

Queen's Relief

by Jordan Bailey

This ebook is for 18+ adults ONLY. It contains explicit, graphic details of sexual acts and language that may be considered offensive by some readers.

All characters engaged in sexual activity are consenting, non-related adults over the age of 18.

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*Cheers,
Jordan :3*

Two months have passed since I moved into the palace to be the Queen's live-in servant, and I am currently in my quarters being given my evening bath by my personal handmaidens.

They are a trio of beautiful young women, whose sole purpose is to tend to any of my needs. They dress me, bathe me, moisturize my skin with exotic lotions, comb my hair... everything.

My hair has grown out since my last tale, and I no longer have to worry about what to eat or where to sleep. Living in the castle is a far cry from living on the streets!

No longer covered in dirt or grime, my skin is now pristine and smooth as silk, and my figure is no longer one of a boy who is all skin and bones, but instead a young woman, supple and sublime.

It has become a routine. At least once daily, I am bathed thoroughly while the Queen is in a meeting with her High Council, after which she either comes to my quarters or I am summoned to her bedroom. Where I am then used in whatever way she desires.

That was the deal after all, trade living on the street to living in a palace.

The only caveat is that I was no longer a boy...

It isn't so bad. In fact I've come to enjoy it.

Though the Queen has been more rough with me of late.

I can always tell how her day was based on how she treats me in the evenings. In the beginning, it was often soft and sensual. She would ravish my body in a tender way.

Lately however, our time together has grown darker and my Queen has acted more like an angry dragon or a charging troll, completely uncaring what is damaged in the process.

I have to admit that while I quite enjoy her being rough, this has become something different, something slightly unpleasant. In fact I've started to feel more and more like an object for her to use, and not her 'servant'. My thoughts began to darken as I questioned what I have got myself into when Barrister Thomas, the Queen's right hand man, entered my quarters without knocking.

That was another caveat. No privacy. Ever.

My hand maidens stood, clasped their hands together and lowered their heads, all for the Barrister as he approached.

"Princess?" He said.

Princess was my new moniker. As I looked like a girl, dressed like a girl, and was to be treated as a girl, the Queen bade everyone orders to refer to me as such.

I pivot in my bath, making sure my breasts are covered before I turn and acknowledge him.

"Yes, Barrister?"

"Your majesty has requested I escort you to the High Council Chamber."

Odd, I thought.

The High Council is a meeting between the King, Queen, and their many lords or ladies. It is a place where the most secret and important meetings take place. Where the King and Queen made plans and laws to govern the kingdom.

I have never been in the room. In fact few ever have, which only added to its mystery.

Normally if she does not feel like coming to my quarters then we meet in the throne room or her bed chambers to have our nightly affair, so now my mind raced with inquiry.

"Very good, Barrister. You may leave now," I replied.

But the old man shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Princess. Your Grace has asked me to escort you personally."

Typical, I thought.

Whether that was true or not, there was no telling.

What was more plausible was that the devious man just wanted to see my body. Many men did in

fact, and my hand maidens told me tales of the common folk longing for glimpses of me whenever possible.

Still covering my chest, I rose from the water, watching as the thick beads of water rolled down my big, round butt and smooth, coltish legs.

The Barrister's eyes devoured every moment.

I stepped out of the bathtub and let my servants dry me, before moving to my vanity table so that they could apply my makeup and brush my hair. Once dry they would usually fashion it with a beautiful beret or headband, making sure every strand of hair was perfectly in place. Next was the application of ointments to my skin, giving it a healthy glow and even softer feel. The final appropriation was the specialty oil that I applied to my hole. Now often referred to as my pussy, the oil was a secret blend from the Orient that provided a slick and yielding lubrication for several hours.

A soft purr escaped my lips as my maidens applied it, first circling my tiny pink butthole with a finger before dipping it inside.

My smile faded however when I saw Barrister Thomas in my mirror's reflection, watching like a lecherous old ogre.

Oil applied, I stood to be dressed.

My servants brought in several outfits for my selection, but I chose one of the Queen's favorites.

It was an exotic two-piece ensemble consisting mostly of sheer silk, more akin to what a belly dancer might wear with one shawl that hung off my shoulders and another around my waist. The fabric was a shade of sultry purple with gold trim, that overlaid a bikini-style top that just barely covered my nipples. Underneath the sheer 'skirt' I chose a pair of matching assless panties so that my Queen would have easy access.

