

THE QUEEN'S ROYAL RESCUE



by KLRXO

This story is a complete work of fiction, and all characters in this story are over the age of 18.

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Prince Valen pressed his eye against the jagged crack in the stone wall, his breath quickening as he glimpsed the maiden's wet, naked flesh through rising steam.

His teenage cock stiffened against his breeches as the 20-something beauty bent forward, letting her breasts dangle as she dried off.

Droplets of milk beaded on her swollen nipples, the dark areolas stretched and puffy from a squalling brat's greedy mouth. Her tits—clearly ravaged by motherhood—hung lower than most he'd seen, veiny and utilitarian like a cow's udders rather than a younger maiden's pert offerings.

The sound of boots pounding across cobblestones broke his trance. "They've taken the King!" someone bellowed, voice cracking with panic.

Valen cursed, tearing himself away from the sight of glistening skin and soap-slick curves. He sprinted after the messenger, his boots echoing through the vaulted corridors as tapestries blurred past.

The Prince burst into the Great Hall where Queen Elara, his mother, sat rigid upon her obsidian throne, her

chestnut hair coiled beneath a crown of twisted gold and bloodstones.

The Elders flanked her in their dust-colored robes, their whispers dying as the messenger fell to his knees, blood seeping through his torn gambeson.

"Speak clearly," commanded Elara, her knuckles whitening against the throne's dragon-carved armrests.

The man's face was ashen, a gash above his eye still weeping crimson. "Ambushed at Raven's Pass, Your Grace," he gasped between ragged breaths. "Black banners with silver serpents. They slaughtered the knights—Ser Donal, Ser Tomas, all of them—but took His Majesty alive. I crawled through the undergrowth while they bound him in chains."

"If you lie I shall have your tongue," she warned as panic set in.

"No lie, I can assure you," he said with a nervous gulp.

"Gods help us," the Queen choked, "I warned the King about the mountain pass."

She lunged for her son Valen, her jeweled fingers digging into his shoulders. She buried her face against his neck, her hot tears soaking his collar while her tits—gigantic and warm—crushed against his skinny chest.

The Prince's cock stirred traitorously as her perfumed hair brushed his nose. He caught the smirks of the guardsmen, the barely concealed sneer from Lord Blackthorn whose nightly boasts of bedding royal women were legendary in the barracks.

Valen's hands hovered awkwardly at the Queen's wide waist, where her corset cinched her flesh into curves that had driven men to duels and diplomats to ruin.

“It will be ok, mother,” he soothed. “We'll do something to get him back.”

The Queen wrenched herself away from her son, her tear-streaked face contorting as she spun toward the assembled men.

"HEAR ME NOW!" she shrieked, her voice cracking the tense silence.

She tore at her bodice, exposing the upper swells of her legendary tits. "To the man who returns my husband—alive—I offer what no gold can purchase."

Her tongue darted across her painted lips. "One night with your Queen. Every hole, every desire fulfilled without question or judgment."

A collective groan rippled through the hall as men shifted to hide their stiffening cocks, eyes glazed with visions of the Queen's royal cunt dripping and spread wide beneath them, her gigantic tits bouncing as the lucky bastard among them rammed into her again and again until he flooded her royal womb with commoner seed.

Valen's mouth went dry as the words left his mother's lips, his cock surging against his breeches like a battering ram. How many nights had he spent in his chambers, fist wrapped around his throbbing shaft, spilling his royal seed onto silk sheets while imagining those regal tits freed from their corseted prison?

How often had he lurked outside her bathing chamber, desperate for a glimpse of that forbidden flesh that had once housed him? Now she offered herself like a common tavern whore—his own mother—and the thought of finally burying himself in her royal cunt made his balls tighten painfully.

Mother or not, she was still the finest piece of ass in seven kingdoms, and even a pampered, sword-fumbling prince like himself would gladly risk dismemberment for a chance to mount the throne in more ways than one.

Later, Valen cornered his mother in her private solar, dropping to one knee with practiced formality.

"I've assembled a rescue party—me and a few men I trust with blade and bow," he declared, his voice cracking like a boy's despite his attempt at authority.

The Queen's laughter cut through the room, her magnificent tits quivering beneath her silk gown as she threw back her head.

"You silly, beautiful boy," she sneered. "I've already lost one royal to those mountain savages—I'll not sacrifice another."

"I've been training in secret, Mother," he exclaimed. "Swordplay, wrestling, the killing arts."

The Queen's eyes narrowed as she stood, her massive breasts swaying heavily beneath her loosened bodice, nipples visibly hardening against the fabric.

"Prove it then," she hissed, spreading her feet in challenge. "Put your royal mother on her back if you're man enough to kill men."

Valen circled his mother warily, hands raised in a wrestler's stance. "I won't hurt you," he murmured, voice thick with hesitation.

The Queen snorted, her massive tits heaving with each contemptuous laugh. "For fuck's sake, boy, I pushed you out of my cunt—you think a little wrestling will break me?"

He lunged forward, but she slapped his hands away, her rings leaving red welts.

"Pin me, and I will allow you to chase your father's captors. Fail," she added, eyes glittering dangerously, "and I'll have you stripped bare across my knee, royal buttocks reddened by my palm for daring to suggest I mourn both husband and son."

Valen lunged with the grace of a drunken tavern brawler, his mother sidestepping with a dancer's ease. Her massive tits swayed like wine-filled bladders beneath the straining silk.

"Pathetic," she spat, her regal features twisted with amusement. "The only sword you've mastered is the one dangling between your thighs. Is that what's guiding you, boy? Your cock... instead of your brain?"

He charged again, desperate to prove her wrong. The Queen sidestepped, caught his wrist with surprising strength, and twisted. In one fluid motion, she dropped into a chair and hauled him across her lap like a misbehaving child.

Before he could struggle free, she yanked his breeches down to his knees, exposing his pale, nobleman's ass to the cold air.

The Queen's palm cracked against his naked buttocks like thunder – SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! – each savage blow leaving crimson handprints blooming across his pale flesh.

"Foolish, SELFISH boy," she snarled, her voice dropping to a guttural growl.

SLAP! His ass jiggled pathetically beneath her assault. "Those mountain-dwelling bastards would gut you like a pig and fuck your corpse before it cooled."

Another vicious SLAP landed, his cheeks clenching as tears welled in his eyes. "They'd send me your cock in a box while passing your skull around to piss in."

SLAP! SLAP!

"The kingdom barely stands as it is." SLAP! This one echoed off the stone walls like a thunderclap, causing the candle flames to dance. "And you would leave your mother alone" —SLAP!— "to rule these vultures" —SLAP!— "while they circle, waiting for the crown to falter?"

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!

Valen's voice cracked like a boy's first confession. "Forgive me, Mother," he whimpered, tears streaming down his flushed cheeks, the humiliation burning hotter than the handprints emblazoned across his tender flesh.

The Queen released her iron grip, allowing him to slide off her lap onto unsteady legs.

"Cover yourself," she commanded, her voice honey-laced venom as she stood and smoothed her rumpled gown.

"The very notion that you would..." she began, pacing before him like a caged lioness, "...that my own son would presume to claim such a reward and have sex with his own mother is beyond—"

Her words died in her throat as Valen struggled with his breeches, his engorged manhood refusing to be contained, jutting proudly from his body like a battering ram.

