alleviate the intense displeasure between his legs. But there was some risk involved in this... if she knew what was going on. Her dogs were right outside the door as well.

'Is everything alright, wizard?' the queen suddenly asked, noticing Tustin was obviously in some kind of discomfort.

'Of course, majesty,' he said, 'My apologies. The hour is late... and I am an old man. This is dire news to be sure; much must be done and I had... hoped to find a cure before the king's condition worsened. But that time is passed and you speak only the truth. We must act now and secure Rodmond on the throne before any more chaos ensues. Stability is what is needed and we will see to it. Together.'

'Excellent,' she said, 'I knew you would understand. We'll need to administer the potion tonight, naturally.'

'Potion, your majesty? *Tonight?*'

'Yes, it will need to be one of your strongest, to be sure.'

Despite his impaired state, Tustin could see what the queen was getting at. She had clearly thought this out. The boy was small for age and sickly at that. The royal blood was pure... but his body was weak and had received few benefits from the inbreeding of his mother and grandfather, the recently deceased king, beyond the royal lineage itself.

Tustin figured the boy would need an extra strong potion to increase his stamina and present an air of confidence in such times. It might last a day or so. This would be a difficult task, not an easy concoction to whip up on the fly. He supposed he could make enough for a few days perhaps. Even still, it would take a very powerful spell and then some to get that boy to stay put on the throne. *It's a wonder Little Roddy has made it this long*, Tustin thought. Prince Rodmond was tall for his age but permanently hunched over on himself. Bedridden for the last year, he was an avid reader and frequently lost in such books or his own thoughts. Handsome, but with features far too pronounced on such a thin and frail body. A big nose, big lips, too boney and thin, deep green eyes against pale white skin that was often blotched with crimson from some malady or another. They had long kept him isolated in the southern tower, more so since the start of the plague, in fear that the sickly boy wouldn't last a night against such a vile disease. Now it seemed the future of the kingdom rested on his malformed shoulders. And the queen was demanding results tonight to turn him into a man!

All the while Tustin wrestled with this damned magic erection. Was there no end to his suffering? His old balls had never felt heavier and pained him greatly as he sat facing the busty queen. If only she had arrived but a few minutes later, he might have been able to finish inside her daughter and be rid of this infernal thing. The thought of dumping another massive load in her little snatch made it throb again. He loved finishing inside her. Oh, he had no fear of impregnating her; the serum she took regularly prevented such complications. This reminded him, he must make more soon. The girl just had taken the last of it. So much to do and so little time...

'Yes, I shall need your aid tonight, wizard,' the queen rose, called for her guards.

*'Tonight, your majesty?'*

'Naturally,' she said, studying the diminutive man huddled on his chair, 'we must act quickly and there must be no mistakes. Rodmond cannot be seen as anything but a capable ruler tomorrow. If word were to get out that Trevilan was now in the hands of a sickly child-king and the kingdom still beset by the pox, our allies would turn on us in a heartbeat. Our natural resources would be plundered. Our citizens... my daughters...' she sniveled.

'I understand completely, your majesty,' Tustin motioned for the door with a wave of his both boney hands and it opened. 'Leave it to me. I shall have the remedy for him this very night.'

'Good. You have one hour, wizard,' she said. 'Guards, stay with him and bring him to my son's chamber as soon as the potion is ready. There will be no rest until we have a crown on that boy's head.'

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Less than an hour later, Queen Marzanna and the wizard Tustin stood before her son Rodmond's bed where the boy was sleeping peacefully.

Tustin had seemingly delivered on his part and was holding the glowing red bottle in both hands. The otherworldly chrism had been thrown together in some haste but Tustin felt that it would do for the

time being, providing the king-to-be with the necessary vigor to stand through the funeral and his coronation.

Several different mixtures had gone into creating this potion and, in his haste, he had done some best estimates, rough guesses, and patchy wizarding. Though he was fairly confident the boy would be noticeably more upright than what was typically seen of him. Upon drinking all of it, of course.

The ancient wizard was visibly shaking now and sweating profusely. Anyone could see that he was doing all that he could to maintain standing, including the two big guards who had briskly walked him up the tower, and Tustin had barely held on to the hefty bottle with both hands all the while.

Even the Queen could see it from a mile away; the old man was clearly not doing well. He was also, she couldn't help but observe, sporting an obscenely large tent in his robes. The massive thing jutted out astonishingly far and, even though he was characteristically always hunched over on himself, the massive thing was almost impressive to look upon for how upright it was. Were the absurdly large boner to be found on someone younger and less decrepit than the wizard himself, Marzanna would have been flattered. Still, she could not help but be taken back by the size of the member, even underneath his heavy robes. *Had that always been there*, she wondered, *and just who had the old man been fucking before I had entered his chamber?*

'We must wake him to... administer the potion, your majesty,' Tustin wheezed, 'and it is vital that he consumes every drop of this bottle. I cannot... guarantee how long it will last, but this should provide him with enough strength to make it through the hasty coronation you've put together.'

'Yes, well...' the queen shook her head, tore herself from the tented robes, 'proceed then, wizard.'

'Erm... you are his mother, majesty,' the wizard rasped, holding out the glass bottle, 'it should be you... who administers it.'

Marzanna met his gaze. 'Of course... you are right,' she said, hesitantly taking it from his skeletal fingers. She soon approached her son, still sleeping, and lay beside him. Gently, she tried to stir him awake.

The prince woke after a while. His head rested against the queen's enormous expanse of warm cleavage. It was the first thing Rodmond saw as he opened his eyes. 'M-Mother?' the boy croaked, nuzzling against her big boobs.

'I'm here, my baby,' she whispered to him, rubbing his face with her palm, 'mommy needs... needs you to be strong now.'

'What's the matter, mother? Why is *he* here? What is going on?' he continued to rub his face against the warm cushion of fabric around her tits.

Marzanna held him close, ran her long fingers through his hair. She fought back the tears once again. 'Mommy needs you to be so strong, baby boy. Something terrible has happened... and the kingdom needs you.'

'What? What are you saying... is this a dream?'

'It is no dream, child. Your father... your father has succumbed to the pox. He is dead, my son. You are to be king.'

'Father... dead? I am to be... King?'

'Yes, my son,' she continued to stroke his hair, watching his face search hers. She held him close against her warm bosom. 'The kingdom needs you, Rodmond. Will you rise now and take up your father's sword? Wear your father's crown? Will you be the king Trevilan needs, my son?'

'Mother... I am so tired. I want to be a good king... but I feel so weak. I can barely stand, cannot push these blankets off by myself. Where is Wengigia?' he looked around for his nurse.

'Oh, my son, yes... you are weak. But mommy has thought of everything! All you need do is but drink this potion... which Tustin has created... and strength, *great strength*, needed to rule this land, will be yours. Do you have the power to do that much, my son?'

'Mother... will you help me?'

'Of course,' she said, and brought the glowing bottle up to his wet lips. She watched as he drank and guided him, even as he struggled to take it all down. Two small drops fell, unnoticed, onto the queen's heaving breasts.

Soon enough the bottle was completely empty.

'It is done,' she purred, 'soon... you will feel the effects, is that not right, Tustin?' Both queen and prince looked to the wizard and saw him keeled over on the floor. 'Oh no,' the queen cried, rising to her feet, 'what has happened? Guards!'

Ser Blant and his attendants were inside seconds later. Upon inspecting the wizard's body, they determined he was quite dead. Though oddly enough it seemed other parts of him were still turgid with life.

Queen Marzanna sank back on the bed and was filled with an overwhelming sense of dread at having lost their only wizard.

'Mother,' a voice said heard from behind her. She turned to face her son who had miraculously risen from his bed and stood before her, up right and proud. The potion had worked!

Perhaps there was hope for Trevilan yet...

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By mid-morning, the royal funeral was well under way and, shortly following it, the grand coronation of King Rodmond. Due to the ongoing plague that still ravaged castle and surrounding country, few were

permitted within the immense keep and Trevilan nobility maintained strict social distancing all the while.

Official ambassadors from the neighboring kingdoms were present, though donned in heavy robes and concealed in pointed face masks. It was a dull and black affair, one which Queen Marzanna was anxious to get over with. The one shining beacon of hope from the entire sad day was that of her son, who, like the phoenix born again from the ashes, had risen up from his sick bed to own the role that he was born to inherit.

King Rodmond stood tall and looked every bit the lord of the land, draped in the emerald and gold studded garments of a ruler. The royal guard stood beside him while priests and advisors bestowed upon him the sacred sceptre and crown of the kingdom. Rodmond took the entire process with a solemn disposition. He looked as though, despite his newfound strength and resilience, he carried the full weight of what was being passed on to him today.

Dowager-Queen Marzanna stood next to her daughters; all were cloaked in long black dresses of mourning and could only stare in awe of what transpired. Marzanna's formerly meek son had been a bed-bound invalid less than a day ago. Now he towered above her, standing confidently next to his father's throne, wearing his crown, holding his sceptre. She looked at the boy whom she had for so long thought so little of, not from lack of love, but because of his condition. They had all hoped that he would someday overcome his frailty and assume a healthier... manlier disposition but, well, to be thrust into the role so suddenly, even from the aid of the wizard's dark magic, cast her son in a whole new light. She was proud of him, proud of herself, for doing what needed to be done. *And I will continue to do what needs to be done, she told herself, no matter the cost, in order to save this kingdom.*

'What was that, mother?' Princess Maymon asked. Her oldest daughter stood to her left and on the other side, Rodmond's twin sister, Gilly.

'Hmm? Oh nothing. I suppose I'm just... astonished at your brother's transformation, that's all,' Marzanna whispered.

'Yes,' Maymon nodded, 'most incredible. It must have been a powerful spell indeed to do so much... so quickly.'

'Our need was great,' the queen said, 'Tustin understood that.'

'Oh yes, he understood great needs all too well,' May murmured, still feeling the soreness between her legs.

'How so, daughter?'

Maymon flustered. 'I simply meant... that he rose to the occasion, and delivered on his promise to you, of course. He was a wise old wizard... and an excellent teacher. If only he had lived longer. I still have so much to learn. I hope Rodmond's potion isn't too difficult to replicate.'

'Replicate?'

'Why yes,' May turned from the procession and faced her veiled mother, 'we cannot assume it to hold such potency in Rodmond... forever, can we? The potion may get him through the day, perhaps two or three... but like all magics, it will wane, and he will surely be bed bound once again.'

'Don't be too sure, daughter,' the queen explained, 'I impressed upon the wizard to create something extra special for the prince... er, the king. Our need was great, and therefore a great spell was needed. I suspect he put much into whatever he gave Roddy.'

'We shall see,' Maymon said. 'Have we determined what in fact was the wizard's... cause of death?'

'Tustin?' Marzanna lowered her head to quickly hid a smile at the thought, 'well, it's rather embarrassing, to be quite honest. For such a man his age...'

'Embarrassing, mother? Who can say how old the wizard truly was, anyway... I doubt it was anything more than failure of the heart, surely?'

Marzanna faced her daughter, studied her. 'I am told by our physicians that it was a prolonged strain on his system... from maintaining a...' she held an outstretched finger and Maymon seemed to immediately catch her meaning, '... for *far* too long. Longer than his heart could take,' she said. 'The old goat still had some fire in him, it seemed. Even in death.'

Maymon smiled back at her mother but couldn't help feeling sorry for her old teacher. Perhaps if he had been able to finish inside her last night, he might still be alive. Oh well, hopefully there was enough material in his writings and those great tomes in his chamber to conclude what training remained for her before she went to the academy next year. 'It is a heavy blow for Trevalin, to lose both the king and court wizard in the same night.'

'Our losses are great, indeed. We also lost several countrymen to the plague last night. Rodmond will need to be strong to see us through this. I have sent for all advisors to return to the castle and begin his education in earnest.'

'Good idea,' Maymon said, 'I'll root around Tustin's chamber for anything related to the potion he created.'

'Please do so,' the queen agreed, 'and meet me in your brother's chambers tonight after dinner. We'll have to assess his condition.'

\* \* \*

That night, after the sombre celebrations had concluded, Queen Marzanna stood with her son inside his chambers. The young man, still draped in finery and wearing his father's crown, looked every bit the king. He bore no resemblance to the bedridden boy from earlier that morning. 'You have done well, my son,' Marzanna soothed.

'I did everything you have asked, mother... all in service to Trevilan,' he said, gazing at her beauty.

Marzanna wanted to cry. She was so happy to hear him speak those words. 'I can't tell you how good that makes me feel, Rodmond. You have made your mother... and your father, so very proud today.'

'Mother,' Rodmond whispered, moving to her and taking her in his arms.

After all these years of needing help with even the simplest of tasks, to hold his mother like this, after such a momentous yet sad day, was like a dream come true. His noble mother, prim and proper to a fault, had always been so strong around him. She was his entire world. To hold her like this, to look down upon her now, he saw her in a new light.

Rodmond saw her as a woman. A very attractive woman.

Something was stirring in him now, something he had never felt... in such intensity. Rodmond held both her hands, felt her cold fingers in his, and regarded her beautiful face. Those ageless, high cheekbones and rosebud lips. He took in her scent, studied her porcelain skin, framed by their family's notable thick black hair. It hung long and down past her shoulders now. She met his gaze.

Then he thought he caught something else in her eyes, beyond love, beyond the tears she held back. Was there... desire behind those emerald eyes as well? Lust? Where was this feeling coming from? Rodmond also couldn't help but notice her deep cleavage. Those magnificent breasts framed so perfectly by her low-cut dress, fighting to be contained by the intricate lace work. Gobles of white flesh spilled out above it and heaved with every breath she took. Those big matronly breasts had ever been a staple of her image, her dominantly full figure. Now he felt himself lusting for it, for her, in a way that he had never considered before.

Her curves continued down, and it was all he could do not to take her in. Wanting desperately to know what was underneath that beautiful dress. This was his mother and for whatever reason all he could think of was to kiss her. To press his lips against hers.

What else did he want? Take her, ravage her, and ensure that the family line continued by breeding her. His mind raced. Where were these thoughts coming from? Had they always been there and were suppressed until... until the wizard's potion had taken full effect? Was that what was doing all this? Creating all these strange emotions in him now? Was he meant to act on them as he had done earlier today in becoming king? How far was he meant to step into his father's shoes?

'Son, are you alright?' he heard his mother ask, but her voice sounded so small and distant to him now.

'Mother?' he wobbled.

'I am here, baby,' her grip tightened around his hands. 'Speak to me. Mommy is here. Tell me what is wrong.'

'My head... I feel,' he said, moved back towards the bed, 'I feel...'

Rodmond heard his mother gasp, heard her cry out. This snapped him out of his confusion and made him focus on her. Her little hands were both clasped about her mouth. Her eyes were so wide. She was staring at something. Something on him, somewhere on him, he followed her gaze down and down.

And then he saw it too.

From between Rodmond's legs there rose something out of a nightmare. He had to try and grab at it with both hands to be sure it was real. A giant tent had formed from his crotch. A hideously large pillar of flesh stood out from where his useless cock had once dangled. This thing was absurd in proportion, thicker than a sword hilt and long as the scepter he had been given earlier.

He could feel it now, an angry throbbing thing in his pants. And it was heavy, as if the flesh were made of stone. He hastily undid his breeches and sash to find the root, only to gasp when he tried to uncover it. It was his cock alright, though it looked as though it belonged to a man twice his age, and three times his size. He could barely close his fist around it. What had that wizard done to him? This thing was easily a foot in length, with angry blue-red veins crisscrossing an impossibly thick shaft for someone his size. He thought of the amount of blood needed to power such an immense member and it made him dizzy all over again. He felt weak in the knees.

Marzanna watched in confusion as her son dropped down against the edge of the bed holding onto his cock with both hands. It pointed menacingly straight towards her. She was frozen stiff. She couldn't believe her eyes. Her son had a massive cock!

'Mother,' he croaked, 'what's happened to me?'

'It's... why it must be the potion,' she said, 'the wizard's potion.' Her mind made the grim realization that whatever stamina spell the wizard had used, in his haste to assemble the concoction; he must have added in the same prodigious growth magic that had ended his life earlier that morning. 'Oh, blessed Redeemer,' she whispered, breathing fast, 'what do we do?' She stepped closer, knelt down, and slowly reached out to touch the oversized, throbbing member. She could immediately feel the intense heat coming from it.

'We must tame it,' a familiar voice said from behind them. 'It is indeed the work of Tustin. The only way to tame that thing... is to give it the relief it needs.'

'*Maymon!* You knew about this?' Marzanna whipped around, startled.

'I had my guesses,' her oldest daughter replied. 'I was his only apprentice after all. The wizard did this sort of thing all the time. The spell was broken after he... well, relieved himself. I suspect, from what I've just been reading, the same will be the case for Rodmond. But we must act quickly.'

'A-Act?' Rodmond stuttered.

'This spell, or a version of it, was surely what killed the wizard, little brother. Or should I say... big brother? Sorry. That thing is... well, magically enchanted... and you'll need to get immediate relief, if you're to survive this.'

'I don't understand! Are you saying this... big dick could kill me?' Rodmond stared at it in disbelief.

'Precisely. From what I've read, the magically prolonged erection will undoubtedly put far too great a strain on your system. You won't last the night... unless we do something about it. Right now.'

'No, oh no... What have I done?' the queen shook her head. She wiped away the tears and stared at her baby boy. She looked at the massive pillar of flesh bouncing back and forth from his crotch. Observed the big heavy balls that hung below it. She had no idea they could be so... swollen.

'It's alright, mother,' Maymon was beside her now. They were both inspecting Rodmond. 'We'll get through this together. Now brother, I need you to relax... and undress.'

'Undress?' the boy stammered.

'Trust me. It will help things move along. Don't worry. Nothing to be embarrassed about. Mother and I will also doff our garments.' She was already unlacing her mother's dress.

'We will?' the queen asked.

'We must!' May said.

Ten minutes later, mother and daughter were crouched on top of Rodmond's bed.

Marzanna on Roddy's left side, rubbing his slick prick with both hands, while May was sat between his legs tending to his heavy balls. Her fingers were oily from the copious amount of sticky precum he was constantly oozing as she massaged his big nuts.

Rodmond, leaning up on his elbows, watched in a state of pure bewilderment, moaning in the throes of such intense sexual pleasure, as his incredibly hot mother and sister worked his giant cock. Even if at first, he had been embarrassed, and a little afraid, by the idea of his own sister and mother bringing him to climax, after only a few minutes, he really got into the lewd jerk off session. Especially when Maymon emphasized that they should all get close to each other as to spur the enchanted cock on even more. They were all naked! The effect seemed to be working as intended, if the drooling purple tip of his enormous member was any indication.

Minutes soon turned into nearly an hour however and Maymon was cognizant of the effect the prolonged erection might have her brother. 'We've got to try harder, mommy. Who knows how long Roddy has.'

'Harder? My hands are getting tired!'

'Oh please, mother. We've been taking turns. Besides, your technique is way off.'

'My technique? And just what would you know about technique, daughter?'

'Err, well... I am quite well read in matters of bodily pleasure.'

'*You are?*' both mother and son said.

Maymon didn't answer and instead stopped what she was doing. She had a firm grip on both her brother's swollen testicles, juggling them in her hands, as she watched her mother scale the big cock with a slow grip of all ten fingers. The effect seemed to be doing something; her brother's cock was twitching and throbbing wildly, but still no sign of an orgasm.

The curvy princess looked down at her lush thighs, glistening with sweat and from where she had rubbed out all the slick precum on them. She looked at her vagina. She was soaking wet. Was she prepared to fuck her brother to save his life? This magically endowed dick was bigger than anything she'd seen Tustin do to himself, and she wasn't even sure it would fit down there. She could try using her mouth, but the size frightened her. The trick seemed to be letting it bury to the hilt, going balls deep in her pussy; to make that sacred connection with the cervix, her deepest and holiest of centers. That always made the wizard cum.

'Mother, stop, this isn't working,' she said finally.

'What?' Rodmond asked, taking his eyes from his mother's incredible rack. He loved how big and full they looked, hanging low and heavy on her chest. The big hangers totally covered her taut stomach, and he desperately wished to slide his big cock between them. Just to feel how big and soft they must be... He faced his equally scant older sister, sized her up. 'But sister... this feels incredible! I'm sure I'll... finish soon.'

'Yes, but we don't know how long you have, brother. This is what killed Tustin, remember. We cannot let you remain in this state for too long. We must control this beast before it gets the better of you.'

'Well, daughter, what do you suggest?' the queen said, in a noticeably husky voice. She folded her arms beneath her big tits, forming a long natural cleavage that she caught Roddy gaping at.

Maymon silently rose up on the bed and proceeded to crouch over her younger brother.

'Oh, you cannot be serious!' the queen exclaimed but did nothing to intercede. She watched as her daughter lowered herself to meet the dribbling oversized crown with her puffy pink lips. The queen gasped as the fat cock head parted May's labia but could go further, evidence enough the angry tool was simply too big and fat to enter her daughter's most sacred chamber.

Maymon sighed and squirmed a bit, still standing over Rodmond, only to relent after several failed attempts to penetrate.

Rodmond said nothing all the while; he simply enjoyed the view of his older sister's wonderful backside, her beautifully round ass, and all the tasteful side-boob he could see, as she repeatedly tried to fit his absurd member inside her petite little snatch.

'Ugh, it's no use! We'll just have to keep using our hands and hope it's good enough,' she moaned, sitting back down on between his legs. She regarded the member and drew it to her wet lips. She kissed it a few times and then surrounded the drooling head with her mouth. Her tongue gingerly began to swirl around the cockhead, taking in all the salty flavors of the precum bubbling forth. After a few minutes of taking no more than the first inch or so into her mouth, she gave up. Inspecting it, she tried licking and kissing the shaft. So hard, she thought, gushing over the rigid shaft, so impossibly big. Oh great Redeemer, what a cock!

'Move aside, daughter,' Marzanna said after watching Maymon negotiate around the mountain of cock meat.

'Mother, you don't mean to...'

'I said I would do anything for my son. And if that means... fucking this giant cock to save his life, then that is what must be done,' she said, attempting to take the same position her daughter had a moment ago.

'Redeemer...' Rodmond nearly passed out; he felt such a surge go through his cock. He thought he was going to cum right then and there. His mother, the queen, was actually going to fuck him!

'Mother, look at this thing. If you mean that...' Maymon stopped her and took her mother's hands. They nodded to one another. 'Well, we shall have to make sure you are prepared... to go all the way. It will take much to satisfy this beast.'

'Prepare?' Marzanna said, but her daughter was upon her now, kissing her passionately and fondling her big tits. The queen fell back on the bed and Maymon followed. Their bodies crushed against one another; heavy breasts pressed together tightly. She felt her daughter's tongue explore her mouth. *Where had she learned such techniques?* Marzanna made a mental note to see to those books May had claimed to have read. The embrace did not feel entirely unpleasant for the queen, who had never experienced such attention from another woman. Soon she felt a little hand at her hot crotch, parting her matronly lips and delving in to extract her pleasure. Oh yes, she would certainly have a word or two with Maymon after all this... After they had saved Rodmond! *But, by the Redeemer, my girl absolutely knows what she is doing.*

May's fingers now expertly navigated Marzanna's wet vagina, flicking slowly and twirling sensually, but with great need. The urgency she had felt before, to relieve Rodmond, had now been replaced with pure ecstasy from her daughter's caress.

Soon Maymon was travelling down between her mother's epic tits, by way of a series of slow, wet kisses, and moving towards that ultimate destination where she knew her mouth would be put to even better use. May was getting so hot from all this, from the idea that Roddy was going to cram their mother's wet cunt with that enormous cock. She kept kissing, slow and steady. It was all in preparation for the royal cunt to receive untold pleasure from that monstrous looking cock swinging fiendishly from her brother's lap.

'Oh Redeemer! How? How is this possible?' Marzanna moaned, holding onto her daughter's short, cropped hair until May was too far down to run her fingers through. She had never felt such powerful waves of pleasure.

'Shhh,' Maymon hushed her, 'accept this gift, mother.' The diligent daughter got to work on her queen's hot pussy. Licking and tonguing her sweet spot, savoring the rich, mature flavor of her well-loved cunt. This pussy had birthed her and was the most delicious thing Maymon had ever tasted in her life. She moaned loudly as she dived in and worshipped her mother's cunt with her mouth.

Minutes passed and Marzanna was brought to a heart-pounding orgasm by her own daughter's tongue.

For Rodmond, it was the most erotic scene he had ever witnessed. The women soon collected themselves and before he knew what was going on, his sister had him up on his knees. Both children now knelt on the before their dazed mother, who was spread eagle on her back, still enjoying the pleasure her daughter had given her.

Maymon nudged him closer and closer to their mother's opening, directing him by his giant cock. She could not bring herself to let go of it, so big and hot. Truthfully, she was still a little upset that it would not cooperate earlier with her undersized pussy. 'Now brother,' she said, 'I understand this is all new for you, but it will not be difficult. Trust me. It's like riding a horse. I will guide you into mother and then hold you from behind. Then all we need do... is fuck her until you cum.'

Rodmond nodded and audibly gulped. He felt that May was doing her best to jerk him off while she directed him. His eyes however never left the heaving mountains of tit flesh balanced on his mother's chest. They truly were a glorious sight and, from the jolts and throbs erupting from his member, he knew it was all working towards the historic climax to come.

'Mom... Mommy, can you hear me? I'm going to ease Roddy in now, OK?' May said.

'Uh huh, yes, baby. Do it...' she whimpered.

Maymon's tiny little fingers travelled up the great twitching shaft until it finally gripped the deep purple head of the cock. She met her brother's eyes again and nodded to him. Then she lowered the long shaft down until it met and kissed his mother's saliva-covered lips.

All three of them let out an audible sigh. None of them could believe what they were feeling, what they were seeing. Were they all under the wizard's spell? Had old Tustin planned all of this? That randy old goat. Even in death it seemed his powers continued.

'Alright, Roddy, easy does it. We need to go easy on mom at first. We'll take it nice and slow. No one is nearly this big. Not even daddy was this big,' Maymon whispered. Their father had taught Maymon how to suck cock but she would have loved to learn on something as big as Rodmond's. She couldn't imagine what it must feel like for her mother to have this giant log being shoved into her gushing cunt.

'Really?' he panted, watching as the head of his giant cock parted his mother's incredible wet pink folds and stretch them apart. He heard his mother let out a deep groan of pleasure.

'Oh, my word, yes,' Maymon breathed into his ear, laughing. 'You've got the biggest cock in Trevilan, brother.'

'Ohhhh! Oh yes! Oh fuck, so hot! It feels... it feels,' their mother moaned a little too loudly.

'Yes,' Maymon hissed, slowly moving nudging her brother forward, and resting her chin on his shoulder. Her breasts hot against his back, hard nipples pressing into him. 'Now push, brother. Sink that enormous cock into your mommy-queen!'

'Fuck, it's... Oh, it feels incredible!' Rodmond cried out, having squeezed about three gigantic inches inside his mother's exceptionally tight cunt. It felt so velvety soft and warm. He watched it sink into her depths as there was still more than six inches waiting to go. His wide shaft buckled under the pressure from both his and his sister's hands, pushing it forward even more.

'Oh, what power!' Maymon's eyes went wide as she watched more of her brother's huge cock disappear into their mom. The queen was moaning nonsense. Both her children kept feeding the giant thing into her wanting cunt. To her mother's credit, May noticed that Marzanna seemed more than capable of taking such a prodigious dick. She was built for this cock. Those perfectly shaped, child-bearing hips and that big round bubble butt served her well, acting as a cushion against such a monolithic invasion. Maymon gushed and was feeling more than a little jealous at the raunchy sight. She soon had one hand busy at work between her own legs, bringing on her own pleasure from the scene.

Precious minutes passed and noticeable progress was made. A little over half of Rodmond's magically enchanted cock was buried into his mother's vagina and he could go no further. Mother is stuffed to capacity, May realized, Roddy has already touched bottom!

'Oh, I've reached it, sister. Mother's womb. What do we do now?' he said, turning his head to meet her eyes.

Maymon had to laugh at her brother's naivety. She kissed his cheek, 'Oh, my sweet prince. No, not prince. My king. Now we are going to fuck her.' Gently she guided forward him by the hips and slowly eased him back and then forth. Sister showed brother how to fuck his mother. Soon they found a healthy rhythm, which the huge bed board seemed to echo against the wall. Their mother was moaning out uncontrollably.

Queen Marzanna was in the realm of the senses.

Such intense waves of pleasure were washing over the busty queen that she could no longer form coherent thoughts. When she heard her daughter say that now the real fucking would begin, something opened, unleashed deep inside her, and finally, beyond all the pain of the cunt-stretching cock, she accepted that this was who she was now. She was made to fuck her son. Then the pleasure erupted within her. She was astounded as Rodmond quickly got into the groove of fucking her brains out.

The normally reserved and quiet queen was now trashing her head back and forth in the throes of passion. She was moaning and yelling nonsense, screaming. And the siblings had no doubt this would attract all kinds of attention from outside. But there was no stopping them now. Maymon was guiding her brother through the strokes even though he seemed to need little help.

Roddy was acting purely on instinct, and it was telling him to slam into his busty mother over and over again, for all he was worth. He told himself he wouldn't stop until he blasted her insides with a boiling hot geyser of virile cum. 'Oh mommy! Fuck yes, mommy! You feel so good!'

'Yes! Yes, baby! Fuck mommy! You're so close aren't you, baby? You're fucking mommy... so good, yesss. Ugh, come on, baby. Give it all to mommy! Give mommy that huge cock!'

Queen Marzanna didn't even recognize her own voice shouting all this nonsense. She had never heard herself speak in such a manner. *Desperate times*, she thought, *I'll do anything for my baby boy*. Including getting fucked apart by his huge cock. *Any mother would do the same for her child. Taking a massive load of cum... deep within my greedy little womb is the least I can do!*

She heard herself scream. Then she heard Rodmond roar.

'Oh fuck! Ughhh, yes, here it comes, Mother!' It was a man's voice. A king's. Her son was cumming inside her.

Maymon squeezed her brother's nuts. She squealed as she felt them contract. She already had a finger deep inside his anus, massaging his prostate. She hoped this was enough to coax the load forth but there was only so much she could see from this angle. She watched as he thrust forward, one big final stroke, and buried himself deep inside his mother's welcoming honeypot.

Miraculously, he was balls deep! Her mother had taken his entire length!

Rodmond continued to lean forward. Then he was moving, coming up on his haunches and on top of his mother's spread form, laying on her, crushing her big boobs between them, and without ever coming out of her cunt. Mother and son embraced in a lewd kiss that was sloppier than it was romantic. Maymon saw it was fueled by pure lust than anything else. She knew she would never forget this moment.

Marzanna felt the powerful load shoot forth deep inside her.

All that thick white sperm, magically strengthened, seeping out and filling her well-stuffed cunt. It was so hot inside her. She had never felt so full. A great wave of heat enveloped her, and then she was cumming. She wrapped her arms around her son, held him close, and rode out the most intense orgasm of her entire life. She felt herself squirting on him. Spraying her hot cunt juice all over his cock. She felt the small aftershock orgasms, tremors in inside her, around the impossibly thick shaft of her young son as he bucked and throbbed through his massive climax.

Both mother and son gave a long moan into each other's mouths.

*We did it, Roddy, Maymon thought, watching and joining her hands together in prayer; a truly historic load inside the sacred womb from which you were born. And it may have just saved your life. Oh, thank you, blessed Redeemer. Now to wait and see if he softens from one load.*

\* \* \*

### EXTEND HERE

Later, after two more intense mother-son fuck sessions that night, Rodmond's immense shaft finally seemed to have deflated by a noticeable amount.

Presently the two women sat, absolutely exhausted, on a large brown divan at rear of the bedchamber. Still completely naked, they spoke quietly and made use of the water jug and sea sponge, slowly washing each other. 'I'll stay with him tonight, darling,' Marzanna whispered. 'I want to watch over him.' She was sore all over from the rigorous fucking but, truth be told, she had never felt better.

'Mother, are you sure? You've... already done so much.' May asked as she carefully wiped and cleaned her mother's sensitive and well-loved vagina.

'It is nothing. I would gladly do it all again. Maybe not three times in a row,' she smiled, and soon both of them were stifling giggles so as not to disturb the slumbering young king.

'As you wish. I shall need to more thoroughly research Tustin's notes and those tomes if I am to recreate the potion. Though perhaps not as... potent. Either way, we must assume that by tomorrow Roddy will be back to normal. Alas, if only some of what was in that vial remained.'

'That *bottle*.' The queen corrected.

'I'm sorry?'

'It was not a vial, May, it was a bottle, like this,' Marzanna held up the water jug to compare what her son had drunk earlier.

'Oh... I see. Oh dear,' Maymon said, shaking her head. 'I think I had better stay with you then.'

'What?' Marzanna turned to face her, 'why? What is the matter?'

'I think,' May took the jug from her, looked at it, 'that old wizard gave Rodmond enough potion... for an entire week's worth of stamina!'

Both women gasped and faced the bed. To their shock, they saw the familiar tent in the bed sheets rise before them.

King Rodmond woke to the incredible sensation of his mother sucking his cock.

The eighteen-year-old rubbed his eyes and blinked to make sure it was really happening. Sure enough, there she was, his buxom goddess of a mother, completely naked on his bed with her head in his lap, working his absurdly big dick down her throat. He couldn't see much of her face, just her black bangs as she bobbed up and down on him.

Queen Marzanna was lying on her stomach, huge tits spread out against her son's legs, leaning on one elbow while she held the root of her son's incredible shaft as best she could.

'Ughhh... Mother?' Roddy asked, making sure it was really her down there.

'Mmm, don't worry, baby,' she said, after a few more loud sucking sounds and then popping the fat cock head from her lips with a gasp. 'Mommy is here. I'm going to make sure we break the spell, Roddy.' She continued to lick the twitching shaft. 'Your sister has gone. She seems to think it's going to take more than three loads... for this big nasty thing to finally rest,' she panted and continued to jack him off. She slid her cheek against his bloated plumb of a cockhead and lovingly looked into her son's eyes. This was her new king. She would do anything for him.

'More, mommy?' Rodmond was stunned. It was still the same night! He had fucked his incredibly busty mother three times already. His older sister Maymon had directed him the first time, helping him achieve a powerful orgasm deep inside his busty mommy. And then he was in full control. Mother had lay on her back and allowed him to have his way with her. Eventually they settled into a comfortable rhythm, with him suckling on her gigantic tits, while he shoved his big dick deep into her hot, mature pussy. This had proved to be a successful method in extracting two more massive loads from Rodmond, and countless orgasms from his dazed mother.

Marzanna started jerking him off in earnest, giving her jaw a rest. She thought of how her throbbing, well-fucked vagina had been a sopping hot mess by the time they had finally stopped fucking earlier.

She replayed the events of the last hour before her daughter had left on her errand. Rodmond had truly come into his own. At first, lifting one of her legs up to his shoulder and then taking both of them. He had held her like that for so long while drilling into her poor little cunt. She could see the pained expression of lust on his face, her flopping legs beside his head, just over the view of her own mountainous bouncing tits. It was all she could do to wrap them both above her locked arms to stop them from bouncing. Unless she held them together, the massive melons would be everywhere, often crashing right in her face. Rodmond had seemed to encourage this, the rascal.

He had dumped two more huge loads in her that way. She could still feel it pounding her now, the phantom dick. She knew there was still so much of his essence inside her, the bloat was very pronounced. Her mind flashed to the powerful bursts of cum which had seeped out of her dangerously fertile cunt.

She'd never felt more satisfied in her whole life.

Her dutiful daughter, Maymon, was quite attentive throughout the night as well. Constantly at their side during the heated fuck sessions and cleaning up afterwards. May was either at her side, swallowing down as much of the spewing juices from her mother's cunt as she could manage or licking Rodmond's big cock clean.

It was all like some bizarre lusty fever dream.

