

“Lena.” The princess interrupts you. As your eyes widen, she smiles again. “Call me ‘Lena’, my love.”

“...Lena.” Somehow, calling the princess by her first name seems even more taboo than what the two of you just did. “I would love nothing more as well... L-Lena, but we can’t afford to spend any more time here. My mother will discover I’m missing sooner rather than later.”

“I know. I know.” Sitting up, Lena sighs. “I don’t know what we should do. This is my kingdom. By right, it should be my property, along with its citizens. But Kailen has an army, and that’s one more army than I have.”

“The council said you refused the throne.” You knew that was a lie, even when Kailen had declared it. “If you tell them you didn’t actually, wouldn’t they have to reconsider?”

Lena squeezes your hand. “Yes, in an ideal world, my love. But Kailen has the council under her thumb. I...” She hesitates, looking away from you. “I wonder if it might be wiser to submit to her and beg her mercy. As cruel as she is, she seems to have a weakness for you. When she could have killed you, she chose to keep you alive.”

Truthfully, you don’t know what to do either. As much as you desperately want to support Lena’s claim, you’d need a miracle to actually succeed. And while Kailen had knocked you out, she had still named you her heir. It may be that her heart wasn’t as thorny as you’d thought it was. “I... will follow you, in whatever you choose, princess.”

Lena shakes her head. “No, my love. I doubted you once before, but never again.” Laying back down, the princess lays her head on your chest. “This time, I will follow you. What should we do?”

The memory of what you and Lena had discussed last night still swirls around in your head. *What should we do?* You hear her voice again, echoing through your mind as you stare up at the bedroom ceiling.

Yesterday, you’d been asked by your mother, General Kailen, to help her overthrow the royal family. When you’d refused, unwilling to break your oath of loyalty to the princess, she’d knocked you out and had you stripped and locked in one of the castle bedrooms. While you’d been unconscious, your mother’s coup had apparently gone off without a hitch, leaving her in control and soon to be crowned as queen. When you’d regained consciousness, you’d broken out of your makeshift cell, and slipped into the princess’s bedroom. There, you and the princess had... Your dick twitches at the memory of Lena sucking on it.

Dawn’s light is breaking, casting orange rays across Lena’s bedroom. The princess is in bed next to you, still wearing her thin nightdress. It was now the following day, after you’d spent the night sleeping in Aelena’s room. Though the two of you had confessed your love for each other, and Lena had sucked you off, you hadn’t had sex. You’d been too wary of Kailen’s guards

coming in and finding you two together, so you'd slept warily in her bed. Well, *slept* was too strong a word, considering you'd barely closed your eyes the entire night.

You want nothing more than to press Lena's claim. The princess is the rightful heir to the throne, and you've sworn to support her. Lena is the *legitimate* queen.

But legitimacy doesn't mean anything without the power to enforce her claim. Kailen has an army, and she's already seized control of the throne. Lena has only a single knight, and she was locked in her room by the royal guards. It's clear who holds the power in this castle now. Your mother is already ruthless enough to have deposed the former queen, you doubt she will even blink at the idea of crushing Lena too. Any resistance will put Lena in danger, and you've sworn an oath to keep her safe.

And... You really don't want to go up against your own mother. After all, as harsh as she had been while raising you, Kailen *had* raised you. You'd refused her sudden offer to help her take control of the kingdom partly mostly because it had come as a great surprise to you.

"Mmm... My knight?" You hear Lena's beautiful voice, and feel the princess moving in bed beside you. You turn your head and see her rolling over. Lena blinks for a moment, and then smiles sleepily. "My love." She corrects herself.

"Prin... I mean, Lena." You have to correct yourself too. "Are you feeling okay?"

Lena yawns, stretching her arms as she sits up in bed. Clearly, she slept a lot better than you did. "I... suppose so. I thought it would be hard to fall asleep, but having you in bed beside me felt so reassuring..." Well... You suppose being locked in her room was hardly as exhausting as what you'd been through. "What's that noise?"

Distantly, you can hear the sounds of people moving throughout the castle, moving things and talking loudly. "They're preparing for the coronation." You say softly. You realized it quite a while ago. Your mother is clearly not going to waste any time now that she's in control.

The princess suddenly looks a lot less sleepy. "Oh. Yes." She says, apparently just now remembering the situation you're both in. "Have you... decided what we're going to do?"

No. Not really. You've been wrestling with the problem for hours now, trying to decide whether to try and stop your mother from stealing the throne, or to give up and go along with it. Honor demands the former, while the rational mind accepts that it certainly won't work. The latter is too humiliating for you to accept, however.

Your first thought had been to try and elope with Lena. It was certainly rather dishonorable, but at this point, your honor is probably beyond salvaging. You're not sure how the princess would adapt to losing her wealth and status, but you hope that Lena would be pragmatic enough to accept such a thing in exchange for her life and freedom...

But then, you'd realized the clear flaw in such a plan. Kailen would never allow Lena to escape, the princess being an obvious threat to her power. Your mother would certainly make every attempt to capture the princess. And where could you take her? No matter where she went, it was entirely possible that the nobility or royalty of wherever you took her would see Lena as a *fantastic* target to abduct, marry and then press their claim against your mother's new kingdom. No doubt some ambitious count or duke would be delighted to snap up the young, fertile princess. Even aside from that, could you personally provide for the young woman? You might be able to use your considerable talent of warfare to eke out a life as a mercenary, but that would necessitate leaving Lena alone for extended periods, and the princess herself certainly had little training or experience for the life of a commoner.

No, there was no real value in trying to escape the castle. You're a strong warrior, but Lena won't be able to survive for long. You know she'd insist otherwise, but realistically, you know any solution to this situation can only lie within this castle...

"I... think perhaps that there's a middle path." You say, as Lena rises from the bed and walks over to her wardrobe, pulling out some clothes. When you'd been climbing on the ledge, you'd listened in to your mother's conversation with the council. "Kailen wants to marry you and get you pregnant." You explain, feeling a twinge of disgust at the thought. The idea of your mother defiling... Well, you'd just defiled the princess yourself, hadn't you?

"Yes, I'm aware, my love." Lena digs through her wardrobes, looking for some clothes. Actually, she seems to be looking for clothes for the both of you. After all, you're still completely naked. "The general was... *exceedingly* clear as to what her intentions were toward me. Her words were vulgar enough, but the shape in her breeches made it quite obvious." The grimace on the princess's pretty face is subtle as she recalls your mother's words to her. "In truth, I think she wanted to act on those words then and there. If she hadn't been too busy to stay, you probably would have entered the bedroom with her on top of me!"

"I'm... I'm glad I didn't." Honestly, you don't know what you would have done if you'd slipped into the princess's room and found your mother... *defiling* Lena. Thankfully, you'll never know. "But... I think you might be right about her having a weakness for me. She wanted to punish me for refusing her, but I think she still wants me to help her." Maybe. You're not really sure about that, honestly. Kailen's intentions toward you are... worryingly unclear. She *had* offered to make you her heir, but whether that was a manipulative ploy or a real offer, you don't know. You know that the queen is pregnant with your mother's child, after all. Between that, and the fact that she seemed to want to marry Lena, you're rather suspicious of her offer to make you heir. But perhaps it could still be a useful bargaining chip... "Lena... Do you trust me?"

Lena turns back to you, her pretty eyes staring at you in surprise. "Well... Yes, my love. Why do you ask?" She seems a little confused.

You have... a vague idea of a plan. Not a *good* plan, but you don't have time to form one of those, do you? "I think... I might be able to bargain with my mother." You say slowly, as you slowly feel the idea taking shape in your mind. "Kailen is soon to be crowned. If we were to go there, and you publicly accept her coronation..." You trail off, biting your lip.

"...I would be voiding any chance of reclaiming the throne." Lena finishes for you, giving you a worried look. "If I watch her coronation and *don't* press my claim, I'll never be able to do so ever again..." She blinks for a moment, and then understands what you're hinting at. "Ah. I understand."

Coming to some kind of arrangement with Kailen is your only option, you suspect. If Lena publicly submits to your mother and accepts her coronation, it will greatly strengthen your mother's position... and give you a potential piece of blackmail to convince Kailen to allow you to marry Lena and remove the princess from any potential clash over the throne.

"Yes." You frown, feeling a hint of shame. "Princess, I think your odds of ever sitting the throne now are almost none. But between the two of us, we can use your assent to bargain with my mother." Kailen is ambitious and clearly power-hungry, but you've known your mother long enough to know that she isn't *stupid*. She'll leave Lena alive and in your care *if* she thinks that's the best solution. "I think... I can convince her to let me marry you. She can be queen if she wishes, but the two of us can..."

Lena smiles weakly at you. "...Be together." She closes her eyes for a moment, and then lets out a deep sigh. "... It's not what I want, I must admit. Letting your mother steal my throne... I'll always regret that." She shakes her head, and then smiles at you again. "But I want to be with the woman I love more than I want to be queen."

You feel a bit relieved that the princess trusts you enough to go along with your plan. Lena's public submission to Kailen would be a humiliation for the princess, and leave her utterly without any dignity to reclaim the throne. But Lena was indeed pragmatic enough to realize that the odds of that are virtually none anyway. Once that was done, you would hopefully be able to convince Kailen to let you have Lena instead. Your mother doesn't *need* you, after all. She's never needed you, you've always just been a tool for her to use.

Taking the clothes from the princess gratefully, you dress yourself. Her clothes are soft and dainty, and not at all designed for a powerful knight to wear. As you slip on the shirt, you can already feel your breasts stretching out the fine fabric, much to your embarrassment. The pants are even worse. The silky underwear she gives you are far too delicate to contain your cock, so when you pull up her soft breeches, there's a disturbingly large bulge between your thighs. Not to mention, your muscles are straining the tight fabric all over your body.

Lena seems quite entranced as you stand up, her mouth dropping open very slightly. "O-oh... Oh, gods. That's... quite a sight." She says, looking you up and down.

“Is it?” You feel yourself blush. Gods, your chest feels enormous in this outfit. Without your thick, tight warriors bra to contain them, your breasts feel alarmingly heavy. And your dick is so visible, snaking down the right leg of the tight breeches. “My apologies, prin... Lena. I must look quite ridiculous in your clothes.”

“Well, I wouldn’t say you look... No, that looks...” Lena swallows nervously. “Er, *quite* good on you, my knight.”

“Er... thank you?” You’re feeling quite nervous at the moment, but you manage a smile for the woman you love. Then, you hold out your hand. “Are you ready?”

Lena stares at your hand for a moment, biting her lip. She reaches out to take your hand and... hesitates. “Are... are you sure about this? Submitting to Kailen?” The thought clearly worries her. “This is... *dangerous*, my love. We’re handing everything over to Kailen. If we fail, the two of us could be in serious danger...”

You reach out and take her hand, squeezing it in a way that you hope is reassuring. “Princess, you *need* to trust me. Kailen is dangerous, but I won’t back down from her. I’ll make her give me what I want. And you and I will be together after that, I promise. The two of us... Well, the two of us won’t be in danger. I swear on my honor, princess.”

Lena gulps, but she looks up at you, her eyes shining. “I trust you, my love.”

About half an hour later, the two of you stand before the doors of the royal hall. You’re dressed in Lena’s clothes, and the princess herself has chosen an elegant dress that leaves her cleavage bare. The perfect outfit for a submission. Past the doors, you can hear the coronation taking place. Around you, there’s a handful of fallen guards. They tried to stop you from approaching the doors, but their skills in battle proved no match for your own. You were trained by Kailen, after all. They had orders to subdue you and Lena, presumably because Kailen feared that you might crash the coronation. Which was a reasonable fear, you have to admit.

There’s a small tear in Lena’s eye as you speak, but she blinks it away. Looking back at you with absolute faith, she nods. “Lead the way, my knight!”

You know this moment must go right. It’s not enough that you and Lena are present at the coronation. You need Kailen to *know* you’re there, and for everyone to see that Lena is relinquishing her claim. Pushing open the doors, you take Lena’s hand in your own and lead her into the throne room.

Around you, there is a huge crowd of people. As you push your way through them, you hear loud gasps of shock as people recognize Lena. Up on the throne, Kailen hears the gasps and turns to stare at you in shock, dressed in her ceremonial general’s uniform. She is seated in the

royal throne, but as she sees you, your mother jumps to her feet. Her belly is bulging, clearly full of the remains of *someone* that's now long digested. Whoever they were, your mother's guts have reduced them to a mere *curve* inside her belly.

The former queen, Joustina, almost drops the royal crown she'd been about to place on Kailen's head. Lena's mother looks beautiful and regal, despite her new status as Kailen's sex slave. You have to grudgingly admit, having the former queen crown her is a nice touch. If her and Lena's dynastic legitimacy had been weakened before, it was pretty much ruined now.

All around you, the crowds break into nervous chatter. Above them, you see your mother staring down at you, clearly quite taken aback at your sudden appearance. "You..." She holds up her hand, and Joustina takes a step back, holding the crown in her hands. Collecting herself, Kailen nods politely at you. "Daughter." Your mother's voice is remarkably steady. "I am pleased to have you witness my coronation." Her eyes narrow. "Do you have something to say?" Your mother's voice is dangerous. Her belly rumbles loudly, as if echoing her threatening tone.

You stride forward, hoping that you look confident, pulling the princess behind you. Opening your mouth, your voice rings out across the throne room. "The princess and I have come to watch your coronation, Mother." You say politely, bowing your head towards Kailen.

"Is that so?" Kailen raises an eyebrow, clearly unconvinced. She gently strokes her belly, massaging the digesting remains of her meal as she looks down at the two of you. "And does the *princess* have something to say?" She's clearly bracing herself for a challenge. After all, her rebellious daughter and the former princess had just suddenly entered her coronation. The crowd goes silent, as if everyone is holding their breath.

But you know she's about to be wrong-footed. Nodding at Lena, you give the princess a reassuring smile. Lena looks hesitant about what she's about to do, but she clearly knows she no longer has a choice. "I..." She steps forward... and bows to Kailen. "I am so happy to be here, to witness your ascension to the throne. My mother has conceded the crown to you of her own free will. Allow me the honor of doing the same. The throne is yours, my queen. May the gods smile on your reign."

Kailen stares at the princess, and you can almost see a hint of shock in her expression. A moment later, her eyes turn to you. She knows you've convinced the princess to submit, you realize quickly. As the rest of the crowd stares in horror, watching any hope of the princess challenging Kailen drain away, your mother's handsome face breaks out into a satisfied smirk.

Then, to your surprise, Kailen begins to descend the steps of the throne toward you and Lena. "It is good that you have come, daughter." To your surprise, your mother is speaking to you instead of Lena. Kailen speaks loudly, clearly speaking for the benefit of the crowd. "I had thought you too *ill* to attend such a momentous ceremony for our family. But it seems that the gods have smiled on me, and my *beloved* daughter is here to witness my ascension!"

Beloved? The word garners a round of applause from the crowd around you, but it just makes you feel baffled. Since when have you ever been *beloved* by Kailen? Considered useful, *maybe*. But even though you know she's putting on a show for the crowd, your mother speaking to you affectionately makes you... You feel a strange feeling, deep in your soul. It's worrying how pleasant that feeling is...

"Come, embrace me, daughter." Kailen holds her arms out, and without waiting for a response, sweeps you into her arms. You're too stunned to resist. Kailen is... *hugging* you?! What in the name of the gods...?

Your mother's embrace is strong, very strong. You're hardly *weak*, but it's a reminder of just how much stronger your mother is than you. It's a warrior's embrace, and you can feel your arms pinned to your sides as Kailen pulls you in close. Your breasts press against hers, and you can feel the heat of your mother's body. Her belly squishes against your own, the soupy remains of whoever she'd eaten easily distorting against your abs. You can even feel the deeper heat of her groin, right next to your own. "M-Mother?" You gasp quietly, more baffled than scared.

"You were a fool to refuse me." Kailen whispers softly into your ear, so quietly that only you can hear. Her words and the rumbling you can feel in her stomach make your heart tremble slightly. But then, your mother sighs. "But I'm relieved you've come to your senses at last, daughter."

"I..." You gulp nervously, feeling Kailen's powerful grip around you. Nearby, you can see Lena watching, her pretty face deeply worried. "Please forgive me, mother. I only wished to keep the princess safe..."

"Forget it." Your mother pulls back, giving you a smug grin. "You got the princess to support my crowning. That's worth a lot more than any refusal. Any disagreement between us is erased, daughter. We're family, after all." Kailen lets you go, stepping back from you with a grin. Despite your fear, you feel a distinct sense of disappointment that she's no longer... Gods, what are you *thinking*?

As Kailen walks back up the steps, Lena nervously hurries over to you. "What was that?" She asks quietly, looking at your mother's back fearfully. "Did she agree to let us go?"

You smile at her. "I... I think so." You're not quite certain of that, but you're glad to see relief on Lena's face.

Kailen sits down in her new throne once more, holding her belly. Yawning, the soldier waves a hand at the former queen. "Joustina, you may *continue*." She orders almost lazily. "You have something that belongs to me, and I'm eager to have this over with. It's clear to everyone, especially Kailen, that she's won. And now, your mother is going to make the moment as humiliating as possible for the former queen.

Of course, Joustina doesn't seem upset by her new status. Actually, the former queen looks quite happy. "Of course, my love." She says, standing next to the throne. Holding out the crown, Joustina takes a moment to savor her own defeat, and it's clear to you that she's quite aroused. "Qarver the Second of the House of Kailen, you have won many great victories for our kingdom, and won the loyalty and love of all its subjects. It gives me the greatest honor to bestow my royal heritage upon you. May your bloodline rule our great kingdom until the end of time!" Kailen smirks and bows her head in anticipation.

And with that, Joustina carefully places the crown on your mother's head. Obediently, the crowd breaks into wild applause. You know you couldn't have stopped it, but you can't help but feel that any chance of rebellion is now past. The crown is on your mother's head, and she's now the queen. A moment later, Lena begins to clap nervously as well.

