

The Troll's Trollop



By Ellíot Sílvestrí

The Troll's Trollop



By Ellíot Sílvestrí

The Troll's Trollop

By Elliot Silvestri

Copyright 2012 Green Bush Publishing

Smashwords Edition

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including photocopying, recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system, without the written permission of the publisher.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

Contains adult material that might not be suitable for all audiences.

Table of Contents

[Chapter Onewhere we are introduced to our characters](#)

[Chapter Two....where Romina confronts an uncomfortable problem](#)

[Chapter Three....where an awkward stone call is made](#)

[Chapter Four....where Romina entertains two men](#)

[Chapter Five....where Romina's libido is no longer under her control](#)

[Chapter Six...where a verbal dressing down from her father is voiced](#)

[Chapter Seven....where more of the Weeping Rose is revealed](#)

[Chapter Eight....where Romina shows her skills with toys](#)

[Chapter Nine....where childbirth is more difficult than it seems](#)

Chapter Ten...where a arduous journey is undertaken

Chapter Eleven....where a new decoration is ordered

Chapter Twelve....where a visitor is received

Chapter One

It was long tradition that the night before her formal betrothal the princess to be wed would spend the night locked in the tower of the northern keep guarded by her husband to be. It was an ancient tradition where the first king of Pridania spirited away his beloved from her homeland—the king's family's long-standing enemy—and locked her in his castle's tower to keep her safe from her father's army. The alternate version of the story is he abducted and raped the daughter of his family's rivals and kept her locked in his tower as she produced five sons and three daughters during the next twenty years. The version of the story believed largely depended on one's birthplace: west of the River Ardo believed the first version, east of the River claimed the second version to be true. The actual truth was lost to history, but the tradition for the men of the Pridan family remained.

The minor prince Dev waited at the base of the tower outside the heavy wooden door with two of his men at arms. The three of them were hardly an army, or even a decent guard, but it was just a ritual that was observed for tradition. His men had even taken the tradition of drinking wine while they waited for the midnight bell whereupon Dev would scale the tower stairs and take his bride to start their ritual betrothal.

Ven and Ord were already drunk, laughing and joking at Dev having to wait to take the maidenhead of his bride to be. When Ven made that statement, Dev snorted in response.

"Her maidenhead is long gone," he commented with a grin.

"Oh ho, and you took it I suppose?" Ord asked. He was swaying back and forth slightly as if fighting a steady breeze.

"That's what she told me...but she certainly didn't behave like a maiden when I penetrated her." Dev couldn't help but smile at the memory. Theirs hadn't been a long courtship, but it had been intense. The princess did not come to the relationship a virgin, of that Dev was sure. He didn't care the least of her history; he wasn't interested in an innocent girl for a wife, he wanted a hussy who could match his drive.

“Bit of a trollop, is she?” Ven leered.

“Not a bit,” Dev said. “She’s a pure trollop.”

The other two burst out laughing at the braggadocio he used to display his wife-to-be’s libido.

“And what would her father say about that?” Ord asked.

Dev lifted an eyebrow and looked out the corner of his eye at his loyal retainer. “I asked him about that. He said he was glad to marry her off, nothing but trouble since the day she was born, he was half worried he was going to half to ship her off to the nuns if she got a bellyful before she was married.”

The two men looked in surprise at Dev, then burst out laughing again. The laughter was suddenly cut short as thick black arrows suddenly sprouted from Ord and Ven’s chests. They tried to breathe, sucking heavily to catch their breath, but it was useless. The pair slid to the ground as Dev stood rooted in place, unable to move, not comprehending what was happening.

A moment later his head rang with pain and he found himself on his knees trying to clear his vision. His ears were filled with a dull roar and waves of nausea rolled over him.

“Stupid human,” a guttural voice said to him. “Waiting here, on troll lands, to bed a woman. Why wait? I’ll take her now.”

Dev was then kicked in the stomach by a heavy leather boot. The force of the blow picked him up and threw his body against the side of the tower, knocking the wind out of his lungs. He gasped for breath as his attacker came into view. The light of the full moon illuminated the ugly face of the troll that had assaulted him. Its gray-green skin was mottled with brown spots; red eyes flared under an impossibly heavy brow and sharp, pointed teeth protruded from its maw. Black, rubbery lips pulled back in a leer of pleasure. “When I’m done with your woman, I’ll come back here and kill you,” the troll promised and kicked Dev in the head, knocking him out.

The troll then ripped the oak door off the hinges and entered the tower. Like most trolls he was incredibly tall and broad, this monster stood nearly eight feet tall and weighed just over a half ton, in a fight he was more than a match for any

normal human. The tower had been built to defend the frontier and as such the hallways and stairs were extra wide. The troll still had difficulty working his way up the spiral staircase, his wide shoulders, heavy armor and long spear gave him little room to maneuver. The long stairway ended at the tower top room where a woman was casually lounging on the large bed covered with rich silk coverings.

“You’re early,” she called out to him. Her eyes were half-closed and the cloying smell of stimweed smoke was heavy in the air. The woman, the princess, the troll told himself, was chained to the heavy wrought iron bed. The silver chain looped around her left ankle, the length of the restraint ran around the bed, and was securely locked to a heavy black ring at the foot of the bed. In other circumstances the ritual presentation would have been erotic, but the unexpected presence of the troll instead made it terrifying.

“I did not know I was expected,” the troll growled in the human language. He hated using the human’s words, but they found him speaking in their language all the more horrifying. The moment he spoke, the girl froze, then shot open her eyes and gazed at him, frightened like a rabbit caught in the open field by a diving hawk. He grunted in satisfaction at her reaction and dropped his weapons.

“Don’t hurt me,” she whimpered. “Don’t kill me.”

He grunted again. “I won’t kill you,” he promised. “But I can’t promise this won’t hurt.”

To her credit the princess held her composure. She was in a completely vulnerable position for she had been waiting for her lover but was instead confronted by a monster. There was no way she could possibly fight off the troll—that she had presence of mind enough to realize—and instead chose to flee, but forgot she was still chained to the bed. She moved lithely, quickly, as someone accomplished with the strengths and limits of her body, but the moment the silver chain reached its full length, she was jerked to the ground. She had been trying to reach one of the windows opposite the stairs’ entrance, but fell pitifully short.

Gork stood impassive and amused. Human females were frighteningly frail compared to the sturdy troll women he normally fucked, still there was something indefinable and compelling about the human female form. This one

was almost already fully revealed to him. She wore only a thin, sheer white chemise to cover her breasts; it barely reached her midriff. Her loins and buttocks were even less protected; a loincloth-like garment—this one even more sheer than the top—half-hid her yellow fur covered pudenda though left her smoothly curved buttocks exposed for the material pulled up between the cleft. It wasn't something any self-respecting troll would wear, but humans were an odd race. The girl struggled and whimpered as Gork advanced on her, but the chain wouldn't release her and she carried no weapon.

"Fight back if you want," he said to her stopping just a few paces from her crouching form. "You won't hurt me." He half grunted, half laughed. "I like a female that fights." Moving impossibly quickly his giant hand shot out and caught her arm. She screamed in terror and tried to get away but his grip was like iron. He casually twisted her arm and tossed her back on the bed where she landed in a twisted heap.

Wasting no time he pounced on her and pulled at the silken garment covering her sex. She struggled, confused as her long, golden hair fell into her face, the panties stretched, then tore, leaving bright red welts on her skin, but she was now open and exposed to the troll.

"Fight," he told her, flipping her onto her back. The girl's pink nipples were now exposed for her chemise had rucked up, releasing her oversized breasts. They were unattractive to Gork's eyes, but he wasn't here for the view. Taking his instruction to heart, the girl began to fight back, she clawed and hit at the massive forearm that was pinning her to the bed. Gork barely felt her struggles. "Good," he complimented her, keeping her down with his hand and supplementing her immobility with a heavy foot on her ankle chain.

In a practiced, one-handed move he opened up the front of his leather armor and pulled out his sex organ. It was only half-erect but the size was intimidating to a simple human girl. It was more massive than any penis she had ever seen on a horse or bull. It wasn't the fact she was about to be raped that scared her. Romina was frightened by the sheer size of the organ that was going to penetrate her. After a moment's pause in her struggles she redoubled her efforts to fight off the troll, but it was a useless for the monster was far too strong for her.

"This will hurt," the troll informed her. Romina had no doubt of that and so she resumed her struggles again, but between the troll's hand and the chain, there

was little she could do to improve her situation. He wrenched her legs open as wide as possible to accommodate his substantial girth. Unready for coitus, her sex was closed and dry, that didn't matter to Gork, but he knew it would be impossible for him to enjoy the act if he weren't able to correctly penetrate her. The problem was solved by a simple dose of troll instinct.

Romina felt her nether regions suddenly soaked in a warm liquid. She looked down at herself, panicked that perhaps the monster had cut her open and her blood was flowing out. But that was far from the situation. A stream of a white-yellow viscous liquid was issuing forth from the monster's penis; at first she thought he was p1ss1ng on her but realized that was wrong. Gork's dark red eyes had half rolled up into his skull and for the briefest of moments she thought maybe he had over-excited himself and finished the job before he had started.

"Urgh," he grunted as his eyes refocused. "Now you'll be able to take me." He wiped his cock around in the sticky-slick liquid that pooled on her belly, then presented the head to her opening. "This is going to hurt you," he told her with a leering grin, then shoved his mottled green cock forward and into her body.

Romina screamed in pain so loudly her throat went raw from the exertion. Fully erect his sex was nearly two feet long and as wide as her doubled up fists. At first it didn't truly hurt her, but once the overlarge head was inside of her and he kept pushing more and more into her body, the pain became unbearable. She screamed and cried and whimpered and struggled to get away, but everything she did was useless. And worse her reaction only excited Gork even more. His member hardened so that it was like a hewn from the heart of an oak. He wasn't able to sink his entire length into her—that would have been flatly impossible—but he tried as hard as he could to force as much of himself inside her as possible. Once he bottomed out, he grunted, pulled back, and thrust in again.

Once she had been initially penetrated and stretched, Romina found the actual thrusting to be much less painful. There was little she could do at this point and resigned herself to be held down by the monster's massive paw and organ. It was princesses duty, she had been told time and time again, to do many things she would find distasteful and demeaning. She told herself this was one of those occasions.

It didn't take the monster long to find a rhythm he enjoyed; once he did he starting laying into Romina. She had resolved to suffer under the troll's

humiliation, but was shocked and horrified when her body started to betray her and the sensations of the troll's cock in her pussy began to arouse her.

Gork first noticed the change in his victim's state when Romina stopped crying and mewling her agony and began breathing heavily and groaning in response to his thrusts. "Good," he complimented her. "Human females always learn to enjoy a fucking from a troll." He barked out his laughter.

There was nothing Romina could do. He was ugly and disgusting but he was giving her incredible pleasure and pain at the same time. She turned her head so she wouldn't have to look at him, closed her eyes and concentrated on the sensations filling her body. She struggled and pushed against her body's involuntary reaction, but she could only resist for so long. Soon her body started shaking uncontrollably and she cried out again, this time not from the pain, but from the crashing waves of pleasure that brought her to climax.

There was the briefest of pauses in Gork's motions as he watched Romina's orgasm. He let out his grunting laugh and then resumed his motions. Romina was now fully engaged. She never imagined she would have been able to accept such a large organ into her tiny pussy, but it was taking place. Her thighs were splayed wide and it felt as if she were being split in twain, but the pain was almost worth the pleasure. Disgusted at her reaction to her violation, she cried. She told herself the tears were because of the crime being committed against her, but in her secret heart she could admit the pain mixed with pleasure was so shameful that she perversely found some joy.

Because the monster was so much larger than the nubile princess she couldn't reach his body with her hands, she couldn't embrace him. She was little more than a pinned target of the massive spear that sprouted from his groin. So long was his weapon that even Gork could barely reach Romina. He liked it better that way, he could watch her and didn't have to touch more of her too soft and smooth skin.

He was a troll of large appetites and pleasures. It always took Gork a long time to reach the apex of his mating ritual; during his long thrusting he brought Romina to orgasm two more times. Each time made him laugh. But finally even the masterful troll had had enough and he prepared himself to seed his mate.

There was little that could control the actions of a troll once his orgasm started.

His red eyes fully rolled up into his skull and his thrusts became more urgent. Pungent sweat broke out all over his body and he faintly trembled with desire.

When his time finally came, Romina found herself screaming again, this time because of pure pain. His seed burst into her and it burned worse than any of the hottest foods she had ever eaten, worse than a boiling bath, worse than the time her older brother held her hand over the fire. So great was the pain she wanted to vomit, but her body was paralyzed with the pain. Finally it was over for Gork's penis contracted slightly and he slipped out of her body. When he pulled out she felt an odd sense of emptiness, almost loneliness, though the pain greatly abated when he was gone. His exertions had completely exhausted the troll and he collapsed to the floor next to the bed.

"That was wonderful," he grunted up to her. "What did you think?"

Romina just rolled to her side and tried to keep from crying. Her body shook slightly with her sobs and her thighs burned with the fluid that leaked out of her sex. It was too much to process all at once. Now that it was over she dreaded to discover what the monster had planned for her next.

"Well?" he grunted after a long silent pause, he liked to be complimented after breeding a female. Romina didn't want to admit anything to him, her pain or her pleasure. "Was I the best you ever had?" He laughed as if he already knew the answer.

Romina only whimpered noncommittally because she didn't want to admit the truth. Gork struggled back to his feet and stood next to the bed, his organ still hanging out of his leather breaches. "Every female loves to be stabbed with a weapon like this!" he declared, grabbing his cock and shaking it at her.

Romina could barely open her eyes to acknowledge him.

"What about you?" a voice asked from behind the troll. "Do you like a weapon like this?" A moment later a bright silver spearhead burst through Gork's chest accompanied by a spray of dark red, nearly purple, blood that covered the bed and the princess. Gork tried to turn around to face his attacker, but he was held fast by his attacker. He was far from dead but was rapidly dying. In frustration he reached up and snapped the head off the spear and took two steps forward, freeing his body from the shaft of the weapon.

“I’ll kill you!” Gork spluttered, stumbling around, unable to focus. Blood was flowing down his chest, staining the thick black fur on his torso and around his cock. More was coming out of his mouth.

“I doubt it,” Dev said, slipping nimbly aside as the troll swiped at him, lost his balance and fell to the floor dead.

“How?” was all Romina could think to ask. She was still covered in the troll’s blood and stunned by both attacks. Dev was bruised and battered from his earlier beating from Gork. He walked forward and picked up the bloody spearhead where it Gork had dropped it.

“My family has always been prepared. We’ve stored troll killing spears here for years, just a bit of magic lets it slip through troll hide like a hot knife into butter.” He wasn’t able to say anything else, but took a few more steps forward and collapsed on the bed next to his wife-to-be.

Chapter Two

The cleanup waited until the next morning when Romina's ladies came to the tower to celebrate her supposed deflowering. They were too shocked to be of any good until the bulk of Dev's body guard appeared. The men removed the troll's body along with Ven and Ord's while the women busied themselves making sure Romina was alive and well. After her third bath for the day, Dev became disgusted and ordered the ladies in waiting out of the tower top room and down below to prepare meals for all the guests.

This left Dev time alone with Romina who had been holding up well considering her ordeal the night before. "Care to talk?" he asked.

"I'm fine," she immediately snapped at him.

He let the silence hang a minute then said, "You certainly aren't acting fine."

She glowered at him. "The damn troll was trying to breed me," she said. "He knew what I'm here for. He enjoyed the process."

