

Sovereign's Secrets: Carnal Court

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"Nng! Nng! Nng! Grrr-fuck!" Brakus grunts.

"Ahh! Ahh! Nnf! Mmm!" Stella groans.

Lying on her back, the canine Voeldahn woman's breasts bounce and sway. Her dark brown fur is matted on her back, underarms and sides, while her white fur which covers her cheeks, snout, neck, chest, belly and groin, is equally damp and musty. Moisture runs from her stretched vagina and seeps into the lighter colored fur of the underside of her thick, bushy tail. The coat covering her inner thighs is ruffled and damp. Holding her legs up in the air, her pawlike, digitigrade feet swaying with each powerful thrust, Brakus drives in as much of his hung organ as he can.

At six feet and five inches tall, the white fur covering the horse Voeldahn's body is equally damp. The muscular stallion stands on two black hooves, with black fur covering his ankles like boots and his hands and wrists like gloves. Long, black hair sticks to his damp torso as he drills his foot-long and three-inch diameter penis into Stella's pink and quivering flesh; she can barely handle the massive member he wields. As black as charcoal, his manhood gleams like a diamond from her lubricating juices, while his large and heavy testicles, each one a handful, is coated in his own sweat and glistens in the candlelight like polished silver.

"Ahh! Ahh! Oh god! So, nnf, big!" Stella squeals.

"Nng! It isn't fitting! Ggrrahh!" Brakus grunts.

“Then make it.” A voice calmly instructs.

“Nng! I’ll try. Nng!”

“You’d better...” The voice demands.

Sitting on a chair and stripped of her clothes, Gisella, now the queen, watches the pair having sex atop the bed. Brakus stands at the edge, plowing Stella, her handmaiden, who has been a useful tool for the queen for the past three years; other handmaidens were in her place in previous years. With her fingers buried deeply into her pussy, queen Gisella wriggles her appendages, teasing her loins as she waits patiently for her turn. This is a routine that the queen has developed. Now thirty-five-years-old, Gisella was forced to bring in her handmaidens, after Brakus, her only lover after Azemar, impregnated her.

After birthing a daughter fourteen years ago, the fair skinned and raven haired Mayva, Gisella insisted Stella help her with her proclivities. Unable to say no to her queen for fear of death, Stella now allows Brakus to fuck her at will. Unwilling to spill his seed onto the ground, he empties his balls inside of the canine Voeldahn, thereby expelling most of his fertile cum. With his energy partially depleted, and his testicles holding little of his potent seed, queen Gisella is then free to enjoy her lover without fear of another illegitimate child, or so she believes.

Looking down while her hands grip her breasts, Stella waits for the inevitable. The black cock, bigger than her forearm, drives into her pussy. So large is the stallion Voeldahn’s organ that he can’t push past the medial ring as he uses her. This has always annoyed Gisella, who trained early on with men of size. Azemar was the largest she’d had, until her husband.

**“Nng. Nng. NNG. NNG! I’m, nng, gonna! NNNGGGAAAHHH!”
Brakus roars.**

“Ahh! AHH! AHHGHHAAAAD!” Stella squeals.

From her angle atop her chair, Gisella grins as she watches Brakus’ balls pulling closer to his body. With light colored sheets and many candles to illuminate the room, the glistening of his smooth, black scrotum is easy to see. Jet after powerful jet floods into Stella’s body, smashing through her cervix and filling the woman’s uterus and fallopian tubes. Stella rarely orgasms herself from this; Brakus is simply too big. The discomfort of handling him destroys her pleasure, as does the sheer volume of his seed. To the handmaiden, this is just another part of her job. His hooves clop on the stone floor as he takes a step back, his entire body shivering with pleasure.

“Ahh! Good Lord!” He sighs with relief.

“How was it?” Gisella asks her servants.

“Wonderful...” Stella lies.

“Excellent, but not as good as you.” Brakus sincerely replies.

“Good.” Gisella coos.

Rising from her seat, she stands beside the pair, resting a hand on Stella’s damp belly. She turns her amber eyes toward her queen, who grins so sinisterly at her.

“Remove it.” Gisella commands.

“Yes, my queen.” Brakus bows his head.

Pulling back, he withdraws the impressing phallus. The mildly flared head pops from Stella’s body, causing her to jump and squeal. An enormous wad of cum falls from her used hole and onto the floor, accompanied by a steady stream of sticky, white ooze. Gisella quickly cups her hands beneath Stella’s body, catching as much as she can. The perverse queen brings her hands to her face, drinking the

contents. An uncomfortable Stella turns her head away, still lying on her back, while Brakus watches with a throbbing organ. He knows what will soon follow. After licking her hands clean, the queen turns her lover to face her.

The blonde haired, green-eyed human queen fellates Brakus with a talent she'd honed through her two weeks with Azemar, and the first few years with her husband, king Kranton, before he began his own affairs. She licks the first half of his shaft and sucks on the tip, using her hands to squeeze his member as she pulls toward her. This is less to keep him aroused and more to ensure that every possible drop of cum hidden in his urethra is gone. Kranton didn't care about Mayva visibly being another man's child, but if she had a fourth and he or she was also illegitimate, Gisella imagines herself bending over a chopping block, instead of in front of Brakus and his magnificent organ.

