

The Barbarian Prince by Miko Sage Dragonfruit Publishing

The Queen Ophelia sat in front of the mirror as her attendant braided her hair. She wore a sheer nightgown that left nothing to the imagination, her ample breasts with their light pink suckable nipples pointed slightly upwards. Her taut tummy curved into her goddess-like hips. Rumors of her beauty spread across the archipelago, and all of them seemed to point to the same conclusion — Ophelia was as beautiful as she was cunning.

“We’re sure it’s him?” asked the queen lazily.

“Yes. It is confirmed that he is the last surviving son of House Blackbriar,” answered the attendant, Rene. Rene was muscular and delicate at the same time. Her hair was cropped short, and she wore the standard military armor of Lumna Island. Rene could easily beat any man with her skill alone, combined with her strength she was nearly impossible to defeat.

Ophelia smiled to herself. Once again, she had used her intelligence to outmaneuver the formidable viking force. If things had gone according to the barbarians’ plan, the queen would have been on her way to the barbarian tribes in a wedding party, she was supposed to marry the eldest son of House Blackbriar and her island nation would have been given over to the barbarians. Their attacks on Lumna had increased in frequency and damage. While Ophelia’s warriors were better equipped and more skilled, she wanted to stop more bloodshed.

The marriage was all a ruse, a fake queen was sent in her place, and as the ceremony commenced, her most loyal guards ambushed the highest-ranking barbarian chiefs. She had positioned her warriors around the central hall of the barbarian village, and they were able to destroy the next of kin of all the major tribes in one attack. The chaos afterwards was expected. All that was left were third and fourth sons, women and the elderly. Some of the stronger fighters were captured and sent to rehabilitation facilities where they could choose to serve Ophelia or be put to death.

Yet, the queen still intended on a marriage. But this time, on her own terms.

The queen nodded, “Bring him in,” she said, not wasting any time. As soon as she spoke, the wide wooden doors creaked open, a young man with a mess of short blonde curly hair stumbled in. He fell to his knees as the doors shut behind them, his hands chained behind his back.

The raven-haired princess addressed her attendant, “Bring him to me,” she said as she crossed her legs, her perfectly manicured toes bare. Without any mercy, Rene pulled the boy up by his wrists and dragged him over to the princess. He struggled bit before finally accepting, “It’s easier if you just walk, you know,” she said, at least he had some spirit left, much more fun to break in.

The young man didn’t look at her, his eyes cast down. She could see more of his form, an athletic body on the thinner side, a hairless chest, his face bare too, “You must be young,” she said. She pulled his chin up with her hand, “Only at your nineteenth moon. Barely a man.”

“Plenty a man!” He yelled out. The attendant slapped him across the face and he fell to the floor.

“Do *not* address Queen Ophelia that way again,” warned Rene, she was ruthless when it came to protecting the queen.

Ophelia pouted, “She’s right, princeling,” agreed the queen, “I thought this would be a fun night for us. You are my new husband after all.”

“You forced me.” He spat out.

“If you are not my husband, then who are you?” She asked.

The blondes’ breath changed, his face defiant, “I am Ben from House Blackbriar—”

“You are my *husband*,” corrected Ophelia, “By rights of gods and men, we have been wed. You belong to me. You are under my protection. There is no longer a House Blackbriar.”

“Liar,” he said, this time his tone less convincing.

“You and the rest of your *House* were captured and dealt with. And now I am keeping you. Really, you should be honored,” she grinned, “I think you are cuter than your older brother anyway. I like your hair, it is like the sun,” she mused aloud.

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Ben was quiet. He knew that he was in the middle of a den of lions. Everything happened so quickly — the ambush, his separation from his brothers. He was captured first and thrown into a ship, only to hear the sounds of the battle raging on around him. He did not know how much time had passed before he was whisked away, forced onto Lumna Island where his first act was a wedding. She had used his own religious beliefs against him; if a man was not deemed eligible to marry, then the bride could marry his brother. Ben could not disagree, and his fate was sealed. He agreed to the marriage only because he truly believed in the will of the goddess, and did not want to incur her wrath. The ambush was proof alone that the goddess was not pleased with his family.