Barrister Thomas watched throughout, ogling me, but I paid him no mind, instead giving him a scowl each time he tore his eyes off my ass and our eyes met.

"Why does the Queen wish me there, Barrister?" I turned and I asked, already knowing the answer. asked once dressed. "At the High Chambers?"

“Haven’t the slightest clue, m’lady. She did not say.”

“Very well,” I replied, pleased with my appearance.

I follow Barrister Thomas out from my chambers and down several halls. He leads me around many corners and winding staircases until we stop at a large, singular wooden door. He opens it and gestures for me to enter.

When I step through he quickly shuts the door behind me, leaving me, quite to my surprise, in a room full of staring eyes.

It is the High Council alright, sitting around a long table, six on each side.

I stand there, half naked, frozen by shock as I meet the eyes of each burly, bearded man. Every one of them looks at me with a mixture of surprise, curiosity, and annoyance of my interruption.

It was then that I realized that I had been summoned to the High Council because the meeting had not yet ended. But why?

That’s when I see her. My Queen. Sitting solitary at the far end of the elongated table, looking gorgeous and glamorous as ever.

“Welcome Princess,” she said. “So good of you to join us. Please, come in.”

I hear her but my body disobeys. Instead I just stand there, frozen in place.

“Now!”

My eyes snap to my highness as her deep voice booms like thunder in the echoey room.

She snaps her fingers and I jump a foot into the air.

“Yes, your Grace,” I chirped, then scampered over.

She watches me throughout, as I quietly tip-toe towards her.

points down. I look around at each of the men with embarrassment painted on my face. Finally I

land back on the Queen's serious face glaring at me.

I should have known better than to disobey.

With my head down the entire way in an attempt to avoid the glares, I shuffle up to the Queen's side. She gives me a kurt smile as our arms touch, then she turns back to the table full of men.

"You may continue, General."

"Uh, yes your Grace. As I was saying," one of them stuttered out "We found three bandits dead by the roadside the other day. Looks to be an orc attack. And there are reports of a peasant boy going missing."

"Increase your patrols, and fortify the East Gate," the Queen said. "We can't have any more word of boys vanishing."

He nodded, and just then, the Queen looked over at me.

"And Princess? Under the table, please. It is time to relieve me."

I all but gasped!

Was she serious? Here? Now?! In front of all these men?!?!

My Queen snapped her intense glare to me and her look shook me to the very core.

"Under the table, boy! Now!"

Once more I upstarted, but knew better than to disobey this time, so I quickly disappeared underneath the table.

Once I was on my knees, staring at the sight of hosiery-clad stockings that wrapped my Queen's beautiful legs like a second skin, she spread them. Her gown moved apart with them, unveiling a tight and tiny pair of sexy red panties.

Crammed within them however, was the real prize, creating a fat, round pouch of flesh that was awaiting my attention.

Her testicles were just barely contained within the strained fabric, and even covered, my mouth began to water.

As I positioned myself between the Queen's legs, her full glory came into view, and I could hear the men above.

"Your Grace, should we...?"

"No," the Queen said bluntly. "Continue your report."

They did, but their words did not concern me. Only my Queen's cock mattered.

Reaching out, I tuned out of the conversation from above so that I could give my attention to the growing mound under my palm.

I lowered my head to it and rubbed my face against the throbbing protuberance, taking in long, deep inhaling whiffs. I knew how much she enjoys it when I worship her, so I took a deep inhale of her thick, womanly scent.

Face now rank with her musk, I rub my open mouth up and down the hefty pouch, soaking it with my saliva as I hear glimpses of the men above me speaking of a war. It had been brewing for some time now apparently.

Now it all made sense, the king's army hoarding the food supplies, my Queen being increasingly more aggressive with me, and perhaps even the very reason she made me her slave to begin with.

I cannot imagine the stress my Queen must be going through while preparing for a war but I want to help the best way I know how.

So I gently pull down the front of her panties, releasing the beast from its cage. It rolls out like a fallen log, tapping against my cheek. It's so fucking huge, and smells even better.

Immediately my brain rewires, on a mission to please her.

I kiss my way along the engorging length, tracing her thick veins with my tongue and kissing the smooth surfaces when they come.