The Queen's emerald eyes widened, her painted lips parting in silent appreciation as she beheld what generations of royal breeding had bestowed upon her son—a princely scepter that put the king's to shame, its purple head glistening with anticipation, thick veins mapping its impressive length like rivers on a war table.

"Gods," she whispered, transfixed by the pulsing monster he struggled to contain.

The Queen's breath caught as liquid heat pooled between her thighs, her royal cunt clenching with such force she nearly gasped aloud.

Her nipples transformed into aching pebbles against the silk of her bodice, each heartbeat sending fresh waves of shameful desire through her trembling form.

The swollen lips of her sex grew slick with treasonous arousal, her throbbing clit engorged to the size of a ripe grape as she imagined that magnificent royal rod splitting her open, stretching her to the point of delicious agony.

"Get out," she commanded, her voice husky with disgust—at him or herself, she couldn't say. "Leave these heroic

delusions behind. Your father's rescue belongs to real warriors, not pampered princes playing at bravery."

The next morning, the castle courtyard swarmed with mercenaries and glory-seekers, their mismatched armor clanking as they mounted flea-bitten nags and preened before the Queen.

The most repulsive among them, a scarecrow of a man called Gorrick the Gutripper, pushed to the front of the crowd. His face was a battlefield of pox scars and poorly healed wounds, with three blackened teeth jutting from bleeding gums like tombstones in a neglected graveyard.

As the Queen addressed the assembled rabble, Gorrick's rheumy eyes fixed on her giant jugs, the massive globes straining against royal silk as if desperate to escape their confinement.

"I'll bring yer husband back in one piece, m'lady," he growled, his tongue slithering across cracked lips. "And when I do, I'll be claimin' what's between those royal thighs, make no mistake."

His filthy hand made an obscene cupping gesture as his cock visibly stiffened beneath his stained breeches.

The Queen's stomach churned as she imagined Gorrick's filth-encrusted fingers pawing at her royal flesh, his putrid breath fogging her face as he rutted atop her like a diseased boar. Yet her treacherous cunt had grown slick watching Valen's magnificent cock spring forth—her own son's meat-pole putting every knight and lord she'd ever fucked to shame.

Her nipples ached against her bodice as forbidden images flooded her mind: Valen's muscled back glistening with sweat as he plowed into her royal hole, his seed—the same bloodline she'd carried in her womb—now spurting hot and thick against her cervix.

Other royal houses might breed like dogs to keep bloodlines pure, but she'd never dreamed her own pussy would hunger for the cock that had passed through it as a babe.

Valen sprawled across his princely bed, cock in hand, yanking at his huge royal shaft with the desperation of a man possessed. His massive purple-headed beast throbbed between white-knuckled fingers, pre-cum oozing like honey down its ridged length.

Behind clenched eyelids, he conjured his mother's milk-heavy udders bouncing like war drums as she impaled herself on his princely pike. He imagined his face buried in that sweaty canyon of tit-flesh, tongue lapping at the salt-slick valley while she rode him like a prized stallion, her royal cunt gripping him tighter than any peasant hole he'd ever experience rutting with.

Meanwhile, the Queen's breath caught in her throat as she peeked open Valen's door, transfixed by the sight of her son's sweat-slicked torso arching off the bed.

Valen's massive cock stood proudly in his fist, veiny and purple-headed, while his heavy sack slapped rhythmically against his taint with each desperate stroke.

Her royal cunt throbbed traitorously as she watched his skinny forearm flex, his princely rod disappearing and

reappearing through white-knuckled fingers slick with his own juices.

She cleared her throat, causing him to jolt upright, yanking a silk sheet over his still-twitching member. "Mother—forgive me—I didn't—" he stammered, face flushed with shame as she glided into his chambers, the musky scent of his interrupted pleasure hanging heavy in the air between them.

The Queen's plump lips curved into a smile as she approached his bed, her massive tits trembling and straining against the silk of her bodice with each deliberate step.

"I've considered your plea to rescue your father," she purred, hovering beside him. "I'll allow it—but only if your team consists of three others."

On cue, the castle Wizard, Thorn, shuffled in, his ancient robes reeking of sulfur and forbidden magics.

"The Wizard," she continued, "and myself, along with my servant."

Valen's mouth fell open, his cock twitching beneath the sheet despite his protest. "Yourself? Mother, it's too dangerous—"

The Queen silenced him with a raised hand, her emerald rings catching the candlelight. "With the Wizard's illusions and my knowledge of royal diplomacy, we stand a better chance than your band of drunken mercenaries. The decision is final."

Elara's eyes flicked toward Thorn, her painted lips curling into a dismissive sneer. "Leave us," she commanded, her voice dripping with royal authority.

The ancient wizard's rheumy gaze lingered on the obscene tent rising from Valen's lap, a knowing smirk splitting his wrinkled face before he shuffled backward through the doorway.

The moment the latch clicked, Queen Elara sat next to her son and yanked his face forward, burying him in the heaving chasm of her tits.

Valen's nose filled with the intoxicating musk of royal perfume and maternal sweat as she tilted his chin upward, her emerald eyes boring into his. "When we return with your father," she purred, "I intend to make good on my promise and drain those princely balls of yours dry."

Her crimson-painted nail traced the rigid length of his shaft through the sheet, circling the weeping crown where a dark spot of pre-cum had already formed. "I'll fuck you stupid right here on these sheets, rutting like animals until your seed floods my royal womb."

Valen's voice cracked like a boy entering puberty. "I won't let you down, Mother. You can count on this cock—I mean, count on me."

His breath trembled while she slithered her alabaster thigh across his midsection, her dripping royal cunt scorching his hip through the silk. She engulfed his torso between her massive milk-laden tits, the enormous globes so obscenely large their nipples practically touched behind his back.

Her hot breath tickled the delicate shell of his ear. "I need you to be my young, brave hero," each syllable dripping with honeyed venom.

Her royal finger found his taint through the silken sheet, pressing and circling that forbidden stretch of flesh between ball-sack and shit-hole with expert precision. Electric jolts shot up his spine as she manipulated his perineum, making his cock-head swell and leak like an overripe plum.

"I—I won't f-fail you," he stammered, voice fracturing as his entire groin pulsated beneath her merciless touch.

She planted a wet kiss on his mouth, her tongue darting between his lips before withdrawing.

"Dawn breaks early," she announced, rising to exit. Her magnificent ass-globes swayed beneath her gown like two fat moons fighting for space in a single sky, the crack between them practically visible through the thin fabric as she sashayed from his chambers.

The next day, Queen Elara bent to kiss Princess Lyra's porcelain forehead. The girl's innocent blue eyes—so unlike her mother's calculating emerald gaze—blinked back tears.

"Rule wisely if we perish," the Queen commanded, her ruby-painted lips leaving a perfect crimson imprint on the child's skin.

Outside, Valen already sat astride his midnight stallion. His princely cock throbbed painfully against his saddle as

he watched his mother mount her white mare, her royal ass-cheeks spreading obscenely beneath her riding skirts.

Nearby, Wizard Thorn's gnarled fingers twisted in arcane gestures, his voice rasping about invisibility enchantments and lust-inducing fog spells that would leave the King's captors vulnerable to penetration.

The group set out, their horses' hooves clattering against the cobblestones of the outer bailey. Valen's eyes betrayed him constantly, drawn like iron to lodestone toward his mother's heaving chest. The Queen's enormous tits bounced violently with each trot of her mare, threatening to burst free from her straining bodice like two imprisoned melons seeking freedom.