“My brother will come for you, and teach you the proper place of a woman,” he growled.

“Stop — don’t hurt him,” Ophelia warned Rene who was ready to strike him down again, “Your brother is currently in a cell being rehabilitated. Right now, you are the only thing keeping him alive. Do you understand?”

Ben was quiet, he clenched his jaw. So often he used brute force to get what he wanted. As the youngest son, he felt a constant drive to prove himself, to make himself worthy of holding the Blackbriar name. Leadership was always what he craved, and now he had it — in the form of being a husband.

The young man knew that his position was tenuous at best. If he did not comply, the woman would find another who would obey. It was simply by his birthright that he survived this long.

“There is only one thing I need from you to secure your place. A child.”

“What?,” was all he could respond with. It was strange to him, those words were common among his people, but they only worked one way. Women were often wed to men that they had no interest in, only to secure resources and wealth. It was hard for Ben to think of himself in the exact same position.

“Chain him up in the bed,” commanded Ophelia. She sat back in her chair to look at herself in the vanity. She could hear the scuffle of the attendant and Ben as he was forced onto the bed. Luckily Rene had dealt with men much larger than this one, and in no time, Ben was laying on the bed spread eagle, the light loincloth on his manhood lay askew, showing his flaccid cock.

The queen stood up and moved towards her bed, she sat beside the last real prince of the barbarians who looked up at her, his eyes pleaded, “You can’t do this.” She smiled and gently stroked her fingers down his body, “I just want to make you feel good. To show you how merciful Lumna Island can be if you just obey,” she said, her voice like velvet made him...calm. She didn’t seem cruel, she wasn’t going to *hurt* him, but...

What was he to do? He could refuse and be put back into his cell where goddess-knows-what could happen. Or he could play the part. Be the husband. Gain Ophelia’s trust and influence so that he could better the position of his family. He was a proud son of the largest barbarian strongholds in the archipelago, but even he knew when he had been defeated.

“I will not do anything you do not want,” she said.

“Funny, the way you have me tied up makes me think differently,” Ben answered, and to his surprise, Ophelia giggled.

She brushed back her dark hair, “I just enjoy doing this to men. Besides, you seem like the kind of man who needs to be properly trained. I can’t have you thinking this is an equal partnership at all. But I promise, I will not force you to do anything.”

“If I tell you to let me go, you would?”

“Yes, and we would try again every day until you decide to give me a child. Only strong children are born from mutual admiration.”

“I do not love you.”

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“I did not say love,” her hand traced down his bare chest, “But of that primal lust. The strongest power we have as humans. Could to blame me for wanting to take you? Look at how handsome you are.”

Ben blushed, he was scared but also...excited. He had to admit that she was stunning. She had to be the most beautiful woman he laid her eyes on. Ophelia was the first woman to ever show interest in him like this. He had spent so much of his time trying to catch up with his brother that he never allowed himself to indulge in the flesh. For someone his age, the fact that he did not have even an ounce of practice was something he always hid. Ophelia caught him staring when her lips curled into a grin, “You’re untouched, aren’t you?” She asked, it was like she could see right through him.

Ben didn’t say anything, his face turned even more red. Ophelia giggled and gently stroked her hand against Ben’s bare cheek, “I’ll show you all of the pleasures you can think of. If you agree to this.”

“But what about my people? What will they think?”

Ophelia sighed, “It’s why you have to give me a child. When they see our baby, it will prove to them that our people can be joined through peace,” she shrugged one part of her nightgown off of her shoulder, her warm skin, was tanned and smooth. She leaned over and watched his eyes wander. If she knew anything about men his age, was that they thought mostly with their cocks. Ophelia had to admit to herself that she actually enjoyed this undivided attention. She let him stare as she watched Ben’s mouth open. Ophelia leaned forward, her full breasts dangled against his face. The blonde sighed as he felt the warmth of her breasts right against his lips, “Can you do that for me?”