When my attention to her details is over I smother my lips over her thick pole.

A hand brushes through my hair when I move down to the low hanging sack and swirl my tongue around it before I inhale one of her smooth, hefty nuts. I of course never leave her cock unattended, as even when I suckle on her balls I still give her hardening womanhood long strokes overhead.

I hear her voice tremble above the table, "General Wright, what is your recommendation of action against the orcs?"

My focus fades out again as I lose myself deeper into my Queen's intoxicating scent.

Releasing her heavy nut, I run my tongue up the underside of her teaming shaft before kissing the tip. Once there, I circle the head with my hungry muscle before I taking her succulent bellend back into my sopping mouth.

"Grrmmm," the Queen grunted and groaned.

It tasted so fucking wonderful that I couldn't resist humming in admiration.

I let my mouth engulf her magnificent cock, allowing myself, as I often did, to get lost in pleasing my delicious Queen.

Through these past few weeks we had been training my throat, and I could now easily take half of her now, so I used skill that to start fucking my own mouth. At some point my embarrassment faded too, because I didn't even care if the strange men could hear my slurps and gags.

I must have been doing too good of a job because my Queen's hand moved from combing through my hair to slowing my motions, wordlessly telling me she still needed to be able to focus.

"Very well then, General Wright. Send a detachment to the Fire Fields. If there is nothing else to discuss then this meeting is adjourned," the Queen declared.

With that, the men got up from their seats in near-unison, and shuffled towards the door.

My Queen scooted her chair back far enough to make eye contact with me while my distended lips

were still wrapped around her thick slab of meat.

When the last of the High Council vanished out the same door I entered, my Queen spoke. "You are quite a distraction my boy," she chuckled, "I appreciate it though. The distraction is much needed these days."

I removed my mouth only so I could speak, "Your Grace?"

"Yes, my pet?" She replied, still gazing down at me.

"Is the kingdom truly at war?"

She lightly slapped my cheek.

"*Mmmmyyy* kingdom, pet. Mine."

"Ahh, yes, I'm sorry. Your kingdom, my Queen. Is your kingdom really at war?"

She smiled.

"Not for long, my pet. No need to worry your pretty little head."

My hand never ceased stroking her slick cock as we conversed. With each upswing it somehow grew even harder. Her veins throbbed, and I could feel them pulsing in my palm.

"I wish you would've told me, your Grace," I mewled, still looking up at her with big, innocent eyes. "So that I could have been more understanding of your growing roughness with my body."

I spoke quietly, still slowly stroking her mighty pole.

"I thought we could quell it all before it escalated into a war," her voice hinted at signs of defeat, "But these bloody orcs... I do apologize for any harm I might have inflicted upon you, my pet. I had no clue how much stress I carried around until it released during our first rendezvous."

Her apology hit me hard as she stared into my eyes.

My decision bounced around inside my head before I finally said, "all you had to do was tell me,

my Queen. I wish to aid in any way I can."

"Mmm," she purred. "You are. More than you know..."

I reached up with my other hand to jerk her mammoth cock with both my tiny mittens, gripping it overhead as if I was swinging on a rope. It was so fucking massive that it dwarfed my entire head, casting a dark shadow over my face.

"I will gladly let my Queen abuse my body and holes to relieve any stress. As long as she leads our army to victory. I give you permission to use me as you need," I seal the deal with a kiss to her hot, leaking tip.

Suddenly angry, she gripped the back of my head, grabbing a handful of my long hair.

Then she pulls me in, close to her.

My Queen's cheeks flush and her grip tightens. For a brief moment I fear for my life!

"I do not need your permission, slut!" She seethed, sending spittle across my face. "I will use you as I see fit. Do you understand?"

"Ahh!" I winced. "Yes! Yes, your Grace!"

Her gorgeous eyes glared at me for a moment, but they slowly softened with appreciation. They spoke to me, telling me my next command long before her lips.

"Get on the table." She said sternly.

I followed her order and climbed onto the beautifully carved, wooden table. It was tall, so it took some effort in my heels, but soon I was atop of it and had positioned myself on all fours, right on the edge, with my ass in the air.

My skirt was so short it quickly hiked up, revealing my entire pale flank. My assless panties cupped my little boy package away neatly, leaving my fresh, pink hole winking up at her.

The Queen stood, sending her enormous chair flying backward, grating against the stone floor.

