

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



When he heard Korlian's armored body hit the ground with an exclamation of pain and defeat, Galu knew the battle was lost. Korlian had been the strongest, fastest and most martial of their number – pledged to defend Karu Vale against all trespassers. He and his men, a troop of four-dozen irregular volunteers, had been defeated by a single conqueror – a woman, mounted on a horse, who with combined might and magic seemed to possess the limitless strength of an army.

"Is that all you rabble can muster?" Angelise cried, planting a heeled iron boot on Korlian's chest. She had dismounted her steed to do so; judging that the threat was passed. "Absolutely pathetic! The so-called Vale of Riches, protected by untrained fools! Does it not wound your pride, for such strapping men to be bested by a dainty princess?" Her voice was regal and confident. A wave of flaxen hair cascaded down from her head, so blonde it was almost white. They knew her name was Angelise; for she had announced it with an arrogant battle cry before charging the trembling lines of their insufficient defense force.

What terrible fortune, Galu lamented, that the time-tested illusion of the Vale had broken by one such as she. The tiny city state was little more than a rumor to most, tucked away in a mountainous nexus between four sometimes-warring duchies. For generations, it had maintained isolation with the help of distracting mists and incantations meant to turn travelers back upon themselves, and in that time had become a shining beacon of learning, a place where a select few could find enlightenment. In this capacity it welcomed yogis, holy men, and wanderers on all manner of great quests. All had walked the steps to the great mountain temple, built centuries ago to honor the karmic masters of old, seeking the timeless knowledge of great heroes and great epochs.

Potions, textiles and pottery from Karu Vale were famous through all the kingdoms, and Galu supposed it was the desire to obtain these riches and control their source that had attracted this accursed, armored woman to their borders. In spite of all of their trickery – the disappearing and reappearing paths, the fog, and every other obstacle, she had stubbornly plowed right through to the modest and ancient arch that served as the city entrance. She was no knowledge-seeker. Her first demand had been surrender.

"Stop!" cried Elder Garima. "No more bloodshed!" There would be no more; the battle was unequivocally over. Korlian had been overconfident and out of practice after decades of peace, all but inviting attack. Angelise and her steed had barreled into their line with unbelievable ferocity, sending heads rolling with a long, gleaming sword she seemed to wield effortlessly despite her graceful frame. Her black, padded armor, with its silver pauldrons, epaulets and filigree steel corsetry near the waist, became a whirlwind. Ten were dead before she turned her horse around and prepared to charge again; it seemed that every sadistic stroke of her blade had found a neck.

Angelise gave a confident smile with one side of her pretty mouth. There was no place on her skin that was not flawless in its ceramic fairness. "This is your last chance, *old man*," she spat, still grinding her boot on Korlian's chest. Garima, bushy eyebrowed and long-bearded, was Galu's mentor and teacher. "Your fealty or your life? This hidden place will be the perfect base of operations for me."

Elder Garima's eyebrows rose, and he balled his liver-spotted fists. He was an ancient, able to walk only with the help of a gnarled staff. "We would never bow to a tyrant such as you!" he said. "You, who has so beautiful a body, and so ugly a soul." Galu watched the words come out of the elder's mouth with dismay, and knew what was going to happen, though his body wouldn't move fast enough to prevent it.

"You will learn, worm" Angelise said, her face darkening, "that vituperation of royalty... is a fatal mistake!" Cat-quick, her hand went to her sword and slashed it through Elder Garima's heart. The old man croaked, shuddered, and then slid limp. There were gasps from the survivors, who were too injured and spent to render any aid.

Galu dashed forward and fell to his knees. He was a keeper of lore and artifacts, not a fighter, and had been in the background. Fighting back tears, he gripped the elder's still-warm robe and looked up at Angelise with vengeance in his heart. It must have shown on his face, too, because the tip of her sword was at his throat so quickly, he barely saw it move. She truly was fast, and mighty, the match for fifty men, or a hundred. All thoughts of defeating her with martial solutions went out of his mind instantly.

"What about you?" she asked him. An angel's voice, a devil's inflection. "Do you have anything rebellious to say? Or do you know your place, to someone of true nobility and strength?" The point of the sword pressed against his jugular, the razor-sharp edge sliding harshly enough to draw a tiny bit of blood.

Galu closed his eyes. "No," he said. "I... accept your victory."

Angelise smiled with satisfaction. Her off-hand held the reins of her horse, she let the massive, dark-pelted beast approach and nuzzle against her neck in a way that was almost *too* intimate. Whatever disdain she had for the lives of common men, she didn't extend to animals - at least, not to her horse. Clearly, she valued it. "Are you one who knows the secrets of Karu Vale?" she prompted. "Its many riches and splendid artifacts?" Her eyes were fixed on him, and not patiently. Galu saw what would happen if he said 'no' or tried to escape her by feigning uselessness or ignorance. A swift chop to his neck, and a rolling head.

"I am a keeper of the temple," Galu said. "The only keeper now. You killed my master, who stood vigil with me these many years."

"And I'll kill you too, if you displease me." The sword pressure lessened a little against his neck. "You would do well to understand your place. I intend to take this city under my protection." Galu looked around at the dead and dying guardsmen and thought Angelise had a very funny idea of *protecting*, but he said nothing. After a moment, the swordpoint drew back. "Rise," she said. "And walk with me. You are handsome enough."

He rose. Angelise tugged the bridle of her mighty steed, and they proceeded through the city gates. The cries of the wounded were still thick in the air, but Galu knew Angelise was in no mood for him to request their aid. They would crawl or drag themselves to the medicine man, he hoped, and count themselves lucky they had lost only limbs and not their lives.

"Listen carefully to me, servant," Angelise said, icily, as they walked the path of cobbled stone. "I will require information from you. To rule a city I must know it." They passed under the shadows of great weeping willow boughs; terrified people peered over the sills of their windows at the passing of their familiar temple keeper and the newly arrived female knight trailing locks of platinum hair.

"If you hold anything back, I will kill you. If you try to deceive me, I will kill you. If you try to assassinate me or arrange for my assassination, I will kill you." She turned to him and her face grew grave, her lip curling like a snarling dog. "And if you show, for even a moment, the tiniest amount of disrespect, I will disembowel you, force you to dig a grave and drag your own guts into it. You will address me as Queen Angelise, or 'my queen'. If you fail to do so, I will cut out your tongue. Is that understood?"

"Yes, my queen," Galu said. He stood a head taller than her, well-built, but had no illusions about being able to overpower her. Her skills in battle were bolstered by hidden magics he didn't understand, magic that made her the equal of legions. All he could do was bide his time, dance to her tune... and try not to die."

They arrived on a great shaded area where seamstresses were working with their looms in dye patches - all the many colored blossoms of the Karu willows were here collected and reduced to powders to make clothing of the most striking appearance. There was a section for each of the colors of the rainbow, and each artisan wore clothing of the corresponding shade - the red seamstress in billowing, dragon-printed robes of red, the blue in a jumpsuit of lustrous azure, and so on - and Angelise, despite her ill humor, pulled her horse to a stop and stood to watch.

"From now on, they must make clothes for my wardrobe exclusively," she decreed. "On pain of death. Anyone with clothing more splendid than my own will be publicly flogged."

"Yes, my queen." Galu managed to avoid rolling his eyes only with difficulty. Angelise was a monster of selfishness, arrogance and ego, that much was clear. What was to become of his people, the gentle artisans of the shrouded vale, with such an autocrat in command? He would have to do something if their way of life was to be saved.

She must have seen something in his face, for her expression darkened and she drew her sword. "Are you mocking me?" she barked. Galu, eyes wide, put his hands behind his back and stood at obedient attention.

"No, my queen!" he cried. Angelise seemed to look him up and down, and for the first time, he noticed a certain speculative hunger in her gaze, which seemed to linger first on his pectorals, then his trim midsection, and finally assessing his crotch with overlong leisure. He didn't dare move or object, though it was embarrassing. He was a well-built man, when not assisting Elder Garima at the temple, he worked in the orchards and fields. Karu Vale was a community, each able-bodied soul was expected to do their part.

"You call that worm a manhood?" Angelise spat, and then nudged the space between his legs with the flat of her sword. His genitals were loosely wrapped in the simple earth-toned pants that so many in the Vale wore, they showed very little. "Do you want to fuck me, is that it? Is your insubordination driven by lust, you low-born cur?"