“...yes...,” he answered softly as he arched his back at her touch. He wanted to feel her. She was so gorgeous, and he *was* her husband. He felt comfortable knowing that he could refuse, but the horny part of his brain did not want to stop.

His cock hardened, his hormones set on overdrive. He felt so embarrassed, unable to move from his bindings. Before he could answer Ophelia gently kissed his neck. Her soft plush lips seemed to understand his body better than he did. She enjoyed feeling him entirely helpless beneath her. He could not control the soft moans that escaped his mouth as she realized how vulnerable and eager he was. He was expressive, so unlike some other men she had put in a similar position, hardened by expectation. He was fresh, and ready to be shaped into her perfect pet.

Her hand moved up his thigh as she cupped his balls, they felt swollen in her delicate fingers, “It doesn’t look like you want me to stop,” she whispered in his ear, she nibbled his earlobe as her hand traveled around his rather impressive cock, “Now *this* is a pleasant surprise,” she said as she complimented him, her hand wrapped around his hot, throbbing manhood. His veins pronounced, his bulbous pale pink head dripped precum out in small droplets.

The barbarian prince squirmed, he tried to resist all of these new feelings. He tried to think of anything else but this, but he couldn’t help how good it all felt. How gently she teased his manhood, the way she even *smelled* was intoxicating for him. She moved over top of him, her soft thighs straddled his hips, Ben could feel something distinctly wet in between her legs.

Ophelia continued to kiss his neck as her body relaxed on top of his, the swell of her breasts against him warm and inviting. She sat herself up and allowed her gown to completely fall, her breasts tumbled out. Ben stared at her, his eyes wandered to each of her perfect mounds, her nipples tightened, and his mouth watered at the sight of the dusky pink nubs.

The princess lifted herself up slightly as she rubbed her wet cunt on top of his shaft, torturing the untouched man in the most delightful way possible, “Don’t you want to feel what it’s like inside of me?”

Ben couldn’t even speak. He wanted to say yes. He wanted to *scream* yes. But no words seemed to form, it was like his brain short circuited with so many new sensations that he stared

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at her open mouthed. He watched Ophelia skillfully move her body, her heavy breasts gently swayed in front of him, so close he wished he could feel them, to suck on one of her nipples...he desperately wanted to feel her when:

He came.

Ophelia looked down and watched each thick ribbon of his cum shoot over his stomach. Ben cried out, surprised that even by such little stimulation he had turned into complete clay. There was nothing he could do to get out of this.

“That’s not where you were supposed to cum,” said the queen playfully. She scooped up his seed and placed a hefty glob in her mouth. He was sweet, slightly tangy, “That’s all supposed to go in here,” she moved her hand between her legs, and showed him her slit. Ophelia’s pale, shaven pussy glistened with her nectar. She bit her bottom lip, “Of course you weren’t able to last,” she teased as she continued to rub her pussy against him, “I’ll have to train you to last longer, but for now...,” she lifted up his cock, already he was hard again. There was nothing quite like the refractory period of a man who is so on edge. She pressed the head of his sensitive meat against her swollen pussy, she lowered herself down as she felt his cock impale her in the best way possible. He was thicker than what she was used to, her walls seemed to resist him and then immediately swallowed him up. His rod pressed against all of her most sensitive areas and she whimpered at just how nicely he filled her up. Ophelia felt his head deep inside of her, his cockhead pointed directly towards her waiting womb.

Ophelia leaned back, and closed her eyes. This was the moment she had been waiting for. Finally she had everything she wanted right inside of her. Once she could get pregnant, she would be able usher in a new era of prosperity for the archipelago. She looked down at the young man, her own face flush with excitement, “You feel so good,” she admitted, “It’s like you were made for me.”