Dev opted not to comment on the likeability of fucking Romina and instead focused on her other concern. "It's rare for a troll to impregnate a human. They try all the time."

"Don't tell me what I already know," she snapped at him again. "They fail so often for two reasons," she explained. "First, they're too rough, they don't know how to handle a human girl and they wind up killing her in the process." She looked aside for a moment to gather her thoughts. "Obviously I'm still alive. Second, male trolls are so large they aren't usually able to copulate with human women." She sighed. "That wasn't a problem in my case."

The information hung between them. "Are you brooding right now?" Dev asked.

She glared at him again. "Why do you think I came here last night?" she asked him.

"You might already be pregnant with my child," he pointed out to her. Following the unspoken rules of Pridian courtship they had been careful to fuck as many times as possible for the past few weeks while everyone in their families carefully looked the other way.

“And I might not,” she pointed out.

“Let’s not worry about what we can’t change,” he said. “Best thing to do is to move forward with the betrothal as if nothing unusual happened. If anyone asks, we simply say a troll attacked last night, Ven and Ord died in the fight while I killed it. It’s close enough to the truth.”

And leaves out the fact I was raped, Romina thought, but kept that to herself.

“Are you going to be okay with that?” he asked her.

“A princess must often do things she finds distasteful,” Romina said ending the discussion.

From there the rest of the betrothal celebration continued as if normal. The ladies cooked the traditional evening feast and, after everyone had eaten their fill and drunk much wine, Princess Romina was stripped down to her anklet and the sheerest of chemises. Then the men ritually beat her with switches of spruce as she stood on a table in the middle mead hall. Her hands were bound behind her back and they made her dance as they reddened her thighs and buttocks. There was much laughter and shouts of celebration as she performed for her friends; any of the men who could make her fall with the ten blows he was allowed would then be granted use of the princess’s bedroom favors. Either the men didn’t try very hard or the princess was exceptionally talented in balance, dance and enduring the pain of the switches for no one could make her fall.

The celebration called for a virgin sacrifice and since the princess proved her skills on the table, tradition called for one of her ladies in waiting to step in her place. All the ladies, of course, denied they could do the job for none of them were virgins. And so lots were drawn among the women and to the great pleasure of the assembled men, one of the youngest and prettiest maids drew the red stone from the leather pouch.

“Lucky Lucy!” the crowd called out as one of the men at arms grabbed her from behind and started pulling at her clothes. Lucy pretended to resist, but the combination of the wine, stimweed smoke and the charged atmosphere all contributed to her willingness to be sacrificed for the crowd. Lost in the mists of history the traditional virgin sacrifice was, supposedly, a blood sacrifice where a young virgin girl’s life was given over to one of the old gods. Although they didn’t practice blood sacrifice any longer, old traditions die hard, so virgins

were now forced to sacrifice their maidenhood for the good of the community, and in this case the entertainment of the community.

The girl was pushed around, each time she was grabbed by a new person they stripped off another article of clothing, slowly disrobing her among the shouts and laughter. She was quickly reduced to her chemise and panties. One of the men at arms held her from the front while another took his knife and cut away the straps of the thin garments. Below it could fall to the ground, Lucy was released by her captor and she reflexively grasped her rags to her tits hiding them from view.

“Show us, show us!” The most enthusiastic members of the crowd calling for Lucy’s nudity weren’t the men, but her fellow maiden, eager to see their friend humiliated and exposed. Lucy was forced into the center of a circle formed by the guests, all were laughing and cheering, Lucy was laughing loudest of all for she knew the privilege she was about to receive. Disorientated by all the motion around her, it was easy for Lucy’s best friend Delma to snatch away the remaining rags of her chemise leaving the girl only in her tiniest of attire. The men roared with delight as she showed off her small breasts topped by bright red nipples. Proud of their reaction she posed for several moments until one of the men grabbed her again, picked her up, and then threw her down on one of the round tables.

Without further ceremony her white panties were torn off, exposing her fine brown hair and exposed sex to the crowd. She didn’t recognize the men who was accosting her, but that didn’t matter. She was wet and ready; her one bit of preparation was to spread her thighs and raise her knees, allowing the muscular soldier to ram his manhood into her. They were nearly deafened with the cries of approval from the crowd.

“Fuck me!” she ordered the older man. The crowd again voiced its approval upon hearing the supposedly demure young girl use filthy language. The man had only exposed his cock, leaving on the rest of his rough, woolen garb as he plowed into the girl. He took no notice as one of his fellow warriors exposed his own cock and introduced the semi-erect member to Lucy’s mouth. She eagerly gobbled up the second organ, filling her from both ends. The crowd again laughed when Lucy showed she was quite skilled at pleasuring two men at the same time, something that certainly should have been impossible for a girl who was supposed to be a virgin.

It didn't take long for the first man to finish. Lucy's pussy was young and tight and the night was ready for the revels. He discharged himself with a strangled cry deep into her cunt, nearly collapsing upon her body. Seeing that he was finished the guests began to call out, "Show us, show us, show us!" The soldier pushed himself off the girl and staggered to the side. Like a good maiden serving her princess, Lucy kept her thighs splayed showing off her reddened and sore pussy to the guests, tilting her hips slightly downward. After a few moments the thick, milky white fluid began to pour forth from within her. Upon this evidence that her ersatz virginity was now gone, the crowd ceased their chanting and applauded their approval. The second man being serviced by Lucy finished when Lucy reached into his pants, found the root of his cock and the sack hanging below the thick member. She firmly squeezed the balls, causing him to rapidly finish, filling her mouth with his seed.

After a prompting look from Dev, Romina stepped forward, pushing aside the crowd. It was a princess's duty to perform many distasteful tasks, but this wasn't one of them. There was a time when a princess was served by her ladies and other times when she needed to serve them. Romina knelt before Lucy's sex, the girl's legs still open wide; if she was aware of the princess, she seemed to take no notice as the blond princess circled her hands around Lucy's thighs, leaned in, kissed her gently on the tangle of matted, wet hair, then slid down to tongue and suck away the man's seed from the girl's cunt. It wasn't a task she found distasteful, it was one she had been looking forward to.

Proving that she was a true princess willing to serve her people, Romina carefully cleaned the warrior's spunk from Lucy's pussy. She licked her way around the girl's labia then plunged forward and sucked the rich fluid from her sex. The flavor was thick in her mouth as it rolled on her tongue and down her throat. Lucy appreciated the service that her princess performed for her, wiggling her hips and groaning deep in the back of her throat. It didn't take Romina long to clean the girl, but she stayed between the beauty's legs, giving the girl pleasure until Lucy couldn't resist any longer and her body responded by flooding Romina's mouth with her juices, announcing her moment of crisis with a cry of pleasure. Finally Romina rocked back on her heels and delicately wiped the slickness from her lips and cheeks as the guests applauded their approval.

"It's time for the celebration to start," she announced when the crowd quieted down to hear her words. This was followed by more laughter and cheers for even though her announcement had been eagerly anticipated, they had already begun

celebrating the betrothal. Those who were still clothed quickly stripped down and found the partner of their choice. Most had already removed their garments when they were watching Romina work on Lucy, some had delayed and now quickly caught up or simply started their sex play partially clothed.

Adhering to tradition, everyone was included in the orgy, no one could be excluded, and so Princess Romina circled the room several times making sure everyone was enjoying themselves, directing the occasional lost soul to an open and ready orifice, being the best hostess she could. Finally her route took her back to Dev who was standing next to one of her older ladies in waiting who was proving her oral skills to the young noble.

“Shouldn’t you be saving that for me?” Romina asked him.

“Certainly,” he answered and pulled his cock out of the woman’s mouth with an audible pop. “Would you like to do it here or in our private room?”

She surveyed the scene being played out in the mead hall. It was an orgy of traditional trappings. Naked, sweaty bodies writhed and pulsed together in celebration of the betrothal, which was in itself a celebration of life. But Romina didn’t want her ladies and Dev’s warriors to see her possibly screaming in pain when her husband to be took her. As much as she wanted to actively participate in the orgy, she wouldn’t be able to experience what she wanted, penetration. It was considered bad luck for the wife to be to copulate with another man after her mate had taken her maidenhead. As sore and stretched as she was, penetration was still all she desired. Oral pleasures were fine, but she wanted to be used, and used roughly.

“The private room, I think,” she announced. “I’m a bit tired tonight.” It was a lie, but the whitest of lies.

Even though she wasn’t eager to perform for her guests, Romina’s desire was still rampant after witnessing the orgy, enjoying Lucy and breathing the stimweed smoke that had been burning in the braziers all night. Dev allowed Romina to lead the way, admiring the elegant sway of her hips and buttocks as she walked up the many steps to their private apartment. He had anticipated a night of careful, gentle lovemaking; he was completely wrong in her intentions.

The moment they approached the bed Romina twisted him around and pushed the bigger man on to the bed, face up. She was on top of him in a flash, pulling

his manhood back out of his breeches and hurriedly working it with her hands. "Ready for me?" she asked eagerly, not waiting for an answer.

There was a wild look in her eye. Dev had seen the same look in other women, it was lust backed with a long period between satisfaction of physical pleasure. She crawled on top of him and guided his stiff member into her hot and wet sex. She sighed with delight as he slid deep into her.

"Carefully," he warned her.

"Don't worry," she said. "I'm ready for you." Without further preamble she started pumping her hips up and down, enjoying the length and silky smooth feel of his cock inside her.

Dev was surprised, not just at her unexpected enthusiasm for coupling so soon after her encounter with the troll, but that she wasn't stretched out and loose like an old whore. She was tight and firm, not too tight like a virgin, but perfectly fitting him. He could feel her internal muscles gripping him.

"You're tight," he told her, surprised at her enthusiasm and feel.

"I know," she grunted, grinding down her hips. "I feel good."

"You're not sore from last night?" He was surprised.

She hesitated just a moment before answering him. He wasn't sure if the hesitation was from her reluctance to answer or because she was too busy humping his cock. "A little," she admitted. "But it's a good kind of sore. Let's me know I'm still alive." She bit her lip, concentrating as she ground her hips down and forward, rubbing her tiny button of pleasure on his pubic bone.

"Faster," he urged her, thrusting his hips up at her.

Romina planted her hands on his shoulders and balanced herself on her knees so that she could work her body up and down faster. "Uhh, uhh, uhh," she breathed in and out, squeezing Dev's cock as hard as she could. She couldn't wait any longer and reached down between their bodies, found his sack and firmly twisted his balls to make them spill out their seed. It was just what he needed to finish and his heavy ejaculate flooded into her. She collapsed against his chest and shuddered with the pleasure he had given her. Everything was as it should have

been in the northern tower of betrothal.

Except messengers had been dispatched to every important lord in the realm with the rumor that Princess Romina might be carrying a bellyful of a troll's spawn.

Chapter Three

“It’s not at all like that, Father,” Romina complained into the stone’s grill. She hated these new magical devices; they never worked like the wizards always promised.

“So there wasn’t a troll trying to kill you,” her father asked. His voice was distant and cold, as if he were shouting to her from a long distance away in their old castle residence.

“Well, there was,” she admitted, but skipped over the details of the encounter.

“You wouldn’t believe the stories that are going around here,” he said.

She sighed inwardly and rolled her eyes, it was a bad habit she had never broken herself of from her teenage years. “It’s the court, Father. It lives to feed to stories and rumors and the more fantastic the better.” She tried not to let any bit of quaver into her voice for that would surely give her away. If the stories at court were true...

“One says that you and Dev invited a squadron of trolls to your betrothal party and allowed them to participate at the...celebration...taking the favors of all your ladies. Is that true?” It wasn’t so much a question as it was a demand.

This time she let her exasperated sigh go audibly through the stone call connection. “Of course not, Daddy.” She used her childish term of affection for him to placate his fears. “I’m sure half the court wants to believe that because you know they don’t want me to marry Dev.” That was true enough. Dev’s family was minor enough in political influence and wealth, so his marriage to her, a princess, though a minor and distant one to the royal bloodline, would begin their ascendancy back into the good graces of the court.

Once she ended the overly long and involved stone call, placing the heavy rock back in the protective velvet case created by the wizard’s guild with the assurance that the stone would never break while stored inside, she climbed the steps back to the tower top room where she and Dev had made their temporary home. Almost all her maidens and his men at arms had left to go back to their regular duties away from the tower. Only Delma and her friend Lucy remained with her, while Dev had replaced Ord and Ven with two others of his retinue, Nes and Tof.

The choice of Lucy had been easy, for the girl had so ably and willingly assisted in the betrothal orgy, and she had requested that her best friend be able to stay behind as well. It was a good choice for the girls were barely young enough to serve as ladies to a princess, but were also eager and enthusiastic in the bedroom with whatever partner or game Romina chose.

The warriors were also willing, though at times Romina had trouble telling the two apart because they were so alike in appearance and manners—they also claimed to be cousins, a fact she did not doubt. Her next few months in the tower would pass in relative boredom. It was little more than a game of waiting, although tradition had it that the lady of the tower would make as many attempts as possible to ensure she was with child so the marriage would take place with the blessing of a first born child or a happily pregnant lady. Romina had taken every opportunity to copulate with Dev to ensure she was with child, she even winked and nodded at tradition by allowing Nes and Tof to enjoy the warmth of her sex channel, not worrying where they finished their desires. Even this slightly deceitful act was considered part of the ritual tradition; the bloodline was strengthened by bringing in outsiders so the royal blood wouldn't go stale, even if a man of noble blood was actually raising the child of another man.

Upon entering the tower top room, which she and Dev had taken over as their bedroom, she found Lucy face down on the bed with Nes (or perhaps it was Tof) behind her, slowly fucking the girl. Each time he thrust his hips forward his taut abdomen would slap against Lucy's rounded buttocks causing them to shake fetchingly. Each thrust Lucy greeted with an admiring moan. She admired the lovemaking between the two for a few moments before interrupting them.

"You aren't supposed to be doing that on my bed," she informed them in her false-haughty voice.

"I told them to," Dev said from behind her. She hadn't even noticed him when she came up the stairs, partly because he was half-hidden behind Delma's body that was bent over a stool. Lucy couldn't see for certain, but she knew his cock was planted firmly in the girl's cunt. Delma was very quiet during sex, giving almost no indication of her pleasure or pain, only her face gave her away. And right now Delma was on the edge of ecstasy; she was biting her lower lip and gripping the cushion of the stool with her clawed fingers. "I like to have something to watch while I fuck Delma."

“She’s too quiet, I agree.” Romina took a seat near the bed and continued to watch the two couples in their mating. Although built entirely of granite, the tower had been imbued with some magical warming system in the rocks that kept the inside of the tower at a comfortable temperature year round. Romina was happy to spend her days and nights in a constant state of undress, except for her possession anklet and a few other bits of jewelry. It was freeing and exciting to be ready to serve Dev instantly.

It didn’t take Nes long to finish. Once he filled Lucy’s pussy he rolled off her exhausted. Romina watched as his seed slowly leaked out from between her legs; she kept her self control and didn’t immediately dive between the comely lass’s thighs. “Where’s Tof?” she asked instead.

“Downstairs sleeping,” Lucy mumbled into the mattress.

“She wore him out earlier,” Nes laughed.

Romina arched an eyebrow at the randy young girl. “You’re going to wear out my betrothed’s men at arms and we’ll be without protection.”

Lucy just giggled into the mattress. “I hope so.”