Kailen rises to her feet, her handsome face supremely satisfied. This is the moment of her victory, a moment she's clearly been working towards for a long time. And now, your mother is enjoying her well-earned moment. "My people!" She holds up a hand, and the applause quickly dies away. "The gods have anointed me as Queen. This kingdom now belongs to me, and I will work to make my kingdom greater and stronger than ever. I promise an end to the degeneracy and *incompetence* that have plagued the kingdom up until now." Beside you, Lena lets out a hiss of frustration. "But in exchange, I expect total obedience to myself... and my daughter."

Wait, what? Your head snaps up to look at Kailen. Your mother is staring down at you, her eyes triumphant. What is she...?

"Daughter of my body..." Kailen elegantly extends a hand toward you. All of a sudden, you can feel all eyes on you, as the crowd's attention shifts. The new queen pauses for dramatic effect, and you can feel your heart beating in your chest. "Your loyalty and strength will be rewarded. As of this moment, you are no longer a knight, but my royal heir, crown princess of the kingdom."

The crowd breaks into applause once more, but you can barely hear it. All sound seems to have faded from the world, as your process what Kailen just said. Your mother... just made you her *heir*. She'd offered it to you before, but you'd mostly convinced yourself that she'd been trying to manipulate you, and had never really intended to do so. But now, she has anointed you in front of the entire royal court. The concept... is hard to believe. You? A royal heir?

Beside you, you feel Lena's eyes. Turning, you stare at the princess in shock. And you see something deeply disturbing in her eyes.

Jealousy. And a hint of betrayal.

"N-no, I..." You try to say to Lena, reaching out to grab her arm. But before you can explain, Kailen begins speaking again.

“Now then... As queen, I dismiss everyone but my soldiers. And my daughter, of course.” Around you, the crowd begins to disperse quickly. No doubt they’ve already sensed that Kailen would be quite eager to make an example of anyone who disobeyed. The clear scent of what will be an absolute reign is in the air.

Kailen descends the steps, the crown already seeming almost natural against her black hair. Your mother is tall, powerfully built and handsome. The weight in her belly seems not to bother her at all. As a woman who’s stood on a hundred victorious battlefields, Kailen is suitably scarred and intimidating. She’s always seemed rough, not least because of the bulge between her legs, but... You’ve known this woman all your life, but for the first time, it strikes you that Kailen seems almost built to be a queen. Her arrogance, her confidence...

“Well, that’s over with.” Your mother smirks at you. “I’d hoped for something grander, but I really couldn’t wait to claim my throne.” Beside her, Joustina stands quietly. Without her crown, the former queen still looks stunningly beautiful. Her long white dress shows even more cleavage than before, and you wonder how this woman ever ate enough people to fill out that chest of hers. The concept that Joustina had once been a predator is hard to believe, as she hovers submissively beside Kailen. Your mother shoots her an amused look and rolls her eyes. “Of course, I’ve been in charge of the kingdom ever since I fucked Joustina, so it’s really just a formal change...”

Lena seems to have run out of patience. Stepping forward, the princess grabs your arm and clears her throat. “Kai... I mean, my queen. I hope you and my mother are very happy together.” The princess looks up at you, a serious look on her pretty face. “Just as my knight makes me very happy. I hope that you’ll consent to us being...”

But Kailen just snorts loudly, interrupting the princess’s words. “Shut your damn mouth, Aelena. You and your mother won’t be *hoping* for anything anymore. Whatever I choose for you, you’ll have to be grateful for. And whatever I choose will likely involve my *cock*.”

You feel Lena flinch beside you. “You... You might be a queen now, but you can’t talk to me in such a way!” Letting go of your arm, Lena points a finger at Kailen. “I am a princess, and I won’t be...”

“No, you’re not.” Kailen rolls her eyes. Then, she points at you. “*She’s* the princess now, fool. You’re just a palace whore like your mother...”

Feeling a twinge of anger, you step in between Lena and Kailen. “Mother.” You speak firmly to the new queen. “Lena and I are in love. I know what your intentions are toward her, but I demand that you allow her and I to...”

You see a sudden look of alarm pass over your mother’s scarred face. “Quiet!” Kailen growls, looking around nervously. She must be concerned at the dispersing crowd overhearing you.

“Nothing is set in stone, daughter. Do not be too hasty.” That encourages you a little bit. If your mother is worried, then you might be able to convince her.

Joustina clears her throat. “Come, daughter.” She puts an arm around Lena’s shoulders. “Let us retire to our rooms. Today has been an exhausting day, and we should both get some rest.” That’s an obvious lie, considering that it’s barely even late morning. “May we have your leave, my queen?”

“Go.” Kailen waves a hand lazily. “I’ll be visiting you later, so wash yourself thoroughly.” She shoots a lecherous sneer at Lena. “And make sure your daughter washes as well.”

Lena looks at you, clearly worried. “My knight?” She asks, her voice fearful. “You’re not going to let…”

“It’s okay.” You know you can’t stop Lena being taken away, judging by the soldiers who are now surreptitiously gathering around the former queen and princess to escort them away. But Lena doesn’t seem to be in danger anymore. “You’ll be fine, Lena. Trust me.”

The former princess opens her mouth, but she sees the look in your eyes. “V-very well. I trust you, my knight. Good luck.”

As Joustina leads Lena away, escorted by a handful of Kailen’s soldiers, your mother lets out a snort of amusement. “Well, you’ve certainly got that girl wrapped around your finger.”

“It’s not like that, Mother.” You say, turning back to Kailen with a frown. “Lena and I are…”

“Oh, I know what you said.” Kailen rolls her eyes, slapping her belly gently. “And you’re wrong. Just like her mother, that girl’s a cock-whore. I bet the moment she saw your penis, she practically fell over herself to kneel before you.”

“That’s…!” You begin, and then realize it’s technically true. Lena *did* kneel before you, didn’t she? “That’s *not* the point!” You say instead, shaking your head. “Lena loves me for who I am, even despite what’s between my legs.”

Your mother raises an eyebrow at you. “What’s between your legs is a cock, balls and a nice little vagina. Just like mine.” She gives you a lecherous sneer. “It’s true that I thought like you do for a long time. That our bodies are sinful because of our cocks. But that *sin* helped me conquer a kingdom, daughter.” She chuckles at you. “Honestly, we’re *above* normal women. Daughter, you really need to learn to love yourself.”

“I don’t need to love myself, I have someone who loves me already.” You answer firmly. You’ve never thought of the heavy weight in your pants as anything more than something shameful, after all. “And that’s why I want to marry…”

“Oh, *gods!*” Kailen grabs your arm with a look of irritation. “Honestly... Come with me, daughter!” Almost feeling a flashback to your childhood, you allow Kailen to pull you over to one of the royal hall’s large marble pillars. Once you and your mother are standing behind it, blocking anyone else from seeing the two of you, Kailen gives you a furious look. “Daughter. You *cannot* marry Aelena. Don’t you know who you *are* now?”

“You think I *don’t*?” You try to sound confident, but you really don’t know. Kailen had named you the crown princess, but the idea just doesn’t feel right to you. “Mother, if I’m to be your heir, why not let me marry Lena? You can marry... Joustina.” Using the former queen’s name still feels almost blasphemous. “Won’t that satisfy you?”

Kailen lets out a derisive snort. “Of course I’m not going to marry that whore. Not even *Joustina*’s stupid enough to think I’m going to do that.” Your mother shakes her head. “If I wanted to marry Joustina and rule the kingdom through her, I would have done that years ago. No, daughter, the crown is *ours* now. We need to *degrade* the former dynasty as much as we can, to reduce any chance of them being restored.” She chuckles to herself at the thought. “Hell, I’d make the two actual slaves if I could, but getting rid of slavery in this kingdom is one of my goals, so...”

“Who is this *we*?” You ask coldly, more than a little annoyed that your mother seems to be taking your support for granted. “Mother, I have no intention of just doing as you say. Do you really think I asked Lena to submit to you for *your* benefit?”

Kailen stares at you for a long moment. Then, your mother’s face twists into an irritated glare. “Honestly, I have no idea, daughter. Your actions are a complete fucking *mystery* to me!” She folds her arms, staring at you in clear frustration. “First, I raise you to be a loyal daughter, and you became the princess’s knight on my orders. Then, you *refuse* to help your own mother take the throne!” Kailen shakes her head. “And just when I think you’re going to try and overthrow me, you deliver the princess’s meek submission right into my lap!” She shakes her head. “So, *no*, daughter. I don’t know what you’re thinking when it now seems like you’re trying to turn against me again.”

“I am not *turning against you*.” You frown at your mother, returning her frustrated gaze right back at her. “Mother, I am not your *puppet*. I fight for what I believe in, for what *I* want. If that’s not the same as what *you* want, then I won’t just let you do as you please.”

Kailen opens her mouth to respond... and then hesitates. Your mother stares at you for a long moment, and then you see something you’d never dared hoped you ever see in your mother’s eyes; a glint of respect. “No...” She says at last, looking vaguely annoyed. “I can see that now. Since when did I have a daughter with a backbone?”

Deep inside your soul, you’re ashamed to sense that a part of you is deeply satisfied that your mother is looking at you in such a way. “Who do you *think* I got that from?” You answer, raising your eyebrow.

“Ha!” Your mother seems quite amused by that. “Not from your *other* mother, I can tell you that much.” Kailen strokes her chin as she looks you up and down, as if it’s the first time she’s ever truly seen you. “You know, I see a lot of myself in you, now that I’m looking. Not just in appearance, but in strength. In *ambition*.” She grins at you. “I suppose it would be hard to find a better heir.”

Pride blossoms in your chest at her words. It’s an unfamiliar feeling to you, *pride*. The thought that your mother might admire you makes you strangely happy. But, you made a promise. “Mother, I cannot be your heir.” You say, after a moment’s thought. “I made a promise to Lena that I would...”

“*Daughter*.” Kailen’s voice is hard and firm, and a childhood of learning to fear that voice makes you freeze in place. Your mother gives you a severe look. But to your surprise, she actually reaches out and grabs your shoulders. You feel her powerful grip on your shoulders, squeezing you almost... *affectionately*? “You don’t understand. I *need* an heir.” She gestures toward the throne, and then toward the crown on her head. “Yes, I’ve taken the throne. But our dynasty has *no* legitimacy. I’ve only been able to keep the kingdom in line with my army and my *stomach*.” She slaps her belly to punctuate her point. “We have no ancestors of note, save a legendary sellword. Joustina has no power, but many would see the value in restoring her as their puppet. An heir will reduce the chances of such a rebellion greatly.”

“I’m sure the former queen will gladly oblige...” You begin, and then remember what Lena told you the other day. “Actually, Mother... Isn’t Joustina already *carrying* your child?” You point out, voicing your thoughts from last night. If Kailen already *had* an heir...

But your mother quickly shakes her head. “A child is useless to me. No, *worse* than useless. It would give my enemies the idea to assassinate me and use my child as a puppet.” She grimaces at the thought. “Daughter, I’m trying to build a legacy for you and the rest of our dynasty. The Kailen name must be a strong one. And for that, I need a strong, direct and *adult* heir. A strong warrior to follow in my footsteps. I need *you*, daughter!”

You’re speechless. Though you’d been suspicious of her offer to make you her heir... everything she just said makes sense to you. And so, you can only conclude that her offer is *genuine*. Your mother really *does* want you to be her heir. For the first time, you really process what that means; *that you’d be queen someday*.

Kailen seems to take your silence as a sign to continue. “Now, daughter. I’m not a fool. I can tell you’re not the biggest fan of being a princess. But I can make it worth your while.” Your mother gives you a lecherous grin. “You want a princess? I’ll find you a *real* princess, a real thoroughbred beauty to love to your heart’s content. And you’ll have a free run of all the castle maids and servants... Well, the ones I don’t claim first, of course...”

Another princess? What kind of offer was that? “No, Mother.” You shake your head. “I want to marry Lena.”

“Oh, *please*.” Your mother rolls her eyes. “That’s just childish lust talking, daughter. Lena’s a beauty, I’ll give her that. But trust me, you’ve inherited more than just your looks from me. That dick of yours wasn’t meant for Lena.” She thinks for a moment, licking her lips nervously. “Okay... tell you what. I’ll up my offer. How does an *harem* of beautiful princesses sound? I’ll have to change some laws, but that won’t be too difficult...”

“No.” You say firmly. But you’re ashamed to admit that your heart wavered just a little bit at the thought of... Your dick twitches slightly at the dirty image of you having sex with several princesses at once. But in your mind’s eye, they all have Lena’s face. “Mother, I won’t be bought that easily.” You know what your price is.

“Then, *what* can I fucking offer you?!” Kailen seems to have lost her patience. “Daughter, I’ve offered you everything! What else could I possibly...”

And then, your mother stops talking. Her eyes widen, as if she’s suddenly realized something. Looking up at you, Kailen begins to smile, somewhere between annoyed and amused.

“Oh. I see.” Your mother starts to chuckle. “So, *that’s* what you want? Gods, you’re even more ambitious than I realized... But then, who am I to complain about someone else’s audacity, after what I just did...”

You blink for a moment, unsure of what she means. “M-mother?” You ask, as Kailen takes a step toward you. “What are you talking about?”

Kailen rolls her eyes as she advances toward you. “Drop the act, daughter. I know what you’re angling for.” Your mother lets out a deep sigh, but there’s a smile on her face as she looks at you. “You’ve always wanted to be closer to me, haven’t you? I suppose this shouldn’t come as a surprise... But I never thought my own daughter would try and blackmail me into marrying her...”

What. What is she...? “M-marry you?!” You blurt out, shocked beyond belief. You try to step back again, but the marble pillar is at your back. “I don’t know what you...?”

Your mother’s powerful hands slam into the marble pillar, pinning you in place. “Come now, daughter...” Kailen says, her voice soft and husky. All of a sudden, you’re deeply aware of how much bigger she is. You’re a tall, strong warrior, but Kailen has you beat by half a foot in height at the very least. “Don’t tell me this isn’t what you want. How long have you wanted to be with me, daughter?” You can hear her belly rumbling with excitement...

For years and years... No, what? What are you thinking?! You’ve never wanted your mother to touch you or kiss you! It’s *Lena* you love. You can feel Kailen’s hot breath on your cheek. You’re

not sure your mother has *ever* been this close to you of her own free will. For your entire life, your mother has been cold and distant. How could you ever want to be with *her*? Lena's the one who's going to give you the love and affection that you never got from...

Oh, gods.

To your utter disgust, you realize it's true. A part of you has always wanted to be closer to Kailen. As much as you hate her, a part of you has always wanted her approval. Her pride. Her *love*. You've had that part of you for so long that you didn't even realize it was there at all, buried long before you even began remembering things. It's why you dedicated yourself to Lena in the first place, because your mother wanted you to. And because you never thought your mother would ever offer you what you really wanted deep down.

And now, she was offering to give you her love and affection. Granted, it was in a lustful and disgusting manner... but that secret part of you *really* wants her love and affection. And getting it that way doesn't seem to bother it at all...

Kailen sighs, shaking her head. "You know, I'd never considered marrying my own heir. But now that I think about it... Why not?" The lecherous smile on your mother's face is one you've seen many times before... but this is the first time it's ever been directed at *you*.

"T-that's not what I meant!" You stammer, as you feel Kailen's hand seductively trailing along your arm, tracing your thick right bicep. "I'm not ambitious like that, I swear!"

Your mother raises an eyebrow. "Daughter, you've inherited my *lack* of ability to lie with a straight face." Suddenly, Kailen leans in even further, pressing her huge breasts against your own. You can feel your mother's warmth rubbing against your nipples, and her rumbling stomach seems to massage your abs. "You know what? The more I think about it, the more I *love* this idea of yours, daughter. I need a loyal wife and a loyal heir both, why not have you fill *both* positions..." She chuckles at her own joke. "Oh shit, I think I'm getting an erection..."

Her open arousal is both disturbing... and disturbingly enticing. "Mother!" You gasp, mortified at the sight of Kailen getting turned on by *you*. "This is... sinful! I'm your *daughter*, for god's sake!"

But that just seems to amuse Kailen even more. "Sin? Why would I be scared of sin? You and I have been sinners ever since we were born with cocks between our legs!" She leans in close, whispering into your ear. "But now, as queen and crown princess, we *can't* sin. Not anymore." Suddenly, you feel something hard pressing against your groin. "Oh? Perhaps I'm misunderstanding you again, daughter? Is that *erection* of yours your way of telling me you *want* to sin?"

No, no... Gods, you were trying to ignore it, but the proximity and heat of Kailen are driving your body wild. You've never been this close to your mother, both physically and emotionally. The cock between your legs seems to have no dignity or shame, as it eagerly hardens, making your

already tight breeches even tighter. You gasp as you realize that your mother's own erection is pressing against your own. You can feel the *power* between her legs, a force that's both innate *and* highly experienced. You see your mother's eyes glowing with dominance, and you realize that your arousal must be all over your face.

"You know, I've lost count of how many women I've been with over the years." Kailen chuckles at your shameful expression. "I don't even *remember* who my first one was. Some servant girl, probably. Over the last... Gods, *three decades*, I must have fucked *hundreds* of girls. Peasants, soldiers, knights, noblewomen..." Her eyes flash in amusement. "Even a queen!" Her erection presses against yours, making your own cock even harder at her touch. You can actually feel the *head* of her cock rubbing against your own. "So, I must commend you for wanting me, daughter. You know that *I* know how to conquer a woman. You want my experience... You want me to make you feel good... You *want* to be conquered, don't you?"

"N-no..." You lie, feeling your nipples almost cutting into the thin fabric of Lena's shirt. You can feel Kailen's nipples as well, rubbing against your chest. When your nipples meet hers, you can't help but gasp at the tingling pleasure it seems to send throughout your chest. "I..." Oh gods, the thought of laying with Kailen... With *your own mother*... It suddenly seems so enticing. "I... Lena..."

Kailen snorts at the mention of the princess... former princess. Her warm breath makes your neck tingle. "That little girl? A strong warrior like you wants a delicate little flower like her? I think not." She grabs your chin, tilting your head up to look at her. "Alright, daughter. Here's my offer..." She leans in close, and you can almost feel her lips touching yours as she speaks. "You want me? You can *have* me, daughter. I'll marry you, and we'll rule together as equal queens."