She gasps for breath and sighs with delight as she pulls her mouth from the head of Brakus' cock. Holding up the considerably heavy penis, she allows the charcoal black phallus to rest atop her head as her thin and pointy nose buries itself into his sweaty scrotum. She drinks in his musk, licking the smooth flesh of his balls and tasting his sweat. Brakus watches the queen degrading herself, acting more like a desperate tavern wench and less like royalty. He enjoys every blissful second; this is the most power he's had since he was enslaved and brought back to the kingdom.

Even before, in his small tribe of horse Voeldahn, he was relatively unimportant and nondescript. Now, his blood runs through the veins of a princess, and the queen begs for his flesh like she was *his* slave. His lips curl around his snout into a sinister grin as Gisella peeks out from around the thick shaft, a single, emerald green eyeball looking up at him. Rising from the ground, the queen throws herself down beside Stella, who lies there only because she must adjust from the rough pounding she's received; she isn't quite recovered enough to walk away.

Lying on her left side and looking at her handmaiden, Brakus takes hold of Gisella's right ankle and lifts up her leg. He takes his gleaming flesh, still damp from the queen's saliva, and presses the black head against her hot, pink nether lips.

"NNG-YEAH!" He grunts.

"AHHHH!"

With a single, hard thrust, Brakus stretches Gisella to her limit and buries the head of his massive cock into her little human pussy. The stallion's black tail sways gleefully behind him as Stella is forced to watch her queen taking the member as though she belonged to him. It's a sight that she's never adapted too. Air escapes from the queen's pussy and her flesh makes subtle sloshing noises as he pushes deeper and deeper. Soon, the medial ring of his member pushes against her nether lips. This doesn't dissuade him. Gisella is a size queen, and Brakus is the most she's ever conquered.

Pulling back, he gives her a hard thrust and rams the medial ring into her loins, stuffing the thick flesh even deeper. Her cries grow louder as he rests her Achille's heel on his left shoulder, fondling her ample breasts and pinching her pink nipples as his heavy balls, still half-full, drag along her leg. The tapering flesh, nearly four-inches in diameter at the base, almost tears the human woman's loins as she feels him sheath himself to the hilt. The flesh of his stretched sheath pushes against her nether lips, the black folds of flesh enveloping her own pink lips and hiding them.

She looks down to see the foot-long penis is gone, tucked away within her body. Stella can't even handle more than six-inches. It gives her a perverse sense of pride.

“Nnf! Look at that! Hff... See that royal body enjoying such a wonderful member? Brakus, my pet, you have the cock of a king, or even a demi-god!” Gisella exclaims.

“Mmm, thank you, my queen.” He groans.

Her flesh is so hot that it nearly scalds him, and her body so eager that even the act of pumping creates a suction that almost holds him in place. He won't last more than a few minutes with Gisella, though neither will she. Beginning his work, he pumps and pounds the queen's pussy, soon closing her legs and rolling her onto her belly and large breasts. Stella, having recovered enough to move, quickly drinks the special teas that will ward off pregnancy. Though, this tea isn't a guarantee; she's resorted to Mandrake root at least twice before, assuring that she doesn't carry to term.

Stella quickly dresses, eager to leave the company of her queen and the pale horse man. As she slips on her dress, she can hear Gisella cumming, her cries of pleasure loud and easily distinguishable. By the time she's clothed herself, she glances back before heading for the door. Gisella has instructed Brakus to sit at the edge of the bed. With her legs wrapped around his waist and arms around his neck, the lovers kiss deeply and with tongue, his large balls pressing into her buttocks as she sits atop his large cock. Her hips rock and swivel as she works her man to completion, eager to enjoy his leftovers.

Afterward, she'll sleep in his arms, as she does every night. Stella steps out and into the hall, which is unguarded. This particular wing is small and serves only one purpose; the royal family come here to indulge their physical urges. It wasn't always this way. For a few years, Kranton and Gisella were a happy couple. However, three years after their marriage and a little over two years after their first son, Koralus, was born, Gisella's father died. This made Kranton the ward of the kingdom until Koralus could come of age. No sooner than he took the position, his eyes began to wander.

Stella was far too young to be molested at that time. However, this bothered Gisella, who called out to Azemar, the warrior whom she called and spent two weeks with before her wedding to Kranton, and who's certainly Koralus' biological father. However, Azemar had changed. Now a devout follower of the church, he refused the queen's demands for sex, at least while she was still married. He also refused her suggestion that the king could fall ill and die. As a result, Gisella found herself a new lover, buying Brakus solely based on his looks and the size of his flaccid penis.

Passing a room near the entrance to this wing, dubbed the "pleasure palace" by Kranton, she can hear the would-be king enjoying two of his own handmaidens. Stella pauses, listening to their passion for a moment, her heart sinking. Stepping into the junction, she turns a corner and walks into someone.

"Forgive me! I wasn't looking where I was going."

"Stella?!"

Looking up, she sees Koralus. The handmaiden immediately flushes. Though twenty-years-old, three years his senior, the pair have a unique relationship. Koralus is unlike his family; he's a kind, caring and passionate young man. Many might say not masculine but she knows better. Before the queen took her to be her new "milk maid", as she calls the women who Brakus has sex with and cums inside of before the queen takes her turn, Stella and the younger Koralus had a secret relationship. Stella and Koralus had taken each other's virginity, and spent many nights together, in his room.

However, he was not like Kranton or Gisella, or even his two siblings; while too young for physical pleasure, they're every bit as petty and selfish as his parents. Koralus loved her, and their nights were passionate, tender and enjoyable.

"Hello, young Master." Stella bows her head.

"Please, don't call me that."

"Yes, prince."

