

Sovereign's Secrets: Origins

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Standing at a stone railing and looking down from her balcony, princess Gisella's blank eyes watch the precession. Her uncle, the general of her father's army, has returned from glorious battle with barbarians on their outlying lands, and as they often do, a victorious parade lauds the glory of the surviving soldiers. The princess, however, is less than interested; her presence is merely required as her uncle returns.

"What's wrong, m'lady?" A handmaiden asks.

"Nothing..." The Princess answers with a melancholy sigh.

"Oh, don't fret m'lady. I'm sure your new husband will be wonderful." The handmaiden assures her with a soft, motherly tone.

Princess Gisella turns her emerald green eyes toward her handmaiden, her lips pressed together in a faint scowl. How would she know? Has she met this king or prince? Have her parents? As a princess in medieval Europe, it's merely the status quo that she marry another member of a royal family; she has no say in it. What about love? Or even attraction? Gisella, a relatively tall and vibrant human woman, stands all of five feet and seven-inches. With very pale skin and platinum blonde hair that flows like a river to the small of her back, her form is a sight to behold.

Never has anyone been so well proportioned, and many often call her the angel of the kingdom for her appearance. Turning her hourglass figure to face her handmaiden, her tightly fitting dress

clings to her perfectly formed and perky DD-cup breasts. Glaring at the shorter, average looking woman, the handmaiden averts her eyes from the angelic princess.

“I’m sorry, m’lady. Please forgive me if I spoke out of turn. It’s just that... You should try to look on the bright side. The king and queen love you; you’re the shining star of the kingdom, and they wouldn’t leave you with an unsuitable husband.”

Listening to her handmaiden, her anger subsides, though her frustration does not. She turns back to the railing, resting her hands atop the cool stones and leaning against them.

“You’re right. I’m sorry if I upset you.” Princess Gisella softly replies.

Her handmaiden doesn’t respond, possibly from the shock of royalty apologizing for anything. Again, though, Gisella is not like many in her family. Often when she sits before her mirror, she wonders how she came to be on this filthy planet, with average looking parents who, although royalty, don’t match her level of quality. She often feels that she’s something out of the fables of old and would therefore need a life and lover who matches that. Now that she’s of age, the seventeen-year-old princess will soon be the property of some strange man, a leader of nations; her life will consist of supporting him in the public eye and birthing his children, but nothing more.

If her mark will only be that of a typical queen, then at least her spawn should be exceptional. How, though, could she be certain of this? As the precession reaches deeper into the city, her uncle’s carriage and personal guard pass by. He sees his niece and waves to her. Gisella waves back. Her uncle leans over to speak to one of his guards, who quickly rushes around the carriage to issue orders. It’s

then that she sees him. While the guard issuing the orders is otherwise an uninteresting human, several of her uncle's personal guard are Voeldahn, the human-like beast folk who bear the resemblance of many animals living freely in the forests.

Bringing the guards closer and instructing them as to what they're to do, one in particular catches princess Gisella's emerald eyes. Formerly hidden behind her uncle's carriage, she now gazes on the muscular frame of the Voeldahn man. With thick, light-colored fur shrouding his body, a long but blocky snout, like that of a wolf's, pokes out from beneath a scarlet hood that's framed with gold. From a distance, he would appear to be a human, but the black canine nose that caps his snout and the bushy tail swaying behind him as he walks leave little doubt as to his race.

Pulling the hood from his face, his features are striking, even from that distance. With a brow that is dominant but not frightening and a faint smile that seems unusually warm, the canine man listens with earnest to the orders of his superior. Princess Gisella feels a familiar stirring as she leans even closer on the railing, watching as the Voeldahn guard leaves the precession with the others, probably off to secure her uncle's home before he arrives. As he passes beneath her balcony, blissfully unaware of her feminine gaze, Gisella can see that his light-colored fur contrasts wonderfully with the supple flesh of her pale hand, which holds the railing she leans over.

"That's it!" She thinks aloud.

"M'lady?" The handmaiden asks.

"Oh, nothing!" Princess Gisella replies with a grin. "Do you see that handso-... That warrior down there? The canine Voeldahan?"

"Yes, m'lady."

"Bring him to me..."

"Of course, m'lady."