The conversation was momentarily suspended as Dev let out a strangled cry indicating he had reached his climax and Delma sighed in satisfaction as she was filled with the thick seed of Romina’s husband to be. Oddly she wasn’t jealous; she liked watching Dev take his pleasure in other women. It was beautiful to watch two people copulate like the gods had intended, and sometimes in ways the gods could never have imagined. Maybe her absence of jealous was because she was reassured by the fine metal chain that circled Delma’s waist. The tiny charm that hung from the chain was assurance that she couldn’t be impregnated, as guaranteed by the witches of Corven who sold the charms to jealous husbands, worried fathers and slutty young girls.

But that couldn’t be it for Lucy didn’t wear a similar belt, and based upon her rate of copulation, it was highly likely she was already with child, and yet Romina still liked to watch Dev with Lucy as well, even though he might be siring her baby. It was obvious the girl wanted to catch a bellyful, every opportunity she had she tried to get any of the men to deposit their seed in her cunt. It wasn’t that she refused to pleasure them orally; she simply wanted them to finish in her.

Withdrawing from Delma, Dev staggered to the bed and collapsed next to Lucy. She lazily reached out and fondled his wet, semi-flaccid cock, perhaps encouraging him to rise again and mount her once more. “What happened in your stone call to your father?” Dev asked with his eyes closed. Apparently Lucy’s attentions weren’t having the desired effect on him for he remained soft.

“Rumors are flying though the court,” Romina reported. “Apparently we had an orgy that only involved trolls and demons and who knows what else.”

He opened an eye. “And what do they think...”

She waved her hand dismissively. “Who cares what the court thinks.”

“You should,” Delma pointed out. She had wiped away the remains of Dev’s spunk from her sex and thighs and was apparently ready to join the conversation now. Lucy had drifted off to sleep and was lightly snoring in the bed covers. “You’ll be part of the court soon enough.”

“Too soon for my taste,” Romina complained.

“Then celebrate now,” Delma told her.

“That’s what I’m doing,” she replied with a wicked grin. “I have something new that arrived last night by delivery owl. I’ll need your help to use it though.”

She took Delma by the hand and led her to the small sanctuary off the main bedroom. From a storage cabinet she removed a small wooden case and opened it exposing a heavily padded interior that contained a massive glass phallus.

Delma’s eyed the object skeptically. “I’ve seen dildos before,” she said. “But that’s huge. You won’t be able to use that.”

Romina grinned wickedly at her lady in waiting. “Oh, I’ll be able to use it all right. And you’ll be the one to help me.” From the bottom of the wooden case she grabbed a jar of salve and led Delma back to the main bedroom. Lucy was still sleep on the bed but Nes was gone. Dev was idly running his foot up and down the back of Lucy’s leg to watch her twitch in annoyance so he could admire her jiggling buttocks. His interest in the sleeping girl disappeared when his wife-to-be crawled onto the massive bed opposite Lucy while holding the massive glass toy in her hands.

“What are you doing?” he asked with more than just a passing whiff of arousal.

“I’ve got a new toy to play with,” she told him, displaying the dildo to him. He grunted in appreciation.

“You’ll never get that inside of you,” he said, seconding Delma’s opinion.

“I will,” she declared. “I’ll just need a little help from my maid.” They watched as Romina manipulated the base of the long shaft to reveal that it opened much like a corked bottle.

“It’s hollow?” Delma asked. “Why?”

“For good reason,” Romina said, handing the large toy to the maid. “Kneel on the floor,” she ordered. When Delma complied the princess gave her next order. “Now pee into it.”

“What?” Delma asked, more than a little surprised at the command.

“The glass needs to be heated,” Dev explained, instantly understanding the motive behind the request. “Your urine will warm it and maintain the heat.”

“There’s no way I’m going to be able to fill that,” she told Romina.

“Don’t worry about that,” Romina replied. With a dismissive shrug Delma positioned the opening to the glass shaft between her legs and relaxed her bladder muscles. She aimed carefully so the stream of yellow liquid didn’t spill onto the floor. It was a fairly easy task considering the size of the phallus’s opening. Dev watched, faintly aroused, as the maid micturated in front of him. This was normally an activity relegated to the outhouse or the relative privacy of a closet when using a chamber pot. He found the sight intriguing, especially as Delma—contrary to what she claimed—was able to fill the massive shaft over three quarters to the top. After letting the last few drops dribble in, she carefully placed the cap over the dark yellow liquid and handed it back to Romina. Dev didn’t watch this, but instead kept his eyes focused on Delma. She wiped away the tiny bit of pee remaining on her nether lips with her fingers, then stuck her fingers in her mouth to suck away the salty treat.

He was expecting Romina to complete the filling of the dildo herself, but instead she knee walked over to him and held the toy out to him. “Finish filling it,” she

ordered him.

“In front of the two of you?” he asked.

“You enjoyed watching Delma pee for me, now we’ll get to watch you.”

Dev hadn’t realized the extent of Romina’s kinks. If that’s what she liked, then who was he to question her. He had put on a robe to keep warm, but now pulled it back exposing his semi-flaccid cock. Holding the dildo in one hand and his manhood in the other, he finished filling the clear glass cylinder and marveled that the combined heat of his and Delma’s piss was already warming the heavy glass.

Being careful not to spill a drop, he sealed the end of the tube and handed it back to Romina.

“I’d rather see cum shooting out of it than pee,” was Delma’s only comment as Romina settled back on the bed, opened the jar that accompanied the dildo, scooped out a liberal amount of the salve and smeared it across her pussy lips. “And this I’d rather see than anything else in the world right now.”

The craftsmanship on the phallus was incredible. It looked to Dev’s eyes exactly like a man’s super rigid cock except it was dark yellow with piss, three times as wide as normal and twice as long. Romina needed both her hands to handle the massive beast, which she did with great skill, working it over the outer surface of her lips and pudenda, slicking the head’s surface with the salve.

“You’ll never get it in,” Delma said, her eyes shining with lust and anticipation.

“I bet she will,” Dev contradicted her. “A slut like her can take anything into her cunt.”

Romina grinned wantonly at her husband-to-be and started easing the giant cock into her pussy. The rounded head easily slipped past her pink lips and into her sex hole. That was the easy part. She paused for a moment, letting the warmth of the gigantic cock spread through her pelvis, and then rotated the long shaft in her pussy, smearing the salve up inside her. Her juices were already running down the smooth shaft, preparing it to go deeper.

“Do it,” Dev encouraged her. He leaned forward in his chair, semi-hard cock

poking up between his legs, watching her performance.

“She won’t be able to take any more of it,” Delma said. “It’s impossible.”

Romina grinned, settled back into the bed, raised up her legs, closed her eyes, and pulled more of the slippery shaft into her body. It was an amazing feat to watch. But even Romina could only bring half the dildo’s length into her pussy. When she finally met the end of the depth, a deep, groaning sigh escaped her lips.

“Does it hurt?” Delma asked in a whisper.

Romina took several deep breaths, her chest rising and falling very carefully as she let herself become accustomed to the fullness of the shaft. “No. Yes, it hurts, but it feels so good at the same time. Help me,” she asked, motioning her head to indicate Delma to come closer.

“Help you how?” Delma asked, cautiously moving forward.

“You need to run the dildo in and out of me. I need the sensation to cum.”

Like any good lady in waiting, she didn’t refuse her princess’s request. Kneeling between Romina’s legs she took the pillar-like phallus in her hands and starting working it slowly back and forth. She was nervous about possibly hurting her mistress and so took too much caution.

“Faster, harder!” Romina barked out. Delma wasn’t performing as she wanted and that was completely unacceptable to a woman in her position. A woman with a giant dildo up her pussy should get anything she wanted.

Worried, Delma looked over at Dev, who simply nodded in agreement with Romina’s orders. He, too, wanted to see how Romina would perform under such stressful conditions. In the back of his mind he remembered that Romina had desired this exquisite torture and pondered what type of woman he was planning on marrying.

Delma redoubled her efforts, increasing the speed and force she was using to shove the toy into Romina. Once she did the princess screamed out in pleasure and pain.

“Ahh! Gods above!” Delma paused for a fraction of a second. “Don’t stop!” Romina ordered with fire in her eyes fierce as a summer storm.

It was difficult keeping a firm grip on the dildo for not only was the surface smooth and almost texture-less, but it was slick from the salve and Romina’s juices. It was good that the monster dildo was more than enough to satisfy the princess, it didn’t take long for her to cum once Delma had taken over control of the toy. Suddenly her body froze and she stopped breathing, her feet came down and planted into the mattress, driving her hips into the air as her back arched. Her scream of pleasure alarmed Delma enough to freeze in her motions, then to try and jerk the phallus out of Romina as quickly as possible.

“NO!” the princess cried out. “Leave it in.” Tears were streaming down her face. Delma wasn’t sure if it was because of the pain, or her of the power of her orgasm, or both, or something else entirely. For the first time since being chosen to spend the princess’s brooding time in the tower, fear gripped her heart. “It feels so good inside. It feels right.”

Delma looked to Dev for instructions, instead of just nodded his agreement or not, he got up from his chair and joined Delma between Romina’s legs. “Let me,” he told her softly.

Romina was still breathing heavily, as if she had just run a marathon or fought her way through a legion of goblins. Her face and chest were flushed and her skin was covered with a sheen of sweat. Dev could sense she was still fully aroused but was rapidly coming down from her high. To leave the phallus inside of her would stretch her out more than was safe, instead he started to ease the massive tool out of her sex. As each inch slipped out, Romina seemed to climb back toward another climax until the head was clear of her lips and a gush of liquid issued forth from her pussy. Her legs trembled with a spasm that gave evidence of the power of the false cock that had been inside her.

Dev rolled the massive cock away from Romina and lay down next to his lover. She seemed almost in another world, as if the sensations she had just experienced had transported her to a plane of pleasure no human should have experienced. Unconsciously she curled up next to the hard muscled body of Dev and slipped off to sleep.

Delma watched them, a bit of a jealous twinge in her heart for as much fun as it

was having sex with the other five residents of the tower—especially Lucy and Nes—she still missed the intimacy of fucking with her own husband-to-be back in the city. It was to him she had promised to wear the pregnancy belt. He had even bought the golden chain that circled her waist and set off her dusty olive skin perfectly. Although he had given her the chain as a gift to ensure the inviability of her womb, it had the unintended secondary effect of giving Delma permission to fuck anyone she wanted.

But now she wasn't going to be fucking a man or a woman. After seeing the power of the giant glass phallus inside of Romina, she wanted to experience that same powerful orgasm herself. She took a place on the bed and spread her legs open, scooped up some of the salve just like Romina had. It was slippery and sticky at the same time, and warmed her nether regions quicker than a man's cunning tongue. Hefting the still hot toy up in both hands she introduced the head to her cunt, but only managed to slip in the first few inches before she hesitated. It was the hesitation that proved her undoing.

Her motions alerted Dev to what she was attempting and he left his sleeping betrothed and gently, but firmly pulled the glass shaft away from open sex. "Don't," he warned her. "It's dangerous."

Delma was shaking, from fear or anticipation she couldn't say, but only nodded and allowed him to take it away from her.

"Why would a toy be dangerous?" Lucy had woken up from her nap and had been watching the end of the masque with detached interest.

"If you put something that big up your cunt, you'd probably be split in two, that's why it's dangerous," Dev told her.

"It's not supposed to go up a woman's cunt," Lucy said dismissively.

"Then where should it go?" Delma asked nastily. "In her ass?"

"No, neither," Lucy answered with a roll of her eyes. "It's a joke toy. You don't actually use it." Both Dev and Delma looked at Lucy as if she were explaining the finer points of transpositional non-geometric magic. She sighed again with frustration and started over. "My family makes all sorts of sex toys. Everything." She paused and smiled to herself, as if remembering something that couldn't be revealed to anyone else, but would remain a wonderful memory to her. "This,"

she indicated the massive piss-filled dildo, “is a coque-di-urgey. Everything sounds sexier in the old language. It’s supposed to be an ogre’s cock. It’s supposed to be given as a joke, usually as wedding gift. It’s supposed to be an example of how inadequate her husband’s cock actually is, compared to other men. You aren’t supposed to actually use it.”

“What happens if you actually do?” Delma asked, alarmed.

“What kind of woman could get that up inside her cunt?” Lucy asked dismissively.

“Apparently Romina,” Dev said, looking at the sleeping form of his wife-to-be.

Lucy snorted with half-laughter. “Yah. Right.” Then she saw the expressions of both Dev and Delma. “You’re not kidding.” She was in awe. “How did she do it.”

“Very carefully,” Delma said. “It was wonderful to watch.”

Lucy took Dev by the hand. “You’re going to have a lot to measure up to.”

Chapter Four

It wasn't even a week later when Romina dragged Nes into the bed she shared with Dev. "Come on," she taunted him. "He'll do anything I say."

"Is that so?" Dev asked sleepily. He had just fucked Lucy a few hours ago and had been sleeping off his orgasm. She was gone and now the bed was moving with the weight of the two new bodies.

"Yes it is," Romina said in her superior-status voice. "I have special needs and you can only fulfill some of them. Tonight, I need two men."

"Why?" Dev asked. His cock was still soft, but he knew soon that Romina would reveal some new, secret kink she had to try before she was a married woman.

"Because I need two cocks, I need to be filled up." It had become a common theme for Romina lately. She wanted to feel full. That was why she had actually used the coque-di-urgey. He could only imagine it was because she had been raped by the troll. He could only imagine what she wanted tonight.

"We both can't fuck you at the same time," he said, wondering how she expected to get both of them inside her pussy at the same time. It was wrong, her pussy was supposed to be for his pleasure only, but the idea of it made his cock stir.

"Yes you can," she contradicted him. "I'll take you in my cunt and Nes will have my ass."

It was hardly an unusual request considering every other sex act she had asked for or performed since their time together in the tower. It was also just enough to stir him before Romina's mouth closed over his cock. Her mouth was warm and wet, making him stiffen almost immediately. She sucked on him as hard as she could, she knew he loved that. He responded again, rolling his hips and groaning at the back of his throat.

"There," she announced, "I knew you'd want to go along with my idea."

"You've a slut," he told her.

"I know," she replied, hiking up the hem of her silk nightie she wore when the nights got particularly cold, exposing her wet and ready quim. She still hadn't shaved her pubes down to the extent of Lucy and Delma, choosing instead to let

her body show of its natural golden blonde curls. Dev didn't care how she styled her hair. The full hair made her pussy soft and fuzzy, in high contrast to the nearly nude slits of Lucy and Delma that were slick and smooth. He liked both; but Romina keeping her pubes full made it easy to tell her apart from the other girls in the dark of night.

Their actions were almost second nature now and Romina easily mounted Dev's erection. She kept her nightie on, so her breasts remained hidden behind the white silk. "Lay down and lay still," she ordered him, pushing down on his shoulders so that she could raise up her ass, exposing the shapely double globes to Nes. He was already erect. It hadn't taken much to excite him. Both Nes and Tof were eager and willing studs, ready to fuck any of the three women at a moment's notice. They were uncomfortable actually penetrating Romina, especially if Dev was not watching them, but when she had come to Nes with her proposal, it was all he could do to stop himself from taking her right then and there.

"Use the salve," she called to him over her shoulder, while tightening her cunt muscles on Dev's cock. He shuddered slightly with her actions. "And hurry up, I need you."

Nes worked quickly, covering the head of his cock with the sticky slick substance and then bending down to closely inspect Romina's tiny entrance. The brown rosebud was tight as he pressed his finger against it, pushing in some of the lubricating salve. Romina inhaled sharply when he slipped his finger all the way in but did not discourage him at all. Nes liked his couplings to be rougher than the other two men, that was why she chose him to take her anal bud, but now for some reason he was being too tentative.