But it was real, all of it, and the consequences were dire, Marzanna remembered. A potion, concocted at her command by the court wizard Tustin, to give great strength and stamina to her feeble son, was at the root of this insane incest fuck fest. A similar spell had killed the wizard mere hours ago. Old Tustin had been unable to cum and break his own spell. Fearing the same fate for Rodmond, both mother and daughter had been more than prepared to swallow their pride, among other things, when they witnessed his magically enhanced foot long cock.

After finally getting him to soften, Queen Marzanna and her daughter had been shocked when they saw the towering prick rise from the bed sheets not an hour after putting him to sleep. They knew they were not out of this yet. Marzanna wouldn't let the spell claim Rodmond's life. Not after losing her husband and finally crowing her son king of Trevilan.

She would take as many loads as needed to return her baby boy back to normal. Even if it meant fucking him for the next week.

Princess Maymon, former apprentice to Tustin, didn't think it would come to that. Earlier, as they inspected Rodmond's erection while he slept, it had been May who carefully laid out their new plan of attack in dealing with this spell... and his cock.

So far, the voluptuous Queen Marzanna seemed to be the only one among them capable of taking Rodmond's full length. The cock was bigger than anything either of them had ever seen on a man. Luckily Marzanna's full-figured, busty body and mature cunt seemed to be up to the challenge. And like she had said, she was more than willing to take it for her son.

'If that's the case, mother, keep that thing busy. Use your mouth if you must. Especially if you are still sore down there. You'd be surprised how often a good long blowjob can get the job done. I'll be back soon.'

'Of course, dear,' the queen nodded hastily, 'but what will you do? I'll need your help dealing with him.'

'Fear not. I'm going to attempt a different approach. We need to meet this big dick on its own level. I intend to fight magic... with magic. I'm going down to the bookstacks to find another stamina spell... for us this time.'

Marzanna looked shocked, startled. 'Us? You can't be serious. I'm not about to start drinking anything you've... enchanted, daughter. No thank you. I'm sure we can do this the old-fashioned way. That always seemed to work with your father.'

'Think, mother,' Maymon held her shoulders, 'Daddy never took a potion that gave him a twelve-inch cock. Look at the size of that thing! Look at how it behaves, twitching and throbbing like that. Does it look natural to you? We must meet it with magic, it might be the only way to beat this spell.'

Back in the present, Marzanna faced the swaying monster towering between her son's legs. Maymon's words echoed in her mind. *Was this the only way, she thought, truly?* She felt between her legs, still raw and throbbing. Did she have another three rounds in her with that big prick? Could she keep going all night? She searched inside herself. Part of her, the part that had loved being destroyed by that huge shaft, still wanted more. Her daughter had been right, she was made for this. She loved it. She full red lips slowly curved upward. She hadn't been fucked like that in years.

But then rational part of her brain was telling her how fucked up this situation really was. Rodmond could easily have impregnated her. She was only thirty-eight; anyone of those big loads could have been the one to impregnate her needy womb. Her head spun thinking about it. Generations of inbreeding preceded them. Her son was already the child of a union between father and daughter. Had Rodmond impregnated her already? *Will you have his child, Marzanna?* How dangerous might their royal inbreeding be now without a wizard's magic to ensure a healthy birth. *Will you risk all that to save him?*

She answered by resuming the sloppy handjob.

It was then that Queen Marzanna realized she wanted this, wanted him to cum for her. Inside her. To feel that huge load soothing her needy, fertile cunt. Wanted to feel it happen again. Had something happened to her? Had some of the wizard's potion made it into her system somehow? She was so fucking wet again. Had all those loads she'd taken earlier done something to her mind? Marzanna was mad with lust, a total slut for her son's giant dick. Her hand was now a blur, travelling up and down the oily, long prick. She loved that he was so turned on by her body. That only it could satisfy him. That he seemed to lust for her so powerfully, and that his huge loads had all been her doing.

'Is this what my baby needs? Hmm? You need mommy's body... to make this big dick cum?'

'Yes!' he moaned as his gorgeous mother angled the huge head towards her juicy lips.

She jerked him off into her mouth. 'Then cum, baby. Cum for mommy.'

'Oh, I want to, mommy. It hurts... so much. My balls feel... so heavy now.'

'I know baby,' she kept jerking, 'I know. What can mommy do? How can I... empty them again for you?' She saw Rodmond's eyes immediately go to her boobs squished beneath her.

'Ohhh... You want to suck mommy's tits again?' She laughed and felt the fat tube in her hand pulse with excitement. Her giant matronly udders really did seem to be the key to getting that nut.

He nodded.

*Of course they were*, she realized. 'Mmm,' she sat up and soon held one heavy breast up to her lips, 'baby boy wants his mommy's big fat tits, does he?' she emphasized each word with a suck on her nipple.

'Yes,' he beamed, 'oh please, mommy! Let me suck on them again.'

Marzanna rolled her eyes and smiled seductively. Maybe she had been thinking too hard about all this. Perhaps Maymon had as well. Maybe the trick was just to keep treating men like big babies and giving them what they wanted. She leaned forward and let him suck on her to his heart's content. She watched as her big milkers swelled around his face while he greedily sucked on them.

'Mommy,' Roddy said after a couple minutes of hard sucking, popping one fat nipple from his mouth, 'can you... put it between them?'

She gaped in surprise. She had never done that before. Her husband had always been so consistent in their love making and rarely tried anything beyond vaginal penetration. But given the circumstances, she was willing to try anything to get another load out of him... and to give her sensitive little muff a break.

'Anything for my baby,' she chirped, and leaned back to sit on her legs. She patted her lap for him to shimmy forward and Roddy parted his legs around her stomach, bringing the big swinging dick right up against her. The shaft was almost up to her collarbone! It was a remarkable sight.

'Closer baby, mommy will wrap them around your big dick. But you need to be closer... there you go. What a good boy!'

'Oh, fuck. They're so big and fat. I just can't get enough of your tits, mommy,' Rodmond confessed, doing as he was told and watching as her boobs filled his lap.

Marzanna laughed at her boy, having known this about him since he was just a baby. He had always been horrible at hiding his love for her huge knockers. All three of her children loved her matronly bosom, though perhaps not to *this* degree. *Whatever helps*, she thought with mirth. *The attention certainly doesn't feel unpleasant.*

Rodmund just couldn't get over the fact, the sight, the feeling... of finally, after all these years, having his beautiful mother and her big, wonderful breasts, all to himself. He never wanted this moment to end. He knew what was at stake but told himself that if this was how he died, he'd have no complaints.

Marzanna pulled him to her and then took one heavy breast in each hand. They were already so shiny with sweat, cum, and drool. His cock was beat red and layered in a mixture of precum and saliva. Given the absurd size of their sex organs, it thankfully did not take more than a couple tries to finally get him centered.

'Yesss... look at it! Oh, this feels so amazing!' Rodmond beamed, taking in the sight of her giant white globes completely engulfing his hot red shaft. The big purple head of his angry cock was barely visible in her deep gulf of self-made cleavage.

'Oh baby, yes it does feel good to have you wrapped up like this! Now what? Tell mommy what to do.'

'Mmm, yes! Try and jerk me off... with your tits. And I'll thrust as best I can.'

Marzanna almost wanted to laugh at his directions, at the whole situation, but she had to admit it was terribly erotic. Before today she would have never thought about giving her son a titjob, let alone fucking him. Now it felt like the most natural thing in the world. She felt odd, in almost an *out of body experience* sort of way, but she could absolutely see herself getting used to this. She had never been so thoroughly pleased before, never cum so much before in one night. She soon felt Roddy push his ass up off her legs and, up came his fat cock, right on her chin! She gasped at its sudden appearance from out of her cleavage. Her son started to thrust up in earnest.

She soon got the general idea and started rubbing her massive jugs against his cock as best she could manage. Occasionally, the queen would lick her tongue out and catch the big peeping cock head from her squished tits. Even still, it was slow going and not the easiest to maintain for the buxom mother, who was unaccustomed to lifting such heavy hangers with her little hands for more than a few minutes. Eventually she just ended up folding her arms around her boobs and while he fucked her cleavage and mouth.

This seemed to do the job. A few minutes later, sensing a renewed wave of pleasure from between her legs, the curvy queen let go of her tits and rose up to kneel over her son's cock. The oversized rod slapped against her soft stomach, just below her swinging tits.

'Ohhh,' Rodmond moaned. 'Are we... going again, mother?'

Marzanna said nothing. Her lust had overtaken her. Her big hangers grazed the wet bloated head, and she heard him moan out in joy. One of her legs came up and she pushed herself to crouch over him. His eyes never left her big boobs. She took his cock head in one hand and lined it up with her sensitive pussy.

At first, she felt her tightness, the tender flesh that had taken such a beating earlier, but then the pain receded, and she gently eased herself onto him. Marzanna exhaled sharply as she worked her way down his incredible girth, feeling him hit every corner of her hot tunnel. It was an unbelievably filling feeling. Once she had a little more than half of him inside, she eased both of her knees down on either side of her son.

Rodmond had his hands on her generously fleshy hips but soon they were pawing at her fat tits, feeling the soft flesh envelope his fingers.

The horny queen let out a soft cry as she felt him connect against her cervix already. She imagined it as a tiny mouth deep inside her vagina, puckered to kiss his cockhead. The feeling of his colossal plumb

rubbing against her there was enough to send her overboard. She leaned forward, giving him more of what he wanted. Her big tits swung pendulously over his face. Roddy's hands were all about again, bringing them together and pulling her nipples to his mouth. Marzanna gave out a sharp cry as she felt his powerful cock flex inside her, his tongue lapping on a nipple.

She couldn't see his face anymore; it was buried in her valley of tit flesh. She could only feel him now and hear his moans of pure pleasure.

Then she began to ride him.

\* \* \*

At the celebratory dinner earlier that evening, there came a feast the likes of which castle Trevilan had not seen since before the plague. The four remaining members of the Velcin family, along with fifty or so of their closest family, friends, and advisors, were gathered to mourn the death of King Rodar and celebrate the ascension of his only son, Rodmond.

Those present in the grand hall were in fact the bulk who happened lived inside the castle. Due to the ongoing plague which ravaged Trevilan, all traffic in and out of the old keep had ceased nearly three months ago. Goods were transported at specific stop points outside the castle walls. Any outsiders were required to quarantine for a least two weeks to ensure no signs of pox were present. Even then, there were significant safeguards preventing anyone but the closest advisors and guards from interacting directly with members of the royal family.

Young Rodmond, crowned only hours ago, sat in his father's seat at the head of the long table. His mother, Queen Marzanna, sat to his left. His aunt, the High Priestess of the Redeemer, Morrigan, sat on his right. Marzanna's older sister was forty and had lived most of her life in the religious order. Morrigan was austere and stern, but equally as beautiful as her younger sister, and just as buxom.

Somewhere near the middle of the table was Maymon, surrounded by horny nobles trying to get a look down her plunging neckline, keeping a careful eye on her very robust-looking brother. All the way at the other end of the table, staring directly across at her new king, was eighteen-year-old princess Gilidred Velcin, or Gilly as everyone called her. Rodmond's twin sister and, by all accounts, his betrothed. Like Maymon, Gilly also couldn't believe her brother's sudden transformation. From her perspective, Rodmond looked like a completely different person. A new man.

Her mother had explained it all to her and her older sister Maymon during their father's funeral earlier today. Thanks to Tustin's potion, Roddy was no longer the bedbound invalid Gilly had known all her life. She watched him now as he sat at the head of the table, gesticulating as if he had ever been thus. He could even stand and walk completely on his own. Formerly his nurse, Wengigia, had always been at his side, feeding, clothing, and bathing him since he was a boy. She even still breast fed him, Gilly understood. As she peered across at her brother now, chatting with their mother and their aunt, it looked as if he had never needed any help at all. He certainly looked the part. Like he had always been one, wearing their father's ring, royal cloak, and crown. Gilly smiled. But it was Roddy, no matter the

raiment. She smiled to herself. Her twin brother was still obsessed mother's big tits, from the way he kept staring at her generously cut neckline.

*What kind of potion was this exactly, she wondered. And just how long would it last?*

Gilly sighed. She loved her brother; they had shared so many wonderful memories together as children. But marrying and bearing his sons was something she wasn't quite sure she would ever be ready for. The fact that up until now he was almost totally bed bound meant that she had never had to think about it too seriously. While her father was alive, Gilly always assumed the day she married Rodmond would be far off in the future. When they were both grown adults. She would be a woman, emotionally mature, and prepared to be his queen by that point, surely. To serve the realm and bear him as many sons as needed. Now, over the course of one terrible night, her father was dead, and Rodmond was king. *They were only 18 years old.* The next logical step was for him to wed her... and bed her.

*Not that Rodmond is wholly unattractive,* she thought as she continued to observe him from across the table. She simply had no reason, up until now, to think of him that way. His illness had largely restricted how much they interacted over the years and up until this point.

She sighed again, drooping her small shoulders. The truth was, at her age, Gilly believed in love. *True love.* She believed in romance and chivalry. A knight in shining armor, sweeping her off her feet, and making sweet, passionate love all night long. She wanted a loving, affectionate husband, to be her equal and to care for her the way that she would care for him.

She didn't just want to be a king's broodmare queen.

She sat up straight, catching herself daydreaming. She nodded vacantly to one of her handmaids as they blathered away next to her with court gossip. Not caring if she was listening. Gilly eyed the room again. The dinner table was a bustle of activity and chatter. Candlelight glow was everywhere. Beyond the soft light, her deep green eyes searched for him. *Her beloved.*

Presently she spotted him, a tall, statue of a man standing diligently next to her mother. Ser Blant. Ser Anson Blant, captain of the guard, and the love of her life. Now in his mid-fifties, Anson was the most passionate lover she had ever known. Her first and only lover, she corrected. Ser Blant, like an uncle to her at first, having always served the Velcin family so faithfully over the years, and now her guardian lover...

While she watched him, she thought back to the day their romance had begun. Only two months ago. Not long after he had lost his wife of twenty years, Annibou, to this awful plague. Anson's boys, Erik and Gurmin, were both grown and moved on to be soldiers and have families of their own. The captain of the guard was all alone in the castle, and, in his grief, he had turned to the daughter he never had, Princess Gilly Velcin, for the comfort he so clearly needed. She was there for him immediately. Gilly had loved him since she was a little girl. Now she was a young woman and more than willing to be an even greater comfort him. To be there for him when he needed her most. To love him the way she so

desperately needed to be loved. While it was clear that Ser Blant was grateful to have Gilly as a friend during this awful time, it had been her to initiate the first move.

She was sighing thoughtfully at the dinner table now, her palm holding up her head, thinking back on that night in the gardens...

They had walked alone through the palace topiary. Her little arm around his massive one, when she pretended to trip and fall over a fallen branch. He naturally caught her and, meeting eyes, she stole a kiss. It was so clumsy and quick. She had been so nervous that night, despite planning the moment for so long in her head. But then he had returned it in earnest. She confessed her love for him that night. They quietly stole back to her room, blushing all the while, even as he slowly undid her layered white dress and undergarments. He took her there on her bed. *Twice.*

Breaking her maidenhead had been surprisingly painful, something she hadn't considered, but then, afterward, he had been so gentle and caring. He guided her through the first of several orgasms that night. She knew it was true love. There wasn't a night that first week they didn't share her bed. Despite the more than thirty years between them, the two had felt a true connection. Love, at last!

Or at least, that was how Gilly saw it.

After that first week together, Ser Blant made it clear that their nights together must be kept secret. She was promised to her brother Rodmond after all. A broken maidenhead was easily explained by her well-known penchant for horseback riding. Ser Blant would be killed if it were discovered that the captain of the guard had deflowered Trevilan's youngest princess.

Gilly could care less about any of it.

What she felt for him was the most intense passion and connection that she had ever shared with another human being. Not only was Ser Blant kind and generous to her, but he also legitimately seemed to care for her. To take interest in who she was. He was such a good listener. She could depend on him being there each night by her side. Gilly knew she must have him and no other.

The weeks went by, and still Ser Blant made her swear to keep their relationship a secret. No matter how many times she made him roar her name and say that he was hers alone, he would always sneak away afterwards. To protect them.

Gilly carried on as best she could despite her frustration. On the one hand, she loved him, more than she could write in a thousand journals. She never named him in her writing, of course, but by the description, any reader could tell it was Ser Anson Blant. On the other hand, what did it mean to want to shirk her royal responsibility in marrying her brother?

She couldn't think straight anymore. Her thoughts were consumed with those of her Knight. She loved his pronounced square jaw and short cut beard. His grey hair. She loved the hairs on his broad chest, so thick and curly, even all the grey ones. She loved running her hands through them. She adored how big

and strong he was. His tree trunk arms could pick up with ease and throw her on the bed. Which he had done more times than she could count.

She swooned again over him, feeling the soreness between her legs. She loved his big powerful manhood, thicker than her arm. How his love making always made her mind go blank when it kissed her deepest places. The way he would call out her name before he came. A true knight, pulling out at the last moment and coating her little tummy or her generous bottom in all his love.

She gave a sly smile, thinking of their connection. Sometimes she would take him in her mouth, though he was much too large for her to do so for long. And once, with his hand to guide her head, she had even brought him to climax that way. He was a patient teacher, and lover, and she adored him even more for that. She loved that he worshipped her body.

At just eighteen, Gilly was physically small and modestly built. She was the opposite of her full-figured sister and mother. Where they were curvy and buxom, with big breasts to match their matching five-foot two height, Gilly was petite, athletically built, and barely four foot eight. She had little hands, little feet. Her breasts were tiny rosebuds with big red nipples.

Conversely, much to her dismay, Gilly had a noticeably large bubble butt that stuck out irritatingly. Her sizable rear was a constant source of frustration for her, causing her dresses to fit awkwardly because of how much it protruded. Her wide hips caused her fleshy cheeks to sway and rock at the slightest movement. She was always aware of how out of proportion it looked in relation to the rest of her petite body.

Anson absolutely adored her ass. His hands or his mouth were on it constantly. And she loved that about him, how his lust for it would often drive his tongue to exploring her round rump within minutes of him getting into her bed, much to her delight. After their first secret month together, Gilly made it clear that she would entertain this clandestine arrangement for only so long. She wished to marry Ser Blant and would go to her mother about it with or without him.

'Princess, to tell the queen about us would be as to sign my death warrant,' he pleaded one night after a particularly needful coupling.

But she would hear none of it. Gilly had been raised as a lady of the court and could navigate any royal issue with reason and tact. Her mother had been an excellent teacher. Gilly explained to her knight lover that he would not be named directly at her official request. She instead would use the platform to beseech her mother in allowing her to choose her own husband. And suggest Maymon marry Rodmond instead. Ser Blant sat silently and seemed unconvinced. He was clearly at odds with her decision but no longer attempted to dissuade her.

Next day, Gilly requested a formal audience with her mother and her mother's closest advisors and handmaids. She had planned this step carefully for many days. Doing so meant that her request would be formally logged in the castle archives. Should her mother's judgment prove unsatisfactory to Gilly, which she anticipated, she could appeal the judgment to her father, the king, within one standard year.

Her father never took council on matters of familial relations, but he would if he knew it was regarding Gilly, his favorite daughter. She wouldn't go directly to him with this request. Even informally. Word would reach her mother, the queen, who was technically the royal matchmaker. This would have to go through Queen Marzanna first to be official. It would have to be quite the performance, Gilly knew.

Within a week, princess Gilly received a summons.

'Your royal highness, distinguished advisors,' Gilly projected, standing before the single table in the brilliantly lit main hall of the castle's eastern wing. Her mother's side of the castle. She could see the queen's wide grin spread across her beautiful face. *She thinks I'm not being serious*, Gilly thought, *wait until she hears what this is about*. 'I stand before you today to formally request a total cessation of my betrothal to prince Rodmond, so that I may be free to choose my own husband.'

*Oh, the look on their faces!* Everyone was sitting up now and turning towards one another, confusedly murmuring about the nature of such a request. Only two people in the room were silent. Gilly's mother and herself. Their eyes deadlocked.

'What is the meaning of this, Gilidred?' the queen asked sternly, an open hand high in the air to silence the room. 'Princess, this is not a subject on which you have any say. It is not a request you are free to make. You know that.'

'Your majesty, I am a woman grown. I should think I have every say on this matter.'

Stunned faces abounded, people didn't know where to look. The queen remained obstinate. 'I disagree, child. As you are aware, you live in this castle and under the rule of your father, the king. As princess, it has been decided that you are to marry prince Rodmond at the time of his ascension. Whenever that may be.'

'And... if Rodmond should never become king?'

There were several gasps, and the murmurs rose up once again around the hall.

'*Silence!*' now the queen was riled up, 'child, you are lucky neither your father nor Rodmond are present to hear such dissent. I am willing to overlook such folly on account of your age. Even still, you dishonor House Velcin. I reject your request. Council, I want to apologize on behalf of Princess Gilly.'

'Your majesty,' Gilly bowed, face red and hands tightening into fists. 'Council members, please see to it that an official log of my request is made.'

'No such record will be made,' the queen said curtly.

'*Excuse me?*' Gilly tilted her head, 'Majesty, that is against royal policy.'

Queen Marzanna leaned forward; her corset-clad tits swelled onto the table. 'I wasn't born yesterday, child. An official log could be appealed. You could go running to your father about this. Come to think of

it, I'm surprised you didn't do that in the first place. Instead, you chose to waste our time with this silly nonsense.'

Gilly gritted her teeth, but stayed bowed so her mother could not see. 'Am I dismissed, your majesty?'

'You are free to go.'

Gilly stood up and turned sharply. She made for the door before she heard the queen call out again. 'Wait,' Marzanna said, 'before you go, will you at least do us the honor of telling the council which stable boy you've fallen in love with this time?' There soon arose dry laughter that only made Gilly quicken her step.

That same evening, Gilly sat in front of her mirror in her chamber. Brooding and straightening her long hair before bed. Soon there came a knock at her door. But it was far too early for Anson. That wasn't how he knocked either. 'Who is it?' she asked, tentatively.

'Your mother,' the queen's voice said, 'may I enter?'

'That depends,' Gilly said, resuming her brushing, 'is the entire council with you to keep the laughter going?'

The door opened and her night gown clad mother walked in, both arms raised. 'I am alone.'

Gilly sighed and put down the brush. She looked at her mother in the mirror. Marzanna was a beautiful woman. The silk gown she wore accentuated her stunningly full form. Her mother's large, heavy breasts swung freely beneath the translucent cloth as she moved gracefully to Gilly's bed. For most of Gilly's life, she so desperately wanted to be her mother. She thought that this was how a woman looked. Marzanna was so perfect, her curvy hourglass figure and long, luxurious black hair. Gilly had wanted so much just to be her for so long that she almost ignored who she was herself.

Then came the age of reason, when children form their own thoughts and opinions about the world. Gilly envied her mother for her looks and her status. But she didn't ever wish to be in her shoes. It is no easy task to be a queen. Even harder to be a mother to three children.

'I've come to apologize for earlier,' Marzanna said, 'not as queen, but as your mother.'

'You humiliated me today,' Gilly said, turning to face her mother, tears welling up in her eyes.

Marzanna sat on the bed and motioned for her daughter to join her. 'You did that to yourself, child. Imagine my surprise at such an outrageous request. I tried not to see my daughter today, but you forced my hand. You put me on the spot. What was I supposed to do?'

'Grant my request?' Gilly sniveled, now sitting next to her.

'Hah!' she placed a dainty hand over her large bosom, 'my daughter, you have much to learn. Love and marriage are not always the same thing. You must marry your brother. It is your duty. You must bear his offspring. But who can say what lies in a woman's heart? You are free to love whomever you like.'

'I... I am?'

'There is no royal policy against such... arrangements. Gilly, you are so young. So many decisions have had to have been made for you... when you were just a baby. To secure the future of Trevilan. I know it is not easy, trust me. I was born into the same system. I had to marry my own father when I was your age. But being an adult means knowing the difference between what a responsibility is and what is in your heart. Rarely are they the same.'

Gilly was rocking in her mother's arms now, pressed deeply against her big soft tits, listening to every word she said. This wasn't her stern queen from before, this was her mother, who read stories to her and Rodmond and Maymon when they were little kids.

Gilly had been so caught up in her feelings for Ser Blant that she had completely overlooked her role as princess. Her responsibilities. She had almost begrudged them. Until now, nestled into her mother's welcoming arms and warm bosom. This was where she belonged. They soon made up and talked for a little longer before Marzanna finally tucked her daughter into bed and said good night.

Less than an hour later, came the knock she had been waiting for.

Anson opened the door to the dark room and crept in. Gilly was ecstatic, kicking her little legs in bed at his approach. She was already naked and sopping wet when he undressed and crawled in. She had him hold her for a while and kissed him silently before telling him what had happened. She explained that everything was alright now and that she had finally come to her senses.

The little princess lay on top of her knight, whispering while she squeezed her thighs between his gigantic tool. She felt the massive thing pulse against the fat of her legs. Soon she was tickling him until he could take no more. Her knight flipped her over onto her back and pierced her tight wet gash with his searing hot cock.

Ser Blant fucked her royal little pussy harder than she'd ever known that night, like a man possessed. It had actually hurt her a great deal and yet, she had never felt happier. Had never needed him more. And then, because it was safe, she let him to finish inside her...

Back at the dinner table of king Rodmond's coronation, the hour was getting late, and Gilly noticed members of the castle were departing. There would surely be fireworks and more festivities in the gardens but under the circumstances they would be much smaller than normal. Surprisingly she had missed the exit of her brother. Her mother and sister were now gone as well. That was odd. They were usually the last to leave dinner.

*No matter, she thought, I must be away as well.* She soon caught the glance of Ser Blant and saw his hand signal. *The lower archives. Twenty minutes.* She signaled back, saw his smile, and turned away.

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Quietly coming down the spiral staircase, Ser Blant thought he had made it to the castle archives first. He wasn't surprised when he came upon their usual spot, a carpeted section between the bookstacks, where a low fireplace stood before two great pelt-covered chairs, only to see Gilly's tiny form, undressing. The girl only had her long white stockings on, which travelled up above her knees, and a thin white bustier that forced her small breasts together deliciously.

'You're late,' she smiled. 'Help me with this, my sweet Knight?'

'Of course, your highness,' he moved to her. 'we'll leave the stockings on.'

Twenty minutes later, the little girl's head was pressed against the carpet. The captain of the guard loomed larger over her. One of Ser Blant's giant hands rested on her neck, keeping her down there. The other was near her hips, a fist on the ground, hanging on as he hammered into her astonishingly wet pussy.

He kept a hold on her head both because he enjoyed the dominating stance... and because Gilly was a screamer. He wanted to be able to cover her mouth in the carpet if he had to. *That was her problem*, he thought as he pounded into the tiny teenager. He wasn't about to stop thrusting into her tight little cunt because she had yet to handle his size and strength. He was really laying into the girl now. Long powerful strokes as he watched her fat ass jiggle helplessly around his cock. A froth of her wetness pooled around his thick shaft.

The immense size, and age, difference between the two gave him immense pleasure. He couldn't help but watch as his entire length came out in a long, slow stroke, only to be buried back inside her young body with great force. His black cloak was stuffed under her stomach, forcing her big juicy ass up and towards him.

The two had attempted doggy style several times. But the girl didn't have the stamina for it yet. After one or two orgasms, Gilly's legs gave out and she could no longer hold herself up. The poor girl, he thought and gave her another hard thrust. He loved hearing her yelp like that.

He watched her big white ass cheeks ripple from his impact. Looked back to see her dainty feet and thick legs, still wrapped in the bright white stockings, flop and kick uselessly while he buried his into her over and over.

'Ugh! Ugh! Ughhhh! Oh yes, my knight,' she babbled, 'my sweet knight. Yes! Deliver me! Give me... the seed of our love.' He heard her babble. She was always going on about such nonsense when he fucked her. The girl had said she loved him the very first night he took her. *The spoiled little cunt had wanted to marry him*, he laughed to himself. That was when he knew he had really fucked up. But what was he supposed to do? She'd practically thrown herself at him and, after his most recent injury, along with the death of his wife - *that battleaxe of a woman* - he figured some young cunt throwing herself at him was probably as good as it was going to get. Royalty or not.

Besides, it wasn't like Rodmond was ever going to knock her up. Word from his nurse, Wengigia, was that his cock didn't even work anymore. She would know, she washed it every day.

So here he was, fifty-four years old, captain of the guard to the house of Velcin, the rulers of the kingdom of Trevilan, who were once one of the more powerful among the five kingdoms, now brought low by the plague, forced to secretly bang the princess' eighteen-year-old pussy. He wasn't complaining. He couldn't believe his luck, to be honest. She easily had the best ass in the castle. He couldn't keep himself off it. Whenever he could get away from her grumpy bitch of a mother.

Oh sure, he would love to be fucking Queen Marzanna right now. She had the kind of body any man would cut off a nut for. Huge tits, great big ass, a beautiful face, and not too tall either. She was perfect. Too bad she was so sour all the time, worrying about this or that.

He continued to ram into the squealing child beneath him, oblivious of her heated confessions for him. Oh, to be fucking busty Queen Marzanna right now. *Not sure what I'd do with those big tits*, he thought. *Maybe now that the king was dead, she would remarry? Fat chance noticing an old fart like you*, he thought, *but you never know. Kingdom is in a bad way, by all reports. And now the wizard was dead. It was a wonder he had made it this long.* He slapped Gilly's big fat ass, hard, and watched the ripple her young flesh made.

She turned her head back to smile at him. 'Yes, lover,' she panted, 'take your pleasure. *UGH!* I offer it to you... Oh!... all that I am! Ohhhh Redeemer, so hard! So deep, Anson, and soooo hard. So much to give... Ughhh, your little princess... yes, you're going to make me... make me...'

'That's right, little girl,' he spat, 'cum for your knight. Cum all over this fat cock.'

'*Ughhhh*,' she cried through her orgasm, 'merciful creator. Gentle! you've... oh, made me sin twice now. Such a diligent knight for his princess...' He finally let go of her head after forcing her to ride out the orgasm. A moment later, he shoved back into her again, felt his balls push press against her hairless mound.

Then he took her by the hips with both hands.

'Here we go, child,' he grunted, preparing her body, 'and remember to keep quiet this time.' He would jerk himself off with her body now until he could hold it no longer. This was usually the time when she would tell him to remember to pull out before he came.

Except now she looked to be so lost in her own ecstasy that she didn't appear to realize what was going on. So, he wrapped his hands around her hips and dug his big thumbs into the small of her back. He used his palms to pivot her ass up even more towards his groin. He heard her whimper but still she said nothing. Then he really started giving it to her.

While using her, Ser Blant smiled and realized he should have taken a younger wife years ago. Someone to cook, clean, and squeeze out a few more boys for him. Not too bossy neither. This one would get some nice big tits then too. Especially if she was knocked up all the time.

A thought came to him then as he fucked her. Maybe she wanted him to knock her up? Maybe that's why she wasn't stopping him now? He was really pounding her, there was no way he'd stop now

anyway, but still the thought persisted. The teenager's big ass was a blur beneath him. He soon felt the rush and dumped his entire load in her in young cunt. Another loud grunt escaped him, and he heard her squeal.

'Yes, my love! Inside, inside, all inside! Give me all your precious seed!' He thought he heard say, her moaning and babbling unending, widening her stance to accept his entire load. 'My sweet knight. Ohhhh, so full. So much hot love... inside your little princess...' She sounded ridiculous! Ser Blant had to admit she felt incredible though. Something so young and tight, such a fat ass on such a tiny body, forcing him to cum inside her like that. He knew why he kept going back to her each night.

'Ohhh that was exquisite,' she beamed.

Later, he stood and watched as the young princess hoisted her legs in the air, holding her big fat bottom up with both hands. He had no idea what she was doing.

*No matter*, he thought, *I am spent*. He suddenly wished to be back in his own bed. She was normally always so clingy afterwards and begged him to stay with her. Tonight was different. And the lower levels of the castle gave him the creeps. The dead wizard's chambers were down here. Who knew what vile spells were just waiting to be unleashed now that that old wretch had finally keeled over.

He had personally taken care of the wizard's body. It hadn't been the pox either. Some spell had killed him, it was said. Tustin had been experimenting on his pecker, from what his first lieutenant had told him. His man swore the ancient wizard had been obsessed with sex and used his magic to increase his stamina and the size of his manhood beyond anything resembling normal.

Ser Blant had buried the old man and could attest to it; the wizard had still had a giant, raging hardon even as they piled the dirt on top of him. 'Whatever', he shrugged, mumbling, 'I've never needed any magic to power my cock.'

'What was that, my love?' he heard her ask. 'What were you saying?'

'Nothing, pet,' he turned to face her. She still had her legs pointed up in the air, tossing them back and forth sensually. Her nipples, often inverted, were now an erect bright red and looked like little pebbles balanced on her upturned chest.

'Exercising before bed, are we?' he asked, watching her flex.

'Something like that. Are you leaving now, my sweet? I thought we might... go again?'

'Alas,' he watched her sit up cross-legged, 'I am on watch tonight. I must soon relieve the south tower guard.'

'Rodmond's chambers?'

'Your queen mother's request. She has asked two guards posted at the base of the tower for the entire night.'

'That is... odd,' she said, but he was tired of her talk now.

'I must depart,' he bowed. She always seemed to like it when he acted like a knight around her. Which was good because it was the only way he wished to act. 'Until... tomorrow night?'

'Of course... Goodnight, my love,' she whispered but there was no response. He had already rounded the corner of the book stacks and made his way up the narrow stairs.

\* \* \*

Later, when Ser Blant had been gone for some time, Gilly finally raised her head and wiped her eyes.

She was still sitting down on the floor of the archives' reading area. It was almost completely dark, beyond the light of her own candles. The young girl sighed and leaned against one of the huge chairs facing the ancient unlit fireplace.

Still naked, she had her head rested against her knees. Her arms wrapped around her legs. Gilly could still feel Ser Blant leaking out of her. She felt like a complete idiot. How had she been so clouded over... with love... as to ignore all the other signals? She had been so obsessed with giving herself to a man, any man, that she had looked past all the warning signs that confused love and lust?

Ser Blant didn't care for her. He simply wanted to keep her as his secret and fuck her tight little teenage pussy every chance he could get. If the old knight had his way, their arrangement, these clandestine trysts, would be the extent of their relationship. What had she been thinking? And letting him cum inside her just now? What was she trying to achieve?

She tossed her head back against the soft pelted seat of the chair and laughed scornfully at herself. Part of her wanted to get pregnant with Blant's child. As a testament to their love. What she thought had been love. And perhaps in defiance of her betrothal to her brother.

Princess Gilly had hoped allowing Anson to do so would have also solidified their relationship. Even if, as her mother had said, it would always be outside her role as queen to Rodmond.

But this had proved it. All Blant had wanted was to fuck her and cum in her whenever her could. *He hadn't even asked!* Simply planted his seed and then left her here in the archives all by herself. And maybe that was fine, she reasoned, on some baser level, satisfying her primal lusts to get fucked apart. But Gilly wanted more, she also wanted connection...

Ser Blant was clearly not able to provide that. The last two months had been wonderful. At least at the time that was how she saw it. Now she was totally reconsidering his demeanor. What she had thought was attentive listening and contemplation may have just been a quiet indifference. Gilly shook her head. saw the aftermath dribble from her sex, pooling on the beautiful carpet. Had all of it simply been in service to fuck her perfect little teenage pussy and worship her fat ass with his tongue whenever she let him? She hated to admit it, but her mother had been right. Her responsibility and her heart were rarely

aligned, but she always had to be aware of both. And right now, her heart was telling her to move on from Ser Blant. If true love exists, she thought, it doesn't end up on this carpet.

After a few more moments of collecting herself, Gilly got up and got dressed. She moved silently along the southern wall of the expansive room, opposite from where Ser Blant had departed, and made for the only other way out. An arched doorway that passed by the wizard Tustin's chamber.

As her little slippers quietly tapped against the cobbled flooring, Gilly could have sworn she heard movement from inside the room as she passed the threshold of the wizard's door. He's dead, she remembered, no one would be in there now. No one except for...

