

HERO KING CH 7

Looking out a portcullis, I still cannot see any trace of the land. That first strip of tan in the distance will be announce my imminent return to my home and my kingdom. The thought that I'm returning to *my* kingdom aboard a ship serving in *my* royal navy makes me chuckle. For all my power, I had not anticipated ever being in charge of a small adventuring party, let alone an entire kingdom. Then again, for much of my experience, I have noticed that chaos and the gods seem to possess a strange sense of humor.

My eyes wonder away from the opening and enjoy the other sights. It's early morning after a light breakfast. Captain Sarleen Washrock is lying on the ground in front of her bed, toying with her naked pussy.

"Ohuaah... you bad man. You should punish me... Or maybe I will punish you. We can have a little fun before I find out the truth," Sarleen grins at me. I can't be sure if she is teasing me or if she still has some doubt about who I am.

"If I find out you've been lying to me, I will punish you... so... so... severely,"

Deciding to make her wait just a little longer, I turn my attention to Meela. Like the captain, the pirate I captured after her crew tried to kill me is naked save for her earrings and necklace. The jewelry shines as her lips glisten with arousal. I push my cock deep inside her pussy, claiming her form once again and enjoying the sensation of her womanhood immediately squeezing every inch.

"I love this, my King. It feels so much better than when you're being mean to me, Mmwaah... muurah-rurah!" My captured booty's tits begin bouncing as her body is rocked by my thrusts. My mischievous nature calls out for more fun and soon I pull my cock free and tap it against her clit, slathering up her aching opening with the cock she's grown to love more than sailing the open sea. Her body shivers on all fours. I push her onto her belly and pull open her ass, reveling in the succulent of her lower mouth.

The slutty pirate's slit is just begging to be filled up, but since this might be our last time together, I hold off and return to Sarleen's treasure chest, filled with a healthy arrangement of naughty toys.

"Pevilin, lie in front of Sarleen," The redhaired pirate eyes me for a moment and then sets her naked body out in front of the busty tomboy most often covered in the cloth of my navy. Mela watches from the bed as I approach the other two girls with a set of smooth beads. My cock bobs and stirs, wishing to conquer another wet, fertile valley, but the chance to play with Pevilin a little more was just too much to resist.

Crouching in front of them, I drool onto the first bead and then begin stowing it inside of Sarleen's opening first. The captain's taut abs flex as I press and push. Her pussy was plenty wet, but the ball was larger than a grape.

Sllllk

Finally, her lips tightened back up as the sphere slid inside.

“Mrrwaah... You are... certainly the most perverted royal I’ve ever witnessed,”

I chuckle at that and turn my attention towards Pevilin. “Please, your majesty, my pussy isn’t used to this, it’s going to get stretched out,”

Not unsympathetic to her plight, I turned the girl over onto her stomach and thrust my cock inside of her moist pirate treasure. Even if she’s not ready for the beads, her hole is ready and wet for my cock after watching me pork her blonde friend. She squirms and starts squealing like a stuffed pig. Every time I thrust, her tits and belly rocked against the smooth wooden planks of the floor. To punish her further, I even cast a spell that heated up my hands to the temperature of a lit candle. When my open palm slapped down on her ass, the handprint I left was quickly visible.

“Oh fuck! Yessusah... phurah... push deeper... deeper!” The redhead alternates between squawking with pain when I spank her and mewling like the spoiled slut. She’s making more noise than usual, but I can almost imagine her whines are a result of badly hidden annoyance that she had to wait so long. Once upon a time, it was just the two of us. Mela doesn’t care, but Pevilin has been annoyed since we came aboard Sarleen ship. Fortunately, letting her folds feast on every thick, strong inch of my cock seems to help improve her mood.

After I’ve treated her and sufficiently loosened up her oar polisher, I take the other end of the beads and jam one and then two of the balls inside of Pevilin’s twitching pussy. Her juices trickle out steadily each time another ball disappears with a coy squealing noise.

“Mrrwaah... Ohuah... puahua... They’re so big... King... can’t I... can’t you pull them out... Mrwaah... now?”

“Not yet. You and the Captain are going to have fun,”

Taking my cue, Sarleen starts pushing the middle line of beads forward. Each time one of the bulbs fills out the cute pirate’s dripping cunt, the captain appears to enjoy herself more. When she eventually starts pulling out, Pevilin whimpers as her sex is emptied, leaving her barrier gasping. Both of the pirate’s mouths end up drooling, her eyes half-lidded with rising friskiness laced with a touch of bewilderment. After the last ball plops out, Sarleen starts the whole process once again.

In time, the muscular captain climbs up on top of Pevilin, pushes her legs out to the side, and then continues inserting balls into her own hungry passage until there is only one ball left between both moaning women. Pressing her lower body down, Sarleen mashes her packed pussy against the ball to nudge it against Pevilin’s wanton mound.