Quickly departing and leaving the princess alone, Gisella continues to watch the man who disappears around a corner. Her lips curl into a sinister grin as she contemplates her plan. Who will know if he fathers her child? Interspecies mixing always favors the mother's breed. How many humans unknowingly walk the earth with canine, feline, equine, rodent or lapine fathers? In the time it takes for her unknown suitor to arrive, she can be certain to have a handsome and powerful child growing within her womb, courtesy of the beast man's seed, and her baby's human form will leave no room for her new husband to question her. It's almost too perfect.

Walking through the halls of the castle, a nervous Azemar glances at his surroundings. The scarlet tapestries with gold trim, not unlike his hooded cloak, line the walls. Fetched by castle guards under orders from the princess herself, even his general, the girl's uncle, couldn't deny them. He's never been placed in this situation before. Has he somehow offended the princess? What has he done wrong? Already disarmed, for the princess's safety, he walks with naught but his brown leather armor and cloak left. His escorts stand by a door, quickly turning to face him and pulling it open.

"Inside." They coldly instruct.

"Hello!" Princess Gisella greets him, stepping into the hall.

Azemar blinks from the sheer beauty of the woman; he's never seen a more magnificent female of either race, even in his dreams. Gisella cocks her head, a pleasant smile on her face. She's taken by the similarities they share; his eyes are as verdant as her own, and the hair on his head is nearly as light as hers. Was this destiny, or a splendid coincidence?

"H-hello, m'lady." He replies, respectfully bowing his head.

"You may go now... Well?!"

Looking up, Azemar can see the confusion on the castle guard's faces. Accepting her order, they dismiss themselves, walking away from the room and leaving Azemar alone with the princess. Ushering him inside, Gisella can hardly contain herself. In the time it's taken for her to wait for him, she's dwelled on her plan. Originally a scheme to guarantee greatness, as the mother of a powerful son and heir, she soon began to focus on the carnal act in and of itself. So great is her desire for the male's physical affection that the sight of him standing before her door makes her loins moisten with anticipation.

Closing and then locking her chamber door behind them, she rests her hands on his shoulders. Though already broad and powerful, his leather pauldrons accentuate his form. She takes her fingers and pinches the scarlet cord that holds his hooded cloak to his body, slowly pulling it until the knot breaks and the garment falls into her hand.

"There... I'm certain you have so many questions. Why am I here? What did I do?" She begins, speaking in a soft and gentle voice.

"Those crossed me mind." He admits.

Gisella grins even wider. The Voeldahn's voice is deep and masculine, with a feeling of power behind it. She's certainly picked the right man for this task.

"You didn't do anything... It's what I need you to do."

"M'lady?" Azemar raises a brow.

"Soon, I'll be married to... God only knows who. You may have noticed that I'm quite exceptional." She begins.

"I have." He admits, turning his head down.

“Good.” She giggles. “Because I’ve noticed you as well. My future husband, whoever he is, will be here in several weeks and he might not be. I deserve exceptional... That’s why I need you.”

Turning his head up, his brow furrows in confusion as he looks to the princess. She reaches out, resting her hand softly on his cheek. Princess Gisella marvels at the fluffiness of his fur and how warm it is in her hand. Now standing closer to him, she notices that he even has a strange musk; not a pungent odor, his naturally masculine scent is indescribable, in a pleasant way. Her loins, now dripping in her undergarments, burn with an eagerness that she hasn’t felt before.

“We’re both exceptional, and the future of the kingdom will be exceptional... Give me an exceptional heir.” She continues.

Azemar blinks, his eyes growing wide in surprise. He could never fathom the event unfolding before him or the admittedly pleasing offer he’s just been given. Is he dreaming? Is he still asleep on his bedroll, or did he die in battle and this is his version of heaven?

“As a Voeldahn, you have the look of a beast. I imagine you have the powers of one as well. Stay with me and make me pregnant. Your fur and my hair, our eyes; our looks are so similar that they will assume my child took after me. No one will ever know the truth. If I birth a son, he’ll be a powerful warrior and leader; if I birth a daughter, she’ll be a beautiful princess who will require only the most handsome and capable prince.” She explains.