Her suspicions getting the better of her, the young girl tested the door and found it to be unlocked. Carefully, so as not to make any noise, knowing how cranky these old doors could be, she slowly eased it ajar with her hand and her foot, then peeked around inside.

Sure enough, hunched over the cluttered worktable of her former master, Princess Maymon stood side on to the door and was carefully pouring a bright looking vial into another larger bottle.

Gilly's older sister was also barefoot and oddly dressed, she noticed. Maymon had on only a pale red robe, loosely tied together at her waist. From this angle, and against the light of several candles burning in the lavishly decorated chamber, Gilly could make out that her sister was naked underneath it. That was very strange. Her sister always dressed so conservatively. Even for bed.

Even one of May's plump breasts was hanging out of the robe and a curvy thigh had escaped out from under the sash of her robe. What was she doing down here at this hour and in such casual garb?

Like all the women in her family, Gilly's sister Maymon was arrestingly beautiful. She was only two years older than Gilly and their brother, but those years had always vastly separated them. Maymon had a rounder, fuller face, and short cut black hair, always messy, that came down to her chin. She had droopy, puppy dog eyes that were astonishingly sweet when she smiled but could keep others at a distance when her rosebud lips were closed tight. She had this kind of perpetually sleep look to her, or perhaps it was a sultry look, Gilly often thought.

Where Gilly was outgoing and personable, her sister was quiet and reserved. Often alone in her room or down here with her master, Tustin, learning to make some new potion or cast some new spell. Maymon was also generously proportioned, like their mother, but she hid herself beneath heavy layers of robes and simply cut dresses. She had big round tits that stood high and full on her chest, and she had a wide curvy rear, if somewhat smaller than Gilly's.

The two girls were complete opposites but not unfriendly with one another. They loved each other very much. It was rare for them to argue or bicker anymore, as lately they had very little to do with each other. They had little in common. Still, Gilly admired her sister's intelligence and intensity. She had no doubt Maymon would make a fantastic sorcerous someday.

Now, as Gilly peered over at Maymon doing whatever, she forgot about the big door separating them and leaned too heavily against it. One second, she was balancing against it and the next she was slipping forward and foolishly falling onto the cold stone floor of Tustin's room.

This immediately got the attention of Maymon.

'Gilly?!' she turned in surprise, 'what are you doing here? And at this hour...' she put down the vial and mindfully adjusted her robe.

Gilly stood and wiped herself off, eyed her sister suspiciously. Cast in the strange green glow from the table, Maymon looked every bit the wizard. 'I could ask you the same question.'

The two regarded each other for a tense moment, peering down their noses and with chins raised.

'I asked you first,' May said, too quickly.

Gilly scoffed. 'I was... down here... er, reading before bed.'

'Reading? In the archives? Why not the library? Wait a minute... you're lying!' May pointed at her accusatorily. 'You look as though you were just out riding a horse! And in your night clothes... what were you up to, sister. The truth. Out with it.'

'Umm... well, I was here,' Gilly swallowed, 'with Ser Blant.'

'Ah hah! I knew it!' May yelped and gave a short hop. Then readjusted her loose robe when a big boob escaped again. 'You know, I had heard some... rumors around castle in the last month.'

'Rumors? From whom!?'

'Ah ah ah,' May said, wagging a finger, 'I have my sources, sister. But they were unconfirmed if you had in fact... made good on his affections for you.' She winked at Gilly.

'Yes, his lusts were about the extent of his affections,' Gilly spat. She could see that her sister understood her meaning at once.

'Oh, Gilly,' Maymon shook her head and put an arm around her little sister. 'I wish you had come to me about him. The man is a dog. Haven't you seen how he ogles mother every moment?'

'Come to you? Why would I? When have we ever spoken... about men? About... love?'

Maymon gave a quick chuckle and then coughed it away. 'Is that what this is about? Love? Were you looking for love... in Ser Blant?'

The question hung in the air. Gilly had, of course, foolishly hoped he would return her love. Now she understood the folly of such an idea. She had mistaken his lusty urges and passion the entire time. After a moment, Gilly turned and faced her sister, reached out to hold an arm.

'You're right, of course. Oh sister, what have I done.' Her eyes welled.

'Nothing that cannot be fixed in time, I am certain. You are a princess of Trevilan. You need not seek love, sister, for it will surely find you in some form or another.' Maymon hugged her tiny sister and then turned back to the table. 'But I have not yet told you what I am working on. Why I am here. Come and see.' There was that wicked smile May got when she was excited about something.

Gilly sniffed and shrugged off her emotions for the time being. She stepped forward and saw an open tome next to numerous vials, bottles, bones, and feathers, all spread haphazardly across the table.

'What is all this? Something... left over from the wizard Tustin?'

'You could say that. It's part of a potion he had made before his... untimely demise. I suspect everything was in the right place, for the spell to work as intended. But something was off. He had made a potion for imbuing great strength and stamina on the body. It would, at least at the smallest amount, last noticeably for about a day.'

Gilly had little interest in this sort of thing but appreciated her sister's mind for it. 'I see,' she said.

'Tustin gave Rodmond enough for several days.'

'Oh, my word,' Gilly said. 'He did?'

'Oh, it gets better. Look over here, at this one. I think he added in a little something extra, either accidentally... or on purpose.'

Gilly leaned in to inspect the scribbled notes on the page of the wizard. 'Sister I cannot read that gibberish.'

'It was a spell of Tustin's own making. He was obsessed with his own... size and stamina. *Ahem*, down there.'

'Down there?'

May sighed. 'Gilly, the potion... gave Roddy an enormous cock.'

Gilly gasped and covered her mouth. She wanted to laugh, but her sister remained stone faced. She lowered her hand. 'What... his penis? You're serious?'

'Dead serious. That same kind of potion killed Tustin because... it seems the only way to break that spell is to cum. Yet, when combined with the strength and stamina of the other potion, Rodmond seems to need... many orgasms to get back to normal size.'

'That's what killed him? And now it's happened to Roddy? Wait, just how do you... know all this?' Gilly asked, afraid she might already know the answer.

'I was there when we discovered what had happened to him.'

'... We?'

'Yes, mother and I,' she gazed up at the ceiling, 'even now she is up there... with Rodmond. Contending with his great beast.'

'Mother? And Rodmond? they're...'

Maymon nodded slowly.

'Oh, great Redeemer.'

'Yes... exactly.'

Gilly let it sink in. Suddenly her mind was flooded with lewd images of her mother and brother naked, holding each other, and kissing passionately. Bouncing on top of one another. Rodmond taking their mother just as... Ser Blant had had her moments ago. She shook her head. 'Ugh! And so now... you're doing what exactly?'

'Well,' May sighed, 'I have yet to fully replicate the potion Tustin made for Rodmond last night. Whatever gave him the stamina and the big dick. But I do have something concocted to greatly increase... a woman's endurance and libido. I don't know if it's going to work for sure, but at this point our plan is to use it on ourselves and...'

'What? You want to do it,' Gilly gulped, 'with Rodmond? Until he... cums? And you break the spell.'

Maymon nodded. 'Yes. But mother seems to be the only one of us who can take... his size. Gilly, it is a real big one.' She approximated with her hands.

Gilly's eyes widened. And she thought Ser Blant had been generously gifted. She closed her mouth and thought about this absurd situation she suddenly found herself in. Maybe this was fate? Breaking her from her sadness over Blant to bring her back... to her family? Her duty?

'I want to help,' Gilly said.

'Sister,' May laughed it off, 'have you not heard me? I couldn't take him. I couldn't even close my hand around it! The thing looks positively obscene going into mother. And there is so much cum... How do you expect to do anything with it?' She almost laughed again but wanted to get the point across without sounding flippant about Roddy's plight. 'That cock would rip you in half, Gilly.'

'... I'll drink your potion. Maybe it will allow me to also take... his size. Sister, I can do this. I'm supposed to be his wife anyway. Supposed to have his sons, aren't I?'

Maymon was quiet and seemed to consider this for a moment. she eyed her sister and sized her up. It was true, the potion might allow for such a thing. Gilly certainly had the hips for it. That ample backside would help. She took in her little sister's thick legs, the slight bulge of soft flesh where her white stockings ended above her knees. She was so small though. 'It's too dangerous. Mother would be furious.'

'Mother has already reminded me of my duty. Rodmond is my responsibility as much as he is hers. Sister, I can do this. I want to fuck him.'

Princess Maymon had never heard her little sister speak in such a way, with such conviction, about anything before. And the crazy part was that the girl had a point. She was betrothed to Rodmond after all. This was her responsibility as much as any of theirs. But just wait until she sees this cock, May thought.

'Alright, little sister,' Maymon said, holding up the glowing bottle. 'How much of it do you want?'

\* \* \*

The girls stood alone outside Rodmond's room on the third floor of the south tower and faced a closed door. Gilly had yet to feel any of the effects of the potion she'd taken but that wasn't even on her mind. She could not believe what she was hearing on the other side of the door.

Maymon's toothy grin was practically ear to ear. Perhaps only an hour had passed since she had left her mother alone with Rodmond. She assumed Queen Marzanna would continue to service him with her mouth since the horse-hung boy had fucked her into oblivion three times earlier.

Surprisingly, however it sounded like they were back at it. It was as if a great battle was being fought on the other side of the door. Grunting and shouting, banging and slapping. A wonder the whole castle hadn't been woken up. The rhythmic thumping was quite pronounced but louder still was their mother's throaty screams and deep groans of what they assumed to be pure ecstasy.

Little Gilly wasn't yet convinced that voice she was hearing was the queens. She had never heard her mother utter such vile obscenities. And then there was the wet slapping noises, totally obscene, and yet salaciously intriguing.

Maymon couldn't wait to open it and see how they were doing. 'Ready?' she asked, looking to her little sister.

Gilly nodded and they both entered.

The smell was the first thing to hit them. The air was thick with sex, sweaty flesh, and salty rich ejaculate. It overwhelmed the little girl's nostrils. When her young eyes finally scanned up to the four-poster bed, she saw an unbelievable sight. Her mother and brother as she'd never seen them before. She felt her stomach tied in knots. She felt sick at first and then, strangely horny at the jarringly abrasive act of incest happening just a few feet in front of her.

Mommy was fucking Rodmond!

Her mother's big sweaty ass slapped down against her son's lap in a slick, fluid motion. Then she travelled back up and Gilly got her first good look at the most absurdly big cock she'd ever seen in her life. The thing didn't look real, didn't look like it belonged to Rodmond surely. It had to be at least a foot long, she guessed, though there was obviously so much of it still rooted in her moaning mother.

Marzanna was on autopilot, bouncing wildly, and generating so much force with each connection that her legs and her ass were a deep red color from repeatedly slamming down on her son. Her big ass and thighs had a luster to them, a sheen of sweat and sex that made them shine in the dim candlelight of the room.

Rodmond was busy as well. His strong hands kept alternating every few thrusts. From gripping his mother's big fat ass cheeks as they worked to take in his shaft, to holding her massive udders from pummeling him in the face. Even from the other side of the room, Gilly could see his big smile as he held them lovingly.

She knew this scene would forever be imprinted in her mind.

She could only stand and watch as her mother continued to slam on top of Rodmond. Mommy appeared to be working towards something with each of her powerful thrusts. As if taking that much cock was something she did all the time. Something she had been born to do. And such profane utterances! Both mother and son were moaning and babbling together, as if coaching themselves through the intense taboo fuck fest.

'Oh yes, harder Roddy! That's it, baby. *Ugh, ugh, ugh* yes, my sweet baby boy. Fuck me! Give it all to mommy.'

'Ohhh, fuck mommy, you're incredible! So good... this ass is so fucking good!' Gilly saw him pawing at her mother's big round cheeks.

'Ughhhhh! It's all yours, Roddy. You own this big ass! Oh fuck, yes! Come on, baby, mommy is so close. You want to make mommy cum again, don't you? Harder, baby. I said *harder!* Yes, deeper, baby! Mommy wants to feel those big balls on her ass! Give mommy all that big fat cock!'

Gilly couldn't believe what she was seeing or hearing. Mommy and Roddy were practically yelling at each other. One minute her mother would be riding him cowgirl and then she would be on him, her huge tits splayed out on his thin chest, obscenely kissing, and licking each other's faces. Only to push herself up both arms and continue pounding on Roddy's big penis.

The young princess couldn't stop staring at Rodmond's cock either. She would have mistaken it for one of her stallion's members. It looked like it had no business being on his body. The thing was a deep purple-red color and littered with thick blue veins. It was impossibly thick and girthy and bent towards them when trying to sink into her mother after a long stroke.

When mommy lifted her incredible ass up off it, his big dick glistened with the fluids of their lovemaking. A pearly white dew coated where his cock disappeared into her. A series of thick white rings rang around the fat shaft. *Was she cumming on him*, Gilly wondered. She had no idea sex could look or sound like this. It was exhilarating to watch. Perhaps only a minute had passed since they came into the room, but it felt like forever to the two girls watching silently. *Had mommy and Rodmond even noticed them yet?* Gilly wasn't sure.

Up and down the queen's backside went on top of her son, pounding on that mighty shaft. Her heavy hangers crashing about wildly unless suddenly held by two tiny hands. The disproportion between her mother's big tits and Rodmond's hands was quite pronounced.

Gilly watched as her mother's hands travelled up her body and dug into her hair. She arched her back and sat down on her son. The whole thing had to be inside her mother now. Then mommy simply started to gyrate on top of Rodmond. The swell of his big balls was still visible against her perfectly round cheeks. They appeared to be quite full.

Marzanna picked up the pace, still holding her head with both hands. Her huge natural tits wobbling pendulously with her movements. 'Oh, fuck yes, baby. Mommy's... ugh, going to go again. Yes, yes, yes! oh fuck you did it... *again*? Ahhh Redeemer! Fuck, baby boy... you made mommy cum all over you.'

'Yes, Mommy... I can feel you cumming around my cock.'

'Roddy,' she heard her mother whimper, 'ohhhh my sweet boy. Yes, such a good son... making sure to break his mother.' She dropped her hands and leaned forward, offering her incredible tits to him.

'Oh, fuck yes,' Rodmond said, lifting his head up just a little to suck a nipple into his mouth. Both his hands were back at her ass, gripping and pawing it apart with need.

Gilly had an amazing view of the monstrous shaft wedged between mommy's puffy cunt lips. Her pussy looked positively alive with pulsating pleasure. That heavy white foam was like a heavy oil now, layering on top of every surface of their sex. Her mother had stopped for a moment to ride out her orgasm, catching her breath, but her offering had spurred Roddy into overdrive and, by the position he was taking now, Gilly saw that he meant to fuck mommy hard while she was still on top of him.

She almost wanted to intercede for her clearly spent queen, but realized Maymon was holding her hand, watching as well.

'No,' her sister whispered, shaking her head. 'Watch. He will cum soon.'

Their poor mother surrendered and fell forward onto Rodmond. Her huge tits pancaked out and completely enveloped his upper body. The buxom queen had now buried her face into the pillow next to Roddy and raised her hips up just a little. She was giving herself to him.

Rodmond, barely a nose above succumbing to smothering in his mother's great tits, began to fuck her with long slow strokes. He had a powerfully strong grip on her ass and showed no sign of letting go. His legs were straight, and his giant cock was already halfway inside her again.

Gilly had yet to see the head of his cock. She stared on as he lifted mommy's big, beautiful butt and brought it down on him. She noticed him flexing, pushing his ass upwards, and squeezing even more of him into her.

Rodmond soon picked up speed and was fucking her with great abandon. Gilly could hear mommy moaning and crying out, but it was distant, muffled into the pillow now. All she could clearly hear was

the slapping of flesh, the wetness, and Roddy's angry grunting. He was a man possessed. Gilly thought he was that giant cock, the potion had taken him over, her brother was no more.

And while her mother's deliciously full and round ass was a complete blur of waving white flesh in front of her, Rodmond's magically enchanted cock was a malevolent pillar of a thing underneath it. It was a static object extracting pure pleasure. It was alive and taking its pleasure from Marzanna's naturally beautiful form. Gilly wanted to cry out and stop it, offer herself in place of her mother, but she couldn't. She couldn't move. She was completely transfixed by the scene of erotic incest between her incredible busty mother and her well hung brother. She never wanted it to stop. She felt her stomach churn and her pussy throb. Was this the potion? Was it kicking in now?

She had forgotten all about Ser Blant. She had forgotten about letting him use her over and over for the last two months. Her head swirled. She wanted that fat cock of her brother's inside her, fucking her like it was doing to mommy.

'Ughhh, yes! Oh fuck, here it comes,' her brother's shout took her out of her fantasy, 'I'm cumming! I'm cumming inside you!'

They all heard their mother howl into the pillows. Gilly felt jolted by what she was seeing. Knowing her mother's perilously unprotected pussy was taking all that incredibly virile cum right now. And from the way Marzanna's ass was still working his shaft, it looked like she was doing everything to make sure she got every single drop. Precious seconds passed as Gilly watched them ride out their climax. They were both trembling and shaking into one another, still recovering from their orgasms.

'Oh, fuck yes,' May gasped next to her. '*Merciful Redeemer*. Another blessed load! We must inspect his shaft, sister.'

Gilly could hear her mother groaning face down in the pillow even as May moved forward to delicately yank the giant prick out of her. An absurd amount of their combined fuck juice poured from the queen's vulnerably fertile cunt, more than Gilly had ever seen in her life.

A thick white honey seeped from the giant cock head as Roddy groaned in relief.

Marzanna rolled off her son and collapsed face down on the bed, her big ass cheeks clenching to squeeze out even more thick baby batter from her well-loved pussy.

'*Amazing*,' May whispered, as both mother and son panted with exhaustion.

Rodmond lay face up on the bed, chest heaving, his big cock like an old tower, teetering to one side. 'Four,' he sighed, looking at Maymon. 'Four loads, sister. And yet, I still... I still feel it alive within me. It hungers.'

'Fear not, my sweet brother,' May's red lips parted into another wide lopsided grin as she leaned down to kiss him, 'our sister is here to help you... with her own kind of magic.'

Gilly saw his cock throb.

Rodmond sat alone in the small privy council chamber.

It was very early in the morning and his head throbbed considerably. He took another big gulp of water from an ivory cup. Long beams of sunlight poured into the room from either side, and he felt warmth surround him. His mind swirled with thoughts from the previous night. Flashes of scenes, moments of intense passion, and graphic sex.

Had it all been just a dream, he thought, or had he really done... all of that with his mother and sisters? He had so many questions, so many strange feelings. He wanted to run to his mother and get her to tell him everything. Tell him that it had all happened, and things were never going to be the same. Yet here he was, alone in the room his father had dedicated to matters of politics and strategy.

His mind replayed the hurried events from when he woke earlier.

Morning light had stirred him awake and Wengigia, his dutiful nurse, was there to dress him, as was customary. It was like any other day. He was the only one in his bed. The girls were gone. His nurse told him that his royal mother had instructed her to prepare the king for a small council meeting and escort him there as quickly as possible.

Rodmond had groggily complied with her wishes and rose up slowly. He studied his nurse. He had never seriously gotten to know the woman, he reflected, as she worked to prepare him. She was caring and attentive, fulfilling his every need since he was a child. She even still nursed him, much to his delight, as his penchant for breast milk a well-known secret among the nurses and handmaids of the castle.

What would it be like to fuck his nurse, as he had done to his mother and sister? She was modestly proportioned, if base born, but not unattractive. She was probably in her mid to late thirties if he had to guess. She was short and stocky, with bushy brown hair that she kept wrapped up in a bun on top of her head. A loose woolen blouse did nothing to cover her rounded milk-laden breasts that swung freely in his range of vision. For easy access, Rodmond knew.

Wengigia had been pushing out kids since a young age and her big tits were constantly leaking the sweet nectar Rodmond loved so much. She seemed only too happy to oblige his fetish, often nursing him for an hour at a time. Historically this would get no response from his cock even though he enjoyed it immensely.

He wondered what would happen if she fed him now? What was she going to say when she saw how big and hard he got... after so long of only seeing his useless limp dick. Would she take him in her lap and let him nurse while she jerked him off? His mind raced with ideas.

Soon enough, she stripped him and Rodmond couldn't help noticing his nurse's surprise at his new profile. How changed he was after having taken the wizard's potion. She made an especially big fuss over the extraordinary size of his member. She had seen it hundreds of times but never like this. A fat

fleshy tube hung flaccidly between his legs, and two weighty balls swung behind it. She couldn't believe such a big dick belonged to the boy she had nursed for eighteen years.

Rodmond would have liked very much to wedge his hard cock between her milky tits and see them spray everywhere while he fucked them. Show her how big and hard he could get now that he had all this strength and stamina to back him up.

Luckily for both, he remained soft for the duration of his wash and dressing. Maybe the girls had broken the spell last night?

Even now, sitting at the head of the rectangular wooden table in the council chamber, he felt the heavy lump in his pants. Resting against one leg. Blessedly flaccid, but still considerably bigger than it had been two days ago. Were the changes permanent or would he need to keep taking something, some potion, to maintain? Who would do that for him now that Tustin was dead?

He took another sip of water. More time passed and he emptied the cup. He squeezed the bridge of his nose. His mother flashed in his mind, bouncing on top of him. Her magnificent breasts overflowing in his hands. And his two sisters. So small beneath him. Oh Redeemer, what had he done to little Gilly last night? He could hear her in his mind, crying out. But was it in pleasure... or pain?

Suddenly the door opened and saw his aunt Morrigan, the High Priestess of the Church of the Redeemer, gracefully enter the room. He stood immediately and faced her.

'High Priestess,' Rodmond said, greeting her as she approached.

'Majesty,' she said briskly, and motioned for him to sit. Fully clothed in her holy regalia, Morrigan Velcin's austere demeanour gave little away. Only her face was visible, eerily like his mothers if but a little older. Her slow eyes searched the room casually. Her fat lips in a permanent pout. 'Thank you for being here so early. It is important that we hold this meeting together. It will not surprise you to know that I am the only other surviving member of your small council. I am therefore here to bring you up to speed on the present status of the kingdom.'

'The only *surviving* member? Is Ser Blant... not available?'

Her aged face contorted for a moment as she stopped and stood over the chair to his right. 'No, your majesty... you had Ser Blant executed this morning. I am told it was your direct order and that it be carried out at sunrise.'

'What? Executed? But I... I gave no such order,' Rodmond searched his memory.

'Well, your majesty, the order was delivered by your mother, on your behalf, mere hours ago, as I understand it.'

'Oh, I see,' he said. He nodded to her and made a note to speak to his mother about this later. 'And we have yet to replace him, or Father's senior advisors, as of yet... due to the plague, is that the way of it?'

'Indeed, Majesty,' Morrigan nodded and remained standing over the chair, her designated seat. Her compact white form towered over him.

Rodmond sighed, met her gaze, and took the measure of his aunt. So, Aunt Morrigan was the only other living member of his small council. She was his mother's only sister. And it was only by chance she had been visiting the castle on church business when the latest measures of quarantine restricted her from leaving. The High Priestess Velcin, he thought, had always been so prim and proper when he was a child. Now Rodmond looked at her in the morning light and saw who she really was, beneath all her holy garb, and saw a beautiful, busty woman. Morrigan had joined the church at a very young age, he understood. She was older than his mother by two years. That would put her around forty, he gathered, but her face gave away little, on account of her extremely conservative attire and lifestyle. Morrigan had never taken any husband or partner, she had no children, as far as he was aware, and lived a very devout life in her role as High Priestess.

As a member of the royal family she was given special privileges, even as a child, and afforded an excellent education as well as anything the royal family's wealth and influence could buy. Yet she had chosen the faith and worked her way up the ancient religious order to achieve the rank of High Priestess by thirty. Something no other woman had previously done at that age.

Rodmond smiled, she was a Velcin, through and through. A child of their royal inbreeding, she bore all their family's signature traits. Beneath her white wimple was the jet-black hair they all had, and he was sure it could be found else where on her body. Morrigan was arrestingly beautiful to look upon. She had a high forehead, high cheekbones. She had a very regal bearing, signature green Velcin eyes, which appeared brighter now framed by the opaque white cloth around her face. Big pouty lips all the women of his family had, deep lines around her mouth, and a cute button nose. How had he never noticed her beauty before? Truthfully, it was hard to gauge her figure from all her robes, along with the heavy black and gold sash she wore around her shoulders.

He supposed up until two days ago, he thought little of pleasuring or impregnating a woman. Now these thoughts consumed him. He continued to take her in. She was not tall, perhaps a foot shorter than him, but he guessed she hid a powerful bosom and rump under there, sizing her up. She could not hide all her curves underneath those clothes. Her hourglass form was evident. He wondered if she was as buxom as his mother...

'Ahem, yes,' Morrigan cleared her throat, picking up on his blatant staring. 'Majesty, you will need to appoint new advisors to your council. Considering the recent deaths... and a new wizard will be needed. We shall have to send for one from the Academy. A minister of ships, of land resources, and of foreign relations should be identified immediately. I have prepared several suggestions for each. A new captain of the guard and a minister of military matters should also be chosen. These should be treated paramount to all other issues in the face of the quarantine restrictions.'

Rodmond let her words sink in. 'You mean to say the entire council... was killed by the plague?'

'Yes, Majesty. All the positions I've mentioned were held not two weeks ago. And all of them, save for the Wizard Tustin and Ser Blant, were killed by the plague.'

'*Incredible*. It is as if the plague were out to get us! And how was it that you were able to avoid contracting the disease, Aunt Morrigan?'

'High Priestess, Majesty,' she corrected and continued, 'to put it bluntly, I believed in the plague. And I don't mean religiously. I knew how powerful it was when Tustin originally brought the news of its spread to our attention... nearly four months ago. I knew then, based on the evidence he had provided, and similar cases from other kingdoms in the past, that this plague could easily spread and spread quickly. Especially in the high-density areas. It travels both by human and animal. A deadly combination, Majesty. I think the results speak for themselves.'

'Yes. And the council? What were their thoughts?' Rodmond asked.

The High Priestess scoffed. 'The council did not heed Tustin's advise. They downplayed its severity and blatantly ignored it when suitable. They carried on operations, business, within the castle walls, and outside it, with minimum procedures in place to hamper its spread. This, I believe, to be the root of our current predicament. We ignored it long enough for it to spread to a point where it can no longer be ignored.'

'How so?'

'Had the disease been identified early enough, based on what evidence we had at the time, I think a full measure quarantine might have prevented the swiftness of its spread. Given our wizard time to create a spell... a cure. Alas, here we are.'

'Indeed,' Rodmond thought for a moment, 'now where do we stand? How bad will it get and what kind of losses can we expect?'

Morrigan gestured their empty room. 'The plague does not see status or age, Majesty. It attacks the young and the old, rich and poor. The current estimates, Tustin's, were that this plague would claim... one third of our population before it is run out.'

'One third. What does that mean exactly?'

'The plague will kill its way into extinction. It will burn itself out. It seems too good at being fatal and that seems to slow its spread. Our recent efforts to seal off the castle and the adoption of similar strategies at our largest towns, seems to be lowering active cases. It will be hard fought, your Majesty, but we can survive this.'

'I see,' he nodded, grim news to begin his rule. 'How much longer do you suppose our quarantine must last?'

Morrigan's face darkened and it was difficult to know just what she was thinking. Presently she said, 'at least another three months, highness. To be safe and to drive the numbers down. This is working.'

Rodmond nodded. 'Mother says we are vulnerable. Trevilan is at risk of an attack.'

'It is true, Majesty. Our weakened state has opened us up to the possibility of an attack where none existed before. But your father had built strong relations with the neighboring kingdoms, trade agreements and accessible means of travel, but...'

'But what?'

'But those Kingdoms have yet to formally acknowledge your rule.'

'It has only been a day, Aun-er... High Priestess,' Rodmond sighed and leaned back in his chair.

He caught her eyes lock onto the noticeable bulge in his pants. 'Even so... their ambassadors were present at the funeral. And your coronation. We should have received official word by raven this morning at the latest. Nothing has arrived.'

'I see. Well, perhaps... the plague has reached them now as well?'

'Possibly. But our reports seem to suggest otherwise. In fact, the poor state of Trevilan has only inspired them to adopt the procedures we initially shirked, lest an outbreak also decimate their lands.'

'They learn from our mistakes, is that it? What is your council... High Priestess? How can I bring my father's kingdom out of this plague? How might Trevilan prosper once more?'

'Heed the results, Majesty,' she said slowly. 'I do not fear an attack currently. The other kingdoms are too weary of war. Only a generation has passed since our realm fought against *the Amalor swarms*. A long battle for resources would be unwise... while the risk of their soldiers contracting the plague is so great. The church agrees with this sentiment. We must continue to isolate, tell our people to do the same, and provide for them while they do.'

'Provide for them? With our own money?'

'Indeed, sire,' she nodded, 'else we run the risk of bankrupting the kingdom as well killing it.'

Rodmond reflected on her words for a long moment. It made sense. Trevilan needed stability, and this was at least one way to get it. As for the other kingdoms, and his rule, he would just have to wait a little longer and see how they responded. It sounded like he had plenty of time to do that.

'Is there anything else, High Priestess?' he asked and stood to stretch his arms. He watched her eyes go straight to his crotch. He watched her inspecting every inch of his bulge. He felt his cock throb and move inside his breeches. It was coming to life again. So big and heavy, hanging down one leg, his swollen balls down the other. The power was still inside him. *The hunger*. He saw Morrigan's look go on longer than he was comfortable with. She was evidently enchanted by it, and he had to pretend to straighten his shirt and pants for her to stop staring. He was still soft, thank the Redeemer.

'Umm, yes, Majesty. Your... mother mentioned the royal wedding. To your sister Gilly. Have you made any plans as to when to hold the ceremony? It may help to move things along, politically, to solidify your rule.'

Rodmond snapped out of his budding eroticism. He hadn't given the wedding any thought, to be honest. He was still trying to make sense of last night. Rodmond wanted to know what kind of state the girls were in and how they were holding up. He had thought they would spend all day in bed together and was a little surprised to find them gone prior to his awakening. 'No, I have yet to make a formal decision on this matter. I will, of course, consult with my mother... and sister, at once.'

'I agree,' Morrigan said, 'they should all be made aware of your plans.' She glanced again between his legs.

'My... *plans*?'

'Oh, naturally. For instance, how many heirs you wish to spawn...' she stepped forward to stand before him. He could feel her breath on his neck, see the lines by her eyes, and yet, she was still a hauntingly beautiful woman. She was... trembling. 'Given how close all of you are... after last night.'

'*Last night*?' Rodmond said, stunned. 'You know about... that?'

The High Priestess laughed and rested a small hand on his chest. Her fingers were cold against the neck of his tunic. 'Oh, my sweet boy, I'd be surprised if there was anyone in the castle who didn't know... of your escapades last night. Especially all the noise coming from your mother. *My word*. I haven't heard her scream like that... since we were children.'

'Oh, Redeemer,' Rodmond gasped.

'Yes, child,' she gave a hoarse laugh, 'I'd say he had something to do with it. But now... I want to see what else the wizard did to my nephew. I want to know what it was... that forced his mother and his sisters into such a wild frenzy last night.'

'High Priestess... I don't know what,' he stammered.

'Forget the titles. Don't play dumb, boy. We're past all that now. I want to see this thing,' she whispered, her jewelled fingers slowly travelling down his taut stomach, and feeling for the root of his fat cock. With an audible gasp, she soon had her hand on it. Through his thin breeches, Morrigan struggled to get a grip. She gasped again when she could not reach all the way around it. 'Oh, what a remarkable size! So generously endowed. What magic indeed...'

Rodmond could only smile as she looked past him, still trying to feel his cock. He felt it stir again, blood flow and magic causing it to expand. 'You really want to know?'

She was panting hard now. 'Oh, blessed Redeemer... forgive me... I must.'

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Maymon slowly brought her head up out of the hot water.

Red rose petals, freshly cut flowers, and herbs swirled around her lush naked body as she languorously wiped both hands over her head. The royal bathhouse had been closed off this morning, at her request, for her and Gilly. Their mother, Queen Marzanna, had declined their offer to simmer, citing far too many royal duties that required her immediate attention.

May stared up at the vaulted ceiling. She loved the palace bathhouse, with its marble floor and mosaic walls. The white pillars that bordered the pool. The rectangular bath was large enough for twenty people comfortably though only she and her sister now occupied its rejuvenating waters.

The girls certainly needed rejuvenation after last night.

They had both refused to sleep, even when Rodmond finally dozed off again. They lay with him on his bed, watching him and his enormous member. Thankfully it had not stirred for the remainder of the night, and they assumed they were in the clear.

Now, rather than sleeping after such a long and rigorous night, the girls insisted on spending the morning relaxing in the baths. The two had gone there directly as soon as the sun was up. Marzanna instructed Roddy's nurse, Wengigia, to keep a close on him, and deliver him to his first official meeting as king in the small council chamber that morning. Hopefully he could control himself.

Maymon pushed herself forward in the pool, the murky greenish blue water healing her as she moved slowly towards her target. She began a relaxed stroke, making her way to the other end of the pool, where her sister lounged half submerged.

Princess Gilly leaned against the smooth marble edge, a small white towel around her shoulders.

Maymon couldn't believe their plan had worked. The potion had worked! She watched her little sister, a dim sheen cascading off her perky bare breasts. She saw Gilly's pronounced nipples bob just above the water. May couldn't believe that this little girl, lounging lavishly in the pool before her, was the same one who had done so much, taken so much, only hours ago. *Four times.*

And to finally break the spell over her brother and satisfy his giant cock with that petite body!

Maymon had created that very potion, with her own magic, to combat the one her master Tustin had made for Rodmond. And although she didn't fully understand it, her potion had worked. This was their celebration. Their much-needed respite.

Maymon had admitted to herself, while she put the ingredients together last night, that she wasn't half the wizard her master had been. She was barely much more than an apprentice. Her training with him had only really been in preparation for the education she would receive, should the Arcane Academy admit her. But their need to save Rodmond had been so great, that May had been willing to take chances. She was also willing to admit that she had probably just gotten lucky. Her potion had not only given little Gilly the endurance to match her brother's incredible stamina, but it had also seemingly

allowed Gilly's body, small as it was, to take his incredibly sized member. Her brother's magnificently girthy twelve-inch cock! Something Maymon herself had been unable to do thus far. Perhaps she did have a promising future in the black arts.

'How are you feeling, sister?' Maymon asked, swimming up to lean beside Gilly.

'Ohhh,' she moaned, 'this was just what I needed. Excellent idea.' She chuckled, keeping her eyes closed.

Maymon smiled and regarded her little sister. Gilly had shown remarkable strength last night and even now, she looked radiant.

Gilly's long black hair was soaking wet and ran down the sides of her face in thick strands, her little ears poking out on either side. For an eighteen-year-old who had just been totally fucked apart by a gigantic cock, multiple times, she still managed to look like a blessed virgin. But Maymon knew what a little slut her sister could be.

Maymon knew she would never get some of those images out of her mind. She gave a long sigh in agreement to Gilly's words. They both needed this bath, and maybe a few days worth of rest. She continued to ogle her sister's nubile body. Yes, they would relax later. Right now, the serene image of her little sister floating in front of her was making May hot. *Very hot.*

May felt her cunt throb between her legs. Her thoughts jumped back to the sordid scenes from last night. Rodmond on top of Gilly, taking her repeatedly. And Gilly giving it right back, just like their mother had!

'So beautiful,' May murmured, drinking in the gentle slope of Gilly's perky tits, 'so perfect.' She leered at her breasts, swelling above the water. Perfect little globes sitting high on her chest. Were they bigger now? Gilly's skin was glistening off the water and appeared... to be glowing. She looked so full of life, which made sense, since she had taken so much blessed essence from Rodmond last night.

'Hmmm... what's that, sister?' Gilly asked, her head lolling to one side.

'Mmmm, nothing,' May said, wading closer. 'Just thinking about last night. I can't believe it worked. '

'I know,' Gilly hummed, 'It was... unbelievable.'