He *did* want to fuck her - her armor couldn't hide the voluptuous grace of her body - but he wasn't mad enough to give voice to that carnal instinct. In any case, Galu would have rather stuck his cock in a snake nest than rut with so cruel and bad-natured a woman! "No, my queen," he said.

Again her eyes narrowed. "So you *don't* want to pleasure me?" she accused, and the flat of her blade shifted to become the point. Galu felt an increase in pressure in the furrow of his balls, and let out a wheeze of objection. "You don't find me more beautiful than the hags in this backwater?" One second later, his legs had been kicked out from under him and he was tumbling onto his back. Before he'd even had time to gather his senses, he felt a boot heel on his chest. He saw her glaring down at him, flaxen hair blowing in the wind, willow boughs behind.

"I mean..." he searched for the right words. "I mean only that this low-born cur would never presume!" He saw her face twist into a satisfied smile and knew he had chosen correctly. Her heel trailed down to his penis and rubbed there, drawing another wince.

"You're well-built for a savage," she said. "You will be my liason here. I don't want to speak to or see any of the other rabble. I will dictate my orders to you, and you alone will deliver them and report

back to me. Is that clear?’

“Yes, my queen.”

“How big is your cock?”

He nearly wheezed out in surprise at the non-sequitur question. But he had learned quickly to answer, regardless. “A-About seven inches, my lady!”

“Hmmp!” she wrinkled her nose. “Barely sufficient. But look at this!” She walked over to her warhorse, which was standing patiently. Showing obvious affection for the animal, she bent down next to it, showing a heart-pounding delta of inner thigh with black panties covering her privates between milky-skinned legs. Then, she gestured toward the penis of the animal... which, Galu saw, was of surpassing size. Indeed, he’d never seen one larger, on any piece of livestock.

“My wonderful Maximus makes you look like a *bitch*,” she taunted. “Don’t forget your station and assume that I would ever take you into my royal bed. You and your kind will spend their days licking my boots!”

This crazy woman has an unhealthy fascination with her horse, Galu thought, but of course did not say. “Yes, my queen.”

“Get up. Show me the rest of the Vale’s riches. Omit nothing.”

He did, walking gingerly back to the path as Angelise mounted Maximus and trotted behind. The already-surreal afternoon continued; Galu felt almost outside himself as he dutifully walked with his new ‘queen’ among the frightened and curious populace of the hidden city, answering all of her questions. She was constantly arrogant and rude, and more than once he had to interject to prevent her from dismounting to execute people who she thought were ‘looking at her with disrespect’.

From the textile district to quarters of the bird-tamers and potioners, the goldsmiths and the farmers, he showed Angelise the source of all the treasures that had so enchanted the outside world. With each stop, he saw the greed in her eyes grow. She ordered craftsmen around, tried on rings and crowns, chuckled with haughty approval at the tricks of monkeys and the plumage of rare birds. She took whatever she wanted (without paying, of course) and told the artisans they were lucky to have their lives, and if they didn’t continue to work hard on her behalf, she would chop off their heads.

The temple and attached palace, built far back into the mountain in a ravine shaded by blossoming trees, were the last stops. Angelise’s eyes lit up as they beheld the ancient stonework with its inlays of precious metals and intricately carved awnings. The heavy gates, left over from a long forgotten age of battle, had been left open in recent centuries – ever since Karu Vale’s key defense shifted from warriors to illusion and trickery. Thus, they walked right in. Angelise sampled the tapestries and pottery as if she already owned the place – which, Galu supposed, she did. For the moment.

They arrived at a set of wide and shallow stairs, meaning Maximus could not easily come further into the wide hall. Angelise bid a groveling and fearful scholar to see him stabled near the castle gates, ordering that he be treated better than even the richest men in Karu Vale. All other animals to be removed, his stall swept and perfumed, and his appetite sated only by apples and peppermints. The penalty for upsetting Maximus or showing him less than the utmost respect and service would be, predictably, instant death. Only when the utterly terrified servant crawled and groveled out of her sight, with the horse in tow, did they continue their walk.

"The secrets of Karu Vale," she prompted him, as they moved toward the throne and temple grounds. "Where are they kept?"

"The artifacts, such as they are, are located in the back of the temple. The room is locked, and all but keepers are forbidden to enter." He saw her face contort instantly into a threatening glower. "But! Of course, the queen would be permitted. The queen can do whatever she pleases."

"That's more like it." They arrived at the throne, and stopped. It was an ancient, ostentatious thing, and long disused – the Vale hadn't had a true ruler in centuries, and had operated as a sort of artisan collective, overseen by a council of elders... of which Galu's slain master had been foremost. Angelise walked forward and presumptuously settled her shapely rump down on the cushioned seat, even throwing her legs up over the burnished, wood-carved armrest, settling in with aggravating familiarity. "I suppose this will do," she said. "Though perhaps... yes! A foot stool."

She beckoned him closer, her face swearing the arrogant and sadistic grin that he'd already come to hate. The temptation to show pride was intense, but Galu knew it would only result in death. And so, he moved to her side and responded to her further gesturing by kneeling down, then getting on all fours like a dog and letting her rest her shapely legs on his back.

"I could get used to this," Angelise said, then sighed with contentment. "Even a stupid animal like you has his uses. Beckon some of your fellows, and bid them bring me a meal of the highest quality. And you will taste the first bite – so if it's to be poison, it'll be you dying with foam in your mouth and your guts turning black, not me!" Her heel planted against his side and kicked him over, sending him rolling. Heavens, she was strong!

"Yes, my queen," Galu moaned. The other scholars at the temple weren't kitchen staff or servants, but they were soon pressed into service as such, rushing back down the mountain to secure Angelise's dinner. Galu impressed upon them the importance of showing her the utmost respect, lest they have their heads chopped off. After as little as a quarter hour, during which she took her ease and had him resume his role as her royal footrest, a great silver tray was presented to her, with cutlery forged by the most skilled metalworkers. On it was a miniature suckling pig, roasted to perfection, with a ripe Karu-fruit in its mouth. There were yams, squash, and dumplings to round out the presentation, along with wine in a scintillating crystal carafe.

"Excellent," Angelise purred, and had the tray placed on Galu's back as she ate. It was in this position – holding up her dinner and listening to her berate his fellow scholars – that steeled Galu's resolve to take any risk, any chance, if it meant protecting people of Karu Vale from her iron-fisted and self-important rulership. He would bear any indignity himself, he promised, if it would defuse her temper and spare the other townsfolk her wrath. And beyond that, he would use his position as her steward to find a way to undermine her. It was risky, he knew, and he could die at any moment if she suspected him... but it would be worth it!

"How are you doing down there, servant?" Angelise taunted, munching on an apple. "This food is fine. From now on, I expect all of my meals to be of this quality."

"Yes, my lady," Galu grunted. "I will arrange it."

"Good. After I dine, you will escort me to the storied vault of Karu Vale, and explain the function and value of each item in detail. A queen must know all about the objects of power she possesses, is that not true?"

"Yes, my lady." Galu was dreading what was to come. The Great Vault was an intimidating name, but the artifacts within were of importance mostly for their aesthetic and cultural value, possessing no

supernatural effects... for the most part. The few exceptions were curios that the temple keepers had been instructed not to disturb. Would Angelise accept the fact that the so-called treasures were mostly junk, by her standards? He doubted it. He wracked his brain for a way to turn the tables on her, and, just as he saw the apple core sail out into the chamber and land on the floor – accompanied by a harsh order to ‘pick up that trash, peasant!’, he came upon an idea.

A mad idea. Almost sure to fail. But he had to try.

“Enough. On your feet, rabble.” The scholars, pressed into servitude as mere kitchen staff, removed the tray. She had barely touched her meal, but ordered them to bring the leftovers to her horse – such fare was, she said, not suitable for consumption by commoners. Galu rose and stood at attention. She beckoned him further into the temple – a side chamber, branching off of the throne room, leading to the cloister and vault.

A few dusty books, some aged pottery and sculptures, and assorted nicknacks – that was all he would have to show her, and he knew it. If his plan was to work, he would have to feather the next quite carefully. “Most people are unable to see past the facade in this reliquary, and recognize the true power within,” he said. “But someone with your wisdom and strength should have no difficulty.”

“Of course!” Angelise said, haughtily. “I know a powerful artifact when I see it!”

They walked up more steps and approached a round room with a stone altar at the center, on which three artifacts were set on cloth display squares. Galu’s heart was beating through his chest as he tried to recall the steps to manifest the forbidden functions he had in mind. It had been years – nearly a decade – since he’d studied the Stone of Suggestion. And even then, only as part of an instruction not to disturb it. The Stone, it was said, could control minds, so subtly and insidiously that the victim would still consider their thoughts to be their own.