"Quit fooling around and put it in me," she ordered him, that look of fierce determination on her face. "fuck me."

He nodded. "Right," he agreed, introducing his shaft's head to the now slick anal entrance. He pushed forward and found she opened up easily, taking his cock into her dark depths with little effort or pain.

"Yes," she moaned, shuddering slightly as he worked all the way inside her. It was tight, but not too tight for him. He had certainly had other asses that had been tighter. It was good, very good. He was startled slightly when he felt

movement within Romina's body. He realized a moment later it was Dev moving his cock in and out of her cunt. "Yes, yes," she moaned. "Very good. Now fuck me, fuck me hard. I'm so full of cock..."

She seemed to be in an almost dreamlike state, her head was flopping around either in pain or pleasure to the motion of the men's cock inside her body, but her body was perfectly still, balancing her weight on her hands and knees, allowing them both to fuck her at the same time. It was odd to Nes to feel another man's cock inside the woman he was fucking, but that only added to the sensations that made then entire situation even more erotic. He wasn't a boy-lover so he avoided catching Dev's eyes, instead concentrating on watching his cock go in and out of Romina's ass or admiring the curve of her hips. It wasn't that he cared if other men wanted to fuck men, but he didn't particularly find the idea exciting and looking at Dev while fucking his wife-to-be in the ass was an unsettling situation.

"Harder, faster," Romina barked at the two of them. They redoubled their efforts; Dev thrusting upward trying to slam into her pussy and pleasure nub as hard as he could while Nes tightly gripped her hips and started working his cock in her like he was fucking a pussy instead of a woman's ass. It didn't seem to matter to her that he was practically beating her with his body, she seemed to enjoy every thrust, every pounded blow. Their legs were tangled together, there was barely enough room for their bodies to fit together and the exercise and closeness of their bodies caused them to sweat heavily, making every bit of skin slick. Pinned as she was between the two men, she couldn't move. This only heightened her pleasure.

Although Nes considered himself an accomplished cocksman, it was he who came first, filling the empty void of Romina's ass. This was enough to push Romina over the edge and she cried out in pleasure and pain and longing. Seeing Romina's face in a mask of ecstasy, pleasure and pain combined because she was too full, was enough to get him to cum as well.

Nes pulled out of Romina's ass when he was done, letting her pulsing brown rosebud slowly close up behind him. He discretely slipped away and the two betrothed lay in each other's arms, Dev's slowly softening cock still inside her body.

"That was wonderful," she whispered in his ear. "We'll need to do it again."

He shuddered with anticipation at what his future wife would think of next.

Chapter Five

Delma was buried up to her nose in Romina's pussy. The princess had discovered that she liked receiving oral pleasures from the women much more than the men. When Dev or his men-at-arms went down on her it was always for one of two reasons: Dev wanted to get her wet to penetrate her easier or they simply wanted the delight of seeing her cum. They all told her that her orgasms were the most beautiful to watch and she suspected they went down on her just to watch her reaction.

When one of the girls went down on her, it was because they desired to give her pleasure, there wasn't necessarily a need to make her cum, but that was often a nice secondary effect. As a result the little deaths the girls gave her were even more powerful than with the men.

It was nice to look down at Delma's slightly dusky face framed between her raised thighs and resting on her bed of golden curls. Usually Delma kept her eyes closed and concentrated on licking and sucking all over her pudenda, but every once in a while the other woman would open her eyes and see what Romina's reaction was. It was a beautiful feeling having another woman between legs giving her pleasure just for the joy of it.

She didn't like it that Delma suddenly pulled back and looked at her princess quizzically. "What?" she asked, exasperated and upset for Delma had been building her up to a nice plateau of pleasure.

"You taste different," Delma said, licking the moisture off her lips.

"Every woman's flavor changes throughout the wax and wane of the moon," Romina said, her anger rising slightly. She just wanted Delma's face back where it belonged: buried in her quim.

Delma shook her head, but her smile became large on her face. Her white teeth shone, matching the sparkling excitement in her eyes. "No, that's not it. You're pregnant."

Although a thrill of excitement ran through her body, Romina refused to believe her. "I am not."

The dark haired woman lowered her mouth and tasted Romina again. "Oh, but you are. But there are other ways to check other than by simple taste." She got

up from the mattress where she had been laying and knelt between Romina's thighs. She inserted two fingers on her left hand into Romina's slick, wet sex and pressed forward, searching deep inside her princess. With her right hand she pressed down on Romina's lower abdomen, searching for her ripening womb.

"Ow!" Romina complained when her lady-in-waiting found the right spot.

"Oh, you've got a bellyful all right," Delma announced, pulling her fingers out of Romina's sex and licking off the tangy juices.

The breeding princess beamed at her lady. "This is wonderful!" she cried.

"Ready to go back to the city and make the proclamation?"

She ignored the question and answered herself. "Now I can fuck all of the men together. Get them all now. I need to have them all in a row."

Slightly puzzled by the princess's reaction, Delma got up and raced out of the bedroom to find the rest of the inhabitants of the tower. Romina watched her go, admiring the way her pregnancy belt accentuated her hips and set of the jiggling globes of her ass. She sighed and slipped her hand down between her legs. No use letting the feeling fade while her lady rushed to find the men to fulfill her needs. She didn't slide her fingers into her cunt for she knew there was no possibility that her hand would be enough to fill her—even the men's cocks were barely enough—but she kept them busy teasing and playing with her tiny pleasure bud until a noise at the stairs brought her out of her sexual reverie.

"Delma said you were in need of my services," Tof said, announcing his presence. He must have been by himself, unconcerned with the needs of the girls for he was fully dressed in his under-uniform. The tight shirt and loose fitting loincloth made him an immediate object of her desire. Though not excitingly handsome, he was rugged and muscular; that's what she wanted now.

"Yes, I need you go fuck me." She turned her body slightly and parted her legs to display her pink and wet sex, ready to be mounted.

Tof hesitated. "Dev doesn't want me or Nes fucking you in the pussy. He wants to make sure it's his kid in your belly."

"Delma didn't tell you?" she asked, sliding one hand invitingly down her inner

thigh. “I’m already carrying his child. I can’t get pregnant a second time until I birth the child. Come,” she told him, waving him forward with her free hand, using the other to play with her golden curls and tease her bright red sex bud.

He wasn’t a man of stern self-discipline. A woman telling him she needed to have him was all he needed to know. Tof pulled off his garments, displaying his already raging cock and crawled onto the bed with Romina. She grabbed his manhood and guided it into her hot sex.

Tof was pleased. He had seen and heard her desires to be filled as completely as possible over the past weeks, even though he was more than adequately endowed to please any woman, he had seen the giant glass phallus she had used on herself and knew there was no way he could compete with that. She was surprisingly tight and enjoyable. Romina hooked her ankles around his back pulling him forward deeper into her with each thrust. Tof wasn’t a man of fine desires either, it didn’t take him long to finish and spend his seed inside her closed womb.

His hot flood was enough to push Romina into a little death; she held her breath as the wave of pleasure broke over her body.

“Very good,” Dev said from his position at the top of the stairs. Standing next to him was Nes. Both men were already nude and sporting hard cocks. Dev gave Nes a light shove with his shoulder. “Go ahead and have her,” he invited his other man-at-arms. Tof got off of Romina’s desirable body, showing her violated cunt already dripping with Tof’s white seed. Nes always enjoyed a good, wet and sloppy pussy; Romina welcomed him with a hand around his cock, guiding him into her, and a deep kiss to show her appreciation.

She was so wet from Tof’s leavings and her own natural juices that Nes had trouble finding an angle and rhythm that gave him the right amount of friction inside of Romina’s pussy. Still, she was an enthusiastic and beautiful lover and he didn’t want to disappoint her. He pounded away at her, feeling every inch of her cunt as he slammed into her with workmanlike regularity. Romina realized he was having trouble achieving orgasm so she did what any good princess would do to assist her bedmate. She grabbed the base of his cock around his scrotum and used her other hand to work around his hips and explore the cleft of his buttocks. He didn’t stop his thrusting as she groped around his sensitive regions, in fact he seemed to relish what she had in mind. All it took was a

simple twist of his balls and firm pressure on his anus with her index finger to make his climax erupt up from his groin and out the tip of his cock.

His seed joined with Tof's making Romina's cunt a soggy depository of copulation fluids. She didn't care what happened to her now, she was little more than a pleasure center with a body attached.

Dev took no time in waiting for Nes to leave; he all but pulled the man off his future wife and plunged his own cock into her abused sex hole. She was wet and sore by this point, she loved the humiliation and the abuse. Her nerves sang with pain and pleasure, unable to distinguish between the two sensations. She only half-recognized the man who was to be her husband, the man who's child she was carrying.

"Fuck me!" She cried. "Rape me! Use me!"

Lucy and Delma had gathered in the room to watch the spectacle. It was both erotic and unnerving. While Lucy was excited and thrilled by the wanton abandon of her princess, Delma found it slightly disturbing. No woman should be such an object of sex, just sex and almost no pleasure, in her silent opinion.

Dev was a blur of action, moving so fast the eye could barely follow him. If he was trying to pleasure Romina, it hardly showed for she was little more than a target for him to abuse. Even given his strange behavior, Romina didn't seem to mind, she cried out in both pain and ecstasy, waiting for him to fill her womb once again with his powerful white seed. It didn't take long before he too finished inside of Romina, calling out to the gods above with a strangled cry and collapsed against Romina's abused body.

Lucy had watched the proceedings with rapt fascination. She curled her arm around Delma's waist and asked, "Isn't it beautiful?"

Delma didn't answer, she only looked at her younger friend in mild amazement. "That's certainly one point of view," she finally said.

"Here, feel," Lucy said, taking her friend's hand and bringing it to her belly. Delma misunderstood and dropped her hand lower, searching for Lucy's quim. "No, not there, silly, up here." She redirected Delma's soft hand upward, just above the pubic bone. Delma's experienced fingers probed her friend's belly and discovered her womb too was full and ripening.

Chapter Six

“You’ve become an embarrassment to the family!” her father thundered at her.

“It’s my right to celebrate my pregnancy with anyone I choose,” Romina replied coolly.

“That doesn’t include fucking every stable boy, half-prince, and scullery maid in the palace!”

“I never fucked a scullery maid,” Romina said, her voice taking a haughty superior tone. “She was a washer girl. Very pretty too.”

“Look at you,” he said changing the subject, unwilling to argue about the fine details of who were lovers were. “You can’t go around the court dressed like that!”

Romina glanced down at herself, fully aware of what she was wearing. Her breasts had already swollen with her pregnancy so they were barely contained by the thin white silk chemise she wore to cover her torso. Not that it mattered she was wearing it at all for her bright pink nipples were clearly visible through the nearly-sheer material. Except for the translucence of the material, it was in the style currently being worn in court, beyond the fact that Romina had her seamstress split the front of the chemise exposing her swelling belly to all. Although her skin was smooth and glowing, the outward brashness of her mode of dress was the talk of the court. She had taken to wearing a more suitable bottom garment a combination of skirt and undergarment that showed off her legs and rode low enough on her abdomen to expose her entire belly. This was bad enough, her father had been nearly apoplectic when Romina had come to a court dinner wearing just the chemise and a lace groin strap that exposed her buttock and gods knew what else to everyone. Her shoes and stockings seemed to be afterthoughts, designed to stress the inadequate coverage of her other garments.

“Why not?” she asked. “There are no rules against it. And not only does the king seem to like my gowns, it seems I’ve started a bit of a trend among the court women.”

This was true. The women’s clothing had become more sparse and outright lascivious over the past few months since Romina’s triumphantly pregnant return. And it was also true that the king, too old to know better, was a great

admirer of Romina's new mode of dress.

"The king is nearly senile," her father retorted. "And he was easily moved by a pretty face all his life." He didn't press the issue of her role in the change of court styles.

"That's very nice, Father. You shouldn't talk about the king that way. Now if you'll excuse me, I have an appointment." She tried to step around her father who hadn't moved from the doorway since he had entered her apartments. "You'll need to move aside, Father."

"You're embarrassing the entire family," he hissed at her. "You're carrying the child that will be forty-third in line for the throne! And you're carrying about like some common slattern selling her body on the street!"

"I'm no common slattern," she said, taking false offense. "I'm a high quality slattern carrying the child that will be forty-third in line for the throne."

"You mock me!" His face turned red with anger.

"What chance does the forty-third in line have for the throne," she shot back. "It's nothing more than a tool to keep foolish nobles in line, Father. Now step aside!"

"Going to fuck another one of your whores?" It was little more than an insult, that's what their relationship had degenerated to. "It is a boy or a girl, or doesn't it even matter to you? What about your betrothed?" He grabbed her arm to restrain her.

She shook off his sweaty fingers. "He's off fucking some new conquest, and happily I might add. And for your information, I'll be meeting with the queen tonight. Check with her secretary if you like. I'll be in her chambers if you need to discuss this further."

Showing the athleticism of a teenage dancer, instead of a very pregnant woman, Romina dodged and slipped around her father and into the hallway. He did not pursue her. She walked through the palace hallways, nodding to those she knew and recognized, ignoring those beneath her station. Presenting herself to the pair of guards at the doors to the queen's apartments, she was quickly ushered into the sitting room where the queen had created her own smaller version of the

court.

Queen Sefayia had married young and married smartly. She was the second wife of King Pridias XXIV, the first having died more than twenty years ago shortly after childbirth. Sefayia had cemented her position in the royal household by marrying a man more than twice her age and then giving him a son. It didn't matter to her—or anyone else now—that she was just over forty and her husband was well into his seventies. While the king spent his time attending the affairs of state he could still comprehend, Sefayia was busy conducting her own life.

“Romina,” she greeted the young princess with a kiss on each cheek and holding the girl's hands in her own. She lifted Romina's arms up to more closely examine her swelling belly; it had the secondary effect of displaying Romina's charms for the queen and the others in attendance in her small court. “I see you are looking well. Baby is growing?”

“Yes, your majesty.”

“Excellent.” Sefayia seated herself in the large comfortable chair that dominated the room, leaving Romina standing to be admired and ogled by the others in the room. The girl didn't mind the attention, in fact she desired it. “Do you know why I've summoned you here tonight?”

Romina shook her head. “No, your majesty.”

The queen smiled thinly, clearly not fully believing the pregnant girl. Her jet-black hair hung straight down her back and shone in the room's candlelight. Keeping an old style alive, Sefayia maintained her skin in the palest shade of pink and painted her lips bright red. Her casual black evening gown was a tight bodice that accentuated her breasts and hips, kept her arms and shoulders bare, and clung to her slim torso like a second skin. The skirt swept the floor put slits up the side exposed her soft thighs. She laughed lightly at Romina's answer. “I doubt that. You've had quite an effect on the court since your return from the tower.”

“Thank you, your majesty.”

Sefayia's tone was ice cold. “That wasn't necessarily a compliment. I don't mind change, but I like to be the one to generate it, not some young slut who just discovered what that hole between her legs is for.”

Romina shifted uncomfortable before the queen. Now she felt the other's eyes on her for the first time. Some faces she had recognized upon entering the room, a few she did not, and a handful had shared her bed both recently and before she had been to the tower. A thrill of nervous energy ran through her body.

"I'm sorry, your majesty," Romina bowed her head in shame. She wasn't one to normally fall down before an angry presence, but the queen carried herself like the true ruler of the country.

"No, you are not," she snapped at the girl. "If you were truly ashamed of your actions you wouldn't have undertaken them in the first place."

Romina opened her mouth to reply, but thought better of it and said nothing.