...

...

...

The thought is so enticing, you stop thinking for a moment. You and Kailen... *together*. The woman you've looked up to your entire life, holding you in her arms and loving you? You're utterly ashamed at how much you want such a thing.

"A-and Lena?" You ask, desperately clinging on to her face in your mind. "I promised her I'd..."

"Promises made to a mere whore are guiltlessly broken, daughter." Kailen strokes your shoulders, an action that's a worrying mix of motherly affection and seductive invitation. "You are my daughter. You've come this far, and impressed me greatly. Forget *Lena*, and accept your own ambitions. You're not my puppet, and you're not *hers* either." She licks her lips, looking down at you with a hungry expression. "Ah... I'm going to try something. Are you ready?"

You open your mouth to answer, but your mother... has other ideas about what you're going to do with your lips.

Kailen's kiss is both scorchingly hot and somehow pleasantly warm at the same time. It takes you a moment to realize what's happening, as your own mother embraces you. Her lips claim yours with little effort, clearly enjoying your lack of resistance. You can feel her power in her kiss, and a startling amount of softness for such a powerful warrior.

Now that you're aware that Kailen is kissing you, you're unsure what to do. Of course, part of you *clearly* enjoys the feeling. You can feel your cock pulsing, your hardness almost painful. You can feel that Kailen is enjoying it too, as her cock twitches in her own breeches. Distantly, you can hear her heartbeat pounding...

Almost without conscious thought, you begin to kiss back. You're too lost in pleasure to *not* kiss back, let alone *resist*. Your mother had been boasting when she'd said she had conquered hundreds of women, but she clearly hadn't been lying. Every wet smack, every subtle moan, every probing attack her tongue makes against your lips speaks of decades of experience. A near virgin like yourself could never hope to withstand her sexual might.

Suddenly, Kailen's body begins to shudder. Your mother's kiss suddenly becomes much more aggressive, slurping on your lips with a voracious hunger. For a moment, you fear that she might try and devour you alive, but that's not what she's doing. "Fuck..." Kailen moans, breaking the kiss and leaving you gasping for air. "Fuck, fuck, *fuck*...!"

Against your cock, her own organ suddenly starts twitching violently. Indeed, your mother's entire body begins to shudder, her arms squeezing you in an almost desperate desire to pull you in as close as possible. For a moment, you're confused as to what's going on.

Then, you feel heat and wetness against the head of your cock. Kailen is... Your mother has just... "Did you..." You ask, your voice weak from the powerful kiss she just planted on you. "Did you just *cum*, mother?!"

Kailen seems more amused than ashamed. "Ha! I did indeed!" She chuckles as her shuddering subsides. "Congratulations, daughter. You've made me spill my seed!" Your mother grabs the band of her ceremonial pants and looks inside. "Gods, what a *mess*. A dozen queens have been crowned in these clothes, and now they're ruined. I hope you're satisfied, daughter. Because I *clearly* am."

You... just made Kailen *cum*. She kissed you and then *came* from the pleasure of embracing you. Perhaps that might sound like stating the obvious, but it's *obscenely* hard for you to process what just happened. The woman who had been your distant idol for your entire life... just kissed you and jizzed herself from your touch. It feels *impossible*.

"If a woman put these pants on now, they'd probably get pregnant. So, I'd best get them off, I suppose." Kailen lets go, letting her breeches snap back against her toned abs. "This is a good omen for our future, daughter. I'd thought I'd have to put up with some dainty princess, but it seems that my body wants *you*." She chuckles darkly. "Yes, I think I'll be quite happy with that arrangement. A strong heir and a strong wife, who I can rely on..."

You're still breathing hard. Though you didn't cum yourself, you can feel that your hard cock had been part of the way there. A few more minutes, and you might have ruined Lena's pants as well. Though the tremendous amount of sweat that's now staining the shirt's armpits and around your breasts are doing that instead. "What... What's going to happen to Lena?" You ask, and it's disturbing how little you really care about the answer.

"Hmm?" Kailen lets go of you, stepping back and stretching her arms. "Oh, don't you worry about *her*, daughter. You and I will... *decide* what to do with the former royal family tonight." Your mother grins at you. "In the meantime... I have a great many things to attend to. Royal duties and all that. And some lucky servant girls will need to clean me too." She chuckles in amusement at the idea. Then, she grimaces and rubs her belly. "Ugh... They'll have to bring me a chamberpot too. That royal chancellor's making his way through my guts at a lightning pace..."

"What about me?" You ask warily, trying to straighten out your clothes. "I... I need time to think about..." What? Time to think about what? What are you thinking?!

Kailen nods at you. "Of course, daughter. You should rest and prepare for tonight." There's a triumphant light in her eyes as she smiles at you. "Go, avail yourself to the castle's pleasures for the rest of the day. Avail yourself to a servant girl, if you fancy." She licks her lips. "Tonight, you will bathe and come to my room. And then, you and I will *seal* our new relationship. I will show you the power and pleasure of three decades of experience, daughter. And after that, we will decide what to do with the former queen and her daughter."

You don't remember what your answer to your mother had been. Indeed, you remember little of what happened for the next few hours, as you aimlessly wander the castle halls. It's as if your mind had suddenly fogged up, your mother's touch completely destroying your ability to think for a little while.

Things come to you as disjointed images for a little while. At some point, you'd been walking down the castle's main hall, trying to look like you're doing something important, but thinking about nothing at all. You'd seen people bowing to something, servants bowing as if some lord or lady was nearby.

When you'd stopped to catch your breath, you'd seen people talking to each other in hushed voices, pointing you out to each other. Servants muttering nervously, backing away when you

turned to look at them. Noblewomen blushing and bowing their heads when you glanced in their direction. But who are they bowing to?

What's going on? What's happening? You feel utterly confused, as if the whole world has suddenly *broken*. Everything you knew has now been overturned, every rule you thought was sacrosanct is now gone. Kailen has erased the basic foundations of your world, kicking away the basis of what you *are*. Who are you now? Are you still Lena's knight? Are you still a knight at all? Who *are* you...

"...okay?" You hear a distant voice. "Sir, are you okay? You look quite ill."

Everything seems to suddenly snap back into place.

The afternoon sun is filtering through the trees, and you can hear the distant chirping of birds and the buzzing of insects. You're standing in the palace garden. Nearby, you can see the gazebo that overlooks the small lake, where Kailen first asked you to betray Lena and her mother.

Two soldiers are standing in front of you, giving you concerned looks. "Sir?" The male soldier asks, his scarred face clearly worried. "Are you quite well? Should I summon a healer?" He's one of Kailen's personal troops, judging by your family's sigil on his shoulder.

"What?" You blink for a moment, and then shake your head. "Oh! No!" You pinch the bridge of your nose, feeling your headache begin to subside. "No, I'm fine, thank you."

"A-and by *sir*, you clearly mean *your grace*." The other soldier, a tall woman with a scarred white eye, irritably elbows her comrade. "Forgive us, princess. Things are moving very quickly here. Some of us are still having trouble catching up."

You blink for a moment, wondering who they're referring to... Oh. "I... You don't have to call me that." You say awkwardly. Something about being called *princess* seems to strike you deep in the heart.

The two soldiers give you a baffled look. "O-of course we do!" The scarred female soldier replies, her voice filled with shock and a little bit of terror. "You're anointed by royal blood now, princess. You are divine."

Beside her, the male soldier bows his head, looking ashamed. "Please, forgive me, princess. I didn't mean to speak with such familiarity. I ask that you forgive me, and punish me if I err in such a way again."

"Er..." You don't know what to say. "I... I forgive you." You say lamely, unable to think of anything else. You want to tell them you're not a princess again, but the looks in their eyes are

remarkably respectful. Well, three of their eyes, anyway. "But... Could you please leave me alone? I don't need any help..."

"Of course, princess!" The scarred woman grabs her comrade and shoves him away from you. "I'll clear the garden, and make sure you're not disturbed!" The male soldier bows at you again, and then the two of you scurry away, leaving you feeling baffled and honestly a little scared.

What was going on? You don't really... Okay, you *know* what's going on, but knowing something and *understanding* it are very different things. You... are a princess now. Those people you'd seen while you were wandering in a daze were bowing to *you*. Those noblewomen had been bowing to *you*.

The thought seems ludicrous. You are a knight of *low* birth. Your family had only risen to importance due to your famous ancestor, a sellsword who'd bumped off some rival claimant to the throne and been rewarded with a title for it. Since then, your family had been knights and commanders in service to the crown. But in truth, you're merely a commoner. At least other knights didn't have the stain of having male genitals in addition to their female bodies.

But Kailen had changed all that. She'd risen through the ranks and, with her greed for power, overturned the kingdom. Now, she was *queen*. A woman descended from a sellsword from Trader Town... It felt like the ultimate blasphemy. Divine?! How could you *ever* be divine, with the sin between your legs?! How could you ever be divine, having kissed and aroused your own mother?

You sit down on the steps of the royal gazebo and hold your head in your hands, wondering if you should laugh or cry. You'd sworn an oath to protect and serve Princess Aelena. And now, here you are, crown princess of the kingdom. What part of your oath involved *stealing* Lena's rightful title? What part of your oath involved ruthlessly elevating yourself into royal *divinity*?

Whether you'd intended to do it or not, it didn't matter. You had *betrayed* Lena. You'd asked her to trust you, to believe that you'd keep her safe. And instead, you'd helped yourself to her royal title, to her inheritance of the kingdom...

Gods, you keep forgetting about that. You'd be queen of the kingdom one day, wouldn't you? And possibly quite soon indeed, if your mother got her way.

"P-princess?" You hear a soft voice nearby. Looking up, you see a young servant girl holding a tray with a pitcher of water on it. "Forgive me for disturbing you... But it's quite warm, and I thought you'd like a drink."

You open your mouth to ask her to leave. But then, you realize it *is* quite warm. You'd been too preoccupied to notice, but you're already sweating. "Er... Thank you." You say, nodding at the servant girl.

She's young, just past eighteen from the looks of it. Long blonde hair and pretty freckles dot her cheeks. Actually, you've seen her around the castle before, you realize. Not that she'd ever spared you a second glance. Which was only right, considering you're a... you'd *been* a simple knight.

The servant girl walks over and carefully puts the tray on the table in the middle of the gazebo. Her black skirt only reaches down to her thighs, showing off a surprisingly soft pair of pale thighs... You watch as she pours you a glittering glass of water, and then picks up the glass. Walking over to you slowly, she kneels down and offers you the glass with both hands. "Would you like me to drink first, princess?" She asks you politely.

"What?" You're not sure what she means by that for a moment. "Oh! N-no, I don't need you to..." Why would anyone want to poison *you*? The thought is absurd. "No, I'll just..." You reach over and take the glass from her carefully.

The servant girl smiles warmly at you. "I don't mind, princess. But as you wish." She stands up and takes a step back. It's a very formal gesture, one that makes you feel uncomfortable. "I should inform you, princess, that the Queen has made me your personal servant."

"Personal maid?" You repeat, a little disturbed at the thought.

"Yes! I'm looking forward to serving you, princess." She bows to you politely. "But please, since you wish not to be disturbed, I will take my leave..."

"Oh, you don't have to leave..." You say, blushing deeply. "I wasn't really..."

The servant girl smiles widely. "Of course, princess!" Sweeping back her skirt, the blonde girl kneels down again. "My name is Maria, princess. I'm pleased to... *finally* meet you" Ah, it seems that she remembers you from back then as well.

"N-nice to meet you, Maria." You're still reeling from the idea of having a *personal servant*. You *are* a personal servant! Shaking your head, you take a sip of the water. It's remarkably cold and refreshing. Actually, have you *ever* had chilled water like this before? "My name is..."

"Oh, I know who *you* are!" Maria giggles for a moment, and then claps her hands over her mouth. "F-forgive me, princess! That was improper of me..."

"No, it's okay!" You shake your head quickly. "Please don't be like that. I'm..." You sigh deeply, feeling weary even though it's only early afternoon. "I'm still getting used to this as well." You take another drink of your water, draining the small glass.

Maria smiles at you. "Yes, it must have been quite a surprise." Carefully taking the glass from you, the blonde girl stands up and elegantly refills it. "To tell the truth, I think most of *us* knew it was coming. General... I mean, the *Queen* and the... *old* queen had been lovers for quite a

while. And the queen had been running the kingdom for Joustina for years as well. At least, everyone thought so.” She smiles at you as she kneels down again. “I suppose it *was* a surprise to have it happen so suddenly over the past few days, though!”

You take the water from her, feeling a pit in your stomach. “It’s awful, isn’t it?” You ask her. “My mother and I... just *taking* the throne... Our family has no right to it.”

Maria gives you a confused smile. “No, I think I disagree, princess.” When you give her a stunned look, she blushes slightly. “To tell the truth... I’ve admired the new queen for quite a long time. I think she’ll be a *much* better queen than Joustina was. Joustina...” The blonde girl sighs, looking a little embarrassed. “Joustina was a good queen in her youth. When her aunt, Princess Nina, tried to steal her throne, Joustina cleverly tricked her and ate *her* instead.” Maria shakes her head. “But she lost her edge after she became a mother.”

“You... you think so?” You ask, stunned. Kailen’s actions had been blasphemous, heinous even. You’d expected everyone else to share your disgust. But Maria actually seemed *happy* about it. “You’re happy that the queen was overthrown by her own general?”

“Oh, yes!” Maria smiles at you, clearly not even noticing your horror. “Queen Kailen is strong and she has big plans for the kingdom! The old queen was so much more interested in just... eating and sitting around. But with your mother on the throne, I feel like the kingdom’s future is bright!” She’s blushing as she speaks, and you get the sense that her opinion of your mother is more than just platonic admiration. Maria is head over heels for your mother. “M-maybe I’m a little biased, but all the other servants think so too!” The blonde girl blushes, seemingly realizing she might have overstepped her bounds.

Oh gods. Was it only *you* that cared? Surely not, but it’s starting to feel that way. Joustina had been eager to hand her crown over. The army had been behind Kailen from the start. And now, you’re being informed that even the servants who were supposed to be loyal to the old queen and Lena didn’t care. Hell, forget *not caring*, they were downright *eager* to embrace your mother’s coup.

“T-thank you, Maria.” You say, feeling hollow inside. “Forgive me, but I’d like to be alone now.”

“Of course, princess.” Maria just smiles at you. Standing, the pretty servant girl smooths down her short skirt. “I will fetch you at sundown, princess. A hot bath will be prepared in advance for your meeting with your mother.”

“I...” You don’t know what to say to that. “I don’t know if... Er, thank you.” You finish lamely. “And thank you for the water.”

Maria picks up the water jug and refills your glass. “My pleasure, princess. As I said, I’m to follow *any* order you give, even if it’s... *indecent*.” She says the word as if you’re supposed to...

Oh. *Oh*. You realize what she's alluding to. "Ah... I see." You feel your cheeks coloring, much to your own shame. First, you let your own mother distract you from your love of Lena. Now, this servant girl is doing the same! "I'll... keep that in mind."

"I'm glad you will!" Maria places the now empty water jug beneath her arm and bows politely. "After all, that's why I begged the new queen to make me your servant." She giggles at your shocked expression. "Oh, did I forget to mention that part, princess? Forgive me for that. After all, I've had my eye on you for so long, it just feels natural for me!"

And with that, Maria turns and walks away. Before she did so, however, you caught a glimpse of her blushing face. There had been a remarkably happy smile on her face, as if she'd finally done something she'd wanted to do for a long time.

For a long time, you sit on the steps of the gazebo, staring at the nearby lake. Rather than worrying about the past, or the future, you just try to be at peace with the present. No matter what's happening, you just try to sit and enjoy the nature around you, desperately trying to free yourself of the shameful and terrible thoughts swirling around in your head. But even still, it strikes you that you're enjoying the *royal* garden, a place that now seems to belong to *you*...

Finally, the sun begins to set behind the castle walls in the distance. "Princess?" You hear Maria's voice in the distance, and turn to see the girl coming toward you with a small lantern. Behind the castle walls, it tends to get dark quickly. "Your bath is ready. Will you come now, or do you wish to wait longer?"

"Er... No." You stand up, feeling a little ashamed that someone had prepared a bath for you. The only person who'd ever prepared your bath before was your mother. Not Kailen, but the woman she'd bred with to make you. You hadn't seen her in many years, come to think of it. You'd been too busy with Lena... "Er, yes. I'm coming now." You shake those thoughts out of your head, too busy with your new guilts to worry about your old.

Maria leads you back through the garden, and back into the castle. As you enter, two soldiers close the door behind you, locking it with a loud clunk. It appears that they'd been waiting for you all this time.

As the two of you reach the stairs, you turn towards the downward steps. "Princess?" Maria asks in surprise, her foot on the first step leading upward. "Where are you going?"

"My... My room." You feel a bit foolish all of sudden. You gesture vaguely downstairs. "You know, down there..."

“Princess, those are the *servant’s quarters*. Of course your room isn’t down there anymore!” Maria shakes her head with a smile. “Your mother has ordered your things be moved to your new room!”

“My new...?” You begin to say, but Maria is already climbing the steps. You blink, and then hurry to follow the young girl.

A few minutes later, the blonde girl stops before a familiar door. And your heart sinks. “Your new room!” Maria smiles at you, opening the door and gesturing for you to enter.

Of course. You really should have expected this, but it’s still a humiliation. Of course you know this room. You’d slept in it last night. You’d climbed through that window over there, after your harrowing ordeal with the narrow ledge. Of course, that was when it had been *Lena’s* room. Now, the princess’s room belongs to you, it seems. It’s just one more thing you’ve now stolen from the woman you love.

In the center of the room, a large ornate tub has been prepared. Hot water fills it, steam rising into the cool evening air. “The queen is expecting you once you’re done. I’ve prepared your clothes for tonight.” Maria gives you a wink. “I made sure that they’re *appropriate*.”

You have an idea of what she means by that, and it makes your heart flutter. “Er... thank you. It looks... good.” You say awkwardly. “Thank you, Maria.”