“The Urn of Arich,” he declared, pointing to the first artifact. “It is revered as a great beacon of our history, and taken in procession each harvest, past all of the fields, to give a blessing.”

“It blesses crops?” Angelise asked, narrowing her eyes. “What backwater bollocks! It seems like a dusty old casque! I expected a veneer of solid gold, a tureen filled with diamonds!”

Galu shook his head and tried to calm her. “Of course, a wise ruler such as you would recognize instantly that the urn’s function is merely ceremonial. But nonetheless, the effect on the morale of the people is-”

Angelise made a harrumphing noise and crossed her arms over her buxom chest. “*Obviously* I already knew such a thing! Sentimental trash to bilk the rabble!” She reached out and picked it up, balanced it in one hand, and then tossed the urn uncaringly to the floor.

“No!” Galu gasped. Even for such an arrogant bitch, he hadn’t expected that. The ashes of long-lost Karu Vale elders were now scattered over the stone tile in a gray haze. As he looked helplessly on, holding a pang of pain in his heart, he felt a sword tip at his throat... and gulped, turning his eyes back, not daring to move his neck even a scintilla. She had drawn so quickly and silently that he hadn’t detected it.

“Did you just express disappointment at my actions?” Angelise growled. She had a sadistic smile on her face – she was never happier than when she was playing with her food.

“No, my queen. Forgive me, my queen. It is the queen’s prerogative to do with her artifacts as she wishes.” Sweat slid down his brow. *Please*, he thought. *Please, just let me live long enough to try*

this plan. Mercifully, after a tense moment, she withdrew and holstered her blade.

"Tell me about these others," she ordered.

He had told her of the middle artifact, now he told her of the leftmost, leaving the Stone for last, as was his intention. The Broken Sword of Kesh held even less interest for Angelise than the urn had; she couldn't have cared less about the etchings on the fragments and how they told an ancient history of the conqueror kings who had once ruled the Vale, ten generations before. As he droned on about these kings and their dynasties, she reached out and swept the sword shards off of the altar.

"Garbage!" she spat. "Of what use is a broken blade! I have a blade right here... for chopping necks!" She produced it again. "It's the only sword I need!"

The moment of truth had arrived. Galu steeled himself... then let his shoulders hang... and his gaze dropped, as if he was nervous to look at her. "Then... I am afraid my lady may be disappointed by this final artifact of the Vale. The Stone of Beauty is a beautiful gemstone of lavender, but it is... quite ordinary in function. My lady would not be interested in it."

"Hmmp!" Angelise moved closer and took hold of his shirt, making the inlaid beads creak. "You think you can fool me? This stone holds great power, doesn't it! Your lies are written all over your face!"

"It is only for my lady's benefit!" he blurted, hoping he sounded suitably terrified. "For though it promises eternal power and beauty to the bearer, it is also writ that the one who removes the stone from its setting may be struck dead! Perhaps it is just superstition, but it has nonetheless remained here untouched, the subject of study, and-"

"Then *you* remove it," Angelise ordered. "Remove it and pass it to me."

He had hoped - *required* - that she ask this of him. He now had only one chance to impart a suggestion. She was looking at him expectantly. Steeling himself, Galu reached out and took the jewel in his hand. It was about the size of an acorn, but as he closed his fist around it, he felt a faint warmth and tingling - proof that its strange powers were still intact. He had taken a vow against using them, but considering the circumstances, he felt like he had no choice. For the Vale, and for the thousands of lives that would be affected by Angelise's reign, he had to take a chance.

He closed his eyes, gripped the stone tight, and thought of Angelise. Her smug face, arched eyebrows, sneering visage, and cutting, insulting tone of voice. The way she used people as furniture or treated them as expendable fodder. Her tyranny and selfishness were tawdry, obscene in the extreme! She saw herself as a queen of Karu Vale. But she was...

...a filthy service whore! Filthy enough to match her depraved soul!

"Give it here, fool!" Angelise barked, and reached out to take the stone from his hand. Her tiny fingers were small compared to his but they had enough strength to effortlessly pry it loose and take possession. Galu watched as she closed her own hand around the lavender gem. At first he thought that nothing would happen... that his suggestion was so crass and non-specific, it would not even work. But then he saw Angelise blink her eyes twice, as if confused... and a barely detectable lavender tint washed over her blue eyes.

Galu knew from studying old accounts that the stone was capricious and insidious, it could interpret the intent of the suggestion even if the suggester had little time to explain. He could only hope that his desire - to turn Angelise from a murderous bitch-tyrant to a harmless comfort woman - had been

understood. He watched her carefully for any further reaction... but after a moment, she seemed the same as ever. As it happened, the bejeweled diamond shape in the middle of her forehead was the exact same dimensions of the stone, and this was where she placed it. Galu had no doubt this bit of serendipity was no accident.

"I can feel its power!" Angelise said, looking greedy and licking her lips. "My body is tingling." Quick as a cat, she took a step toward him and gripped him by the neck with one immensely powerful hand. Again, he was struck by how much strength was contained in such a small, fair body. He could barely breathe. "You tried to hide this from me!" she accused. "By claiming it was merely an ordinary jewel!"

"Please... spare my worthless life... my queen!" Galu croaked. He couldn't die... he had to see this through! "I meant... no disrespect!"

He half expected to hear the silver flash of steel and then hear no more, beheaded on the spot. But instead, he felt petting, carousing fingers rubbing against his crotch. His eyes went wide. Within seconds, Queen Angelise was past his waistband and *jerking him off* with firm, milking strokes! The way her small hand couldn't quite close around his girth made the feeling somehow even more exquisite.

"What a ruddy, oily penis!" she hissed at him, pressing her body close to his. He looked down and saw her eyes, with their lavender sheen, filled with lust. He could feel her breasts through her padded armor, see her cascading flaxen hair trailing down over the bubble of her athletic rear. She licked her full lips with predatory hunger. "Make up for your insubordination by giving tribute to your queen! As a commoner should!"

"Hnngh!" Galu winced and bit his lip. Her handjob was like nothing he'd ever felt, the perfect mix of firmness and indulgence! "Y-yes... my queen!"

"Where do you want to give tribute?" she purred at him. Her hand was rapidly bringing his cock to full hardness... and beyond! He wouldn't last much longer.

"I... don't understand!"

"Give tribute as you will, oaf! Name your most desired of my charms, and release your insufficient offering unto your queen!" Her voice was harsh, and her handjob echoed it by growing faster, firmer, and more insistent. "Enumerate my virtues, worm!"

At his wit's end, Galu blurted out whatever he could think of. "Y-your face... a... beautiful and... flawless... offering box! Your breasts... so... full and... the envy of... all other women!"

"And?!" she barked.

"Your... ass! Your... butt! Perfectly... shaped! How many men would... give their lives to see... the bounty beneath your armor!" he croaked. "M-my queen, I cannot... last... any longer!"

And in that instant, she turned and did something he never could have expected. The bottom half of her black padded armor was little more than a reinforced skirt with two slits for her legs to move - and lifted this and completely exposed herself, showing off her round, perfect, pale, flawless ass, the cheeks splitting a scant black thong! Bending at the waist, she reached behind herself, rubbed her bottom up against his balls... and beckoned him to finish!

"Give me your tribute, peasant!" she hissed. "Don't waste my time!"

Galu was utterly overwhelmed. The tyrant who had slain their guard and threatened to behead any peasants who so much as looked at wrong... was bending over and showing off her pale, bouncing, thick ass! Her regal rump! Her thong-split, bubbly, curvy shitter! It was an utterly lewd display, completely lacking in the restraint and modesty befitting a monarch... and the friction of those bare cheeks against his shaft was enough to make him cum as hard as he had in his short life!

He grunted as he uncorked a thick, lava-like river of chunky white sperm all over Angelise's ass, smearing her perfectly-formed butt-globes, soiling her thong, making a river of his spew pile up in her crack. Four, five, six heavy ropes blew out of his piss-pipe as he grunted in time with her milking. "That's it," she encouraged him. "Give me all you have. Mmm... it's quite warm. And I can feel the thickness and volume of it... but is this really all there is?"