Though baffled by her words, he isn’t surprised by her reasoning. Many humans mistakenly believe that the Voeldahn are somehow enhanced. They believe that foxes are more cunning and sly, rabbits more agile, and felines more sinister, with night vision. While the Voeldahn look similar to hybridized humans, with their fur and tails, feet and faces, the Voeldahn themselves know that there’s

no truth in this thinking; he's no better or worse than any other human male. Of course, there are some noticeable difference that can't be denied; the horse men are often quite tall and strong, with genitalia to match, but they don't have otherwise improved senses or talents.

Interestingly, some primitive tribes and nomadic Voeldahn that he's come across hold nearly identical opinions of humans. These uncivilized and uncultured Voeldahn prize humans as mates, especially the men, for their furless elegance and their almost mystical appearance; the most ignorant mistake humans for mythical elves. Something suddenly occurs to Azemar: She must not know that his father is a human, still living with his Voeldahn mother in another village and raising the two younger brothers she's borne him. Somewhat bothered by the stunning warrior's inaction, princess Gisella steps closer.

She presses her perfect body, covered in a green velvet dress, against his. Her ample breasts smooch against his hard leather armor and bulge at the top of her garment. Resting both hands on his face, she leans in, as if to steal a kiss; her lips hover over his for a moment as all they share is breath.

"Please, warrior. Stay and conquer me. Plant your seed." She begs in a near whisper.

"As you wish, m'lady." He answers, trying not to sound too eager.

Now free to act, he kisses his princess passionately. His strong arms wrap around her body, his hands gripping her plump yet firm buttocks. He steps toward her bed, covered in a silken sheet from a distant and exotic land called 'Egypt'. The princess is startled by the strength in even his humblest of movements, easily pushed back against her bed. She nearly stumbles, tripping on a Persian rug, but Azemar catches her.

“Disrobe.” He sternly instructs.

She nods her head, reaching around and untying the cordage that holds her dress tightly to her exquisite frame. Azemar begins swiftly unbuckling his armor. Removing the chest piece, he drops it to the ground before quickly pulling off his tunic. With her dress loosened but still shrouding her body, she stops in her tracks, gazing at his magnificent form. She’s yet to see a man in such peak physical condition, nor one so attractive to her. Azemar pushes off his boots, the claws of his pawlike digitigrade feet clicking on the floor.

Her eyes bulge when he pushes down his trousers, exposing his growing organ as he steps out of the heap of clothing lying at his ankles. Without saying a word, the naked Voeldahn steps up to the princess, placing his hands on her hips as he steals another kiss. One hand grips tightly to her buttocks while the other explores her figure, quickly discovering her large mounds of flesh. As if possessed, princess Gisella reaches out and takes hold of his erection, startled by the sheer size and warmth of the Voeldahn’s throbbing cock. She can’t help but gaze downward at it, biting her bottom lip and quivering with anticipation.

Seconds after turning her gaze, she sees his hands pulling open her dress, peeling the velvet away from her chest and pushing the garment off of her shoulders. Pulling back, Azemar fondles the magnificent orbs of her breasts, giving them a quick sniff before licking her nipples. Princess Gisella blushes. Wrapping his lips around her areolas, he nibbles and sucks on her breasts, causing the princess to squeal and whimper in pleasure. Stroking her soon-to-be-lover’s penis, she can only imagine the pleasure she’ll experience once the warrior truly begins. Leaning into her as he enjoys her breasts, Azemar shoves the princess back, her legs bumping into her oaken bedframe.

Falling back, she plops down atop her bed as Azemar swiftly takes hold of her thighs. With a firm pull, he drags her away from the bed, her ass hanging just over the edge. Azemar quickly reaches up and underneath her dress, pulling her white silk undergarments from her body and exposing her genitals to the open air. He drops the expensive underwear callously on the floor. Pulling her legs up and into the air, her dress falls into a thick bundle at her waist. Resting her ankles upon his shoulders, he drops his large, pink organ onto her moist flesh.

“Oh, m’lady...” He groans, grinding his cock against her wet pussy.

“Y-yes?”

“Your flesh is so wet and so hot! It might even brand me!” He winks.

Her face flushes, her body trembling as she feels the canine Voeldahn smearing her lubricating juices all over the underside and tip of his penis. Teasing her nether lips with the tip of his animalesque phallus, he prepares her for the inevitable.

“Wha... What is your name, warrior?” The princess suddenly asks.

“Azemar, m’lady.”