Her back arched as she leaned further, her hands planted on either side so she could keep herself steady. Slowly she lifted herself up and back down his cock. Ben moaned, his own hips bucked into her as best as he could, his young body wanted more of these sensations. Ophelia could see the need in his face, she picked up her pace, the wet sounds where they joined only grew louder. The princess couldn’t keep her composure for much longer as she whimpered, her voice gentle and soft but grew louder with every thrust.

“Ahmm!! I’m...so close...,” she said, she leaned over Ben’s face, her breasts dangled above his mouth, “Suck...,” was all she could get out. Ben obeyed, he hungrily grabbed her nipple and pulled against the sensitive flesh. He tugged against his chains. She was using him, he knew. For his body, for pleasure. Yet he had never felt this turned on before in his life. He loved being used, being treated for the purpose of fucking this beautiful woman. She moaned louder and louder until she fell on top of him, her body still thrust into him, “Come inside...,” she said, her eyes glassy with pleasure, “Make me pregnant,” Ben moaned and obeyed. His hot cum filled her womb and coated her pussy with his potent baby batter. She lay panting on top of him, her cunt twitched around his cock. He dripped out of her in a warm, sticky mess. She was filled with his seed. One step closer to her goal.

Ophelia lay there until Ben went soft inside of her, she rolled over to his side and looked at the ceiling. Ben’s cock lay half-chub, soaked in her juices. He didn’t know what to say, what to think anymore. Instead, she surprised him. Ophelia cuddled next to her barbarian prince, her head found the crook of his arm, “Next time we’ll do it without the restraints.” Ben was quiet for a moment, his eyes looked down at her soft, gorgeous body. His cock twitched that she wanted him again, “Yes. I would like that.”

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The sun filtered through the wide windows over the barbarian prince's pale body. He groaned awake, his grey eyes suddenly fluttered open. It had been two months since he accepted his new life. His wife, the Queen Ophelia was a formidable, insatiable woman. He blinked as he realized he was chained to the bed. Yet, he was entirely calm. He looked around the room, everything that happened over their months together was completely *real*. This was his life now. He looked down, the dried cum was still on his stomach, he must have passed out after she drained him — he lost count somewhere between the third and fifth time. It was like the more she took from him, the more he was able to make for her. Like *he* was made for her.

“Good morning,” it was Ophelia's velvet voice. He turned his head and saw his queen, dressed in a thin gown, this one more formal than what she normally wore around their private paradise. He blushed as his mind wandered thinking of her naked body; even though he had the privilege of seeing her every single night, there was something about watching her so casually that made him look at her with a mix of desire and to his surprise — awe. She was unlike any woman he had encountered, so sure of herself and so easily able to make him into clay in her hands. Ophelia sauntered over to him, “Are you ready to give me some more of your seed?,” she said playfully as she plopped herself next to the naked man.

“Yes. I did not expect the chains so early,” he complained lightly. She smiled, “I had something fun in mind today. Besides, we can't be sure if I'm pregnant yet, and I don't want to stop fucking you.”

“Me either,” he said softly.

Ben wasn't used to someone so frank. He never heard a woman use those kinds of words before. It was always man's talk when it came to matters of the bedroom. Ben often had to pretend like he knew what his fellow soldiers were talking about. He gloated about his escapades often, but truthfully...his night with Ophelia was his first time. Ever. It was a secret that he shared with his Queen.

Ophelia gently ran her fingers up his thigh, Ben's body shivered under her touch, “P-please,” he stuttered out.

“Please what? Is something wrong?” She asked, her voice far too innocent for what she was doing. Her hand traveled between his legs, and teased his thighs. Ben squirmed beneath her touch, “Aww... are you still too tired from last night?”

“Not for you,” he said with a gruff voice. It was more than obvious to both of them how much he liked it. How much he wanted it again. His cock hardened just at the thought of it. Ophelia pulled her hand away, “Look at you now,” she pointed out his swelling size, he could not hide his overwhelming desire to feel her again — any part of her. Ben tugged against the restraints, instinct told him to cover himself, but he could not against the bindings. He was at her mercy entirely, and the excitement of that made him all the more ready for her.