She released him as his spurts were flagging, and for a moment, Galu saw the absolute *mess* he had made on her ass - her thong was smeared with white, and chunky ropes of semen were criss-crossing her buttocks. There were even several of his stray pubic hairs stuck to her milky skin! She reached behind and scooped up a palmful of his issue, raising it to her face and examining the glistening sperm, sniffing it, wrinkling her nose. Galu stood motionless as he watched her extend her tongue and lick it across her palm, gathering his chunky, steaming semen... and sucking it hungrily into her mouth. Her cheeks fluttered with a chewing motion... and then, her graceful neck bulged as she swallowed it down.

I can't believe this is happening , he thought.

"You are very fortunate that I've accepted this stinky, insufficient semen!" she said. "Only a queen of my grace and mercy would spare you the torture rack for producing so little!"

"I apologize for my inadequacies, your ladyship," Galu blurted, still feeling utterly surreal. The Stone of Suggestion was having some sort of effect... but Angelise was still a bitch, still bossy, and didn't consider herself any less of a queen. He would have to monitor the situation, he realized, staying at her side and making sure the suggestion manifested along lines that would spare the citizens of Karu Vale from her wrath.

At least she was jerking him off instead of condemning him to death. That was a start.

Or maybe she's just a horny bitch , he considered. The Stone of Suggestion worked slowly. And if she ever suspected she was under its influence, she might slay him anyway for his deception... and then take vengeance on the city. He would have to be coy about it.

"We will return to the throne room," she decreed. "And tomorrow, begin the business of transforming this place into a palace more suited to a queen! We will need chefs, seamstresses, armorers, weaponsmiths, carpenters and silversmiths. And I will require reports from those rabble who may speak for the different types of craftsmen - they now work on my behalf!"

"Yes, my lady." He followed behind her as she continued to give instructions, as if nothing had happened, as if she hadn't just jerked his big dick off all over her ass. Galu realized he did not know what the future held.

Which was better than certain tyranny and doom. That was all he could ask.

On the third day, Galu put his suggestion to a harsher test.

A harried armorer was taking the queen's measurements – at great risk to his own life and limb, or so it seemed. "Please stand straight, my lady," he said, as Angelise stood with legs shoulder-width apart. His hands were trembling with embarrassment and fear, which made the operation difficult. Angelise had had the throne room furnished with a large war table for logistical planning, and it was in front of this that she stood, arms out to her side, while dozens of courtiers watched. These were the leaders of the various disciplines of the Karu, who had been personally chosen to report to her. All were men, which was probably for the best – she was extremely jealous and threatened death on anyone who looked at any woman besides her.

"Don't presume to tell me what to do, worm! I'll stand as I please, and if this armor is ill-fitting, I'll skin you alive!" Angelise snarled.

"A thousand pardons, my queen!" the armorer replied, his arm trembling worse than ever. Galu had suggested that Angelise commission a new suit of armor 'befitting her royal status', something more ceremonial to capture the adoration of her new subjects. It had been a gentle suggestion, carefully worded to allow her to think she had come up with it herself, and so now she stood, her body looking absolutely flawless in a black body stocking, her pauldrons, boots and padded armor for the moment set aside. All present could see every sculpted muscle and graceful curve of her form... even the arc of her puffy pussy and her labia could be seen as through a second layer of skin! Not to mention her perky nipples!

"I... believe I have the measurements," the armorer stammered. He was an old man, and her nakedness probably did little to steady his hand. "But... the protection afforded by this design will be less than your-"

"Yes, yes, I know that, stupid!" Angelise groused. "Forge the armor as planned!" The armorer had already presented an easel and grease-pencil drawing that showed a rough design for Angelise's new armor... which she, of course, had forced him to change, removing protective elements in favor of decorative flourishes that showed more of her beauty.

Galu cleared his throat and stood up. "He only shows earnest concern for your protection, my queen. But does that not reveal an unpleasant truth about this endeavor? Would it not send a stronger message of your untouchability and confidence, to wear a suit of armor that does not concern itself with protection at all?" He gestured toward the easel. "Even this may be overly cautious, eliciting in your subjects the blasphemous idea that one such as you could even *be* hurt."

This was a further moment of truth, and Galu watched her reaction. If she suspected him of trying to undermine or humiliate her, she would kill him on the spot. But if the Stone of Suggestion was doing its work... she might see his interjection as sound advice indeed. Each day since her arrival, she had been jerking his cock off and referring to it as a 'tribute' and a 'sign of his adoration'... there was no doubt that she considered herself a queen. The only question was... how would she act as queen?

She paused and looked at him suspiciously. Had he overplayed his hand? For a moment he thought so, but then she spoke. "Obviously... I was just going to give such an order!"

"Thank you for delegating the task to this lowly worm, my queen," Galu said. He looked around to the two-dozen courtiers and servants, they had expressions of utter confusion about what was going on. But they would understand in time, he knew.

It was a week before the 'revised' armor was complete. Angelise made her first procession through town with it, drawing the attention of every Karu Vale dweller as she walked the paths, pulling Maximus by his bridle. Her stallion had been decked out in splendid barding that mirrored hers in

color and aesthetic – though it was far less revealing! There was not a pair of eyes that were not transfixed as Angelise walked by in her ‘modified’ getup... which, of course, suited her perfectly. She loved being the center of attention.

“Yes, bow to your queen!” she called, waving a hand to the populace in the fields, at the looms and at the forges. The winding mountain paths took her by each artisan sector in turn. “Work hard, so the riches of Karu Vale may grow to equal my glory!” Galu, walking a few paces behind, smiled lightly to himself. Angelise was so hungry to feed her ego, she didn’t notice that she was making a complete spectacle of herself!

The truth was, she was walking the paths, dressed like a total slut! She wore a crown and tiara with the lovely Stone of Suggestion at the center, but that was where the regal modesty ended. Due to her ‘revisions’ to the armor design (at Galu’s careful suggestion), she no longer had a breastplate of any kind – just a scant metal bikini held together by ornate chains. Each of the triangular breast cups was utterly insufficient to the task of containing her tits, thus showing off side boob, underboob, and cleavage from every angle. Even her blushing pink nipples, erect and quivering, could be seen when the metal shifted!

This sordid exhibitionism was the least of her costume’s moral trespasses. Her midriff was totally bare, showing her gorgeous navel and milky skin. She wore an armored ‘bottom’ of such barely-there size that it was scarcely worth the name – indeed, the metal thong back disappeared completely between her jiggling, ripe buttocks, and the front was so low cut that her bald pussy mound was visible, plump and ripe, over the pussy-clinging, diving front, which dipped down sharply from the high hips.

The obscenity did not end there. Filigreed, metal thigh-high boots were the final tawdry touch, with outrageous heels that made her look more like a concubine than a warmaiden, accentuating her shapely thighs. As she moved, Angelise’s body jiggled lewdly and her hair flowed behind her in a silver sheet. Each step brought out fleshy reverberations – tits wobbling, ass-cheeks clapping. And when she mounted Maximus and rode? Forget it. Her breasts bounced with such weight and force that they seemed ready to burst free at any moment.

All of this combined to paint a portrait of a ruler who was every bit as ill-tempered and arrogant as before... but somewhat defused. Rather than going into a tirade about a ‘lack of respect’ and executing anyone who looked at her funny, Angelise took the ogling eyes of the village males as a sign of reverence. Indeed – she seemed almost to bask in their hungry gazes, viewing the treatment as being put on a sort of pedestal.

Galu marveled at the dynamic as she toured her new kingdom. *They all think she’s a big-butt, fat-titted, horse-lusting fuckwhore ...* but she’s basking in it without a care in the world!

It was exactly as he hoped. “The people have a thirst to... give you their adulation, my lady,” he ventured, and she nodded with a confident smile. Throughout the day, she almost seemed to revel in bending over in front of scores of workmen, letting her jiggling ass linger in their faces as they presented their wares. More than once she brushed up against their barrel chests with her breasts, giggling with amusement at their lip-biting reactions. “A robust worker is a productive worker,” she decreed, making the pretense of examining a freshly-forced halberd... by spinning around it like a dancer on a pole. And when she ordered the workmen to endeavor to keep their *output* high, her words were dripping with innuendo.

All this, after only one week. And until Galu found a way to more permanently overthrow her... it would have to do. A lewd and lascivious queen, walking among her people in undress, undermining

her own authority with the whorishness of her own jiggling tits and clapping ass.

The reign of Angelise in Karu Vale had truly begun.

When the Dabar emissary Jibil reigned his oxen and stepped down from his dusty cart, six weeks had passed since the unofficial coronation of Queen Angelise.