“Please... If I’m to carry your child, call me by my given name.”

“Of course, Gisella.” He replies with a warm smile.

With his member thoroughly lubricated and the princess more than ready for the act, Azemar slides her further up the bed, though her legs still hang over the edge. Standing between them, he leans forward and kisses her neck, cheeks and lips. The princess wraps her legs around his waist on impulse, leaving him only enough room so that he may begin.

"I-I'm ready, Azemar." She coos.

"No, you're not." He says with a sinister grin.

Princess Gisella's legs shiver and she gasps, her hands clutching tightly to the silken sheets of her expensive bed. Her wide eyes stare at the ceiling of her bedroom, deep in the castle. With the air caught in her throat, she cannot even scream as the large organ slowly works its way inside of her. Spreading her nether lips to their limit, Azemar forces his considerable organ deeper into her body, grunting from the combination of tightness and heat. Her insides burn like a blacksmith's forge, while gripping his penis like tongs. The highly experienced warrior trembles before the princess as he enjoys her royal body.

"Oh, Lord." He murmurs, his eyes closed tightly.

"Nng... Ahhh!" She finally chokes out.

"You're a tight fit!" He remarks with a wide grin.

Unable to resist, she turns her head down, eager to drink in the splendid sight. Gazing between her plump, mountainous orbs, she stares with wide eyes at the impressive canine organ that penetrates her. The hot, pink flesh of his penis is already buried several inches into her sovereign vagina, her legs shivering as her feet dangle in the air, just beneath his furry buttocks. Resting on his forearms, Azemar leans in and licks her breasts, his bushy tail wagging with delight as he pushes his penis even deeper into Gisella's pussy. The princess's lips curl into a lustful grin as she watches the carnal act unfolding.

Azemar gasps as he feels the incredible heat radiating from the slick and unusually tight hole of the human woman. He turns his head down and watches with awe as his member invades her royal body, his considerable size stretching the princess's loins to their limits.

"Hff. Nnf. What is it?" Princess Gisella softly asks.

"I see no blood. You aren't...?"

Princess Gisella giggles, her hands gripping the warm flesh of her large breasts as she turns her head away.

"Mmm-no, though is still feels like my first time. Nng, I've nnf, never enjoyed such, nnf, a large man before." She coos.

Azemar is rather surprised. Though the commoners put great value in virginity, in actual practice, very few men and women beyond puberty can claim it. Humans and Voeldahn, being what they are, their natural urges often supersede values; he himself has enjoyed at least a dozen women before princess Gisella, and at twenty years old he's yet to take a wife. Clearly, royalty isn't above similarly promiscuous behavior.

"You, nng, like large men?" He asks, his fingers gripping her shoulders.

"I've, hhf, never had, nnf, a man, nnf, your size before." She replies, her face flushing.

"You'll never, nng, want, nng, another." He growls.

Pushing in even deeper, he buries the entirety of his nine-inch penis into her body. Concealing the girthy organ in her aching loins, they both feel his heavy, furry scrotum pressing against her buttocks.

"Agghhh!" The princess cries out in pleasure.

"Your future husband, nng, will never make you, nng, scream like that." Azemar teases before licking her neck.

"Please, Azemar, nnf, don't say, nnf, such things." She whimpers.

"You know it's true. Nng! Your body will, nng, never again, nng, enjoy less than me. Ggrrraahh!"

Her arms grip his sides, struggling to squeeze him as she loses strength. She knows in her heart that this is probably true, briefly wondering if she's made a mistake. If whoever her future husband is isn't substantial, will she fake her pleasure with him for the rest of her life, or succumb to her desires and see Azemar in secret? How many of her husband's children will even be his? What if Azemar can't be found to entertain her? Will she enjoy another instead? She certainly adores the sensation of fullness. Perhaps she'll claim a horse Voeldahn lover? Perhaps she could find one now? These thoughts both sicken and arouses her.

Grabbing frantically for anything that she can hold onto, her body sways back and forth on her bed from his thrusts. He takes his clawed hands from her shoulders and sets his palms down, his arms framing her slender waist. Holding himself up, the pair watch as Azemar's large penis entertains the princess's body. Her hungry nether lips devour his long, girthy member, while her vaginal canal quivers as it stretches to the limit for him. Large, full testicles hold a copious amount of his fertile seed, just waiting to be released so that it can serve her purpose.