"Are you doing alright?" He asks.

"I'm-"

"AHH! AGGHHHH!" Gisella squeals in the background.

"GGGRAAAHHHH!" Brakus roars as he cums inside of the queen.

Koralus already knew why she'd be in this part of the castle, though hearing their cries of pleasure now confirmed it. Though their love-affair ended three years earlier, when Gisella demanded that she be her new milk maid, he's still bitter over his mother's demands of her. He suspects that Gisella knew that they were lovers and chose her on purpose.

"I-I'm sorry." Stella chokes out.

"It's fine..." Koralus growls. "Take care."

Resting his hands on her shoulders, he gives her a tender kiss on her cheek. He can smell the musk of the horse Voeldahn who'd only moments earlier been enjoying his former lover. Continuing down the hall, he rounds a corner and makes his way towards the castle's kitchen. Passing many servants, they greet him with warm smiles and waves. An elderly human woman struggles with a basket of silk sheets, dropping the wicker tote.

"Oh, Lord!" She sighs in frustration.

"Here!" Koralus chirps.

“Please, young Master! That’s no work for a prince!” She exclaims.

“Nonsense. I’m just a man, and I’m not above helping an old woman with a heavy basket.” He replies, carrying the load for her.

“Bless you, young Master. You’ll make a fine king someday.”

Walking with the elderly woman, he takes the basket outside. There, a young and beautiful human girl hangs clothing that’s just been washed. With long, wavy, medium-brown hair and big brown eyes, she’s a slender thing with a fragile looking figure. Her thin body, flat belly and small, B-cup breasts are held tightly in her light-pink dress, which was once a crimson but has faded with overuse. Seeing the prince’s gaze, the girl’s thin lips curl into a pleased grin. He waves to the girl, sixteen-year-old Izvanya. Not forgetting his previous obligations, he aids the old woman in unloading the basket, a sight that draws many stares from the servants.

It doesn’t bother the prince, nor should it; his reputation as a kind and fair young man has already reached beyond the capitol city. Once the basket is empty, he approaches Izvanya, standing right beside her. Taking undergarments belonging to his family, he hangs them on a line.

“What a wonderful surprise seeing you here.” He says, clipping clothing to the line.

“Likewise, young Master.” Izvanya replies.

“I’ve been thinking about you.”

“Have you?”

“Of course, m’lady.” He replies, taking out another garment to hang.

“As have I.”

“You think about yourself?” He teases.

"Aye. Myself and you, together." She coos.

"Might I see you tonight?" He asks, hanging a garment.

"You're asking, young Master?"

"Of course. I'd never dare force you. Though, if you don't, I may have to find another young maiden to keep me company." He jokes.

"Never!" She giggles. "I'll visit you tonight."

"I can't wait." He grins.

Hanging the garment, they pause. It's Mayva's, and a faint but familiar white stain covers the groin of her dress. Embarrassed and disgusted as they both realize that she too has now begun her own escapades, Koralus and Izvanya fall silent. Resting his hand upon her back, he gently strokes his lover. She's only the second that he's had in his life, and he loves her as much as he ever loved Stella. Returning to the castle, he walks toward the library. Though unnecessary for a man in his position, he's been learning to read and write with the scribes and apprentice monks.

As he approaches the library, he notices that he hasn't passed a single patrol, nor are the doors guarded. As expensive as books are, all of them being handmade and unique, the library is always guarded. Entering without bothering to announce himself, he stops in his tracks and turns his head away. There, on her knees before a wooden podium, his sister Mayva. Recently turned fourteen-years-old, she busily entertains a young monk. Her long, straight hair, as black as her father's mane, sways back and forth, her hands on the monk's bare buttocks.

"What in God's name!" He growls.

"Ahh!" The monk jumps.

"Oh! Hello!" Mayva chirps, leaning over to look at him.

"Father designated a wing for this kind of sin... What're you doing here?" Koralus demands.

"I *was* enjoying myself." Mayva replies.

"Do it somewhere else..."

"Yes, young Master!" The monk says with fear in his heart.

"Hey! I'm the princess!" Mayva wines.

"And I'm the prince. Now get out before I call the guards."

"You're no fun..." Mayva grumbles.

Taking the monk by the hand, she grabs him as soon as he's slipped on his brown robe and vestments. The wooden cross dangles from his neck as he looks nervously at Koralus, who glares angrily at him.

"You should be ashamed of yourself..." He tells the monk as he walks by, with the young princess.

Sitting in the library and studying alone, the prince loses himself in his work. As he carefully pens a copy of a tome, as instructed by the elder scribe who first taught him, the door to the library flies open. Slamming into the stone wall, it startles him and Koralus nearly destroys a year's worth of work.

"What in the name of Heaven is wrong with you?!" He growls.

There in the doorway stands Gabroz. All of eleven-years-old, the young boy looks very much akin to Koralus. During his consummation, a war between a large barbarian horde had erupted and both Gisella and Kranton spent many weeks together. With only each other for entertainment, Gabroz is the only child who truly belongs to Kranton,

though neither of them know this, nor does Kranton himself; he's never discovered Gisella's pre-marital affair with Azemar.

"Mother and father sent me to find you. It's time for supper."
Gabroz replies.

"... Already?!"

A shocked Koralus turns his head toward a window. To his surprise, many hours have gone by and it's nearly dusk. The pink and orange swirls line the clear blue sky as the sun sets in the distance.

"How'd you know where I'd be?" He asks his younger brother.