When she cantered ahead, her royal ass-cheeks clapped against the saddle leather, the obscene rhythm making his princely rod stiffen painfully against his mount.

His gaze fixated on her milky thighs as they squeezed her horse's flanks, powerful and commanding—the same thighs he imagined would soon crush his ribcage as she impaled her royal cunt on his throbbing cock-shaft after they'd rescued his father from that piss-soaked dungeon.

After a day's ride and dusk bled across the horizon, the Queen's personal manservant—a mute eunuch—hammered the final tent peg into the loamy earth. The royal pavilion rose like an enormous crimson breast, its silk walls rippling in the evening breeze.

"Valen!" the Queen's honeyed voice called from within.

"Attend me!"

The prince's heart thundered against his ribs as he approached, his rod already stirring beneath his riding breeches.

"Yes, mother?" he inquired, parting the heavy tent flaps.

The sight before him stole his breath—Queen Elara sprawled face-down across her traveling pallet, her naked, oil-slicked legs splayed like golden scissors across the furs. Her royal buttocks, two perfect moon-globes barely concealed by a scrap of velvet loincloth, quivered with each breath.

Her massive tits, freed from their bodice prison, pancaked against the mattress, their creamy flesh bulging outward like rising dough punched down by a baker's fist.

"Enter," she commanded, one jeweled finger beckoning.

Valen stumbled forward, his throat dry as desert sand, his cock-shaft rigid as castle stone.

"Where would you like me, Mother?"

She flicked her gaze over one creamy shoulder, her emerald eyes glittering with wicked amusement. "Where you are is perfect," she purred, knowing full well he stood directly behind her splayed legs, with an unobstructed view that would drive most men to madness.

The Queen returned to her documents, quill scratching parchment while Valen's hungry eyes devoured every inch of her glistening flesh. His gaze lingered on the magnificent globes of her royal buttocks, each cheek as round and pale as the harvest moon, with only that tantalizingly small velvet triangle concealing her most intimate treasures.

The knowledge that a mere flick of his wrist could displace that scrap of fabric—revealing the pink, dewy folds of her cunt—sent violent tremors through his princely shaft.

Without looking up from her royal documents, Queen Elara's ruby lips parted. "Tell me, my son," she murmured, "has your princely cock ever breached a woman's depths?"

Valen's throat bobbed, his palms suddenly slick with sweat. "N-no, Mother," he stammered.

The Queen's painted lips curled into a predatory smile, her massive tits shifting beneath her like twin hillocks as she adjusted her position.

"Then upon your father's rescue," she purred, "these royal thighs shall part for your virgin rod. I shall be the silken sheath that first engulfs you."

"Yes, Mother" the teen whispered, while his mind erupted with visions of his trembling body covering hers, his sweat-slicked chest crushing those enormous milk-globes as his throbbing cock-head nudged against her slick, royal entrance before plunging into her experienced cunt-tunnel with one savage thrust.

"Tell me, princeling," she purred, "how would you take me if the prize were yours? Hard and rough like a rutting beast in the forest or soft and slow like a trembling virgin lover, worshipping every inch of my oil-slicked flesh?"

Valen's mouth opened and closed like a landed fish, his princely Adam's apple bobbing frantically. "I—I would... however pleases you, Mother. I exist only to serve your royal pleasure."

The Queen's face transformed instantly, her ruby lips pulling back from perfect teeth in a snarl. "YOUR PRIZE DOES NOT DECIDE HOW IT'S TAKEN!" she roared, her massive tits heaving with each furious breath. "Now tell me how you intend to fuck me before I bend you over my knee and redden that princely ass again like I did yesterday!"

"I would take you hard and fast like a rutting stag," he blurted, his voice desperate with need.

The Queen's emerald eyes darkened with hunger. "Like I am now?" she purred, arching her back to elevate those magnificent moon-globes higher. "On my belly with my ass-cheeks spread for your royal spear? Or on my back, where I can lock these powerful thighs around your trembling waist and dig my nails into your princely flesh while you drive that virgin cock-shaft into my depths until I shatter and convulse around you?"

"Either way would be heaven," Valen croaked. "But I would give the kingdom to feel those magnificent tits crushed against my chest, your hard nipples branding my skin while I claim what's rightfully mine."

She twisted her neck to peer back at him, her emerald eyes gleaming with wicked promise. "You would, would you?" she purred.

When he nodded—a jerky, desperate movement—she laughed.

"Many a man has dreamed of being cocooned in the valley between these royal globes," she whispered, arching her back to make her massive breasts swell against the furs beneath her. "Imagine being crushed by their supple meat,

drowning in their warm weight while I hold your princely head against my perfumed skin."

Her tongue darted out to moisten her crimson lips. "Surely such an experience would make this dangerous task worth it, wouldn't it, my son?"

Valen nodded frantically as the Queen's emerald gaze slithered downward like a serpent, lingering on the obscene tent-pole straining against his riding breeches.

"That is all," she dismissed him with a languid wave of her bejeweled fingers.

"Goodnight, Mother," he croaked.

As he stumbled backward through the crimson tent flaps, her voice rang out behind him—"WIZARD! ATTEND ME AT ONCE!"—the command echoing across the campsite.

Valen scrambled toward his own modest pavilion, his cock-shaft painfully rigid, his mind afire with forbidden visions of milk-white thighs and heaving royal breasts.

Thorn the Wizard slithered through the tent flap like a serpent, his ancient eyes bulging from their sockets at the sight of Queen Elara's magnificent ass-globes barely contained by that scrap of velvet.

"Eyes elsewhere!" the Queen snapped, not bothering to cover herself.

Thorn jerked his gaze away, his wrinkled throat bobbing as he swallowed the flood of spittle that had filled his mouth.

"I require a spell," she commanded, her voice dripping with royal authority.

The wizard nodded frantically, his bald pate gleaming with sweat. "My magic is yours to command, Your Majesty," he croaked, "my staff stands ready to discharge whatever enchantment you desire."

The Queen grinned. "Conjure a horde of spectral maidens," she commanded. "Fill my son's tent with apparitions bearing tits as massive as ripe melons, nipples like ripened berries. Not to claim his virginity—no, that prize remains mine—but to torment him with their phantom tongues. Let them lick, suck, and nibble his princely flesh until dawn, bringing him to the edge of release again and again without mercy."

"But Your Majesty," he croaked, "will the young Prince not be too exhausted for tomorrow's treacherous journey? The mountain passes require—"

"If his princely flesh is not mottled purple and crimson by dawn," she hissed, "if his neck and chest do not bear the marks of a hundred phantom mouths, if his royal nipples are not raw and tender from being sucked and chewed until he weeps with pleasure, I shall have your ancient balls crushed between stones while you watch, Wizard."

Thorn's withered face blanched to the color of bone as he bowed. "It shall be exactly as you command, my Queen," he whispered.

The Queen twisted her neck, emerald eyes glinting with mischief. "One more thing, Wizard," she purred. "I have another requirement for your enchantment."

Valen lay sprawled in his tent's darkness, cock still rigid from his mother's teasing, when the air itself seemed to

ripple. Suddenly, invisible mouths descended on his flesh—dozens of phantom tongues lapping at his nipples, his throat, his navel.