They both giggled, and Gilly opened her eyes to face her sister. There was a look that May did not recognize. Gilly had this faraway gaze, as if her mind was miles away.

'What is it? Is something wrong?' May asked.

'My head is swirling. Like from too much wine. I feel... I feel different. I can still feel him... inside me, if that's what you're wondering. Maybe I always will. But different... in another way. I still have your potion in me as well. I sense it surging through me. I feel... powerful.'

'Powerful?'

'Yes... as if I can command my urges. It is so strange. So hard to describe. Maybe the two potions... the magics, have come together inside me. Is that possible, sister? It is as if I can think... and make myself wet. Last night... I wanted Roddy so badly. I needed only to think about it, and I could accommodate his great size. Oh, listen to me... I have no idea how it works, this magic, nor how long it will last... but I love it. Thank you, May, thank you so much.'

Maymon couldn't believe what she was hearing. Maybe she didn't understand how the spell had worked either. *How it would work with or against the magic inside Roddy.* How extensive might it become once Gilly had taken every drop of Rodmond's magically enchanted seed inside her? Rodmond had dumped so much inside Gilly. Inside mother. *Though mommy hadn't taken any such potion, had she?*

'I don't... don't know what to say, Gilly,' she stammered. 'We had to do something to help Rodmond. I had to help mother. She couldn't get it all by herself. It wouldn't fit in either of us... without help. You were there at the right time. And like you said, you *are* his betrothed. If not last night, you would have been doing it with him some night soon anyway. Do you suppose it was... fruitful?' May couldn't help but crack a smile.

'Am I pregnant? Is that what you mean?' Gilly raised a hand to her mouth and laughed. 'Still the same awkward Maymon. I don't know. Too early to tell. I wonder how mother is doing. I so wish to speak with her about... everything. Why... she could be pregnant too.'

'I've thought about that,' May said. 'It's extremely possible both of you are. I had to take a potion to prevent such outcomes with...' May caught herself.

'*What!?*' Gilly caught her instantly. 'With whom? Tell me at once, sister!'

Well, she was caught now. There was no sense denying it. 'Tustin,' May whispered.

'The old wizard? You... and him?' Gilly stared at her. 'Oh, my goodness, May! Why?'

May was beat red, and it wasn't from the water. 'For his magic, of course. Oh, come on, don't judge me so harshly. He lusted after me... and I've never had that kind of attention before!'

'I'm... so surprised, May. I had no idea. For how long?'

'Two years.'

'Two years! Since you... began your apprenticeship?'

'Essentially. It seemed like only a natural arrangement. He lusted after my youth... and I, his knowledge. He delivered on his end, what can I say?'

Gilly couldn't help but giggle. 'Oh, I bet he did. That old goat, the Redeemer rest his soul. I heard about his huge member. Was that... because of you?'

May nodded with that wicked smile of hers.

'Well done, sister. I mean, I doubt he was as big as Roddy...'

'Oh, not even close.'

Gilly smiled back at her. 'And what about your own potion, sister? When are you going to take it and face down Roddy's monster?' Gilly's face took on a snarling countenance and her hands formed claws, as if their brother were some great beast.

Maymon giggled and splashed her sister playfully. 'I know, I know. I've been giving this some thought as well. I was ready to take the potion last night, of course. But then you showed up and made such a strong case for taking it yourself. Now I wonder if I'll ever get the chance.'

'It still looked plenty big this morning, didn't it? Even when it was soft.'

'Yes, I saw that!' May beamed. 'I guess its not going back to normal any time soon?'

'I have no idea. We'll have to keep a close eye on him,' she said with a wink.

'And you too...' May said in a husky voice, closing the distance between them in the water and moved to hold her sister's hips. They're foreheads touched and eyes locked. Soon they were silent, both breathing hard through their noses. May was feeling the heat of the pool and seeing the steam rise around up off their bodies. She felt her big tits press against her sisters and instantly felt a shock. So hot and electric, their pink nipples rubbing against one another just at water level.

'Mmhmm... Oh, what is happening to me?' Gilly said, softly rolling her head and gently rubbing May's cheek with her nose.

'Don't fight it,' Maymon said, and then she kissed her sister. It was a slow, sensual embrace. But soon their tongues were exploring each other's mouth. Their hands caressing their curves under the water. May was suddenly feeling every gentle slope of her sister's immaculate body. The hot water only amplifying her eroticism. *So young and soft*, Maymon thought, *she is as perfect as she had been last night*. She felt Gilly explore her as well, still lip locked, now holding May's big breasts, molding them in her palms, pushing them together, and feeling their weight against her tiny hands.

Now they were making out, young lovers roving over each other in the waters. Leaning against the edge of the marble bath, the girls came closer, arms wrapped around one another, groins pressed needfully together. The embrace was momentarily broken by a series of smaller kisses Maymon would give her sister. She was moving across her face slowly, giving little kisses to each spot. On her neck and below her ear. Her little button nose. Then back to Gilly's mouth, tongues swirling around to meet the other.

Gilly held on but broke the kiss to lean back and let out a deep moan. Pleasure washed over her. She allowed it to envelope her young body. She wanted this and her body seemed to reciprocate the feeling.

May took this chance to stare below at their breasts. Their joined cleavage pressed tightly together. May's tits were far larger and fuller than her sisters but the effect of them being pressed so tightly together into delicious globes of supple flesh couldn't be ignored. Hot fluid coated them, steam

languidly rising from their chests. It was overwhelmingly erotic, and May thought she would swoon. She basked in her sister's sex and felt so happy that the two of them could come together like this.

'Ughhh... Oh, blessed Redeemer,' she heard Gilly groan, her head still tossed back. 'May... I want it.'

'So do I... yes, sister. Please... please make love to me.'

Gilly brought her head back to face her sister. Their lips bit at one another playfully. 'Oh, yes! I love you! I love you with all my heart. I want you...' They locked lips once again. Their passion got the better of them.

Within seconds, the girls were out of the water. Gilly was spread out on top of a long red towel and Maymon was between her legs. Their naked bodies dripping wet. May gorged on her sister's cunt. She had two fingers working her little pink pussy while she slowly licked Gilly's clitoris. Her skin was scalding hot, and May couldn't lick at it fast enough.

'Ughhh, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck... yesss,' Gilly sighed, 'you're such a natural, sister!'

'Mmm, you're so delicious, Gilly,' May said between licks. 'It must be a Velcin thing. Mother tastes exquisite as well, believe me.'

Gilly's mind swirled with lust. *Had May gone down on mommy earlier?* But her sister's oral efforts soon broke her from her thoughts. 'Ohh, yesss...that's it! Ooo, easy, May. Nice and slow. I'm still quite sensitive.'

May didn't have to be told twice. She adored her little sister's bald cunt, the gentle folds, the pronounced clit. She continued to slowly piston her fingers in and out while kissing all around her sex. Smelling her legs and reveling in the world between them. The incredibly soft flesh of her sisters partially visible butt cheeks, the warmth of her skin. May wanted to explore every inch of Gilly.

'Ohhh, yes! That feels incredible! Truly a gift to have those lips on me.' Gilly was getting there faster than she expected. Certainly, faster than it had ever taken Ser Blant. She wondered where he must be now. *No, fuck him.* She felt like she was completely over him, over the hurt his callous behavior had caused her last night. She hoped she hadn't said anything this morning. *Maymon knew of course... but did her mother?*

She couldn't remember now. All she knew at this moment was the need with which May's tongue was lapping at her, her slim little fingers knowingly bringing her to ecstasy. Ser Blant had had no such skill with his mouth or his fingers. Maymon knew exactly what she was doing to her.

And after last night, Gilly deserved this kind of treatment.

'Oh yessss! Yes!' Gilly's shrill voice hissed, reaching down to touch May's short black hair. She vigorously took hold of it. 'Oh fuck... that's it, right there. Don't stop! That's the spot. You're taking me there, sister. Your mouth... Is bringing me... oh, Redeemer... to ecstasy. I can see it coming!'

And maybe Gilly really did see it. She felt strange. Not just from the impending orgasm. This sort of thing had happened last night too. Suddenly her vision went black. She saw something bright in the distance. Pleasure consumed her and showed her something.

Far off she could make out a tiny diorama. It was a scene of the throne room. Now it was getting bigger in the blackness. Approaching her vision more clearly. *Oh, what ecstasy!* She could still feel May working her cunt with her mouth. There was the royal Velcin family in their throne room. Rodmond seated on the throne. A *king*. She saw herself beside him, great with child, his queen.

Beside Gilly, Maymon, draped in the black garb of a sorcerous, also pregnant. Gilly kept looking, kept accepting what the vision was showing her. There was mother as well. Stunningly full-figured and beautiful. Her enormous breasts balanced high on her chest. *She was also with child!* They were all pregnant. And small children were running around the throne room. *Yes... yes, Roddy had bred us all. All three of us! Multiple times!* Gilly's mind swirled. Her cunt gushed. She came on her sister's face.

But the visions continued through her orgasm. She saw strength and prosperity return to the Velcin line. Many sons and daughters born of Rodmond's seed. All their wonderful incestuous efforts. Sons who grew into powerful men, huge cocks like their father, and then using them to take their still fertile mothers. She saw Rodmond, aged now, but still in his prime, taking his own daughters. Breeding *them*. Gilly saw herself fucking their own son. She would soon carry their son's child. A vicious circle of incest. Their family tree becoming a great wheel...

And there was Maymon, Rodmond's sorcerous queen, ensuring their line continued with her magic. She was fucking her own son too... or was it, Marzanna's and Rodmond's son? They all looked the same.

'Oh fffffuck... Ughhhh... Not again! I'm cumming again!' Gilly cried; her sister's mouth melded against her squirting cunt. She pressed May's head tighter against her lips, felt the orgasm lash through her. The vision and the ecstasy were so clear to her. She saw the other kingdoms, welled and sickly, bow to Rodmond, swear to him and his family. He held something over them. A cure to the plague? Where they had failed, he would lead them.

Would the mixture potions within her lead to the next generation of Trevilan, and free them from this turmoil? Had she and her brother created some new hybrid last night from their coupling? Was it all just luck... or chance? All because of the two potions both Tustin and Maymon had made in haste? Because a horny old wizard wanted to fuck her sister? Because Maymon was desperate to save Rodmond? It was all so serendipitous. Gilly wanted to cry. Cry out at the absurdity of all of it and yet all she could do was cum again.

Then she realized she had been holding May down this entire time. 'Oh, Sister! I'm so sorry! Ohhh, fuck yes, you're so good though. It must be...' Gilly finally gasped and released her hold on Maymon.

Maymon gasped for air and coughed, her face absolutely covered in Gilly's sticky cunt juice. 'Oh my, I suppose that was it,' May said, doing her best to catch her breath, finally free of her sister's lusty clutches. 'Was that... good for you?' she laughed.

Gilly sat up and immediately kissed her sister deeply. She tasted herself on May's lips, licked her face. 'Very enlightening, sister. You probably won't believe me, but I just had quite the vision. You brought me... to such ecstasy. I saw things! I know how this must sound! A possible future where... where Trevilan prospers. I think... I think we need to marry Rodmond.' Her words all came out too fast.

May shook her head, trying to understand what her sister was saying. 'Marry Rodmond? Yes, of course, you will... but no date has yet been set, I understand.'

'No, no, no... not just me, sister. Listen,' she slowed herself, counting it out with her fingers. 'All of us. You, me... and mommy too. We're all going to marry Rodmond... and we're all going to have his children.'

\* \* \*

High Priestess Morrigan never would have guessed she'd start her day sucking her nephew's giant cock... but here she was! Both were naked on the long wooden table. Morrigan was squat between Rodmond's legs, and she had his big shaft gripped tightly with both hands. The woman was doing her best to suck on the fat cock head, but it was so much larger than what she was used to. Still, despite the challenge, she had to admit he was driving her wild.

Morrigan Velcin wasn't nearly as chaste as she let on, but her tastes were quite specific. At forty, and in her official position, she knew what she liked and Rodmond was much older than she typically requested. Even still, when she had seen her nephew's cock, such a profoundly long and fat member on such a scrawny boy, she immediately felt the juices gather between her legs. She knew she had to sample the weapon which had so disarmed her sister and nieces.

First, she had just wanted to see it. To know what such a big cock looked like. Things had certainly escalated from there. Once she'd held it in her hands, felt its power, she knew she needed more! And then her nephew had insisted on seeing her big tits. *Boys. At any age, they always wanted to see her boobs. And such dreadfully heavy things.* Morrigan could never understand how Marzanna flaunted her big cannons so openly.

Morrigan regularly kept hers wrapped up under her robes. They did her no favours in her profession. Her attendant always had several layers of thick bandage tightened around the High Priestess' chest every morning to keep them well hidden. She always thought of them as a curse.

Rodmond seemed to enjoy them immensely.

Even now, blowing him, she could feel her boobs jiggle and roll against the table below her. Her tits were annoyingly big. Fat sacks of flesh sitting low on her chest that dominated the upper half of her body. She had developed them early in life but always kept them a secret. After joining the church and seeing how quickly her father had taken to Marzanna, who openly flaunted her curves at a young age, Morrigan did whatever she could to restrict the view of her own huge knockers.

She couldn't argue with the effect it had on her nephew, however. Morrigan saw how excited Rodmond was becoming while he had finally let her boobs loose. His cock went from a long fleshy pole swinging between his legs to a remarkably fat, rigid tool. It was a big reddish-pink snake that slowly began lifting itself up to face her. The boy clearly loved big tits and the look of pure joy and surprise at finding her hiding such huge ones almost made her laugh.

'Why auntie, they're as big as mothers!' he exclaimed and immediately buried his face in them.

'Oh!' She exclaimed but warmed to him when he lifted them up and began to kiss affectionately.

Morrigan would have normally shoved him off, but she was still too transfixed on his absurd size. She felt it press against her legs, dangerously close to her precious cunt. The thing looked positively obscene, bobbing against her.

He brought his face up out of her cleavage. 'I love them so much! Look at what it's done to me,' he beamed. 'Mother says... when it gets big like this, I must have relief. It could be dangerous for me to get so hard... for too long.'

'Oh, I see. Yes, Rodmond. It is quite large, isn't it? And this was all done by the potion you drank?'

'Mmhmm,' back to kissing her tits. 'Will you help me, Aunt Morrigan?'

'Redeemer...' One thing led to another and now she was bent over, sucking his giant cock.

Morrigan knew he wanted to fuck her. Boys always wanted to fuck her. *Curse this body, these big fat tits*, she thought, *and this huge ass*. Yes, she could control the leers from the church through her holy raiment, but her nephew had her naked and all to himself. She was completely vulnerable. She hated to think it, but it excited her terribly. *Except there was no chance this big monster was going anywhere near her holy cunt*, she thought. Her precious womb was for the Redeemer and the Redeemer only. She had made it forty years like that and besides the occasional oral relief from her acolytes, and a good fingering here or there, no cock had yet claimed this cunt. She meant to keep it that way. Besides, this giant, ungodly thing would absolutely rip her apart. Imagine how badly it would fuck her brains out, slamming all twelve inches of hard man meat into her mature cunt. Hard and fast, giving it to her without mercy. Bringing her to several mind shattering orgasms. How had her sister taken it all? How had the girls?

She had only spoken with her sister briefly this morning. Marzanna had warned her, in no uncertain terms, to guard herself and be careful around Rodmond. *But if he does get hard, sister*, Marzanna had said, *you must relieve him. By any means necessary*. The harlot had winked at her too. Well, Rodmond was hard now that was for sure. Hopefully her mouth would satisfy him. Though there was always her ass...

Morrigan Velcin had made it forty years being practically a virgin by getting her own way. Protecting her precious little pussy while still enjoying the fruits of fresh young meat. Youth that the church regularly provided her. No questions asked. Yes, in some cases she fell victim to urges of penetrative sex. It does

occur some of the time. She was only human after all. In those rare cases, she always resorted to sodomy.

It was true, she loved oral sex and prolonged ass play. She loved being rimmed, fingered, and fucked in her ass. Morrigan loved eating ass and having her ass eaten. She could worship over an asshole for hours at a time, or force one of her acolytes to suck and fuck her hot little rosebud for an entire night. She was an absolute fiend for it and, at her age, was largely at peace with the idea. *We all have our vices*, she reasoned, *and the Redeemer saw fit to give me this minor one.*

Even now, as she worked her nephew's fat pole up and down with her slobbering mouth, watching a stupid amount of her saliva drip down the thick shaft, she felt the twitch of her needily anus. It was calling to her. She felt it throb and pulse each time her tongue passed over a knot of veins on his shaft. She wondered if something this big could fit in there...

Rodmond couldn't believe his luck. Especially after last night! This morning, he had gone from thinking last night had all been a dream, to finding his snooty aunt coming on to him and wanting to see his cock! *It was totally unbelievable.* Women were suddenly acting so strangely around him. That potion had absolutely changed his life. Yes, he had been fully prepared to take on the role of being king, but this was something he never would have guessed. He had practically been a virgin before yesterday. Besides what Wengigia let him do. Now he had this great big cock and every woman he'd ever fantasized about seemed to be throwing themselves at him. He never wanted this to end! It seemed like every time his cock got hard the women panicked and would do anything he wanted to get him to bust his nut.

*Sure*, he reasoned, *Maymon had claimed a prolonged erection, due to the potion his mother had given him, could possibly be me.* He had had no trouble so far dumping his load now that every woman in his family wanted a piece of his big dick.

Presently he lay on his back. Occasionally, he would lift his head to watch his bosomy aunt. She was incredible, working his shaft with her big pouty lips. He couldn't stop looking at her. *She was just as well built as mother, it was unreal!* And her tits were just as round, impossibly full, and yet so much whiter and paler than his moms were. She obviously didn't let them out enough. Aunt Morrigan was about his mom's height, maybe a little shorter. She had black hair that had flecks of silver, and she kept it wrapped up in a tight bun. Her ass was fat and bubbly, two big round cheeks that he could see spread out below her bobbing head. She was clearly well versed in sucking cock too. She had both hands around it now and pumping him hard.

Morrigan rested on her elbows and her tight grip slowly worked up and down his shaft. Coupled with her loud, wet sucking, this was a combo that could very easily result in a mouthful of cum.

Rodmond continued to stare. It was incredible to watch her work. Never in a million years would he have believed she of all people would do something like this! Truthfully, up until now he didn't even think she had sex organs. Like his mom, Morrigan was made to suck and fuck. She had him drenched in spit and was making throaty sucking noises every time she took him back down. Then came the gasping

and grunting, almost angrily, each time she came up for air. It was an impressive sight. He had never been harder.

All the while, perhaps the part that stunned Rodmond the most, excited him the most, was how filthy the High Priestess spoke to him while she worked his cock. Or rather, how she spoke to his cock.

'Fuck, this is one big dick,' she gasped, breathing ragged. 'It completely fills my mouth, Roddy.'

'It feels so amazing, auntie.'

'Oh, I bet it does. Did your mother suck your cock this good? Your sisters?' She continued to jack him off, meeting his eyes intensely.

'Ughh, no... not as hard as you're doing it.'

'Mmm, that's right. No one sucks dick like me. This cock belongs to me now. I haven't had breakfast yet this morning, Rodmond. You're going to give it to me. Do you understand?' She worked him harder, bringing her hands down to the root of his shaft. Neither full closed around his girth, but the effect of both working simultaneously was quite effective.

'Ughhh... huh? You haven't?' Rodmond said stupidly.

'No, boy. You're going to give it to me. *Feed it to me.* I want all your cum in my stomach. I'm going to swallow down this load and we're not stopping until I do.'

'Uhhhh... Fuck, Auntie.'

'Mmmm, good boy. That's good. One load to start. That might satisfy me.'

'Oh fuck,' Rodmond's balls ached terribly. 'They're big loads, Aunt Morrigan. Always... so big.'

'Oooo really? You think your Auntie couldn't handle it? You'd be surprised, baby boy. Auntie can take quite a beating.'

'Oh fffuck... you can?'

'Mmmhmm. But I can give it too.' Soon she was up on her knees and shifting around on the table.

Rodmond could only watch. He couldn't move, couldn't take his eyes off her massive tits dragging against the table as she rose. Morrigan stayed fixed around his cock and brought her legs up and around his head. 'Let's see what that mouth of yours can do while I get that nut.'

Then he got his first good look at her hot mature cunt and her big juicy ass. Morrigan's pussy was big and puffy, with a pudgy round tuft of fat just above it. It was like a second, smaller tummy just below her first. Something about it made Rodmond picture fucking her on her back, wanting to grab it while he was fucking her, just hang while he slammed into her. Except she had made it clear that only the holy Redeemer would have her most sacred hole. He guessed he would just have to settle for her asshole. It

certainly wasn't unappealing. She seemed to keep herself in good shape for a woman her age, doing whatever it was she did for the church. Her ass was fat but by no means unattractive. It was well rounded and only slightly out of proportion with the rest of her buxom body. *She had the curves all right*, he thought, *it must run in the family*. It sure was a shame she couldn't have joined them last night. They would have really had some fun then. It would have been like having two moms!

Rodmond had her hairy wet cunt and ass cheeks right up in his face, dominating his vision. She was everywhere he looked. Forced into a very impromptu sixty-nine, his head was locked between her two powerful legs. All he could smell was her hot mature sex. He could see her cunt oozing thick fluid, saw it collect around the thick black pubes. He had never seen anything so appetizing before in his life. He thought to improve his hold around her. He stretched both arms down around her legs and brought them up to wrap around her hips. He got a fantastic grip on her big ass and drove his face into her sopping cunt, lapping and tonguing it, as if it were his breakfast.

Though inexperienced in the art of cunt munching, Rodmond was a fast learner and nothing if not persistent. He could feel his aunt attack his cock again with her mouth. Feel her big heavy tits resting on his legs. He felt her adjust herself, get comfortable on top of him, and then she took hold of his shaft once again and really start to work him again. The two soon found an illicit rhythm. All the while he ate her out, Rodmond had a remarkable view of ass cleavage, two powerful fleshy cheeks that would jiggle and sway with their movements. Now and again, he spotted her bright asshole. A tight red ring that seemed to stare back at him. She clearly had no issue with him eating her out, would she mind if he... licked her asshole? If he fingered it? He had a splendid position to do so now and was already reaching to pull one cheek apart, to trail his tongue up towards it and get a taste of her blessed asshole.

'Mmm, yes, baby,' she groaned, 'I know what you want. You want to eat my ass. Yes! I want your tongue on it. You may finger it first, if you wish, but you must service it with your mouth as well. Understand me?' She was already sucking again.

He could feel one of her hands wrapped around his nuts. 'Mmm yes, aunt Morrigan,' he slowly probed her hot sphincter with his index finger. He continued to lap at her dripping cunt, there was so much juice now. The High Priestess must be a real fiend for this sort of thing. She was working his shaft hard, sucking the head and then travelling down his length with her tongue. He could feel her kissing and licking it. She was worshipping his big dick. He could hear her mewling and breathing on it, as if in awe of its size.

'Oh, fuck yes! Ughhhh, Redeemer!' Then came a convulsion from her cunt, a spray of viscous pussy juice erupted and covered his face in a splash. He only had half a finger in her asshole. *Oh yes*, he thought, *she really loves ass play*. He couldn't help himself and continued to finger her hot asshole even more. 'Ughhhh, oh yes, yes, yes...' he heard her cry into his groin, her mouth pressed against his skin. 'Baby boy, more... give me more!'

He was down to the knuckle. There was an intense pressure and heat surrounding his finger now. Rodmond wondered if his cock would fit in there. *If she would let him try fucking her ass*. He couldn't imagine how she'd argue if she was getting this much pleasure from just one finger. He slowly extracted

himself from his aunt's juicy asshole and she immediately dropped her big butt down on his face in an exasperated cry. His face was surrounded in soft mature ass flesh. She had him locked down between her heavy hips. All he could do was hold out her cheeks as best he could and give the slut what she wanted.

Rodmond started to lap at her asshole with his tongue. It was spongy and responsive, and to his pleasant surprise, didn't taste like shit at all. It was delicious! It wasn't as wet and juicy as her cunt, but it wasn't gross either. There was a strong presence of her cunt juice already inside, and as his tongue circled her red hole, he heard her out moan in pleasure.

'Keep sucking me,' he panted. He desperately wanted to finish in her mouth. He was still so incredibly hard. He could feel his long shaft pulsing against her face.

'Mmm, yes, baby,' she breathed on him, 'you just keep eating my ass and I'll do anything you want.'

*Anything?* he thought, yes... maybe he would get to fuck her ass. For now, he was having enough fun eating her cunt and butthole. He felt confident that she was going to bring him off with her mouth. That's how hard she was working him again. A renewed assault on his dick. She was making loud sucking sounds, as if she was choking on it. Could he make her cum again?

He continued to tongue her ass, darting it in as far as he could get it while he heard a steady chorus of *gluck gluck gluck* echoing from his aunt's efforts below. His face and chest were absolutely drenched in her cunt juice. Her sex was all he could smell. This was his world now. He was using his tongue and finger to fuck her asshole, both well lubricated from her juices. She was moaning incoherently but he couldn't be bothered to try and figure out what she was on about. More and more he lapped at her, kissing the big fleshy ass cheeks on either side of his face while his finger pistoned in and out. Then he felt it boiling up in him. Blessed release.

'Ohhhh... fuck, auntie,' he stopped kissing her ass, 'You're going... going to make me... ughhhh cum...'

Except it didn't happen.

Suddenly her huge ass was down on his face again. Pressing on him. He wiggled his face out and felt her cheeks surround his neck. She was forcing herself on him and he was trapped beneath her powerful hips. Rodmond felt a fist gripped tight around his nuts. Then another one was squeezing just below his cockhead.

'Not yet, boy. I want your confession. I want to know what happened in your room last night. I know how dangerous this cock can be... for you. Confess to me now. Tell me what you did to your sister last night. I already got some of it from your mother. But I want the full story. *Every detail*. Did you impregnate your twin... your betrothed? Tell me everything and I'll allow you to release into my mouth.'

'Oh, Redeemer! Aunt Morrigan... but this... this could kill me!'

'Then you'd better start talking, boy. All of it. I want to know exactly what happened last night with you and your sister.'

With little other choice, Rodmond told her what she wanted to hear...

\* \* \*

'H-hey Roddy,' Gilly squeaked, still watching Maymon lick his cock.

'Gilly? What are you doing here?' Rodmond snapped out of his fixation on Maymon's fluffing to see his little sister standing at the bottom of the bed. She looked so small and innocent, dressed all in white.

Gilly almost laughed. 'Rodmond, May and I have been in the room... for the last ten minutes.'

'Oh... *You have?* You watched... mom and me?'

Gilly nodded; she couldn't stop looking at the big swinging dick her sister was cleaning with her mouth. 'Blessed Redeemer, Roddy. What's happened to you? You're so... big.'

'Oh, I know... I need help, Gilly. I've always needed help and now I need even more. I needed help just to get up out of bed. The potion gave me that help, you see. Mom was the one who gave it to me. And it also gave me... this.'

'Yes,' Gilly hissed, feeling the lust wash over her again, 'May told me. But I... I had to see for myself. Oh Rodmond, I had no idea. It looks huge! It is huge. It must be so heavy... inside.'

'Does it... scare you, sister?'

'No, no,' she said, shaking her head, 'nothing about you could ever scare me. I want to help you too. May has made a potion for me. Magic to help me... *help you.*'

Rodmond stared at her, not believing what she was saying. 'You mean... you want to... to have sex with me?'

'Yes, if that's how we break the spell. I will do that for you, my betrothed.'

Rodmond sized her up. She was so small, so little. He shook his head, said, 'forget it, sister. It'll never work. Look at this thing. Only mother can take my size.'

'Rodmond, don't be silly. I am to be your wife, remember? *Your queen.* Don't forget. And this potion should certainly help. Right, May?'

Maymon was busy cleaning while the twins spoke. Her brother's cock was absolutely covered in a thick coating of cum and sweet pussy juice. She couldn't get enough! Once she had finished thoroughly cleaning the shaft, she sucked on his bloated balls. 'Mhmm, it should help. But... we really can't be sure until we try.'

'You took it too?' Rodmond asked.

'No,' May shook her head, 'I only made enough for one. And Gilly drank it all.'

'Oh my, Gilly...' Rodmond felt May stop sucking, watched her get up and stand beside her little sister.

Gilly was so different compared to her curvy sister. So much tinier than the rest of them. She had probably stopped growing around the age of twelve or so and still had a sweet baby face. Maymon came close to Gilly, and they held hands for a moment. Then May began feeling her up and getting closer, started slowly kissing her. Rodmond was so horny he could only lay there and watch. Queen Marzanna was face down next to him on the big bed, dead to the world. As the sisters kissed, Maymon started to undress Gilly. Slowly at first, slipping off her white skirt and pulling her lacy shirt up over her head. Soon Gilly wore only a little white bra and panties, along with her signature long white stockings. She was so thin; they could all see her pointy nipples poking out from her bra. She was a child standing before his monster cock.

Rodmond had to look away, saw his mother sleeping next to him. 'I don't know, Gilly. It was so tight... just going into mother.'

Gilly's hands came together, covering her hairless sex. 'I'm willing to try,' Gilly said hesitantly, never taking her eyes off his penis, 'if you are. Will you have me, Rodmond? Will you take your bride to be... claim her... before our wedding?'

'Oh fuck,' he looked back at her, so perfect, 'Yes...' he groaned, and started to jack off in front of his sisters.

'Look, he can barely wait to fuck you,' Maymon giggled, but remembered their dozing mother and got quiet again.

'Just look at the size of it... his girth,' Gilly said in awe.

'Do you want... to touch it?' Rodmond asked.

'Yes,' Maymon said for her, 'she should get to know it... before she tries to take it inside her. Wouldn't you agree, sister?'

Gilly could only nod. She was desperate to try and touch the thing. She wanted to hold it in her hands and measure it against her body. Even though they were the same age, his big prick made her feel like she was just a child... and this was a man's cock. *More than a man.*

'Why... it makes Ser Blant's look like her pinky finger,' she said and felt Maymon nudge her.

'None of that now. Focus on Rodmond.'

Gilly straightened, nodded. A few seconds later she was completely naked. Maymon followed and then the two girls were crawling on the bed and towards their brother. Gilly breathing hard and visibly shaking; Maymon sultry and licking her lips.

'Mmm, go on, Gilly, touch it. Feel it's heat in your hands,' May urged her.

Gilly yelped at its twitch when she first reached out with her dainty little fingers. She lined her arm against its length. It was almost as thick and long as to her elbow! The comparison between her hand and his shaft was startling. It was a massive slab of meat that, in any other world, Gilly would never have considered trying to take it inside her. But this was her brother's cock. And she loved him, and he needed her. He needed her help, her love, and most importantly, her tight little pussy. She shivered at the thought that soon, very soon, Rodmond would be trying to have sex with her! She had to believe that the potion she had taken would also help her do just that. It would allow her sweet little cunt to accommodate his absurd size and give him the relief he so desperately needed.

'Do not fear it,' May sighed, 'welcome it. Embrace it, as mother embraced it. You'll be surprised how incredible it feels. How quickly you... get used to its size.'

Gilly laughed. 'I don't think I'll ever get used to this size. Oh, Rodmond, its amazing... but so big! I don't know... look at me, I'm so little.'

'No... you're perfect, sister.'

'Really? I'm sorry I'm not like May... or mommy.' She saw the cock throb at mention of their mother.

'I love each of you. I need each of you. Gilly... if I'm to be king and rule over Trevilan, I'll need your help. You'll be my queen, Gilly. We'll rule together.'

'Yes, Rodmond,' She wet her lips, 'I want this so bad. Maybe its what I've always wanted... to be connected with you. Oh brother, I think I've been so lost until now. I've just wanted to be loved... so completely. And I looked everywhere for it... never thinking that it was right here all along. You are that love, Rodmond,' she held his big dick with both hands, 'this cock is my responsibility. *I will be your relief.*'

'Ohhhh fuck,' Rodmond was shaking now, watching as his sister stood over him. Her tiny little cunt was angling over him. 'I want you, Gilly... I want to fuck you...'

'Yes,' she hissed, 'I want it too. Its not just the potion. Although I know it will help. I need you! I need you to fuck me and own me, brother. I need this big cock to fuck my little pussy... and teach it that you are the only thing it will ever need again.'

'Y-you... you do?' he stuttered.

'Yes, brother,' she sighed and squat over him. 'Can you do that for me? Can you teach this little pussy who's boss?'

'I... Yes, I can try.'

'No,' she said, lowering herself on him and watching the enormous cock head swell against her juicy cunt lips. '*You will.*'

Almost instantly, Rodmond's fat cock head slipped inside Gilly. They both gave a long sigh. It looked unreal, a girl her size taking on such a fat cock. Down she went, taking the first couple inches inside her

with what looked to be relative ease. Gilly's eyes were open the entire time. She studied her brother; she fixed on his eyes. 'Ughhh so big,' she finally said, 'so big so big so big... Oh fuck, I'm already so full! I need to lie down on you, brother.'

Rodmond felt the incredible tightness of her little love tunnel, her embracing folds working down on his massive shaft. She was so soft and yet, so very tight, like a hot vice around his cock. 'Yes,' he said, opening his arms to her, 'come to me... and I'll take you... just like mommy.'

'Ooooo... will you be gentle? I don't think it's going to go... all the way inside me.'

He nodded and caught her in his arms as she fell forward. His cock was buried about three big inches inside her. Rodmond let her down slowly and she lay on his chest. Her small breasts pressed against him, and he felt her hard nipples against his skin. She was trembling.

'Do you still want me? Do you still want me to fuck you, Gilly?' he whispered. She nodded against his chest and then brought her head up and kissed him. Rodmond brought his hands down against her back, travelling down her soft skin and feeling her body. He was surprised how big her butt was. He hadn't seen her naked in years. She was gorgeous, a beautiful young woman, and had a big onion butt that seemed completely out of place on her otherwise petite body. It immediately made his cock throb inside her and Gilly felt him expand.

'Oooh, you like what you see... *what you feel?*'

'I love it, sister. I love you. You're going to make an amazing wife.'

She kissed him. 'Mmm, then show me what kind of man you are... what kind of husband you'll be. *Own this pussy.*'

He smiled at her brazen talk, was tempted to try, and shove it deep within her. But she was so small and delicate. He didn't want to hurt her... not unless she asked for it. Instead, he continued to throb inside her, purposefully jolting his cock in her stretched-to-capacity cunt and making her feel every single movement his gigantic cock made. He felt his precum ooze into her, lubricating her moist tunnel even more.

'Ooooh Rodmond, I'm... ugh... so full. I can feel you doing that.' She giggled, despite the invasion.

'You're so wet, Gilly! Is that from me or the potion?'

'Both!' she beamed, 'but I've never felt this good before and I don't want it to stop now.'

He laughed. 'Don't worry, sister. I promise this will feel even better very soon...' if his mother had been any judge, his goal was to bring Gilly to several orgasms tonight. He throbbed again thinking about how much cum he was going to dump inside his sister. A huge jolt came over him and another inch sank inside her.

'Ow ow ow... Slow... Slow! Oh, its hurts, Rodmond... No, don't take it out. Leave it in. I just... just need some time... to get used to your size, that's all.'

He froze.

'Then... then you can fuck me, OK?' She kissed him again and they began to make out in earnest.

From the other side of the bed, Maymon watched the whole thing. At first, she too had her doubts of Rodmond and Gilly. But both were very willing and that seemed to be going a long way. The first couple of minutes were slow going. Rodmond held onto Gilly as she lay on top of him, and he basically did all the work. He would get maybe another inch inside her and she would cry from the pain. Then she would adjust herself, acclimate to the invasion, and then take another inch. Eventually, by the halfway mark, Gilly looked as though she had taken as much as she could. Rodmond was literally rubbing against her cervix. He had struck bottom and most of his cock was barely inside her. Maymon gasped at the perverse sight but couldn't stop watching.