A center of trade, the desert nation of Dabar had particular insights into the value of Karu Vale's silks and potions... and the news that the city-state was under new rulership was exciting indeed. For centuries, the sultans of Dabar had endeavored to bring Karu Vale into the fold, but the strange and hermetic principality had resisted all overtures for trade deals or diplomatic relations.

The rumor that Karu Vale had new rulership, amenable to such agreements, was of considerable import. Jibil was a portly man, dressed head to toe in a great robe of desert beige, with golden rings on both hands and bejeweled sandals befitting someone of important station. He wore an embroidered kufi on his head and a dagger in his belt, in the style of his kingdom.

"Karu! The nation of Dabar has come to call!" he bellowed at the city gates. He had sent a fleet-mounted runner ahead some days prior, so his appointment would be expected. A royal reception, no doubt. Splendid feasts, dancing girls, and demonstrations of Karu Vale's many rare and exciting treasures. On his cart, he had brought gold-burnished gifts of the Dabar Oasis, so as to make a proper first impression on the new monarch.

The gates (freshly reinforced, he noticed), creaked open. A man dressed in the black and silver doublet of a magistrate greeted him as soon as the stout gates were far enough apart to permit his entry.

"Emissary Jibil, the city-state of Karu Vale bids you welcome," the man said. He was tall, handsome. "I am Galu, the queen's adjutant. You may address me in all matters of comfort while you are our guest here. If you will follow me inside, we must converse about rules of etiquette within these walls. We will see your oxen stabled and fed, and the contents of your cart taken to a private quarters reserved for you on the palace grounds."

"Very good," Jibil said, importantly. Galu seemed to know his business. He walked inside, gazing with wonderment at the narrow path and the many leaning willow boughs with their multi-colored blossoms. "The city is as wondrous as tales have told."

They walked together as Galu spoke. "I must instruct you in matters of decorum with regard to the queen. Queen Angelise is fond of visitors and eager to receive you. However, you must understand - under no circumstances are you permitted to insult the queen, or express negative feelings about her actions. The dignity of Lady Angelise is paramount."

Jibil bristled. "Of course! Do you think I'd be much of a diplomat, if I went around insulting kings and queens? Really!"

Galu held up a finger. "Nonetheless I must press upon you the seriousness of this condition. Queen Angelise has a terrible temper. You will be held responsible for your words."

Jibil waved a hand. "Fear not. I have important business to discuss, business of the Dabar Empire, and I will not jeopardize it with a loose tongue."

"Then follow me." Galu couldn't resist smiling as he turned away and started to lead Jibil up the path. He would be the first dignitary to visit since Angelise's reign had started.

Thus began the first and last day of political negotiations between Angelise and the Dabar. It was an unusual parlay from the first; Jibil was led to a clearing halfway up the path, surrounded by farmers in their impressive terraces, with golden wheat stretching as far as the eye could see. Here, in a ceremonial circle, he would meet the queen.

Angelise arrived with a procession of servants preceding her, this line of muscled men in scant, banana-hammock speedos was the first sign that something was strange. There were twenty of them in all, holding up great flamingo-feather fans, obscuring Angelise in the rear. As always, she was riding Maximus, who was adorned in gleaming barding and a semi-ridiculous flamingo-feather pompadour woven into his crest. The men were young, chiseled, and every one of them seemed to be packing serious heat in their leathers. As they reached the circular gathering area, they spread out to hold up their fans so Angelise could travel through.

"All hail Angelise, mighty queen of Karu Vale, battlemaiden of the Hidden Mountain, icon of beauty and virtue!" Galu announced, loudly. Jibil's lip twitched beneath bugged out eyes. He barely heard Galu, he was too busy looking at Angelise as Maximus slowly walked her through the arch of feather fans.

It was... a total disgrace!

Her beautiful face was distorted into something piggish and degrading thanks to nose hooks pulling her dainty nostrils into yawning chasms. She was dressed in an embroidered, sheer body stocking which showed every detail of her breasts; her nipples were completely exposed through heart-shaped holes in the fabric, as was her navel. The crotch was completely absent, consisting only of garters, revealing tiny black panties that were dug so far into her pussy that her labia were swallowing the front completely.

She rode to where Jibil was standing, swung a leg over, and dismounted... revealing that the back of her panties were not precisely a thong... but rather a hollow heart shape held taut by three straps, emphasizing her blushing, pink anus as her foot left the stirrup! Jibil blustered, sputtering all over the front of his robe. It was only with great difficulty that he managed to contain himself as Angelise turned toward him.

"Karu Vale greets the Dabar," she announced, self-importantly.

Jibil's lip trembled. He stood, eyes wide, unable to think of anything to say. Not in the most base and degrading harem rooms, amidst hookah-smoking slavers... had he seen such a filthy, whorish outfit! And this was the *queen* ?

Angelise's eyes narrowed. Galu elbowed Jibil subtly in the side, jarring him to action. "Y-yes! My... my lady. Angelise. It is my... our... desire. To have... mutual..."

His voice trailed off. As he talked, two of Angelise's male consorts had moved to either side of her, taking their long, arm-thick cocks out of their leather codpieces. They were unbelievably virile and thick, flopping heavily, and it was a further obscenity to see their size in comparison to her petite, graceful body. Angelise squatted down like it was the most normal thing in the world, spreading her thighs like a strumpet, her buttocks making bubbly, pale half-moons as she arched her back and looked left and right at the encroaching prongs.

"Nnngh! Such stinky cocks!" she decreed, somehow keeping her arrogant royal air even in her

sordid circumstances. She sucked air into her stretched nostrils and one could almost imagine the thick cock musk entering her olfactories. "Do you think that by not washing, you could rival Maximus?"

She reached out and guided the fat shafts to her face, placing the leaking pissholes against her nose, one on each nostril. The swollen glans of each cock throbbed and bulged, and her eyelids fluttered as she jerked the two dicks off. At the same time, a third male courtesan approached from behind, produced his hanging, heavy penis, and took hold of her hips. It was only a small matter to push aside the crotch of her way-too-tiny panties and bury his pipe in her quim... which all present could see was positively steaming with lust!

Jibil only stood in utter astonishment. The big, ruddy, punishing prick in Angelise's perfectly-smooth pussy was thick as a baobab branch, prying open her swollen cunt lips and ravaging her insides, to the extent that a small bulge could be seen around her navel from the depth of the penetration. Her tongue slid from her mouth and her eyes rolled slightly back as she jacked the cocks that were pressed up against her nose.

"I've... been holding this offering... all week, my lady!" the leftmost cocksman gasped, clearly near his limit. "Please accept it!"

Galu leaned in to whisper in Jibil's ear. "Lady Angelise is a most gracious queen," he explained. "And her subjects are eager to show their adoration."

Jibil blustered. "This is... this is..."

He could say no more. There was a squelching noise as the fucker in the rear stretched out Angelise's cunt. Wetness squirted all over the dirt and clay of the gathering circle. The two men having their cocks serviced threw back their heads in unison and directed degrading, dehumanizing cumshots directly up her wrenched-open nostrils, their urethras bulging with the sheer volume of fragrant, musky, backed-up sperm. After several shots each, they pulled out and painted their queen's ecstatic ahgao face, criss-crossing her forehead, cheeks, and lips with chunky ropes of their seed. They even pressed their cocktips against her rolling eyes, lifted her lids, and blew jizz-worms directly against the beautiful blue of her striking eyes, completing the act of utter defilement.

Jibil, aghast, only stood as the men holsters their tools, leaving the remaining stud to gasp out his orgasm while obviously filling Angelise's fertile cunt with what seemed like a gallon of his nut sauce... and drawing an obvious and humiliating orgasm from the queen. As she recovered on hands and knees, cum sliding off of her face and out of her pussy in a sordid creampie, he turned and whispered fiercely to Galu.

"What is this *farce*?" he seethed. "I was to secure an alliance with an arranged marriage; a coupling between Prince Faj of Dabar and the renowned warmaiden, Angelise of Karu Vale! But the virginity of such a woman is surely worth less than shit!"

Galu held up a cautioning hand. "Lower your voice. You must not say anything negative about the queen."

Jibil made a scoffing noise, but said nothing more, and even managed to look suitably official when Angelise addressed him a moment later. "We have prepared a festival of artisans and craftsmen," she said, as if nothing was amiss. Jibil couldn't help but watch the lumpy semen sliding slowly down her face as she talked. "If you will join me at our finest dining house, they will take the stage, and prove to you the surpassing quality of Karu Vale goods."

