

Power of the Throne

By BasedDook

I've seen how other men rule. I've seen kings rule with an iron fist that clutches onto his territory tight and a strict law that grips his subject's will even tighter. I've seen dukes rule with their coin, taxing the people into poverty to keep their own pockets full and pay for the most hardened mercenaries. I've seen earls rule with deception, orating to the townsfolk words of kindness and wisdom while his men infiltrate the neighboring farm for food. However, none of those men are like my king.

His majesty rules with his throne, and while yes, it has a beautiful golden sheen, and it's decorated with hundreds of perfectly polished gemstones, it does not rule through beauty alone. Everyday as the king's badger page, I sit in the king's court and take note of my liege's actions throughout the day. I have seen villagers arrive from all over the kingdom to discuss their qualms, arguments, and ideas, and not a single one has left the room disappointed.

Every meeting follows the same routine and they always end the same way. No matter how dire their plight, how stubborn their stance, nor how ridiculous their scheme, the king listens, makes his ruling, and *all* the townspeople leave satisfied with his answers.

This morning his highness faces a territory dispute between two farms. A wolf and her husband are at odds with a couple stags with where one's land ends and the other's begins. According to the wolf, the river running between their farms defines the borders of their farmlands whereas the deer claim that the land they bought includes a stretch of land beyond the river that totals up to seven more acres of land. As much as the four creatures bicker at the throne, I'm positive that an agreement will be reached within the hour. My liege will be making his entrance any moment now.

The cryer strolls into the throne room and announces to the court, "His majesty, King Jon, will now hear your complaints and concerns." The fennecs come to attention on either side of the red velvet carpet and raise their horns to pronounce the otter's approach.

Despite his slender, sleek appearance, the king strolls with bombast equal to the brass instruments bellowing out their praises. His webbed feet plant firmly on the ground with each proud step and his head is held high as he strolls down the carpet to his rightful seat. Unlike most kings, he has no need for fine fabrics and elegant clothing, as the lithe frame of his body is decoration enough. Outside of the crown, scepter, and robe, the king lacks any material fabrics to decorate his already perfect body. Beneath his sleek pelt of light brown fur, the subtle curves of muscle strain with each step of his slender form. He wears a bright toothy grin on his visage, and his distinct long canines glisten in the sunlight shining down from the massive stained glass

windows. His thick long rudder of a tail sways idly back and forth causing the train of his scarlet robe to move in time with the slinky shifting of his hips.

His appearance issues a gasp from the wolves and deer, though the court is already accustomed to his choice of wardrobe. However, unlike the foolish emperor who was swindled out of his coin for the finest invisible fabrics, King Jon didn't commission this outfit from conmen. Instead, he chose to present himself with only that he was given at birth. The moment he reached the top of the steps leading to his throne, he unclasped the robe from his neck and let it billow down to the floor.

It didn't matter that I'd seen this entrance hundreds of times before. This could have been the seven thousandth time, and it would have still had the same effect on me. It's strange how the loss of a single article of clothing from his body can cause one's breath to stop momentarily. The robe seems to move in slow motion, floating down to the floor like a red satin curtain unveiling a sculptor's latest masterpiece. First it reveals his shoulder blades, flows down past the small of his back, and as the king stretches his lanky arms into the air with a yawn, his tail raises to catch the top of the cloak and sweep it off to the side. Today is no exception, he is just as awe inspiring as ever, and to my own delight, I manage to catch a peak at the dusky pink hole between his pert cheeks.

I'm reminded of how grateful I am to be a simple badger page. Sharing the same room with King Jon is almost as private as being in one's own quarters. All eyes are fixed on the sleek nude form owed to his species, allowing a cute badger page like myself to stare as longingly as I want without anyone noticing the bulge in my trousers. Even in the off-chance someone did, I'm sure I wouldn't be alone in the room.

Now, all eyes were on the throne, and it's distinct trait made more sense to the royal's visitors. Like most thrones fit for a king, it was large, elegant, and detailed with rococo swirls and floral blooms around the border. Unlike other thrones there was a sizable cylindrical protrusion in the center of the seat with a smooth rounded tip. It gleamed brightly in the sun-light as if to indicate to the deer and wolves, "Yes, I am a very important factor in reaching an agreement."

One of the king's servants scampered quickly to the king's side with a bowl of warm oil in his paws. As his highness dipped his fingers into the bowl, his servant did the same, though their paws went in different directions thereafter. While the mouse's fingers spreads the slick oil over the golden rod, King Jon reaches under the base of his thick rudder to dab the oil around his entrance. I hear a surprised gasp to the side of me, my guess being the wolf or one of the stags, but I'm too preoccupied with watching the king to check. His fingers circle the pink clenching ring before stretching the wrinkles As they press their way inside his body, I feel my own shudder with desire. I can only imagine how warm and soft his ass is, and judging by the expression of pleasure on the king's face, it's plenty tight in there as well.