Pevilin swoons and screams on the ground as she’s filled and fucked. The captain continues putting on the pressure, breaking Pevilin’s mind with an overwhelming hurricane of pleasure by sucking and nibbling on her nipples while her vaginal canal is fully loaded with beads.

Both captain and pirate explode and then I finally start ramming every inch of my meat nice and deep within Mela’s hungry opening. The warm nubs of her walls fill me with wave upon wave of welcoming energy. If I was stuck on a deserted island, I’d never tire of sampling the pirate’s puss. As good a lay as

the pirate is, her clam is nothing compared to the goddess waiting for me in my castle. With everything that has been going on, I haven't thought of my wife in some time, but at that moment, I imagine the tight blonde as my lovely Enfina, Queen of the Blood Elves.

'What I wouldn't give to be fucking you right now, my queen,'

The pirate in front of me may be many rungs beneath my wife, but her pussy still suits me just fine at the moment. I start fucking her hard and fast, grunting as every fiber of my being gets into the motions. Mela's juices spill out all over Sarleen's sheets as her walls wriggle and clench all over my pistoning shaft. My fingers, still warm from the spell, wrap around one bouncing tit while the other slides down between her folds. As her tit is squeezed and her jewel is stroked, Mela's cunny tightens up intensely and after four more strokes, I fire off a full broadside of my seed straight into her smoldering space beyond her cervix.

"Mrwaah... yes... Pevillin, our King is cumming inside me again! Ooouhwa... Murrahwah... ooouhraah..." the pirate cries out wistfully as the smooth flesh of her mound shudders. Her sweaty form shivers again and again as I lay with her, pumping her full of my seed just as I've done before.

"He... Nurwaah... he should really... niaah... stop spilling his foul seeds inside of you... Damn... this... oh fuck... he'll end up getting you with child. I can't... I can't take it... niaaaha!" Pevilin screams out as Sarleen's groping and biting on her tits, combined with the rubbing of her pussy sends her mind spiraling out to nirvana.

The two women on the ground end up a tangled mess of naked limbs, with Sarleen's juices pouring out of her pussy and washing over Pevilin's well-fucked womanhood. The captain of the ship slowly starts pulling the beads free from the pirate's hole when a call goes out throughout the ship.

"Land ho!"

Still sighing and whimpering in the aftermath of their orgasms, both pirates start looking a little concerned. Land and a return to civilization means that it is high time I decide their fates. At first my decision would have been clear; they were both criminals who had been involved in a assassination attempt on me. They could have harmed my lady wife and stepdaughter. Alas, both Meela and Pevilin had proven capable when we came ashore on Manticore Island.

Unlike the other two girls, put into a further stupor by the announcement, (or perhaps just the hard fucking) Captain Sarleen is already quick at work wiping down her firm and rigid form with a damp cloth. Even with all her training, she very nearly gets ready to tackle her duties with three beads still jammed into her pussy. Once I help pull the last part of the set out, the steely-eyed captain finishes cleaning up and pulls on her small clothes. After she's donned her breaches, a light shirt, and armored jerkin, Sarleen looks like an entirely different woman.

When she pulls her black hair back into a sharp ponytail, her brown eyes land on me. "What shall I do with them, your *majesty*?"

“I have no idea,” I say just to tease the two pirate wenches. After chuckling and starting to wipe my own body down, I stand up and glance at Mela and Pevilin.

“They’ll stay with me for now. Once I speak to Minister Sprell, I’ll come to a decision,”

Sarleen nods and then leans in, a coy smile on her features that were still damp with sweat. “There are alternatives to imprisonment or death. I could always use a cabin girl,”

-xxx-

Port Amarell is a bustling town. Laying on the Rethor coast between a forest and dense hills, the central port of my kingdom has been doing quite well. I wish I could say it was my handiwork, but all I did was put Minister Sprell in charge because he helped steer the ship after the fall of the last royal line. Sprell is capable, but the nobles in Amarell did not shy away from rolling up their sleeves either.

Captain Sarleen escorts me through the town. Soon enough, we find our way to Sprell's office, a two-storied structure sitting in a nest of other offices, ringed by some lovely garden areas before being surrounded by a dense line of warehouses and docks.

I’ve never actually visited Sprell since the capital was put in order. When we get inside, we find his office a cluttered. Two clerks at their desks appear to be doing the work meant for four and don’t even address the group of four for several moments. Sarleen clears her throat and then inquires about the minister.

“The minister is not responsible for navy matters. Besides, he’s incredibly busy and you should... uh...” The bookkeeper’s lip quivers as the stalwart naval officer simply pushes and stands before him with an incredibly casual menace on her face and in her body. The clerk shrinks and then motions to the door in the back.

“Minister Sprell, thank you for seeing me. This matter is rather urgent and-”

“Ah! My king!” Sprell’s eyes twinkle and he quickly emerges from behind his papers and his desk. I cast a very pleased look at my captain. The minister walks right up to me and begins to kneel. I quickly grab the older man’s hand and keep him on his feet, shaking my head as I did.