He allowed himself to be escorted, following in Angelise's absurd procession of muscled studs with their cocks hanging out, and one massive mount who was not only adorned in a huge pompadour feather and visored helmet that Jibil found utterly absurd, but seemed to possess a disproportionately huge penis as well. It was thick as a leg and all but hanging past his hocks!

As they walked to the dining house, Angelise arrogantly extolled the virtues of her workmen and peasants – the quality of their silks, the infallibility of gadgets and swords. Jibil barely heard her. His eyes passed over the great natural beauty of the Vale without a second consideration for the blossoming boughs, the waterfalls and koi ponds. Rather he watched as *every* male peasant, without exception, took cock in hand and greeted the queen by walking up to jerk off all over her thighs, ass, and breasts. They were treating her as if she was a catch rag for their steaming, backed-up semen... not an esteemed monarch! And she didn't seem to mind!

Indeed, Angelise would occasionally stick out her ass and tits to make them better targets, and admonish the jerking men if they didn't shoot a sufficient amount of semen, telling them sternly that she would not tolerate such a lack of enthusiasm twice. Such men would bow, kneel, and crawl away, still clutching their flagging penises!

When they reached the great hall, Jibil was so taken aback that if asked, he couldn't have said whether Karu Vale's craftsmen made hats or halberds. Angelise was absolutely soaked in semen, her whorish countenance much in contrast to the surroundings of the vast hall, which was lit by dozens of large paper lanterns. It featured dining tables in a hemisphere around a central stage. Galu directed Jibil to sit down next to a partition with a large hole in the center.

"By the grace of the queen, please enjoy the finest delicacies of Karu Vale as you experience a demonstration of martial and artistic prowess," Galu offered. Angelise walked around confidently, acting every bit the monarch despite being covered in cum, and Jibil nearly recoiled when it looked like she would sit down next to him to observe the fan-twirlers and fire-eaters who were already filling the stage. However, she had other plans.

"Acrobats! Tumblers! And the finest archers in all the kingdoms!" Angelise bragged. "All under my command!" As she spoke, she walked around behind the wood and stone partition. The hole in the center was lined with leather, and Jibil understood her intention only after she stuffed her upper body into it, emerging to look at him with her heavy tits hanging down on one side and her rump exposed on the other! "We operate the finest mercenary company, and their strength could be yours if the proper diplomatic considerations are made!"

"Uh... yes," Jibil muttered. "Of course, your... majesty." Majesty, indeed! She was bent over like a bitch, stuck in the wall, with her thick ass jiggling on one side and her big tits hanging like udders on the other! "We will... enter into negotiations, I'm sure."

On the stage, a graceful woman was climbing and twirling around a large silk ribbon. Servants brought out cuts of lamb and beef, mouth-watering dumplings, and all manner of candies and exotic pastries... but Jibil could do little more than pick at his food with the lightest of perfunctory politeness. He was distracted... by Queen Angelise being absolutely railed in all of her holes, throughout the entire spectacle!

Men lined up in a snake-like procession that wrapped around the whole room – and it didn't matter their social station, either. Ruddy-skinned farmers, muscles thick from the fields, stood side by side with gaunt, handsome scholars. Jibil watched as the first of these men planted his hands on Angelise's pale, flawless ass, pressing his drooling, throbbing prick helmet through the heart-shaped hole in her lewd lingerie, his fingers sinking into her soft buttocks, spreading them wide. He plunged

into her and drew a moan... but it hardly dented her enthusiasm for bragging about the virtues of her kingdom!

"Nnngh! You can see... the unmatched... grace... of... Karu Vale's... tumblers!" Angelise groaned. Her eyes fluttered as she took a particularly deep stroke in her asshole. Plap. Plap. Plap. Her round bottom bounced and compressed against the muscled abdomen of her 'tribute giver', who had his head thrown back in ecstasy as he used his so-called queen like a dick sleeve. "Through... cultural... exchange... the sultanate of Dabar will... nnngh... gluuuarrrk!"

She never got to continue her proposal; for an impatient peasant, rope-belt undone and britches sagging, walked up and shoved his cock unceremoniously down her throat. There was no warning, no 'by your leave' for his queen - he simply moved into place and began to use her mouth like the pussy of a common harlot, drawing forth an explosion of saliva and deep glottal sounds as Angelise's throat was stretched around his jutting, hooked prick. Certainly, 'Glurrrrrrrkkkkk! Huaark, huararrrrrk, glccchhh!' constituted no diplomatic offer of any kind!

Jibil looked at Galu with a side-eye, like a hostage hoping to communicate non-verbally. *Surely this is a prank*, his eyes said. *This is just a prostitute that was hired for an elaborate farce. Such a filthy fuckwhore can't possibly be the true queen of Karu Vale*. However, Galu only gave him a knowing smile.

Both men grunted and unloaded their pricks into Angelise, only to vacate and be replaced by two others. Angelise narrowed her eyes at the incoming prick, which belonged to a particularly powerful and swarthy farmer. It was unwashed and wrapped in thick foreskin. "Nnngh!" she moaned, licking her lips and extending her tongue to dig around between knob and glans.. "Look at all of this smegma! You should be punished... for making your queen suck such a filthy cock!"

"A thousand pardons, my lady!" the farmer lamented. "The well in my terrace is still being constructed... we've had no water to wash for a week or more! I'm very sweaty from the fields! But... I've saved up this offering for a week!"

He bit his lip with lust and lowered a hand into her beautiful blonde hair, clutching a fistful and beginning to drag her mouth up and down all nine inches of his sweat-soaked, dirty pipe. Angelise maintained intense eye-contact the entire time, seeming to radiate authority even in these strange circumstances. At the same time, a second man sliced the fat scimitar of his prick deep into her slit, making more wet *plap* noises against her thick ass. Because of the partition, the men on each side couldn't see each other, but they got into rhythm just the same, penetrating her petite body from both ends. Her ass jiggled and clapped, her tits swayed, and in the background, the jugglers and wire-walkers plied their trade.

"I'm... at my limit!" the farmer grunted. "Please... receive this offering of backed-up semen, directly into your stomach!" He clutched her head with artless, scrambling desperation and drove his hips forward. Everyone present could see her throat bulging around that cock, swelling and receding with thick, gulping swallows. *Gulp. Gulp. Gulp.*

"Ah, my queen! Your pussy is... the tightest... and superior to... all others!" cried the man on the opposite side, groping her buttocks obscenely, and hilding himself as far as he could in her pussy, obviously emptying his balls as well. They held her in limbo, pricks hilted, hips bucking with each emission, until they were spent. And when they withdrew, an inglorious creampie slid back out of Angelise's mouth and pussy. Her nose hooks had come undone, releasing her countenance back into some semblance of normal proportion, but there was no net gain in dignity. Her face was absolutely plastered with semen, her tongue was hanging out, and there were stray pubic hairs clinging to the

side of her dainty mouth and standing out like black squiggles on the porcelain skin of her cum-glazed ass.

Jibil had only moments to take in this lewd appearance before his line of sight was once again obscured by the buttocks of two men who had approached Angelise for a double throating, passing her head back and forth between them as she eagerly sucked and elongated her lips into a whorish slurp-face. The one not being serviced enjoyed himself by slapping and groping her tits and stabbing his prick meat into her perky nipples. And, of course, a third 'offering' was being made at her rear, as well.

The show was indeed a spectacle, as Angelise had promised, but Jibil could only watch with numb confusion. In truth, the performers could have ruptured the earth and caused it to yield up the dead of their ancestors and he wouldn't have noticed. He found his eyes returning again and again to Angelise, who was attempting to negotiate with him but being continuously interrupted by men shoving their cocks into her mouth or cumming on her face. After twenty men had fucked her cunt and asshole, they decided to put a wooden bucket down to catch the river of thick sperm that was leaking back out.

Each interaction was an 'offering', or so it seemed. Even when the villagers were fucking her mouth or letting her clean their filthy cocks, they offered obsequious praises of her beauty and wisdom. More than once, Jibil saw a muscled peasant approach and spread his cheeks, letting Angelise lick his asshole in order to 'prepare his offering', after which he would cum with enormous volume into her face.

When he believed he could get away with it, Jibil again tried to whisper on the side to Galu, asking for an explanation. Yet the adjutant was maddeningly calm, and assured him only that in time, he would have the diplomatic discourse he sought. "In a short time, you will meet the King," he said.