He gasped as unseen fingers yanked his sleeping garments away, the fabric tearing from his sweat-slicked body like corn husks stripped by eager hands. His princely shaft sprang free, immediately engulfed by a wet, spectral mouth while ghostly lips suckled his balls, another phantom tongue probing the puckered star of his royal asshole.

“What in the devil is—” the boy gasped as phantom tit-flesh engulfed his face like warm dough, the weight of invisible mammary-meat smothering him in their suffocating softness.

Thick, rubbery nipples dragged across his flushed skin, leaving trails of ghostly wetness as they painted his cheeks and forehead. Below, spectral mouths assaulted his ball-sack, tongues slithering around each testicle before sucking them into hungry, ethereal throats that pulled and tugged at his tender nuts until he sobbed with pleasure-pain.

His cock-shaft throbbed violently as what felt like a dozen slippery tongues lapped at his pulsing rod from every angle, phantom saliva coating his princely member from swollen purple head to throbbing base.

Suddenly, his mother's honeyed voice sliced through the chorus of spectral moans. "Look how his princely cock weeps," she giggled from somewhere near his left ear, her royal tone unmistakable even among the phantom horde.

"His shaft pulses like a frightened bird's heart." The invisible maidens tittered in response, their ethereal voices echoing around him.

"Your Majesty," purred one directly above his straining member, "his royal nectar tastes of summer figs and salt."

Another phantom voice, this one between his trembling thighs, added breathlessly, "His balls tighten when I trace my tongue just—here—see how they draw up against his body?"

His mother's approving hum vibrated against his flushed ear. "Excellent. Now suck harder. Make my son weep with need."

The tent filled with an unholy symphony—wet, obscene smacks of phantom lips against his feverish skin, the vulgar slurp-slurp-slurping of spectral tongues lapping at his royal flesh like dogs at a water bowl.

His own pig-like grunts harmonized with their cock-hungry moans, creating a chorus of depravity that made the very canvas walls of his pavilion pulse like a throbbing cunt.

The air grew thick with the imagined stench of feminine arousal, musky and fish-ripe as a brothel at midnight, while the weight of invisible tits—massive and pendulous as udders on a prize milk-cow—smothered every sweaty inch of his trembling form.

Ghost-nipples thick as thumbs dragged across his chest, leaving slimy trails of ectoplasmic girl-juice that cooled in the night air, making him shiver violently beneath this suffocating mountain of spectral boob-meat.

The Queen's honeyed voice slithered through the darkness: "Focus on the ridge, my pets—that delicate purple crown where his princely helmet meets the shaft."

Instantly, a dozen phantom tongues converged on his coronal ridge, their wet tips tracing the sensitive boundary with merciless precision. When they attacked the taut band of his frenulum with flickering, needle-point licks, Valen's spine arched like a drawn bow, his toes curling until they cramped, while tears of excruciating pleasure leaked from the corners of his squeezed-shut eyes.

"S-so many t-titties," Valen gasped as his tongue darted frantically between the phantom tit-flesh smothering his face, his mouth slurping wetly at the spectral cleavage where massive ghost-jugs squashed against each other like overfilled wineskins.

His searching lips found a thick, rubbery nipple protruding from one ethereal breast-mound and latched onto it with desperate hunger, cheeks hollowing as he sucked like a starving babe, his face disappearing into the yielding cushion of phantom mammary.

The Queen's honeyed voice slithered into his ear: "That's it, my son—gorge yourself on these udders while they devour your virgin cock-meat. Feast like the starving princeling you are."

Valen thrashed at the center of a writhing meat-pile of spectral females, his royal flesh devoured by dozens of hungry mouths. Phantom sluts latched onto his nipples like lamprey eels, their greedy lips leaving purple bruises across his chest while their sister-whores took turns

deep-throating his princely cock until their ethereal noses buried in his pubic base.

His ball-bag hung heavy and slick with ghost-spit, the delicate skin stretched taut as invisible teeth nibbled his tender nuts like ripe fruits.

Between his ass-cheeks, serpentine tongues probed his virgin hole, their wet tips wiggling past his tight sphincter to tongue-fuck his royal rectum while he bucked and squealed like a spitted pig.

In the Queen's tent, Elara sprawled across her silken sheets, legs splayed wide, her fingers working furiously at her engorged clit—a glistening pink pearl nestled in the dripping folds of her royal cunt.

A vulpine grin split her beautiful face as she tilted her head, straining to catch every wet slurp and muffled squeal emanating from her son's pavilion. The lewd symphony of phantom mouths feasting on princely flesh carried through the night air—obscene slurping, high-pitched giggles, and her son's desperate whimpers as spectral tongues violated his every inch of his body.

Her royal pussy clenched at each pitiful sob, squirting her queenly nectar across her inner thighs.

At dawn, Queen Elara swept into her son's pavilion, nostrils flaring at the stench that assaulted her royal senses—a ripe cocktail of phantom cunt-juice and teenage ball-batter that hung in the air like fog over a swamp.

Valen lay sprawled atop his soiled sheets, dead to the world, his skinny chest rising and falling in the shallow

breaths of exhaustion. She yanked back the cum-crusted blanket and purred with maternal pride.

His once-pristine flesh resembled a battlefield—angry purple love-bites peppered his throat and chest like plague spots, while teeth marks formed constellations across his nipples and inner thighs. His cock-meat lay flaccid against one leg, the shaft still glazed with the tacky residue of his countless emissions, his ball-sack shriveled and empty as a wine-skin drained by thirsty travelers.

“Very good,” Elara whispered as her cunt throbbed at the sight of her son's ravaged flesh, her maternal pride swelling alongside her primal hunger to mark what was hers.

She lowered her massive tit-laden frame onto his unconscious form, her silk-wrapped udders flattening against his bruised torso like overfilled wineskins bursting against rocks. Her perfumed breath washed over his neck as she dragged her wet tongue across his salt-crusted skin, tasting the dried sweat and phantom cunt-juice that clung to him like a second skin.

With animal ferocity, she clamped her royal mouth over his tender flesh, sucking with such violent force that blood vessels burst beneath her lips, marking him with her own purple brand.

His princely body twitched beneath her, a pathetic whimper escaping his slack mouth as her teeth grazed the newly-formed bruise. She sealed her violation with a deceptively gentle kiss before slithering away like a well-fed serpent, leaving her son's defiled flesh to bear witness to her perverse maternal claim.

Once they were on horseback, the Queen giggled at her groggy son as they rode, her massive tits bouncing against her royal riding jacket with each trot of her mare.

"My poor princeling," she purred, licking her plump lips. "You look absolutely ravaged—like a newly wedded Prince who's spent the night with his cock buried to the hilt in virgin cunt."

Valen's face burned crimson as his asshole clenched involuntarily, phantom tongues still seemingly probing his pucker. "A long night, Mother," he mumbled, his voice raw from hours of pig-like squealing. "Very little sleep."

"You look like a newborn colt about to topple," she observed. "Come ride with me before you tumble headfirst into the mud and embarrass us both."

"I'll be fine, Mother," he muttered, though his knuckles had whitened around the reins.

"Not when you're face-first on the ground, you won't be."

With imperial efficiency, she halted her magnificent chestnut mare with the slightest pressure of her thighs, the beast responding instantly to its mistress's command.

Valen surrendered with a grunt, dismounting on legs that quivered like a virgin bride's thighs on her wedding night. The Queen extended one gloved hand, her massive tits straining against her riding jacket as she yanked her son up behind her. His own horse, a ball-less nag compared to her hot-blooded mare, was leashed to trail behind them.