“It’s my pleasure.” The blonde girl bows to you, and then gives you a curious look. “Of course, if you need any help washing yourself, princess, I would be quite happy to join you. I know that big, strong body of yours must be hard to clean all by yourself...” Maria looks you up and down, no longer even bothering to hide her attraction. Her eyes linger on the heavy bulge between your thighs...

“N-no, that’s quite alright!” You say, keenly aware of your dick hardening from her gaze. “Maybe another time...”

Maria doesn’t seem to take offense at your refusal. “Of course, princess. I’m getting ahead of myself. After all, tonight belongs to you and the queen.” Bowing politely, the young girl walks over to the door. “When you’re done, the queen will be expecting you. She says you’re not to rush, and to present yourself when you’re ready.” And with that, she closes the door with a quiet click.

Spending the afternoon under the warm sun has left you sweaty. At least, that’s what you want to believe. Truthfully, Kailen made you hot and sweaty, the sun just kept it going. It’s with great relief that you strip off *Lena’s*... Well, *your* clothes now, you suppose.

A moment later, you’re naked. Your breasts feel heavy, and your dick is aching slightly. Your balls are still in need of release from earlier today, and your vagina feels dirty. You don’t know

what the feeling after sex feels like, but you feel like the smell must be something similar to what you smell like now. The water is hot and refreshing, but you barely have the thought space to consider the wonders of a hot bath. Not when you're busy contemplating tonight.

It strikes you, as you wash your body, that you're preparing to have sex with your own mother. Kailen didn't say it in so many words, but it's obvious why you're going to her room tonight. The new queen wanted to... *seal* your new relationship. You know that can't mean anything other than... *intimacy*. She's going to kiss you again, you know. She's going to touch you...

You're embarrassed to realize that those thoughts have immediately aroused you once more. Beneath the bubbles of the bath, you can feel your cock, already fully erect and pulsing with life. Gods, it was *unfair*. How could you even hope to resist your mother when even the mere *thought* was enough to make you hard? You can't even *imagine* how you're going to resist when she pins you down and the head of her cock enters your vagina...

Your dick twitches violently at the thought. At this rate, you're going to end up mixing the bathwater with your seed. Trying to cleanse your mind, you focus on cleansing your body.

A few minutes later, you step out of the bath. Maria has left a towel for you, and you quickly dry your body. Admittedly, she's not wrong about it taking a while to dry yourself. You're a big girl, and drying every nook and cranny of your muscles takes a good amount of time. You're about to have sex with your own mother, by the way. You'd been trying not to think about that, but your brain really doesn't want to let you.

Finally, you drop the towel and look around for the clothes that Maria prepared for you. You know you should *really* be resisting right now. Or trying to think of how to save Lena. You can still stop Kailen, you suspect. If you... Oh gods. You know you're not going to. Even as you're thinking these very thoughts, you're picking up the clothes that Maria prepared, not able to muster the strength... or really the *desire* to stop.

There's no underwear in the neatly folded pile of clothes that the blonde girl left on top of the bed. You look for them for a moment, thinking that you must have missed them. But then, you realize that you're probably not going to be wearing these for long at all.

An embroidered pair of pants fits snugly around your leg muscles, clearly having been carefully chosen for your size. To your surprise, there's a comfortable gap for your extra genitals, which at least gives you some support down there. The shirt... never really had a chance. It's a blue silk button up shirt with your family sigil on the breast. On closer examination, it looks recently altered, probably retailored only hours ago. Unfortunately for whoever spent the time painstakingly embroidering the red half-melted skull that was your family's sigil would now have their work stretched out by the size of your breasts. Apparently, they'd underestimated your size. Then again, you're no longer wearing the thick warrior's bra that usually keeps them in.

You have no need of shoes. Now effectively fully dressed, you stand in the bedroom and look yourself up and down in Lena's... in *your* mirror. For a moment, you stare at Kailen. You've never realized how much you resemble your mother. Your strong muscles aren't as thick as hers, and you're slightly taller than her, but it's obvious that her blood runs strong in your veins. Your black hair is shorter than hers, but it's the exact same shade. Even the handsome face that stares back at you looks like her, now that you get a good look at yourself.

Who are you? The question bounces around in your head. Who are you *really*? You've always defined yourself by your relationship with other people. You're Lena's knight. You're Kailen's daughter. Somehow, neither of those feel correct. Have you ever really thought about who *you* are?

Those thoughts are still echoing in your mind as you knock on the door to the royal bedroom. A moment later, the door swings open.

"Welcome, daughter." Kailen smirks triumphantly at you.

Throughout your childhood, you'd had a particular image of your mother. She was tall and heavily muscled, of course. When she'd been overseeing your training, she'd always worn thick cloth mixed with chainmail, and always had a slight metallic clunk when she walked. At her side, there was always a sword, her hand always comfortably resting on the pommel of the blade. The sword was no ceremonial weapon, but a well used and deadly weapon. And her face... Always stern. Always looking down at you as if you'll never quite meet her expectations...

"W-what are you *wearing*?" You ask, looking up and down your mother's body.

As Kailen opens the bedroom door, she chuckles at your surprise. "What, did you think I wore chainmail to bed, fool?" She gives you a sneer. "What do you think? A proper royal nightdress, don't you think?"

Your mother is wearing a thin negligee, an almost transparent garment that looks stunningly soft and silky. It's not quite thin enough to see through, but you can clearly see the shape of her body. The huge roundness of her breasts are outlined against the bedroom's light, as is her thick hips and toned stomach. She's clearly shat out whoever she'd eaten before, and you can't swear by it, but her breasts look slightly bigger for it. A pair of black underclothes are visible through the fabric, clearly struggling to contain her 'manhood', despite being tailored for it. Her muscled arms are bare, and you can see dozens of scars up and down her tanned skin.

Gods, it felt *obscene* to see the great warrior wearing something like this. Immediately, you can feel your dick stirring in your pants as you look your mother up and down.

Kailen notices your stare, and then gives you a rather lecherous smile. "You like what you see, daughter? I suppose you must, considering you were the one who proposed this..." She beckons for you to enter.

Nervously stepping into the royal bedroom, you feel like you need to correct her. "... I didn't *propose* this, mother, it was merely a... Oh." The royal bedroom is... Oh *gods*.

The bedroom is dim, lit only by the light of a dozen candles. Instantly, you can smell their scent, a strangely intoxicating musk that seems to make your nose tingle. The royal bed has its curtains drawn. On the table nearby, you can see several jugs of water and a bowl of fruit laid out for you, presumably for when you'll be thirsty or in need of more energy.

It's clear that the servants must have spent a long time setting this room up. And it's clear what *for*.

"What do you think, daughter?" You feel Kailen's powerful arms embracing you from behind, her heavy breasts pressing against your back. "You know, I believe that your other mother and I conceived you in the back alley behind the stables. I was drunk off cheap rum and thought she was one of my soldiers. I only figured out she was a barmaid *after* I'd spurted you into her." Kailen chuckles at the memory. "Now... I figure something a bit more *romantic* might be in order for *us*, daughter..."

If she was going for romance, then your mother's certainly got a talent for it. You can already feel your penis hardening in your pants, and your nipples poking against the strangely stimulating fabric of your shirt. "W-what do you mean, Mother?" You ask, trying to pretend you don't understand. You know fully why you're here, after all.

Kailen's hands wander down, rubbing your hips. Gods, her grip is wonderfully *strong*... "We're going to *seal* our arrangement, daughter." She answers, leaning in to whisper in your ear. "I'm going to take you as my wife tonight, am I not?"

"Mmm..." You try to respond, but only a shameful moan comes out of your mouth as you feel your mother's hand move dangerously close to your erection. "No, I want to marry Lena..." But you're barely even fooling *yourself* now.

"No, you don't." Kailen dismisses your words with an insulting casualness. "So... Here's the deal, daughter." Letting go of you, your mother takes a step back and turns you to face her. A moment later, you're standing eye to eye with Kailen, your faces only inches away from each other. "You're going to become my *heir* and partner. You're going to help me rule our kingdom and bring glory to *our* family." Her hands gently caress your own, making you shiver slightly. "In *exchange*... I will marry you and make you co-queen. You and I will be lovers for the rest of our lives, and you will be the mother of my children."

Oh gods... That sounded so good... Wait. "M-mother?!" You say, just now processing that your mother expects you to bear her children as well. You knew that having children was part of the job description for a queen, but the thought of *you* bearing a child had never crossed your mind.

"Yes?" Kailen tilts her head slightly, looking confused. Then, she snorts. "Oh, I thought you were referring to me." Your mother smirks at you. "Well, of course you'll be the mother of my children if we're married, daughter. You'll need heirs of your own someday. Besides, our dynasty must grow. It's only the two of us right now, and I intend to *aggressively* expand our family."

You... pregnant with your mother's child. In your mind's eye, you can see your belly expanding, swelling with the life inside. Using your own body to conceive a child... You'd never even imagined such a thing, but it's a strangely exciting thought. The chance to raise a child...

No! You... You swore an *oath* to protect Lena! As terrifyingly beautiful as the future your mother was describing was, you need to stay true to the woman you love. "What... What of Lena?" You ask your mother. "And the old queen?"

Kailen just sneers at their mention. "Yes, I'd been considering what to do with them in the light of... Your new idea." Biting her lip, the soldier-queen sits down on the edge of the curtained bed, gently pulling you along. Now eye-level with your belly button, you don't resist as Kailen slides up your shirt, admiring your toned stomach. "Do we need to discuss them now, daughter? Why not just renounce that foolish little girl, and forget about her? I'm eager to explore my new lover's body..."

"No, I... Ah!" You can't help but moan as Kailen's lips trail down your abs, kissing her way slowly down to your groin.

Your mother chuckles as she pulls up your tunic even further. "You know, if I'd *known* I was raising my future wife, I would have put you on a different diet, daughter. I built you to be a warrior, not a wife. And I *succeeded*." Continuing downward, she kisses your hips, squeezing your thick thighs. "Gods... You might be even more powerful than me, daughter. I'd told myself that the time you'd beaten me in a fight was simple luck, but..." Then, she suddenly reaches up and grabs your breasts.

"Ah!" As Kailen squeezes your chest, you can't help but let out a moan. "G-gods...!" You gasp, feeling a wave of pleasure as her strong fingers gently pinch your nipples. "M-mother..." Your breasts are *big*, heavy lumps of fat that you've only ever considered a hindrance. But Kailen's hands are immensely strong, brutally savaging your tits with her iron grip. Nerve endings buried deep beneath a thick layer of fat are now *exploding*, fulfilling a deep satisfaction that you'd never known you needed.

"Holy...!" Kailen grins lecherously. "What are *these*, daughter? I know those warrior bras are sturdy, but have you really surpassed me *there* too?" Her other hand reaches down and grabs

her own breast through her negligee. “Yes, I believe you *have!*” Kailen’s chest is massive as well, and you’re not quite sure you agree.

“You made me...” You try to speak, but it’s hard to form words through a haze of pleasure. “You made me the way I am, mother...”

“Hmm...” Raising an eyebrow, Kailen smirks at you. “You’re right, daughter. I have nothing to complain about.” You feel her hands wandering down your chest, her fingers trailing along your tight abdominal muscles. “You have a warrior’s build, daughter. Just like me.” She bites her lip as she rubs your stomach, seeming to quite enjoy the hardness of your abs. “Oh... No, forget what I said. The diet I had you on is *perfect*. Oh, *yes...*”

“Mother, *please!*” You finally manage to control yourself. Reaching down, you grab her wrists, forcing Kailen to stop. Though she probably could have overpowered you, Kailen actually does stop, to your surprise. “Please... What’s going to happen to Lena?” You *need* to know.

Your mother clicks her tongue in irritation. “Well...” She pushes you back a little and stands up, cracking her knuckles loudly. It’s something she often does when she’s frustrated, you know. “You know, I spent much of the day considering that question.” Sighing, Kailen puts an arm around your shoulder. “To be honest, I expected more resistance to my little power grab, you know?”

You *do* know. Your conversation with Maria had made it quite clear that there was almost no real resistance to Kailen’s seizure of the throne. At least, in the palace. “W-what about in the city?” You ask, your breasts still aching from your mother’s rough touch. The castle sits on the edge of the kingdom’s capital city, a large fortified metropolis. “Surely there would have been a riot, or...?”

“Oh, yes.” Kailen snorts derisively. “It was easily put down, of course. While my soldiers and I took control of the palace, the rest of our army carried out a wonderful little *purge* in the city. A few thousand potential enemies removed, the rest of the city aware of how I punish rebellion, and now our army is quite *well fed*.” She pats her stomach with a sneer.

Oh, now that you think of it, you recall hearing the soldiers outside your door saying something to that effect. “They *ate* them...” You’d heard rumors of her army’s ravenous appetite. It was part of their terrifying reputation, after all.

“I’ve heard the soldiers practically turned the river that runs through the city *brown!*” Kailen chuckles at the thought, and then smirks at you. “I’d been worried that there’d be a faction in the castle to resist Joustina and Lena’s deposition, but it actually seems like *you* were the only member of that faction.” Your mother licks her lips hungrily. “I suppose there’s nothing left for us to do, other than contemplate their disposal.”

“Disposal?” You say numbly, struggling to comprehend the concept. No, she can’t possibly mean...

“Why not?’ Your mother shrugs dismissively. “Now that you’re with me, daughter, I have no further use for the whore or her daughter. I suppose I could keep them around for us to use as fuck-toys, but there’s always the danger of someone trying to put them back on the throne.” She shakes her head, her smile becoming dangerously cruel. “No, I think it would be best to get rid of those loose ends, and *directly integrate* the old dynasty into our own.”

Your mouth falls open in shock. You’re about to respond, but Kailen suddenly turns and grabs the curtain covering the bed behind her.

“Isn’t that right, *Joustina?*” Tearing open the ornate curtain, your mother sneers down at... Oh *gods*.

Even with her arms tied with cloth, the former queen Joustina looks beautiful and regal as she lays back against the pillows. Beside her on the bed, Lena lays against her mother’s breasts, equally bound. Their long golden hair mixes together as it trails down their bodies. Both are wearing white negligee, their bare skin highly visible underneath. Their position is clearly not by choice, as Lena is feebly struggling against the cloth binding her arms and legs. Another layer of cloth covers their mouth, though Joustina is clearly silent by choice. Lena, on the other hand, is desperately trying to scream. She had been screaming for *you*...

Behind you, the table slams into the back of your legs, and you almost knock over the jugs of water. You’d backed away in horror the moment you saw Lena, a vile pit of guilt opening up in your stomach. Had she *heard* what your mother had been saying? Gods, if she got the wrong idea and thought you had betrayed her...

“Ah, I forgot the two of you had your foolish mouths bound.” Kailen strides over to the mother and daughter on the bed, and pulls down Joustina’s gag. “There, you may answer now, whore.”

Joustina sucks in a breath of grateful air. Then, she smiles at your mother. “I... I must admit that...” She’s breathing heavily, clearly aroused. “I must admit that your words are wise. As long as Lena and I remain alive, others may try to use us against you. Eliminating us would be the best course of action.” Next to her, Lena tries to scream, struggling even harder against her bonds. “Indeed, devouring the two of us may even make you more legitimate in the eyes of those who doubt your claim to the throne. After all, the former ruling dynasty will be a part of you...”

“Enough!” Kailen waves her hand rudely, gesturing for the former queen to stop talking. “Tonight is for me and my daughter, not for you to *babble*. Your tongue is more suited to lathering up my balls than *speaking*.” Then, your mother glances at you. “Oh, I think your little maiden wants a word, daughter.” To your alarm, she reaches over to Lena, grabbing the former princess’s gag...

“N-no!” You blurt out, terrified at what Lena will say.

But your mother doesn’t listen. With a sneer, she frees Lena’s mouth. “What is it, whore?” Kailen snarls coldly. “Do you have something to say to the princess?”

“M-my knight...” Lena gasps, looking at you with desperation in her eyes. “Kailen... Kailen plans to eat me! You *have* to stop her! She’s not going to honor our agreement...!”

“Agreement?” Kailen raises an eyebrow and looks over at you. “And what *agreement* is this, daughter?”

You blush deeply. “I...” You summon your courage and look your mother directly in the eyes. “I swore to Lena that if she submitted to you during the coronation, I’d...” You gulp nervously. “I’d convince you to let her go... and to let us marry...”

Kailen stares at you for a long moment. “Really?” She asks, in a terrifyingly neutral tone. Then, a cruel smile spreads across her face. “Ha! And she *believed* you?!” Suddenly, Kailen begins to laugh, a rough chuckle that echoes around the candle lit bedroom. “Ah... Excellent work, daughter. You played this stupid girl just like I played her mother. I bet she even convinced you to suck her off, didn’t she, “princess”? Ha! It seems that dominating weak-willed sluts is hereditary!”

You want to speak... but what can you say? You could deny it, but... You know your mother is speaking the truth. You’d never wanted to betray Lena, but you had done so all the same. What did it matter that you hadn’t *intended* to do so? You’d still given in to Kailen, and made your way to her room tonight...

Lena shakes her head. To your eternal shame, it seems that she still believes in you somehow. “N-no!” She says, her voice surprisingly firm for a girl who’d been bound and gagged just moments ago. “My knight would never... She swore an oath to me!”

“An oath *I* asked her to swear. And an oath that, as *queen*, I have the power to nullify anyway.” Kailen puts a strong arm around your shoulders, pulling you on close. “Don’t you understand, princess? My daughter isn’t your little toy soldier anymore. She’s her own woman. And she’s decided to side with her family instead of serving *you*.” She gives you an affectionate squeeze. “I’m so damn proud of her.”

“It’s not true.” Lena looks at you desperately. “My knight, tell her it’s not true. You love me, don’t you?”

You open your mouth to respond, but an irritated growl beside you cuts you off. “Don’t speak to her like that, you little whore.” Kailen lets go of you and steps toward the former princess, giving the blonde girl a nasty look. “My daughter isn’t just the crown princess of this kingdom. This

woman has asked me to become her wife, so that she can rule at my side. And I've happily accepted her offer."

Lena's pretty blue eyes widen in shock. "N-no..." She stammers, shaking her head. "That's a lie. My knight would never betray me like that."