"Easy. You're the boring one; where else would you be? I had to hunt down Mayva and her man-friends in the pleasure palace." Gabroz answers.

"... Friends?" Koralus raises a brow.

"Mhm. Three of them."

"God in Heaven..." Koralus sighs. "Alright. Let's go."

Setting the book, inkwell and quill aside, he rises from the table and follows Gabroz down the corridor and into the banquet hall. Taking his seat on the right side of Kranton, symbolic of his status as the next in line for the throne, he is surrounded by the upper class of the entire kingdom. Several generals, the local bishop, and of course his entire family are present. Absent are the lower-class servants and slaves, such as Brakus, Stella, Izvanya, and the many young women that Kranton enjoys. Drinking the finest wine from a golden chalice, Koralus has always felt out of place among them.

The decadence and carnal indulgences of his family, now extending to his young sister, fill him with disgust. He recalls his mentor, Azemar, a Lieutenant in the military. Gisella had always

seemed fond of him, and when it came time for him to learn the arts of war, as a noble among the kingdom, Azemar became his tutor. Treating him like a son, Azemar taught him everything, saving him from the corruption of the court. Unfortunately, he cannot choose to leave those who sicken him so. As heir to the throne, he must endure these vile people and their perversions until the good Lord takes them of His own accord, unfortunately.

Sitting quietly through dinner, the feast eventually ends and he promptly excuses himself. Returning to his private quarters, Koralus waits and reads, something he's found brings him considerable joy. A faint knocking on his door causes him to bolt upright in his bed. Racing for the door, he lifts the latch and pulls it open. There stands Izvanya, her big brown eyes gazing up and into his own. Leading her into his room, he promptly closes the door and embraces her. Her dainty hands press against his shoulder blades as Koralus pulls her in. He smells her hair and the nape of her neck, nuzzling her affectionately.

"I've missed you." He says softly.

"As have I."

"Will you leave now?" He asks.

"You ask me every time I visit; you know we can't leave."

"Why not? What's to stop us from marrying and living a peaceful and quiet life?"

"And give up your throne?" She raises a brow.

"It's nothing I'll miss, not so long as I have you." He replies.

"Oh Koralus! ... I bet you say that to all of the young handmaidens."

"Only the brunets." He teases.

Giggling, she pulls back and plants a kiss upon his lips. The two humans hold each other, their world consisting of only one another.

Standing before the door, he fumbles with a latch, trying to ensure that the simple lock clicks into place. He hears a “thunk” as he manipulates the lock. Both are eager to progress and don’t bother to look upon the door. With his assistance, he peels her light-pink dress off of her body, exposing her modest but perky breasts. Izvanya is just as eager to enjoy the prince and pulls away his tunic, pushes down his breeches and drops to her knees.

She looks up at him with a sinister grin as she pulls down his undergarments, revealing the flaccid but throbbing member between his legs. Taking his ample girth into her hands, she strokes his flesh. Opening her mouth, she struggles to stuff the head of his impressive member inside. Like Azemar, Koralus inherited a potent, eight-inch member that would rival anything not belonging to the horse Voeldahn, who are well-known to be exceptional in all physical regards. Working him with her hands and mouth, Koralus fondles her breasts as she kneels before him.

Soon, he’s as hard as a rock and ready for action. Helping Izvanya from the ground, he leads her toward his bed and gently lies her down. With her feet dangling over the edge, she turns to lie back longways but he stops her. Instead, he pushes her back, her legs still over the edge. Dropping down to his knees, Koralus gently spreads her legs, placing his face between her thighs. Izvanya flushes as the young prince licks her flesh. If any knew that he cared so much for her pleasure, he’d most likely be ridiculed. This doesn’t stop Koralus, though. He loves her, and does his best to make certain that she enjoys this as much as he does.

With his fingers inside of her body and tongue swirling over and around her clitoris, a trick that Stella had suggested to him when she was his lover all those years ago, he brings Izvanya to orgasm. She covers her mouth to keep from crying out, lest the patrolling guards barge in to see what’s wrong. Taking hold of her hips, he lifts and slides the trembling handmaiden, lying her comfortably atop his bed. Climbing up and onto the bed, he gently spreads her legs and leans

in, teasing her nether lips with his large member. Virginal before she began her affair with Koralus, every time he begins is almost like the first.

“NNNNNGGGGHHHH!”

She grunts through clenched teeth as he pushes the head into her wet and waiting vagina, stretching her loins. Pushing slowly but steadily, he forces his way into her body. Three inches, and then four. Soon, he's nearly sheathed his big organ inside of his lover, whose vaginal canal is as hot as a blacksmith's furnace, wet as a lake, and as soft as a velvet cloak.

“Mmm-god... Hff. Hff. Hff.” He groans and pants.

Kissing his face and then his lips, she forces her tongue into his mouth and wraps her slender legs around his waist. Crossing her ankles behind him, she holds him in place. Gripping his buttocks tightly, she pulls at her lover, silently urging him to pump his flesh into and out of her. He doesn't disappoint. Slow and steady strokes gradually increase in speed as his hips sway, his pelvis rocking back and forth, over and over. Time melts away as the teenaged lovers lose themselves in the moment, their passion spilling over.

Izvanya orgasms on her lover's ample phallus, nearly bringing him over the edge as well. However, she has a new position that she'd like to try, one they haven't done before. Stopping her prince with a word, he rolls over onto his back. Straddling his hips, she sits down atop his cock, her legs straight and running up toward his shoulders. Resting on her palms, she leans back and begins to bounce, only able to move in short, fast strokes. His scrotum slaps her small but firm buttocks. Koralus' hands glide over her glistening, sweat drenched skin before resting on her modest breasts.