Squeezing and fondling her own breasts, princess Gisella winces at a rare sensation. Thwap, thwap, thwap; his furry balls smack her firm ass. Listening to the sounds of their mating, it pushes her over the edge. Princess Gisella chokes on her breath as she feels the wave of pleasure sweeping over her.

"AHH! AHH! AHHGGHHAADD!" She cries out.

Her arms and legs convulse, her body almost dancing atop the bed from her pleasure. Azemar's amused by the sight. The strong warrior has driven himself into quite a few women, all of them grateful to feel his organ within them. None, however, have reacted quite so ecstatically. Perhaps the common women he's had sex with all had an assortment of similarly adequate lovers? If that's the case, he cannot help but pity the wealthy princess; she's far too good a specimen to be denied such physical pleasures. He now has a second mission: Give the princess as much enjoyment from their mating as he possibly can.

With this goal in mind, he quickly buries his throbbing cock into the princess's little pussy. He takes a breath and calms himself down, while pushing against her to remind the princess that she's entertaining the warrior's organ. Pulling slowly rearward, Azemar draws himself from the princess's body. A long, unbroken stream of vaginal juices and the woman's cum bridge their genitalia for several inches. With limited strength, she lay on her back, her chest heaving as she pants, watching him in relative silence.

Taking hold of her legs, the warrior shifts her atop the bed. Climbing up and over her, she cannot help but reach out and touch him. She's left in shock as her hand caresses his furry chest; he hasn't even begun to sweat! Sitting beside her on the bed, the sheer size of the canine man's penis astounds her, reaching up and beyond his belly button in that position. Motioning with his hands, he brings her toward him. As if hypnotized, the princess obeys the warrior's silent commands, sitting up and crawling before him. They kiss passionately as she takes her place atop his lap.

Gripping her firm buttocks tightly, she wraps her arms around him, holding onto her wrists behind his neck. With a firm pull, he drags her closer, pressing his slimy phallus into her belly. She gasps, leaning back and gazing down at the sight.

"I cannot believe I've fit such a beast with me!" She giggles.

"Thank you, Gisella, but there are men far larger." He replies.

"None that I can manage. I feel as if this were destined; you're perfect in every way!" She chirps, a warm glint in her eye.

"As are you, my princess."

Kissing passionately, her heart slowly burns for her lover, growing almost as warm as her loins. Remembering that this is for a higher purpose, however, she pushes the burgeoning feelings aside; she needs his seed, not his love, and she absolutely must have it. Kneeling over his lap, she lifts herself at his instruction. She's briefly forced to shift, standing on her bed and squatting over him just so that the impressive length of her lover can be accommodated. With the tip grinding against her nether lips, already having felt his exceptional size, she's better prepared for what's next.

Gritting her teeth and grunting, she lowers herself atop her Voeldahn lover, gripping his shoulders tightly and returning to a kneeling position as she drops down onto Azemar's large cock.

"Ahh! So... Nnf, big!" She squeals.

Burying his face between her breasts, Azemar feels the perfect orbs, pinching her nipples and giving them considerable attention. He licks, nibbles and sucks on them before kissing and necking her, his hands racing down her shapely body and gripping her tight ass. Working slowly at first, the princess does what she can to entertain her lover, eagerly attempting to milk him for his fertile sperm. Her body faintly glistens from a thin layer of sweat that builds on her pale, human skin.

"Ahh, ahh, ahh, AAHH!" She screams, growing louder as Azemar roughly smacks her ass.

“Nng, that’s it. Nng, ride me like, nng, a good girl.” He growls.

“Please... Nnf, don’t taunt me. I’m, nnf, not some, nnf, peasant girl.” She softly retorts.

“But you’re, nng, still a girl.” He says, smacking her ass again. “Now ride!”

Further aroused by his forcefulness, she’s left wondering about herself; a man has never dominated her in such a manner, and it’s never been so appealing. Unapologetic, Azemar uses her like she’s his, not the other way around. Taking a moment to examine the situation, she realizes that he’s stretching out their carnal act for *his* pleasure, not to merely impregnate her at her request. She’s briefly fearful, as she does not know for how long her guards will be away. If they return too soon and catch them, she won’t be able to stop her father, the current king, from beheading Azemar and sending her away to a convent.