"Your knight..." Kailen sneers at her. "... has betrayed *nothing*. Like a true knight, she is loyal to her family and bloodline. She's ready to leave you behind and stand beside me." Your mother turns to you. "You've been silent long enough, daughter. Speak your mind." She smiles warmly at you.

Lena turns to you, terror in her eyes. "Please, tell me it isn't true, my knight..."

Her knight? Are you still Lena's knight? Who are you? You'd lived your life in the shadow of different people. Kailen, Lena, Joustina... But you'd never really considered who *you* were.

So, who are you? You're... a warrior. You're a general's daughter. You're Aelena's knight. But no, those aren't real answers. You're just defining yourself by those around you.

Your twelfth birthday is the first day you ever wield a sword. It's given to you by your mother, a hard eyed soldier called Kailen. As you raise it above your head, you struggle to lift its weight...

But who had been that little girl? Who had picked up the sword?

"Lena..." You feel the words finally tumble from your mouth. "My name... is Rhaella."

The former princess stares at you for a long moment, blinking in confusion. "What... What are you talking about, my knight?"

Beside you, Kailen seems a bit quicker on the uptake. "You never even asked her name, did you?" She asks the baffled Lena. "Gods, I didn't even know that..."

Lena looks between you and Kailen, her cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "I... No, she never told *me!*" The former princess shakes her head. "A knight isn't supposed to tell their mistress their name..."

It's true. You never told Lena your name. It's a vital part of the chivalric code of knights, after all. "My name is Rhaella." You repeat, and the unfamiliar name tastes odd in your mouth. The only person who's ever called you by that name was your *other* mother, long ago. You hadn't even thought about it yourself for years.

Today... You'd gotten just a hint of what it felt like to be yourself. Not Kailen's daughter, not Lena's knight. But *you*. It had been a strange feeling, one that had made your head spin and

your mind struggle. But even that tiny sliver had made you realize how much you yearned for it. One taste... and you can never go back.

“Lena...” You say, with a great deal of guilt in your heart. “I’m sorry... But I can’t fulfill my oath.”

The former princess stares at you for a long moment. “No...” She says, tears filling her eyes. “You... You *belong* to me! You said you loved me!” Lena begins to cry as she speaks. “My knight, please, you need to resist...”

Do you? Do you *want* to resist Kailen anymore? The answer is clear to you. “Forgive me, Lena...” As your mother embraces you from behind again, you let out a moan of pleasure. “I *can’t* resist her anymore...”

Turning around, you embrace your mother, pulling her in close. Kailen seems a little surprised at your initiative, but she eagerly embraces you in return. Your lips crash together, hungrily slurping at each other’s lips. You can feel your massive breasts squishing against your mother’s. Below, you can feel your erections pressing together, sending shudders of pleasure through your groin.

Your mother quickly regains the initiative, pressing forward and tilting your head back with the force of her kiss. Her hands seize both of your strong buttocks, squeezing your muscled behind eagerly. A moment later, her other hand snakes around your thigh, bypassing your cock and balls and reaching for...

“Oooh!” You’re forced to break the kiss and let out a shameful moan as your mother rubs your vagina through your tight pants. Nestled underneath your cock and balls, the wet slit has always been foreign territory for you, except for when it came time to pass water. No-one’s *ever* touched you down there like this before, not even *you*. “M-mother, that feels...!”

“Rhaella, *please*. Don’t you know who I *am*? Why are you surprised that I know how to make you feel good?” Kailen chuckles happily as you shudder in pleasure, hugging her tightly. “I know my way around a vagina, daughter. And I’ll be glad to teach you all I know...”

To your surprise, Kailen then gently pushes you off her. Stepping back, your mother reaches for the hem of her negligee and... Oh *gods*...

In moments, your mother is naked apart from her bulging black underwear. Now, you can see her huge breasts directly for the first time in your life. Both are *enormous*, almost as big as your own. But unlike yours, the pinkness around her nipples is huge, spreading almost three or four inches in diameter.

Beneath are a stunning row of abs, eight chiseled muscles, surrounded by toned skin. Her thighs are equally defined, tight muscles flexing as she tosses the thin negligee aside. Folding

her arms under her breasts, Kailen smirks at you. “What say you, daughter? What do you think of your mother’s body?”

“You’re so scarred...” You gasp, looking your mother’s body up and down. A lifetime of war has left Kailen’s body with an array of handsome scars. Stepping forward, you reach out and touch her belly. It’s like touching a *wall*, or a shield made of iron. With your thumb, you trace a particularly brutal scar running from under her right breast down to her belly button. “It’s beautiful...”

Kailen chuckles, and you feel the skin under your thumb twitching at your touch. “You like that one? That was from the Battle of the Red Wastes. Some knight caught me from behind and ran me through with a spear.” You can feel her laughter vibrating underneath your fingers. “Foolish girl seemed rather surprised when I turned around and lopped her head off.” You feel your mother’s hand close over your own, and you look up to see her looking down at you with a smirk. “I’ll give you the story of every one of my scars when we’re in bed tonight, if you like.”

“I...” You feel your body flushing with happiness. “I would like that very much, mother...”

“Please...” You’re startled to hear Lena sobbing nearby on the bed. “Please, no more...”

Kailen lets out an irritated growl. “Excuse me one moment, daughter.” Marching over to the bed, your mother grabs Lena’s face and gags her again. “This is a historic moment for this kingdom, and a beautiful moment for Rhaella and I. I won’t allow a whore’s whining to ruin it. Stay silent until it’s time for *your* part to be played.” Then, she grabs both women by the feet and drags them off the bed. With a yelp, both Joustina and Lena are deposited on the royal carpet. Then, Kailen turns and walks back over to you. “Now then... Where were we, daughter?”

“I was exploring your body...” You prompt, ashamed at how eager you are. Your cock is painfully hard and dripping with precum, the front of your pants wet. Even more shamefully, your vagina is soaking wet from your mother’s earlier touch.

“Oh yes...” Kailen chuckles, reaching out to stroke your chin. “And I believe I was in the process of exploring my own... *handiwork*, so to speak.” She reaches out and tugs at the hem of your shirt. “If you wear this any longer, I fear you’ll burst out of it! Come, remove it and let me admire my new wife’s body...”

Obediently, you reach down and pull off the sweat-soaked shirt. Instantly, you feel a wave of cool air rush over your nipples, and your breasts bounce free. Their liberation feels immensely exciting. Even more exciting is the hungry look your mother is giving your chest. Stepping forward, you stand up straight, ready for Kailen to judge you in much the same way she’d done a thousand times during your childhood.

Kailen does not hesitate. A moment later, she eagerly seizes your breasts in each hand, squeezing roughly. “Gods, look at these things! What did I *feed* you? How can they be even

bigger than mine?!” You can’t help but whimper happily at her rough touch. Your mother clearly knows how to handle large breasts, stimulating your thick chest with her powerful grip. “My blood must be flowing strongly in your veins, daughter...”

Reaching out, you pull your mother’s hips closer to yours. Then, you reach out and grab her behind. Kailen’s buttocks feel amazingly firm. “Mother... Your body is *incredible*...” You gasp, squeezing her ass as hard as you can.

She just chuckles in amusement. “You’ve seen *nothing* yet.” Pushing you back, Kailen hooks her thumbs into her underwear. “Feast your eyes, daughter.” Your mother chuckles deeply as she lowers her underwear. A moment later, she lets her new clothes fall down to her ankles, eagerly displaying her groin to you. “Your reward is here...”

Ever since you were a little girl, you’ve looked up to Kailen and wanted to fulfill her expectations of you. Your mother has been your whole world, the woman upon whom you’ve built your entire identity. Even your bond with Lena was one that was given to you by your mother, *for your mother’s own ends*.

You’ve seen Kailen almost every day of your life. But this is the first time you’re seeing her *cock*. So, it feels utterly *vulgar* to now come face to face with your mother’s *penis*. The stunningly large appendage protrudes from her groin, a thick dark organ that’s even longer than your own. Years of active use have rendered her penis several shades darker than the rest of her body, and it’s crowned with a thick forest of black pubic hair. Though it’s considerably larger than yours, her penis is disturbingly similar to your own, even down to the black pubic hair around your own cock. Your mother’s genitals are already hard and pulsing with arousal, much to your disgust.

Your mother’s cock... Gods, that’s a disturbing thing to think about. But as shocking as it is, you can’t help but feel a shameful thrill of excitement. “G-gods...” You can only gasp in shock, unable to marshall any real thoughts as you stare down its impressive length. “Gods, it’s *big*...”

“You’re damn right it is.” Kailen smirks down at you, clearly pleased at how dumbfounded you are at the sight of her penis. “This is the cock that conquered a queen, daughter. This is the cock *of a queen!*” She laughs at her own joke, rubbing the base of her cock. “Now then...” Kailen sneers at you. “Get those breeches off, girl. I want to see how much of my blood you’ve inherited...”

Your head still swimming at the sight of her *massive vulgar penis*, you reach for the band of your pants with trembling hands. A moment later, your cock springs free, liberated from the narrow confines of the fabric. As you pull off your pants, you see Kailen staring down at your penis.

“Ha! It seems that I’ve still got something you haven’t beaten, daughter.” Stepping forward again, Kailen grabs her cock and holds it up. Compared to your own, it’s visibly longer and thicker. “Come closer, girl, I need to measure up...”

Shuddering in anticipation, you step forward, pressing your body against Kailen’s. “Ah!” You let out a gasp of pleasure as you feel a strong hand close around your penis. A moment later, you feel something thick and heavy rub against your own. You and your mother’s penises are *touching!*

“You’re about eight inches long!” Kailen tells you with a smirk. “Two inches or so smaller than mine, I’d judge. But that’s still quite an impressive length, daughter.” She rubs your cock slowly, enjoying the sight of your twitching face. Then, you feel her fingers carefully slip under your testicles, cradling your delicate orbs delicately. “Oh, but your balls feel just as powerful as my own...” She chuckles, gently massaging your genitals. “You and I are going to use these on as many women as we can...”

“W-we are?” Your mother’s touch makes it hard for you to think. “You’d be... okay with me fucking other women?” Her grip around your cock sends shockwaves of pleasure through your penis, making it pulse violently.

“Daughter, I’d *expect* you to!” Kailen chuckles at the thought. “We’re more than just women, daughter. We’re *queens*.” Sitting down on the bed, your mother sensually kisses you on the hands, her lips lingering on your strong knuckles. “Let your seed flow freely, daughter. You and I are going to expand our dynasty with every *spurt*...”

Rather than sitting down next to your mother, you kneel before her, desperate to take a closer look at her powerful body. You can smell her sweat, her powerful *musk* as you lean in, pressing your face into her stomach. “Oh, Mother...” You moan, looking down at her thick penis. “You’re so beautiful...” Her balls are so round and *thick*, full of her powerful seed...

“Hmm? What’s got you so captivated by my balls?” Kailen chuckles as your gaze moves to her testicles. Two heavy round orbs, bound in beautiful leathery skin and containing the seed of life. You can’t help but stare longingly at them. “What, you feeling nostalgic, daughter? Do you remember swimming around in them? Before I spurted you into your mother all those years ago?” Kailen lets out a crude snort. “Best be respectful, daughter. Those are *royal* balls now. With *royal* seed inside...”

Your mother’s mighty cock is right in front of you, its tip aimed directly at your heart like some black powder weapon. Powerful veins pulse along its length, and as you stare, a dribble of precum begins to trickle out of your mother’s cockhole. Kailen’s penis is so stunningly beautiful, so powerful and ready to be satisfied...

And then, without conscious thought, you feel her cock entering your mouth. You hadn’t even realized you’d been leaning forward, and you must have opened your lips on instinct. You had

never consciously decided to suck on Kailen's cock, it just... happened. And as disgusted as you are with yourself for giving in to temptation, you're certainly not going to *stop* now that you've started. As big as it *looks*, it *feels* even bigger inside your mouth. Your jaw feels strained just trying to accept the head of your mother's penis into your mouth. Already, you're almost gagging on the vulgar taste, as the base of her thick cock rubs against your tongue. The brutal musk of her pubic hair fills your nostrils, feeling as if it's driving directly into your brain.

"Ugh...!" Kailen lets out a groan of pleasure as she feels your warm lips descend onto the head of her cock. "Gods, didn't anyone teach you to *warn*... Well, I suppose it's partly my fault in that case. I wanted to enjoy you worshiping my royal body before we moved on to this..."

But you're not interested in stopping. As big and uncomfortable it feels, you want her cock in your mouth. Choking down its titanic length, you feel the head of her cock entering your throat. Her precum is lathered along your tongue, and the vile taste makes your head spin...

"Oh... Oooh!" Kailen shudders as you swallow her penis, inch after inch disappearing into your mouth. "Gods *above*, daughter! Who trained you to suck cock this well?!" You bob up and down on her cock, feeling the head of her penis filling your throat. "Ah... Ah, fuck! Oh my gods..." Your mother grabs your hair, her strong fingers tangling in your black locks, just as your nose begins to explore *her* black hair... "Hey! Whore queen!" Kailen turns to Joustina, who is still laying on the floor next to the bed with her daughter. "Rhaella's making me feel better than you ever did! How do you feel about that?"

"I'm glad for you." Joustina says calmly, watching the two of you with a serene smile. You have no idea how she can be so calm, when she and her daughter are tied up and at your mother's mercy. "I hope she makes you very happy, my love."

"Damn right, she's gonna..." Kailen suddenly lets out an animalistic grunt, and grabs your hair with both hands. "Oh, fuck! Oh, *fuck!* Rhaella!" You can feel her shuddering violently.

A moment later, you feel something hot filling your mouth, and you feel a similar warmth trickling down your throat. Kailen is *cumming!* Your mother is spurting her seed into your mouth! Pulling your head back slightly, you feel the huge cock in your mouth twitch again, sending another pulse of sperm splashing around in your mouth. She tastes of virility and *power*... and also of salt.

"Gah...!" Kailen is breathing hard as she pulls you off her cock. "Gods, you made me cum *fast*, daughter!" She looks down at you with a smile. "If that was your *first* time giving head, I think we're going to have a *very* happy marriage!"

You try to say something in response, but a thick load of sperm blocks your throat. You're forced to awkwardly swallow a few times before you can speak. "What... what now?" You ask, feeling your heart flutter. You know what's coming next.

Kailen grabs your shoulders and leans down. Kissing you, your mother's lips slurp on your own, eagerly tasting her own seed. A moment later, she pulls back slightly... and then sticks her tongue out and cleans an errant trail of sperm off your chin. "What's happening next is that you're going to *have sex with your own mother.*"

Her dick had sunk to half-erect for a few moments, but as you watch, your mother's cock starts to stiffen again. You can see liquid trailing down her thighs, a clear sign that her lower genitals are just as aroused as her penis is. Her scent is thick, a mixture of sweat and sperm...

"On your back, daughter." Kailen pats you on the shoulder, indicating for you to get up. "I want to climb on top of you..."

Obediently, you climb onto the bed. Laying down, you can barely see over the huge mountains of your chest. A moment later, you grab one of the pillows Joustina had been lying on, awkwardly stuffing it under your neck. In the gap between your breasts, you can see your own cock towering, the head of your penis slick with precum. You can feel your heart beating fast, knowing what's about to come...

The bed shakes violently as Kailen climbs onto it, and you can feel your mother's heavy weight warping the mattress beneath you. She grabs your legs, running her hands up and down your thighs. "Ah... I knew that the training I gave you was worth it. Look at these warrior's thighs..." You shudder at her touch, feeling your dick twitching as her fingers caress your muscles. "And I see that you're already wet and ready for me..."

You realize what she's about to do just before your mother does it. "W-wait, I need a moment to..." You begin, but your mother's fingers reach your vagina before you can finish. "Oh... Oooh! M-mother, please be gentle..." Kailen's strong fingers stroke your slit, gently probing your entrance. You've *never* been touched down there like this. Even when you've shamefully masturbated under the covers of your bed, you were never brave enough to reach down there...

"Gods, it's been a while since a woman's been this *wet* for me this *fast*. Even Joustina, I had to get her ready with my fingers most of the time." Kailen chuckles, and then pulls her hand away, much to your shameful disappointment. "Spread those legs, daughter. I know *exactly* how I want you..."

Obediently, you spread your legs as wide as you can, feeling a shameful breeze over your nether regions. You're not sure if *anyone* has ever looked at your vagina before, but Kailen eyes your sex hungrily. Your dick twitches in anticipation.

But your mother knows how to make you wait for it. With a cruel smile, she turns and looks down over the side of the bed. "Are the two of you watching?" She sneers, glaring down at Joustina and Lena. You'd... actually totally forgotten they were even there, too lost in your mother's skilful pleasuring. "Lena, I expect you to pay close attention. This is a special moment

for the woman you love. You might have claimed her virginity, but I'm going to make her forget all about that..."

"We didn't..." You gasp out, feeling a rush of embarrassment. "She didn't take my virginity, mother..." Distantly, you hear a muffled sob.

Kailen turns back to you, clearly shocked. "Truly? Daughter, you spent the night with her, did you not?" Her surprise turns to amusement. "What a fool this little whore is. She had the chance to be with you, but she didn't take it! Well, that's one more thing for me to enjoy!"

You know you could have had sex with Lena last night, but you'd been too busy thinking about how to deal with Kailen. Part of you regrets that, now that you realize it. And another part of you is glad that you didn't. After all, it means your virginity will now be taken by...

A moment later, your mother shuffles forward, kneeling in front of your spread legs. Your hips are right next to hers, and you can feel the heat of her cock just inches away. All of a sudden, your mother leans forward, placing her hands on either side of your head. "A nice, *intimate* position like this would make you happy, wouldn't it, daughter?" Her face is just inches away from your own, her hot breath caressing your face. You can feel her heavy weight pressing down on your body, pinning you in place. Her breasts squish against your own, two sets of cushions that feel *made* for this. "You're not some tavern wench that I'm screwing in a back alley. I'm going to make this feel good for you, daughter..."

Suddenly, you can feel the head of her penis lift up your balls, pressing against your vagina. As wet as you are down there, you'll never be prepared for the sheer *size* of her cock. The thick bulb of her cockhead probes your pussy, brutally forcing you open with every gentle press. "M-mother, please...!" You gasp, feeling a wave of fear. "Please be gentle...!"