'Alright, Gilly,' Rodmond panted, 'I'm going to pull out a little and then start thrusting.'

Gilly buried her head into his neck and whimpered.

'Gilly,' May stepped forward, 'I'll hold onto Rodmond's cock and make sure you don't take too much, OK?'

'Mmmhmm,' she said, 'yes... yes, please. I'm ready.'

Maymon crouched down on the bed between them. She had an incredible view of Gilly's big white ass and the remainder of Rodmond's huge cock. Her sister's pussy was a bright red and comically stretched out around his shaft. She knew if it weren't for the potion, Gilly would certainly never be able to take something this size inside her.

'Don't worry,' Maymon said, 'I won't let him go too hard...'

Twenty minutes later, Gilly was on her hands and knees above Rodmond, his cock pounding into her hot cunt as far as it would go, over and over again.

'Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop,' she chanted. Something had awoken inside her after the third consecutive orgasm. A few minutes into Rodmond's thrusts, Gilly had an extremely powerful orgasm and squirted all over him. It was as if she had surrendered all control to their lovemaking. She was even bouncing back and forth a little, meeting his thrusts and giving it right back. She loved the feeling of him touching her base, slamming against her sensitive cervix. It was liberating in a way, knowing that she could only take so much of his length, his size, but that it had filled her to capacity.

Maymon was behind them, gripping at the base of Rodmond's gyrating cock, milking his prostate, and every now and then, trying to fit both balls in her mouth. She continued to hold the root of his cock as much as her fingers would allow while it pummeled poor Gilly. She was in total awe of her little sister. The girl had completely transformed after cumming a few times. *Maybe it was the potion*, May thought,

or maybe multiple orgasms were the secret to activating its true effects. More experimentation was clearly necessary. For now, she focused on supporting them and making sure Rodmond dumped at least a few loads inside Gilly's fertile young womb. Though in all honesty it looked like Gilly had that part taken care of.

Rodmond had his hands all over Gilly's big fat ass, grabbing and squeezing at her supple young flesh, liberally kneading and slapping it. He clearly couldn't get enough. He was holding her up with his grip and powering into her.

'Give it to me, give it to me! Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Don't you dare stop fucking me! Ahhh... Again. Again... you're going to make me cum... again!'

'Redeemer, Gilly. So good... ugh ugh... so tight,' Rodmond was doing all he could to hold her down.

'Mmm, yes, yes, yes... you love it, don't you? Love your bride's little cunt?'

'Fuck yes! I can't...ugh... get enough!'

'I'll make sure you get it, don't worry. Ughhh. I'll make sure... Oh! You get it every night...Ughhh... when we're married, brother. This cunt is going to be all you think about. Fuck! Ssssooooo big.'

'Oh, yes. Everyday, Gilly. And will you give me children? Will you... provide me... with heirs?' He emphasized every few words with more hard thrusts than she could clearly manage.

'Ughhh fffuck yes!' She was shaking from another orgasm. 'Sons... yes, hung sons... just like their father. And little sluts for daughters... a whole litter of them, who will throw themselves at your feet just to feel this... intense pleasure!'

'Ohhh fuck!' Rodmond roared and emptied inside his twin.

Gilly felt the hot cum flood her insides and her mind went blank. *They had done it now, cumming together.* It was completely overpowering. She clasped at her stomach and fell against him. Both kids were crying out and moaning incoherently, gasping for breath, and riding out their orgasms. From behind them, Maymon felt the massive prick surge inside Gilly and pressed her lips against their conjoined genitals to try and suck up any excess juices.

#### **EXTEND HERE**

Three more times that night Rodmond took his twin sister.

They didn't stop until his cock was completely deflated, and no amount of fluffing would revive it. Finally, the three collapsed on the bed next to their mother, a smoldering pile of fucked apart young flesh locked in a deep, incestuous love for one another.

\* \* \*

High Priestess Morrigan finished swallowing his massive load and looked back at her nephew.  
'Mmmmm, good boy. Now how about you stick this big prick up my ass?'

4

That afternoon, Morrigan limped back to the chapel rectory from her meeting with Rodmond.

Her paige, a sweet-faced boy she had brought with her from the Holy Seminary, approached her immediately upon entering the castle's chapel. The high vaulted ceiling of the ancient chapel gave every sound an echo which only made the High Priestess more irritated. It looked as though they had the place to themselves, but she had no time for the boy, and hurriedly moved towards her office. He was trying to say this or that, offering help to his mistress who was clearly struggling to walk straight.

Morrigan would hear none of it. The only thing she wanted was a long soak in a hot bath and a fresh change of clothes. He kept babbling. She waved him away sternly until finally he relented and departed. She made note of his inability to observe her delicate state. *Five demerits*. She'd simply have to sit on his face later. The boy looked like he needed a reminder of how to properly use his tongue. And she could use a soothing balm on her raw asshole too.

What she really needed was some peace and quiet.

Upon opening the door Morrigan found Marzanna seated in her chair. The woman didn't even stand to greet her. Framed against the window and crashing waves beyond, her beautiful sister looked straight out of a painting. The room was bare besides her cot, a simple wardrobe, one desk, and two chairs.

'Sister,' the High Priestess sighed and straightened. She hoped Marzanna wouldn't notice her compromised state. Alas, the busty queen had been watching her as she walked in. Why hadn't her boy told her the queen was here? *Oh, Redeemer, I'm going to enjoy sitting on his face later.*

'My dear sister,' Marzanna smirked, eyeing her thoroughly, 'I tried to warn you this morning, didn't I?' She sat in a regal pose and wore little jewelry beyond her emerald wedding ring. She had on a long green silk dress that left little to the imagination. But that was Marzanna. Her huge tits were barely concealed by the generous plunging neckline that dominated her stomach.

'Hmpf,' Morrigan snorted, 'I seem to recall you hobbling around at that hour as well.' She leaned against the only other free chair in the room.

'True, true,' the queen steepled her fingers and fought back a burst of laughter, 'but then, I suppose I couldn't be sure... he would still be up for it, after last night, of course.'

Morrigan eyed her younger sister. 'Leave it to you to try and tire a man out.'

'Evidently not,' the queen said, watching Morrigan wince as she tried to ease herself down on the plush chair. 'Your blessed bottom, I take it?'

'Where else?'

Marzanna nodded. 'Fair... and how was it?'

'Ughh,' Morrigan sighed, finally sitting, and stretched out her legs from under her skirts. 'Exquisite,' she chuckled.

'Isn't he?' Marzanna now had a hand on her cleavage to stifle the jiggling of her mirth. 'Please, sister. Won't you tell me how it went?'

'Oh my, if you insist,' Morrigan cocked her head, raised an eyebrow, 'after I had finished him with my mouth...'

\* \* \*

Rodmond was on his knees on the council room's great wooden table.

The thing was ancient and had seen countless hard-fought deliberations, lengthy negotiations, and tense debates take place on it over Trevilan's history. Doubtful though if it had ever served as the foundation by which Rodmond now fucked his forty-year-old aunt in the ass.

His surprisingly busty Aunt was in a solid doggy style position, with her long robes and white wimple serving as cushion for her hands and knees.

Presently Rodmond had a hand firmly rested on one of Morrigan's fat ass cheeks, while the other guided the girth of his cock into the horny High Priestess' well-lubed sphincter. The teenager had spent a good amount of time earlier eating both her ass and pussy. He had been diligent with both holes, alternating between them and fingering liberally when his mouth was busy with the other. All done at her enthusiastic behest, of course.

Now it was time to fuck her holy asshole and Rodmond wasn't about to pass up such an opportunity. To think he had spent most of his eighteen years almost completely bed bound, with barely any real action. And now, over only the last two days, he had been getting more sex than he could have ever dreamed of.

The newly crowned king watched as the fat head of his enormous prick slowly stretched open his aunt's puckered asshole and sank inside it.

Morrigan was a chorus of moans and grunts, a steady beat of fists slamming down on the table. 'Fuck, fuck, fuck,' she had done more swearing in the last hour than in the last year. 'Yes, give me more of that big hard prick, stud. Auntie needs all of it up her tight little asshole!'

Despite the pain, she urged him to keep going and give her more. And there was plenty more to give. Rodmond held onto his cock, about halfway down the shaft, and watched as it buckled under the intense pressure of her tight butthole.

It was almost as tight as Gilly's pussy, Rodmond reflect, simply amazing. His sister's tiny form flashed in his mind, fucking him last night. He still couldn't shake those powerful images of her lithe, young body gracefully gyrating on top of him, so fluid and beautiful. It was either through her own horny willpower or the magic bestowed upon her by their sister Maymon's potion, or both, which had allowed Gilly to take a little over half of his awesome length. He hoped it wasn't a dream. It had been an unbelievable sight to behold.

Stronger still was the memory of having fucked his mother so many times before that and being able to so easily go balls deep inside her welcoming cunt. It felt like where he belonged.

Rodmond continued to shove more of his cock inside his aunt's ass. He shrugged, maybe that was just the way it was with older women, with more experienced vaginas and assholes. He wondered if he was going to be able to go all the way in aunt Morrigan's ass.

'Only one way to find out,' he grunted. 'Fuck, you feel incredible, aunt Morrigan!'

'Yesss, you'd better be enjoying this, boy. Ugh! The High Priestess... doesn't let just anyone... fuck her sweet asshole.'

'Ah, but I am not anyone,' Rodmond strained and gave a hard push forward, 'I'm Rodmond Velcin, king of Trevilan.'

'Oooo,' she cried from the force of his push. 'Redeemer, that's big!'

Rodmond couldn't understand why Morrigan chose to hide such an exceptionally busty body underneath all those robes. He pictured his busty mother, who always flaunted her huge tits around the castle, and he felt his prick throb inside his aunt's asshole. He leaned to the side and drooled over her big hangers. Even though she was on her hands and knees, her boobs still touched the table, they were so long and fat. He just wanted to hurry up fuck her hard, but he was still trying to fit it all in her ass.

He ground his teeth against her tightness. This had become a ritual to him, before each session of lovemaking, he first had to warm them up. Get them used to him. Had to loosen them up by acclimating them to his extreme size. Rodmond had to admit that not everyone was going to be like his mom. Couldn't expect them all to take his length. And that wasn't necessarily a bad thing, it just meant he'd get to try several different flavors of pussy, different shapes, and sizes. And it helped that they all seemed to come directly to him.

He inched a little more inside the moaning High Priestess. There were still a few pushes to go before he really started fucking her. What a woman! He wondered if his mom would ever let him stick it in her ass? Maybe he would surprise her next time. Or see if she'd let him stick a finger... or his tongue in. Her ultra-curved body flashed in his mind. Another big throb inside his aunt and she cried out again.

Rodmond watched as she readjusted, was leaning down now, and frantically finger fucking herself. He caught her rapidly rubbing her clit, then sinking in two or three fingers just below his cock. It looked delicious. What a perfectly preserved pussy. He would have loved to pull out right now and stuff that

tight juicy cunt with everything he had. But her asshole was just so hot and tight. That, and she would probably kill him on the spot.

'Ugh, ugh, ughhhh... That's it, baby, you're so fucking deep... Oh! You can start fucking auntie now. Rodmond... Small strokes first, OK? You're so fucking big... It still really hurts... but... but I can take it. I'm... I'm getting used to your size. Now go ahead and start pumping.'

Rodmond didn't need to be told twice. He took his grip off his cock and used both hands to grab onto her wide, generous hips. They felt incredible, soft like jelly, and this position was perfect for really slamming into her. He felt like he could do some damage like this.

'Ooooh... easy now, baby, I've never had anything this big before... never anything close to this big... inside my ass. Oh fuck! Slow, I said!'

Rodmond smirked. He couldn't contain himself. He was so eager to fuck this amazing asshole. 'Sorry, aunt Morrigan, your big butt just feels way too good.'

'Oh, I know. You're certainly not the first to fall victim to it...' A few agonizing seconds passed, slowing going, but she eventually relented to his invasion.

Soon he was hammering in and out of her with hard strokes, mashing her heavy cheeks together as he did so.

Morrigan's whole body was shaking from the merciless pounding she was getting. She was sweating profusely. Her strong legs and well-built hips, however, seemed more than up to the task of taking such a beating. Even if she had rarely taken anything close to this big inside her before, Rodmond's impassioned fucking was testament to the fact that she was quite suited to do this very kind of hardcore sodomy.

A few minutes later, he flipped her down on her back.

Rodmond had both her legs bouncing on his shoulders, drooling at the sight of her big jugs wobbling between her arms. Aunt Morrigan her hands at her swollen pussy, manically flicking her clit as her cunt oozed out over Rodmond's cock not far below it.

Aunt and nephew were so close together now that it was difficult for him to get the long strokes he wanted to be doing. That sacrifice, however, had allowed him to bury even more cock in her heavenly ass. Quick sharp strokes that felt incredible around his cockhead. He felt the weight of her legs against him and continued to ride her, despite her cries of cumming yet again. Rodmond wasn't anywhere near stopping yet. Not until he emptied this huge load deep inside her bowels.

He opened her legs wide and signaled that he wanted to lie down on top of her. Morrigan cooed and dropped her legs, parted her arms. He didn't come up as far as her face, his big prick still wedged in her ass prevented that, but with his hips bent, he did manage to reach her massive tits. That was exactly where he wanted to be now. Her boobs surrounded his face like big fluffy pillows, and within seconds,

he was latched onto one hard nipple, sucking and pulling on flesh with his teeth. Rodmond was back in big tit paradise, and he never wanted to leave.

Surprisingly this position allowed him to get a decent motion, and he got into a rhythm whereby he was able to suck and fuck aunt Morrigan at a very satisfying pace for both.

'Redeemer,' she panted, 'keep doing that. At the same time. Oh Rodmond, that feels incredible!' She normally wasn't that into breast play, but what he was doing with his mouth while his cock was buried in her ass was a recipe to make her pop off again.

Rodmond moaned into one big boob. His crotch was absolutely drenched from all the juice she had been leaking from her cunt. The wet slapping noises of their sex was the only other sound in the room besides the High Priestess ceaseless wailing. The woman had quite the set of pipes on her. She was almost as loud as his twin sister. He knew he was never going to look at Morrigan the same way again. Especially when he saw her singing in church. Probably at his wedding.

'Oh fuck... oh fuck, aunt Morrigan, I'm going to cum. Gonna cum in your ass!'

'Yessss,' she hissed, 'all of it in my ass, don't you dare pull out! I need all of it... in my ass, do you understand me? Rodmond, go as deep... as you can.'

'As deep as I can...' why hadn't he thought of that? He pushed himself up out of her tits and shoved hard, stuffing as much of his oversized prick as he could manage inside her impossibly tight asshole. She roared. If there was a bottom, he still hadn't reached it. The hung teenager had all twelve thick inches of rock-hard cock stuffed inside his poor aunt's butt and the slut wanted more!

Aunt Morrigan, understandably, had never been more stuffed in her life. Sure, one or two of her choir boys might have gotten a little adventurous with their fists occasionally but came nowhere near the length and girth of Rodmond's abnormally big prick. She was totally stretched to capacity. The sin of it all had her cumming more times than she could count. And she couldn't stop flicking her swollen bean. She wanted more. Her precious cunt juice was overflowing onto him in bursts now, spraying and splashing out of her uncontrollably, coating both in a clear sticky sheen of incestuous sex oil.

It was the lewdest thing she had ever done in her life. Especially with a member of her own family, and it was driving her wild. Getting fucking in the ass in the small council chamber? With her nephew? What was happening to her? She could barely even manage a shriek anymore; her voice was raw from all the growling and yelling she had been doing. It must have sounded like someone was getting murdered...

Rodmond was murdering her asshole. Her only hope of salvation lay in the healing powers of his cum. All that hot teenage spunk he would surely be flooding her precious rectum with any second. The thought of it made her cum again.

He was going fire off any second and fill her to bursting with all that hot nut butter. She was so hungry for it. She couldn't wait to lick that big dick clean afterwards. That was always the part she loved the

most: being held her head down and force fed her their smelly dicks, covered in drooling cock cream and her shit, and made to clean it all up.

She would make sure he knew how to do that to her afterwards. For now, she used every muscle in her wonderful ass to squeeze that big dick and coax out the load she so desperately needed. She flaunted her huge tits, pressed together by clutched wrists, massive fleshy globes wobbling and bouncing across her chest. She knew it was a sight Rodmond couldn't ignore.

He kept thrusting, still shoved all the way inside her, and rested a hand on top of her big puffy pussy. He completely covered it with his palm, feeling the heat, and gave one final shove inside her ass before moaning out for salvation.

He blasted inside her with enough force to shoot an apple off a jester's head.

\* \* \*

Telling Marzanna what had happened eased Morrigan's tension, and soon the sisters chatted jovially, as if neither was still sore from being run through by Rodmond's huge cock.

Minutes passed and the High Priestess even started to forget about the throbbing pain in her asshole, and her back, having been on the council table less than an hour ago for much longer than she would have liked.

She shivered from the memory of how good he had felt. 'He is quite the young stallion, isn't he?' Morrigan said.

'Mmm, he certainly is. I'm going back up there later tonight. He reminds me of grandfather... when we used to bath him, remember? It always looked so big when we were children.'

'Oh, you wicked slut,' Morrigan laughed. 'Was there anyone in the castle you didn't try and seduce when we were young?'

Marzanna leaned back in the comfortable chair and thought. They shared many adventures together, her sister and her, in their youth. The girls had been wild, but Marzanna had always been wilder. Always had something to prove. Daring each other into favors with this uncle or that cousin. Jerking off grandpa while he slept. Then she remembered how surprised she was when she learned of her older sister's decision to join the church. Morrigan swore her virginity to the Redeemer. Not long after, Marzanna had been wed to their father. 'It is hard to say. It all seems like such a long time ago now. Doesn't it?'

Morrigan snorted. 'Hard to say indeed, sister! It must all blend together in your mind.'

'Oh, please. The Redeemer knows you were no saint either. You simply traded the castle for the church. Don't act so chaste. I know you have your choice of the finest young stock. But I didn't come here to trade insults. Or old war stories,' she smirked. 'I'm glad you and Rodmond were able to connect. I wanted you to know... the extent... of his abilities. Plus, the girls and I needed a break. I had a feeling

that, with the right motivation, his big dick would wake up again. And I didn't get a chance to go into more detail with you... about last night...'

Morrigan raised both palms to her sister. 'Rodmond told me everything. A mother's love truly knows no bounds, it seems.'

'Verily,' Marzanna said thoughtfully, 'but our work is not done. Rodmond must wed, this week if possible.'

Morrigan nodded. 'Mmhmm, I agree. It must be soon. It is the next step for Trevilan security. For the new king as well. The boy is ready. He is young and impetuous, but ready. And it sounds like Gilly is as well.'

Marzanna braced herself for what was next. 'There is more.'

Sensing concern, Morrigan said, 'sister, I have no doubt they will secure an heir. Gilly is young and fertile. Certainly, with those hips. She'll catch.'

'No, no,' Marzanna cut her off, 'I've just met with Gilly. Regarding the wedding. There is more at stake. Magic is involved in this now.'

'Yes, yes, I know about all the potions,' Morrigan said, 'what of it?'

'You know that we've taken risks then. All of us have. It was... not safe me for me last night, and still I gave myself to Rodmond.'

Morrigan nodded thoughtfully. 'You mean... you are?'

The queen shook her head, waved a hand. 'I don't know. But Gilly was... quite convincing earlier in my chambers.'

'Again? What does the girl want now?'

Marzanna exhaled. 'She says we must all marry Rodmond. Her, Maymon... and I. We must all carry his children. She says it is for the good of the realm. Rodmond must have all three of us. Sister, I know my daughter. I now believe her words to be true.'

Morrigan sat back and stared at the queen. She searched her eyes. Was waiting for the smile or the wink. Something to give away the ruse. 'Wait... you're serious about this?'

'I am. Think about it. Trevilan stands devastated by plague, with no end in sight. Rodmond is a crippled king... held up by magic. And because of my haste, our wizard's dying spell gave my son an enormous cock... capable of breeding all the women in his family, at a time when we so desperately need royal offspring. If all three of us had his sons, then there would be no doubt Rodmond was a strong king... and that the Velcin line was secured for the next generation. Sister, the plague might kill all of us yet, but at least our children... can lead the kingdom out of this sickness.'

Morrigan couldn't believe what she was hearing. She found herself suddenly standing, shouting, 'How can you be so sure? How do you know that the child born of mother and son... won't just end up as some defect, pardon my insensitivity, like Rodmond? Will all the sons have equal claim to the throne, or will it be first born first serve? The Velcin line has spread itself too thin already, sister. Look at us. We need magic to even ensure our offspring are born healthy. We are so obsessed with the purity of our bloodline we have bred ourselves into total weakness. Perhaps this is meant... to be the end of house Velcin.'

The queen rose and faced down her sister. 'I cannot accept that! I will not. I won't let my son be the last male heir of our family... not when my womb is still strong. I could have many more children. And when my daughters are still so young and fertile... and willing. I won't be the woman who mixed our bloodline with lesser lords and other kingdoms when there is still a chance to save us from within. I'll do whatever it takes to save him, sister, and save Trevilan.'

'Do you even hear what you're saying? Three women... marrying one man? It's never been done before. The other kingdoms will never accept it. They'll turn on us. They'll say Rodmond is an abomination and you're all insane for his ungodly member. Will our own people even recognize it? Brother and sister are common, yes. The church will sanction that. But his mother... and both his sisters? Marzanna, please be reasonable.'

The queen shook her head, 'We're past reason now. We're desperate. I've seen a future where our children prosper. The kingdom prospers... and all because Rodmond breeds the three of us. Several times, I believe. I need you to support the union... and marry us in three days.'

'Three days?! Marzanna this is... so unlike you.'

'No,' she said, 'I've never been surer of myself.'

'Really? Well,' she sighed and sat back down, 'I think you'd better tell me... what you and your daughter discussed earlier that made you so convinced of this plan.'

'Yes...' Marzanna joined her, 'but it isn't so much what we said. It's what she showed me...'

\* \* \*

'Your daughter, princess Gilly, majesty.'

'Admit her... and give us a moment, please.'

'Mother, how are you feeling?'

'I am well... considering,' Marzanna sighed and stretched languidly across her massive bed. 'I feel as though I could sleep for an entire week. I'm so sore.'

'Me too,' Gilly smiled, 'it's wonderful, isn't it?'

'Mmm, yes...' Marzanna looked up at her daughter, 'but why are you here? I thought you would still be in the baths with your sister. is everything alright?' Marzanna had already guessed the subject matter. The queen had woken earlier with an odd clarity of mind to clean house. Her first order of business had been to behead the man who had taken her youngest daughter's virginity.

'Everything is fine, mother. I've never been better! I wanted to speak with you this morning... before things got too hectic. I know you have several scheduled meetings today...

'Gilly... you knew I had Ser Blant executed an hour ago.'

'Executed?' Gilly stammered. She had not known, but she was more surprised the sudden information had not shocked her as much as she thought it would. The truth was she had already come to terms with Ser Blant. Who he was and what he wanted her for. With the nature of what their relationship had been. after last night, Gilly knew there could be no room in her life than anything other than Rodmond... for Velcin men, like the sons she knew she would sire.

'Please, daughter,' Marzanna sat up, 'Come and sit by me...'

'I did not know, truly. Did not hear. How did you know... ah... I suppose I was somewhat... forthcoming with that information... last night, wasn't I? I should have known you did not slumber so deeply while Rodmond and I... were in the throes of passion.'

'Indeed not,' Marzanna scoffed, adjusted next to her daughter. 'Gilly, how could you? Does your dishonor know no bounds? What if you carry Ser Blant's child? Think of what that means for Trevilan.'

Gilly searched her mother's eyes. 'If it is true, I will take responsibility.'

'No, I will take responsibility. I had him killed. I would do the same to his bastard.' She regarded Gilly's womb.

Gilly clasped at her stomach. 'Mother, are you so focused... only on saving this kingdom, that you do not recognize a child's misplaced love? Would you sacrifice an innocent life to ensure the future of our lineage?'

'I believe you already know the answer to that,' Marzanna said.

'Yes, I believe I do,' she sighed, 'but it matters not. I am not with Ser Blant's child. I doubt any Velcin womb could conceive with anything other than Velcin at this point. I assure you; I am not carrying a son of Blant's.'

'And how can you be so sure?'

She sat up and straightened her back. 'Mother... I know how this will sound, but I have seen the future. I have had visions. Prophecy. I know what is going to happen to this family.'

Marzanna scoffed, almost laughed at her child. 'Oh, you do, do you? And how is that, pray tell?'

'Mother, we can debate the validity of what I saw for the rest of the day. It will not help Rodmond... nor will it save Trevilan. I know we've had our differences in the past. I want you to know that I am focused now... on my duty to Rodmond. In serving him as his queen and doing whatever I have to do to ensure prosperity for Trevilan. I too wish to see the land fructified once again. I want to see it thrive.'

'You... you do?' She was certainly speaking Marzanna's language. But this did not at all sound like the daughter who so regularly made it her goal to defy her mother. whose capriciousness often became the embarrassment of the castle. Gilly was young and impetuous. It was well in her nature to rebel, Marzanna accepted this, and had in no way been surprised by her actions with Ser Blant. Even so, what she heard caught her off guard.

'Mommy, I don't know if it was the potion or... something else. What I saw last night. What I experienced last night with Rodmond. I know you felt it too. As did Maymon. We are united in purpose; we want him to succeed. We want the Velcin line to grow. Want Trevilan to prevail. I won't try and fool you into thinking I've grown up and I'm ready to do away with my childish ways. But I do wish to share... with you what I've seen.'

'Gilly, child, you forget that I was there last night as well. I know exactly what you did.'

'No, mother, but you did not take the potion I did. Yes, you may have Rodmond's magic seed in you, his enchanted sperm, but I have my own now... and the two spells are mixed within my body.'

Marzanna gaped, she had not considered this before.

In truth, there was some amount of magic in all of them. Velcins of the last sixty years were brought into this world through the help of the Wizard Tustin's magic. He had long been ensuring the Velcin children were not born completely deformed or brain dead because of their parent's willful incestuous breeding.

They bore so many direct offspring from brother and sister, one generation to the next, and it was largely made possible by spells to correct any major birth defects.

Gilly's young, nubile body, with generations worth of inbreeding powering it, was a roil of multiple active spells. Marzanna studied her teenage daughter. She was glowing, the girl had never looked better. Her bright green eyes shone against the natural light of the room. Had something happened to her after taking so many of Rodmond's unprotected loads? 'Gilly... just how are you feeling. I think you had better tell me exactly what is going on.'

Her daughter laughed as if to wave off the concern. 'I'm fine, mother, truly. I had... a revelation earlier with Maymon, in the baths, and I need to tell you exactly what I saw. Nothing is more important right now. You see, it all happened when Maymon was bringing me to climax with her mouth...'

Marzanna was silent for a moment and then let out a gentle laugh. 'Oh Gilly, all women have such experiences. You just had a good cum, that's all. Maymon is quite skilled with her mouth, isn't she?'

Gilly scoffed. 'Yes, she is. But that isn't the point! I mean I really did have a vision during that orgasm, mother. I saw scenes... from our future. Trevilan's future. I saw a way out of this plague! Please listen to me and I'm sure you will understand.'

Marzanna nodded and Gilly told her what she had explained earlier to Maymon.

By the end, Queen Marzanna still seemed dubious. There was only so much she was willing to chalk up to magical visions. She needed proof. 'And Maymon will attest to this as well?' she asked.

Gilly tutted. 'Well, she didn't exactly see them herself...' but then the idea came to her. Marzanna must have as much of the spell in her now as Rodmond, given how much of his enchanted cum she was taking inside her last night. There was a chance... 'Mother, perhaps a demonstration might prove more effective. If you would be so willing?'

Marzanna's furrowed her eyebrows. 'A demonstration? What do you propose?'

'Sex,' Gilly said matter-of-factly. 'Eat me out, mother, as Maymon did. Suck my pussy and taste my sweet nectar. Make me cum and I promise you a glimpse of the future I have witnessed. If what I think is true, my juices are the stuff of prophecy... and will also show you the same vision.'

Marzanna was laughing at her daughter but then noticed her stand and start undressing. 'You're serious? It was you who had the vision, Gilly... how do you know it will get passed on to me?'

'Well... I don't. But there is only one way to be sure,' Gilly said, tugging out of her shift, 'and besides, May already ate me out - I'm still soaking wet - and I know your pussy could obviously use a rest. Oh, please mother. I want you so bad, and I really believe in what I saw! Especially if we're going to keep helping Rodmond, we should all be so close with one another. Don't you agree?' she was buck naked now.

'Mmm, don't bring your brother into this,' Marzanna wagged a finger, 'don't use him as an excuse to try and get me to do something to you.'

Gilly pressed her, 'but it's always been about him, don't you see? Everything, for the past two days, since father died, has been about Rodmond. He's the king now. We need to support him. I'm not just trying to cum on your face here, mommy, I want you to believe what I have seen and know what we did for him last night has a much grander meaning.'

'I have taken no potion,' Marzanna protested, although she wasn't totally opposed now to the idea of tasting her daughter, having looked upon her young form. 'Just how can you know it will work on me... if I do go down on you? Which is not something your mother was in the business of doing up until last night. It was mostly your sister who initiated such attentions.'

Gilly smiled, 'given the fact that Roddy unloaded a bucket of cum in you last night, I'd say there is good chance you've got enough magic in your system to be receptive to mine.'

'Oh, Gilly... I don't know about any of this,' Marzanna tossed the idea around in her head, watching as her daughter felt herself up in front of her. Sized up the gentle curves of her young body. She was free for the next hour...

Later, Gilly was sat on her face and balanced by her knees on either side of the queen's head. Her big ass was rested on her mother's collar bone. The eighteen-year-old threw her head back and sighed, enjoying the fierce mouthing she was getting from her mom.

The queen wasn't exactly an expert at eating muff, but she wasn't a novice either. She had to admit, Gilly's young pussy tasted incredible. Her tight little cunt had lost none of its pliability from the intense pounding it had received last night from the same giant cock that had dominated Marzanna's mature cunt repeatedly.

Gilly felt the wave of pleasure wash over her and was grinding her cunt on her mother's face. 'Ughhh... oh fuck, that's it, mommy, lick it. Mmm, yes! Yes! Right there, right there, right there!' her shrill voice went wild. Gilly was a screamer. Yelps and howls escaped her when the queen would suck on her clit or brazenly slip a finger in her tight asshole. otherwise, the horny queen maintained a firm grasp on Gilly's exceptionally full butt. It was so big and firm, Marzanna couldn't get over it, simply fantastic to squeeze and grope.

She wanted to express her joy over this. Tell her daughter how good it felt to eat her teenage pussy, but there wasn't much in the way of conversation Marzanna could do now. She had her mouth full. And she was lucky to have established a good breathing rhythm. And even if she could talk, her words would have been drowned out by all the howling and shouting her daughter was doing.

It reminded Marzanna of last night. Waking up every now and again, pretending to still be asleep, while her kids were next to her fucking like rabbits. She could see glimpses of scenes from last night in her mind as she ate her daughter out. Gilly, on her stomach, getting her brains fucked out, and screaming for all she was worth. Feebly trying to muffle it in a pillow.

Come to think of it, it had sounded quite painful to Marzanna, which she could completely understand. The two teenagers had fucked hard and fast for hours. Ah, youth. She saw Rodmond wiping his face in Gilly's fat ass. Pawing both cheeks and kissing it lovingly before straightening back up and pushing his huge cock back inside her tiny cunt. Marzanna was impressed at how quickly they recovered and minutes later were back at it again.

Now, as she ate Gilly's pussy, she was sure she could feel teeth marks in her daughter's ass cheeks.

Gilly was straddling her mother's face. Grinding her young hot cunt on her sucking mouth. She could feel every lick, every suck, that her mother made. She heard the queen gag and try to keep up with all the delicious pussy juice overflowing from Gilly's teenage pussy. Every part of her was so sensitive, so receptive to Marzanna's efforts.

It was incredible to both experience and watch. Her mother had a strong grasp on her generous ass, but she would alternate to clasp her hips or ass with need. Momma is a natural, Gilly thought. Or maybe she

had eaten a lot of pussy in her day. There was something about it, her mother furiously eating her out, that made her never want this moment to end.

Then the feeling came upon her. The ecstasy approached. The moment she hoped for. Gilly felt overcome with emotion and had to scream out again. It was going to happen. Oh, would the visions come? Would they be passed on to Marzanna. Redeemer, but Gilly had no way to be sure. Just a hunch in the pit of her stomach. A feeling that their cum was now acting as a conduit for the magic flowing through them, Gilly, Marzanna, and Rodmond.

Maymon, her sorcerous sister, had yet to take a potion, or probably ingest enough of Rodmond's sacred seed to have seen the light itself. But Gilly knew Marzanna could. She knew her mother had taken enough of Rodmond inside her for there to be a chance. Their seed was now magically enriched, and their bodies were the receptacles of that awesome power.

She was going to cum on mommy's face... from her efforts. She told herself she was going to pass on the visions to her mother.

Gilly felt stronger than ever. Felt the spell working through her lithe body. She would take Rodmond inside her again. Take more of his seed, carry his children, and gain even more power from the combined strength of the intermingling magic. It was wild to think about, but the results spoke for themselves. Gilly felt so different now. She felt wiser, stronger, more radiant. Her eyes were glowing fiercely now and even her mother had noticed it.

'Oh fuck... oh fuck, mommy... yes, yes, yes... you're making me... making me...' she screamed and came all over mother's face.

Marzanna, overwhelmed by the intensity of her daughter's orgasm, did her best to ride it out. She feels nothing out of the ordinary but does her best to keep lapping at her daughter's cunt. Then, in a moment lost to action, and she is overcome herself. Her own orgasm. A pulse of heat and light surged around her.

The queen's mind went black, it was looking at an eclipse, a sharp beam of white light against a black range now flooded her vision.

She wasn't aware of leaving her body, but she was now somewhere in that blackness, searching for the white ring. If she was still on her bed, still holding onto her daughter, she was unaware and unable to move. There was an explosion from within her, a burst of sensations, and she was only vaguely aware that it could have been an orgasm.

The sudden intensity of this experience had momentarily overridden her senses. Marzanna's mature cunt gushed and spasmed from pure lust, and yet, what was going on in her mind was even more powerful.

Then the ring of light swirled violently and formed into images. She saw it then. It was her son, a king, older and stronger, a man fit to rule Trevilan. He was in the throne room of their castle, around him

stood many children, and beside him were Gilly, Maymon... and herself. They all held onto great swollen bellies. Many men knelt before them, dressed in the colors of the four other houses, their skin marked by the signs of the plague.

Marzanna narrowed her eyes but then her senses returned, and she screamed from the most mind-numbing orgasm of her life...

\* \* \*

Princess Maymon collapsed on her former master's bed.

It was late at night and only a few minutes had passed since she took the potion. She was already starting to feel its effects. This version was stronger than what she had given Gilly. And she had made more of it. The young sorceress had also given it a little extra something, to supplement fertility. She hadn't been sure it would work, but as a student of the black arts, there were few sure things. The magic side of it was a little slapstick. A little thrown together. There had been a bit more guesswork this time around than what she had done last night for her little sister.

Still, she felt confident it would do what she wanted it to do: help her fit her brother's big dick in her pussy. After all, she only needed a little push to assist her. She had come close last night. Maymon was twenty years old and in full bloom of her womanhood. She wasn't as buxom as her mother, but she had it in all the right places. Heavy tits that hung high on her chest and ample child-bearing hips.

She'd never had any complaints. Alright, so she had been sexually active for a few years now, ever since her apprenticeship with the wizard Tustin had started. He was still her only actual partner. She felt a shiver come over her on his bed now. She was nervous and excited at the prospect of going up to Rodmond's room tonight. After mother was done with him, she reminded herself. Fucking him hard like she should have done last night.