Unfortunately, this only makes the sex even more pleasurable to her. Straddling the warrior and bucking against him, the princess obeys the young man who only an hour ago she’d never even met before. Smack after smack, he strikes her ass as if she were a race horse, making her work him harder and faster. The beautiful, privileged princess loves every second of it. Soon, she sits down hard and wraps her legs around his waist, grinding against him. Swiveling her hips rubs his large organ in circles within her, driving her wild; the pleasure is indescribable.

With her eyes rolling back, she flops against him and convulses. Overcome by another powerful orgasm, she can barely move. She’d climb off of him if she could, but in her position she’s utterly helpless. Holding her sweaty body tightly, his fur now growing damp and matting from his sweat, Azemar feels her body, and more importantly her pussy, spasming in pleasure. Her royal hole clenches so tightly to his large penis that he feels as if she might crush it.

“That’s a good girl. Mmm-let it out.” He coos into her ear.

“Ahhh... AahhhAAAHH!” She gasps, unable to speak.

“Oh? But I’m not done yet.” He continues, as if answering a question.

Pushing forward, he draws in his legs as he lies her down on her back. Now over her in a very familiar and comfortable position, she is certain that Azemar is nearly through. Considering how wonderful he is, she’s hopeful that he will be; if he uses her any more, she’ll become irreversibly accustomed to men of his caliber. Fearful that her future husband will not be up to par, she worries that she’ll spend her life secretly slipping away to have sex with Azemar or other adequate lovers like him. Once queen, this would be a treasonous crime.

“Are you ready for something *really* fun?” He sweetly asks.

Without waiting for her to respond, Azemar pulls himself from her loins, taking a moment to marvel at how thoroughly stretched the young princess’s pussy is. Taking hold of her broad hips, he spins her over, lying her on her belly.

“Wha-?! Like a beast?!” She exclaims in shock.

The church has only allowed one position, however, many are performed. This one, unlike all of the others, is considered too primitive and barbaric.

“Trust me, Gisella.”

Pulling at her hips, he brings her to her knees, her chest and breasts still resting atop her bed. With her butt in the air, she closes

her eyes and groans as Azemar grinds his member against her flesh. Pulling back, she turns her head to watch, only to gasp when he stuffs himself in. With her legs nearly closed and running between his, her love tunnel is almost as tight as when they first started. Neither can barely stand it as he begins pumping, in and out, over and over. With his hands on her hips, he pulls her back to meet his thrusts. The princess shivers in pleasure, wondering why such a wonderful position is considered so improper.

“Do you, nng, like this, princess? Do you like, nng, being bred, nng, like an animal?” Azemar teases her.

“Ahh! Ahh! Yes! Please! Nnf, breed me, nnf, like, nnf, a beast! Breed me, nnf, like I’m, nnf, your mare, and you’re nnf, a stallion!”

Azemar grins at her response, never realizing how perverse a princess could be. She’s no different from the common women he’s had sex with before. Reaching around, he takes hold of the splendid orbs on her chest, fondling them as he leans forward, his muscular chest resting against her back. With his member buried deep within her hungry loins, he feeds her long, swift thrusts. Thwap, thwap, thwap, as his furry scrotum softly slaps her nether lips and clitoris. Having thoroughly lost control of both the situation and her body, the young, beautiful, human princess simply lay there, allowing the canine man to enjoy her as he sees fit.

A strange and abrupt change causes her already loud cries of pleasure to become even louder. Turning her eyes down, she cannot see anything, but she can feel it. Something is growing, a hard bulb of flesh being driven into and out of her quaking pussy. The princess’s love tunnel is battered by the object, and though she feels a pressure from the flesh as it’s plowed into her, she also feels a growing ecstasy. Within a matter of minutes of them taking this position, princess Gisella feels her loins stirring, her insides burning, and her arms and legs trembling. Azemar is truly a spectacular lover.

Unable to control herself, she buries her face into her sheets, screaming so loudly as she orgasms that she fears had she not, guards from the other side of the castle would've broken down the door in fear of her safety. Though not yet married, she isn't supposed to be openly enjoying a strange man in such a way, especially a commoner; royalty is held to the highest of standards. Azemar's clawed hands move from her breasts, down her sides and over her gleaming waist, resting atop her sweat drenched back. A hand gives her buttocks a firm smack as he holds himself up, looking down at the knot that's nearly fully inflated and stuffed within her royal pussy.