The Queen's voluptuous ass-globes swallowed her son's groin like quicksand, her royal buttocks spreading across

his lap as she settled her full weight onto his crotch. His rod sprang to attention, the rigid shaft nestling into the sweaty crevice between her meaty cheeks like a sword into its sheath.

"Hold tight to me, my son," she commanded with a backward glance. "Use Mother's body for support."

His trembling hands gripped her waist as she began rocking subtly with the horse's gait, her ass-crack gripping his cock-shaft like a vise. Each bounce ground his purple helmet against the puckered ring of her shitter, the fabric of her riding pants growing damp where his leaking tip repeatedly kissed her forbidden hole.

Elara seized her son's wrists, yanking his hands beneath her hooded riding top. "Hold Mother properly," she commanded, shoving his arms around her torso.

Valen gasped as his forearms sank into the sweat-slick undersides of her massive udders. The heavy tit-flesh engulfed his arms like warm quicksand, their obscene weight crushing down while the mare's trot made them slosh and quiver against his skin like bags of warm pudding.

His fingers dug involuntarily into her ribs as the meaty underboob-shelves jiggled and leaked perspiration onto his trembling forearms.

After an hour's ride, they crested a rocky ridge and the Queen's mare snorted, pawing nervously at blood-darkened soil. Below them sprawled the butchered remains of one rescue party—a dozen men transformed into a crimson jigsaw puzzle of severed limbs and splayed torsos.

Flies swarmed over glazed eyeballs and exposed intestines that glistened like wet ropes in the afternoon sun.

The Wizard dismounted and knelt beside a head severed so cleanly that the dead man's expression remained one of mild surprise.

"We approach Raven's Pass, where the King was taken. From here forward, we move as shadows—the slightest sound will bring death swooping down from those peaks." He pointed toward jagged spires that clawed at the sky like obsidian talons.

The Queen's eyes narrowed as she surveyed the carnage, her plump lips curling into a snarl. "If we are discovered, Wizard," she hissed, "have you a spell ready that might shield us from whatever butchered these men like festival hogs?"

"I possess such a spell, Your Majesty—one that will freeze every soul in their realm like statues. But once cast, we must move with utmost haste to rescue the King."

The Queen twisted in her saddle, the leather creaking beneath her substantial weight as she assessed her groggy-eyed son.

"We make camp," she declared. "At sunrise, when my princeling has recovered his... stamina, we shall mount our rescue. Some things," she added with a vulpine smile, "are best attempted when one is properly rested."

Within the royal tent that night, the Queen's silhouette danced against canvas walls as she performed her

"evening ablutions" behind a translucent silk screen. The brazier's golden light transformed the barrier into a shadow-play theater, projecting her massive tit-laden form like some grotesque fertility idol.

Valen sat rigid on his bedroll, his princely cock stiffening against his thigh as he watched his mother peel away her sweat-crusting riding clothes. Each garment's removal was obscene theater—her fat ass-globes jiggling as she bent to remove boots, her udders swinging like pendulums as she arched to loosen her corset.

"Valen, attend me," her voice commanded, and her son rushed over to find her standing in a thin shift that clung to her like a second skin, her nipples jutting through the fabric like spear points.

"Hold this for Mother," she purred, shoving a soap-slick cloth into his trembling hand before turning to present her back, the shift's fabric stretched so taut across her meaty haunches he could see the dark crack of her royal ass-valley.

"Scrub my back, princeling—right where these fat tits prevent me from reaching."

"Forgive me for earlier, Mother," he stammered, his voice thick with sleep. "I must have dozed off in your tent like a milk-drunk infant."

She snickered and leaned forward against her forearms. Her massive tits bulged obscenely from the sides of her ribcage, the pale flesh dimpling where it pressed against her arms like dough squeezed through fingers.

"Such exhaustion," she taunted, her tongue flicking across her bottom lip, "can only come from a night spent being

devoured by hungry mouths. Tell me, princeling—did those tongues lap at your royal holes until you wept? Did those teeth mark every inch of your tender flesh until you begged for mercy like a common whore?"

Valen's mouth opened and closed like a landed fish, his princely tongue tangling itself in knots as he fumbled for words that wouldn't come.

"Answer me, princeling," the Queen hissed, "or I shall summon twice the number of phantom wenches to feast upon your royal flesh tonight. They'll suck and bite and lick on your princely flesh until dawn, their spectral tongues wringing your royal scepter dry until you're sobbing, empty as a husk."

"Y—yes, Mother," he stammered, swallowing audibly. "Last night was... the most exquisite torment I've ever endured. I still feel their phantom tongues in places no tongue should reach."

"And yet," the Queen started as she rose with serpentine grace, her naked ass-globes swelling before Valen's face like twin moons, the deep crack between them shadowed and moist. "That's nothing compared to the wet, throbbing ecstasy I'll grant you if you complete this task."

When she turned, her enormous tits swung like pendulous wineskins, the veined flesh jiggling obscenely before settling into their natural hang. Each nipple protruded like a thumb, surrounded by areolas the size of saucers, pebbled with gooseflesh in the cool air.

The cavernous cleft between those mountainous mammaries looked deep enough to lose a man's head

entirely—a fleshy abyss that promised both suffocation and ecstasy.

The Queen watched in satisfaction as her son's eyes drifted down her tapered belly to the mound of her pubis, where a meticulously trimmed patch of dark fur crowned her royal cunt like a decorative pelt on a throne.

Her labia swelled outward like overripe fruit, glistening with the dewy nectar of her arousal, the plump flesh-curtains parting slightly to reveal the glistening pink treasure within.

Between those obscenely swollen labia, her hooded clit protruded like a sentinel guarding the entrance to her royal fuck-hole, the engorged nub throbbing visibly with each beat of her quickened pulse.

"Once I've finished attending to Your Majesty," the boy sputtered nervously, "I'll retire to my own accommodations."

The Queen's mouth twisted into a hunter's grin as she loomed over him, her enormous tits framing her pretty face like twin mountains flanking a predator's lair.

"Don't trouble yourself, my sweet princeling," she purred, "Your tent was never erected."

"Never erected?" he repeated.

She gestured toward her lavish bedding, the silks gleaming in the brazier's light. "Tonight, you'll share Mother's tent. These mountain peaks bring a chill that seeps into one's very marrow. We must press our bodies together," she added, reaching for his hand, "skin against skin, to survive the frigid night air."

She seized his wrist, leading him toward the royal bed like a farmer dragging a calf to slaughter. Each bare footfall against the tent floor made her tremendous ass-cheeks quiver like gelatin, her pendulous tits slapping wetly against her rib cage with each step.

Without ceremony, she yanked his sweat-stained shirt over his head, her fingernails raking his tender flesh. His shorts followed, torn downward with such force the fabric bit into his thighs before surrendering, freeing his rigid cock which sprang upward like a released catapult, an angry purple head already weeping clear pre-cum.

"Stay as you are," the Queen commanded, before she waddled to each candle, pursing her plump lips and extinguishing each flame with a wet, obscene sound.

Valen trembled, cock twitching as his mother stalked toward him through the shadows. Each step made those massive tits sway like heavy pendulums—weapons of soft, smothering flesh that had fueled his virgin dreams.

In darkness, her hot fingers encircled his wrist, dragging him into the musky nest of her royal bedding.