Sefayia's smile softened ever so slightly. "You are a quick learner. I'm glad. I'm also glad you know what your body is for. But I can't have you wantonly bedding everything that moves. You need to act as a lady of your station. You are not to rut with the stable boys in the barns; you are not to fellate the kitchen help behind the scullery, you are not to bury your face between the legs of the chamber girls. Do you understand me?"

Romina hadn't been aware that she had been so closely watched by the queen and her spies. "Yes, my queen, I understand you."

"Good, I think you do. It is lucky for you that you are so beautiful. Other women in your position have had unfortunate accidents in the past."

That would explain a lot of strange deaths in the court over the past hundred years, Romina reflected. "Thank you, my queen."

"Excellent. Now I know a girl like you has a lot of energy that needs to be worked off. And of course there is simply your base sexual desires that need to be expressed, but also kept in check in a positive way."

"Er, yes, your majesty," Romina agreed, not knowing what else to say, not understanding what was being said.

"It is the province of the queen to create societies to see to the order of the palace and the kingdom. You are familiar with the Order of the Garter for knights who have served bravely, yes?"

Romina nodded in agreement.

“Do you know the Society of the Weeping Rose?”

Romina searched her brain. “No, I’ve never heard of that.”

Sefayia gestured to those in attendance of her private court. “Everyone here is a member. Soon you will be too.” She smiled warmly now and leaned forward. “The Weeping Rose is a secret society, perfectly secret. Any whisper of our existence by a member who should have known better...” She trailed off and pursed her lips. “Why be coy? You’ll be killed.”

Romina swallow hard. “I don’t suppose I have a choice, do I?”

“Smart girl. No, you do not. But the nice thing about the society is the companionship we offer one another. Now, you are a beautiful young woman. Come prove you want to be a member of the Weeping Rose.” She held out her hand and Romina walked unsteadily forward to the foot Sefayia’s throne. “Kneel,” she ordered.

This won’t be so hard at all, Romina thought as the queen pulled up her long skirts exposing first her legs and then her quim. It was pretty, even for an older woman who had given birth to three children. When she raised up her legs, letting her heels rest gracefully in cleverly hidden cups on the chair’s ornately carved trim, Romina noticed that the queen chose to shape her curly black pubes into a tall thin triangle. If the queen thought a little lesbian activity would put her off, she was sorely mistaken. Romina eagerly leaned in and lightly kissed the queen’s nether lips.

Sefayia sighed lightly as the on lookers murmured their approval. Taking this as a good sign Romina extended her tongue and licked the queen from her bulging pleasure bud, up and round her thick black curls, back down to the bud and then traced her thick labia all the way up and down. The queen made a slight sound of encouragement and Romina plunged her tongue all the way into the queen who released a steady flow of her juices.

It was almost like drinking from a stream, her flow wouldn’t stop. Romina wondered if the queen was pissing in her mouth, but the taste was that of a woman’s natural, tangy flavor, not the salty bitterness of urine. It wasn’t like a stream of piss either, it wasn’t steady; there would be an occasional spurt each

time Romina's tongue found the queen's pleasure bud or hooked deeply inside her quim, touching her most sensitive spot.

She was almost certain this was a ritual test or initiation, for although the kingdom had always had an open attitude toward homosexuality to actually perform such acts on her queen was supposed to be an act of humiliation or subjugation. When she felt her skirt being lowered to her knees, fully exposing her buttocks and glistening sex to the audience, she knew that she had already been accepted into the society.

The cock that entered her was thick and satisfying to her hungry cunt. It wasn't nearly as large as what she would have desired, but it was better than what she had been getting over the past few months in the palace. When she tried to turn her head and see the man who was fucking her, the queen grabbed her face and held her tightly to her cunt.

"No," Sefayia said. "It must be secret, anonymous."

Romina looked up into the queen's eyes and nodded her head slightly to signify her understanding. She was satisfied with the princess's response, and settled back with a sigh. Apparently Romina wasn't the main attraction for the night for the man who was first to take her didn't bother finishing. After little more than a minute he pulled out and left her unfulfilled. A moment later he was replaced by a different man who's cock was smaller, nothing tiny, but certainly nothing noteworthy either. He didn't last long either and also didn't finish.

It was a process that repeated several times. The man who took her from behind would only thrust for a minute or two, then pull out without finishing. It was both frustrating and an erotic tease. She didn't become used to each cock before it was gone. After more than a dozen men had penetrated her, she began to wonder how long the process would last when the next cock to slip into her wet quim wasn't from a man.

It was too smooth and the wrong texture and the wrong temperature. It wasn't unpleasant, not to Romina, just different and she liked different. When a pair of hands grabbed her hips and the thrusting started, Romina understood. It was a woman who was fucking her. When their hips came together she could feel the harness pressing on her buttocks. She didn't know what the phallus plunging into her was made from, but it wasn't at all unpleasant. The woman having sex with

her followed the same ritual as the men who preceded her. She thrust for no more than two minutes before pulling out and then being replaced by a new subject. The next person was also a woman—although Romina acknowledged that it could have been a man wearing the harness if he couldn't get his manhood to rise—wearing a different hardness and dildo. The next succession of her anonymous lovers were all women as well, though she started to suspect that some were repeats of the same cycle. After the dozen or so women were done, the process started to repeat; only this time they men and women alternated. It wasn't unpleasant, but the fucking was so tentative that she couldn't derive any real pleasure from the experience. She wasn't able to reach a peak of excitement and die the little death. It was the most exquisite, gentle torture she could image. And all the while she kept licking and sucking on the queen's most delicate lips and bud.

It was hard to judge the queen's orgasms, they came certainly, usually accompanied by an extra flood of her rich liquid, but not always. Sometimes was just a slight shudder of her body or the sharp intake of breath. Finally she was done with her too-many-to-count orgasms and pushed Romina away. The princess was tempted to turn around and catch a glimpse of the man who had been fucking her, but he withdrew quickly and Sefayia wasn't going to let her see her lovers. "Eyes down!" she ordered. "Bow your head. Hands behind your back."

Romina did as she was ordered, crossing her wrists behind her lower back. Her head and torso were low enough to the ground that her tits were chilled by the cool floor. She found the position slightly difficult to maintain because of her growing belly, but she wasn't going to let that stop her from honoring the orders of the queen. She felt binders slipped around her wrists and tightened until they were firmly in place. "Stand." This order wasn't from the queen but from another voice behind her, a man's voice.

She knew it wouldn't matter that it wasn't the queen giving this order, she had to obey. It was a struggle getting to her feet, her belly was starting to throw off her sense of balance and her bound wrists made her arms useless, but eventually she prevailed and stood proudly before the queen. A cold knife blade was slipped under her camisole and the straps were cut, rendering her all but completely nude; she only retained the stockings on her legs. Moisture trickled out of her sex and down her legs, making her inner thighs glisten and shine in the candlelight.

“Very good,” the queen complimented her. “You have the skills it will take to survive in our society.” Sefayia looked beyond Romina and ordered, “Bring her to me.”

Hands grabbed the princesses bound arms and marched her up to the throne. Without further ceremony she was all but thrown across the queen’s lap, her shapely buttocks pointing into the air, exposing her wet sex to the queen’s critical eye. Sefayia placed the palm of her hand on Romina’s smooth skin. “Very nice, you’ve maintained yourself nicely. Let’s see what kind of endurance you have. Don’t cry out until you have to, we honor those who can transmute pain to pleasure.”

With that she brought her right hand sharply down on Romina’s left buttock. A crack filled the air and for an instant the princess thought her skin was on fire. She almost reflexively cried out in pain, but kept control of herself and only gave in to a sharp intake of breath. The queen sighed in delight. “If only you could see this, dear girl, your skin is just the right shade of pale. The blood rushing to your beautiful bottom makes your skin turn the perfect color of pink. We’ll have to put you on display for the society. But first, let’s see if we can turn it red.” And then her hand came down on the other side of Romina’s ass.

The princess inhaled sharply again but maintained her composure. She had endured the rape of a troll, she could surely endure a mild spanking from her queen. There was the burning rush to the fine skin of her ass again as the queen watched and waited for the reaction. “Very nice. Very nice indeed.” She looked up from the girl’s inflamed skin. “Get me my gloves, Geoff.”

Romina stiffened. While surely the queen wasn’t going to cause her real permanent damage, she had something in mind. Knowing obedience to her liege was critical she didn’t turn her head to see what was happening, but tried to catch the audience’s actions from the corner of her eye. It was almost useless, but one of the larger men, wearing nothing more than a loose harness around his chest and a thick silver ring around the base of his cock. He handed Sefayia a pair of thin black calfskin gloves. The queen took her time putting on the fine, supple gloves making sure each finger was seated correctly all the while balancing Romina on her lap. Only when she was ready did she again place her hands on Romina’s reddened skin.

“Let us resume, shall we?”

Romina gave no indication she had even heard the queen; it didn't matter. Sefayia quickly smacked Romina's bottom three times in succession on each side. The tiniest of peeps escaped her lips. The pain caused flashes of light in her eyes and her legs to shake. It was wonderful; so strong were the sensations that her sex started to moisten again.

"Very good. More then."

The queen was an artist of this torment. She varied her pace and rhythm while raining blows down on the soft, white skin that covered Romina's curvaceous buttocks. Sometimes she would use the full palm, other times just the fingers, occasionally she cupped her hand creating a completely different sensation. Every inch of the girl's ass was attacked, all the way from her lower back, down across the broad expanse of flesh, out to the edge of the hips and into the fine crevice of her anal cleft, then back down to the succulent flesh right above the lower buttock crease and down to the upper thighs. Sefayia made sure the coloring was equal all around before hardening her blows to get an unconscious reaction from the girl.

She was impressed. Romina had great self control and had already learned how to convert pain to pleasure, as evidenced by the steady flow of lubrication from her cunt. Still, she wouldn't be satisfied until the girl broke on her knee. The already sensitive flesh was red and inflamed. It wouldn't take long. Sefayia had a lifetime to perfect the tormentor's art and she was a grand master of the skill.

It started first as a gasping, mixed in with the wiggling of her body and her normal breathing, but Sefayia could sense the change. She kept up the steady spanking, now concentrating on brute force rather than subtle sensations for the girl was young and needed to be firmly taken in hand. The gasping soon converted to sobbing and that resulted in a cry of pain and sorrow as tears burst forth from Romina's eyes.

She was embarrassed, ashamed, that she hadn't been able to resist Sefayia's spanking. Romina's body shuddered with her cries and tears streaked down her face. She was barely aware of being lifted off the queen's lap, being set on her feet and being embraced and kissed by Sefayia.

"You did wonderfully, girl," the queen complimented her, holding her tight and kissing her cheeks.

“Th-th-thank you,” Romina responded automatically between her sobs. Her hands were still bound behind her back and she wondered when she would be released. The presence of the queen’s body was comforting, especially because the queen was fully clothed and she was still nude. Sefayia tilted her girl’s head upward and placed a firm kiss on her lips. Romina responded automatically opening her mouth to accept the queen’s tongue as it explored her mouth.

“Good girl,” Sefayia whispered in her ear. Then the queen’s hand was between Romina’s legs, searching out the girl’s slick pleasure bud. The fine calfskin gloves didn’t hide any of the girl’s sensitive parts to her probing fingers. Romina’s body stiffened as Sefayia’s fingers penetrated her pussy while her thumb rubbed the bud around and around in ever-intensening circles. “Just let yourself cum,” she whispered. “You’ll feel so much better afterwards. Convert the pain to pleasure, the pleasure to pain.”

Romina gasped several times and her legs wanted to give out and the rest of her body was frozen in too-powerful pleasure. Then it was impossible to breathe at all.

“Let it cum,” Sefayia ordered her, once again reverted to her regal voice.

“Let it cum,” the audience echoed.

It was remembering and realizing she was on display to an audience that finally pushed her over the edge. “Ahhhgggh!” Romina screamed as her cunt gushed forth her pleasure juices and her body collapsed again the queen. A moment later the world went to gray, then black, as she passed out.

Chapter Seven

She awoke the next morning safe in her bed. Her body was sore and tired, the skin of her buttocks was still inflamed, but she felt wonderful for the movement of the baby inside her swelling belly was what woke her.

“Good morning, Princess Romina,” a girl’s voice said upon seeing the pregnant woman was awake.

Romina blinked several times and tried to focus on the maid who was in her apartment. It wasn’t unusual for a maid to be there in the morning, but most simply went about their duties and hid from the nobles. This one was obviously waiting for her.

“Morning,” Romina mumbled, kicking back the bedclothes and stumbling to her feet. The girl was immediately there to assist her. She was pretty enough, though plain and unremarkable. Her brown hair was tightly bound back into a braid that nearly reached her waist. She wore the typical uniform of the palace maids, but there was something different about her. Maybe it was the way she carried herself or her attitude; it didn’t bother Romina. “What are you doing here?” she asked, swaying unsteadily and bleary-eyed. She was nude, as was her usual habit in sleeping; because she spent so much time now unclothed it didn’t even occur to her to pretend modesty in front of the maid.

“Queen Sefayia sent me. Members of the Society of the Weeping Rose get their own personal attendants.”

“What if I don’t want one?” Romina was generally cranky in the morning.

The maid smiled. “That doesn’t matter.” She pulled up her skirt and pulled down the cotton panties covering her quim. It wasn’t a sexual advance, she was displaying an elaborate tattoo of a black rose placed next to the crease of her leg and abdomen, located low enough she was forced to keep all her pubic hair shaven to display the thumb-sized rose. “I’m a member of the society as well. A common member; I serve, I don’t participate, but it is still a high honor for one not noble-born. I don’t know why the Queen brought you into the society, but I’m honor sworn to defend the society’s secrecy. Do you understand me?”

It took Romina a moment, but she understood exactly what the maid was implying. Unfortunate deaths occurred all too frequently among the nobility. “When do I get a tattoo?” she asked.

The maid laughed. “Noble members don’t get tattoos, this is only for a commoner.” She indicated the elaborate red and black tattoo once more, then pulled her undergarment back into place and dropped her skirt. “You’ve been given jewelry to mark your membership.” She indicated Romina’s ankle.

Surprised that she hadn’t notice the fine chain adorning her leg previously, she tried to twist her leg and foot around to admire it. It was simple enough to be unremarkable, but elaborate enough to be the decoration of a noblewoman. She could just make out the links weren’t simple circles, but instead each link was a rose connected in a series by the stems. “It’s pretty. Does every member get one of these?”

The maid started to roll her eyes, but remembered her place and stopped herself. “Of course not. If every member carried the same symbol, the society would be revealed all too easily. But every member has to carry a rose symbol at all times. Mine is obvious. So is yours. I’m sure you’ll get more as time goes by. Now, would you like a bath this morning?”

Romina was still admiring the anklet and absently answered, “Yes, that would be lovely.”

The maid exited the room and opened the taps of the water for the oversized tub in the adjoining bathroom. She returned with a chamber pot. “Shall I assist you?” the maid asked.

This was unusual for Romina. Although she was noble-born, she wasn’t used to a maid taking care of every intimate personal need. “Yes,” she agreed and squatted above the porcelain bowl. She let loose a stream of urine that quickly filled the bowl as the maid watched. Romina couldn’t tell if the girl was fascinated by Romina’s lack of inhibition or was disgusted by it. She was a good servant and gave no outer indication of her opinion either way.

When Romina was finished emptying her bladder the maid reached between her legs and wiped away the few remaining yellow droplets. Romina’s loins tingled with the girl’s touch, but gave no indication she wanted to enjoy more pleasure with the girl. Instead she simply stood up and walked to her bath that was almost full. The maid accompanied her and added more oils and scents before Romina could walk down the three steps into the bath she asked, “How do I remove the anklet?”