Losing himself in the moment, Koralus sits up, wrapping an arm around her waist and holding her close. With her breasts pressing into his muscular chest and their pelvises grinding against each other, she wraps her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. With his hands gripping her taut ass, he slams her down atop him as the two lovers kiss with tongue, moaning and groaning as they enjoy themselves. Soon, Izvanya once again orgasms, but this time so does Koralus. Her climax is made that much more powerful as she feels his potent seed flooding through her cervix and into her uterus.

With trembling legs and shivering trunk, she slumps against her lover's chest, her head resting on his shoulder. Thunk. Bam! Both turn to look towards the door.

"Oh, my!" Mayva exclaims, standing just inside the room.

To the lover's horror, they realize that Koralus hadn't fully locked his bedroom door. The latch must have only rested upon the first notch. A hard pull by Mayva, and she simply opened the heavy door and walked inside.

"So, you are mortal after all!" She giggles.

"Get out!"

"Is this your third for the day?" Mayva teases.

"Don't talk about him like that!" Izvanya shouts defensively.

Mayva appears surprised.

"Do you *only* have sex with her?" She asks in shock.

"What business is that of yours?!" Koralus growls.

"You do! That's so sweet." Mayva teases.

Pulling her legs back and lifting herself up, Mayva gets a good look at her nude brother and his lover. Her eyes grow wide at the sight of his member, which he swiftly covers.

“Can... Can I see that?” Mayva asks, biting her bottom lip.

“... WHAT?! NO!” Koralus growls.

“Aw, come on! It looks good!” Mayva begs.

“Damn you!” He shouts.

Picking up the book he was reading earlier, which sits atop a nightstand, he heaves the heavy object at his little sister. It flies past her, startling the girl, who turns and darts off.

“You’ll be sorry!” She taunts the couple from the hallway.

The couple look towards each other, fear invading their hearts. Quickly collecting her clothes, Koralus helps Izvanya dress herself so that she may leave before anyone else arrives, should Mayva have decided to call the guards and make up a lie. It would be easy for her to say that Izvanya is a thief, and as the supposed daughter of the current ward of the kingdom, she’d be believed over the handmaiden whom he loves. Without saying a word, the couple share a kiss before Izvanya flees, returning to the servant’s quarters. Koralus struggles to sleep, spending a restless night in fear of tomorrow.

When the sun finally rises, he’s barely slept a wink, but he still isn’t tired. To his surprise, Mayva acts as if nothing has happened and their breakfast in the dining hall is much like every other before it. No one speaks of the incident, nor does Mayva share his sordid affair. He almost chuckles when he realizes the irony of it all; his love for Izvanya would be considered horrendous, while his entire family

engage in debauchery worthy of a Roman bathhouse mural. The crime of caring for his partner and being unwilling to marry a strange princess would be almost treasonous, yet they'll remain unpunished for their actions.

As they finish their breakfast, Kranton and his generals leave to consult with the treasurer and conduct typical kingdom business. Gisella leaves with her youngest son, Gabroz, leaving the eldest Koralus and his younger sister Mayva alone in the banquet hall. Mayva watches the door for a moment, listening intently. Suddenly turning her head her hair swings out and flows gracefully in the air. With dark green eyes, much like Brakus', she gazes at Koralus.

"I didn't tell anyone yet." She begins.

"I see..."

"And I won't, but only if you do something for me."

"Such as?" He asks.

Preparing himself for the worst, he takes a drink of wine.

"I saw four in a row yesterday, but yours is the biggest. Let me use it and I won't tell."

He coughs, choking on the wine and spilling it on himself. Slamming the chalice atop the wooden table, he looks with shock and horror at the fourteen-year-old Mayva.

"What?!" He gasps.

"You heard me. I haven't had one that big. Let me have it and they won't find out."

"... You're depraved." He murmurs.

"Yeah, I know. So?" She asks with a twinkle in her eye.

"NO!" He yells as he rises from his chair. "Tell them for all I care!"

Leaving the banquet hall in a huff, he storms angrily down the hall. He can't believe how perverse his family has become. Was it the wealth? The power? Or perhaps they were born evil? He can't remember ever being like them, even before Azemar tutored him and taught him so much, far beyond mere combat. Entering the library, he returns to the book he was working on the night previous, taking a seat and retrieving a new inkwell. Popping the cap, he begins his work, only finishing half of a page before the door swings open.

"Leave me a-... Oh... Hello, mother."

"Come with me." Gisella instructs.

Setting the book, quill and inkwell aside, he leaves the table and approaches his mother, the queen. Following her into the hall, she walks in silence. Her face is stern, and she appears upset.

"Are you alright?" He finally asks.

"No. I'm not alright." She answers.

"... She told you, didn't she?"

"Yes. Last night."

Koralus shakes his head. That lying little wench still tried to blackmail him for incestuous sex, even after revealing his secret to his family. She was so calm and collected; she's clearly as devious as the rest of them. Realizing that his secret is out in the open, he decides to own it.

“And?” He smugly asks.

“And?!” Gisella stops. “And I’m ashamed of you!”

“Asha... What did I ever do to deserve your shame?! I don’t cheat and lie and steal! I don’t abuse the faith in my spouse or raise daughters who try to sleep with their brother!” He angrily barks.