No sense waiting, which was why she had downed the potion shortly after casting the spell to enchant it. It seemed like everything had worked. But there was always a risk involved in this sort of thing. They were all taking risks, of course, but when it came to shoddy magic, there was always the chance something could go very wrong. In Maymon's case, it seemed like she had gotten lucky with the one she made for Gilly.

But this potion was a different story.

She shook her head and fought through her grumbling stomach. She was alone in the dead wizard's chamber. It might be her new room soon. If she wanted it. She'd been down here for a few hours and had already made a mess of the place. Had stumbled once against his worktable immediately after drinking the potion, breaking a few beakers in the process. She had always been awkward, clumsy. This feeling was different though. Now she was on his bed and struggling to lift her head up. Everything felt so heavy.

'Come on, girl,' she said, 'you've been through worse. You can handle this.'

She examined herself. She had on a form fitting black dress, snug in all the right places, with a deep neckline that plunged down both her big boobs. Tustin had made this for her, years ago, when she had first expressed interest in following in his footsteps. He said she needed to look the part when they practiced magic together.

Most of the time he didn't even seem to notice what they were working on. He would just leer and chew his lips over her tits. Now he was just a memory, she couldn't help but smile. The randy old wizard had immediately taken to her and had groomed the shy little May into the beautiful woman she was today. He was probably the first to see past her awkward teenage years and help her accept her busty form. Most of the time with his mouth glued to her soft, supple flesh. Still, if it wasn't for his teachings, she probably wouldn't have known nearly enough to even mix the ingredients for half the potions at her disposal. Let alone cast any spells on them.

Maymon considered what she had done in the last two hours down here. The words and gestures of the spell hadn't been difficult to perform, but the timing was always something she had to practice at. It always had to be just right with the arcane. Any deviations could cause minor or major differences in the effects of the spell... and what a particular potion could do.

She couldn't help but laugh, remembering one such case, where she had given one of her guards a potion to put him to sleep. Just for the night so she could more easily slip in and out of her chamber without being bothered. May's rookie incantation had been off by only a few seconds and even that had noticeably altered the end results. The poor man had slept for a week! There was a reason why the Academy doesn't hand out such knowledge to anyone with an interest in the black arts. Tustin of course was old and easily seduced by young flesh which had quickly worked in Maymon's favor.

All of this to say that when she first discovered what sort of potion her brother had taken two days ago, and the conditions under which it had been crafted, Maymon wasn't surprised at what was happening to Rodmond.

Ultimately, it could have been a lot worse.

So here she was, writhing in pain on Tustin's bed. If this potion worked, she told herself, it would be well worth the discomfort. Earlier today, after eating Gilly out in the royal baths, and having her little sister finger fuck her to an exquisite orgasm, the two girls had gone on to devise a plan for the rest of the day.

And all because of Gilly and her strangely prophetic visions. Maybe that's all they were, Maymon shrugged, visions, but the girl had certainly been convincing. She had described a world where she, Maymon, and their mother all married Rodmond. Bore his children. A union of incest and magic. Offspring whose genetic traits and enchanted physiology would herald in a new age for Trevilan. Redeemer willing. And settle all this swirling uncertainty about the fate of their kingdom.

Gilly had gone on to describe that their offspring would be immune from this ravaging plague. Made possible both by the coupling of the Velcin siblings and their mother, along with the potions Tustin and Maymon had made. A living vaccine, so to speak. She remembered how the wizard was frustrated he

could not save the king, hadn't been able to properly create a potion yet that would cure the wicked pox.

Perhaps he had, with a little help from her.

Gilly had taken charge of the whole plan. She would go and corner their mother, laying down the coming days leading up to the wedding. Assuming Maymon was correct, Rodmond's potion would wear off completely within five to seven days.

The three women would need to act fast and take advantage of the time they had while everyone had seen him as a worthy successor to his father's rule. The girls would wed him and bed him, whether he wanted to or not. But they all knew he wouldn't fight them.

There was no use assuming Maymon would be able to perfectly replicate Tustin's original spell. It had been a rushed and patchy amalgamation at best. It's a wonder it even worked. Maymon doubted that, had Tustin lived, he would have been able to do the same work again. There were simply too many pieces at play and had been thrown together too quickly that night. Even still, a simple stamina spell or strength enhancer, not to mention whatever had given him his incredible equipment, could all be done separately, and effectively, on a day-to-day basis to keep Rodmond on the throne. This would be hard to maintain, of course, and difficult for others not to notice that Rodmond was mostly being kept up by magic rather than his own constitution. Half the kingdom knew he had been born an invalid. It was only a matter of time before they realized a powerful spell had allowed him to get up and ascend the throne yesterday.

Yet, if what Gilly saw was true and the girls married Rodmond soon, while he was still imbued with this great endurance and they mixed their royal bloodline with the magic running through each of them, there could be no doubt the Velcin line was fruitful and preserved.

The only hurdle was convincing their mother to go along with this vision.

Maymon was glad Gilly was the one who wanted to go to their mother with the plan. While it wasn't a stretch to assume the queen would entertain such an idea, especially after last night, Marzanna was always so stern and uptight. Fucking her son to save his life was one thing. Marrying him and having his children? Surely the queen had accepted that risk last night when she took Rodmond inside her. Let him finish in her multiple times.

Mother could already be pregnant, Maymon thought, as could Gilly. And now she was ready to do the same. But what if Marzanna said no? The queen was basically just a younger copy of her sister Morrigan, the high priestess of the church of the Redeemer. Though perhaps not as zealous, Marzanna had always been a religious woman. The two sisters even looked the same, had the same high cheekbones and pronounced lips. The same busty form, although their mother was much more out about her gifts than aunt Morrigan was.

When all the Velcin girls were in the same room it was like some strange hall of mirrors. The royal family's close-knit inbreeding went so far back that there was very little to differentiate one family

member from the other. Maymon already knew she would grow up looking just like her mother. Incest was not new or frowned upon here as it was in other kingdoms. Though she had heard that the other kingdoms also practiced some forms of inbreeding, cousin to cousin mostly, something removed like that.

The Velcin's had always kept it in the family. Breeding brother to sister, ever since King Rom had married his sister Belline five generations ago. They did it often and they did it young. And they had used magic to weed out any potential defects when possible. Even still, it didn't always work out. Monsters were sometimes born; to remind them they tested fate. Though they rarely survived past infancy.

Maymon tried not to think too much about what it would mean when she conceived her brother's child. A genetic copy of both. Sometimes it made her head spin, thinking about where she fell on the family tree. After all, her mother was also the daughter of Maymon's father, from his first wife, his older sister Ramalla. This meant Maymon's mother... was also technically her sister. And Rodmond's eventual children with their mother... would be both cousins and siblings to her and Gilly. May shook her head again, both in confusion and eroticism at the idea.

She was glad she wasn't the one who would have to record their family tree, thankfully.

Maymon tried sitting up on Tustin's bed now, holding her head against the dizziness. Gilly had not mentioned feeling anything like this last night. No sense worrying over it now, she had taken the potion and soon she would know if it had worked or not. It wasn't going to kill her.

She wondered how things were going upstairs. Gilly would have come down to find her if the meeting with their mother had not worked. Since Maymon was still alone she assumed everything was going according to plan and that the next step was for Marzanna to seduce her brother to the plan.

If the queen was still with him, then her brother probably already knew about this whole scheme. This was good. Maymon doubted Rodmond would spurn her advances, especially when he learned she had also taken the same kind of potion Gilly had. For some reason though, she was still a little nervous. Maybe it was his big cock. She knew exactly what Rodmond was packing and the idea of letting it inside her, fucking her hard, and flooding her with his hot seed... claiming her womb... was both exhilarating and nerve wracking.

Or maybe it was the potion making her feel this way. She felt like she was having an intense migraine. She lay back down and rubbed her face in the big pillows. It still smelled like her former master. His old musk. Strangely, she missed him, the old goat. She wasn't even exactly sure how old Tustin had been. He'd been in the family for years and years. He had been old when she was just a little girl. He'd watched her grow up.

She breathed in deep, and the memories came. Memories of him taking her, often with more force than she would have expected from someone so old, and on this very bed, soon flooded her mind.

She quickly forgot about her migraine and was back to a time when he had first started tutoring her, ending their session by eating her young pussy and tight asshole. Tustin always liked to start with his mouth, and this time had been no exception.

One of the first times she had orgasmed had been from his skilled lips, feeling his big bushy mustache against her little hairless pussy. She had no idea such ecstasy was possible from only using one's mouth. But then, he truly had been such an excellent teacher. She was so thankful for that experience... and his wealth of arcane knowledge didn't hurt either.

Yes, it was only towards the end, when he began experimenting with the size of his erections that she grew to dislike their tutoring sessions. He'd make her suck on it for hours, to test how long he could stay hard even after she'd swallowed load after load. He was obsessed with seeing his cock bulge in her stomach whenever he fucked her. It felt way too big to fit inside her little cunt, but he had somehow managed to get her in the mood to try.

She giggled at the thought because now she saw all of it in a new light. Perhaps it was all in preparation... for Rodmond.

A few minutes later Maymon found herself masturbating.

Despite the headache, she couldn't help it. She was unbelievably wet. Her cunt juice sloshed around her fingers and would spray out onto her legs. The potion, she thought, seemed to be kicking in. Otherwise, these old memories have really got me horny. This one's for you, Tustin.

She sank two more fingers inside herself, then four. After a few more minutes, she felt like she could easily take her entire hand. Her pussy was so well lubricated from her own delicious oils... and thinking about her master. Now she would need to go and find a new master. She couldn't help tasting herself. She loved it so much.

She kept going. Thinking about what her mother and brother were doing. They might not be expecting her, but she didn't think they would turn her away. Especially when they found out how well this potion seemed to get her ready to take him. To finally fuck Rodmond.

Maymon came and howled out louder than she would normally have thought appropriate.

Minutes passed and she knew it was late. She was in no mood to traverse all the way up the winding stairs and then around the two long hallways to get to Rodmond's tower.

Suddenly she remembered the secret passageway, here in Tustin's room. The curtain was still pulled aside to his rare books collection. It would take her straight up to Wengigia's room, right at the base of the south tower.

Perfect, she thought, and stood to face the bookcase. Her headache had mercifully receded. Redeemer, maybe all I needed was a good cum. Now how to open the door?

The book to activate the switch took her a few moments to identify. Luckily, May was a kinesthetic leaner, and last time she had physically touched... the old red tome, on the... second shelf! With a quick tug, the mechanism clicked, and the shelf slid open before her.

'Thanks, Tustin,' she whispered with one more look around the room, and slipped in.

She had only taken this way once before. The ancient black stone hallway led to only one small door, embedded in the old wainscoting panels of the nurse's room. Wengigia had not been in the room last time.

This time was different. When she approached the panel, and was about to push it open, she heard the distinct sound of rutting. Wet flesh pounding wet flesh. Wengigia, or someone that moans just like her, was in there and she was getting fucked. Hard, by the sounds of her shrill cries. Maymon was about to say oh well and turn around, when the nurse let out an unsavory yowl signaling her climax. But it was the name she chanted that caught Maymon by surprise.

*'Sarnaud... Sarnaud! Sarnaud!'*

Sarnaud Ashmont was the ambassador from Balmudia! Wengigia, you little slut, you've been fucking the ambassador? Her mind raced. What did this mean? She couldn't leave now. She had to try and listen in for a few more minutes, see if she could get any other tidbits from their post-coital sweet nothings.

She had to wait a while. There was a bit more grunting and thrusting. Maymon was almost impressed. The ambassador was not a young man by any stretch. Nor was he a bachelor. Both parties in that room had large families, from what Maymon remembered. Wengigia had several little unwashed spawn running around... and a dutiful husband living outside the castle. Ah, but there it was, they had both been separated from their families, for the last few months, due to the plague quarantine. Maymon tried to piece together the affair with what little information she had. Then she heard them whispering and she crouched against the movable panel.

'My darling,' she heard the ambassador pant, 'you never fail to bring me... such profound pleasure.'

'Yeah, you're not so bad yourself,' the heavysset nurse belched. 'You sure like to fuck.'

'Mmm, don't I? And I do adore that crass tongue of yours, my sweet nurse. I shall hate to leave it.'

'Oh yeah, when do you leave again?'

'Mmm... as soon as the sickly little king weds. I am to take the first passage back to Balmudia. My lord has already made his decision.'

'He has, has he?'

'Oh, my sweet nurse, I think so. I think there shall be war again. Plague or no, Trevilan is a resource rich land. Without their old king, who shall defend it?'

'The boy don't seem too sickly to me. He didn't yesterday. Or this morning. Some sized cock on him too.'

The ambassador scoffed. 'Pfft, magic! It is obvious, yes? And magic doesn't last forever. He'll be back in his sick bed within a week and then the plague will have him. Just like his father. Mmm... an early grave. And no heirs? Take my advice, my sweet nurse, you should sail home with me.'

'Huh? What do you mean? Leave Trevilan?'

'What else? You would go down with this sinking ship? No one seriously thinks this plague will be under control within a year. It'll run through this castle too. Many will die. So many people are getting in and out. A lot of leaks, yes? How do you think the king's father got sick? His council? And with the wizard dead...'

They continued whispering but now it was mostly about Wengigia trying to be convinced to go with him to Balmudia. Maymon felt sick to her stomach. Did all the Ambassadors feel this way about Rodmond? About Trevilan's future?

She had to bring this to her mother at once. To Rodmond. She had to warn them.

She just wished she wasn't so damn wet.

\* \* \*

Marzanna gently closed the door to Rodmond's room.

'Mother?' she heard him say. She had not yet turned to face him. A slow breeze came in through the windows on either side of the room, but it was nowhere near enough to cut the heat of the night. It was very late now, and the queen had not seen her son since this morning.

She thought back to earlier that day. Rodmond had looked so peaceful then, sleeping soundly, and blessedly soft. She and the girls had thoroughly inspected him before they left. While her son was still unnaturally large between the legs, it was no longer the giant, angrily erect penis they had grappled with the night before.

Satisfied, she had departed, somewhat hastily, to get the morning's news and attend to matters of the kingdom. Was it from shame or rationality? Both? Her legs had felt like jelly as she descended the stairs of the tower as she tried to maintain a brisk gait back to her own chamber. Conflicting thoughts swirled and yet she smiled to herself as her handmaid washed her. She hadn't been fucked that hard in years.

Even still, the queen wrestled with what last night truly meant for all of them. How long could she and the girls keep this up? Her oldest daughter Maymon would need to replicate the potion Rodmond had been given. There was no one else in the castle as capable as her in the arcane arts. A role formerly held by Tustin. Without him, it was Maymon alone who could even attempt such a task. But she was still but a student of the black arts.

She shook her head. Regardless of the potion's side effects, it was clear to Marzanna that her son would need all the help he could get to rule over Trevilan, and himself. His passions.

Presently, after everything she had learned today from Morrigan and Gilly, Marzanna was back in Rodmond's room and of a different mind.

'Yes, I'm here, baby,' she whispered and turned to face him. Rodmond was in his bed, shirtless and with a big open book in his blanketed lap. Two candles flickered on his bed stand and were the only source of light in the room. It's so bloody hot tonight, Marzanna thought, Blessed Redeemer, and right after the storm yesterday.

Despite the low breeze, the air was thick, and the room was humid. 'Oh, mother,' Rodmond said, sitting up, 'I haven't seen you all day. Is everything... alright?'

'Everything is fine, baby' she said too quickly, 'I've been busy all day. I had to see to a great many things concerning... your ascendancy.' She slowly stepped forward and briefly felt the breeze touch her arm. She sighed. 'But mommy is here now... for the night.'

Rodmond gave a wide smile. 'You are... going to stay with me tonight?'

'Yes, baby,' she hummed and dropped her white house coat. Rodmond's eyes widened. She stopped short at his bed post. She wore only a green silk night gown. She watched him lick his lips and she smiled. Her gown left little to the imagination. Her big heavy tits swung freely beneath the soft night dress. A thin layer of sweat glistened on her skin. This already felt much better. 'Mommy is going to stay with you all night and make sure you're safe. We know the potion is still at work... inside you.'

'Mmm, yes,' Rodmond said solemnly, reminded of the side effects of what had allowed him to stand and walk freely, 'but mommy... I think I have better control over it now.'

Rodmond hardly thought of his big cock as a side effect. A fringe benefit perhaps.

Flaccid, Rodmond's heavy prick now rested across one leg, a red tube of flesh maybe a little over eight inches long, two in diameter. It looked completely out of place on his thin body. He felt it pulse in response to the scene of his buxom mother at the bottom of the bed. Erect, he commanded a foot of raging hard cock meat between his gaunt legs, which looked even more absurd on his young body.

And in truth, the eighteen-year-old would never have wielded such a weapon were it not for his mother. He had her to thank for all of this. He would not be king, nor would he have bedded her and his sister Gilly, repeatedly, had it not been for the potion she had had made just for him. Any potential side effect like that was well worth the price, he reasoned. If a prolonged magical erection were to kill him while he was balls deep inside his busty mom, so be it.

Marzanna eyed the clean sheets on the bed then zeroed in on his crotch. 'You... you do? You think you can control... it?'

'Mmhm, I think so,' he said, 'It will of course still get hard... but now it takes only a few times... for me to become soft again,' he closed the book in his lap. 'Last night... I would cum and cum, but still it wanted more. This morning took only three times to satisfy it.'

'Three times,' Marzanna felt her cunt throb. She thought about how thoroughly she had been fucked apart last night. How he coated her insides with his hot load and was rock solid afterwards when any other man would be fast asleep. He wouldn't even take it out of her. Just stay in and keep her stuffed like a pig. She had never cum so many times in her life. She had almost forgotten that she could reach an orgasm with a partner. And yet her son made it seem effortless.

Her mind flashed to him between her legs last night. Her baby boy taking her, filling her so completely, over, and over, 'Mmm, yessss. That's good... good news, my son.'

Rodmond smiled up at his mother, who now stood at the foot of his bed making a silly face. 'Finally, yes. If I am to be a strong king... bring Trevilan out of these dark times, I must first learn how to control my own body. Isn't that right, mommy?'

'Yes,' she groaned, seeing a sheen of sweat on her son's shoulders. She felt the wetness between her legs. 'Exactly right, my son. Oh but... tell me about your day... how was your meeting with your small council?'

Rodmond smirked. 'You mean Aunt Morrigan? She is the only other member still alive after all. Of course, you already knew that. Oh, and I heard you had Ser Blant beheaded, in my name, this morning. Care to explain?'

'Rodmond,' Marzanna sobered, 'Blant was an animal. He has been... intimate with Gilly for months. He took her maidenhead! Your bride's virginity! What if she is with child? His child? Imagine what that kind of news could do to your rule. It placed me in a very difficult position. I was forced to act. As dowager queen, I must also consider what is good for Trevilan, Rodmond. It doesn't all just fall on your shoulders. We must show strength right now. You need heirs. We cannot risk any impurities in the bloodline, you know this.'

Rodmond watched his mother. Listened to her impassioned words. And her big tits rock from side to side. 'Mother... after last night, I have little doubt Gilly is with child. But it is not Ser Blant's.'

Marzanna's arm shot out and clasped one of the bed posters. 'Rodmond, this is quite a serious matter. I've already spoken with Gilly today.'

'And I have spoken with Maymon.'

'What? What does that mean?'

'My sister seems to think our magic will override Ser Blant's efforts to impregnate Gilly.'

'Magic? Oh Rodmond, listen to yourself.'

'Do you doubt its power?'

Marzanna thought over the question for a moment. 'What exactly did Maymon say?'

'She said the potion she made for Gilly greatly increased her libido and fertility. That it would make her uniquely compatible with my own... enchanted state.'

'Rodmond, Gilly is eighteen. I doubt her fertility needed any help, though I understand why she might have needed something to accommodate your size. Even so, she confessed to allowing Ser Blant inside her.'

Rodmond continued to smile at his concerned mother. 'Yes, I heard as much last night. But I'm willing to bet mine will win out.'

'Forgive me if I'm less than convinced. We'll have no way of knowing for sure until we can confirm that she is pregnant and then it's a bit of a wait to see the results.'

'Mother,' Rodmond raised his hands, 'you worry too much.'

This made Marzanna want to shout. Worrying was about the only thing left for any of them to do. If the family didn't act now and take immediate steps to secure Rodmond with marriage and heirs, the other kingdoms would surely question his ability to rule the plague torn Trevilan. 'Redeemer, Rodmond, some around here needs to. Your father's death has placed us on a precipice by which any misstep will result in disaster. Now, I am more than willing to be here, every night if I need to, and so are your sisters, but I need you to understand why.'

Rodmond sensed her concern. 'I do, mother. Of course I do. And I am so thankful to have you in my life. And Maymon. And Gilly...'

Marzanna couldn't help but smile. 'Well, yes, you two certainly looked quite thankful last night.'

'Ah hah, so you were awake! We had wondered...' Rodmond leaned forward in bed.

Marzanna relaxed. 'You thought I would sleep through all that?' the queen's mind flashed to the sight of her twins fucking right next to her. She had been in and out, and was completely exhausted, having taken Rodmond inside her multiple times until she was finally fucked senseless. Collapsed next to him, she could only partially make out what was going on but at one point she had distinctly heard her youngest daughter, Gilly, moaning and chanting for her son to give her more.

In and out of consciousness, Marzanna only got snippets of her son's extended fuck fest. And then there was Maymon, her wicked sorceress of a daughter, behind both her siblings, fulfilling the same role she had taken with her and Rodmond. Coaching them on and putting her mouth to good use.

Her children, she thought without malice, had been consumed in a tumult of incest.

The memories kept coming. The next time she woke, Gilly was bouncing on top of Rodmond. She was in control and riding him. Her daughter's lithe young body slick with sweat, taking most of Rodmond's huge slap of meat inside her impossibly small pussy. It looked totally obscene, buried halfway inside and yet Gilly seemed to own it. A pronounced bulge had formed just below the girl's stomach. Rodmond's cock was seemingly rearranging her daughter's insides.

Just as it had done to her earlier.

Marzanna snapped out of her hazy memories. 'Yes, I caught some of what happened. Some of it was told to me by Gilly earlier. She came to see me mid-morning with some... interesting ideas. It seems we have much to discuss, my son. I am told you had as an eventful day as I did.'

'Mmhmm, aunt Morrigan let me fuck her in the ass,' Rodmond beamed.

Marzanna snorted and rolled her eyes. He was still a boy after all. 'Yes, I heard about that too. Really Rodmond, she is a much older woman than you. And a highly respected member of the church of the Redeemer. What if someone had walked into the council chamber and caught you... defiling your aunt?'

'A much older woman, mother? She's only two years older than you. And she certainly seemed up to the task... Besides, I didn't hear you saying anything about our age differences last night.'

'But I am your mother, Rodmond. And a mother would do anything for her son.'

'You'd let me fuck your ass too?' Rodmond grinned.

'Rodmond!' Marzanna shouted playfully.

'Sorry,' Rodmond said.

The queen flinched. What her sister chose to do with her backside was her own business. Their meeting earlier this afternoon had gone long but concluded amicably. Morrigan would support the wedding. She hadn't ruled it out but quickly changed the subject.

Marzanna took a deep breath. 'No, tonight, I want to talk to you about the royal wedding. The next step in solidifying your rule over Trevilan is by marrying and proclaiming to the world. Your aunt... among other things, is concerned that the other kingdoms have not yet formally acknowledge your rule. While she promises the church will back our next step, we need the kingdoms to know you are king and that Trevilan is safe under your rule. The ambassadors are all still here of course, and yet they claim to have received no official word on how to proceed. The wedding should force their hand.'

'Yes, mother,' Rodmond nodded, not really considering what she was saying. She was so sexy. So wonderfully curvy and soft to look upon. Her big tits, unfettered by her signature lacy corsets, were wobbling in her gown as she spoke. He wanted to see them so badly.

He moved the book to his side and pushed away his blanket. He was naked, his flaccid cock a long fleshy tube resting across one leg. 'I've already spoken with Gilly about it. We're prepared to be wed whenever you see fit.'

Marzanna slowly wet her lips and leaned closer to examine the oversized member. While it bore little resemblance to the menacingly hard cock that had bashed her womb so thoroughly last night, she still felt her cunt moisten and throb at the sight of it. Was she a slave to it now? She was anxious to have it back inside her, where it belonged. Filling her mature pussy so completely... and ramming her hard.

She shook her head. Those thoughts were so pervasive! Just the mere glance at his penis and she was powerless. There was work to be done first and she needed to know if Rodmond would go along with their plan. Even still, she heard her voice say, 'Ughh, baby, would you mind if... mommy sits next to you?'

'Oh, I was hoping you would. I've been looking forward to seeing you all day.'

'Yes... mommy was so busy. There were several discussions today regarding the future of Trevilan which I was obligated to be present for.' She said, crawling forward. Her huge tits hanging pendulously against the sheets. They were so full and heavy; she could feel her nipples gently rub against the silk of her gown and the bed.

Rodmond watched her every movement. But her words rang in his ears. 'The future of Trevilan? Such meetings were held... without the presence of the king?'

Marzanna smirked and shimmied up beside him. 'Well, they were entirely about you, my son, and how best to navigate the coming days in preparation of the royal wedding. You see... I wanted to get all my facts straight before I brought them before you.'

Rodmond watched, his mouth agape as his mother plumped her breasts next to him, and then wiggled out of her night gown. He couldn't believe this was happening... again! Rodmond's eyes went wide at the sight of his beautiful mother undressing.

He had, of course, feasted on her mature, curvy body only the night before. Yet that was now just a memory in his mind. The presence of her lush form, those massive tits dominating her chest and stomach, her wide, generous hips. It all got his big cock stirring once again.

He could smell her skin, so clean and fresh. Her long black hair, undone and running down past her shoulders. She must have just bathed.

One of her legs came up and she gracefully took off one slipper, and then the other. Soon she was completely naked and both hands were clasped over her groin, partially covering her bushy black pubes. 'Can mommy get in with you?'

'Please,' Rodmond gulped.

Marzanna gave a throaty laugh and tossed her hair back over her shoulders. 'Oh, don't be nervous, baby. It's just us tonight, OK?'

'I'm not nervous, mother... I'm excited.' He flexed his prick, and it bounced up in front of her.

'Oh! Yes, I can tell,' she purred watching it come to life and twitch around, 'look at how big you've gotten already. And all mommy did was hop in bed with you.'

It was true, Rodmond's penis had expanded significantly since she had shed her gown. His cockhead was now bumping against his taut stomach. It bobbed above his belly button in a sinister arch of angry red

flesh. Rodmond chewed his bottom lip and stared at his mother's big boobs pressed between her arms. 'It's so hard... not to get excited around you, mommy.'

Marzanna laughed again. Now he was doing it on purpose. She watched his big thing throb wildly against his stomach. 'Goodness, baby. I had almost forgotten... how big it got,' she whispered and leaned over him.

'It's because...' Rodmond stared at her huge jugs.

'I know, I know. Here, allow me,' She smiled and rolled her eyes. She crawled over, got on her knees, and made herself small between his legs. Marzanna spread out her fingers on either side of his hips, gently taking hold of him. She pushed forward and her tits filled his lap. She plumped them with her extended arms. 'Mmm, how should we start? You want mommy to wrap it up again... with these? Or use my mouth?'

'Ughh,' Rodmond stared at her. She was so beautiful. Her deep green eyes were glazed over with the same lust he felt. Her raven black hair was everywhere, framing her body perfectly. And her lips! Ruby red and wet. He watched as she licked them over and over, never taking her eyes off his big dick. 'Mmhmm, your boobs...' Rodmond smirked.

Maybe the potion was doing this, he thought, maybe it was his enchanted sperm working its way through their systems. The girls all seemed so different around him now. They all seemed to act like they couldn't think straight around him... around it. It was like they completely forgot who they were and lived only to satisfy it, and themselves, when they got this close to his dick.

'Yes,' she gushed, 'let's start with these tonight. I know you love them so much. I'm glad they make you so happy.' She watched his cock throb wildly up against his tummy. Saw a clear glob of thick precum trail on his skin. 'Blessed Redeemer, baby. Look at how long it gets... it looks like you could suck on it yourself.'

'Oooh,' Rodmond examined his big prick resting heavy against his chest, 'do you... think so?'

Marzanna beamed and grabbed her boobs in a smooth motion, wrapping them around his twitching cock. The heat coming off it was intense. She angled it up and out of the top of her cleavage. She aimed the bloated cockhead towards her own mouth.

'Oh, fuck... yes, look at how much is here... up over mommy's boobs.' She kissed it first, and then sucked on it for a while. She remembered her daughter making lots of noises. Maymon had done a lot of that last night and said it seemed to help get a big load out faster. She wanted to do it too.

She tasted that salty precum again and mewled. It certainly seemed to be helping. She was surprised how quickly she was growing to love his taste. She found herself thinking about it throughout the day and was overjoyed to feel it on her tastebuds again. Marzanna worked the shaft for a few minutes with her mouth and tits. Then satisfied she'd gotten it to its full length and rigidity, she let go of her big knockers and clasped it firmly by the root with both hands.

She pressed it back against her son's stomach. 'Mmm, will you try for me, baby? Mommy wants to see... if you can suck it too.'

Rodmond stared at her and wasn't quite sure what to do. He saw her drooling and still had that glazed look in her eyes. She was getting so hot from the idea of seeing her son try to take it in his own mouth.

'Mmhmm, yes, mommy,' he nodded and slouched towards his abdomen as if in prayer. He bent his back forward and sucked in his stomach. He took hold of his shaft in a strong grip. Initially awkward and uncomfortable, after a few seconds of adjusting and wiggling, Rodmond faced his own cockhead and had it pressed to his lips.

Marzanna gasped when she saw he could easily fit the head in his mouth. 'Unbelievable,' she panted. Like the Family Crest itself, a snake eating its tail.

He wrapped his lips around his cockhead. 'Mmm,' Rodmond tasted himself and then spat it out, 'what is it?' he said and held his shaft near his lips, breathed on it, while his mother had one palm rested around the root, pushing it forward.

'You are... incredible to watch, baby. Keep going. This is so hot.' Marzanna was squat close between his legs, her arms on his lap, and her big tits squished between her arms creating a wondrously full cleavage.

Rodmond sucked on himself again. They maintained eye contact while he licked around his cockhead and then sucked it back. He couldn't quite get more than an inch in this position, but it was still impressive and Marzanna was getting noticeably hot, breathing hard, just from watching.

Soon she couldn't take it anymore and was leaning forward, licking the back of his rock-hard shaft, trailing her tongue upwards, and catching his lips. His head popped out and they kissed briefly before she took it inside her mouth.

Rodmond moaned and let the precum from his efforts drool out over his stomach, a briny mixture of saliva and precum.

Marzanna brought her big tits up again and rested them between his wet cock. Then she was at his mouth again and they were making out, like two love birds, and moaning into each other's mouths. She broke the kiss and started to suck him off in earnest. Loud sucking noises surrounded them, everything was so wet suddenly and Rodmond could only watch and jack himself off into her mouth.

What an incredible woman, he thought, his mother would do anything for him. But there was something else in her eyes now. He could tell she was also doing this for her too. For her own pleasure. Yes, she wanted to help him... but she wanted him. His mother wanted to be here tonight and have him all to herself. He couldn't imagine being anywhere else.

Rodmond felt his heart swell. He loved his sisters, Maymon and Gilly, but this, with his mother, was something else entirely. He couldn't imagine his life without her. His own mother, doing what she was

doing with him, was pure ecstasy. 'Oh fuck, mommy...' Rodmond gasped. 'I'm going... going to cum soon.'

Marzanna squealed and doubled her efforts. She felt Rodmond's prick pulse and his fist slam against her big tits as he jacked himself off. A few seconds later and she came up for air, her hands still pressed tightly against her fat jugs, wrapped around his cock and jacking him off. 'Come on, baby, give mommy that big load. I want to swallow it. I'm so hungry for it. Mommy needs to taste all that hot seed. Fill up mommy's belly.'

And then she was on him again, lips caving against the enormously bloated mushroom head. Her tongue was everywhere, circling the head and probing the yawning piss hole.

For Marzanna, who hadn't given too many blowjobs before last night, it was a lot to keep up with her son's big dick in her mouth. Swallowing every drop of sweet and salty precum that it squeezed out just for her was constant work. She could feel her gooey cunt, impossibly wet, and it took everything she had not to shoot one hand down to desperately try to relieve that ache.

She stayed focused on getting that nut. Soon enough her hot little pussy would get the relief it needed. A few times, she hoped. She meant to ride her son for all he was worth tonight. She wasn't even sore anymore from last night. And she thought that feeling would never go away. Now she was ready for it all over again.

Her sweet cunt had been a good girl all day, and soon it would be time to reward it. She was going to make sure he gave her the hard pounding she deserved. At least three times, she figured that way she could be sure to get the right number of orgasms she had come to expect after last night.

She continued blowing him. She was a slobbering mess, and she loved it. This giant prick was like a magical wand in and of itself. It had cast its spell over Marzanna. And her daughters. Now she couldn't get enough of it. Never wanted to be rid of it.

'Mommy! Oh fuck, oh fuck,' she heard Rodmond groan, and she saw his balls constrict.

Marzanna felt the first shot hit the back of her throat. She closed her eyes and did her best to keep up with his orgasm. Shot after shot of boiling teenage cum filled her mouth and it was all she could do to keep up. She purred and moaned on his shaft, swallowing a mouthful before the viscous baby batter filled her tongue again.

She went with it, accepted this was going to be a huge load. It was so creamy and thick. So incredibly hot and salty. She couldn't get over how it kept coming, kept shooting out, and just when she thought it was done, there were more spurts.

She started to choke, couldn't swallow fast enough, had to cough it up. The queen heard herself gag and then spit a mixture of her saliva and his cum all over his shaft. 'Fuck,' she retched, but did not vomit. She cleared her throat and got a good look at his bucking prick. It was still puking up big globs of his potent

seed. 'Ughhh... Redeemer! What a good baby boy. Fuck, and so much for mommy! A big, delicious load... all for mommy, yessss. Or... do you want to help clean this up?'

Rodmond brought his head down from where he had lifted it back to ride out his ecstasy. His poor mother's face was a complete mess. Her mature face had spit everywhere. She was covered in a muddle of hair, makeup, and their juices. She was unbelievably stunning. He leaned forward and gave her a deep, sloppy kiss. He tasted himself in her mouth.

'Yes, let's clean you up, mother. Maymon isn't here, after all.' They both laughed and then went back to work. Soon both were licking at his twitching prick, catching each other's tongues now and then, while they worked around his girth to get all the frothy cock cream. A few minutes later they were satisfied. Rodmond couldn't help but notice her big, beautiful hangers were also covered in spit and cum. 'Thank you, mommy... but look, you've made quite a mess yourself too.'

'Mmm, yes,' she purred, 'I have... haven't I? Be a good boy, Roddy, and clean all this up, won't you?'

He wasted no time and took both her huge boobs in his hands and brought them up to his mouth. first, he wiped his face in them. Worshipping them with his tongue, Rodmond licked every inch of soft tit flesh he could get his mouth on. Then he attacked her big nipples, squeezing them in his grip. His lips puckered around her areola, one at a time, tonguing the surface and making sure it was completely cleaned.

Rodmond felt like he could die a happy man. Only eighteen, crowned a king, and had already fucked his mom and sisters.

He surrounded himself in his mom's boobs. He adored their weight, their heft. So big and full in his hands, he couldn't stop staring at them. Couldn't stop playing with them, molding them, and tossing them together as they overwhelmed his palms. He smiled joyfully as he tried to force them into a massive cleavage that he could sink his face into.

Marzanna cradled his head against her bosom. 'Mmm, baby boy... ready again, are we?'

'It certainly feels that way, yes,' Rodmond said between sucks.

'Good. It's time to fuck mommy.'

Ten minutes later, Marzanna's big ass was bouncing on top of her son. She had needed the time to readjust to his size but once she got him in her all the way, and even had one small burst of fireworks, she was grinding on him as if he had never pulled out from last night.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck,' she chanted as he slammed into her deepest places. She felt completely full again and it was wonderful. She had her arms wrapped around his shoulders and her boobs were pressed tight against his chest.