"King? Dabar has heard nothing of a king!" His face was hopeful. If there was someone else he could talk to - someone who wasn't engaged in the most flagrant type of debauchery. If Angelise was married, it meant his offer of alliance via wedding to one of the Dabar princes was off the table. But continuing his diplomatic efforts with a man, as opposed to such a whorish woman, was the only way he saw to put his visit back on track.

"Karu Vale has a king," Galu assured. "He is content to let Angelise dictate many matters of state, but he is a powerful and steadfast monarch, and the only one who can counterbalance her headstrong ways. You will see him soon - he will be arriving as dinner concludes."

Jibil relaxed his shoulders for the first time in what seemed like an hour. He even took a drink of wine, and let his mind wander to the possibilities of a Karu Vale/Dabar trade agreement that would see him send their treasures to every corner of the desert and surrounding kingdoms. He watched the sword swallowers, the smoke artists who drew pictures in what seemed to be living haze, and listened to soothing harp music and a chorus of singers. And all the while, Angelise was being railed not five feet away.

There seemed to be no limit to the amount of men who were lining up to shove their cocks into her holes, and as the performance neared a climax with a display of willow bough cutting and swordmanship, the bucket between her legs was nearly full to the brim with semen that had leaked back out of her well-fucked pussy and ass. The hall broke into thunderous applause as the last note was struck on the harp, in time to a sword draw that severed a triple stack of wooden logs. Only at this apex of excitement did Angelise wriggle free from the partition where she'd been stuck and fucked for over an hour... and come to sit opposite Jibil at the table that he and Galu shared.

"I see you have been appreciating our fine local culture," she said. Her voice was hoarse from swallowing so much cum and being stretched by so many fat cocks, but her pride was undiminished. Even with her flawless skin under a glaze of cum, and stray pubes on the side of her mouth, she acted as if nothing at all were amiss. "Drink with me," she said, and bid Galu refill Jibil's goblet.

"Thank you, your grace," Jibil managed. The stench of cum was thick at the table. Again, he was struck by Angelise's attractive, graceful countenance, and how it was in such contrast to what a well-used, commoner cum ditch she was! "I very much look forward to greeting his highness the King, as well."

Angelise smiled, and her face turned into an expression of adoration as she seemed to bring this unseen king into her mind's eye. "Oh, yes," she said. "Such a steadfast and stalwart companion! He was instrumental to my conquering of this land!"

Jibil lifted his glass. "A skilled commander, then."

"The king joined in battle himself to insure that victory was won," Galu explained. And if Jibil didn't know better, he could have sworn that the adjutant was hiding a barely-concealed smirk.

Angelise reached for a tankard. "A toast to the alliance between our two mighty kingdoms!" she declared. Jibil brought his wine to his lips, sipped, and savored. Such a fine vintage, such an aromatic bouquet! Truly, Karu Vale was a land of riches and refinement, in spite of its whorish queen! But when he opened his eyes, his goblet loosened in his hand and nearly dropped.

Angelise had been flanked by lines of men, who were, two at a time, walking up to the table and placing their spurting penises in her mug, spraying hot, filling it up with steaming ropes of foamy piss! The studs all seemed to have cocks that were the size of her forearm, as if her entourage had been chosen with precisely that quality in mind, and she held up her mug with one dainty arm for every one of these long, throbbing sex hammers to unload. The men threw back their heads and gasped long sighs of relief as they emptied their bladders.

"A good amount!" Angelise assessed. "You've been holding it just for me, as is my right!"

"Yes, my lady."

Jibil only watched, shocked, as more than a dozen virile penises, like animals marking territory, were presented and hosed their hot piss into Angelise's mug, until the froth was sliding over the brim and her bird-thin, graceful wrist was straining to hold it aloft. Angelise didn't take her eyes away from the rising, golden mark, even licking her lips lustfully, as if turned on by the amount being offered. *Commoners* were pissing copiously right in her face, and she was thirsting for it!

"Mmm... such an amount... though all of you put together couldn't hold a candle to my Maximus," she purred.

"I'm sorry, my lady," the man at the front of the line grunted. "I offer you... my essence as well! What would have impregnated my wife... instead... goes to exalt your wisdom and beauty!" He finished pissing and then milked fat, ropey curds of sperm into the golden liquid. Only once he had finished did Angelise turn back to the table and hold the steaming, frothing mug aloft.

"To Karu Vale... and Dabar!"

Jibil's glass barely moved, he raised his arm only out of rote diplomatic memory. In front of him, claiming to be a queen, was the nastiest, most whorish, piss-swilling pig he had ever encountered...

and yet, all of her subjects acted as if nothing was amiss. Angelise brought the glass to her lips and started to drink.

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp. Gulp . She took full, hungry swallows, chugging down what seemed like a gallon of the collected piss and semen of her underlings, sending the emissions down to her belly, nourishing herself on their waste. Again, Jibil looked at Galu and the adjutant was utterly unaffected, only smiling with a sort of knowing satisfaction.

CLANK! Angelise slammed down the tankard. It was empty. She had swallowed the nose-burning, stinking piss of over a dozen low-born men, after being raped in the mouth and ass by every one of them. A cheer rose from the crowd, and amazingly, she turned and raised a hand, like a head of state addressing the masses – a regal, statuesque blonde... oblivious to the fact that she was dressed like a whore, and acting as their cum dump!

Again, Jibil turned desperately to Galu and lowered his voice. “The king. Please. I must speak to him. I cannot take any more of this. As a diplomat I am accustomed to different cultures. I have held my tongue so far. But the queen-”

Galu laughed. “I understand,” he said. “I can only say that this style of rulership has been implemented to keep Karu Vale’s spirit intact even after its defeat. Under her... stewardship... the people are free to live, learn, and love, as they have done for generations in the shadow of the mountain.”

Jibil waved a hand. “I will conclude my business with the king, then. Do you expect him soon, or-”

There was a flourish of woodwinds, as if announcing some great arrival, and Galu turned toward the door of the great dining hall, which cracked open to let in the searing rays of the daytime sun. “Ah!” he announced. “Angelise’s husband, the king, has arrived!”

Jibil squinted. A great black silhouette was in the double-doors, absolutely enormous. He shielded his eyes with his hand, and heard Angelise coo with adoration. “Oh!” she moaned, sounding utterly unlike before. This Angelise was one smitten with love and lust for her newly arrived beau. “My wonderful king Maximus!”

Jibil’s eyes adjusted, and his loosely held goblet, close to falling before from sheer shock, fell entirely from his numb fingers. It was a horse. The same horse she had rode on when they traveled from the city gates.

The king of Karu Vale... was a horse.

“All hail King Maximus!” rose a cry from the dining hall, and all of the servants and peasant cocksmen made sure to bow their heads and show respect to the newly arrived equine. It was a huge beast, striding straight down the center aisle of dining tables toward the stage, wearing the absurd knight helmet with visor and flamingo pompadour, while Angelise walked alongside, her buttocks bouncing with each step.

A servant moved to remove her prior headdress with the nose hooks and tiara, handing her a replacement – a gleaming black skullcap topped with the ears of a mare.

“You will be the first outsider to see the king and queen in their nightly ceremonial coupling,” Galu said. Jibil said nothing. *Could* say nothing. He was so far beyond shock that he could hardly think. At last, he summoned some words, as he watched the performers from earlier, busily bringing out a wooden crossbar and a bale of straw to the center of the stage. Angelise pulled down on Maximus’

neck and kissed the stallion deeply, sucking his tongue, moaning as she slurped it like a cock, letting it pulse in her throat and leak pure saliva straight into her needy stomach, obviously wanting to take every bit of what her horse-lover had to offer.

"No... she can't... she won't..." Jibil stammered. His voice was wispy, like disintegrating paper two-thousand years buried. But she *could*, and *would*. He watched as Angelise stripped out of her soiled slutwear and into something much more simple – a pair of black panties with a horse tail on the rear panel, some black pony boots, and a pair of gloves meant to imitate a horse's forehoof while still allowing her fingers some dexterity. In short, she was making herself into the perfect mare!

"Ooh, Maximus is excited tonight," she cooed, and patted his haunches, planting a worshipful kiss on one of them.