She wasted no time, firmly grasping both of my butt cheeks to begin molding them like dough, squeezing and kneading my jiggly flesh to her heart's content.

Just this action alone has so much power and force behind it, and I shuddered at her ministrations.

She was hungry. Hungry for me. Insatiable after a long day.

And I was so fucking ready.

All of a sudden I feel her soft lips on my right buttcheek, planting a small, soft kiss on my big, bubbly bottom.

I purred along with her, but then her lips parted and I felt the sharp sting of a playful bite.

“Ah!” I squealed as a shiver ran up my spine.

One bite became two, then three. My voluptuous Queen chewed on my squishy backside for several long minutes as she spread me open, revealing my pussy to the room.

Then her luscious lips dipped into the crack of my ass, and her hot, wet tongue lapped at my hole.

Oh my fuck did I miss her...

Hoisting my ass even higher, my face pressed flush against the wood surface as I melted into a moaning mess. The Queen became a wild animal, feasting on its prey. At times her tongue was flat and licking the entirety of my entrance, other times her tongue was a stiff, sharp dagger, probing deep into my tunnel.

Then all at once it's gone, and she removed her face from between my fleshy bottom.

No sooner did I whimper from her exit did her hand come down HARD on my asscheek!

WHAP!

“AIYE!” I squealed like a girl!

The sharp pain stings, and sends my body reeling in an upstart!

I could feel my ass jiggle from the collision, rippling like a pond after a heavy stone.

“Don’t you ever tell me what I can and cannot do, slave!” She scolded.

WHAP!! Her hand struck again.

“AYIE! Yes! Yes, your Grace!”

WHAP!!!

“I am your fucking Queen!” She bellowed. “And you. Will. Obey. ME!!!”

She punctuated each word with another hard strike. Slap after slap after slap she assaulted my bottom, stealing a whimper or yelp from me with each heavy, open-handed smack.

My ass was burning and tears were running down my face before she stopped.

“Isn’t this what you want, boy?” She said, rubbing my hot cheek in a soothing gesture. “For your Queen to take her aggression out on you as needed?”

“Mmm yes!” I whine out. “I want to serve my Queen and my kingdom. Please, your Grace. Release all your stress and tension onto me!”

She delivered a few more slaps before rubbing her hard, wet erection along my crack, sliding her length between my fleshy orbs. Her hot length sent a shiver through me each time a vein brushed up against my hole.

“Then beg me, whore. Beg your Queen to rape your pussy and leave it gaping and leaking with my seed.”

“Ah! Puh-please your Grace,” I pleaded as I moved my ass along that huge dick. “Please fuck me! Pound me. I need that glorious cock inside me!”

No sooner did those whorish words leave my whorish lips did she spread my wide, align her cock and pierce my hungry anus.

"Grrraahhh..." I mewled.

She entered my pussy excruciatingly slowly, but with yielding ease due to my special ointment. There was no need to prep me first with a finger or tongue, just how she liked it.

It was painful as always, when her succulent tip passed through my wet ring, but her juicy cock soon granted pleasure beyond understanding.

Sinking into me, she grabbed me by the hair and pulled my head back so that her lips were next to my ear.

"This fucking *pussy* is my property. I own you, slut," she hisses as she slams the rest of her length into me, bottoming out with a wet SQUELCH!

"AH! Y-Yes your Grace!" I yip.

"And I very much need it after today!" She growls. "Mmmph, fuck! So good!"

She climbs onto the table and squats above my ass, pinning me down at my tiny waist. She grips me tight, and lifts her hips, unsheathing her mighty cock so that just the tip remains. No sooner however, does she begin pounding me at full force!

Every thrust was a mixture of pain and pleasure.

She was grunting like a beast and I was whimpering like a bitch.

My ass stung every time her pelvis collided with my still burning cheeks, and her cock beat my prostate, sending mind-numbing pleasure throughout my whole body.

I couldn't form thoughts let alone words. My Queen grabbed my waist and her thrusts ratched up to quick, deep strokes, her full length entering and exiting my slippery exit hole with a rhythmic, sloshing, stride.

"You have really learned how to take my dick so well over the last few months," she said, pumping into me over and over again, collapsing her weight down repeatedly.

She thrusts into me at an agonizingly rapid pace as she cinches my tiny, tapered waist, made even

thinner recently due to the corset she normally had me wear.

