

“Are you the sellsword named Qarver?” A young girl with a regal air asks as the mercenary enters the small room at the back of the tavern.

“I am.” Qarver answers confidently, sitting down at the table with a plate of meat in one hand, and a mug of ale in the other. “Though, I prefer ‘mercenary’, if you please.”

It wasn’t every day that the mercenary got a mysterious offer like this. A sudden note pressed into her hand by the tavern keeper, asking her to meet an unknown party in a back room? She had lived in Trader Town for nearly two decades now, and this was a first. The town was famous for being a major stop on the road for traders in the area, leading to the rather uninspired name.

Then again, it wasn’t as surprising as the mercenary had initially considered. Trader Town was a settlement between the two kingdoms of Cortella and Gloria, belonging to neither. It was no great shock that clandestine deals were struck here. Though, Qarver being involved in one was a first. Normally, she made her coin guarding trade caravans through the Red Wastes, the large desert to the east that formed the border between the two kingdoms.

As Qarver sits down at the small table in the back room, she takes a proper look at the two women who have apparently requested her presence. The one who’d greeted her was a young woman with olive skin, no more than twenty, with blonde hair. Underneath her traveling cloak, the girl’s clothes are fine, and an ornate necklace hangs around her neck. Her companion is a stern dark-skinned woman, in her early thirties. Underneath her cloak is a set of battered armor. A noblewoman and her bodyguard, if Qarver was any judge.

The mercenary had intended to drain her cock at the brothel tonight, but she found herself here instead. The thought irks her a little. Beneath her worn leather armor, the mercenary’s balls are aching slightly.

“Guard your tongue, sellsword.” The bodyguard looks down her nose at the mercenary. “My lady is Princess Raella of Cortella!” That came as a slight shock to Qarver, but considering the girl’s arrogant aura, she doesn’t doubt it.

“We’re not *in* Cortella.” Qarver shakes her head, and takes a sip of her ale. If the princess was expecting anyone in Trader Town to scrape and kneel before her, she had another thing coming. The people here prided themselves on their irreverence, Qarver included. “If you have something to ask of me, then ask. Just don’t waste my time.”

“Passage through the Red Wastes, to the Capital in Cortella.” The princess drums her fingers on the table, looking deeply impatient. “I have been told that *you* are one of the few warriors who often brave the Wastes and return. Is it true?”

“...I have. And I do know the path through the Red Wastes to the Capital.” The mercenary tosses aside the bone, now clean of meat, and burps loudly. The princess and the bodyguard

lean back, a little disgusted by Qarver's lack of decorum. She looks the princess up and down, and a slight sneer appears on her dark lips. "But the Red Wastes are rough... no place for a little girl."

"I am *not* a little girl." Raella bristles at the slight, glaring at the mercenary. She nods at her bodyguard. "And Serah is a fine protector. My safety is her concern, not yours." She sits up a little straighter in her chair, a haughty look on her face. "Besides, I am nineteen years old. I'm just as much of an adult as you."

Qarver picks up a lump of meat, and tears off a strip with her teeth, leers down at Raella. "I'll keep that in mind, girl." Her eyes are predatory, and the princess can't quite tell if it's a look of lust or a look of hunger. Perhaps both, but neither are appropriate.

Serah slaps her gloved hand down on the table. "How dare you! She is a princess! If you dare to..."

"Oh, calm down, would you?" Qarver takes a sip of her ale, and holds up a hand in apology. "This is Trader Town, not the royal chapel. If you want someone to lick your boots, go to the brothel. Otherwise, we make a deal as equals." Ironically, Qarver *did* actually enjoy licking boots, provided they were being worn by a comely wench at one of the many brothels in Trader Town. The thought makes her cock stir slightly, and the mercenary shifts in her seat uncomfortably.

"F-fine..." The bodyguard reluctantly backs down after the princess gives her a nod. "Look, can you get us through the Red Wastes or not?"

Qarver leans back in her chair, scowling in suspicion. "Why are you so adamant on crossing the Red Wastes? If the Capital's your goal, why not take the Duke's Road through the Valley Pass?" Everyone knew that the Duke's Road was the safest path, though not the cheapest.

The bodyguard opens her mouth, but Raella makes a small noise, and she falls silent. "Speed is the most important part of this equation," the princess explains in a careful tone. "Traveling by the Duke's Road is easier, but it would take over a week, by our reckoning. A path through the Red Wastes would take merely a few days, would it not?"

The mercenary empties the mug of ale into her mouth, and her stomach growls loudly. Patting it with a slight look of irritation, Qarver asks the obvious question; "So then, what's your hurry? A princess must have a damn good reason to risk her life crossing a hellish landscape just to save a few days travel." And hire a random mercenary for the job, too.

"That's none of your business." Serah snaps, and reaches down into her belt. Pulling out a small sack, she drops it on the table, and Qarver hears the clicking of gold pieces inside. "Here's your pay for the job. Take it, and ask no more questions."

Qarver doesn't reach for the gold. "Keep it, in that case. I'm not some common whore that you're buying for the night, woman." She stands up, shooting both of the shocked women a glare. "If that's your attitude, you can sit here for a few weeks until someone *e/*se who knows the way through the desert comes along-

"No!" The princess stands up as well, looking panicked. "We can..." Qarver hesitates for a moment, curious as to what the princess will offer. After composing herself, Raella sits back down, and gestures for the mercenary to sit as well. "If it's a condition of your service, I will... explain our haste."