Under the warm cocoon of the covers, Elara pulled her princeling against her maternal flesh, his birdlike frame disappearing between her heaving tit-mountains. The boy's face sank into the valley of her cleavage, his nose and mouth engulfed by the musky, salt-tang of royal breast-meat.

She hooked one meaty thigh over his hip, clamping his rigid cock against her dripping cunt-lips like a vise.

Her lips brushed his earlobe, teeth grazing the tender flesh as she whispered, "Tonight we resist rutting like barnyard beasts."

She ground her slick, swollen labia against his throbbing shaft, coating it with her nectar but denying him entry. "This royal cunt stays sealed tight until you've proven yourself worthy. Your lance will only feel my wet, velvet grip when your father is free and you've earned the right to flood my womb with princely seed."

He nodded against the suffocating valley of her cleavage, his whispered "Yes, Mother" muffled by the sweaty flesh-mountains threatening to devour his face.

The Queen drifted toward slumber, her arms clutching Valen like a favored toy.

Her princeling, however, remained achingly awake, his tongue tracing desperate circles against the salt-slick inner walls of her cleavage. He suckled the perfumed flesh where her breasts met her ribs, leaving glistening trails of saliva across the veined expanse.

His royal cock throbbed painfully against her sopping cunt-lips, the swollen head nudging her engorged clit with each subtle shift of his hips.

Their mingled juices—her thick, musky nectar and his clear, eager pre-cum—formed a sticky river that pooled beneath them, soaking the silks with the unmistakable scent of forbidden lust.

Throughout the night, the Queen's slumbering body writhed against him in cruel configurations of maternal flesh. Each time she rolled, her sweat-slick haunches ground against his painfully engorged member, the plush

globes of her ass-cheeks parting just enough to trap his throbbing shaft in their humid valley.

When she turned again, her royal cunt lips dragged across his purple cockhead, leaving glistening trails of her viscous honey that mixed with his own weeping pre-seed. By dawn, their nested groins were shellacked with a tacky glaze of commingled arousal, their thighs adhering with audible suction whenever they shifted against the sodden sheets.

Valen's eyes fluttered open at dawn to find himself pinned beneath the Queen's glistening bulk, her enormous tits flattened against his chest like warm, doughy pillows. Her nipples, stiff as thimbles, bored into his flesh.

"Good morning, my princeling," she purred, her breath hot and sweet against his mouth before capturing his lips in a lingering kiss that left him tasting her nocturnal musk.

She rose to all fours, her pendulous breasts dangling heavily above him, their veined undersides slick with night-sweat. Through that fleshy corridor, her eyes found his, predatory and hungry. One finger traced his jawline, collecting the dried evidence of his drool.

"With any luck," she whispered, "the next time we share these silks, we'll be rutting like wild boars in heat. Your hungry lips will be latched to my swollen tit while I drain the royal seed from your balls.

"I hope so, Mother," he replied, the words escaping his lips in a quivering whisper.

They continued on horseback through the treacherous mountain pass, their mounts' hooves clattering against loose shale that skittered down the cliff face into the misty abyss below. The trail narrowed dangerously, forcing them to ride single-file along the precipice.

As they rounded a jagged outcropping, the stench hit them first—the unmistakable reek of day-old slaughter.

Splayed across the path lay the butchered remains of another rescue party, their entrails glistening like wet ropes in the weak sunlight. Atop a crudely fashioned pike, Gorrick the Gutripper's severed head leered at them, his famous snarl frozen in death, one milky eye pecked hollow by mountain ravens.

The Queen's servant retched violently before yanking his mount around and spurring it back down the trail, stones clattering in his wake.

"If we make it back alive," the Queen hissed watching him retreat, "I'll have that cowardly worm whipped until his screams echo through every corridor of my castle."

Thorne's weathered face remained impassive as he nudged his mount forward, gesturing toward a plume of smoke rising beyond the next ridge. "We're close now, Your Majesty. The enemy fortress lies just beyond."

They rounded the corner, hooves crunching on gravel, to face the enemy's fortress—a monstrous structure of black stone that seemed to have erupted from the mountainside rather than been built upon it.

Iron spikes crowned its walls, each adorned with bleached skulls that grinned down at them. The massive gate stood

sealed, thick oak reinforced with bands of tarnished metal, its surface scarred by previous failed assaults.

"Wizard," the Queen commanded, "can your arts breach that gate?"

The old man's rheumy eyes narrowed as he stroked his frost-flecked beard. "My powers must remain untapped, Your Majesty," he wheezed. "The statue spell requires every drop of my essence—to waste even a spark would doom us all."

Valen's eyes gleamed with sudden inspiration. "Why force entry when they'll open it for us?"

He turned to the Wizard. "Ready your incantation, old man."

Before anyone could protest, the princeling dug his heels into his mount's flanks and charged forward, bellowing challenges at the bearded sentries who peered down from the watchtower, their crossbows already lifting to aim.

Valen wrenched his stallion's reins, the beast's hooves skidding on loose shale as it stopped and pivoted. Valen cast a deliberate glance over his shoulder at the fortress, his lips curled in a taunting sneer designed to inflame his enemies' pride.

The ruse worked. With a grinding shriek of rusted hinges, the massive gate descended like a drawbridge, disgorging a writhing mass of fur-clad warriors. They poured forth like maggots from a wound, their crude weapons glinting dully in the wan sunlight, battle-cries forming clouds of condensation before their bearded faces.

Just as the vanguard closed within spear-throwing distance, the Wizard's eyelids fluttered closed. His withered hands traced eldritch patterns in the frigid air, fingers crackling with blue-white energy that smelled of lightning.

The spell erupted from his palms in a silent shockwave that swept across the charging horde. Each warrior froze mid-stride, momentum arrested so violently that weapons continued briefly forward before pausing. Where moments before had been a howling mob now stood a grotesque garden of meat-statues, eyes still gleaming with malice behind the prison of their own petrified bodies.

"It worked," the Queen announced. "They're all frozen."

Valen spurred his stallion through the frozen tableau of warriors. "I'll return with Father!" he shouted over his shoulder.

Inside the fortress, guttering torches cast writhing shadows across walls stained black with centuries of smoke. The stench of unwashed bodies and rotting food assaulted his nostrils as he dismounted, drawing his blade.

Trusting the architecture mirrored his ancestral home, he plunged down a spiraling staircase where the chill air grew dense with the reek of human misery.

"Father!" he bellowed into the gloom.

A weak voice answered from the furthest cell—King Fenton, once mighty, now a ragged silhouette behind rusted bars. "The jailer," the King croaked, pointing one trembling finger toward a statue-still guard whose belt jingled with iron keys.

Back at the fortress entrance, the Queen's eyes narrowed as a finger twitched among the petrified horde. A warrior's beard, frozen mid-billow, shed granite dust as his jaw began to flex.

"Thorn," she hissed, jabbing her bejeweled finger toward the awakening statues. "Look there—the spell fractures."

The old wizard followed her gaze, his rheumy eyes widening as hairline cracks appeared across the surface of the nearest warrior, revealing glistening flesh beneath the crumbling enchantment.

"The magic wanes, Your Majesty," he wheezed, "I warned that such power could not be sustained."

Valen and King Fenton burst into the fortress courtyard, the King limping but driven by vengeance. Sunlight momentarily blinded them after the dungeon's darkness.

"Your blade, son," the King rasped.