“She tried to sleep with you?” Gisella raises a brow.

“After breakfast she said that if I... With her... Then she wouldn’t tell...”

“Hah!” Gisella smirks. “You see? That’s why I’m ashamed. She’s not weak like you. She wanted something and she did whatever she had to do to get it. You? You’re faithful to a *servant*! A girl who washes our clothes shouldn’t be your equal!”

“I love her, mother...”

“Bah!” She snarls, raising a hand as if to strike him. “You’re not strong enough to rule. That’s why your father hasn’t stepped down. You can’t be trusted to maintain control!”

Continuing on down the hall, Koralus is quick to follow her.

“Where are we going, mother?”

“To teach you how to be strong.”

Stepping into a room that Koralus has never explored, he finds that it’s one of the many servant’s quarters. He’s frozen in place from the horror as he sees that queen Gisella has ordered both Brakus and Stella into the room... The room where Izvanya lives. Sitting on the bed with her head down, Brakus stands beside the sixteen-year-old handmaiden, completely stripped of clothes. Stella, also naked, turns her head away in shame. With the snap of her fingers, Gisella demands action. She shuts and latches the door properly, locking them in. Stella has no choice but to get down onto her knees and pleasure Brakus, coaxing his organ from his sheath.

"I knew you cared for Stella all those years ago. I thought that maybe if I took her and forced her to serve my lover, milking him of his life-giving semen, you'd wise up. Would you like to know how many of his children she's purged with Mandrake root?" Gisella taunts him.

Stella pauses and even Brakus hesitates at Gisella's cruelty.

"God damn you..." Koralus mutters, balling a fist.

"Do you really believe that old book?!" Gisella snickers. "Then not only are you soft, you're a fool."

"You cannot judge me... Having faith has certainly made me a better person than you! When the servants and peasants see me, they smile and wave, but when they see the rest of my vile family... They cower in fear."

"Oh, because people will respect a king who carries old women's baskets and marries servants! Hah! Peasants only understand the end of the whip and the tip of the sword!"

Koralus turns his head away, enraged beyond words. At Gisella's silent command, Stella licks and sucks Brakus until he is firm and ready. He turns and quickly begins disrobing Izvanya. Koralus takes a step forward in horror, causing his mother to draw a small dagger and point it at his throat.

"Now I have a new milk maid, and this time I want Brakus to breed her..." Gisella grins. "And you're going to watch..."

His heart pounds out of his chest and his blood boils. Stella can't even watch as Izvanya cries, lying nude on her side and in a fetal position. Taking hold of his member, Brakus pokes her nether lips, causing her to squeal from the abrupt sensation. Turning her head

away to watch the show, Koralus can no longer control himself. Shoving his mother from behind, she drops the dagger and falls against Brakus. He turns to look at her, only to be stabbed in the back a split-second later.

“ARRRGHH!!!” He screams in agony.

“DIE, DAMN YOU!” A furious Koralus shouts.

Izvanya looks down to see Brakus as he drops to his knees. Koralus stabs him again and again, slaying the servant before all three women. Izvanya covers her gaping maw, Stella chuckles at the sight, having never enjoyed the torment of enduring his molestations, and Gisella screams.

“Oh no! Son! What have you done!”

“I hope Hell is good and hot!” He growls at Brakus before spitting on his dead body.

Lunging at her son, he slashes at her with the dagger, the blade slicing through her left-hand palm. Falling to the ground and crying out in pain, she's hears a subtle clanking as he drops the dagger. Violently pulled from the ground, Gisella is heaved by her own son into a wall, slamming her head and falling unconscious.

“Not so weak now, am I?!” He barks.

Gisella opens her eyes as she's kicked in the stomach. Over and over he buries his boot into her chest and belly, until she can't even stand the pain of breathing. As he beats his mother to death, Stella quickly drags Izvanya from the bed and covers her naked body in a cloak. The two girls pull the enraged Koralus away from his mother, unlocking the door and fleeing the room. Racing down the hall, they

can hear guards approaching. This is their patrol, and they must've heard some of the screams.

"I'll draw them away. Get to the stables and flee while you still can." Stella says to the lovers.

"Thank you." Koralus says, embracing his former lover.

"No... Thank you. Go."

At her urging, the couple leave Stella behind and make their way through the castle, taking the long way around. They can hear Stella feigning a scream before telling them that a rogue servant attacked the perverse trio – their bizarre relationship isn't exactly a secret – and leads the guards in the opposite direction. With nothing but the clothes on their back, in Izvanya's case a simple cloak and slippers, they reach the courtyard. The elderly laundry woman witnesses them leaving, but one look at their distraught faces and she races toward them rather than calling the guards.

"Good Heavens, what's happened to you?!" She asks.

"We need to get out of here. Please..."

"Quick. This way." The old woman says.

She leads them through a room full of partially folded linens and silk sheets, taking a shortcut that Koralus had forgotten about. In a matter of minutes, they find themselves entering the stables, where conventional horses wait for them. Seeing a stallion with white fur and a black hooves, mane and tail, Koralus hesitates to saddle it. Instead, he saddles a brown and white painted mare in the adjacent stall. Taking a small satchel of food from the old woman, they thank her and make their way toward the castle gates. Riding through the courtyard, he does his best not to hurt anyone who might wander in his path; he knows these people and none of them deserve such a painful end.