This question caused the girl to giggle again. “You don’t. It stays on until cut off.” She then became deadly serious. “You don’t cut it off, either. No one leaves the society.” The maid then gestured with her hands. “Please enter the water so I can bathe you.”

She had been serious about bathing Romina. The princess took a seat that had been carved out of the stone that formed the deep bath while the maid stripped off her uniform and joined her in the water. She wasn’t there to frolic or relax; the maid was all business, applying soaps and shampoos to Romina, making sure every bit of her skin was fresh and clean. Whatever oils she had added to the water served to calm Romina’s inflamed skin and soon the pain was gone. The maid stood her up when she was done and carefully inspected her handiwork. She clucked her tongue and shook her head.

“Your bush is too wild. The queen likes everything neat and tidy. I’ll have to shave you.”

“I don’t think so,” Romina contradicted her. “I’m a woman, not a little girl. I keep my curls.” Although the maid had full breasts and curved hips, she fully shaved her pudenda. Romina didn’t care if the girl was offended.

“You don’t have to be shaved clean, but you need some edging done.”

Romina reluctantly acquiesced and nodded once. The maid lead her to the edge of the giant tub and helped her up onto a small reclined shelf. Much like the queen’s throne there were footrests secreted in the edge of the tub so that Romina was able to almost fully recline with her knees up and legs splayed with her pudenda just under the water. The warm, moist air in the enclosed bath kept her skin from chilling.

The maid produced a thick cream and a sharp razor. There were adjustments to the seat built into the pool’s side and the maid carefully spun the wheel moving the gears that raised the seat just barely out of the water. She then spread the cream in a neat triangle around Romina’s sex and then set to her skin with the razor.

The princess tensed up the entire time the maid was wielding the razor, dragging it across her sensitive pale skin. It was almost impossible for her to watch the maid’s skilled fingers as her previously thick and wild bush was pared down to a neat and dignified triangle. From seemingly nowhere the maid produced a mirror

so that Romina could look down at her now manicured sex and admire the handiwork.

“Much prettier, don’t you think?” she asked.

Romina carefully inspected her exposed labia. “If you say so; but I prefer the natural look.”

The maid used a soft cloth to remove the last bits of hair and cream from Romina’s pudenda. Then, almost without the princess noticing, she slipped a pair of her fingers between her nether lips and carefully stroked back and forth a moment. Romina sighed unconsciously. She couldn’t control the cravings of her body. “You’re wet,” the maid pointed out unnecessarily. “A bit sticky too. That shows high desire. Your cunt is red and ready. Would you like some relief?”

This was an offer Romina couldn’t refuse. “Yes, please.” She settled back into the reclining seat and waited as the maid eased the chair down a bit more into the water, then submerged herself and kissed the princess’s freshly shaved pussy. Her tongue quickly found Romina’s pleasure bud, already a hard nubbin of desire. It was nice to have a woman’s face between her thighs again, even if the woman was just only a commoner. But she was a commoner with an uncommonly talented tongue. Not only did she know exactly how to flick her bud just right to cause a shiver to run from Romina’s pussy up her spine and back down, but her tongue could delve deeply into her depths and find the ridge of tissue that caused her to clench her thighs together and wish the tongue away.

There was no reason to delay her orgasm. This wasn’t about pleasure-play or pair bonding. It was simply relief from built up tension. Romina brought her hands up to her tits and squeezed her nipples sharply as the maid worked her pleasure bud hard. Her relief flooded through her body with a satisfying shudder.

After a moment’s rest she looked down at the girl whose cheek was resting comfortably on her thigh waiting for further commands. “That was very nice.” She stopped short of thanking the girl, she was just a commoner after all. A thought occurred to her. “What is your name, anyway, girl?”

“Melva,” the maid said, a small smile on her face.

And so it went for Romina. She had a maid-girl who served her every need. She was joined in her bed on an almost nightly basis by her husband-to-be Dev when

he wasn't out hunting trollops and women of low virtue. On those nights when she was without her betrothed she went to the queen's court where she was a surprisingly popular attraction. She thought that her growing belly would be a deterrent to most of the men wanting to copulate with her. That was far from the truth. Most were more than eager to see to her pleasure, some even went so far as to withdraw from her sex at the time of their climax and spray their seed on the taut skin of her belly. At that point some would simply admire their handiwork, others preferred to rub the sticky white fluid into her skin. Romina enjoyed both actions, though she much preferred it when they would finish inside her, but for some strange reason many of the men didn't want to do that.

Queen Stefaiya was concerned that Romina wanted more and more men to fuck her on the same night. Not that it was unseemly, but because she started to fear for the baby's safety.

"You can't just have a dozen men slam into you every night," Stefaiya patiently explained to her one late afternoon as they shared tea before the evening meal. The queen had taken the habit of inviting several of her favorites for this ritual. Little now was said of Romina's state of dress, or rather undress. She continued to expose as much of her skin as possible, accentuating her growing belly and breasts. Not one of the other two in attendance at the queen's tea, Asmirilda and Amyras, seemed to be the least offended by the very brief outfit Romina wore today. She had sailed into the small tea room wearing a jet-black brassiere pushing up her breasts to their maximum display. Her torso was otherwise completely bare. A pair of pantaloons covered her hips, loins and thighs, with the leggings flaring out to show off her still shapely calves. As usual she went barefoot so that all could see the silver rose anklet that adorned her leg. "It's not good for you or the baby."

"But it feels so good," Romina said while licking honey off one of the tiny pastries that always accompanied the tea. Asmirilda and Amyras giggled at the comment and the way Romina stressed the word good.

Stefaiya's response was a steely-eyed silence.

"You wouldn't deny a woman her right to satisfy her needs, would you, your majesty?" Asmirilda asked to break the silence.

"No, of course not," she answered. "But there is more to think of rather than just

the needs of Romina.”

“If I don’t get my needs satisfied in your court,” Romina said, sounding like a petulant child, “then I have a dildo in my apartments that would shame most horses. It usually serves my needs.”

Amyras giggled at the princess’s statement. “You don’t really mean that,” she said.

Romina put her hand on top of Amyras’. “Come to my bed tonight and I’ll show you. No, wait, come to my bed tonight and I’ll use it on you. You’ll love it.”

“That would be more acceptable than filling your sex with all manner of dangerous toys and men’s cocks,” the queen declared. “Amyras, would you be willing to see to Romina’s needs until she births her child?”

“I’m sure she will,” Romina piped up. She was eager to bed Amyras for the girl was young and beautiful, like so many members of the society, and she seemed reluctant to go to bed with another woman. Romina liked a challenge.

Put on the spot, unable to deflect a direct request from her queen and the eager willingness of Romina—lately the queen’s favorite—she simply nodded her head in agreement. Almost too eagerly Romina dropped her hand off Amyras’s arm and slipped it between the girl’s thighs. Whatever her actions were regarding her reluctance at bedding another woman, Romina could feel the dampness seeping through the girl’s tight pantaloons. She could smell Amyras’s desire in the air.

Romina smiled at her prey. It would be a lovely evening.

Chapter Eight

“Aahhhrrghh!” Amyras cried out in pain. Romina was kneeling between the girl’s splayed legs holding her giant glass phallus trying to ease it into Amyras’s tight sex.

“You need to relax, girl,” Romina said with compassion. She enjoyed seeing the noble-born lady suffer, but there was no reason to let her know that. “You can take this inside of you. Just think of the pleasure you’ll get once it’s inside of you.”

Amyras was clutching the bed sheets and her body was covered with sweat. Before even trying the ogre-sized toy on the girl she had first been careful to prepare her. Amyras proved to be very easy to bring to orgasm. Stripped of her clothes Amyras boasted a surprisingly lithe and taut body. Her tits were small, but that wasn’t a problem. Romina liked variety in her sex partners. Amyras had allowed her maid to do more extensive shaving than Romina. Her thin patch of curly pubic hair was carefully carved into that of a four winged butterfly. Romina thought it was a silly thing to do, but she was more than willing to delve into Amyras depths regardless of how she decorated herself.

It wasn’t necessary to do much more than lick the girl’s swollen labia for more than two minutes before she cried out in orgasm. Romina was surprised and somewhat miffed. She wanted more of a challenge with the girl. Apparently she was easy to get off, but was reluctant about going to bed with another woman. Silly girl. “Do you always cum so easily?”

The girl hadn’t come down from her high yet. “Uh-huh,” was all she could manage.

“Then let’s see how many times I can make you cum,” Romina declared and reached for the girl’s small pink nipples. Lying on her back the girl practically had no tits at all. Romina didn’t mind. She gently rolled and pinched the nipples listening to Amyras’s moans of pleasure. It was hard to believe Amyras was actually reacting this way and not just performing for Romina’s benefits. Still, Romina enjoyed it and went so far as to take the girl’s nipple in her mouth and started suckling like a baby. That was enough to push Amyras over the edge again and the girl shuddered with another orgasm.

Romina laughed.

“What’s so funny?” Amyras asked when she was under full control of her faculties again.

“You cum so easily. If I could do that, I’d be one walking orgasm.”

“It’s not as much fun as it looks,” Amyras said sourly wondering why she ever agreed to go through with this.

“I’ll be the judge of that,” Romina said, slipping her hand between Amyras’s thighs and pushing two fingers inside the girl’s sex. She was warm and wet and ready for more. Romina took her time with Amyras, bring her to climax again and again until she finally deemed the girl was ready. She smeared her bright red labia with the sticky salve and started easing the enormous dildo into the near-virgin girl.

“Argh! Stop! It hurts!”

“I’ve seen you fuck men,” Romina hissed at her. “You just need to relax and let it inside of you.”

Amyras continued to scream and cry all the while Romina keep forcing the glass phallus forward into her.

“It’s too big!”

“It’s just big enough. Stop acting like a virgin.”

Slowly, ever so slowly, with screams and tears and clenched teeth, Amyras accepted the oversized penis into her cunt.

“See,” Romina whispered in her lover’s ear. “I knew you could do it.” She kissed her on the forehead while Amyras breathed in a short, sharp staccato pattern and held her legs up in the air by grasping herself behind the knees. “How many times did you cum when I was doing that?” she asked ever so softly in the girl’s ear.

Between her sobs Amyras managed to mewl out, “Three.”

Romina stroked her hair for a few minutes, keeping the overlarge phallus inside the girl letting her become accustomed to its size and power. When she

determined the time was right, she let the dildo slip out. Amyras gave a cry of relief, certain she's never return to her normal size again. Romina kissed her lightly on the lips and got up on her hands and knees.

"Now it's my turn." She handed the slick curved rod to Amyras who reluctantly moved off her back. "I like it from behind; it lets me know I'm being dominated by a real man. Let's see if you can do as well as the men in the society."

She arched her back and spread her thighs, exposing her red and wet pudenda. Amyras wouldn't even have to kiss or suck the older woman to get her ready. It was odd seeing a woman with such a large set of tits and a huge pendulous belly getting ready to be penetrated, but Amyras knew how the Society of the Weeping Rose worked. She knew her duty. Putting the head of the smooth phallus against Romina's glistening lips, she pushed gently and was surprised to see how easily it slipped inside the pregnant woman.

"That's good," Romina said over her shoulder, looking with satisfaction at the surprise in Amyras's eyes. "Keep going. I'll tell you when to start rotating it."

Romina found Amyras's technique to be adequate but hardly fantastic; but she was still young, just barely nubile, out from her mother's apartments. After dismissing the girl from her bed so that she might get a full, satisfactory night's sleep, Romina passed into a deep slumber with the most disturbing dreams.

She found herself on hands and knees in a troll's cave. It wasn't a dirty and disgusting cave, but clean and dry, at least the small portion of it she could see in the flickering torchlight. Her view was blocked because a troll's cock was shoved halfway down her throat and it was next to impossible to see around the monster's large torso. She could see little more than the creature's gray-green skin and the bristle-like hair that covered most of its body.

It felt good to have the troll's sex organ in her mouth and down her throat. She had prided herself on being a good cocksucker while working her way through the palace and the Society of the Weeping Rose, but this was better than any of the men she had encountered before. Truly, the troll was vile, with cold, leathery skin, a round fat belly and a musky smell that while not all that unpleasant was distinctly not human. She had taught herself how to take overly large cocks into her throat without gagging but this was more than she had ever encountered before. It was so huge that she could barely breathe through her nose and her

teeth scraped against the sensitive organ's skin for she couldn't get her lips to cover her teeth as human males liked. The troll didn't seem to mind, each scrape of rawness seemed to urge the beast onward.

But it wasn't just the cock in the mouth that made her happy. It was the one in her quim. It was huge. The exact size of the one she had trained her body to accept. She couldn't say for certain that the one insider her now was the model for the dildo she had used on herself, but it felt that way. She couldn't see the troll fucking her from behind, but that didn't matter. His organ was the perfect size for her abused cunt.

It was then she realized her belly was no longer swollen with her pregnancy though her naked breasts still hung heavy and full. It was good to be used and abused this way; she couldn't think of it as rape any longer. How could she think of this mating ritual as rape if she enjoyed it so much? Was she reliving what she had already been through or was this something new? Where was the baby? She needed to cum, nothing else mattered right now. She needed to be filled with the too thick seed-fluid of the trolls. She needed to be carrying their offspring.

The trolls knew what she needed. She wanted to cum hard and be full of cock. The one fucking her from behind sensed this and knew what to do. A gob of spittle landed on the curved cheek of her ass and the troll wiped it with his thick, stubby fingers to cover her tight brown rosebud. She shivered with anticipation, ready to be violated with another huge cock, but instead the troll shoved his blunt finger into her tiny hole, hooking downward, searching to make her scream with pleasure.

It worked. Never before had she been so full of both pleasure and pain. It hurt in exactly the way she wanted making her scream out to announce her state of ecstasy.

She woke up from the dream screaming. It was the same scream she had uttered in pain and pleasure. Back in her bed she was curled up into a near-fetal position, wrapping herself around her ever-growing belly. Her hand was between her legs, manipulating her pleasure bud. Dev lay next to her, excitement in his eyes as he had been watching her masturbate.

"That was wonderful," he said, "Can you do it again?" His cock was erect and ready. It had only been a dream and Romina hadn't been satisfied by her fingers.

She got up on her hands and knees and offered her raised ass to him.

Chapter Nine

Romina was surprised at the pain of childbirth. She had figured between her many partners and the giant dildo—plus her initial rape by the troll—that her sex would have been stretched out enough to easily accommodate the head of a baby. It turned out she was completely wrong.

“Aaargh!” she screamed. It wasn’t a scream of converting pain to pleasure. It was just pain alone.

“Push,” the midwife said unhelpfully.

“Shut up!” Romina screamed.

The old woman was unmoved by Romina’s reaction. Truly she had seen it all before and the reaction of the pregnant princess didn’t move her at all. Romina’s violent reaction to labor had quickly cleared the birthing room of all those who had come to gawk at the event. Only a few were left behind, Dev, his mother, her aunt and the midwife. After throwing anything and everything she could get her hands on, the room was soon abandoned by everyone except the midwife—at her suggestion. It wasn’t the first time she had dealt with a difficult mother.

The contraction ended and the midwife frowned as she poked and prodded at Romina’s hugely swollen belly. The night before Romina had been reveling with a cock in her cunt as she eagerly lapped the juices of one of the ladies in the queen’s court. Some in the Society of the Weeping Rose had chuckled when her giant belly nearly formed the apex of a triangular support that was based on her knees, but Romina was proud of her belly and the child within. But none of the women complaining when Romina licked their pussies and the men were more than happy to deposit their seed in her already fertilized womb. Even though she wasn’t slowed by her pregnancy, Romina knew her size was much larger than normal; it was the only evidence of the secret she held within her belly.