His fingers swivel around in a circle, and push their way down to the knuckle, spreading the warm lubricant evenly in his pink cavern. However, his hole isn't the only thing drawing the room's attention. Just as important as the rod on the throne and the stretched pink asshole is the rod growing between the king's legs. It's thick at the base and growing ever longer with each thrust of his fingers into his ass. It matches the same dull pink as the rim being displayed to the throne room, and it's equally hypnotic in the way it subtly throbs to full arousal.

The king's fingers pull out and I watch with vulgar curiosity as the dusky pink rim slowly begins to regain its tightness. To my dismay, the king turns around and lifts his rudder just enough to make his seat comfortable. I, along with everyone in the room, stare as his rear lowers slowly onto the rod. Is the wolf's husband panting or is that me? The curved tip of the rod presses against his ring and tension mounts around both the otter's tight asshole and the room that he's in.

Finally the rod finds its way inside and his majesty lets out a long sigh. He takes his time putting his full weight on the throne as if to relish his audience watching the golden shaft disappear into the otter's insides. What takes only a couple of seconds, feels like minutes of the handsome young royal taking the golden cock down to the hilt until it disappears entirely.

Silence fills the room and for a pregnant moment, no one dares to cough, speak, or even breath loudly as their eyes study the otter's staff, throbbing and twitching between his lithe legs.

His Highness, King Jon, takes it upon himself to break the silence, as is usually the case. "So, what is it that brings you here, loyal subjects?"

Just for a few seconds, I tear my gaze away from the otter on his throne to glance over at the visitors. All four are visibly affected by the king's handsome body, as is expected, and it takes an especially bold soul to make an approach. To my surprise, it's the smaller buck who takes a step forward and clears his throat.

"Uh... yes, your hardness - Er! Your highness," he begins, not to a good start. "There's a land dispute you'd like to settle down on - I mean - land dispute we would like you to settle. I have documented proof that our land goes beyond what our neighbor claims is the border."

The deer stumbles his way to the throne with a scroll in his hand, and judging by his line of sight he can't tear himself away from the drooling pink shaft in front of him. Then again, who could blame him? Praise the gods, both deer and otter are finally in the same frame of view!

The king leans forward in his seat, his cock twitching as he leans forward. I stand on the tips of my toes to see the base of the gold cock glint in the morning sun. Pre spills from the tip of his shaft like a thin trickle of mountain water, and it makes me want to run to its tip and lap at the contents. I hold still with determination to uphold my job in the king's court, though it pains me to do so.

"Eyes up here, peasant," the king orders sternly at first with two fingers pointing at his stormy grey eyes. He reaches out with a paw and grabs the scroll out of the deer's hands before his mood brightens considerably. "Just a joke! You can stare all you'd like. It is a nice cock, don't you think?"

The buck stammers as he nods his head vigorously, "Yes! Yes, of course, my liege! It's beautiful in its shape: the impeccable length, the thick girth, the perfect... curvature..." the deer's voice dimmed as he stared longingly at the throbbing manhood and the two nuts hanging delicately in their sack. I can see the drool pooling in his muzzle as he leans over the cock to take a closer look. Oh, to see the deer's spit meet with the otter's pre, intermingling as they both drool down the pulsating length! However, I know that I'm lucky as it is to be in the king's presence at all, and I should not be ungrateful should my fantasies not come true.

King Jon lounges back in his seat and unwinds the piece of paper provided to him. He offhandedly calls to his guard. "Sir Lorec, would you mind?"

A hulking wolf in full armor steps out from the shadows with cloth in his hand, and he glares down at the deer until the cervine takes a couple of steps backwards. The guard looms over the throne, reaches forward with a massive paw, and wraps the cloth around the king's tool. While Sir Lorec's main role, when not in the sentry towers, is to wipe down the king's prick, the wolf takes special care to give the hard erection a few strokes up and down the length. I imagine it's to feel the real royal scepter respond to the tender touch of his paw. As he straightens up to leave, the king raises a finger.

"Not yet, Sir Lorec. Would you mind wagging it back and forth for our deer friend's sake?"

The wolf nods his head and wraps two fingers around the base of the circumcised cock. As he wiggles his hand back and forth, the king's prick sways like a pendulum from side to side, bending this way and that with the weight of its own arousal.

The wolf's voice rings clearly into the hall, and unlike the deer she is succinct and confident. Of the four, she seems the least affected by the king's form, though she still follows the swing of his shaft from left to right. "Your Highness, I do not doubt the document's validity nor do I doubt that the land belongs to the deer."

The otter lowers the scroll and dismisses his guard with a wave of his hand. "Well if you aren't willing to dispute the legality of this document, then why is there an issue?" he asks. The otter turns in his seat, and I can see the curved tip of the throne's shaft bulge against his flat belly. My king's calm demeanor in the face of immense pleasure always amazes me.