“I will give you all of it,” he said, his voice clear and desperate, “Until you have the child you deserve,” his opinion on the matter had changed from when they first met. What he had thought was just lust turned into something more the longer he spent with the queen. Ophelia's eye brow raised, her plush lips curled into a smile, “I love it when you spoil me like this,” she purred. She stood up, a shoulder from her robe fell down, yet she did not bother to fix it as she walked away, out of Ben's view. The sound of jars opening and glass clanging was all Ben could make out.

When Ophelia returned, her hands were coated in this slick material. In her hand was a ring of some sort, but far too large for his hand, “This is a cock ring. It will leave you stiff for me so I can play with you for longer. You have so much but you get so excited you finish early,” she smiled lovingly at him. In truth she thought it was adorable how quickly he finished, how excited he got when he was with her, “Can I put it on?”

Ben nodded, he wanted to be the best for her, “Yes,” he said and leaned back as Ophelia lathered his cock in the gentle oils. The aroma smelled delicious and his cock stiffened again at

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the touch. Whatever the oil was made his whole body feel warm, he instantly relaxed, his arms finally stopped involuntarily resisted.

“Good, now we can take our time,” she said, she loved watching him melt in her hands, his wanting cock pointed straight up.

She was not the enemy he thought her people were. In fact, she genuinely wanted to help his people. With their marriage official and his word, he convinced his people to lay down arms, and Ophelia and her people fulfilled their promise. He felt as though he was the luckiest man in the world, that despite everything he still was able to find someone who tapped into his deepest desires — the parts of him he kept hidden away. With her he could be his full self, to express how he felt, to share his true thoughts, and to give himself over to someone who deserved everything he could give. He could only hope he was enough for her.

“...please, my Queen,” he pleaded. It felt too good. His bright grey eyes looked at him with such helplessness.

“Today you’re going to learn what I like,” she said massaging the oils onto his cock. Up until that point it was mostly her riding him until she was spent, and milking him for the rest that he had for her amusement. Her goal was to get pregnant, and surely she was by now.

“You didn’t like before?” asked Ben, suddenly feeling self conscious.

The raven haired woman laughed lightly, “I *love* before. There are just so many more things for us to explore.”

Ophelia crawled on the bed and moved herself on top of Ben’s body. Her thighs pressed against his head as she continued to rock against him slowly, teasing him with brief flashes of her skin. She lifted the robe showing the prince her bare pussy. He was able to see her glistening sex more clearly in the bright morning light. It was so beautiful. Slightly swollen with her clit faintly poking out. He parted his lips, his desire to taste her swelled within him.

Ophelia was turned on by the prince stuck on his back. All he could do was accept her pleasurable torture, her manicured hands touched her soft lower lips, “Open your mouth,” she said. Ben was speechless, “You’re going to lick until I’m done,” Ophelia’s voice was so soft, her command so strangely comforting.

Ben nodded. He never tasted her here before. The queen positioned herself in a way that kept the blonde’s head snugly between her soft thighs. She lowered herself on top of him and felt his warm tongue in acceptance of her pussy, “Mmm, I knew you would like this,” she teased, his mouth filled with her pussy. He struggled to breathe, only getting small inhaleds and exhaleds through his nose. Ophelia steadied herself with her hand gripping Ben’s hair. She tugged gently, “You feel that little nub right....ah...yes,” she giggled, “You found it, keep going just like that,” she instructed. Ben was relieved to get some kind of guidance, he was new to all of this, and he could not refuse that part of him that wanted to please her so deeply.

Ophelia rubbed her pussy against his warm mouth, riding his clean shaven face happily. Ben started to struggle beneath her, “What? You can’t breathe?” She said enjoying this. Ben’s body tugged against the chains he continued licking earnestly, he tried to grab a few gasps of air but felt Ophelia’s nectar drip down the sides of his mouth. Ophelia lifted herself up and Ben panted, her signature mischievous grin painted her face as she looked down at him, “Very good,” the queen said, there was kindness in her voice, “Now make me cum this time.”