"I know how to fuck a virgin!" Kailen growls, sounding a little annoyed. "Who do you think I am, daughter? A hundred peasant girls have lost their virginity to me..." Even so, the head of her cock begins to fill your pussy, stretching open your entrance painfully. "I'm not going to lie, daughter. This is going to hurt at first. Nothing I can do about that."

You're aware of that. No-one had ever told you how sex worked, but you'd picked up most of the information throughout your childhood. A woman's first time was always painful, you gather. "I... I can take it..." You say, trying to be brave. After the first time, it was supposed to get better, right?

"I know you can, daughter. You're a warrior, just like me." Your mother leans forward, kissing your neck sensually. Her lips feel like they burn your skin, leaving delightfully painful scorch marks... "You know, I've never laid with a fellow warrior before." Kailen chuckles softly into your ear. "Most of the whores I've conquered have been simpering bitches with soft bodies. They needed me to be *gentle*. But I raised you to be a tough bitch, didn't I? Like mother, like daughter." You can feel her erection rubbing against your thigh, leaving a trail of glistening

precum wherever it touches. "I can fuck you as hard as I please, can't I? Your strong body can take it, daughter."

"I can..." You say, feeling your heart shiver. You're used to pain. Especially pain inflicted by your own mother. It has just made you stronger... At least, physically. But even so, this kind of pain feels different. "Mother please be... Ah!"

All of a sudden, Kailen's cock drives deep into you. Her size is *brutal*, a thick sword of flesh that cuts deep into you, tearing you open. Deep inside you, you feel *something* break, a flash of pain that's more spiritual than physical. "Ah... Forgive me, daughter... But the best way is to get it over with quickly..." Kailen is breathing hard, and you can feel her dick twitching inside you. "Gods, you're *tight*..."

It's... like Kailen just struck your innards with a hammer. The force of her entry has left you panting and covered in sweat. It *hurts*... but there's something far more than pain that's knocking you for a loop right now. Your mother... has *penetrated* you. You'd never even thought about your vagina before, let alone that you'd ever have a woman inside it. Serving Lena had been your entire purpose. In truth, you'd almost expected to go to your grave a virgin. But now, your virginity is gone, claimed by Kailen. It's a brutal experience.

But even so, as the moment passes, you can feel your body recovering from the shock. As painful as it was to be penetrated, you can feel your vagina beginning to adjust to having something inside of it. "Ah... You're so godsdamn wet..." Kailen moans with a horny blush on her scarred cheeks. Looking down, she begins to rub your clit, sending waves of pleasure through your body. "Not even any blood! Impressive, daughter. I've never been inside such a tough woman. Shall I begin?"

Begin? Oh gods, her cock was going to *move*! Just having it inside your vagina was hard enough... And yet, a part of you is thrilled at the thought. You want this pain, don't you? Something about your mother staring down at you, grinning happily as she grabs your thighs... It feels glorious. Some part of you has desired this since... Gods, who knows? Since your childhood, even.

"Here we go..." Kailen smirks down at you. You feel her cock begin to slide back out of you... And then drive even deeper.

"Hah!" You feel your back arch involuntarily, as a wave of pain and pleasure rips through your groin. Your dick twitches, and your balls tighten as well, a thick blob of precum surging out of your cock and dribbling down your length. "Oh gods! It feels... It feels..."

How can you even describe the feeling of being penetrated? There's something terrifying about being penetrated by your mother's cock. It's... like an existential terror, almost. As you shift on the bed, you can feel Kailen's cock *inside you*, buried deep in your abdomen. The feeling is so

totally alien to you that you feel a hint of fear. You've never even had a *finger* inside you before, let alone something of this magnitude.

Kailen is not content to remain gentle, however. "Ah... I need more!" She moans, squeezing your thighs. "Daughter, are you ready for me to go faster?"

You're amazed she actually asked permission, to be quite honest. "Y-yes!" You gasp, staring up at her flushed face. "Go faster, mother! I can take it!" It hurts. Gods, it *hurts*. But you *love* the pain. You love the brutality of her cock, thundering into your sex. And as Kailen's stroke begins to speed up, you can feel intense pleasure ripping through your body alongside the pain.

"Ha..." Kailen's smug face now twists into a grimace. "Oh... Oh *fuck*, daughter! It feels like you were fucking *made* for me!" You were, in a way. "Ugh... I need more! I need more!" Pressing down on your body even harder, your mother forces the rest of her cock inside you. "Fuck yes! Swallow every inch, daughter!"

Your mother has looked at you with many expressions throughout your life. Irritations, disappointment, frustration, anger, disgust... even *lust*, recently. But there's something so *immensely* satisfying about seeing her face flushed with pleasure. Pleasure *you're* giving her. "Yes, mother! Fuck me!" You moan, and are delighted to see Kailen grimace even more, struggling to deal with the pleasure.

"Fuck... Rub that *huge cock* of yours against my abs, daughter...!" Indeed, you can feel your penis pressed against her toned stomach as she thrusts, the head of your cock coating her abs in precum. "Gods, I can't go back to soft whores now... Your warrior's body is too good, daughter..."

Reaching up, you grab her breasts, squeezing her thick chest with as much strength as you can. Like yours, her breasts need a firm grip, but the ragged moan she makes indicates that your touch is making her feel good. "You're so *strong*, mother..." You moan softly into her ear. "You're such a powerful queen..."

"Hah..." You can feel Kailen's mighty cock twitching inside you, and you can see that your mother's handsome face is turning red. "Oh... You're too much for me, daughter...!" She lets out a ragged moan, her hands squeezing your thighs with a desperate need. "I'm going to cum!"

Gods... Your own mother is about to get you pregnant. Her thick cock is about to fill you with her seed, and your belly is going to swell up... And then you're going to give birth to your own mother's child... "M-mother..." You groan, squeezing her breasts in anticipation. "Get me pregnant..." Your words are just as much of a shock to you as they are a delight for Kailen.

Your mother laughs at your desperate plea. "So eager to become a mother yourself, daughter? Or perhaps you're eager for a half-sister..." Kailen looks somewhere between amused and

aroused, as she continues to hammer your insides with every stroke. “Ha! May the gods have mercy on whoever has to draw our family tree... Ugh!”

That seems to be the final straw for Kailen. Driving her cock deep inside you, you feel her cock twitching. Her balls come to rest against your butt, and you can feel them pulsing violently. A moment later, a glorious warmth begins to spread throughout your abdomen. Kailen’s seed spurts out, filling your vagina with her royal sperm. Through the haze of pleasure, you feel a thrill of fear. The idea of becoming pregnant was exciting... but the fact that you’re actively becoming pregnant right now is more than a little terrifying.

Kailen lets out a satisfied moan as her balls continue to empty themselves. It’s only when her cum begins to trickle down your thighs, and her cock begins to soften, that she finally begins to pull out. The feeling of the massive cock inside you had been devastating, but now the feeling of its sudden absence is almost just as brutal. As your mother’s cock leaves your body with a wet *pop*, you can feel an aching void in your abdomen. As you go limp, you can feel a huge pool of cum sloshing around in there, her sperm almost certainly assaulting your poor, fertile womb.

“Mother...” You moan, rubbing your poor, battered vagina. You can still feel her cock inside you, a deep ache that you know you’ll never be able to forget. “That was...”

“Amazing?” Kailen sits back, breathing heavily. Her cum-soaked cock is softening, still at half-mast as her chest rises and falls. “Three decades of sexual experience, daughter. I know how to make a woman feel *damn good*. And so do *you*, by the way.”

“It was amazing...” You agree. Indeed, Kailen’s skill was evident to you. She’d battered your vagina with her mighty cock, and you were hungry for more. “I... I need to cum...”

Kailen blinks for a moment, looking down at your still-erect penis. “You didn’t cum?!” She asks, clearly shocked. “You... I’ve *never* cum before another woman...” Your mother takes a deep breath, and then cracks her knuckles. “Very well... I’ve never tugged off another woman, but I’ll take a crack at it...”

“No.” You tell her, awkwardly sitting up on the bed. Grabbing your erection, you smile at Kailen. “I need... I need you.”

“You need me?” Your mother seems a little confused. “What do you mean? I can finish you off, if you...”

“Lay down, mother.” You tell her with a smirk. “On your back, please?”

Kailen stares at you for a long moment, clearly confused. Then, her eyes widen in shock as she understands what you’re asking her to do. “You want to... Fuck *me*?!” She asks, bewildered at the very concept. “Are you sure about that, daughter?”

You've come this far. You've let your mother claim you, and broken your oath to Lena. You've stolen the life of the woman you love, and been fucked by another woman right in front of her. You're a disgusting traitor, and an incestuous bastard. But now, you can at least be at peace with yourself. "Yes, mother. I'm sure."

Kailen hesitates. For a moment, you think she might refuse. She's such a proud and strong warrior, would she even...?

But then, your mother sighs. "So be it. I am your queen now, just as you are mine. If this is your price..." Even so, Kailen looks rather worried as she lays down on her back. A moment later, she grabs the pillow you'd been laying on, bracing her neck against it. "W-well, you may begin whenever you..."

Instantly, you jump up, impatient to begin. As you do so, a torrent of cum splatters down your thighs, but you barely even notice. Leaning down, you cut off your mother's words with your mouth, claiming her lips hungrily. She makes a surprised noise, but kisses you back without resistance. You can feel your cock aching, desperate for release. Breaking the kiss, you smile down at her. "I'm not as experienced as you, mother, but... I'll try my best."

Eagerly, you grab your mother's thighs and pull them apart. She's strong enough to stop you, but Kailen only resists for a moment before she allows you to open her legs.

Your mother's vagina sits just below her balls, a dark shape underneath her heavy testicles. You can see her pink folds glistening, having soaked herself with her last orgasm. A few errant trails of sperm are dripping down there, coming dangerously close to her slit. It looks... "Beautiful..." You gasp reaching down to caress her sex. You can feel the powerful heat of her vagina against your fingers...

"Ngh!" Kailen lets out a muffled moan. When you look up at your mother, her face is stern, but there's a heavy blush on her cheeks. "What, daughter? If you wish to touch me, then touch me. Don't hold... b-back!" Her words tremble again as you begin to rub her vagina.

"Mother... You look so *inviting*..." You moan, feeling your cock aching to be inside her. Shuffling forward, you put your hands on either side of Kailen's head, pressing down on her body with your own in much the same way she had been doing to you before. "I want you, mother... I've wanted you for *so long*..."

"Well? What are you waiting for?" Kailen demands, almost angrily. Her hands slide up and down your hips, as if she can't quite decide where to grab you. "You think I'm delicate or something? Fuck me already!"

You're only too happy to oblige. Grabbing your cock, you press the head of your penis against her vagina, feeling the powerful heat radiating from her slit. You can feel her heavy balls resting

on top of your shaft, not nearly empty yet. As you push forward, you feel her vagina begin to stretch, slowly swallowing the head of your...

"W-wait!" Kailen suddenly grabs your hips, stopping you from penetrating her. "Please, wait a moment, daughter!" Her voice is desperate, and you freeze, looking down at her in shock. Your mother's face is red, and she's staring down at your cock with a hint of terror in her eyes. "You... You need to be more gentle..."

"What? Why?" You feel confused. Why would *Kailen* need you to be gentle? Your mother is the most powerful warrior you know. You can feel her mighty body underneath you, muscles rippling against your own. Her grip on your hips is like iron. "Mother, please let me..." You gasp, aching to penetrate her.

Kailen is breathing quickly now, biting her lip anxiously. "V-very well, daughter... You may enter me, but you must do so *slowly*... Fuck!" You're unable to stop yourself. The moment her heat begins to envelop your cock, you feel your hips surge forward, desperate to bury yourself in your mother's love.

Her vagina is almost painfully tight. As you force yourself inside her, Kailen flinches, letting out a gasp of pain. Her muscles clamp down on your cock, crushing your womanhood with an incredible grip. You need to get yourself fully inside her, you *need* to feel this power all over your cock. Grabbing her hips, you thrust forward... and feel *something* inside your mother break. "What...?" You gasp, confused. Looking down at your cock, you see a slight trail of blood dripping down your penis. "Did I just...?"

Could it be? After thirty years of sexual experience... Your mother was a virgin when it came to being penetrated? Were you now perhaps the only woman in the world to have taken your own mother's virginity?

"What of it?!" Kailen demands angrily, a deep blush on her handsome face. "Do you think I make a habit of *being fucked*, daughter? This is the first time I've ever allowed..." You shift slightly, and your mother's face becomes pained as your cock moves inside her. "Ngh... How does it feel even bigger inside me...?"

You have no real experience with sex, just a raw animal instinct. But you know what's making you feel good. Your mother's vagina feels so wonderfully tight as you begin to thrust. And from the sounds and the twitches that Kailen is making, she feels quite good as well. In fact, you realize with a hint of amusement, she's probably feeling exactly what you did a few minutes ago.

"Daughter...!" Kailen moans, looking up at you with pained eyes. "I've never... I've never felt this before..." You can feel your black pubic hair mingling with your mother's as you fully enter her, the heavy balls cradled in between your cock and your toned abdomen. Her cum is still draining out of your vagina as you begin to thrust even harder...

This feeling is *amazing*. You'd thought having your mother dominate you felt good, but this is beyond anything you've ever felt before.

In your mind's eye, you can see Kailen. She's standing over you, looking down at you...

Her eyes narrow. You have a long way to go, before you're as good a warrior as her. You might just be a young girl, but your family has great expectations of you.

Your mother folds her arms, under her breasts. They're barely confined inside her leather shirt, a testament to the dozens of enemy soldiers she's digested, in service of the Queen. They mark Kailen as a powerful warrior. Between her legs, a formidable bulge rests, the other thing that marks her as a soldier.

Looking down at your own body, you can't help but feel a little envious. Your breasts are small, and your penis is too. You may be a futanari like your mother, but you're far from a warrior. "Raise that arm, girl!" Kailen barks at you, impatiently. She's got many other children besides you, and it's possible that she doesn't even know your name...

You are... Well, you still can't quite define who you are. But you will be able to, someday. You're *you*, as strange as that might sound. Yes... You *know* who you are now. You're not Lena's knight. And while you *are* Kailen's daughter, it's not what defines you. It all starts with your name, you know. And you're going to make sure that your mother knows it.

"My name..." You gasp, staring down at Kailen. "...is *Rhaella Kailen*, mother! You're being fucked by Rhaella Kailen's cock!"

Your mother's eyes widen in surprise, even as they twitch every now again each time your thrust. "Y-yes!" She moans, her vagina tightening around you. "Fuck me, Rhaella! Fuck me!"

"Ah...! You're going to be *my* woman from now on, mother! You got that?!" You tell her, feeling a smile spreading across your face. "You're going to give all the love that I want, aren't you?"

"Y-yes!" Kailen's arms wrap around your back, desperate to pull you in as close as possible. "Daughter, please..."

Throughout your childhood, you'd had a particular image of your mother. She was tall and heavily muscled, proud and strong. For you, Qarver Kailen had always been the woman you'd wanted to be...

And now, she's *yours*. You can feel it now. With every shudder, with every muffled gasp of pleasure... You've made the woman you've wanted to love you *yours*. "Love me, mother!" You gasp, feeling your orgasm beginning to dawn. "Love me...!"

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck!*” Kailen suddenly hugs you tightly, almost driving the air from your lungs as she begins to shudder. You can feel her balls pulsing against your abdomen. “Rhaella, I’m going to...” You feel a sticky warmth spreading across your stomach. Looking down, you’re amused to see that you’ve made Kailen cum *again*, this time coating your abs in her royal seed.

Even better, her vagina is slowly pulsing violently, squeezing your cock. You feel your own orgasm building, dawning on the tip of your cock...

Pleasure *thunders* through your body, ripping through your penis with an almighty strength. The orgasm Lena had given you last night was *nothing* compared to the glory you’re feeling now. As it spreads through your body, your vagina explodes into orgasm as well, pulsing violently as even more of Kailen’s cum spurts out of it.

Your balls tighten, and you feel your seed spill out into Kailen’s womb. Her hand reaches down and touches her abdomen, your mother staring with orgasm-dulled eyes as she feels the virile warmth of your seed inside her.

Finally, your orgasm runs its course. As it fades, you lose control of your muscles and collapse...

And are caught by your mother’s strong arms. “Gods, daughter...” Kailen is breathing heavily, holding you tightly as she places you down into the bed next to her. “Who trained you for that? Certainly not *me*...” She chuckles softly, stroking your hips as you continue to twitch violently. “My blood must be running strong in your veins...”

“Did I...” You gasp, looking up at your mother with desperate eyes. “Did I make you feel good, mother?”

Kailen opens her mouth... and then blushes. “I... Yes, you did, daughter.” She shakes her head, clearly more than a little embarrassed. “Lucky for you, I had little experience with... my womanhood. I was wholly unprepared for an assault of such force...” Taking a deep breath, Kailen sits up in the bed, reaching out to stroke your hair. “I... will be far more prepared next time, daughter... Rhaella.”

You smile up at Kailen. “You made me feel good too, mother.” You say, reaching out to stroke her thighs.

Your mother smirks, but you see her cheeks color at your words. “Well, naturally.” Kailen sneers down at you. “I didn’t spend thirty years conquering hundreds of women just to leave my future queen unsatisfied.”

Her future queen... You know what that meant, of course. But it just now hits you that she’s expecting you to marry her. And to spend the rest of your life with her. Sitting up in the bed, you lean over and kiss Kailen on the lips. She accepts your kiss without resistance, eagerly kissing

you back. “Mother...” You say, pulling back after a moment. “I’m looking forward to becoming your queen.”

Kailen’s eyes widen. The corners of her mouth twitch into a smile, and it’s clear that your words have pleased her greatly. “Just as I look forward to becoming *your* queen.” She smirks at you, reaching up to stroke your nipples. “What was that you said? I’m your woman now, right?” She chuckles as you blush. “Well, there’s just one more *loose end* to take care of... Actually, *two* more, I suppose.”