The sword made a satisfying whisper as it left its scabbard. Twenty paces away stood the statue of their enemy, a crude iron crown perched atop his head like a nest of thorns. The King approached, circling the frozen usurper with predatory deliberation.

With a guttural roar, King Fenton swung the blade in a perfect arc. The petrified neck offered brief resistance before the head toppled, crown and all, shattering against the cobblestones with a sound like breaking pottery.

Blood began to seep from the stump as the spell weakened.

"So much for their wretched King," Valen stated as he and his father mounted his horse.

The beast raced away as behind them, the statues' surface began to crack and flake, revealing twitching fingers and rage-filled eyes beneath.

Suddenly, the spell broke and the army surged after them like a tide of steel and fury, their boots pounding the mountain path in thunderous rhythm.

Valen and the Queen glanced back to see bearded faces twisted with rage, crossbow bolts whistling past close enough that they felt the wind of their passage.

As they rounded the bend, their horses reared in terror. Before them sprawled a colossal dragon, its scales gleaming like oil-slick obsidian in the wan light. The beast's jaws dripped crimson as it tore through what remained of the rescue party, bones splintering between teeth the size of daggers.

Its sulfurous eyes locked onto the royal family, pupils narrowing to predatory slits. The monster's muscles bunched, preparing to spring, when a stray arrow from the pursuing horde struck deep in the soft flesh beneath its jaw.

With a roar that shook loose stones from the cliff face, the dragon whirled, its barbed tail lashing the air as it abandoned its intended prey to face this new threat.

The royal family spurred their mounts past quickly. Behind them, the screams of enemy warriors faded into the distance as the dragon's feast began in earnest, buying the royal family the escape they needed.

When they finally returned, Trumpets blared and maidens tossed fragrant petals as the kingdom celebrated their king's return, though whispers of the queen's promised "private reward" circulated through every tavern and servants' quarter.

The king alone remained oblivious to the knowing glances and suppressed giggles that followed his queen's swaying hips through the castle corridors.

"We're just going for a ride in the countryside, darling," she purred, her bodice unlaced just enough to reveal the creamy swell of her giant breasts as she leaned to kiss him goodbye.

The king's eyes lingered on the royal carriage where their flushed-faced son waited, drumming nervous fingers against his thigh.

A short time later, the royal carriage stood abandoned among swaying daisies, far from prying eyes. Its ornate gold trim caught the afternoon sun as the vehicle swayed rhythmically on its springs. From within its velvet-curtained confines came the Queen's breathless laughter, punctuated by moments of telling silence.

The carriage's interior was all white pillows, silk, and fur pelts spread out like some animal's rutting ground. In the middle of this royal fuck-nest writhed a tangle of sweaty, aristocratic skin, flushed pink with forbidden heat.

"Mother—I—oh gods—" Valen stammered, his voice cracking between registers—deep one moment, boyishly high the next—as pleasure overwhelmed his inexperienced body.

The Queen pinned her son beneath her heaving tits, smothering him with their heavy weight as she ravaged his neck, alternating between sloppy kisses and serpentine flicks of her tongue that left glistening trails across his virgin skin.

His cock throbbed painfully in her grip, her bejeweled fingers strangled its base while she dragged its weeping head through the slippery furrow of her sex.

"My hero," she hissed against the shell of his ear, her tongue leaving trails of saliva across his neck, marking him like a beast claims territory.

The Queen's swollen clit mashed against the crown of Valen's cock, both flushed purple-red and slick with their mingled fluids. His shaft jerked violently in her grip, veins throbbing as she teased herself with his girth.

"Mother, I—" he gasped as she positioned him at her entrance, her cunt lips parting obscenely around the bulbous dome of his glans.

Valen's hips jerked upward like a hanged man's final spasm as she guided his cock—purple-headed and slick with pre-cum—into her royal cunt. Her maidenhead, long shredded but still clinging in ragged tatters to her inner walls, offered token resistance before surrendering to the invasion of her son's virgin prick.

"GODS!" Valen gasped, eyes rolling back as her flesh engulfed him, that same birth canal that had expelled him now greedily swallowing his manhood into its dripping, velvet vice.

The Queen squealed in delight, grinding her wide, aristocratic hips downward, impaling herself on his throbbing virgin shaft until her ass cheeks ground against his trembling thighs.

The teen's sweat-slick body responded with primal instinct beneath her, his inexperienced pelvis bucking upward like a rutting animal, driving his purple cock-head against her cervix with such force that she felt it battering at the entrance of her royal womb.

Their bodies locked in a filthy rhythm, her heavy tits swinging and slapping around his bewildered face as their midsections churned together in a fluid, obscene dance that made the ornate carriage creak and rock violently on its springs.

“Your breasts!” Valen exclaimed as gazed up at his mother's massive tits bouncing violently around his face, their pale flesh jiggling and slapping together with each brutal thrust. Her nipples, thick as thumbs, pointed accusingly at him while sweat dripped from their tips onto his parted lips.

His mother threw her head back with a guttural moan as his cock—veiny and throbbing—split her open, the swollen purple head crushing against her cervix like a battering ram at a castle gate.

Her cunt gripped him like a vise, the ridged walls of her birth canal squeezing and milking his shaft with obscene wet sounds that filled the carriage.

The Queen collapsed forward with a banshee wail, her sweat-drenched mammaries engulfing her son's face in their suffocating weight.

"FUCK!" she shrieked, her noble eyes rolling back, revealing only whites as her son's plowed her deeper than any man before—the veiny, purple-headed monstrosity transforming her womb into a cum-hungry cavern that clenched and rippled around every ridge and bulging vein of his princely shaft.

At the forest's edge, a guard shifted uncomfortably, his cock hardening painfully against his chainmail as he watched the distant royal carriage buck like a ship in a tempest.

The Queen's howls—those same regal lips that issued commands now shrieking like a tavern whore—carried across the swaying grass.

His gauntleted hand drifted to his crotch, adjusting himself while imagining the royal cunt that young Prince Valen was currently pounding into a froth, those giant noble tits he'd glimpsed at court now bouncing free and slick with sweat.

The Queen's cunt lips sealed around the base of Valen's cock like a hungry mouth, her swollen labia clinging wetly to his pubic bone. Their bodies locked in a depraved grind, her aristocratic hips working in filthy circles that kept him buried to the hilt.

“GODS—FUCK!!” she growled as another climax hit. She threw her head back and howled like a gutter whore, her pussy convulsing around the prince's shaft, gushing obscene amounts of clear fluid that ran down his balls and soaked the velvet cushions beneath them.

Her entire body seized in vulgar spasms as she screamed, her massive tits heaving as she rutted against her son like a bitch in heat.

She arched her spine like a bow being drawn, her fatty ass cheeks clenching as she ground her greedy cunt in filthy figure-eights atop his throbbing teenage pole. Her movements transformed her into a depraved dancer, her noble flesh gyrating obscenely on the veiny stake of his princely cock.

"Oh mother," the teen prince gasped, his virgin eyes transfixed by the massive tits that swung like fleshy pendulums above his face, their heavy weight slapping together with wet, meaty sounds.

His gaze traveled down to where their bodies fused – his pulsing shaft completely devoured by her maternal hole, leaving visible only her puffy, cum-glazed cunt lips stretched obscenely around his root and her engorged clit—swollen like a small cock—grinding against his pubic bone as she stirred his rigid meat inside her squelching depths.