"M'lord," the wolf continues, her eyes watching the bulge in the otter's stomach swivel as he moves his rear in a circle on his seat. "M'lord, I take issue with what they intend to do with

their land. They have made plans to build a fence and shielding off their land from their neighbors. While this is technically their right as owners of that land, it would also prevent my family's access to the only water source near our home."

The otter pauses the rhythmic swirls of his hips, and the upper rim of his asshole clenching tightly around the throne's shaft is clearly visible amid his tawny brown fur. "You'd cut off their family's only water source just for a sense of security?"

The buck standing in front of the king doesn't answer immediately, and for a full minute the only sounds made in the throne room are that of the golden shaft sliding in and out of the royal mustelid's ass and a couple muffled moans emanating from his highness. The cervine appears completely lost at the sight of the shaft entering and leaving his king's rear. I can't blame him, personally, as I've been lost in those hypnotic motions dozens of times before.

"I see," the king says, as though no words from the stag could sway his decision any further. Even as the king makes his decree, he ass refuses to cease in grinding away on the phallic throne. He must have found just the right place to rub against his prostate, as both his pink shaft and pointy whiskers were twitching with delight while announcing his order.

I notice the small buck has once again neared the king, kneeling before him as the otter grinds down on the phallic protrusion. His muzzle is now but a handful of inches away from the intensely throbbing shaft, which drools pre into the mustelid's dark furred bush. I can only imagine the wonder of the sight he's seeing. What a lucky stag to be so close to his highness's asshole clenching around the thick base, and watch his floppy thick tail slap against the throne as he rides the metallic dick.

“Did you get all that, page?” The royal otter says to me. My eyes tear away from his cock which glimmers due to the pre soaking down the pink flesh, and I meet his handsome visage where those sharp canines glisten with equal shine.

Shit, I missed his ruling again! Can I really be blamed for losing my concentration when confronted with the king pleasuring his body so thoroughly? “Uh, sorry, your elegance. My pen went dry and I missed it.”

The king smiled a toothy grin of understanding and kindness as he pressed all of his weight down on the throne, his webbed foot paws and muscular tail raising into the air to ensure that the throne’s cock was as deep inside him as possible. “Then I repeat, ‘So says the king, the deer family will make no attempt at constructing a wall or fence on the East side of their property...’”

I scribble down the words as fast as I can, my eyes darting from the parchment of the decree back to his highness making his way to his peak.

“...Instead, this border will be marked with wooden planks no less than six feet apart.” I hear his voice strain with orgasmic pleasure and my wrists will them onto the paper to remain for eternity.

“Any crops grown on the deer family’s side of these planks will belong to said family...” I look up briefly to see King Jon’s hands gripping the armrests and turning his body from left to right around the shaft. The muscles in his cock are getting more tense by the second.

“And let it be known...” I jot down the words with fervor. The letters are messy, but I can always make a cleaner copy before handing it over to the deer and wolves. However, I can’t

miss this, the king's balls are rising in their sac, preparing to spill their precious contents onto the throne.

"That neither family will ever be denied access to the river running between..." His voice is so breathy, I can tell he's about to blow. His rudder stands upright like a pole, almost as hard and trembling as the scepter between his legs.

"...Their... two... estates!" The words tumble onto the page and I look up just in time to see the white ropes flow out of his shaft. They spring forth like gorgeous pearly white ribbons onto the red carpet and the awe-struck deer kneeling before him. The sight is so erotically charged, I nearly join the king in his prurient bliss, though without the aid of my paw around my erect member, I cannot teeter over the edge with him.

The stag looks shocked at the amount of otter spunk on his muzzle and back, but his awe-struck face warms into a blushy smile as his partner pulls him up from his kneeling position.

"Did you see that?" the smaller stag says in what he thinks is a whisper. "The king came on me! The king came all over me! I'm never washing my fur again."

The larger buck rolls his eyes and speaks in a normal tone of voice. "You're washing your fur the minute we get home!"

Amidst the hubbub of the visitors, I use this time to copy the decree onto separate sheets of paper, though my hand still quivers with excitement. After I've completed my work, the parchment is carried over to the king, who is slouched against his throne in a peaceful afterglow. He signs the papers and presses his royal stamp down on each, which are then carried out to both families.

The deer and the wolves bow their heads before walking towards the door. Each one takes a couple or more glances over their shoulder at the still naked king being cleaned by one of his servants. Their expressions range from mild embarrassment, blushy faces of lust, and even jealousy of the lucky king's throne, but I guarantee that all four left the doorframe of the throne room satisfied with their appearance before the king.

I only had a couple minutes to collect my thoughts. It was only the first half hour of hearings in the throne room, and I already felt the need to run off to my quarters and paint the black stripes of my muzzle white. But the king nor the kingdom can wait for a young badger lad to stroke off his tool, and once the king settles down, he orders to his guards, "Alright, bring the next ones in."

The large doors open and the next couple of townsfolk stroll in to witness the power of the throne.