Your heart plummets as you realize what she means. And more disturbing, your belly rumbles. It strikes you rather belatedly that you haven’t eaten anything all day...

Looking down over the side of the bed, you see Joustina and Lena looking up at you. The former queen had actually managed to get her hands free at some point. But instead of freeing herself or her daughter, she’d instead used the opportunity to pleasure herself. Apparently, she cared very little that her own daughter was laying on top of her as she did so... Or perhaps, considering that her other hand is massaging Lena’s bare ass, shamefully debasing herself in front of her daughter had been an added pleasure. Lena, on the other hand...

The former princess’s face is streaked with dried tears, her cheeks red from crying. She’d been sobbing perhaps the *entire* time you and your mother had been making love, forced to listen to you being fucked and then fucking the woman who’d stolen her future.

Kailen sneers down at the two of them. “Did you enjoy our show, you disgusting little voyeurs?” She chuckles at the former queen and princess. “Clearly *you* did, Joustina. But I shouldn’t be surprised. You were born to be a whore, not a queen.”

“I enjoyed your love-making immensely, my love.” Joustina is actually *still* rubbing her reddened vagina, having torn open her white negligee to reach her groin. “You and Rhaella will be very happy together, I think. The two of you suit each other quite well.”

“Yes, I think so.” Your mother snorts. Climbing out of the bed, she deliberately steps over the former queen and princess. Joustina gasps as a shower of your cum spurts out of your mother’s cunt, showering her breasts. Lena flinches, letting out a disgusted noise as a few of the droplets splatter across her cheek. “Rhaella has impressed me greatly. I’m very much looking forward to becoming her queen.” Kailen kneels down and grabs the cloth that binds the two women’s legs. “Come on, it’s time for you two to vanish.”

“So soon?” Joustina sounds a little disappointed. As Kailen undoes the binding around her feet, the former queen makes no move to escape. “I had hoped you would conquer me one last time...” Reaching down, she pulls up Lena’s negligee, spreading her daughter’s ass for Kailen to see. “What about my daughter? Will you at least claim her before...?”

Your mother snorts derisively at the idea, kicking Joustina's hands away from Lena's ass with her bare feet. "Gods, no. If I want to make love to someone, I have my lovely wife and daughter right here." She gestures to you, and you feel a wave of happiness as she smiles at you. "Not to mention, a *legion* of beautiful maids and servants that Rhaella and I can knock up whenever we please." Unbinding Lena's wrists, the powerful soldier-queen smirks triumphantly. "I have no need for a couple of cheap whores. But I *do* have a powerful hunger..."

You climb out of bed, feeling your stomach rumble. To tell the truth, you've never eaten anyone before. You know your mother is infamous for her appetite, and her army is just the same. Distantly, you remember Kailen instructing you on how to swallow an enemy, but that had just been words. "Mother, I don't know if I can..."

Kailen grins at you. "Oh please, daughter. My blood flows through your veins. Our ancestor earned the name of 'Kailen' by digesting *your namesake*, did she not?" Indeed, you're aware of the story of Qarver and Rhaella, and the rebel princess's fatal escort. Your mother smirks at the idea. "Trust me, daughter. It's all instinct. You'll have a healthy appetite for young girls before you know it." Reaching down, she grabs Joustina and pulls the former queen upright. "Now, I'll take the whore queen, and you eat the lovely little slut you were sworn to. How's that sound?"

Gods... You're going to *eat* Lena. The beautiful blonde girl stares up at you, her eyes full of terror. The idea fills you with horror and disgust. You'd betrayed Lena, you certainly can't deny that. But to *eat* her alive...?

"This... This will be a long-awaited experience for me." Joustina says as Kailen holds her upright. "Thank you, my love."

"You're welcome, whore." Kailen sneers down at her. "I'm going to make sure that you and your daughter are footnotes in the history of *our* family. The only thing Queen Joustina will be remembered for is her *stupidity* and *lust*, and that you couldn't stop thinking with your cunt long enough to realize that all I wanted was your pussy and your throne."

Joustina shakes her head. "No, my love. I always knew what you wanted. Even from the very first moment I met you, I could taste the hunger and the ambition. I knew exactly what you were from the very beginning." She looks up at your mother with smoldering eyes. "*That's* why I gave myself to you. Because I knew you'd take and take until there was nothing left of me."

Kailen seems intrigued. "Truly?" She looks down at Joustina, and seems to see the truth in her eyes. "Gods, you're a madwoman. *Why?*"

"Because you have the same eyes as the first woman I loved." The former queen closes her eyes. "In my youth, the first woman I ever ate was my aunt. After my mother died, she wanted to eat me and claim the throne. I tricked her into thinking I was compliant, and drugged her. Then, I devoured her." She sighs, almost sadly. "She was delicious. And so were all the other women I devoured after that. But, the more I ate, the hungrier I felt. And I realized that it wasn't a desire

to *eat*, it was a desire to *be eaten*." Joustina shudders in pleasure. "Over the course of my life, I've often looked back at that moment, and wished I'd given in and let her devour me." She looks up at your mother, smiling happily. "And then, I saw those same eyes in you, my love. And now, I'm going to finally experience the pleasure I've longed for all these years."

Kailen rolls her eyes. "I care nothing for your story, woman. Whatever foolish reason you have for wanting this doesn't matter. Once my guts are finished with you, your dynasty will be *extinguished*."

"So it will be." Joustina stares lovingly up at your mother. "And what of the child within me, my love?"

"What *of* her?" Kailen sneers at the thought. "I *have* my true heir, and I already have plenty of bastards. I have no need of the child growing inside you. She'll become royal *fodder* just like your *other* daughter will." And with that, she seizes the queen's hair and opens her mouth wide...

Watching in horror, you see Joustina's smiling face disappear into your mother's wide gullet, her entire head swallowed in mere moments. The sight is both disturbing and highly arousing. You can feel your cock twitch, rapidly stiffening again. In front of you, Lena shudders at the sight, watching her own mother being devoured alive. As Kailen tears off the former queen's thin clothes, leaving her naked, Joustina merely shudders in pleasure.

You've come this far... But can you really go through with this? You love Kailen, it's true. But you still love Lena. Reaching down with trembling fingers, you gently take the former princess's shoulders and pull her upright. Lena, now sitting on her knees, stares up at you with dull eyes. Something about that fills your stomach with a strange ravenous hunger...

"What do you want from me, my knight?" Lena asks, her voice defeated and broken. "You've already destroyed me. You talked me into submitting to your mother and then *abandoned* me to join her. I was forced to watch the woman I love making love to the woman I hate most in this world." She shoots a disgusted look over at the half-eaten former queen. "And then, my own mother *masturbated* while she... *touched* me." Lena looks utterly revolted at the idea. You're in no position to talk, but you can imagine that having the woman she'd looked up to *groping* her and pleasuring herself must have been disturbing.

"Forgive me, princess." You say, kneeling down in front of her. "I couldn't keep my oath to you. Mother... I love my mother. Far more than I could ever love you." You reach out and gently take Lena's cheek in your hand. "I didn't mean to betray you... But I don't regret it either." It's the truth, at least. You owe her that much.

You'd thought that Lena had run out of tears, but a single droplet of grief rolls down her reddened cheeks. "You disgusting, filthy creature..." She gasps, closing her eyes. "You were

supposed to protect me, but you're going to be the death of me instead. How can I still love you, *godsdammit?!?*"

It's the first time you've ever heard her gentle voice swear. You feel a wave of shame roll though your heart, but it also makes your cock stiffen even further. "I love you, Lena." You tell her softly. "I truly do. Please, I want you to understand that."

"I..." Lena stares into your eyes, and sees the truth. "I know you do, my knight." She shakes her head. "But you don't love me more than *her*." She nods over at Kailen, who is now slurping down Joustina's pale thighs.

You nod slowly. "Yes." You say simply. Then, you reach out and grab the former princess's shoulders. "Please, Lena... Let me make this easy for you." Your stomach is rumbling, hungry for its meal.

"Gods..." Lena's face pales as she realizes what you mean. "You're really going to..." She swallows fearfully. "You're really going to kill me..."

"I'm going to make you a part of me!" You insist, stroking her shoulders gently. With your other hand, you touch your abs. "I love you, Lena. But I can't be with my mother while you're still alive. I swore an oath to protect you, but..." You sigh deeply. You're long past lying to yourself now. "Lena... I'm going to eat you now. Please... If you truly love me, then don't resist. I'll make this swift for you."

Lena stares at you for a long moment. In her eyes, you see what feels like a hundred emotions. Betrayal, fear, horror, love... But above all, resignation. "Very well, my..." She sighs. "*Rhaella*. Please... make this quick."

You feel immense relief wash over you. If the princess had begged and asked you to spare her, you might have... But no, you don't need to worry about that now. As Lena lowers her head, your stomach rumbles angrily.

And then, without conscious thought, you feel the princess's head entering your mouth. You hadn't even realized you'd been leaning forward, and you must have opened your lips on instinct. You had never consciously decided to swallow the woman you love, it just... happened. And as disgusted as you are with yourself for giving in your newfound hunger, you're certainly not going to *stop* now that you've started.

Lena lets out a muffled sound as you begin to swallow her, but you can't tell if it's a gasp of shock, or a whimper of fear. Perhaps a mix of both. As guilty as you feel, you know you can't stop. Your stomach is too hungry, and you're too eager for your new life with your mother to begin.

The former princess proves a rather easy meal for a woman of your strength. Lena is a beautiful girl, but she is weak and thin. Even if she was trying to resist, you would have no trouble stuffing her into your mouth, swallowing her with disturbing ease. Within a minute, you're bypassing her breasts, ripping away her thin negligee and tossing it away. Below, you're ashamed to feel that you're rock hard.

Lifting up the now-naked princess, you easily carry her entire weight in your arms with little effort. Placing your hands under her thighs, you continue swallowing her down, as her head begins to enter your stomach.

Beside you, Kailen lets out a crude burp, slapping her belly with a look of lecherous satisfaction. "Ah... One bitch down, one to go!" Inside her muscled belly, you can see the shape of Joustina, her beautiful body now nothing more than a tight outline against your mother's abs. It looks horrifically tight in there, and the former queen is clearly not having a good time, judging by her struggles. Then again, given her attitude before, it's possible that she might be pleasuring herself again. In any case, Kailen clearly doesn't care. Your mother looks over at you with a smirk. "What, still struggling with such a little meal?"

Marching over to you, Kailen stands behind you, her powerful arms embracing you from behind. You can feel the former queen being pressed against the back of your head. You feel her hands massaging your shoulders, her strong touch making you shudder in pleasure. Inside you, you can hear Lena screaming as she enters your tight belly. Finally, you finish swallowing the former princess's thighs, and grab her ankles. With one final effort, you stuff her feet into your mouth... and *swallow*.

Immense relief fills your heart as you feel the princess's legs slide down your throat, and you feel your guts expand and expand. You can feel Lena's body inside your stomach, her arms and legs and head awkwardly crammed into the narrow space that's not quite big enough for her. Your powerful muscles make it even worse, brutally squeezing her each time you breathe.

"Ah..." Kailen leans down and kisses your neck slowly. You gasp as you feel her lips trailing over your bare skin. "Excellent work, daughter. For your first meal, you did very well. I'm going to look forward to *training* you in swallowing whores."

"Mother..." You gasp, tenderly putting your hands over hers, squeezing her gently. "I couldn't want anything more." Standing up, you support your belly with both hands. To your surprise, you have no trouble standing even with Lena's entire weight in your guts.

Kailen chuckles, and pulls you gently over to the bed. You have no reason to resist your soon-to-be wife's touch, and when she sits down on the bed, you sit down next to her. Your mother throws her arm around your shoulders, letting out another burp. "Joustina was a whore, but she certainly knew how to *eat*." Kailen pokes her belly with her other hand, eliciting a scream of agony. Or possibly ecstasy. It's hard to hear through the thick layers of muscle.

Inside you, Lena is twitching violently. You grab your stomach, trying to massage it gently. To your surprise, it seems to work, as Lena settles down... Or possibly being pinned in place by your tightening muscles. You can feel your stomach acids sloshing around inside you, and you hope the former princess isn't suffering too much...

Your mother lets out a groan of pleasure. "Daughter, look..." She nods down at her belly. Inside you can see the shape of Joustina struggling. "I think she's about to..." Kailen sucks in a deep breath of air, her face flushed with pleasure. "Come on, come on... *Die!*"

All of a sudden, right before your eyes, the shape of Joustina suddenly becomes far more visible. Your mother's stomach is tightening, tightening, until...

Crunch. There's a sickening crunching of bones, and you hear the former queen scream in agony... and then fall silent. Inside your mother's belly, you can see the tangled mess of limbs stiffen and go limp. "Ah... There she goes." Kailen lets out a sigh of relief, the act of regicide apparently having made her quite happy.

Laying back on the bed, your mother grabs the pillow she'd been using before and begins to rub her belly. A moment later, she smiles up at you.

"Come join me, daughter." Kailen says to you, smiling happily. "Come, let us digest these royal sluts together."

Nothing could make you happier right now than snuggling up to your mother. Crawling over to her, you lie down, feeling Lena's weight on your guts. The former princess lets out a soft whimper as she's jostled around. As you lay down, your mother puts an arm around your shoulder and pulls you close, pressing your bellies together. Your dick had been hard, but now it's softening again, coming to rest on your mother's thickly muscled thigh.

"I'll have that girl, Maria, bring in a couple of chamber pots soon." Kailen chuckles, rubbing her gurgling stomach. Her other hand strokes your ass, lovingly squeezing your strong muscles. "These royal meals are going to become royal *turds* soon. I'll have them dumped into the river for everyone to see..."

In your belly, you can feel your stomach acids washing over Lena's body, the former princess now just food inside you. "Wouldn't it be more appropriate to bury them with their ancestors?" You ask, leaning your head against Kailen's shoulder. Inside you, Lena has gone silent, suddenly extremely still. You're not sure if the girl you loved is dead, or just unconscious, but it doesn't really matter. The former royal house is gone, buried inside the new one.

Your mother snorts. "No, because I'm going to have their filthy ancestors dragged out of their royal tombs and dumped into the river alongside their digested descendants." Her eyes are shining with delight at the thought. "It infuriates me that our sellsword ancestor was buried in a

humble tomb. I'm going to have her ceremonially reburied in the royal tomb, along with the rest of our ancestors..."

"So cruel..." You can't help but smile up at your mother. You'd always hated her brutality, but now you can see something delightful in her cruelty. "Will that be your first action as queen, mother?" Feeling your bellies rubbing against each other, you snuggle in beside Kailen.

"The first of many." Kailen takes a deep breath, a happy smirk on her face. "After that, I have a slate of legal and economic reforms in mind. This kingdom is in desperate need of revitalization, we've been stagnating for far too long. Abolishing slavery, reallocating farmland, *disposing* of corrupt officials and nobles, reforming our markets and coinage..." She sighs, rubbing her gurgling belly. "Our reign is going to be a busy one, my love. But we can share our strength between ourselves, and that will make it all the easier."

"Such reforms will bring a good deal of resistance, mother." You frown at the thought. Kailen's already going to have to deal with rebellions when the rest of the kingdom learns about your seizure of power.

Kailen chuckles, pulling you into her embrace with both arms. "Of course they will, daughter. Which is why having such a great warrior by my side will be even better. I can share the army with you."

The army is your mother's pride and joy. If she's willing to *share* it with you, then that is proof to you that she's ready to give you everything. "Oh, mother..." You gasp, feeling a warmth in your chest. "I love you..." It's true. You love Kailen. Your mother has captured your heart, and you're glad she has. Inside you, you can feel your digestion beginning properly, the former princess now beginning to melt. If she wasn't dead before, she definitely is now. Perhaps she'll forgive you when she reaches... Well, the gods would only allow her into Heaven if her body was intact, so perhaps not.

"I love you too, Rhaella." Kailen affectionately kisses you on the forehead, and you can feel the smile on her lips. "I'm going to enjoy crowning you as my wife and heir. But first, I'm going to enjoy snuggling with you tonight."

"Our first night together..." You agree, allowing yourself to sink deeper into her embrace.

Kailen rests her chin on the top of your head, stroking your back gently. "The first of the rest of our lives, my love..."

The two of you close your eyes together, embracing each other as you fall asleep. For the first time in a long time, the two of you are truly happy.

And the kingdom will be all the better for it.

“My queen... The war is over!” Kailen announces, as she stands before the royal throne. “When we met the Eastern Kingdom’s army at the gates of Trader Town, our army won a great victory! When our knights broke through their line, the enemy did not know where to run!” Behind her stand many of her soldiers, dressed in their finest ceremonial uniform. Like her soldiers, Kailen is dressed in a cross between a queen outfit and a general’s; a fine satin shirt and pants, with a regal mantle around her shoulders. A fine silver blade hangs at her side, and Kailen draws it out with a beautiful singing sound. “Victory is ours!”

From your seat above her, you join in with the rest of the crowd, eagerly applauding the soldier-queen’s words. This is no mere speech. This is a triumph, a regal ceremony that is awarded to a mighty general for a great victory. After marching through the streets of the capital to roaring crowds, Kailen has returned victorious. Such a joyous ceremony has not been held in this kingdom for more than a century. But things have changed greatly for the kingdom in the last four years, since Kailen took the throne and anointed you as her wife and co-queen.

Beneath you, the royal throne is soft and comfortable. As a throne should be, after all. Many years ago, you’d been a humble knight with a legendary mother, loyally serving a princess. The thought that *you* might one day sit in this throne would have felt like blasphemy. You, marked with no royal blood and a sinful appendage between your legs...

But now, you feel comfortable in the throne. You are no longer a nameless knight. You are *Queen Rhaella*. It took you many years to realize it... but this is what you were always meant to be. Not some simpering knight bound to some delicate princess. She’d been a beautiful girl... but now that princess is a part of you. Inside your breasts and cock... You can even feel her inside the ass that’s now sitting in the throne that you had so desperately wanted to see her sitting in one day. Leaning back in the seat of power, you smile down at your mother. Because, after all... it’s *your* throne.