“That is more than enough, my old friend,”

Sarleen closes her eyes slowly, likely suppressing a sigh of relief that I haven’t been lying to her after we boarded her vessel.

“Captain Sarleen, I take it we have you and your crew to thank for saving the king? He was waylaid on the sea by nefarious pirates,”

“I had suspected, but I am sad to say I... had not seen our king close enough to know him on sight,”

“Well, I’m sure that has changed now,” My smirk only grows when I see the serious-minded Captain blushing.

“Haha. Your Majesty, perhaps you can concoct some kind of spell in the future. Perhaps with your visage set up with magic across the towns, we could avoid such an issue,”

“Perhaps. Then again, anonymity has its advantages. But I must ask, how are the queen and the princess?”

“Both are in good health. Although the princess has been worried about you. My daughter Heather, a cadet in the Seaknights, has said that the princess has been sending messages to the commander, imploring him to send out ships for you,”

“Did everyone just assume I was dead?”

“I... do not believe that was the case. The navy was put on alert, to watch for you as soon as possible while also patrolling for the attackers,”

I can't tell if the old man was covering for the commander of the Seaknights or not. The group was a newly formed order, but against my better judgment, I had promoted someone from within the royal navy instead of looking outside the kingdom for someone new and without... connections...

“Well, the point is that I'm found now, thanks to Captain Sarleen,”

‘And perhaps I should visit the Seaknights and remind them that a command from the royal family is a command from the king,’

“Yes, and we must celebrate!”

We leave the office and Sprell gives myself and my ‘companions’ free use of his estate to get washed up and enjoy the comforts of land after days at sea. His clothes are ill-fitted for me, but his servants send for a tailor discreetly and the artisan is given some gold to keep his tongue from wagging about my presence. The new green tunic and dark pants fit me nicely and allow me plenty of movement.

“Oh yeah, you really look like a King now, my King,” Mela nods her head.

“Your nose is as brown as mudwater!” Pevilin is always such a charmer.

“Get dressed, both of you,”

Dinner is a tasty course of roasted pig, toasted and seasoned bread, a vegetable stew, and a pleasing red wine from the Dedall Valley.

“To the return of the king!” Sprell raises his glass.

“And to the royal navy! Without them, I would have been the king who died on salt water,”

Everyone clinks their glasses together and drinks deeply. One of my pirate companions looks very uncomfortable about the setting. Mela meanwhile is perfectly at peace, enjoying the bounty of food in front of her after draining her wine glass. She is caught off-guard when a servant comes to pour her more wine while her face is stuffed with bread.

“Thank you again, Minister for welcoming us into your home. Not every host would welcome pirates,” Sarleen comments dryly and proceeds to stab at the meat on her plate with the knife in her hand. The thud of the knife hitting the plate beneath the meat is easily noticeable.

Pevilin gives the captain a dirty look and Sarleen simply toasts her glass in the redhead’s direction as if daring her to try something while we have dinner.

“Any friend of the king is a friend of mine, Captain Sarleen. And as I learned during the fall, we should always be ready to make new friends, even if they come from unexpected places. Why I remember when...”

I like Sprell, but the old timer can certainly drone on and on. Even if I put in the effort, I wouldn’t be able to focus on his speech of our first meeting because of something else very distracting going on. Ceria, Sprell’s daughter has not been able to take her eyes off me since we settled in to eat. Seated across from me, with her father on one side and Sarleen on the other, the young woman with sharp brown hair has been giving me looks that promise trouble.

‘Lately, only Syra looks at me like that,’ When the young lass begins dragging her tongue along the inner rim of the wine glass and threading her fingers along the cleavage of her dress, I nearly spill some of the engrossing wine from my cup.

“Excuse me, I should check on dessert,” Sprells says, his cheeks puffy and red from drinking his own fill during dinner. “I look forward to returning you to the capital, my King. Hopefully, you can put this dreaded affair behind you,”

While Sprell is out, Sarleen must have noticed the looks going on between myself and the minister’s daughter. “Mela, be sure to chew your food and please try not to swallow everything whole,”

“W-Why?”

The captain’s eyes glance my way. “It is very improper behavior. Since we are guests, it might be wise to avoid doing anything improper while we’re staying,”

I suppress a grin and then feel someone’s leg brushing up my own. It seems pretty clear by Ceria’s new look that she is the one playing footsie with the king.

“I was always told that anything the king chooses to do *is* proper,” Ceria says.

Pevilin rolls her eyes. “What do you know about being improper?”

“Uh, is the king’s uncle ever going to come back with more wine?” Mela questions before scooping up another plate full of meat.

Realizing that Sprell has indeed been gone for some time, I get up to find him. It doesn’t take me long at all. The minister and a household guard of his lie dead in the kitchen. The guard’s throat is cut, while the

Minister heart has a large red tear. My gut shouts out to me and my fingers are already preparing a spell when the assassin suddenly strikes from the darkness of the back wall.