Marzanna's thick sweaty legs were knelt on either side of her boy. She was taking him all inside her again and she loved it. She was made for this. Made to take his absurd size, and she craved it.

'Redeemer, Rodmond! Oh! You fill me so perfectly, baby... ugh, ugh, ugh... you... are so good to your mommy...so good inside mommy,' she yelled.

All Rodmond could do was gasp in her ear.

'Ugh, fuck, yes... This is where my baby belongs. Do you understand me? This big dick... I made it, and I get it whenever I want. You hear me, baby?'

'Ugh, ugh... yes... mommy. Whenever... you want!'

'Ahhhh, oh, good boy. Now, fuck mommy harder! Don't stop... don't stop. Really give it to me, baby! Mommy can feel it coming. She needs it... hard now. OK?'

Rodmond couldn't believe what he was hearing. But he wasn't about to argue with her. He grabbed her fat hips and started to pound the slut for all she was worth. He forced his strokes even deeper, taking control and pile driving into her sopping wet cunt. He was no longer afraid if he was hurting her. She could take it.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck...Oh fuck me,' she cried, 'Roddy, you're fucking mommy so hard! Baby, you're... Oh! Going to break... your little mommy... with that big cock! Oh fuck! Come on, baby! Mommy is so close now. Baby boy... are you going to fuck mommy this hard... when you're married?'

'Every night. Every night. Every night...' he swore.

She gave a shrill laugh despite not being able to think straight. She continued to power down on him, meeting his hard thrusts with her strong hips. 'Mmmm, that's right, baby. Because you're going to be marrying mommy too.'

'Huh? What? I am?' Rodmond kept going.

'Mmmm, oh fuck yes. You think...oh!... I'd let your sister have all this cock...ugh, fuck!... to herself?'

'You... ugh... mean it? I get to marry... both of you?'

'Aaaand Maaaaymon,' she shrieked.

Rodmond came inside his mother. Marzanna went off a few seconds later.

Later, they were wrapped in each other's arms. Rodmond was still incredibly hard. Both were trying to catch their breath.

'I don't understand,' was all he said, once his senses returned.

Marzanna came down from her high and brought an arm up around his shoulder. One big tit pressed against his arm. 'I had a long talk with Gilly this afternoon. We all love you, Rodmond. And you're the king now. You need to be married... and you need heirs. Trevilan needs heirs. Gilly was... most convincing. If we're to bring Trevilan out of this plague, a strong king must rule. There must be no doubt

of your... abilities. The kingdom needs lots of babies right now. Sons... and daughters. Gilly thinks the best way to show that to the world... is for you to marry all three of us... and consummate the union with plenty of offspring.'

Rodmond stared at her. 'Marry my mother? And both sisters? Is it even allowed? Has it been done before?'

'There is precedent, yes. Royal inbreeding is nothing new, of course. Trevilan was founded by a brother and sister. A marriage between mother and son... has also been done. I would gladly be your wife, Rodmond. Would be honored to give birth to our children.'

Rodmond's head spun. 'Would they be my children... or my siblings, mother?'

'Does it matter?'

'And Gilly? Maymon? I get to marry all three of you... at once?'

Marzanna nodded slowly. She ran her fingers through his hair. 'Aunt Morrigan assures me the church will sanction the wedding. They will support us in this.'

'I see...' Rodmond rested a hand on her breast. 'And when... is this wedding to take place?'

'Three days hence,' Marzanna cleared her throat. 'Weather permitting. It will be a great event for Trevilan. For the world to see. We must give the other kingdoms no chance to doubt your ascendancy... your abilities.'

Rodmond thought about what this meant. 'No, indeed not.'

'That's why we must act now; why you need to use the potion's strength while we have it. Who knows when its powers will wane... or if Maymon will properly replicate this version. That's why Mommy needs you to be strong now. We must ensure all three of us are wed to you... and carry your child, my son.'

Rodmond met her eyes, saw the passion his mother balanced in her gaze. 'Yes... I understand, mother.'

'Good boy' she rubbed his cheek, 'because mommy is ovulating. Are you ready to go again?'

Princess Maymon crept down the secret steps and back into the wizard's chamber.

She had to get to her brother's room as quickly as possible. She knew her mother was there right now. They needed to know what she had overheard from the nurse's room. Her younger sister, Gilly, should also know the news, but the girl was sleeping. It was her night off. Queen Marzanna had offered to take care of Rodmond all by herself tonight.

Maymon had almost forgotten about her plan to finally fuck her brother; about the potion she drank earlier. Her mind was racing so fast with all this new information - The Ambassador from Balmudia was going to sail home after the wedding, and they would declare war on Trevilan.

The young princess couldn't believe what she had heard. Yet the more she thought about it the more it made sense. Balmudia was not nearly as rich in natural resources as Trevilan, but they had the stronger military and had the most to gain through going to war against the plague-torn kingdom.

Strategically, both kingdoms dominated the southern half of the crescent moon shaped continent. A ship could sail from Trevilan to Balmudia in less than three hours, weather permitting.

The plague had, of course, changed everything. Politically and economically, Trevilan had never been more vulnerable. Trade had all but ceased, with only emergency provisions being dead dropped by sea. People were forced to quarantine for weeks to ensure they carried no sign of the pox. If they were contagious, there was little to be done. No cure or treatment had yet to be discovered. Not even the most skilled sorcerers at the Academy in the northern kingdom of Gristult, where Maymon hoped to one day study, had been able to produce a potion to fight its spread.

The klutzy twenty-year-old fidgeted on her way across the dusty room, trying to adjust her little black dress. It felt so tight on her suddenly. Her nipples were sore, and her breasts felt heavy. Had they gotten bigger? Her cleavage seemed to be overflowing out of her dress.

She shrugged. Hardly a concern at this point. War was on the horizon. It couldn't come at a worse time. They might as well open the gates. The truth was Trevilan had always been the weaker of the two, and everyone knew it. Yes, it was rich in natural resources, and the coastal port towns were conveniently located to access the inland capitals of the other kingdoms to the north. But it lacked a strong fighting presence on land or at sea.

Decades of peace will do that to any kingdom.

If one kingdom would control both halves of the southern continent, it would be a powerful foothold over the northern three. Think of the wealth... her mind wandered and think of the effort to maintain such borders. She wondered if the other kingdoms would turn on Balmudia if it conquered Trevilan. Would Risuk, Gristult, and Sar Sanrosan step in and stop Balmudia... or was the plague just the sort of thing that would keep them from making any kind of peacekeeping attempt?

Balmudia had that kind of ambition. To be so bold as to invade another kingdom that had been crippled by a brand-new plague. Trevilan was clearly in no position to try for such a move. How could it ever go on the defensive or offensive now?

Finally, thinking of the next couple of days ahead, Maymon gathered up her shoulder bag of notes and positions, and quickly made for the door. Soon she was on the move up the winding stairs. The trip to Rodmond's tower was longer this way but it was close to midnight, and no one was about.

Maymon knew the only soldiers in this part of the castle would be those posted at the bottom of the stairs to Rodmond's tower. Grunts who formerly reported to the captain of the guard, the recently beheaded Ser Blant. Now they answered only to Queen Marzanna.

Maymon rounded the corner and made her way down the long dark hall to the south tower's entrance. A singly wall torch illuminated the guards. If they heard her approach, they made no sign of it. As Maymon's slippers quietly tapped across the cobbled floor, she saw that they were clearly preoccupied. They were both smiling and actively listening to what was going on only a few flights above them.

Getting closer, she too could hear the faint echoes coming from the top of the tower. From Rodmond's bed chamber. Loud grunts and sharp cries. Moaning. She recognized the voices immediately of course.

'Fuck me, baby, fuck me, baby,' the walls echoed. 'Uggghhh yes, you big fucker... fucking mommy so good! Harder, harder you big-dicked motherfucker! Ohhh Blessed Redeemer... look at what you're doing to mommy! Ohhh fuck, baby, so deep! So fucking deep! Don't stop, don't stop, don't stop...'

The two men suddenly noticed Maymon a few feet in front of them and jumped to attention. They both remembered their queen's words and crossed their spears to bar the princess.

'Errrm... sorry, m 'lady,' one of them stammered, 'n-no one is to go up tonight. Queen's orders.'

She could hardly see their faces, but she knew they were both blushing. 'I am aware of her orders,' Maymon snapped. 'I wouldn't be here... at this hour... were it not of the utmost importance.' She stepped closer and tried to get a better look at them. 'How long have they been going at it?'

'Princess?' one asked.

'Since dusk' the other said.

'I see...' Maymon smiled.

They noticed her eyes, a blazing green which looked wholly unnatural. The princess had appeared as though she were a ghost. A spectre... with otherworldly eyes. It was of course the effects of the potion, a stronger dose of the mixture she had given to Gilly only the night before. That experiment had worked wonderfully. So, she had doubled the dose and intensified the fertility properties.

The potion was in full effect now. The two guards might not have been able to see it, but Maymon was literally vibrating from being so horny. Just the thought of Rodmond, up there with mother right now, had her soaking wet. That she could hear them, Marzanna shrieking and crying out for dear life, Rodmond grunting angrily, was making her weak in the knees. She had to get up there fast. The wet slapping was getting louder, harder. More urgent.

'We... um, have our orders, princess,' one of them said over the echoed cries of lust. 'Your mother... was quite clear.'

A sharp cry from above silenced them again. 'Aghhhh! Yes, baby, right there! Right there! Come on, lover, give it all to mommy! So close! I'm so fucking close! Oh fuck! Oh fuck, baby... harder now! Mommy can take it! Oh Roddy... you're gonna make mommy... Ughhh, fuck! Make mommy... Not again!'

They all stood still, not knowing where to look, listening as their Queen cried out in a mind shattering orgasm.

Maymon couldn't help but notice both men were fully tented. 'How many times is that for her?' she asked.

'Princess?' one asked.

'At least five,' the other said.

Maymon scoffed. 'Listen you two,' arms akimbo, 'I know you're both under a lot of pressure. Your captain is dead. There has been... a lot of changes going on around here lately. I get it. There are probably going to be a lot more changes after the wedding. Take my word for it. You haven't been out of the castle in a few months, right?'

They both nodded.

'Mhmm,' Maymon said, 'I know it's tough. But tonight, right now, there is a lot on the line, and I have information... important information that they,' she said and gestured with a nod, 'need to hear right away. I promise to defend the two of you if the queen starts to chew me out for... interrupting... her and my brother.'

The two looked at one another.

'Truly, highness?' one of them asked.

Maymon bowed and gave both a fantastic view, despite the poor lighting, of her extremely full cleavage spilling out of her little black dress. 'You have my word.' She straightened and could feel her wetness running down her thighs.

They heard the wet slapping continue. Marzanna wasn't yelling anymore, just giving hard moans. Rodmond must be really giving it to her now.

The men brought their spears back and allowed her to pass.

'Thank you both. And enjoy the rest of the night,' she said, 'after I... explain what all this is about... you'll get to hear me at it too.'

Soon she was up the spiraling stairs and standing outside the door once more. The sounds coming from inside were wickedly obscene. Maymon couldn't wait to see them at it. And this time she was going to have her own piece of the pie. A tiny hand reached out furtively. She took the latch and noticed how much her hands were shaking. She wasn't sure if she was going to cum or throw up. She couldn't wait any longer and tried the door. Mercifully, it was not barred.

She immediately saw Rodmond's sweaty back on top of mother. He was pounding her between her outstretched legs as they flopped helplessly. Mother was lying face down on the bed. Rodmond's butt was flexing powerfully, his strokes long and deliberate.

Her brother was leaning over the queen, grunting, and he looked as though he were straining to breathe, he was under so much pressure.

Maymon quickly closed the distance and came in from the side of the bed, where they both could see her. Rodmond had his entire length, all that incredible girth, buried inside their poor mother's pussy.

Queen Marzanna's face was not difficult to read, she was in pure ecstasy. Her massive tits spread out on either side like big pillows; her arms stretched forward and desperately trying to claw at the old wooden bed board above her. The woman was covered in sweat but, Maymon noted, never looked more beautiful. Maymon had never seen her mother look more alive. It was as if the more Roddy fucked her, the more stunning she became.

After all, she thought, the boy was pumping her full of so much magical life essence for the past two days, it was no wonder that she looked as if she were getting younger, fuller of life. She was filled to the brim with life. As if she became more radiant with every load her greedy cunt consumed.

Looking at her now, Maymon would have never guessed their mother to be near forty. She could have easily passed for a woman in her late twenties. But Marzanna was very much their mother and clearly had been made for this purpose. Built for it. Her wickedly busty body and deep, mature cunt had delivered three babies already and, with a bit of help from Rodmond's oversized cock, was surely going to squeeze out a few more in no time.

Yes, if Gilly's visions were correct, which Maymon supposed they had every reason to be since she herself was such strong proponent of the arcane ways, the three Velcin women were apparently going to save Trevilan by giving Rodmond exactly what he wanted: their fertile wombs. Willingly surrendering to his magnificent cock. Repeatedly. He would have their wombs. They would have his children. More Royal Velcin babies... inbred heirs to save the beleaguered kingdom.

Maymon watched them but still struggled with all the recent information. Was it all thrown into question due to what she had heard earlier? She wanted to cry out and interrupt them, tell them how dire their situation really was... but she couldn't help herself. She was so fucking horny. She had to watch them finish. Had to watch Rodmond give her mommy one more giant fucking load, deep inside her hot, welcoming cunt.

'Ughhh... I'm sooooo close, mommy! Ugh, ugh, ughhhh... I'm going to... cum inside... again.' She heard him grunt.

'Uh huh,' Marzanna nodded, half-muffled in the bed, and still in a daze from her last climax. She turned to face Maymon. 'Do it, baby, fill me up!' she cried, 'breed mommy. Don't stop fucking... fucking mommy... until you empty those big nuts inside me, OK?'

'Yes, mommy,' Rodmond gritted.

Maymon hadn't even noticed her hand slip down beneath her dress. Pressing into her hot folds. Rodmond was just so big and strong, powering into her little mommy, fucking her so hard. Mommy was his plaything. He was fucking her with such need, shoving his huge cock in her hard and fast. All mommy could do to was try and hold on for dear life.

Then, after a few seconds of pounding, Marzanna made eye contact with her daughter. She noticed her eyes first and then gave the most perverse little smile the princess had ever seen on her mother's face. The queen absolutely loved this! She loved getting destroyed by her son's huge prick. She would let her son fuck her brains out every night... not minding that he was being shared with her two daughters.

Maymon couldn't wait to be right there, getting the same ruthless pounding from her brother.

Suddenly Marzanna took her hand. Her voice came out wavy from the pummelling. 'He's got... so much... to give tonight,' the queen yelped, trying as hard as she could to form the words. 'Are you here... to help... mommy?'

'Yesss,' Maymon hissed, still fucking herself.

'Mmmm... good girl,' she winked and looked back at her son. He was drooling over her fat ass, pressing down on it hard as he pulled out all the way and then slammed it back inside. Marzanna screamed. 'Ughh... come on, Roddy. Do it, baby. It's time... to put a baby in mommy.'

That sent the horse-hung teenager over the edge, and he buried all twelve fat inches inside her again. He held himself deep inside her. She was completely stuffed. Marzanna's eyes rolled back, and she climaxed again.

Rodmond roared, held both hands on her generous cheeks, and made sure every hot spurt flooded his mother's welcoming womb.

The queen gripped her daughter's hand and rode out the orgasm.

Princess Maymon was overwhelmed and brought herself off not long after. She laughed as she saw Rodmond smiling down at her. She winked and, while he was still watching her, leaned over to kiss mother deeply. It was messy and she made sure to use her tongue to lick the sweat off the side of her mother's face.

'Ohhh, fuck yes,' he moaned and leaned forward to get a better look, feeling his cock bend and press inside his mother.

Later, they all lay on the bed. Rodmond lounged as his mother absently jerked him off. Together they listened to Maymon tell them everything she'd overheard from Wengigia's room.

Marzanna sat up, her breasts filling her lap. She pressed Roddy's half-hard cock down against his stomach, as if to pause their relaxed foreplay.

Rodmond watched his beautiful mother grapple with the information. He himself couldn't believe what his busty sister was wearing. That tight little black dress made it look as though her fat tits would spill out any second. Had they always been that big? And what was going on with her eyes, he wondered. His cock throbbed at the thought of getting between those heavy hangers.

Yet the two women were consumed in matters of something else entirely. Balmudia, of all places. A dreadful kingdom to the west, Rodmond reflected, where fishmongers reigned supreme. Though he had never been there himself, it was said the people there all reeked of fish. That was all they ate. Like the other kingdoms, Balmudia had had to close its trade doors to Trevilan at the start of the plague. Now they had little contact with them at all, officially, in the last three months, other than through their ambassador, a stingy old man, who, true to form, had an unnatural penchant for fresh fish.

Rodmond chuckled to himself. Trevilan groupers rarely seemed to please that man, unless they had big tits and blue eyes, it seemed.

'Wait,' Rodmond finally said, sitting up to take a long sip of water, 'why would they declare war now? Isn't the plague enough to keep any serious aggressor from marching on us? The battles would be horrendous... and the sickness would be even worse. I understand that sickness is the leading cause of most death during war. We have a guaranteed illness spreading around our kingdom. This is ridiculous. How could they be so foolish?'

'I agree,' said Maymon, lounging between them, 'but Balmudia may think such a risk is worth it, to control the southern half of the continent. From their perspective, there may never be a better time to invade.'

'How so?' Rodmond asked.

'Well,' she considered, 'the plague has weakened Trevilan to a point never seen in its history. It's decimated our population and killed our ruler. In father's place, Rodmond is crowned, the formerly crippled boy... who has the impossible task of trying to salvage the kingdom the disease. You have no heirs. Balmudia might kill you and capture us. Perhaps not a full-scale invasion... but send assassins. Force us to marry into their family to legitimize the takeover.'

'Gristult's civil war... two generations ago,' Marzanna said blankly.

Maymon nodded. 'Our soil is rich, and our waters are plentiful with life. Trevilan has always been a land of abundant crops. The plague has yet to stop that. Balmudia has no such comparison in resources. Beyond their meager wheat fields, their over dependence on fishing, and their fighting force. But it is not cheap to feed their army.'

Rodmond watched her intently, thinking over her words.

She continued, 'this is a very smart move, brother, for them to attack us now. The plague could have even been their doing, but I have no way to prove it. They could kill us all and then wait a few years until

the sickness burns itself out. They have a lot of options. We have a few...' She kept talking, but the wheels of Rodmond's mind were already turning.

Finally, when she had finished, they were silent for some time.

Queen Marzanna rose up, still naked. Her busty, mature body was like a beautiful stone stature before her children, large swinging breasts dominating her chest. Neither of them could take their eyes off her. Suddenly aware of her bare state, and attempting to regain her composure, she draped a blanket around her shoulders and hopped down off the bed to make for the door.

'Mother,' Rodmond said, 'where are you going?'

'To kill the ambassador,' she said briskly.

'No, wait,' Maymon yelled. 'Mother, you can't. It would be too obvious! They would know... that we know their plan.'

'I can't believe that.' Marzanna stopped, shaking her head. 'No, I can't believe... Rodmond's nurse would... would betray us like this. Who knows what she has told him? After all these years of service. I'll have to kill them both.'

'Mother, please,' Maymon said, getting up. 'Listen to reason! Killing the ambassador... even if we made it look like an accident... could spur immediate action from Balmudia. They might invade simply on the grounds of our incapability to govern the kingdom, with kings and ambassadors dying from the plague. They have the stronger navy. Why, they could be here in a day. They probably know every weak point... from Wengigia. Plague or no, their soldiers would swarm our shores.'

'That's going to happen anyway then,' Marzanna whipped around, 'Ohhh, I've been so foolish... like I was under a spell! Trying to save this family... when we are already dead.'

Maymon didn't know what to say.

Then Rodmond stood. He was completely naked, and his cock painfully erect, bobbing with his movements. He settled on his mother's eyes and held her gaze. 'But we're not dead, mother. And the ambassador is still here in the castle. There is still time to act and there are moves we can yet make... to ensure Gilly's vision comes to pass. To save Trevilan.'

'What do you mean?' Maymon asked.

'You said the ambassador would not sail home until after the wedding, correct?'

'Those were his words, yes,' she slowly nodded.

'That means we have at least three days to prepare.'

'Prepare for what?' Marzanna cried.

'War. Let us assume Balmudia is ready to attack us. Since they haven't yet it must mean they need more information. The Ambassador wants to see my wedding. To confirm his suspicions that I'm just a puppet being held up by magic. That we're weak and vulnerable. That Trevilan is still susceptible to attack. We'll continue to let them think that. Meanwhile, we prepare... a secret invasion.'

'Rodmond... we'll never penetrate their defences,' Maymon said. 'We're in no position to do so. They've already blocked all human traffic from their harbors. The ambassador will have to quarantine. They all will. Only their goods will get through. They've never been more protected, more fortified, than they are now.'

'That's right,' Rodmond said. 'But we're not going to invade them with humans. As you say, their cargo will pass by quarantine.'

'Explain yourself,' Marzanna said, folding her arms tightly beneath her expansive bosom.

'The goods,' Rodmond whispered. 'We'll fill their ships with plague rats, poison the cargo, and weaponize the plague. Aunt Morrigan said it is such a powerful sickness that it travels by both animals as well as humans. Balmudia has only protected itself against the human carriers. We'll send their ships back brimming with plague rats. We'll cover their capital with the shit of plague-ridden carriers. They're so confident in their measures so far... it should catch them completely off guard. They'll have to isolate as extremely as we have, by the time they realize what's happened that is. And we have Gilly's vision! Mother, this must be the path. Yes, it will be a long time coming, years in fact, before we're out of it. And who knows if a cure will ever be found... but Trevilan will survive. I know it.'

Marzanna stared at her son. She didn't know what to say.

'Rodmond...' Maymon exhaled. 'Is this just? You would condemn... civilians? Women and children, innocents, to this plague?'

'Sister, for Trevilan,' he said, 'I must.'

Marzanna nodded. 'Yes... It is vile work, I agree... but what choice do we have?'

'Mother, you can't be serious.' Maymon said. 'As I suggested earlier, one option is to expose the plot to the other kingdoms. Balmudia will deny everything, of course, but it would prevent the attack, surely.'

'Maybe. But for how long? And think of their ire. How long before the other kingdoms start to look at Trevilan's crops and question if we can hold our own against the plague... while all that food goes to waste? Exposing Balmudia like that might bring a lot of undue attention on us...' Rodmond countered.

Marzanna stepped closer towards Maymon. 'It's insane, I know, but... I think Rodmond is right. The walls are closing in around us. We can stay here and let our lusts consume us. And even though part of me is strangely fine with it,' her eyes flicked to Rodmond's prick, 'I still care about this land that our family has built. I want to see its people rested from the clutches of this plague. Not thrust into some despicable war that burns their homes and all they've worked for over the years. Listen to your brother. He

knows... that all decisions have consequences. Turning the plague into a weapon is not something you or I would have ever considered... especially since there is no cure. A king must make such decisions. Maybe a cure will exist some day... but for now, this may be our only way of avoiding armed conflict. Give Balmudia a taste of what we're going through. Yes... we'll carry on over the next three days. Prepare for the wedding. Show the world the Velcin family line is secure. And then we let the Ambassador go home...'

'Mother,' Maymon gasped, 'I can't believe you'd go along with something... so devious.'

'We are forced to be devious,' Rodmond said. 'And I'm certain Gilly will agree. This buys Trevilan time to fortify our defences. Balmudia may accept their soldiers getting sick, on the offensive. They may even be prepared for it in ways we do not yet know. But once their civilians are plague stricken? Their lords and royals? I promise you; no such attack will occur.'

'Rodmond,' Marzanna said slowly, 'if this is your will, I'll support you.'

He nodded and looked to his sister.

Maymon sighed and shot a glance at his thick red tube of a penis. 'Yes... yes, of course, I will stand by you, brother.'

'Good,' Marzanna said, 'I'll get Gilly and your aunt. We'll need to begin the preparations immediately and I'll need their help. But no one else,' she held up a finger. 'We must keep this an absolute secret, until after the wedding, and after the Ambassador has set sail. Wengigia may not be the only spy...' Her children nodded hastily and then she was gone.

Rodmond sat making only the slightest of glances at his sister, and she was on him.

Maymon straddled her brother, kissing and licking as one hand went straight for his prick. She came nowhere close to circling around the girthy shaft but that didn't stop her from jacking him off while they made out.

'May...' Rodmond gasped, staring at her big tits falling out of her low-cut dress.

'Mmhmm, I've been thinking about you all day, Roddy,' she moaned. 'I can't see straight. Fucking mommy like that? And when you got up just now... and said all that... about war. Innocent lives being sacrificed so that we might live. Redeemer, but it pushed me over the edge. Fuck, I'm so horny right now.'

'It did?' Rodmond gasped between smooches, 'I mean... you are?'

'Mmm... I can't believe this is all really happening. But it is. It's in motion, isn't it? Its all real. You're the king after all... and you're thinking like one. For the good of Trevilan. I could never... make those kinds of decisions, big ones... that will impact the lives of so many people... for so many years to come.'

'I didn't want to,' he said, 'I had to...'

'I know,' May whispered, working her way down, 'I know. The thought that we could all die, that all this could be taken away from us... its terrifying. And yet, at the same time, our connection, has never meant more to me. I've never felt more alive.' She scooped one big tit out of her dress and then the other.

'You... haven't?' Rodmond said, watching her.

'I know this is right, Roddy. Being with you. I know Gilly and mother see it that way too. We need you and you need us. For Trevilan's salvation... but also... because, in some strange way, we're all the same person. We're all one soul copied into different bodies. So much Velcin inbreeding. We've been recycling... our soul, for generations. Now we're fighting to preserve that soul. And we'll do anything to make sure it survives.' She was working his cock with her hand while her fat tits dragged against his stomach.

'One... soul,' Rodmond echoed.

'It sounds so inhuman, so dispassionate, so greedy... to willingly plunge another kingdom into sickness and death... but what choice do we have? They'll invade us otherwise. They'll kill us all, or worse... and no one will intercede because of the plague. If we don't act now... it will be the end of our Velcin soul...'  
She moaned and tightened her grip on him.

Rodmond couldn't handle it anymore. He flipped her over and then was up kneeling between her legs. She giggled as he had crawled between her legs and hiked the dress up past her hips. He couldn't believe how soaking wet she was. His sister's inner thighs were shiny and wet. He felt his massive sex organ twitch and buck against her leg as he examined her pussy. He knew in his heart she was right about everything. His intuition told him to use all the weapons Trevilan had to fight against such an invasion. Everyone had underestimated the power of this plague. No one had thought to use it as such a weapon.

'I'll do it, sister,' he said, more to himself, but she nodded in a daze, 'I'll protect our soul.' Now he was rubbing his bloated cockhead against her moist opening. It felt incredible, as if he could plunge right in with no resistance at all.

Maymon had told him this was a much more powerful potion. He prayed to the Redeemer that she would be able to make such a potion for him someday, to replicate that which Tustin had given him. He loathed the idea of being stuck in this bed all day again. Although now that he reflected on it, rubbing his huge cock up and down his older sister's pussy, he was still basically spending his whole days in bed. He just wasn't doing all that much sleeping anymore...

'Ohhhh no,' Maymon moaned, 'look at the fucking size of that thing. Roddy, its bigger than my fucking wrist! Redeemer, how does that thing stay hard... where do you get all the blood to power it?'

'Magic,' he whispered with a sly smile.

'I'm ready if you are.' Maymon laughed and pressed her big tits together.

'No,' he shook his head, 'no, you're not ready yet, sister. But you will be. You're going to be an expert by morning.' He held himself by the root and let it fall against her stomach. With a heavy slap, the huge prick fell disturbingly high on her stomach.

Maymon shrieking in excitement. 'How did... Gilly ever take such a beast?' But then she already knew the answer. They both said 'magic,' in unison and then giggled together.

A few minutes passed, wedging and repositioning, and he was inside her, pushing the head much further than it had gone the previous night. She was still impossibly tight. He pulled out and tried to rub some of her juices on his shaft.

'Mother's cream has dried on me. We might have to spend a bit more time... on foreplay, before we get to the main event,' he offered.

'Nonsense,' Maymon flipped on her stomach and reached for her bag, 'I have just the thing.' After a moment of ruffling, she produced a small vial of clear liquid from her bag.

'Another potion?' Rodmond couldn't ignore the fantastic view he had of her asshole.

'Not this time,' she said, popping the top, 'its a natural lubricant Tustin used when he experimented with his... size.'

Rodmond nodded and watched attentively.

'Towards the end,' she said, rubbing her hands with a generous dollop, 'he was just this. Vastly increasing his size... through magic. Though certainly no where near yours. Naturally, as his pupil, I was the recipient of such experiments. But there's only so much my natural juices can do. I would have used this earlier... but it took some rooting around in the wizard's chamber to find even this chrism.'

'What's it supposed to do?'

'Watch,' she said, taking hold of his penis with both hands, 'and feel.'

It was as if she were coating him in a warm slime. It was thick and oily, but not unpleasant. After a moment of rigorous rubbing, Rodmond found he quite enjoyed the sensation on his cock. Now she was simply jacking him off and her small hands were a blur of motion travelling his length.

'Ohhh, that's exquisite, May,' he gasped.

'I know, right?' she beamed, 'you're good and slippery now. Let's try again.' He was so much bigger than Tustin had ever been and yet, now that they were both so well lubricated, he was able to sink his massive prick into her little cunt with relative ease, considering the horny teenager seemed to want to give her the entire foot of cock in one thrust.

'Uggghhh, oh shit,' Maymon said, on her back and propping herself up on her to watch as he fed it to her. 'Fuck... that looks unreal. You're... really putting it... all inside me,' she squealed and dropped her head back.

'Uh huh,' Rodmond watched her pink lips stretch around his girth.

She felt like he had shoved his arm inside her. How in the Redeemer's name had her little sister done this? But then Gilly had only taken... half his length? Not like this. Not like what their mother been doing on a regular basis.

This was so much better than with the old wizard! Tustin had been ancient, closer to death than life, and his fucking had been desperate and jealous. Rodmond, just by plunging into her, was so full of vigor and energy. He was alive and pulsing madly.

'Ffffuck, May. So tight. So hot... I've thought about this...' Rodmond said, sinking deeper and deeper, 'all my life.'

'Ugh, you... oh! You have?' She struggled form words.

'Mmm... since we were little,' he winced, 'I knew I was promised to Gilly... but, oh fuck, May... I always thought about you. Always wanted you. I love you so much, sis, I can't believe we're... going to be together... forever.' He bottomed out and she screamed.

The pain was overwhelming, she felt so full and stretched apart. Maymon didn't think her little vagina would ever recover from such an invasion. The intense throbbing was endless. It felt like he was inside her stomach. Soon the pain receded and then the pleasure came. She was afraid to look, but she had to know. Tustin had always been keen to angle himself so that his prick bulged up into her stomach. Rodmond's prick was no exception, and it now protruded obscenely above her cunt.

She felt her stomach turn. Her guts were being rearranged before her very eyes. 'Looook,' she moaned, 'at what you're doing to meeee.'

Rodmond could only smile as he began to thrust his hips forward and watch her lower tummy rise and fall against his girthy pole. He had her now, his dream girl. Yes, his mother would always be his number one, had taken his virginity. Gilly was his betrothed since they had been born. But Maymon was his first crush. The girl he had always dreamed about being with. And now it was finally happening. She wasn't just fluffing or cleaning, as she had done so diligently last night. She was front and center, it was just them, and he planned on giving her all the special attention she deserved.

'Fuck, fuck, fuck. I knew this would feel amazing,' she moaned, 'I knew it! I knew this was what I wanted. Ooooooo, yes! What I needed!'

'You... did?' Rodmond struggled to hold back his intense nut. He was really going to flood her. Her voice was so sweet and angelic. He loved just hearing her speak. To hear her moan now, from his efforts, was almost too much.

'Of course, brother,' she confessed. 'You think I just wanted to watch you? Come on! Fuck me hard.'

'Ughhh... OK, May, but you asked for it.'

She offered her legs to him. He hoisted them up and pushed forward into her. She dug her elbows into the bed and braced herself. Her hips were angled up now, and her ankles fell near shoulders.

'Is this what you want, May?' he asked, 'are you sure?'

She nodded eagerly. 'Mmhmm! Fuck me like you fucked mommy...' she moaned.

Rodmond proceeded to do just that.

For the next hour, they went at it. Rodmond pounded May harder than the girl had known possible. He didn't tire from cumming. In their initial position, he hadn't lasted very long. Maymon was quite skilled at meeting his thrusts, especially on her back, and he flooded her insides after only a few minutes.

Luckily for him, while he did still have some remnant of a refractory period, he lost none of his rigidity or stamina. She offered to flip on her stomach and was quickly taken up on it.

The busty princess stayed like that for a good long while. She lost track of how many times she came. Her body was on fire. Rodmond was an automaton. Even though he had dumped more cum inside her than she had thought humanly possible, especially after being with mother only an hour ago, he proved to still be quite unstoppable.

'Redeemer, Roddy,' she panted, 'does that thing ever get soft?'

'You should know from last night! I can go all night with you, May,' he said.

'Ooo, I know, baby, I know,' she cooed, and imagined them together, like this, until the sun came up.

Later, she was on top of him, face to face. They held each other close. She had his face in her hands. He had his wrapped around her ass, guiding her up and down.

Rodmond had her stuffed to capacity. He couldn't get enough of watching her face contort in pleasure, she was so beautiful. Like a younger version of their mother, but so much more animated. The way she looked at him, with those droopy puppy dog eyes, made him never want to let her go. She was so tiny next to him, yet her big round tits hung down on his chest, and he couldn't see down around them.

He wondered if Gilly would fill out like May and mother... maybe once she was pregnant. He pictured all three of them, standing together in the green fields east of the castle, on a bright and beautiful spring day. Each of them heavy with child, holding their round tummies. Big breasts heavy and swollen with milk.

'What is it?' she yelped. 'Where are you? You have that far away look in your eyes.'

'Just thinking... about the future. Our family will getting so big soon.'

'Mmm, yes,' she purred, 'we have so much work to do.'

'I can't wait.'

She slapped his chest. 'You have me right now, you big buffoon! Hurry up and breed me.'

'I'm trying, aren't I?'

They kept at it for another twenty minutes until Rodmond finally blessed her, blasting another healthy load inside her vulnerably fertile womb.

Maymon felt the fireworks go off and climaxed again. She felt the hot load coating her insides, flooding her, and racing towards her unprotected depths. If anything, her potion was working overtime, coaxing the loads out and urging it to her most sacred spot.

Though she had no way of being sure, beyond the magic of women's intuition, she thought at that moment she had conceived. She felt him throb inside her after he had finally finished. Maymon smiled that wicked smile of hers.

But on second thought, it never hurt to be sure.

They kept at it late into the night. Maymon knew he was good for it, despite having already cum four or five times now.

It was sometime in the early morning when they finally stopped, and only because their mother, Aunt Morrigan, and Gilly entered the room. The three approached and took in the sight of the two lovers. Maymon was collapsed against her brother's shoulder. Rodmond leaned against his bed board, both hands wrapped around the root of his floppy prick, waving it at them playfully.

He sized up the fresh women. Gilly looked like she had been hauled out of bed. She still had her white silk bed gown on, puffy slippers, and a thin green shawl around her shoulders. Marzanna and Morrigan were clearly ready for a day of courtly matters. The High Priestess wore her official raiment, a heavily layered dress of white, black, and green clothe. Her signature white wimple looked tightly bound, framing her ageless face. His mother was regally dressed, with her long black hair undone. As always, she wore an extremely revealing black corset with a long green skirt. Her enormous breasts were balanced on a shelf of velvety lace and whale bone just below her neck, two great spheres that jiggled hypnotically as she walked.