Around you, the royal court stands obediently, clapping when expected and falling silent when they’re not needed. It’s exactly as you and your mother desire. The royal council’s power is long gone, reduced to a group of yes-men and women who merely rubber-stamp you and your mother’s desire. And the kingdom is much improved because of it.

Just over a month ago, Kailen had sent an insulting ultimatum to the king of the Eastern Kingdom, demanding his country’s submission and that his two eldest daughters become your royal concubines. This carefully calculated insult had worked perfectly; just two weeks later, he had raided the kingdom’s eastern provinces as a response. And in response to that, Queen Kailen had unleashed her fully prepared and battle-hungry army, obliterating the Eastern Kingdom’s army in a decisive battle last week and seizing his capital just days after. Naturally, this had been the result of you and your mother painstakingly crafting a battle plan to seize the kingdom for the last few months.

Kailen holds up her hand, and the joyful chattering dies away. "I am also pleased to announce that the wicked king John, who inflicted such cruel brutalities on our eastern provinces, was captured after the battle! After his army broke and fled, my soldiers brought him to me, and I struck the villain's head clean from his shoulders in a single blow!" Tossing aside the small blanket, your mother holds aloft the tarnished crown of the Eastern Kingdom. The crowd around you applauds enthusiastically at the sight. "His people will now enjoy our protection, and his lands have become provinces of *our* kingdom." Around you, the royal council just murmurs obediently, as if their assent means anything at all anymore. Behind Kailen, the daughters of the now-dead king have been presented in chains, four beautiful but terrified young women.

In only a month, Kailen has brought an entire kingdom into submission under your own. It is a monumental achievement that the former ruling dynasty could never have hoped to achieve. In the four years since you and your mother took the throne, the kingdom has been stabilized and secured. A handful of rebellions have been crushed, unable to defeat the combination of both Kailen's dominance *and* your leadership. The capital city is peaceful and prosperous.

Of course, there is still the odd grumbling about your legitimacy to sit on the throne. But that's all they are now; grumbling. Any serious complaints died when you gave birth to Kailen's daughter, a beautiful little girl named Lena, shortly after the two of you married. It was a close-run thing too; the two of you had barely managed to arrange a proper ceremony before the child was born, and Kailen had been forced to actually miss the birth due to quelling a revolt in the southern provinces. The birth of your second child, Qarver the Third, a year later, seems to have ended any serious concerns about you and your mother's legitimacy.

And now, for the first time in almost a century, the kingdom hasn't just been defended, it's been *expanded*. Forged bloodlines and divine right to rule, conquering land for the kingdom will give your family royal legitimacy forever more.

"My love..." You smile down at your mother. "You have won a victory that our people will speak of forever." On your belly sits a crown of laurel leaves, the traditional crown of a great general. "Will you accept the Crown of Victory once more?" It's not *really* a question, is it? Everyone here knows she will, and that this whole thing is just a show you're putting on for prestige. But it's a damn good show, and everyone's enjoying it. Apart from the former princesses in chains behind your mother, who cares about what your future meals think?

"I will accept it from your hands, Queen Rhaella." Kailen smiles triumphantly up at you, clearly enjoying putting on a show for her soldiers.

"Then, allow me to..." You begin to rise, but it's a lot harder to stand up out of your throne than you might expect. After all, you *are* almost seven months pregnant. Your third daughter is a hefty weight, but one that makes you immensely happy to bear. After two pregnancies and four years as a queen, you'd almost feared losing your warrior's body. Luckily, constant training and lavish meals of young girls has left you stronger than ever before. But even still, it's almost

impossible to walk properly with such a bulk inside you. So, it's only appropriate that a couple of female servants hurry over to help you stand up properly.

As the two female servants grab your arms, Kailen frowns. Striding forward, your mother begins to ascend the steps toward you. "You two!" She calls out, and the two servant girls freeze. "Begone with you! Supporting my wife is *my* job." Standing in front of you, your mother reaches out and takes your hands. As Kailen helps you rise to your feet, the crowd begins to cheer at the sight. Then, smiling at your mother, you reach up and place the laurel crown on her head.

As soon as the crown is sitting safely in her long black hair, Kailen wraps her arms around you, eagerly pulling you into her embrace. Her lips assault yours, and you feel your mother's familiar tongue invading your mouth. Kissing her back with just as much ferocity, your own tongue pushes into her mouth, and you can taste her warmth and power. Distantly, you hear even more cheering as Kailen's soldiers and the royal court applaud the display of royal love.

The cheering dies away after a little while, but neither you or Kailen really care. Everyone has to wait until you're done before they can do anything, but that's neither you or your mother's concern, is it? Happily holding your people in awkward captivity, the two of you openly make out in front of the throne. You have no intention of ending the kiss, after all.

A small eternity later, Kailen finally breaks the kiss, to your minor disappointment. But there will be plenty of time for more of that later, you know. Grinning triumphantly, the soldier-queen turns and salutes her soldiers. "Gentleman... Go home and fuck your wives!" This garners a resounding burst of laughter from the soldiers, and you can feel the pride they have in their general. Kailen casts a disinterested look at the royal court. "The rest of you, fuck off! Ceremony's over." She then jabs a finger at the four terrified princesses. "Take the sluts to the chief maid, she'll know how to whip them into being proper servants."

As the crowd disperses, Kailen undoes her mantle and flops down into her throne, sighing in exhaustion. "Gods, I'm glad to be home." Holding your belly, you carefully sit down on your mother's lap, turning and swinging your legs over the golden armrests so that you're facing her. Kailen winces as she feels your weight on her lap. "Fuck, you're heavy!" Even so, she reaches for your thighs, pulling you deeper into her lap.

Pressing yourself against Kailen's powerful muscles, you sigh in relief. Her embrace has been greatly missed over the last month. "After winning such a mighty battle, I'm sure a powerful general can endure her wife's pregnant belly on her lap?"

Kailen clicks her tongue irritably. "I wasn't *complaining*, fool. I've missed you dearly over the last few weeks, you know?" You feel her arm wrap around your back, pulling you even deeper into her embrace. "Gods, I've missed your touch, Rhae... and your scent..." She inhales deeply, much to your amusement.

“Surely not *too* much, Mother.” You roll your eyes, giving Kailen a sneer. “Or were the concubines I picked out to accompany you not *satisfying* enough?” Your pregnancy had meant that you hadn’t been able to leave the capital, but you’d taken great care to pick some girls from your shared harem that you’d hoped would satisfy your mother’s sexual appetite while she was away from you.

“Oh, they satisfied me as much as they could.” Kailen shrugs dismissively. “Honestly, I needed more than four girls, my love. I ended up ravaging them all almost every single night, and had to resort to picking out a few of my prettier soldiers to join them. Gods, they were a good fuck, though. Especially that dark-skinned girl with the big breasts... uh...” She clicks her fingers, trying to remember the girl’s name.

“Esmira.” You say the girl’s name with a smirk. You’d suspected that Kailen would enjoy that concubine in particular. “Her breasts are excellent, aren’t they? Perfect for putting your cock in between...”

Kailen snorts, giving you a lecherous grin. “You’re damn right about that, girl. I enjoyed feeling those silky tits all over my cock each night. Reminded me of yours...” Her other hand reaches up and almost casually gives your right breast a squeeze. You’re so used to her touch by now that you barely even react, apart from smiling back at her. “Still, if you’re hoping to stick your cock in between *those* tits again, you’re out of luck.”

“Oh dear...” You chuckle softly. “What happened to her?” You ask, as if you don’t already know. Kailen has a voracious appetite, especially when she’s leading a military campaign. But you want to hear your mother explain it in her sexy, vulgar way.

“You’re *embracing* what remains of her, my love. Actually, you’re embracing *all four* of them. Too bad for them, we kept running out of pretty peasant girls to eat. So, I had to dig into my emergency rations.” Kailen chuckles, clearly enjoying the memory of their fates. “I shat Esmira out right before the battle, right into a latrine. Came out the same color she went in!” The idea seems to amuse her greatly.

“Well, they were sacrificed for a good cause.” Long ago, you might have felt some kind of moral outrage at their deaths. But you’re your mother’s daughter, after all. “So, then... If the mighty, virile queen had so much fun on campaign, making love and eating so lavishly, why was she so *eager* to come home?”

Kailen undoes the top button of her shirt, showing just a hint of her powerful cleavage as she sighs in relief. “Come now, daughter. You inherited my intellect, did you not? Are you really asking why I missed my wife and... You’re mocking me.” She shoots you a nasty look. “Honestly, daughter, who raised you? Some incompetent fool, no less.”

“Mock the great general Kailen? Don’t be absurd, I would never dare to disrespect the woman who raised me...” You sneer at Kailen’s irritated face, gently stroking your pregnant stomach. “Please, I’m so used to learning from you, Mother. Please, educate me...”

Kailen clicks her tongue. “Fine. You want to know?” Letting go of your breast, her hand trails down your stomach and slides underneath, until she reaches your... Oh! You let out a gasp of pleasure as you feel your mother seize your cock and balls, giving both a gentle squeeze. “They couldn’t do for me what *you* do for me, Rhae. After a brutal battle, the only thing I wanted was to lie down and let you climb on top of...” She trails off, grimacing in embarrassment. You’re delighted to see just a hint of a blush on her sharp cheeks.

“Ah... You missed *my* cock...” You say softly, leaning in to gently kiss Kailen on the cheek. “After such a long day of being in charge, you wanted your wife to pin you down and dominate *you*...” You’re no stranger to that idea, after all. You felt it back when you were leading the army as well, putting down rebellions back at the start of your joint reign.

“Well... What of it?!” Kailen frowns, looking away from you in embarrassment. “Am I to be saddled with such a shameful need? After all I’ve conquered?!” She hisses in irritation, and you can feel her cock twitch slightly under your thighs. The answer seems amusingly clear to you. And to her as well. “Damn you, daughter. You gave me this... shameful *craving!*” Your mother growls angrily, which makes you giggle softly in response. “Only your cock can satisfy me, daughter... Damn it all...”

“Then, I suppose it’s a good thing you married me and not Queen Joustina, then.” You say, reaching up to gently stroke your pouting wife’s hair. Adjusting the laurel on her head, you smile at her. “But there’s no need to be ashamed, Mother. I, too, have been craving your touch. Try as I might, I haven’t been able to satisfy myself with mere toys since you left, no matter how much I tried... And you know how aroused I get this late in my pregnancy.” You can feel an ache deep in your vagina, which is eager to be reunited with the cock that you came out of.

But Kailen seems... oddly distracted. “It’s... It’s not just that, Rhae.” She says, grimacing as if she’s in pain. “There’s... a second reason I’ve been desperate to come home to you...”

“Oh?” You pull back, feeling a twinge of worry. It’s not like Kailen to act like this, as if she has something to fear. Your mother just fought a *war*, and killed a king. What does she have to be worried about? “What is it, my love?”

Kailen grimaces again. “I... About a week after I departed the capital, I’ve been feeling sick. Almost every day of the last month, I’ve been throwing up. I could barely hide it from my soldiers.”

You feel a flash of alarm. “What? What did the healers say? You’re not in danger, are you...?” The thought of your mother falling ill is deeply upsetting to you. She’s your soulmate, after all. “Tell me you consulted the healers...”

“*Obviously* I did!” Kailen waves away your distress with a hint of irritation. “And they told me... They told me it was... Oh Gods...” Taking your hand, the soldier queen slides it under her shirt, so that you’re touching her stomach. You can feel her hard, powerful abs... and a slight, but unmistakable *curve*. “Rhae...”

“Oh my Gods...” You gasp in shock, gently stroking the curve of her stomach in disbelief. “You’re...”

“Hiding it from my soldiers was *hell*.” Kailen sighs wearily. “I forced the healers to swear an oath of secrecy, and I ate the concubines to prevent them from blabbing... Well, I was going to eat them anyway, but still.” Looking down at her stomach, your mother frowns. “Having my soldiers discover I was *pregnant* mid-campaign would have been utterly humiliating...”

You feel a huge wave of excitement flood through you as Kailen admits the truth. “This is *amazing*.” You say, feeling your mother’s pregnant belly. You’d certainly spilt your seed inside your mother enough times inside her to impregnate her, but to tell the truth, you’d never really expected *her* to get *pregnant*. You’d always assumed that her womb was too strong to be defeated by your seed. But as it turns out, your sperm had finally won that battle. The thought of the powerful, musclebound, masculine *Kailen* getting knocked up...

Almost immediately, you can sense that Kailen’s thoughts aren’t far off. “This is...” Your mother grinds her teeth as she thinks, a sign of her being worried, you know. “Rhae, this is something I never... I never imagined I would ever be...”

Kailen... is *afraid*. The thought is almost laughable. Your mother is a strong, powerful warrior. Confidant. *Dominant*. It almost seems impossible to you that the woman you love is scared of what’s inside her own body. Of the life now growing inside her. But it’s *true*. Kailen is hiding it well, but you can sense that she’s been stressing about this for almost a month now.

“Why are you worried?” You ask her bluntly, taking her hand with your own. Kailen looks at you in surprise, but she doesn’t try to deny it as you might have expected. “This is a *blessing*, Mother. You will be an *excellent* mother for our daughter. She could never ask for a safer place to be than inside your belly. And I swear that you will enjoy every moment of our daughter being inside you.” Kailen squeezes your hand in return, but you can still see that she’s thinking dark thoughts. “That is... if it is *my* child...?” You tease her gently.

Your teasing works, breaking your mother out of her melancholy mood. “Rhae, you may be my wife and mother of my children, but you are still my daughter. And I will *slap you hard across your face* if you try to imply I’ve ever let anyone other than the woman I love...” Kailen shakes her head as you begin to laugh, a wry smile breaking out across her handsome face. “Gods, I raised an annoying daughter. And then I *married* her. I must be mad, because I don’t regret a moment of it...”

“Speaking of our children...” You lean in and kiss Kailen on the cheek. “Lena and Qarver have missed their mother over the last month. They’ve refused to sleep alone while you’ve been gone...” Though, you’ve hardly been *unhappy* to sleep in the same bed as your daughters. As a mother, you can’t think of a greater pleasure than being with your children. It’s a pleasure you’d wished you’d gotten to experience as a child yourself. Though, you’ve spent plenty of time sleeping in bed with your mother since then, you suppose.

Almost immediately, you feel Kailen shift underneath you. “Gods, I’ve missed the girls too.” Kailen admits as she moves in her throne. A moment later, you feel her arms take hold of you, gently pushing you up off her lap. “Where are they? In the royal gardens?” Her voice is eager, to your quiet delight. Kailen is a far more affectionate mother to your daughters than she was with you growing up. It’s a change you take a good deal of pride in. “Let’s go and let them welcome me home, my love. I want to spend the rest of the day with them. I’ve been looking forward to seeing them again for weeks...” She grins at you rather lecherously. “And when we’ve put them to bed, you and I are going to finally satisfy each other’s cravings...”

“I would love that, Mother.” After all, they’ll be off fathering their own children one day, so you’re just as eager as your wife to enjoy raising your daughters. As the queen stands up from her throne, you hold up a hand, signaling for a servant. A moment later, a young servant girl nervously approaches. “Go and inform Maria that I want her to prepare a bath for two this evening.” You tell the girl, as Kailen picks up her mantle. “And scented candles and roses, the way my wife likes them. She knows the right ones.” You lean over and kiss Kailen on the neck, making her gasp slightly. “And have two of those princesses washed and sent to our bedchamber this evening as well. We’re going to be hungry, after all.”

The servant girl stares between the two of you, clearly terrified, but also more than a little turned on at the sight of her queens so openly displaying their love for one another. “Er... Y-yes, Queen Rhaella...”

“Oh? Hop to it then!” Kailen gives her a sharp look. “Hurry up, or you’ll be joining them on the menu, girl!” That lights a fire under the girl’s ass. “And we don’t want to be bothered by any royal business for the rest of the day while we’re spending time with our daughters, you hear me?”

As the servant girl scurries away, you chuckle softly. “Gods, I love the way you are, Mother.”

“Do you? Sometimes I wonder about your tastes, my love.” Kailen smirks at you. Admittedly, she’s tasted you quite extensively over the years of your marriage. “Come on, let’s get a move on. It’s been a month since I saw our daughters, and I’m not interested in waiting a second more than I have to before holding them in my arms again!”

As Kailen helps you down the steps, supporting your pregnant body with her beautiful strength, you remember something else. “Oh... Had you heard that the king of the Northern Kingdom died about two weeks ago?” When your mother shakes her head, you smile. “His young widow

now controls the kingdom as regent for their young daughter. I think an ultimatum for her to accept submission and become our concubine is in order..."

"Ha! What fantastic timing! Our army is still ready and hungry for battle, while their kingdom will be in disarray." Kailen smiles savagely at the thought. "Yes, by all means, write her a humiliating ultimatum once our daughter inside you is born. We can have our armies ready at the border, ready for her refusal." Helping you down the final step, the soldier-queen embraces you again, kissing you on the cheek. "You'll be the leader of the campaign this time, daughter. This time, I'll be the one to give *you* the Crown of Victory..."

"No." You say to Kailen, giving her a firm look. "Are you mad? Do you think I'm going to spend months away from the woman I love again?" You reach out and squeeze her hand, smiling at her. "You and I will lead together this time, as warriors and queens."

Kailen seems rather surprised at this idea. But then, she smiles happily. "And so, we shall. That sounds a glorious idea, my love." Your mother kisses you on the lips, her touch lingering for a long and pleasant moment. "We can start planning the campaign tonight when we take our bath, after we put the girls to bed..."

Gods, having a romantic soak with Kailen and planning a military campaign together. Could there be a more pleasant way to spend a night? If there is, you certainly can't imagine it. Some nights, you wonder how it would have gone if you'd tried to fight your mother for the sake of... Aelena. Yes, that was her name. Maybe you might have beaten her. Maybe that girl would be queen now, instead of you and your mother. You'll certainly never know now.

But as you walk with Kailen, your mother, wife and soulmate, toward the bedchambers where your beloved daughters are eagerly waiting to see you... As you feel the warmth of your daughter inside you, and know that another precious child is growing inside your mother... As you feel your happy family expanding... You really can't bring yourself to care about what might have been.