Azemar's pleasure hits the peak; he nearly came, but managed to stave it off. He slowly and carefully pulls back, removing his penis from the thoroughly used vagina of the princess. It's clear to him, however, that he will not last long; this wonderful experience must eventually come to an end.

"Ahh... Ahh... Oh, Lord... Mmm, so... Hhf... Good... Hhf." Princess Gisella gasps, looking back at her lover.

"Now that you're ready... Hjf. It's time for me, hhf, to fulfill, hhf, my duty." Azemar says between pants for air.

A trembling Gisella nods her head. Sliding his hands down her back and gripping her hips, he tips her over and onto her side. Unable to easily move herself at this point, he pushes her gently onto her back. Taking hold of her legs, he spreads them apart and kneels between them, leaning over and resting on his forearms and knees. The pair stare into each other's emerald green eyes, drinking in the moment. With his pleasure slowly fading, he knows that he won't last very long once they resume but after all that he's done for her, he's certain she won't mind.

Feeling her lover placing the oddly shaped tip against her nether lips, Gisella rests her hands on his shoulders and peers down, past her breasts and between her legs. Watching intently and with

considerable glee, she groans and moans as Azemar penetrates her yet again, burying his big cock into her tight pussy. With a visible knot at the base of his large, pink penis, she's certain it bears some significance. Although he may be finished soon, the damage is done. The flood of endorphins in her brain overwhelm her; the pleasure and passion are so great that she's been spoiled.

This was far too good for her to abandon entirely, even after he succeeds in making her pregnant. Unless her future husband can somehow match Azemar, she'll be keeping tabs on the warrior, and until she meets her suitor, he'll be given guard duty in the castle as well. Grunting as he drives himself as deep as he can go, Azemar quickly sheaths all but the knot within her. It presses against her nether lips as he thrusts over and over. Long, slow but firm strokes push his organ into her and his knot against her. His forearms slide inward, resting beneath her shoulder blades as he prepares for the inevitable.

"Ahh! Ahh! Soooo good!" She exclaims.

"I'm, nng, going to, nng, put it back in. Nng!" He warns her.

His clawed fingers curl around her shoulders and her arms grip the damp, musty fur of his body as she sways beneath her lover. Driving in deeper, he presses the fully engorged knot against her. Considerably thicker than the rest of his girth, he knows what to expect. Plop, plop, plop as his heavy balls now smack into her firm ass. Soon, he backs away for a moment. With a long, violent thrust, he slams his knot into her nether lips, startling the princess.

"NNNGG!!!" He grunts as he shoves it hard.

A moist popping sound is heard as it's stuffed into her body, causing her to scream.

“GAAAHHH!!!”

With wide, watery eyes, she cries out into Azemar's mouth; he kisses her to mask the sound, as he's done with every woman who's ever managed the knot. Feeling her body completely enveloping him, his rock-hard organ throbs. Effectively locked into his lover, Azemar pushes into her, grunting and groaning loudly and resting his chin on her shoulder. She stares with wide eyes at the ceiling, her hands holding firmly to her lover's back. Her pleasure peaks and she cums yet again, clamping down on him even harder than every time before.

Feeling her orgasm drives Azemar to the edge. His hands race down from her shoulders and grip onto her firm buttocks, a cheek in each hand. He can only give her a few feeble jabs before he's unable to continue. The strong warrior unleashes his seed, his powerful jets of cum spurting from his impressive member and flowing deeply into the princess's body.

“NNG! NNG! NNGRRRAAHHH!!!” Azemar growls, his face contorted with pleasure.

“Nng... AAAGGHH!!!” She squeals.

Hot gobs of fertile cum splash her uterus as it's ejected from the warrior's body and into her own. One, two, three jets flood her, forcing her orgasm to double down. Never has she felt such pleasure in her entire life or even in her dreams. Four, and then five jets push his cum deep into her tubes and racing for her equally fertile eggs. Six, then seven jets; her orgasm quakes her entire body. How much sperm does this magnificent warrior have for her?! A final, weakened eighth jet answers her question. She's certainly picked the finest warrior; he'll give her the finest offspring.