"She won't," Jibil muttered. "Not even the filthiest whore would-"

His voice trailed off as Angelise lifted Maximus' black tail and pressed her nose directly into his musky taint, sniffing his balls, taking long licks as she held up each huge, sloshing testicle. "Nnngh! They're so filled with his superior cum! You rabble are nothing compared to the strength and virility of my wonderful husband!" She gave a sucking, slurping kiss at his leathery scrotal skin. "And... such a musk! Let's get you good and hard, my king!" She buried her face in the puffy donut of Maximus' asshole and took a deep sniff... then began to lick.

It was the ultimate lewd and degrading act. She was bow-legged, her back arched, hands planted on her stallion's rump, as she orally pleased his hole with eye-rolling slurps and meaty sucks. Her mouth elongated into a tube as she suckled at that bestial, musky, sweat-soaked anus like it was a treasured lover. Indeed, Jibil believed that even the most love-struck youths of all the kingdoms would find their kisses less lustful and full than what Angelise was planting on her horse's shitpipe. Her tits hung down, her buttocks jiggled in their firm, round hemispheres. Beautiful as she was, she was lowering herself utterly, lustfully servicing an animal.

Maximus' cock didn't take long to emerge mightily from his dark, leathery sheath. It was so large that any forthcoming coitus seemed impossible – easily two feet in length, and twice as thick as Angelise's arm. The flanged head was ridged with textured bumps, and the entire shaft lathered in hot, fragrant horse-sweat.

"This is... an affront to the gods..." Jibil muttered, sounding like a hollow shell. His eyes were dancing in their sockets with spastic jitters, yet he could not look away. "She... fornicates with a beast... using her mouth to... to..."

"It is better than being ruled by a tyrant," Galu said, putting his hands behind his head. "In time of need... many strange solutions are possible."

Angelise was in motion. Pulling her mouth away from Maximus' asshole and breaking long strands of spit while doing so, she moved into position beneath him, laying back on the hay bale in her equine getup, and lewdly spreading her legs, pulling her knees back to her shoulders. "Fuck me, my wonderful husband," she purred, and spread her pink, perfect slit with two fingers. Maximus' cock was so large, it looked like a battering ram at her tiny opening. "Stretch my womb with your massive horse cock."

With the encouragement of two of Angelise's male concubines, Maximus threw his forelegs up and over the wooden crossbar, leaving his penis at an almost perfectly horizontal angle. His prong loomed over her flat, flawless midsection. The head, laid against her belly, reached all the way up between her breasts.

"She'll be torn apart!" Jibil gasped.

"She is resilient," Galu said, unmoved. "Since taking the throne... our lady Angelise has been fucked and jerked off on by nearly one-thousand men a day."

"A thousand!" Jibil counted silently. Twenty-four hours in a day. That meant more than forty men an hour. Fucking her. Emptying their balls on her face, tits, and ass. "But... but..."

"She is efficient," Galu went on. "She handles three or even four at once, when tributes are being given. And when she lays in her bedchambers, her attendants are encouraged to ejaculate on her face as she sleeps, or slide their cocks down her throat and fuck her face. Though she is occasionally grumpy when disturbed." Galu's smile was impossible to hide, now. Too late, Jibil got the distinct impression that he had a far more vital role in Karu Vale's affairs than he had let on.

Squeellrrccch . Maximus surged his mighty body forward with a thrust, and his massive penis tunneled into Angelise's cunt, stretching her wide, making the pink, quivering membranes of her pussy expand to the absolute limit. She threw her head back, cried out in ecstasy, and a flood of her own lube squirted out, all over the horse cock, as if displaced by his surpassing size. Further thrusting produced an echo of that same sound, the sound of rearranging guts, a gripping cunt box and pussy that were inviting more violation even as they were resized to the limit and beyond. Angelise's smooth belly showed the outline of the stallion's prong as it burrowed into her, nearly hilted with each thrust, driving her to massive, paralyzing orgasms that rolled her eyes and made her tongue loll out.

"All... hail... the queen!" she gurgled, her syrupy shouts thick with exhaustion. Maximus was a mighty beast and was totally wearing out her gripping, cock-massaging cunt passage. She bit her lower lip and squirted again, pissing ingloriously all over his huge dick, lubricating it so it could better drive her womb up into her guts. Every onlooker could see the horse's huge balls swaying with each thrust, and knew what the size of those nuts portended - the utter *defilement* and bestial *filling* of Queen Angelise!

"Once the queen has finished, you will have a chance to parlay in private, and set terms of a trade agreement," Galu said. "She may need a short period of rest, however. But the partnership between Karu Vale and Dabar will bring prestige to-"

"No!" Jibil cried, rising from his seat so quickly that his belly struck the underside of the table and sent a carafe of wine spilling. Utensils jangled and fruit rolled. "No! No more of this!"

Heads turned to look at him. His face was pallid, his eyes wild, head turning this way and that as if afflicted by paranoia. He was a man driven past his breaking point. "Do you all not see that she is a complete whore? I would never subject Dabar to an alliance with such... with such..."

He inhaled.

"...Such a cock-sucking, ass-licking piece of shit!"

There were gasps. Shouts of indignation. Though Angelise's ways had become unconventional, she was still filled with arrogance and bad temper. Every resident of Karu Vale knew to refer to her only in the most complimentary terms, lest they receive a neck-chopping along with their offering blowjob. But Jibil was ignorant of such concerns and far past any restraint. He gesticulated wildly as he continued.

"She's a beautiful woman, the finest piece of ass in all of the desert kingdoms, the mountain

kingdoms and beyond, but her virtue is worth absolutely nothing!" he wailed. "An alliance!? Don't make me laugh! No prince of Dabar would ever stick his cock in such a fucked-out, horse-raped, thousand-man-banged *whore hole*! What good are honeyed words of diplomacy from the mouth of a prostitute who licks the assholes of common ruffians, who drinks their piss like it was nectar!?"

He tore the chest of his robe and cried to the heavens. "Your Queen is a sperm-chugging, cock-slurping, ass-licking, beast-fucked, piss-drinking, shit-eating whore! Men jerk off on her face like they're beating their cocks into an open air latrine! I'd rather die than associate my country with such a foul, fucked-out sperm-ditch! Do you hear me? Neither gods, nor men, with all of their wiles and gambits, could force me to soil my office, and the crown of the Sultanate, by parlaying with this disgusting whore! How can her reign last? She surely cannot bear a child, with her womb and child-bearing parts widened to uselessness by bestial horse cocks! Her only usefulness to Dabar would be to chain her up and sell her to the filthiest and most corpulent slaver, so he can use her as a *toilet*!"

All through his diatribe, Maximus was picking up speed in his thrusts, and just as Jibil ended, so too did the stallion, hilding his enormous cock up into Angelise, lifting her up off the hay bale with sheer breeding might as he voided his balls copiously into her pussy. Huge gouts of chunky horse sperm immediately began flowing back out around the tight seal her quim made on his cock. At the sound and feeling of being pumped full, Angelise had her own screaming, brain-melting orgasm, quivering like the broodmare she imagined herself to be, groaning about Maximus' superiority, size, and favorable comparison to other males of any species.

The room thus fell into an eerie silence as both tirade and tryst subsided. Jibil was breathing hard from all his yelling, and looked around, sweat beading on his brow. He had lost his composure, that was for sure, and now looked for a way out. But Galu was behind him with arms crossed. And then, a chilling voice from the center of the room.

"Guards. Seize that man!" ordered Angelise. Her ego and intolerance for being disrespected was such that she had snapped from horse-fucked whore to domineering tyrant mode in record time. Even from her prone position on the hay bale, with a huge waterfall of sperming flowing from her stretched-out cunt, she gave the order.

Jibil was accosted and subdued. He tried to apologize and make excuses, but Galu knew his fate had been sealed.

Angelise rose unsteadily from her place and drew herself to her full height. In that moment, covered in sweat and recently horse-fucked, she had a strange and vital beauty - the dignity of a sovereign. She pointed to Jibil. "Execute him at dawn."

Jibil cried. He cursed. As he was dragged away, he called her every name in both of their regional tongues. But at dawn it would be done, with Angelise likely wielding the sword herself... if she wasn't too busy. The Dabar diplomat's voice faded into nothingness and the doors of the great hall were closed behind him.

"Let that be a lesson for all that defy me!" she cried, drawing enthusiastic response from the assembled men. Then, Galu watched her turn, bend over the hay bale, and spread her pale, beautiful ass cheeks, beckoning Maximus back into position. "Come on, darling," she purred. "The rest of these men are so useless. I need my ass fucked."

Galu smiled with approval. He hadn't known exactly what form the Stone's suggestion would take, but... things seemed to be turning out alright.