"FUCK!" Valen spat through gritted teeth, his entire body convulsing as the tender purple head of his cock got vacuum-sealed by his mother's cervix—that tight, scorching ring of flesh sucking and nibbling at his sensitive glans like a hungry mouth.

His eyes rolled back as thousands of nerve endings fired at once, sending lightning bolts of pleasure from his dick-tip straight up his spine. The sensation of her innermost gate kissing and slurping at his cock-head made his balls tighten painfully against his taint.

"I'm—I can't—" Valen warned, his hips bucked wildly, losing rhythm as his mother's cunt rippled around his virgin cock, her inner muscles clenching and unclenching like a fist milking his shaft.

"Fill me!" she commanded, her beautiful face contorting in depraved hunger. "Flood your mother's womb with your seed!"

His balls tightened painfully against his body before unleashing rope after rope of pearly cum, painting her noble insides with incestuous filth that squelched obscenely between their joined bodies.

They bucked and writhed like beasts in a mating frenzy, skin slapping wetly against skin. The Queen's massive tits bounced and sloshed violently with each thrust, her royal cunt squelching obscenely around her son's throbbing cock.

They rutted with animal desperation, grinding and humping until their sweat-drenched flesh was raw. When they finally collapsed, they fell into a tangle of trembling limbs, her fingers still clutching his ass, his face buried between her heaving breasts, both gasping like drowning victims as their mingled fluids pooled beneath them.

At the castle, King Fenton approached two of his royal guards, his jeweled crown askew with worry. "The Queen and my boy—they've been gone hours now," he fretted, "Could bandits have—"

The burlier guard, Thom, exchanged a knowing glance with his companion. "Your Majesty," he soothed, "after

your ordeal in captivity, such fears are natural. But I'd wager they're merely... enjoying the countryside."

After the King shuffled away, reassured, Thom spat and guffawed. "Enjoying his royal mother's cunt is more like it," he snorted.

"And those magnificent tits," his companion added. "Bet that princely prick is balls-deep in her highness right now, the lucky little motherfucker."

Miles away on a lonely prairie, the Prince's heavy, cum-swollen balls slapped rhythmically against his mother's puckered royal asshole inside the rocking carriage.

Her powerful thighs, slick with their mingled fluids, clutched his narrow hips in a vise-like grip, her sexy feet hovering in the air above them as he plowed into her with unexpected vigor.

Though he'd surrendered his virginity mere hours ago, the Queen had already wrung him dry thrice over—first as she rode him like a prized stallion, then with her aristocratic mouth slobbering around his princely cock, tongue scrubbing his glans until he flooded her royal throat.

Then, she beat her massive, jiggling ass against him while on all fours. Valen's eyes were as wide as saucers as he watched his strong, glistening cock pound into his mother's body from behind, her ass-meat rippling each time they slapped against his skinny mid-section.

These repeated emissions had granted the young royal remarkable stamina, allowing him to hammer mercilessly into his mother's sloppy, stretched cunt from above,

reducing the kingdom's most powerful woman to a quivering, multi-orgasmic mess beneath him.

Valen slowed his thrusts to a deliberate, grinding pace, his eyes fixed on his mother's wobbling wonders. "Gods, look at these royal tits," he growled, his voice cracking with adolescent lust. "They slosh like wine-skins with every thrust."

The Queen couldn't form words, her aristocratic face a mask of depraved ecstasy, tears cutting tracks down her flushed cheeks as aftershocks rippled through her sweat-slick body.

"Think I'll feast on these fat udders while I flood your hungry cunt again," the Prince panted, lowering his mouth toward her swollen nipples, a string of drool already connecting his lower lip to her heaving flesh.

His face plunged into the heavy meat of her tit-melon, his teenage mouth latching onto her swollen nipple like a starving calf. He suckled with greedy, slurping sounds, drawing the thick nub deep into his throat while her royal cunt chewed violently around his throbbing shaft.

The prince whimpered pathetically as her aristocratic pussy clamped down on his cock like a silken vise, her noble limbs locking around his sweaty form in a viselike grip.

The teen cantered his hips in one powerful upstroke thrust, his gluteal muscles contracting violently as his mother screamed in ecstasy.

Her labia majora—swollen and glistening with their commingled secretions—engulfed not only his entire tumescent shaft but also drew in a portion of his scrotal

skin. The blood-filled chambers of his erection engorged beyond their natural capacity, every dorsal vein and suspensory ligament visibly distending beneath the stretched skin.

The glans, now purple and weeping pre-ejaculate, bulldozed against her cervical os, forcing her uterus to reposition deeper into her pelvic cavity.

Behind her tightly clenched eyelids, her occipital lobe fired in chaotic bursts of neural activity, manifesting as exploding stars in her vision. “CUMMMMMINNGG!!” she screamed.

Her highness convulsed beneath her boy in obscene, shuddering waves, her refined voice deteriorating into guttural howls that would make a tavern whore blush as her quim unleashed a torrent of hot, clear fluid that drenched their rutting bodies and the carriage cushions beneath them.

“So g-good,” the boy snarled as his tight, sweaty ass pumped like a piston, her royal legs splayed wide as a whore's, letting him work his cock to the balls in her sloppy cunt.

Valen's cum boiled up from his swollen testicles, surging through his vas deferens and erupting through his piss-slit in violent, rope-like spurts.

He bit down on his mother's fat nipple and bellowed like a gutted boar, his princely cock twitching and jerking as it flooded her royal cunt with incestuous seed.

The Queen's cervix dilated and contracted greedily as she bucked beneath him, her pussy muscles working to suck

every last drop of her son's thick, pearly spunk into her noble womb, where it pooled in a disgusting puddle of royal depravity.

Deep in the Queen's cum-flooded womb, one vicious sperm—more ruthless than its millions of dying brethren—thrashed its flagellum with savage determination. It bulldozed through the viscous fluids, its bulbous head ramming aside weaker competitors.

Like Valen storming the enemy fortress to free his father, this brutal little swimmer battered against the Queen's glistening egg, its microscopic body convulsing as it penetrated the membrane with a primal violence.

The royal seed and noble ovum fused in a beautiful miracle of flesh, creating a princely embryo that would grow into a future King, his destiny sealed in this obscene moment of cellular violation.

“Oh, Valen,” the Queen sighed, her fingers trailing through her son's sweat-dampened hair as their naked bodies cooled in the filthy aftermath of their rutting.

“That was even better than I imagined it would be,” the boy confessed.

"Such a brave boy you are," she purred, her voice hoarse from screaming. "Mother has many more rewards planned for that heroic cock."

“Many more?” he repeated, his face lighting up with excitement.

"You rescued your father from captivity, but you've also rescued my royal cunt from a lifetime of boring sex.”

Her hand slid down to cup his sticky, half-hard member. "This princely prick is the only one I'll allow inside my noble hole from this day forward."

Valen's face lit up like a drunken peasant who'd just won a year's worth of ale. "A reward that never ends," he gasped. "I could hardly have imagined it."

His mother's mouth crashed against his, her long tongue invading his throat with vulgar urgency. Her massive tits slapped obscenely against his scrawny chest, nipples hard as castle turrets as she impaled her noble cunt on his princely cock with a wet squelch.

She ground her thick ass down with desperate force, her highborn pussy swallowing his throbbing meat to the hilt, her noble fluids already dripping down his ball sack.

"My Prince—my lover," she gasped, her noble thighs trembling as she prepared to rut like a common barnyard sow.

THE END