Lying beneath her lover, her pleasure finally tapering off, her arms become limp and slide from his back, falling onto the bed beside her. Azemar trembles, his eyes closed as he looms over her. She can't help but grin at the sight; how adorable the warrior is as he succumbs to her, giving her every last drop of his potent seed.

"Ahh... Ahh... Oh, Lord... Hhf... Sooo much!" She gasps.

"I... Hhf, I've... Hhf... Never cum, hhf, so hard..."

"Mmm, well..." She kisses his lips softly. "Thank you, Azemar, my mighty warrior."

"Oh no, thank you, Gisella." He retorts, a wide grin on his face.

"I cannot wait to miss my next cycle! You've done the kingdom a great service." She remarks.

"M'lady..." Azemar remarks.

"Please, Azemar, in my chambers, call me Gisella. Save "M'lady" for when you're standing guard." She interjects.

"Gisella... What if they find out? What if you aren't married soon enough?"

Gisella pauses. She hadn't considered the ramifications of a deal falling through and a marriage not occurring. Though nervous, she rests her hands upon his face and kisses him again and again.

"Don't trouble yourself, Azemar. Everything works out as destined." She replies.

"And if you aren't destined to bear my children?" He poses.

"Well, then we'll have to make certain of it. I'll have you transferred to castle guard duty!" She chirps.

Azemar cannot help but chuckle at how swiftly she's made this decision. Nodding his head, they kiss several more times and hold

each other, waiting for his knot to shrink enough for him to remove himself. After pulling out of her thoroughly used loins, Gisella sits up, resting on her elbows and looking down at his handiwork. Massive gobs of his sperm ooze from her stretched hole, landing on the inner portion of her green velvet dress, still bunched up near her waist and hips. She giggles and turns her emerald eyes up to him.

“I’ll make sure that my handmaiden can keep a secret when I give her my laundry.”

“Please do, Gisella.”

“You may go now, Azemar.” She murmurs.

With a subtle nod, he collects his clothes and slowly dresses. Princess Gisella, meanwhile, lies back and watches him, a hand over her vagina and attempting to hold in his remnants. Tying his scarlet and gold hooded cloak over his shoulders, he turns to the princess.

“I’ll make sure that you’re guarding my wing tomorrow. Just be ready to come when I call.” She says with a wink.

“Yes, Gisella... M’lady.” He replies with a smile.

Unlocking her door and slipping out of her room, he returns to an empty hall where he walks alone and back to the barracks. Some are curious as to why the princess requested his presence personally, but all know better than to ask him to betray royalty by divulging information. As he eats dinner with his fellow soldiers, a note comes in, handed by a castle guard to his leader, the princess’s uncle. He raises a brow but pockets the letter. Turning to Azemar, he instructs him to return to the castle that very night for guard duty. Azemar obeys, like a loyal soldier.

To his surprise, the princess calls to him once again, that very night, which they spend together in a manner similar to earlier that

day. After pleasuring her for some time and draining what little sperm he had left, he slept in the guard quarters, as he should. For the next two weeks, he visited the princess daily, even after she missed her cycle, which she'd been tracking. Finally, however, her father introduced the princess to her future husband. To Gisella's surprise, Kranton, the blonde haired and green-eyed man from the neighboring kingdom was perhaps the most handsome human she'd ever seen.

Charming and interesting, they bonded almost immediately. As swiftly as their affair had begun Gisella, ended it; she lost interest in Azemar, as though he were just a pawn. Though dejected, Azemar understood. Gisella kept Azemar close until the very night of her wedding, just in case she would clandestinely need his pleasurable services if Kranton were not adequate enough. Consummating her marriage with her new husband, however, the prince revealed that he is every bit as good as Azemar. Still, Gisella kept Azemar near her, though she no longer called to him in the night, as she once did.

Within a week of her marriage to the prince, Gisella took sick in the mornings. While the prince was quite excited and eagerly proclaimed himself the father of her child, Gisella's handmaiden and Azemar, both sworn to secrecy, knew better. Certain symptoms simply aren't that fast, and only one man can be the child's father; it isn't the prince. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, having served his purpose to the princess, Azemar was relieved of castle guard duty and returned to his previous commander where he would serve the prince and princess, soon king and queen, as well as their first-born son, a boy of exceptional stock.