With the castle gate in sight, he shakes the reins and forces the beast into a full gallop. The gate begins to close as they near the wrought iron structure and their hearts sink. Clearly, Stella couldn't stall them for long. For a split second, Koralus wishes he could've killed his mother; she's certainly the reason they're closing the gate. Pulling on the reins, he brings the mare to a stop, turning the horse in circles as they contemplate what to do.

"Dismount!" An angry guard demands.

Looking up at the voice, the guard chokes on the air at the sight of the prince. None of the castle guards or servants wish to arrest the young prince or the handmaiden whom he loves. Unfortunately, the choice is not up to them. Several guards sheepishly approach him, apologizing as they each take hold of an arm. Pulling them both gently along, the guards lead the lovers through the silent courtyard. Approaching the throne room, they are led inside where they find a badly beaten and weakened Gisella. An apothecary tends to her wounds with herbal remedies while a barber-surgeon ties the stitching in her palm before wrapping it with ointment treated bandages.

She glares at her son, one of her eyes turned bloody from a burst capillary, a direct result of the force of his blows. Forced to kneel before Kranton, who sits quite relaxed before them, he sighs. Turning his eyes toward his son, he rests a cheek in his palm.

"I see you've finally slaughtered that stallion."

"So, I have." Koralus murmurs.

"Heh... Can't say I blame you. My queen told me the story and she spared no details... Do you know what I was doing when I was called by my guards?"

"I could fancy a guess..." Koralus grumbles.

"I was balls deep in a tight and shapely little mouse Voeldahn, while she was face down in an equally tight and shapely cat girl!"

Koralus shakes his head in disgust.

"I don't appreciate being interrupted, especially to be made a fool of by my own flesh and blood!" Kranton snarls.

"I can't make you any more a fool than you already are." Koralus quips.

"How dare you!" Kranton bolts up from the chair. "Listen here, you insolent little shit! I could kill you for what you've done! I have another heir, and I don't mind waiting until he becomes a leader!"

"Of that, I have no doubt." Koralus murmurs.

"However... I'm feeling generous! Your punishment will be much lighter, and far more meaningful. You still have so many life lessons to learn!"

The jovial tone of Kranton's voice fills Koralus with dread. Tilting his head back as he slouches over, he looks toward his father. With the snap of his fingers, guards drag Izvanya from his side.

"No! Let her go!" Koralus growls.

"Oh-ho! So you do love her! ... Good. Here's your first lesson. Love is finite; like our bodies, it eventually withers and dies... Proceed."

To his horror, a makeshift chopping block is dragged out by a muscular, hood wearing, axe wielding man from behind his father's throne. Setting the block before them, his family watch with glee. The guards and Koralus, however, are less than pleased by this turn of events. Resting Izvanya's neck over the block, she turns her head to look at her lover. Tears stream down his face as he watches in horror,

struggling with the guards to the point that three more must help subdue him.

“No... God, no! Please!” He begs.

Raising the axe high, the executioner prepares to strike. Izvanya smiles at her lover.

“I’m sorry, Koralus... I love you.”

Unnerved by the heartwarming display, the executioner fumbles the strike. Though severing her spine, she remains alive but unable to scream. Her face contorts in horror and pain, breaking Koralus’ heart into as many pieces as there are grains of sand on the beach. Striking her a second time, Izvanya’s head rolls along the floor. Swiftly dropping the axe and lifting his hood, the executioner vomits as Koralus cries like an injured toddler. Guards slowly and shamefully shackle his arms before dragging him from the floor and taking him to the dungeon. Unwilling to abuse the youth, they set him gently on a hard, wooden bench and promise to return with blankets and down pillows.

Koralus could care less. Hatred fills his heart. How dare they do this to him. How dare they act in such a despicable and perverse manner and continue to evade punishment. Their nobility sickens him. The young prince begins to hate his own blood, fearful that their corruption will taint his soul. Only now as he sits on the splintery bench, his feet on a dank stone floor, does he think of Brakus and what he’s done to him. He committed murder in anger, taking that which was not his to take. What frightens Koralus, however, is that he cannot force himself to feel guilty over having done it.

The sight of his bloody corpse on the floor and the image of him kicking his mother in the stomach brings him comfort, and he's afraid. Is he like them? Is he another form of monster? Is he one who feasts on blood, as they feast upon sex? Confused, alone and with his heart broken for a second time, he simply curls into a little ball and weeps atop the bench. The sun inevitably sinks and darkness fills the dungeon. As they'd said, the guards returned with pillows, blankets and quality food, though he's certain his family didn't instruct them to do so. Regardless, he touched none of it.

Sitting in the corner on the cold floor, his back to the wall and front angled diagonally toward the wrought iron gate, he waits. He's yet to sleep, and yet somehow, he's more awake than ever before. Feet walk softly in the dungeon, approaching his cell. A cloaked figure appears before the door. They peer inside, struggling to see him in the darkness, as he avoids the light of the wall-mounted torches.

"Koralus." Stella whispers.

"Stella?!" He gasps.

Crawling along the floor, he slowly stands and makes his way to the gate, stumbling from exhaustion. His hands grip the cold bars as he looks upon her beautiful, canine face. Taking down her hood and revealing her long, wheat-colored hair and floppy ears, she smiles at him.

"How'd you get away?" He asks in a whisper.

"Gisella didn't see me help you. When I lied to the guards, they realized that I was protecting you, when you and Izvanya were caught. They found me and assured me that they'd never tell. They were the ones guarding the dungeon, actually. They let me down here to see you."