"Mmph! Fuck! You are such a good boy," she huffs amidst her pummeling, "I... truly... appreciate your... willingness to... serve me."

Once more her words are heightened with each penetrating thrust.

"P-please y-your ma-majesty!" I bleat, words jilted from the absolute jackhammering I'm receiving. "H-h-harder! Ravish my body, my QueeEEeennn!"

I plead out on the verge of tears. All I hear is her snicker as she uses her powerful arms to lift off of me to begin her assault. I whimper with joy when her thick cock picks up even more speed.

It might be the pleasure she is inflicting upon me, or the inevitable soreness tomorrow, but in this moment I begin to fall in love with my Queen all over again. I admired her ability to be rough yet gentle, to demand and take, her power and control, and most of all her drive for nothing but her own pleasure.

Nothing else matters when we were together. Not the war. Not the orcs. And certainly not my useless male body. It is only her.

As I'm skewered into the table I truly understand the power she holds over me.

In an instant she flips me onto my back and lifts me into her lithe, powerful arms.

Standing now while she holds me aloft, she re-skewers me back onto her hot, wet weapon.

Instinctively, I wrap my arms around her shoulders, barely keeping myself upright.

The rest of my body is jelly, but she holds me up by the ass and drills skyward.

Staring into her gorgeous eyes, I rub her feminine muscles, admiring their strength.

She captures my mouth in hers and thrusts her hips, lifting my tiny body up and down her mammoth cock.

I can't stop myself from moaning, which only fuels the hard pounding up into my ass. I separate our

mouths to lean back, lifting my top with a free hand so she can devour my hard, perky pink nipples.

She latches onto one, and then the other.

I'm so enraptured that I can barely hold onto her neck.

Sweat billows off our bodies, and even when I do get a steady grip my fingers nearly slid off her smooth, moist skin.

"My gods, your Grace!" I grovel. "More! Harder! Fuck me HARDER!"

"That's it boy! Let me hear your beautiful cries!"

I can't hold back much longer as my tiny dick rubs against her taut, smooth belly.

Tears fall from my eyes and my body starts to twitch.

Moments later and I'm overwhelmed with another glorious hands free orgasm. It's more pleasure than I have ever felt. Far more than my little body can handle.

"AH! OH GAWD! I scream as my release comes.

"YES!!! Your hole is tightening! Milk your Queen, slut!"

My clear, useless, watery cum spurts from my dicklet with a quick rush, splashing between us.

It splashes against my stomach and chest, but soon is smeared between our bodies, giving her abs and breasts a shiny glow.

We collapse to the table and she falls on top of me. I grasp her muscular ass and pull her into me, hungry for her royal seed. She wastes no time, fucking me in earnest atop the warm, wood surface.

Her heavy tits undulate before me, covered in my cum and her sweat. They glisten as they bounce, two beautiful globes ripe for worship.

"GRAH! FUCK!" She grunts!

Pinning me down, she bottoms out inside me and her huge nuts unload deep inside my guts.

My Queen lets out a loud, deep, animalistic grunt as she climaxes.

I can feel her cock leaping inside as spurt after spurt of hot semen fills me.

We lay there on the table for what seems like forever just panting together and enjoying our blissful high. The Queen's swimming sperm starts to leak out of my ass before she even removes her girthy womanhood.

She lifts her body off of me just enough to stare into my eyes before once again kissing me deeply. We both groan into each other's mouths not wanting to end our embrace.

Eventually her cock softens and flops out with a satisfying POP, leaving my hole gaping and belching out literal pints of cum.

My body is still too weak from the mind numbing orgasm, so she just keeps mauling me, kissing my lips, licking my neck, and suckling on my upturned boytits.

The sound of her perversion permeates the room, like a thirsty dog lapping up water.

My groggy minds wanders, lost and delirious as she continues to assault my young body for what seems like hours.

Finally, her insatiable lust seems to dwindle, and she leans over me to gently brush my hair.

"I want to thank you, boy." She whispers. "You have helped me during troubling times these last few months."

I'm too tired to respond with words, so I nod softly.

Then she leans forward to place a light kiss to my forehead, "sweet dreams, princess."

I begin to doze off as she closes my door behind her, leaving me naked and panting on the Council Table.

THE END

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