“Humpf! Twins,” the laconic old woman finally announced when she finished her examination.

“What!” Romina burst out, already exhausted from the effort and length of her labor that had yet to produce any results.

“Haven’t told the father yet? You should have known.” The crone clicked her tongue and peered between Romina’s legs again. Normally Romina would have

loved the attention, but now she was just annoyed.

“How would I know there was more than one baby?” Romina puffed as she felt another contraction coming.

“Always that chance. Especially when you have more than one lover.”

Any response Romina had was cut short by another strong contraction and an agonizing scream of pain.

“You’ll have to decide what to do with the babies soon. You wouldn’t be the first mother to get rid of one.” The old woman was blasé about it, but Romina—even in her pain—realized that the crone would probably be happy to sell one of her babies to a barren couple who could afford the midwife’s price.

“I’m keeping my children,” Romina grunted through the pain.

The midwife paused but a moment then said, “As you wish.”

Her response was drowned out by the volume of the princess’s scream.

“Do you want to display both to the father?” the crone asked some hours later after the babies had been expelled from Romina’s womb.

She had been thinking about her answer for some time. It was easy to give. “No, just the girl for now.”

“As you wish.” The girl, the firstborn twin, was already firmly wrapped in a swaddling blanket, but the nurse added another one before she exited the birthing room.

“And keep them outside, I don’t want any visitors.”

“As you wish.”

Romina held the boy twin in her lap; it too was swaddled in too many blankets. She looked down into boy’s face and decided it truly was an ugly child. Not deformed or imperfect. Just ugly. And the old saying was true, she easily realized, it was a face only a mother could love.

When the midwife was gone and Romina heard the acclamations of approval at the appearance of her daughter, she struggled her body out of the bed and stumbled over to the door. Every step was pure pain, but she could work through pain and bleeding, and making it to the heavy oak door she closed it firmly, but silently. She slid the thick black iron bar into place so that no one might enter. Only then did she think about what she needed to do next.

And she had no idea.

• • • • •

It had been several hours since Romina had locked the door. And several more hours after that of pounding on the door, pleading, begging, threats and all other assorted methods of coercion to get the princess to open the door.

“New mother anxiety,” the midwife said while rocking the slightly whimpering baby girl. “It happens.”

“Not to my wife,” Dev said angrily, kicking the door once again. “Get the king’s guards,” he barked at Nes. “We’ll break down the door with brute force if need be.” He turned back to the door. “Do you hear that, Romina? We’re coming in there whether you want us to or not.” He stormed around the room while the maids and others in attendance scrambled out of his way. “First time in a year she wants to be alone. Maybe she fucked everyone in this palace and doesn’t know what to do now.”

Nes then returned, accompanying six of the king’s guards carrying a small battering ram more suitable for storming a rebellious lord’s stronghold than knocking down the door to a princess’s bedroom. Upon seeing the size of the ram, the midwife stood up and announced, “I think I’ll find a wet-nurse.” Most of the other guests left with her.

It only took one blow from the ram to smash open the door. The wall shattered where the bolt had been driven into the stone spraying rock fragments across the room. Dev rushed in before the guards had a chance to put down the ram. Nes was on his heels ready to prevent the young lord from doing something foolish.

The room was all but empty. The child and the princess were gone.

“Where is she?” Dev screamed, first at Nes and then at the puzzled guards.

It only took a minute for Nes to figure out where the princess had gone. There were scrapes in the stone around the far window. The most telling piece of evidence was the broken talon left behind. He picked up the hooked black claw and examined it.

“Trolls,” he muttered, showing Dev.

He turned and stalked from the room.

Chapter Ten

Romina was surprised at the nimbleness and speed of the troll. It took her and her child down the rocky face out the palace wall and jumped across the old defensive works with hardly a care. At twice the size of a full-grown man the troll could easily carry her and the baby and still manage to run faster than a galloping horse. Normally being kidnapped by a monster would be cause for alarm by a princess, but Romina was strangely relieved, as if she were fulfilling some part of her destiny.

The problem with traveling by troll-back was it was exceedingly boring. The troll wasn't exactly the greatest conversationalist in the world, the baby did little more than cry except when being fed or sleeping. The stops along their path were infrequent and barely gave her time enough to eat and pee before the troll grabbed her up again and was running again. She was certain even if the palace guards and her betrothed were to follow them there was no way they could catch up to the running troll, especially when they reached the broken mountain range and began climbing. His long arms and legs let him reach places that would simply be beyond the abilities of any human to climb.

Upon reaching the near-summit of the mountain the troll slipped in to a cave and they began climbing back down inside the mountain. The cave wasn't unpleasant. It was well lit with lanterns that gave off a pleasant smoky scent. The rock walls, floor and ceiling were well maintained, though carved from the mountain itself, it was obviously carved with great care and skill. Inside the cave she was much warmer for the trek to the top of the mountain brought them to near-freezing temperatures and even a light snowfall.

"So is this your home?" Romina asked politely. He still hadn't put her down and was carrying both of them through an impossible-to-follow network of intertwined passages.

The troll merely grunted.

"Do I get to meet your family now?" she asked half-sarcastically.

This meant nothing to the troll so it kept silent.

“You’re a wonderful conversationalist,” she complimented him.

More silence.

“You know, my betrothed killed the troll that impregnated me. Are you his brother? Father? Cousin? Old army mate?”

“I know,” the troll grunted at her. It was the most words she had ever heard him speak.

“Well, good.” She couldn’t think of anything else to say and fell silent, waiting to see what would happen next. It wasn’t long before the trek inside the mountain ended at a heavy iron door. The troll yanked the massive barrier aside and shoved her in along with the baby. The iron door slammed behind her and she could hear a heavy bolt being slid into place. She was certain she had just been locked in a prison cell. She was wrong.

“So nice to have new blood around here,” a woman’s voice said.

Romina turned around and was confronted by three of the most unusual women she had ever seen.

All were obviously human, or at least had once been human. It was obvious they hadn’t seen the light of day in a long time and had taken to their captivity well, if in an usual manner. All three were completely unclothed, though apparently they wore thin slippers to protect their feet from the stone floor; there was no need for clothing, the cave was more than warm enough.

The first woman was the shortest of the bunch, but sported wide, womanly hips. Her long black, bushy hair was tied back from her face with tangles of braids that were shot through with strips of leather. Almost her entire body had been tattooed with swirls and patterns of green-black ink; it was almost impossible to tell where her actual skin began and the ink covered. The second girl had scars all over her body, vicious red marks on top of her otherwise perfectly pale skin. Her fiery red hair was pulled back to a single tight ponytail that hung down to her waist. The scars, Romina noticed upon closer inspection, were actually brands like what would have been placed on a horse or cow. The marks formed an intricate, interwoven pattern all over her body. The last woman was just

strange to Romina's eyes. Her entire body was stained a deep green color, not quite black, but dark green like the sea. It was impossible to tell what her skin and hair color had been before, her hair was a slightly darker shade of green, what little there was of it. The hair on her head had been cut short, like a soldier would have beneath his helmet, and the hair that should be between her legs was completely absent. She was also obviously pregnant; her swollen belly bulged forward proudly. Romina felt the smallest twinge of jealousy, but then remembered she had her own child in her arms.

Strange as all of that might be, none of it could top the other decorations attached to their bodies. In addition to common ear piercings, all three sported large rings through their navels, even the pregnant green one. Romina could see various lip and other facial rings and studs. Between the tattooed girl's legs hung a pair of short gold chains; Romina couldn't see exactly, but was certain the chains were permanently affixed to her cunt. The one item that unified the three women, different in every other aspect, were the adornments to their breasts.

Nipple piercings of rings and studs weren't unknown to Romina; a few members of the Society of the Weeping Rose proudly wore such jewelry. But these women had studs placed through their nipples and then added bright gold discs, shields really, around the nipples, hiding the areola. It was odd that they were completely different, except for their modification of their breasts.

"New blood?" Romina asked, a little nervously. It was one thing to crave troll cock in the safety of the royal palace. It was another entirely to be facing strange women apparently the prisoners of a troll nest, that had been abused by the trolls for strange enjoyments.

"It's a little hard for only three women to service the needs of Dorgok. He's a randy little fucker," the scarred woman said. The other two laughed at her joke. "In no way is he little."

"Your baby?" the green girl asked, pointing at the bundle in Romina's arms.

"Yes."

"How old?"

"Four days."

“Who’s the sire?”

“I don’t know his name. He raped me and then my betrothed killed him.”

The tattooed woman snickered. “If he impregnated you and you still stand here alive and well, then he hardly raped you.”

Romina frowned angrily. “How do you figure that?”

Almost a full head shorter than Romina, the tattooed woman stood perfectly straight and gestured toward her loins. “Few women are able to accommodate a troll cock. Few still enjoy it. The rarest of women do both and a third: she carries the seed of a troll. You are the rarest of the three, you are like us, a troll breeder.”

All three moved in on Romina, surrounding her, not letting her escape. “Welcome,” they said in unison, then each proceeded to kiss her full on the lips.

The scarred woman took the baby out of Romina’s arms and admired him. “He’s starting to ripen. You’ve been suckling him?”

“Yes.”

“We’ll need to place your nipple shields soon. In just a few weeks he’ll get his teeth and the last thing you want is a troll baby biting and chewing on your tits.”

For all their fierce appearance the three women weren’t any different from other women in the world, be they peasant or noble. Their wants were simple, to have children and live well. They all admired the baby she brought with her to the trolls’ cave and were eager to give her advice.

“We’ll do your nipple shields first,” Brandy told her the next day. “Dorgok doesn’t care about them. He’ll start your modifications soon.” She absently stroked the scars on her arm.

“Who is Dorgok?” Romina asked.

“Only the chief of this troll clan,” Verdith answered. She was busy eating the remains of the massive breakfast brought by one of the servant goblins. The trolls wanted their women as large as possible when breeding for this caused their spawn to be large as well.

“You probably won’t see him for a few weeks, he won’t try to breed you until them,” Taffy said. She was nursing her own child. Romina found it fascinating. While her own baby appeared to be simply an ugly human baby, Taffy’s child, almost a year old, had already begun to ripen, his skin had taken on a green cast and the characteristic heavy brow and strong build of an adult troll.

“Breed me?”

“Why else are we here?” Brandy all but giggled. “We love troll cock and they breed us to produce their young.”

Even though she appeared immature, Brandy apparently had been in the troll’s cave the longest and had produced two offspring for Dorgok so far, making her the current favorite of the chieftain. She was regarded as the leader of the women and it was her duty to give Romina her nipple shields. It was obvious why the shields were necessary after watching Taffy nurse; the troll child fed with such enthusiasm that her breasts would have been completely savaged if not for the metal shields. The suckling child’s mouth was filled with small, sharp teeth that would have torn the woman’s flesh.

It was almost a relief when Brandy told her to lay down on one of the hard beds. She produced a kit of sharp instruments and carefully evaluated Romina’s nipples. The princess enjoyed the attention, her pink nipples coming erect at Brandy’s touch. “This is going to hurt,” Brandy warned her. Romina was certain the slight pain of a pinprick would be nothing compared to feeding a growing troll child.

She was almost wrong. The needle going into her nipple was as if a lance of fire had been slammed through her chest. Taffy held her down while Brandy worked quickly securing the large metal disc to her nipple with a large pin.

“Unholy fuck!” screamed Romina.

Brandy looked at her with a mixture of sympathy and amusement. “Hurts, doesn’t it?” she asked.

“Yes,” Romina agreed, almost crying.

“We’re half done,” Brandy reassured her and picked up her needle again.

It was better after it was done. She felt more a part of the group while wearing the shields. Taffy made her pain go away by reaching between her legs and manipulating her pleasure nub. The pain caused by the piercing Romina easily converted to pleasure and was easily brought to orgasm.

Chapter Eleven

After that, her life became one of pleasure and ease. Goblins took care of whatever minor needs they had, food was provided, she nursed her child and the four women played sex games to pass the otherwise empty time. Romina was most impressed with the number and variety of toys given to them by the trolls. She was told they were all handmade the trolls who apparently were master smiths and craftsmen.

Romina was intrigued by the pair of fine gold chains laced through Taffy's labia. It was intricate work on both the chains and the piercings where the chains penetrated her flesh. In essence the chains were an interlaced barrier preventing and substantial penetration of her cunt. It was easy enough to slide the chains through the flesh holes and Romina found this fascinating. She would spend hours manipulating Taffy's chains to both women's amusement and pleasure.

"Can Brandy give me chains like this?" she asked after steeling her determination to will herself through the pain to ornament herself like her lover. Her face was inches away from Taffy's cunt and she teased the other woman by sliding the chains back and forth and sliding her finger deep into the woman's pink wetness.

"No," Taffy sighed.

Romina was miffed. "Why not?" She licked the length of one chain terminating her stroke on the large pleasure nub at the apex of Taffy's pierced cunt.

"Only Dorgok is allowed to do body decoration," Brandy explained from her seat on the opposite side of their sleeping quarters. She had been napping lightly, only paying half attention to the other's activities. "Except for the shields."

"I thought you did them all," Romina said.

"I do, but only at Dorgok's orders. You'll have to wait for what he decides is right for you."

“But I haven’t even met him. How would he know what’s right for me?”

“He’ll know,” Brandy said confidently.

She didn’t have to wait long for his decision. One morning the iron door was opened to allow the servant goblins to deliver breakfast and the most massive and majestic troll she had ever seen. He was grim and heavy browed, his green-gray skin taut against his powerful muscles. The chieftain only wore a loincloth and that promised the most massive cock Romina could ever imagine. She was dumbfounded by his presence, unable to say a single word. He just stared at her a minute, evaluating this prize that had been locked away for a month.

He stood still, watching Romina breathe, and then said one word to Brandy before he left. “Horns.”

None of the other women had spoken or moved when Dorgok had come into their chambers. Only after he left was Romina able to find her voice.

“What did he mean?”

Brandy looked slightly shaken; she was contemplating how she would fulfill her owner’s request. She couldn’t even look at Romina. “You’re getting something new.”

“What am I getting?” Romina asked nervously. It was the first time she had any anxiety since coming to the troll cave.

“You heard him,” Brandy snapped. “Horns.” The other woman was visibly shaken by the decision even as she went to the chest that contained her tools and started sorting through the supplies. “You won’t want to be awake for this,” she said, turning around with a crystal vial of yellow liquid in her hand. “Drink this.”

“What is it?”

“It’ll make you sleep,” Brandy explained, putting the vial in Romina’s clenched fist. “Trust me, you’ll want to be asleep.”

Her hand shaking slightly, Romina popped the cork on the vial and took a sip of the liquid. It was sour and bitter and she immediately wanted to spit it out, but forced herself to swallow.

“Good,” Brandy complimented her. “Now finish it. Quickly.”

Romina nodded. Already her hands had stopped shaking, but her vision was getting cloudy. She upended the vial, grimaced against the horrible taste, and then everything went black.

When she woke from the effects of the vial, she had a headache that made her want to curl into a ball and cry. It was both a throbbing and piercing pain; the kind of pain she found impossible to convert.

“Take this,” Taffy said, shoving a cup into her hands as she brought Romina to a sitting position. “It’ll help with the pain.”

“I-I-I thought p-p-pain could be converted,” she stammered as she tried to get her bearings.

“There’s good pain and bad pain,” Taffy said. “Every decoration Dorgok gives causes bad pain. But it beautifies us. Drink.”