"I'm glad you didn't get into trouble." He says softly, his breathing labored.

"Are you alright? Did you eat or sleep?" She asks with great concern.

"No."

"Why not?!"

"I didn't feel like I deserved it."

Stunned by his answer, it takes her a moment before she remembers why she visited him in the first place. Retrieving a key forged by the blacksmith when he first built the new doors, something he gave her freely upon request, she unlocks his cell. Reaching into the cell, she takes his arm and pulls it over her shoulders, helping him walk through the hallway.

"You need to eat and keep up your strength." She says.

"Are we going to the kitchen?" He quips.

"No."

"Good... I'm not hungry anyway."

"We're heading to the stables. After what happened, no one will close the gate again." She assures him.

"And where are we going?" He asks.

"... You're going into the woods. I cannot go with you. There's talk among the guards that nobles are coming to decide whether your father has the right to kill you and make Gabroz the true heir instead."

"Good." Koralus sighs.

"What?!"

Shocked and enraged, Stella rests him against a wall.

“Do you remember when we were together? You were fourteen and I was seventeen. We were making love on night – I always liked that you called it that – and you tried to fit your entire member inside. It was too large for me. Do you remember what happened then?” She asks.

“You said ‘ouch’ and I panicked. I thought I hurt you, stopped and apologized.”

“You cared, Koralus. You cared enough to stop. No one has ever cared for me in such a manner... Brakus often made me cry out in pain, but neither him nor Gisella cared.” She continues.

“I’m so sorry. I should’ve stopped them then.” He says with a snuffle. “I’ve wanted to hurt them for so long because of what they’ve done to you... To us. I’m a failure, and I’m sorry.”

“There’s nothing to be sorry for. You weren’t strong enough then, but you are now. You’re better than they are. You always have been. Kinder, smarter, stronger... Run while you can, and don’t lose yourself in the wilderness.”

Kissing his cheek, she holds him for a moment before continuing to help him walk through the dungeon. To his surprise, they pass several guards, who make it a point not to care that the young prince is escaping. Upon arriving to the stable, two of the guards who held him as Izvanya was beheaded even help him mount his new horse. With a large satchel of supplies, a moderate quality sword and a simple bedroll and tent, he’s sent away in the dead of night, riding through the opened gates and into the forest. So exhausted is the youth that he begins to hallucinate.

Looking around at the forest, he sees headless women in cloaks and stallion Voeldahn men, holding young girls hostage. His mother sits in a tree, Izvanya’s head dangling by her beautiful but blood-soaked hair. Reaching a stream, the horse stops to drink; he’d long since ceased giving the steed commands. Pulling himself from the animal’s back, he falls to the ground with a thud. Struggling to stand, he takes the horse’s reins and hitches the beast to a tree. Resting his

back against the same tree, he slides down to the cold grass, sitting opposite the creature. No sooner than he closes his eyes, he falls asleep.

Meanwhile, inside of the pleasure palace, deep within the castle, a drunken Gisella sits naked in a chair. With a nearly empty bottle of wine in one hand, and her left bandaged and unusable, she swigs the alcoholic beverage. Atop the bed lay her new stallion Voeldahn boy, this one much younger and far less experienced than Brakus. With a silvery-gray coat on his body, black fur on his muzzle, hands, wrists, hooves and feet, gray eyes, and long, straight, snow-white hair and tail, she chose him for his similar resemblance to Brakus. To her delight, though less muscular and four inches shorter, Sarzig, her new lover, has a penis almost as large.

With jet black flesh splotted with pink near the front half of his shaft, his organ is ten inches long and two and a half inches in diameter. A smooth, jet black scrotum holds somewhat smaller but still ample testicles. Also, to her delight, her new handmaiden and "milk maid", Estelle, is something of a size queen. The deer Voeldahn girl's little tail sways as he takes Sarzig to the base. With Koralus in the dungeon and probably soon to be dead, she no longer desires to torment Stella; she knew that Stella didn't enjoy Brakus' size, but forced her to accept him anyway.

Her thoughts now dwell on Koralus and a little tinge of guilt creeps into her heart. She often doted on her first-born son when he was young, having found herself adoring him even more because of his heritage. Though she never admitted it, she found herself loving Azemar, even after her marriage to Kranton. When he proved an honorable man, unwilling to help her cheat, even after Kranton began enjoying some of the servant girls, Gisella grew bitter. She never loved Brakus, only enjoying the size of his penis and the talent he possessed.

“Nnf! Nnf! Ahh! Ahh!” Estelle gasps and squeals as she rides Sarzig.

“NNG! NNG! NNNGGRRRAAAHH!” Sarzig roars as he cums inside of the doe Voeldahn.

Gisella sits and watches, but her mind is elsewhere. Thinking back on the chain of events and her own behavior, could that be the reason for her own hatred? Was she jealous of the love that her son enjoyed, first with Stella and then with the now deceased Izvanya? Was she actively trying to make him unhappy because she was? Her self-analysis makes her cringe, and so she takes a long drink from her bottle of wine. Emptying the bottle, she tosses it aside.

“Alright, whore. Get up. It’s my turn.” A drunk Gisella says, stumbling toward the bed.

“Yes, m’lady.” Estelle says through heavy breaths.

Rising from Sarzig, a thick, white ooze streams out of her stretched loins and onto his genitals. Before she can move carefully from him, she gasps as Gisella shoves her over, where she lands on her side at the far end of the bed.

“Alright stud.” The queen hiccups. “Distract me.”