She lowered herself back on top of his mouth his tongue lay flat for her to rest on. Ben tongued around the petals of her pussy, and flicked at the little nub. He sucked in the mix of her grool and his saliva as he continued his deliberate movements. His hands flexed open and closed as he tugged against the and rode his mouth aggressively. Her hips bucked into his mouth, Ophelia moaned louder and louder until she grabbed Ben’s hair and tugged — her ass jiggled against him as she felt the mounting pleasure overtake her, with a loud moan, the queen came. Ophelia’s body shook with absolute pleasure. She relaxed on top of his face, and breathed in and out heavily. It was sweet being with him. He was the man destined to help her secure the

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mightiest kingdom on the continent. It certainly helped that he was cute and eager too. She lifted herself up, her nectar left a thin trail between her pussy and his mouth.

The queen slid off of his body and moved beside him. Ben's cock was flaccid as she slipped the ring right over it.

He exhaled at the shock of the ring against him, it easily slid past his cockhead and down his shaft. With precision, Ophelia eased his sacks through the ring, and left it at his base, "It's better to put it on when you don't expect it — you'll get too excited knowing I'm going to touch you."

Ben nodded, she was right as always. He looked down between his legs and watched as she carefully massaged his balls.

"I want you to earn this orgasm properly. I've been so sweet to you, letting you cum over and over again," she played absent-mindedly with his well lathered cock, it soon sprang to life just as she expected.

"This...it's tight..." said Ben, unsure of the new feeling. He watched as his pale cock turn into a shade of pink. Ophelia continued to tease him as he pressed his head back into the pillow, the sensation was overwhelmingly good, a pleasant pressure that "Princess...it feels — "

"Good, right?" She said. The princess unclasped her robes and let them fall to the floor. Ben looked at her pale back, completely flawless, his eyes traveled down to her plump ass. She looked over her shoulder at him, "This time you're going to ask for permission," she turned around, involuntarily Ben gasped in, immediately looking at her breasts. In the morning light she was even more beautiful, her nipples the most perfect shade of pink he had ever seen. They were tight and pointed, only complimented by her beautifully full breasts. Ophelia smirked at his reaction. She was pleased by how easily she was able to wrap the prince around her finger. The princess turned and began to kiss Ben's stomach, she littered his body in kisses until she picked a spot. The princess started to suck on his pale flesh, her big doe-eyes looked at him as he bit his bottom lip and closed his eyes as she sucked and pulled against his flesh, "What are you — ?"

Ophelia stopped, "Marking you. So you don't forget," she said as she sucked on the flesh again. She continued until the prince's flesh turned a deep red in the shape of her mouth, "You look like you bruise easily," she teased, "You might never be free of these marks."

He didn't want to be.

The princess moved and propped her thighs against Ben's shoulders, she lay on his stomach, her tits pressed against his belly and her curvaceous ass in his face, he could only stare at her pussy that was clearly coated in her excitement. He could smell the sex on her, and every ounce of him wanted to indulge but he knew he shouldn't. He couldn't.

Ophelia teased his cock, "Now, who do you belong to, princeling?" She asked, she teased her tongue at the tip of his manhood, already a clear bubble formed at the top with his pre. Ben closed his eyes, feeling the sensation of her wash over him, "You."

Ophelia lowered her mouth onto his bulbous head and gingerly sucked, she heard the boys gentle sighs of pleasure as he accepted her warmth. His soft sighs turned into little moans that made her wild, "Be more specific."

"The Queen, the Queen Ophelia," he responded again.

Ophelia grinned and lowered her cunt onto his face. The prince accepted her pussy in his mouth, his nose nearly buried in her soaked lips. He struggled against suddenly not breathing, the restraints now more bothersome. So hungrily he lapped her up. He wanted to feel her ass, to hold his hands against her soft flesh, to pull her body on his face. Ben struggled to breathe but nothing stopped his eager licks.