'And I assume neither of you have slept?' she scoffed, with only a hint of mirth.

Maymon and Rodmond giggled.

Gilly licked her lips.

'Well,' Morrigan interjected, 'there is no helping it. We have a week's worth of planning and three days to do it.'

The High Priestess had once again been the voice of reason among the group. She wasn't thrilled by what they meant to do next, but she would never turn her back on the family. In her mind, they would probably all end up dead anyway, either from the plague or the blades of Balmudia.

At least with Balmudia, now they knew what to expect.

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The days leading up to the royal wedding took on a familiar shape.

For Rodmond, they involved spending as much time as possible with one or more of his brides. Just because today was his wedding day, it didn't mean he was going to spare himself the chance of ensuring his line was secured.

Even now, in the early hours of the morning, Gilly bounced on top of him energetically. He watched her perfect little boobs fly wildly across her chest. Those tits were going to be as big as mothers' someday, he knew it, especially once she was carrying his child.

Queen Marzanna sat on the far side of the room on one of the lavish couches, completely naked, and silently crocheting as her twins had their way with each other. She had spent the night with Rodmond and was only too happy to see Gilly arrive not long ago to attend to her son's morning wood.

Rodmond wondered who among his wives would deliver his first son. He glanced over at his mother, making children's clothes no doubt. He always got particularly riled up at the thought of her giving birth to their child. He wasn't going to be picky though if it was May or Gilly. If it meant he got to pump every ounce of cum he had into them, he didn't exactly mind if who gave him a boy first.

As Gilly rode him, his mind wandered, and he saw himself as an older man, maybe his father's age. Teaching his daughters how to take his absurd size. Breaking in their tight little cunts. Making their bellies swell from his efforts. The thought made him even more turgid, and he heard his sister moan and howl on top of him.

'Fffffuck! Ow, Roddy,' Gilly squealed, 'take it easy on me. I'm only little.'

'Sorry,' he said, watching her tight cut work his shaft. 'I'm just... day dreaming.'

'Dreaming?' Gilly scoffed. 'You're balls deep in the most enchanting princess in the five kingdoms... and someone else occupies your thoughts!?''

Rodmond smirked. 'I'm thinking about... what a fantastic wife you're going to make. My little queen.'

She giggled and then gave a low moan as he sank into her.

They kept at it all morning and through breakfast.

Presently the horse hung teenager had his arms folded behind his head and would only thrust up occasionally. Gilly had already proven she could take his enough of him now to satisfy them both.

Her potion, Maymon had explained, was designed for that very purpose. To allow her small body to accommodate his extraordinary size. That, and to greatly increase her own fertility. The first part had clearly worked. Now they were all waiting to see how the second part went.

Then there was the matter of Rodmond's own potion. It had almost been a week now. If he was supposed to lose some of the potency they had yet to notice. He had no issue standing or walking unaided. He had a voracious appetite and even filled out a bit in the last few days.

The young king would spend his time moving from one chamber of the castle to the next and feel no loss of energy. He could barely go a few hours before and then must be brought back to his bed to rest. He had always needed so much sleep.

Now he needed for nothing. Except sex. He felt like he had the strength of ten men. And the virility.

Queen Marzanna, still at the far end of the room, watched Gilly bouncing on Rodmond. She smiled at them, no longer panicking about this plan or that plot. The pieces were now in motion. There was little they could do except proceed according to what was already in place.

The wedding tonight had to be spectacular.

'Ohhh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck,' her daughter screamed. 'Right there, right there! Oh Redeemer... Roddy, you're doing it! You're... making me cum again!'

'Yesss... take it, Gilly,' Rodmond said, not stopping, 'Ughhh... oh, fuck... fuck your little pussy looks... incredible with my dick stretching it open.'

Marzanna put down her needles and watched her teenagers. She began idly fingering herself, enjoying the feeling of her son's cum oozing out of her well-loved snatch. Her big tits felt heavy and full this morning, her nipples oddly sore. She had felt sick earlier and thrown up, but it was mostly cum from last night. She had swallowed him twice.

Or could it be from something else? Her heart swelled.

The mature queen was always horny now and, even after their marathon fuck fest last night, felt as though her greedy cunt needed more big dick attention. Her mind danced with obscene thoughts the boy only a few feet away. It did so often of late.

What shape would the rest of her life take, she wondered.

She pictured herself pregnant again, knowing that she would easily be able to conceive for her son. This was her calling, her new purpose in life. She watched the kids pick up the pace. Fucking faster and more urgently on the bed mere feet away from her.

'Ohhhh Roddy,' she heard Gilly chant distantly. 'Fuck me, Roddy! Fuck me, Roddy! Fuck me, Roddy!'

She couldn't help feeling so proud of her baby boy. If it weren't for him, for what he had said to them three nights ago, their lives might have taken a much different turn. Rodmond was still so strong from the potion. It truly was a miracle. Gilly would be a powerful ruler some day. Even Maymon had taken a magically enchanted serum, and it was clearly at work inside her. Had her powers in the black arts become stronger because of their great need?

After the last few nights with Rodmond, they would all soon see results from their efforts.

Maymon's potion had clearly been the strongest. It had shocked Marzanna at first. Her oldest daughter's eyes were now a permanent glowing green, her short black hair was always wild and frayed, as if she had gotten a shock.

The queen shook her head and looked back at her children. Rodmond was on top now, his big arms around her tiny body. She was so small compared to him. A little girl under a big strapping young man. His thing was a monster compared to her.

They were making out, their tongues searching each other's mouths, moaning into one another. Two teenagers, so horny for each other. Rodmond's exaggerated sexual organ pressed hard against her hip. It was oozing an absurd amount of his precious seed onto her perfect skin. The thing looked as though it didn't belong on him. Without it, he still looked like a young boy with a tight young body.

Then her mind went back to Maymon, her sorceress, a vision of Velcin beauty. She would need her help in the coming weeks. Maymon's magic would be the key to saving their children. As Tustin's had been. She worried over so much direct incest, of mother and son, and both sharing the same father. There was no way a healthy birth would occur without the aid of magic. Maymon would do it. She had to. Marzanna saw her daughter in her mind's eye. That wild look, her skin of white porcelain, her compact form, and yet, like Marzanna, wickedly curvy. Maymon would no doubt inherit the queen's enormous breasts; they were already quite large on her tiny body.

The Queen, like her oldest daughter, had been a wild child, and developed early in life. This had soon attracted plenty of attention from the men in the castle. Especially her horny old father. Once it had been clear that Marzanna's mother could provide him no sons, young Marzanna had been chosen as her replacement. Within a year of their marriage, she was pregnant with Maymon. The king was significantly older than his daughter-wife, but this had not stopped him from fucking her little brains out every chance he got.

The young Marzanna only wanted to please her father and would gladly offer him every inch of her nubile body. The old king, having a known penchant for young pussy, wasted no time ensuring she carried his child. By the Redeemer, the young queen had little difficulty in delivering babies, it seemed, which was a blessing, for two years later she gave birth to Rodmond and Gilly.

She knew she could keep going, keep having babies. She would have had more for her husband but by then the king was quite old. Now she would have Rodmond's children.

This wasn't just her duty; this was her calling.

The rhythmic thumping, and Gilly's screams, sounded distant to her now. Yes, they would need Maymon's arcane abilities to safely deliver all their inbred babies. That was an art in and of itself, removing any unwanted recessive traits, while amplifying the beneficial ones. The pronounced sexual organs for sure would need to be secured. Big tits and fat asses. Marzanna got excited at the thought of more sons like Rodmond, with her good looks and his big dick.

Marzanna had always had a high appetite for sex, but her royal duties, and her aging husband, had brought that down sharply in the last few years. Now it was as though something had been awakened inside her. She no longer felt like she needed to suppress her intense sexual urges. She wanted to fuck her son as often as she could. Use him and be used. He was her king, and soon she would be his wife.

The curvy queen sat up and watched as they changed positions again. Rodmond rolled Gilly on her stomach and separated her little legs. He always went so deep that way. From across the room, she admired her daughter's fat ass and wide hips. Those would certainly serve her well in the coming years.

'Ready, baby?' Rodmond panted. 'I'm going... to try... ugh! To try and go even... deeper.'

Gilly gave a low moan of teenage lust. 'Too big! Too big! Oh fuck, Roddy, you're in my fucking stomach. You're going to rip me in half...'

'Ughhh... You can take it.'

They settled into a wet humping rhythm. Marzanna stood and turned to the door. There was so much to do today. Her dress was being prepared at this very moment. As she listened to Gilly cry out in a familiar mixture of pleasure and pain, she left not noticing she was still completely naked.

\* \* \*

That evening, the union of Rodmond, Marzanna, Maymon and Gilly, was underway.

It was a relatively small affair compared to past weddings in the castle. There were less than a hundred people to be found in the keep, and the royal chapel was filled to barely half capacity. Most of the lords and ladies, courtesans, nobles, and foreign dignitaries, including the four ambassadors from the other kingdoms, sat wide apart from one another.

Even still, it was a wonderfully joyous occasion. And the chapel had been decorated lavishly, as if it were for three times as many people.

King Rodmond stood at the alter, draped in the finery of his rule. A richly designed black and emerald suit, with a billowy black cloak over his shoulders. He stood to the left of his officiant, aunt Morrigan. To his right were two of his closest guards.

Rodmond smiled and carefully took in the room. He wanted to present an air of strength and power, as his father had in his prime. He felt that his regal garb would only do so much. He didn't just wish to look the part; he wanted to be the part. To be the king his people needed to see on his wedding day. He stood tall, held himself high. At eighteen, he still towered over his two guards and the High Priestess.

He slowly searched the room with his eyes. Near the back and to the left, between the great pillars rising to the high vaulted ceilings, he spotted him, the ambassador from Balmudia. If the middle-aged man was plotting anything resembling an invasion or armed conflict between their kingdoms, he gave no sign.

Would there be some tell? Some sign on his face? No, of course not. But then there wouldn't, would there? Rodmond was careful not to stare. Nothing out of the ordinary. There must be no indication he thought anything more of the man than as the official representative of Balmudia. A kingdom, Rodmond reminded himself, that his father had long kept close political ties with. The ambassador gave nothing away. He looked pleased to be celebrating in the ceremony... or was he just pleased to finally be going home?

Eventually the great organ began to play and Rodmond stopped looking around.

This was it! The congregation rose and turned to face the double doors of the chapel. First came a lovely procession of flower girls, who quickly carpeted the marble with a beautiful array of petals, roses of three different colors, and then hung wreaths of greenery on the pew ends.

High Priestess Morrigan smiled warmly at the sight.

She had orchestrated all of this, and had her work cut out for her. Despite the small number of guests, Morrigan treated it as if it were any other royal wedding. Much care and detail had to be given to show that the royal family was still at the top of their game. She had fought to get them here. Morrigan had to go to great lengths to sanction this wedding with the church. Royal inbreeding was one thing. Marriage to multiple women at once was something entirely different. They weren't animals, after all.

Ultimately the senior pontiff council had sided with her, through a combination of money and the fact that Trevilan was in a dire situation regarding their royal family. Rodmond of course would need all the royal wombs he could get to guarantee a male heir within the next one to two years. But it was really the generous donation to the church of the redeemer that did it for them. Trevilan was a wealthy kingdom, and the Velcin's were easily among the richest of the royal families. Bribes were nothing new to them or the church.

The procession of the brides began. Walking in step to the music, the three approached the extravagant and ancient alter of the castle chapel where Rodmond finally got his first look at them in their dresses. The sight took his breath away.

Queen Marzanna led them and surprised no one with her wedding 'dress.' She wore her crown and royal jewelry, heavy pearl earrings and a necklace of lapis. And little else.

Her thin gown was a simple strap dress of black and green, widely parted down to her stomach, leaving most of her big breasts on full display. Her huge orbs hung low and full-on chest. The lower half barely covered her hips, though a long white train joined the gown at her midsection and was all that resembled a traditional wedding dress.

Rodmond couldn't help but smile. His eyes fought back tears. It looked as though his mother was simply getting ready for bed, she had that much delicious skin revealed. That might have been exactly what she was thinking. The effect was obvious, everyone in the chapel was glued to her bust.

Behind the queen came the princesses. Both girls beautifully bejewelled and dressed regally, certainly much more so than their mother. Maymon had on another long black dress with white frilly shoulders framing a form fitting bodice. It was a mouth-watering sight displaying a healthy amount of cleavage that wobbled as she walked. Gilly was significantly more modest in her attire. She wore a traditional white wedding dress, long and billowy, with a subtle amount of tight cleavage, and gently parted at her waist to show off her perfect legs in their white stockings.

They were all so beautiful to behold. His heavenly brides. Each of them had chosen dresses that perfectly matched their personalities, and it made his heart swell. Not to mention his cock. He couldn't be happier.

He mentally thanked Gilly for their meeting this morning. She had meant to tire him out and settle his great beast down before the wedding. But just in case, she had taken one extra precaution. She tied a thin red ribbon around his cock and his leg. It had worked, and even though he was sporting a raging hardon from the sight of his three women, he was pleased the entire congregation was spared the sight of his awesome erection.

At least until the bedding ceremony.

The girls soon approached and stood opposite to their king. Moments later, the music died down and ceremony began in full. Morrigan heard herself reciting the holy words of the Redeemer's prayer and Trevilan history was made.

The sacred vows were exchanged, and the king took his time passionately kissing each of brides to a series of escalating applause.

The High Priestess finally relaxed. Despite three hard months of the plague and the death of their king, the people still wanted to believe in King Rodmond and the future of Trevilan. Regardless of what the other kingdoms might think, Trevilan loved its royal family, and that counted for a lot during dark times like these. They saw their royal family as sent from the Redeemer, to rule over them, and pass along their royal bloodline to preserve that kingly calibre. This marriage, she thought, would all but guarantee that happens.

The celebration followed and there were many songs and much merriment. The next few hours of were a flurry of singing, shouting, and drinking. Dancing abounded in great hall of castle Trevilan, where many fine speeches were made, and the food and drink seemed endless, when for so long it had been lacking.

Presently King Rodmond was seated at the head of the main table, flanked by his three wives. They enjoyed lively music, much dancing, as well as performances by the court jester, Guilford, and readings from famous Trevilan scholars, decreeing this unique union as the will of the Redeemer. All to great applause.

For a group of just under one hundred, they knew how to party. They said the marriage was an omen, a great omen, to herald in prosperity for Trevilan once again. The night went on, and the songs continued. Mead and wine were poured liberally, great barrels being brought up just for this occasion.

Soon the talk turned to bedding ceremony.

The girls all blushed and shook their heads, even Marzanna, who was nervous at the idea of having sex in front of so many people. But Rodmond stamped and swore that his wedding would never skip the most important part of the night. To which there was much laughter and applause, until finally the girls rose and bowed before their guests.

Besides, Marzanna reasoned, most present understood Rodmond had been fucking them all week. There had been little else to gossip of inside the castle. Few could rest without hearing him pounding one of them late into the night or first thing in the morning.

King Rodmond had all of them join hands, and the procession was on the move to the stairs.

About a dozen or so lords and ladies followed them to Marzanna's bedchamber. They weren't going to miss this. Most of them were dying to know if young king really had the prolific Velcin snake between his legs.

In the Queen's dimly lit chambers, onlookers crowded eagerly around the southern wall and watched as the four newlyweds piled on top of the bed. Even Marzanna, despite having been through so much over the past week, and having some small amount of performance anxiety, was excited.

Then the dark room became quite as everyone watched Gilly undress her husband. Against the candlelight, Maymon and Marzanna embraced and slowly undid their wedding gowns.

Gasps and murmurs went out when Gilly let down the king's leggings and they finally got a look at this cock they had heard so much about. No one could believe such a big penis belonged to such a young man.

Gilly stood close to him and was about to untie the red ribbon when he stopped her. She looked up only to see him smile and flex his prick against it with a grunt. Astonishingly, it broke and Rodmond's cock shot up, smacking against her soft belly. There were gasps and claps from the small audience, they had never seen anything like it.

He watched as the three women cooed and giggled around his raging hardon. Their stage fright soon replaced with wanton lust. They all wanted to be the first to claim it. Rodmond rested his arms on his hips and let it sway before them, twitching and throbbing obscenely for all to see.

Gilly couldn't help herself and gave it a tight squeeze, a thick dollop of precum oozed, which she quickly lapped up. She looked up at her brother and then over at her mother and sister.

'Go ahead, baby,' Marzanna whispered, 'you take him first.'

Gilly obeyed and began to suck her brother's cock with a slow and steady rhythm. She had only just brought him off earlier this morning and, while she could still feel him between her legs and on her tongue, the sensation of having him back in her mouth was more than she could bare. Just to have the

giant prick throb in her hands was enough to get her wet. A few minutes of licking and sucking on that big, beautiful prick was putting her young cunt into a sopping frenzy.

'Mmm, that's it, Gilly,' she heard him whisper, 'nice and slow. Let's show them what you can do with that mouth... and then that perfect little pussy of yours.'

She moaned at the thought of soon being taken by him, in front of everyone, and felt the intense heat between her legs. 'Oh Rodmond...' she popped him out of her mouth.

Ten minutes later, the teens were fucking wildly.

Rodmond was on top of his sister, her little legs flopping in the air against his menacing thrusts. He savored her tight cunt and her disproportionately fat ass. He wanted to grab the big butt and squeeze it every chance he got. It might have been no bigger than his mother's ass, but the fact that it was such a big round bottom on such a small-framed girl always sent him spinning.

People had moved around the bed to get a better look at the oversized prick in the undersized girl. The room was now dominated by sounds of wet slapping, low grunting, and Gilly's shrill voice, howling, and screaming as her brother took her. She couldn't think straight and for once, she didn't want to.

'Nooo,' she shrieked, 'ugh, it's coming... ugh, coming again! Oh, Rodmond, you're making me sin! I'm cumming!'

'Yes!' He laughed and winked over at his mother. 'That's the whole idea, sweet sister. Try not to keep count tonight. I promise to bring you to ecstasy as often as possible.' He soon had her flipped over on her stomach, taking her hard from behind. He couldn't get over the sight of her jiggy backside, watching as her big butt rippled from his efforts.

Everyone was too stunned to say anything, they had never seen such a large sex organ on a young man before, nor anyone who fucked so vigorously. Even the pronounced size of Gilly's rear, on such a prim and proper young lady of the court, drew its fair share of gazes.

Rodmond would slam into the girl for a few minutes, only to pull out completely and slap the huge prick lovingly against her big bubbly cheeks. He marveled at its shape and size. Then suddenly, biting his lower lip, and fighting back the urge to cum, he buried his face in her fantastic ass.

Much to her delight, Gilly squealed and tried to look back as he lapped at her fat flesh.

She had come to love prolonged ass play. Recalling her nights with Ser Blant, a million years ago, when he would lick and finger her tiny asshole for long stretches before finally eating her out. Rodmond was no different. Manhandling her big cheeks now around his face and covering it in his saliva. She moaned as she felt him tongue her rosebud and then slip down to her juicy cunt. Then he would come up for air, press his face next to hers and shove his cock back in her pussy.

The kids kept at, going longer than anyone could have guessed. People soon got comfortable on the floor or leaned against a wall.

As Maymon and Marzanna watched, they alternated between fingering or going down on each other. Maymon was hungry to fluff as soon as she could, but decided against it. She would get her turn soon enough.

'Ugh, ugh, ugh... oh, blessed Redeemer,' Gilly finally cried out. She had lost track of how many times she came on her brother's cock. Rodmond held her hips tightly and leaned down to kiss her. 'Please, brother, please. Give me the seed! Flood my sacred well! I'm so full... so full...'

'Take it,' Rodmond grunted, 'Ughhhh... take it all and be made whole.'

Gilly screamed out once more as bolt after hot bolt shot into her and overwhelmed her senses.

As if on stage, following the end of an act or musical number, there was much applause, cheering and rooting. Some nobles even had refreshments brought up. Some of the ladies couldn't believe there was going to be more. They had never known sex could be so intense, that a man could keep going after one shot. They were getting flushed and bothered. Some of the men were embarrassed seeing that Rodmond stayed completely erect, despite the massive load oozing out of Gilly's swollen red pussy.

The young girl rolled over and into her mother's waiting arms.

Rodmond stared down at the nurturing sight, pleased at his work. After a moment he lay back against the headboard and watched as Maymon attacked his lap. She was starved for his cum and began to suck loudly, obnoxiously so, as if a pig at the trough.

Minutes passed and the audience soon got the hint that the show would continue. Even while Rodmond was catching his breath, Maymon polished his towering prick sloppily and then stood over him. Her big tits hung down, heavy and full on her chest, as she angled the imposing cockhead at her gushing gash.

'Ready to breed me too, brother?'

Rodmond only gave a slow nod, noticing her eyes were still that unnaturally bright green.

Maymon gave a throaty laugh and lowered herself down on his wobbling tower of meat. Gasps and words of prayer were issued from those gathered, only to be silenced once the young sorceress impaled herself completely on the footlong pole.

She slammed it all the way to the base and wiggled to rest her butt on his tight midsection.

Maymon smiled wickedly and, facing away from Rodmond, she began to ride him. 'Watch me, sister. Watch me, mother,' Maymon chanted, and then turned her head slowly to eye her stunned brother, who got an excellent view of big side boob. 'Ughhhh... and enjoy this, brother. I'm going to ride you until you fill me up!'

Rodmond thought his sister like a woman possessed. And in many ways, she was. Possessed by her own potion. And now by his cock. She ground her hips on top of him.

Maymon reached up and squeezed her big tits, bringing them up to her mouth and kissing her nipples. Then she let them fall and she ran her hands through her hair wildly. She cried out in pleasure.

It was not exactly with a practiced ease that she did this, she was no expert at taking twelve inches of cock all at once, but Maymon did have some training, over the course of the week, since she and Rodmond had finally began their coupling. Soon she was bent forward with her palms on his knees and riding him for all she was worth. A healthy amount of their juices was now visible around his lap and dripping down onto the sheets.

The slapping sounds got louder and more desperate.

'Oh fuck, baby,' she cried, 'so hard. So hard inside me. I'm going to cum. Oh FUCK, I'm going to cum... so hard now...' She rode herself through it and yet she couldn't help but pick up the pace and go faster. She wanted more... wanted that blank mind experience. She wanted pure ecstasy. She heard a scream, and thinking it was Gilly, looked over.

But it was just her, Maymon was screaming.

Rodmond guided her through it, holding her ribs gently. Her big tits were flopping up, so heavy, into her field of vision. She smiled up at the ten or so gathered around the bed. She was covered in sweat. She couldn't believe this was happening, though she was getting off on being watched like this. It was, in its own way, exhilarating.

She felt the ecstasy approach again, and soon it washed over her.

Maymon, tired, slowed her grinding, only for Rodmond to pick up on it, and take hold of her hips tightly. He wasn't done with her yet. Now he was thrusting up into her. Hard strokes, banging against her young, fertile womb. It wanted his seed. It welcomed his load. She was impossibly full now and the knowledge that he was going to flood her at any second brought her back to that high peak, another round of ecstasy took her.

He had broken her. So soon after one orgasm, the fireworks went off again and she screamed.

She couldn't control it. She was cumming and cumming, spraying hot cunt juice all down his cock and onto his lap. Her mind reeled and she lost control of her limbs. She felt like she was going to pass out.

Sensing something was wrong, Marzanna was quickly by her side, kissing her and holding on to her as Rodmond fucked her harder. The king either didn't know or didn't care. He wasn't slowing down, even as she almost slumped into his mother's arms. Marzanna took Maymon's hands, and they held each other's eyes as Rodmond piled into the poor girl from below, generating a stupid amount of force with his strong hips and thrusting up into her welcoming cunt.

Maymon was beyond the realm of the senses. She was no longer aware of what was happening. She had become numb to the onslaught and could no longer see. The dazed girl's lower body was a blur of

motion for the audience. Rodmond was blasting into her with everything he had and wouldn't stop until he emptied inside.

On and on, he kept fucking her harder and faster, slamming her soft hips down on his, then lifting them back up again. He gritted his teeth and frothed, beyond all reason and sense, just acting on some basic primal lust to impregnate his sister. She screamed again, burying his head inside Marzanna's bosom, and Rodmond roared out, holding her still, and filling her with what felt like buckets of hot baby batter.

The room was silent for a while, with only harsh breathing interspersed. The claps were slower this time, as that round was a little more violent than what they were expecting.

Maymon collapsed on the bed.

It had been just over an hour and Rodmond had taken both of his sisters before the hungry eyes of all the lords and ladies watching. He was on his back, still painfully erect, and trying to regain his composure, while the last of his sexy wives nestled down beside him, resting her head against his shoulder.

Now it was Queen Marzanna's turn, and she was going to make sure she got the same kind of treatment her girls had gotten. She was already soaking wet and wasn't about to be outdone by those two young pups. It took a woman to ride a cock like this. She had proven herself time and time again over the course of the week.

And she meant to do it again tonight.

She thought back to that first night. She had done everything in her power to save Rodmond. Willingly surrendering her outrageously busty body to his lusty teenage will. It had awoken something deep inside her. By the next morning, she had to have a long sit in the castle gardens, where she did most of her thinking. It was either out of grief, over the loss of her husband, or despair at the fate of her son, perhaps a million things swirling in her mind. Trying to make sense of what she had just done.

She loved her son, loved her girls, and would do anything for them. She didn't want to die, didn't want anymore death in the castle... she wanted to live, and love, and fuck. Often and well. She wanted to be used, and handled, and destroyed like she had the night before. As many times as she could.

At thirty-eight, Marzanna, though still fertile, was old for the standards of their time, and she was tired of living in fear of death and disease. She had a strong, reasoning mind that was hard at work during the day. But at night, when she had her son's big cock in front of her, her senses left her, and she couldn't control who she was anymore. She didn't want too. She loved everything her son did to her and would do all that was in her power to protect it.

She had married him after all and would have as many children with him as she could manage. If he gave her what she wanted...

'Well done, my son,' she purred into his neck, 'my king. My husband. That was quite a show.' She gave him little kisses as she said each title.

Rodmond felt her hot lips on his skin and watched as her fingers trailed down his stomach. 'Thank you. I need you... all of you... so much, mommy.'

She laughed. 'And now you have me. You'll always have me, baby. All of us, Rodmond. We're yours and you may do with us as you please.'

Rodmond turned his head to meet her eyes. 'Yes, that is all... that I want... forever.'

'Mmmhmm,' she cooed, 'but it comes at a price, my darling son.' She grabbed his cock in her small hand, never coming close to encircling it. It was angry with pulsing veins and still slick with all their combined juices. 'Ohhh, Rodmond... you must do your duty and breed your wives.'

'I promise you,' he said, 'all of you, that I will not stop until I do.'

Marzanna laughed again and kissed him. She snuggled her body into his and leaned in over, pressing her big boobs against his side. She started to slowly jerk him off but felt her mature cunt throb and ache for attention. She gave him a big wet kiss on the lips. She saw him nod and her heart fluttered.

Soon she was up and straddling him.

The queen faced down her son, his huge prick twitching against her ass. 'Tell me how you want mommy, baby boy,' she pressed both hands down on his chest, squeezing her tits together in an outrageous cleavage. 'How are you... going to fuck... your wife?'

He pulled her down on him and they continued their sordid embrace. Her tongue was suddenly in his mouth. Rodmond loved kissing his mother and savouring her busty mature body. His hands explored every curve as they kissed.

Marzanna swooned as she rubbed her ass against his big throbbing cock. It felt enormous, twitching behind her, a fat obelisk of man-meat just waiting to pummel her insides. She broke their kiss and tried to better position herself.

Rodmond took the opportunity to mash her big juicy tits around playfully until she offered him a nipple, which he immediately sucked nosily.

'Ooo, Roddy!' she gasped. 'Yes, baby, soon you'll have lots of mommy's milk.'

Gushing with emotion over her boy, she took the other tit to her mouth and sucked on it with him. Minutes passed, intimate moments of tit play, making out, and dry humping abounded. A thick stream of precum ran down her son's spasming shaft.

It went on until Marzanna couldn't take it anymore and moaned needfully for relief. The mature queen mounted her son deftly and readied herself to ride him. 'Ohhh, yes, this is what I've needed... so badly.'

'Me too, mommy,' he beamed, 'I love your hot pussy so much.'

'Oh fffffuck! Oh, Redeemer... you fill me up so good. Ughhhh... ugh, ugh, baby baby... Mommy's going to work you now. You're so deep inside mommy... I just need to grind for a bit, OK?'

Rodmond could only watch as the emotions ran across her face. Pleasure, pain, and then finally, blessed relief.

'Fffffuck yes! Ugh, yes baby, keep flexing, keep thrusting that big dick up into mommy.'

He did and then reached up and held onto her mammoth jugs. If there was anyone else in the room, in the world, the couple didn't notice. They were locked on each other, their shared world of mother-son pleasure. The only kind they needed at this moment.

Marzanna had taken her son so many times now that he fit inside her perfectly. Rodmond was made to fuck his mother. This cock was meant to be buried to the balls inside her incredible cunt. She had never been so full, never cum so many times, than when she fucked her sweet boy.

'Ugh, ugh, ready... to go faster... baby?' her voice came out high and shrill. She knew he loved his sisters and their tight little cunts. What hot-blooded man wouldn't love such young pussies being thrown at him? But she was his first and she didn't need any potion to take his monster cock. She could have done this all by herself and she knew it.

'Ughhhh... I'm ready, mommy. So hot! I love you... so much.'

'Ohhh fuck! Yes, yes, right there! I love you too, baby!' She screamed. She would ride him until the end of the time, even if it were just the two of them left. She would give everything just to be with him for all eternity. Her mind spun from the pleasure of their combined thrusting. 'Fuck mommy. Fuck mommy. Fuck mommyyyyyy!'

He was her salvation, she was his... and why shouldn't it be like this? She had made him, had the potion made for him. The way Marzanna saw it, she deserved every orgasm his fat cock gave her.

'Yes, yes, yes! More! Harder, you big fucker, give it to mommy! Oh, fuck me!' She was bouncing wildly and moaning on top of him now, crying out in pure ecstasy. She would lean forward every now and then, offering her boobs to him. He would latch onto a fat nipple and suck it greedily. Or just bury his face in her marvelous mammaries.

There was no part of her buxom body that he did not adore. Time passed and new rhythms formed naturally for the two hypersexual royals. They fucked slowly and with great need. Long and powerful thrusts, heavy strokes, and loving embraces. This was their whole world now.

'Here it comes, mommy! Here it comes!' he suddenly cried.

'Cum, baby! Cum! Fill me up! Ughhhh! Give it all to me, Rodmond. Ohhhh fuck, I need it so bad right now. Right nowwww! Give mommy's womb the baby she's been praying for!'

They orgasmed together and even then; she did not want him to pull out. She did not want him to leave her body. She wanted him back inside her forever.

What followed was a long night of sweaty incest that none of the guests were particularly prepared to endure. Some made it another hour; most were gone by the third.

It was now mid-morning and the four Velcin's were alone.

Maymon watched from the other side of the bed as Gilly's lithe body sat on Rodmond's sweat-covered abdomen. They made out while his cock was wedged firmly between her ass cheeks.

Queen Marzanna was hunched below them, sucking her son's cock, and preparing to take him again.

\* \* \*

Six months later, Wengigia had become quite adept at breathing through her nose.

Not only had her duties now extended to all three of the Velcin wives, but she was also in charge of servicing her majesty's royal cock every morning. As she felt him push against the back of her throat, she admitted that the three pregnant women were much easier to manage.

Rodmond was almost entirely bedbound once again. His legs were back to being mostly useless. On days where he was needed for court appearances or to make a speech, Maymon would fashion a small vial or a spell to grant him the ability to stand upright for a few hours.

While she had yet to fully replicate the potion given by Tustin, it was hardly at the top of her list these days, what she did provide him was more than enough to keep the people happy. They wanted to see their king and she gave him to them.

Miraculously, Rodmond's health had stabilized somewhat in the weeks after their wedding. He generally seemed more robust than he had been prior to taking the potion. Though he lost some muscle mass and no longer had the ability to walk on his own, he was still a healthy young man with a healthy appetite. Especially between his legs. Rodmond's big dick seemed to lose none of its resolve. The size, both soft and hard, had not returned to its previous measurements. He was still hung like a horse, although after three or four big loads he would, much to their relief, soften.

For the women in his life, his three wives, all now heavy with child and in delicate states, this was a blessing. While they could take him with their hands or mouths, there was only so much they could do for him these days.

High Priestess Morrigan was always at hand to offer her services but for his day to day needs the women largely relied on the talents of Nurse Wengigia. Whom they kept on a short leash.

His nurse had of course admitted to her illicit affair with the Balmudian ambassador and told them everything she knew of the plot to invade Trevilan. This had proved to be useful information in their own agenda and Rodmond decided to spare her life.

Now, as penance, she was to dutifully serve all three women as nurse and midwife. As well as Rodmond, by any means necessary. Though he had little interest in filling her belly with a baby, that hadn't stopped him from nutting on her tits or having her swallow a load or two first thing in the morning.

As for the running of the castle, those duties largely fell upon Marzanna and aunt Morrigan. Marzanna, ever the dutiful mother, queen, and now wife once more, was always at her husband's side. What wifely matters she couldn't resolve with her mature cunt or huge tits, she trusted to reason to provide. Her son was no fool.

The thought of the castle soon to be overrun with children once more filled Marzanna's heart with a joy she hadn't felt in years. She had so many plans for getting things back to normal once the plague ran its course.

Queen Gilly was now protégé to both Marzanna and Morrigan, being groomed for both domestic and foreign politics. She had a keen interest in the church now that she was pregnant and imagining her child's upbringing. Gilly excelled in her role, and they saw great promise in her future.

Perhaps most interesting was that of Queen Maymon, who in the time since marrying her brother, and carrying his child, had all but exiled herself in her arcane studies and relocated her to Tustin's chambers.

Though great with child, she spent most of her time down there, practicing this or that potion, some new spell, a formula that would enhance one aspect of the body or smooth out their pregnancies. She had worked diligently to ensure that Tustin's potions were followed carefully in the matters of securing healthy births. Given the significant overlap in their genes, there was little reason to believe any of them would be successful in delivering their children.

However, all three were well into their pregnancy now, with only Gilly being a month or so behind. She had taken a little more effort to catch successfully. There was no doubting it was Rodmond's. In any case, his three wives had been taking the potions since conceiving. Maymon had cast the two spells on each of them, that Tustin had long since practiced, making sure the children were born healthy.

Of their secret designs, things could not have worked out better. In fact, the early results had frightened them. Balmudia was in ruins. Eerily like Trevilan in the early days of the plague. The maritime kingdom to the east was now steeped in the epidemic. Morrigan received reports every other week from her spies. It was always grim reading.

There was no war. Measures had become even more strict. All the borders of the continent were closed, and the other kingdoms had no choice but to go into complete lockdown. The fear of the plague spreading across the land was all too real and even the emergency supplies had ceased.

And yet, despite all this, the Velcin family was growing. It was even said that Gilly carried twins. The Redeemer has blessed their family.

Rodmond considered all this as his nurse blew him. He sat up and held a hand firmly on the top of her head. She struggled to take him deeper. He always like to give her a little more than what she could handle, to remind her of his mercy.

He smiled warmly as he heard her choke and hack around his girth.

King Rodmond thought about his kingdom, and when the day would come when it would be free of this plague. When his offspring would rise and begin the next phase of their plan. Expansion. Where they would undoubtedly take Balmudia first, while they were still crippled. Then Trevilan banners, the snake eating its tail, would spread across the land.

They would be a ruling dynasty, a single soul manifesting itself through so many offspring. He saw sons and daughters who bore his features. Beautiful stock of pure Velcin blood. He would breed his daughters, and have his sons breed their mothers. Powerful Velcins who would rule over the five kingdoms and free the land from war and plague.

Rodmond winced and emptied in her mouth.

THE END