The thick liquid was bitter but after just a few sips, the pain started to ebb. “Thank you.” She managed to open her eyes and look at Taffy’s concerned expression. “What’s the matter?”

“Nothing,” Taffy said, picking up a hand mirror from the bed. “It’s best to see the results immediately afterwards, rather than wait. Ready?”

She had been pretending that what had happened was really just a figment of her imagination, that it was a bad dream or too much wine. That’s what she told herself, but in reality, she knew the truth, she knew what had happened. There was no reason to pretend otherwise. She needed to face reality.

Upon peering into the mirror she recognized her face and eyes, her jaw line, but when her vision wandered up to her forehead, dreading the sight, she saw the pair of horns that Brandy had placed into her skull.

They weren’t overly large, no more than a hand length total and slightly thicker than her thumb, planted in the corner of her skull, right above the temple. Each curved up and slightly forward with a twist and was brilliant white; the erratic torchlight caught bits of sparkles in the uneven surfaces. The implants might have been horns, but they were unlike the thick, black horns some of the trolls

sported growing from their heads.

“I like them,” Romina declared, hoping the words would make it so. “They make me look...fierce. Aggressive.”

“You’re well on your way to becoming a troll,” Brandy commented, relieved her friend wasn’t upset by the transformation.

Romina chuckled lightly. “Makes you wonder why the trolls bother capturing us at all. Why do they want half-human, half-troll babies. And why would they want to fuck human women? Wouldn’t troll women be more enjoyable for them?”

The other three women looked at each other nervously, sharing a secret from Romina while the princess admired her new horns in the mirror. After a minute she noticed the silence and looked at Taffy, the one who seemed to know more than the other two. “What?” she asked puzzled at the silence. The three continue to look uncomfortably at each other until Romina glowered at them in the most royal attitude.

Finally Taffy spoke. “You are a troll-woman. We all are.”

She stared blankly at them. “What?”

“All trolls are born male,” Taffy carefully explained. “They need human women to breed. That’s why we were taken.” She shared a smile with them all.

“Actually, that’s why we decided to come here once we were fucked by a troll. There are no female trolls, they use us to breed.”

“Oh,” was all Romina could say.

“Of course the trolls don’t like us to look too human, so they alter our appearance.” She tilted her head toward Brandy. “Actually, they have us do it. Apparently trolls don’t have the dexterity for fine detail work, and they sometimes use a little too much force. If Brandy hadn’t put those horns in your head, Dorgok might have accidentally smashed your skull.”

“The best part is they’re all natural,” Brandy piped up. “They’ll grow along with you.”

Romina reached up and touched her new horns, feeling them, admiring them. “What other changes does Dorgok have for me?”

“I don’t know,” Taffy answered.

The evening found Romina on her hands and knees, ass presented to her master, head down toward the hard bed with her new horns resting in the bedclothes. This forced her head up slightly and she was able to see down under her body to see what Dorgok had in store for her.

When his presence had been announced in their chambers, the other women had become a flurry of activity, all centered around Romina. Before she knew it the troll chieftain was in the rooms, making demands. He was magnificent, only more so when Taffy removed his loincloth and exposed his semi-rigid sex organ. It was even more massive than she could have imagined, long and fat and irregularly surfaced either through normal development or special modifications, she could not tell. Brandy and Verdith quickly fell upon the pleasure organ, stimulating it with kisses and strokes, making it rise strong and proud to the ceiling. Meanwhile Taffy led Romina to the bed, placed her on hands and knees. A vial was inserted in her cunt and she felt herself flooded with water.

“To ease his passage,” Taffy whispered to her as Dorgok approached his cock rampant. Romina was ready for him; he shoved his tool into her cunt as hard and quick as he could. She prided herself that she was easily able to accommodate his giant cock, large and ridged as it was.

She still didn’t know if the ridges were normal or not, but she enjoyed every irregularity and bump on his cock. It was wide enough to nearly split her in half but even the pain that caused was easily converted to pleasure. Not knowing what was expected of her, she didn’t want to take too much initiative on her own, but it was too much to resist not pleasuring herself. Her hand down between her legs didn’t bother Dorgok so she let herself have as many orgasms as possible before he let loose the contents of his heavy balls inside her pussy.

His only other reaction to the end of their lovemaking beyond a grunt of appreciation when he was done emptying his load, was to wipe the slime off his cock by running it along the slopes of her ass. That done, he got off his knees and exited the women’s chambers with only one word to them. “Teeth,” he ordered Brandy.

She sighed and nodded acknowledgment.

Chapter Twelve

And so it went for Romina. She had nothing to do but await the various body decorations ordered by Dorgok and performed by Brandy. Their captor, their owner, their lover, would either come to their chambers every few days to mate with one, or more, of the troll-women. The chieftain never said more than a few words, but seemed to be pleased with the growth of Verdith's belly and somehow sensed that Taffy had been impregnated even before she realized it. She was pleased at this turn of events for it would be her second spawning for Dorgok; he wasn't displeased, but it was almost impossible to read any of the troll's emotions.

"Why isn't he happy?" Romina asked.

Verdith waved her hand dismissively. "Who can tell with trolls? Maybe he had bad news in one of his other harems." Her new baby was only a month old now and was eagerly feeding at her breast. Romina's own baby had fully taken on his sire's gray-green skin tone and was starting to sprout horns similar to what Romina now had

"Other harems?"

"You don't think we're the only troll-women here, do you?"

"Uh, no," Romina agreed. "Maybe there's a problem with one of the other women?"

"Probably," Taffy said, she hadn't taken her eyes off her belly since Dorgok's announcement. She absently ran her hand over her still-flat belly, soon to be swollen with another troll for Dorgok's ranks.

Romina realized she had been in the troll's cave for almost a year. Her time was passed mostly happily. Her son was growing strong and large, much quicker than a human baby, and that pleased her. The sex with Dorgok was amazing, every time he entered her felt like a violation; she welcomed the pain and converted it to pleasure. Every ache and sore afterwards was well worth the rewards. The other women were all as capable of handling Dorgok's rampant sex drive and they shared both him and each other. Every so often they wished for gentle sex that only one of their harem-mates could provide. She had lost all contact with the outer world and didn't care.

It was a morning like all the others when Dorgok strode in and announced to Romina, “I have a present for you.”

This was the most words Dorgok had ever spoken in her presence. It was also the first time he had ever directly addressed her. She was speechless for a moment, then managed to splutter, “What? What is it?”

The troll grunted and signaled to the servant goblins who hauled in the bound body of a human male. At first she thought the man was dead, but then realized he was simply masked and gagged, as he struggled against the bindings.

“Human,” Dorgok grunted. “Says he knows you.” With that he turned, dropped a bag next to the door, stepped through and locked them back into the harem.

Romina stood frozen in place. Brandy held no such reservations. She marched up to the man and yanked off his mask, revealing his identity. Romina recognized him immediately, Dev, however, was temporarily blinded by the bright lantern light and blinked his vision into focus. He was startled by the fearsome appearance of the four women and he tried to scramble out of the way to safety. It was sadly comical to watch his struggles.

Taffy went to the bag and opened it to see what present Dorgok had left them. Her face erupted in surprise. “Dorgok has a task for you, Romina.”

Dev looked with alarm at Romina. It could have been the lighting or the time since he had last seen her, but it wasn't he hadn't recognized his betrothed because she was hardly the woman he last knew. She had been transformed into a hideously fierce version of his former love.

“Romina?” he gasped, squinting, trying to see through her changes to the woman she once was.

“Yes, Betrothed. Have you missed me?”

“I- I- I,” was all he managed to stammer out while staring at her.

Her horns had grafted well to her skull, they were growing nicely, shimmering in the light. To this Brandy had already added the nipple shields and placed a thick gold ring through Romina's navel. Her frightening visage was augmented with a set of lengthened incisors that protruded slightly from her closed mouth, the

bright white tips of the fangs brilliant against her dark red lips. A set of gemstone had been implanted in the skin of her chest, directly into her breastbone and collarbones. Along her back in a double stripe, on opposite sides of her spine, were spiky ridges similar to her horns. The most elaborate modification of them all was a long prehensile tail implanted at the base of her spine, right above the cleft of her ass. It had been the most painful part of her transformation; she didn't know how Brandy had done it, certainly there had been a dose of magic involved, but her skin and spine had been sliced open and this foreign piece of flesh and bone had been grafted onto her body. She didn't know who the tail's previous owner was for that did not concern her.

"What's the matter?" she asked, teasing, running her hands down her sides and slipping one between her legs to absently stroke her lightly furred sex.

"What's happened to you? What did they do to you?"

"Do to me? Nothing I didn't want. They helped me find myself. Don't you find me beautiful?" She adopted an attitude of feigned hurt, but the coy posture was lost on Dev.

"I came here to rescue you," he said, shaking his head at the frightening vision in front of him.

"I need no rescue," she replied. "I am happy. You however, are bound and captive. Perhaps I can rescue you..."

The other troll-women laughed and Taffy delivered the bag's contents to Romina. She looked inside and smiled.

"It appears that Dorgok has decided to let you go free, even after invading his territory. But I have one last task to do before he allows you go leave." She looked at Brandy and Taffy. "Hold him, strip him."

He was already bound and there was nowhere to escape, it was easy enough for the two women to do as she bid. Naked he was still pleasing to her eye. It would be a far easier task than she had first thought. Her pussy almost immediately started leaking her juices when Taffy and Brandy wrestled Dev onto his hands and knees, ass in the air. "You'll enjoy this, love, I promise." It was easy to pull on the harness and buckle it around her hips; Dorgok's artisans were well-familiar with her by now.

Trust the trolls to design the clever harness and belt that held the bright gold artificial cock that now projected up from her pubic bone. Brandy had a similar device that she occasionally used on the other girls, but this one was obviously made for her, its first use was to be on her betrothed. She walked around to face Dev, still being held down by her cohorts. His eyes widened in terror as he saw what she was wearing.

“Romina, what’s happened to you? This is wrong!”

She smiled down at him showing off her troll fangs. “Nothing has happened to me. I’ve simply become what is my destiny. It doesn’t include you.” She then walked back around him and admired his ass. “But you’ll enjoy this.”

“Don’t,” was all that Dev could say to stop her.

Romina smiled, not caring that Dev couldn’t see her face. “Relax,” she whispered to him as Taffy handed her one of the many jars of salve they kept about the chambers. She smeared some on the smooth artificial phallus, dipped her fingers back in the jar, scooped up a generous amount of the salve, spread apart Dev’s buttocks and applied the sticky-smooth substance to his anus. He shivered with her touch, though it was impossible to tell if it was because it was her, because of her changes, or because he feared what she was about to do to him. “You’ll enjoy this.”

Dev’s body was tense, every muscle was straining. She knelt down behind him, repositioned his legs ever so slightly and guided the tip of her dildo to his asshole. She hadn’t even applied any pressure when he begged, “Don’t,” he practically whimpered.

“You’ll love this,” she promised and pushed against his tight sphincter. It was a struggle for a moment while the betrothed pair fought over dominance, but eventually Romina prevailed, slowly forcing the hard dildo inside of Dev. He groaned, but Romina couldn’t tell if it was from pain or pleasure or relief, or perhaps a little bit of each.

She didn’t stop pushing until her tummy met with his ass. Leaning forward, she whispered in his ear, “Isn’t that nice?”

He made a noncommittal sound in response.

“You can do better than that,” she said, slipping her hand around his hip, searching for his sex. It wasn’t hard to find for it was as rampant as the faux-cock inside him. Romina gasped in delight. “See, I knew you’d love this.” She started thrusting her hips back and forth, pleasuring Dev’s ass with the toy while simultaneously stroking his cock with her hand. The other women watched in approval, occasionally touching or stroking Romina or Dev as the violent lovemaking continued.

Romina made no allowance for Dev’s virgin ass. She penetrated him as strongly as she wished to be taken, certain the strong young man could easily endure what she visited upon him. All the while, pounding away at him from the rear, she kept her hand busily stroking his cock, keeping it hard and ready to spew forth his seed. Taffy and Brandy never let go of Dev’s arms, though it was largely unnecessary since he had already been bound by the trolls or their goblin servants.

“Stop,” he suddenly pleaded. “I can’t take this!”

“This is a lot easier than being killed,” Taffy pointed out to him.

“Do you think the trolls would just let you go for stealing into their home?” Brandy asked.

Romina said nothing, the exertion caused a slight sheen of sweat on her body and she was breathing heavily, but not nearly as heavily as Dev who tried to contain himself under her assault. She leaned forward, put her mouth next to his ear and whispered, “Let go, you can allow yourself to cum.”

“No,” he grunted through gritted teeth.

It was obvious he was resisting the pleasure she was giving him and Romina wanted to make her betrothed finish. “You’ll feel so much better,” she promised, licking his left shoulder blade. “I know what you like.” She never stopped moving her hand or thrusting her hips, but still he refused to perform. In frustration Romina bared her fangs and gently sank them into Dev’s shoulder.

He screamed and his body convulsed as the orgasm started at the point of pain, ran down his spine, blossomed around his asshole, and exploded out his cock. Romina cupped her free hand at the tip of his organ, stopped thrusting but kept stroking his cock. His thick seed splashed into her hand filling it to overflowing.

When he was finally done—his body no longer convulsing, his semen no longer flowing, his eyes no longer tearing—Romina withdrew the dildo from his ass and moved around to his face, presenting him with her cupped hand. “Drink,” she ordered him.

He hesitated a moment and looked up into her eyes, pleading.

“You know we’ll be able to force you,” she said smiling, drawing back her lips to display her oversized fangs. The harshness of her gaze and the physical changes she had gone through rendered her completely alien to him, to his memory of her. He bowed his head, dropping his lips and tongue into the warm seed he had deposited in her hand. It wasn’t so terrible, he told himself. The liquid was thick and heavy in his mouth, vaguely salty with a strong scent behind it. There was no reason to resist and fight; he didn’t try to fake swallowing the liquid seed, still Romina pulled her hand away before he was finished. He looked at her in terror, afraid she was going to attack him, or give him over to the trolls. He didn’t want to die.

Instead she took the remainders of his seed and rubbed in into the opening of her pussy, smearing the whitish liquid with her own juices. She held up her palm to him, displaying the mixture of their essences. “Maybe you’ll get lucky and give me another bellyful.” She then licked their combined sex-liquids from her hand. “Better than I remember.”

Dev looked back at the floor. “What now?” he asked, unable to look up and meet her mocking eyes.

“Nothing,” Romina said imperiously, flicking her tail in annoyance. “You leave and I never see you again.”

“What about my child?” he asked, tears spilling.

“What child? I left her with the midwife, I assume you were smart enough to get a wet-nurse.”

“No, the twin you took.”

Romina laughed. “He wasn’t your child. He’s a child of the troll-race.”

“What?” he gasped, unable to comprehend the situation.

“I carried one of each,” she carefully explained to him. “Your girl-child and the troll’s boy-child. He’s beautiful, like his mother. Don’t let his welfare concern you.”

It finally dawned upon Dev that Romina was his betrothed no longer. “How could you protect that...thing.”

“He’s mine,” she said proudly. “A perfect example of the troll race, like his mother.” At these words Dev wept openly, no longer ashamed at his reaction. “When you return to the palace, be careful to watch the girl as she grows. She is as much a troll as I am. Watch her carefully for she will go out into the wilderness looking to spawn more members of my race.” She smiled at the thought, already proud of her infant daughter. “It is for you to decide how to deal with her then. Tell her that I love her.”

Romina walked away, not looking back, her long tail swept over her perfectly formed buttocks.