"You're a natural at this," Ophelia noted. She lifted her cunt and the blonde breathed in and out deeply, catching his breath for just one moment before Ophelia smothered him once more. This time she leaned forward, her soft chest pressed against him as she began to coat his

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cock in a layer of her saliva. With deliberate licks, she finished slathering his spear and plopped him entirely in her mouth.

He was pleasantly large, and Ophelia needed to relax her mouth to fit him fully. Ben moaned against her, his voice muffled by her sex as he squirmed beneath her. He had accepted his position as her personal cum dumpster.

The princess rolled her cunt against his face with more enthusiasm. Ben was soaked entirely covered in her juices. He felt lightheaded, his focus started to fade and all he could think about was the intense pleasure of his cock and the taste of her cunt. Why did she have to be so fucking delicious?

Ben bucked his hips into her mouth trying to feel more of the warmth. Immediately Ophelia pulled away and sat back against his face, “You don’t get to decide what I do,” she said sweetly, a trail of drool escaped the side of her lip.

The princess let up and Ben gasped again, this time much more desperately. His vision was blurry and his face wet with her sweet juices. She examined her captive and saw the look on his face, the expression of a man nearly at his limit. Ben felt he could hardly contain himself anymore, his cock pushed so close to its limit.

“I will let you cum if you tell me who your cock belongs to,” she said with that playful grin again. She adored hearing him say it, over and over again. A reminder of his devotion to her.

“You, my Queen,” he said, entirely submitting. He looked at the plump, swollen lips of her pussy, the way her clit poked out in this beautiful red color. He did that to her. He made her feel good. He hoped it was enough.

Ophelia was pleased with his answer, “One hand,” she said. She turned to unclasp one hand from the chain. Ben’s pale wrist was marked red from his inadvertent tugging. It felt good for him to have finally earned a bit more freedom. He swallowed the air again, the Queen’s juices began to dry and cool on his face.

The raven haired goddess positioned herself behind Ben’s cock, “You must ask if you can cum inside of me,” she commanded. Her face was flushed, she was deeply aroused by all of this. The restraints. The power. It all had a deep effect on her. She enjoyed how he wanted her, and so easily submitted to her. He was like an instrument to her, every time she discovered something new about him — a new way of him to sound, a new expression on his face. After years of physical conditioning she wasn’t surprised by how long he could last with her. Ophelia lowered herself onto his cock, her insides surrounded him as she happily squealed at the invasion of her depths, “We’ll try this again,” she said with a smile, “When are you allowed to cum?”

“When you say.”

The Queen lifted up his hand and placed it on her breasts, she guided him to feel her pert nipple as she slowly rode his engorged cock, “You’ll make these filled with milk soon,” she said, she lowered his hand to her stomach, “This will be nice and round too,” she moved faster, already intent on using her new cock toy to cum.

Ben’s hand traveled back up to her breasts, he squeezed the warm flesh and teased Ophelia’s nipple, encouraged by her increased moans. He was so hyper aware of her body, it was all he could focus on, “Queen...my light...may I...,” he couldn’t finish his sentence as he exploded inside of her, and the queen came along with him. She continued to ride him until she squeezed every last ounce of his seed inside of her.

Ophelia collapsed on top of him, entirely spent. Slowly Ben wrapped an arm around her waist. She would be the mother of his children, and that thought comforted him like no other. His cock went flaccid inside of her until she rolled off of him, a thick layer of his semen dripped down her thigh.

“Thank you for allowing me to serve you,” he blurted out. The princess looked at him. In that moment he looked so young and so eager, “I don’t...have anything else to give you.”

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She stroked his cheek and lowered herself on top of him. She kissed him sweetly. His first kiss. Ophelia looked into his grey eyes, “I will protect you and keep you safe. We will be so happy,” she smiled and kissed him once more. The Queen unclasped his other hand, and then got up to do his chained ankles. She was impressed with herself as she felt his warmth inside of her, pleased by another successful attempt at continuing her line, “Let’s get you a bath,” she said. The blonde barbarian nodded. A bath with his princess sounded perfect.



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