Qarver raises an eyebrow, but she slowly sits back down. "Then, do so."

"Princess... are you sure we can trust-" The bodyguard begins, but Raella cuts her off.

"I'm not quick to trust, Serah, but I recognise necessity." The princess turns back to Qarver, lowering her voice. "My father, the King, is dead."

Well, *that* was news. Qarver had never cared for the old bastard, nor had anyone else in Trader Town, but it was still shocking to hear. "Well... shit." The mercenary snorts. "Rushing home for your promotion, are you?" Serah's eye twitches at that comment, but she remains silent as the princess speaks.

"Were it so easy..." Raella's green eyes narrow. "I was away, visiting the kingdom of Gloria at the time. I then received word from a trusted source in the royal palace that my younger brother has hatched a conspiracy with the royal council to take the throne in my absence." The princess's hand curls into a fist. "It seems that they would prefer a *male* ruler, rather than a queen."

"Ha!" The thought amused Qarver. Typical blue blood behavior. "That's unfortunate... for you. But I don't see how shaving a few days off your travel time will save your throne."

The princess smiles without warmth. "It will, if we can return to the Capital before a coronation takes place." Pulling open her cloak slightly, Raella smugly gestures to a sealed scroll in her pocket. "Our trusted source managed to smuggle my father's will to us. It names *me* as his heir, and refutes my brother's claim." She closes her cloak again, a troubled look returning to her face. "But, it will be meaningless if we arrive *after* the coronation. My brother will have the power to declare the will void."

Qarver shakes her head. "...this sounds like a foolish idea. If what you say is true, your brother would have organized a coronation as soon as possible. Your odds are slim to none."

"Perhaps. But I will not give up my throne without a fight." The princess seems adamant. "But that's immaterial to you. Your role here is to guide us, nothing more."

The mercenary thinks for a moment. "You could simply stay in Trader Town, you know. Your kingdom has no reach here, and the two of you could earn a handsome trickle of gold in the brothels."

"I would gladly prostitute myself for the sake of my kingdom." The princess scowls bitterly. "But I'd rather die than do what you suggest, sellsword." She nods at her bodyguard. "Besides, Serah has... already done her duty in that regard."

The regal bodyguard blushes with a grimace, and pushes the bag of coins toward Qarver. "I swore an oath to Princess Raella. No duty is beneath me if it sees her crowned as the rightful heir." From the sound of it, Serah hadn't particularly enjoyed her 'duty'. Pleasuring wealthy traders for coin probably wasn't something that the noblewoman had intended with her oath. "Will you guide us through the Wastes, or no?"

This was sounding more and more like a lucrative business opportunity. Desperate rich girls, eager to hand over anything? "Yes, I will..." Qarver enjoys the sudden look of hope on the princess's face. "...but, this measly sack of coin isn't enough. For helping you save your throne, I want more. A *lot* more."

"I..." Raella looks vaguely disgusted with her own words. "I will give you anything you desire. But, this is all we have at the moment..."

"No matter." Qarver knows when to move on a business venture, after all. She stands up, and nods to the princess. "The two of you will make ready to travel, and meet me at the west gate of Trader Town at sunrise. I will name my price then."

And with that, she snatches up the bag of coins and sweeps from the room, before the two women can negotiate any further. The brothel is waiting, and the coins would buy her a couple of young girls who would be eager to sooth and drain her aching dick.

As the sun breaks over the Red Wastes in the distance, Qarver waits patiently on a rock outside the west gate of Trader Town. She's dressed in different clothes than yesterday, light leather breeches and a white cloth shirt that covers only her breasts, leaving her toned stomach bare. The wall is old, and could be better described as a poorly maintained wooden palisade. Beneath the gate, a pair of guards are snoring softly, ignorant of whatever it is that they're supposed to be guarding. That was common for Trader Town, really.

A few minutes later, the two companions slip out of the gate, and approach the waiting mercenary. They're dressed in the same clothes as before, but the bodyguard is now hefting a large pack on her back. Ah, that's going to make what's coming next quite a bit harder for the princess, Qarver thinks to herself with amusement.

The mercenary hails the two women as they pass, and slips off the rock, landing in front of them. A small haze of red dust shimmers around her feet as Qarver rises, stretching with a yawn. "You're late," she remarks to the princess.

Raella bristles. "No, we're not!" She looks over to the rising sun, and her eyes narrow. "If you're complaining that we missed sunrise by a matter of *minutes*..."

"Calm down, it was merely humor, princess." Qarver rolls her eyes.

Serah taps her armored foot on the ground impatiently, and the metal clinks together noisily. "We don't have the time for humor, sellsword."

The princess scowls. "Indeed. Who knows what terrible things my brother is trying to convince the royal council to accede to, even at this very moment?"

"Very true." Her bodyguard nods obsequiously. "We should leave now. The sooner we leave, the sooner we can arrive at the Capital. We can eat once we're on the way."

"Ah..." Qarver holds up her hands to stop the two women. "On that subject... I have good news. We shall only need to bring food for one of us on this journey."

There's a momentary pause as the two women try to process the mercenary's words.

"What are you talking about?" Serah demands, confusion written across her face. "Why would we only need...?"

The princess seems a little quicker on the uptake. "You don't mean..." Understanding dawns for Raella, and her confusion is replaced by disgust. "You can't possibly be serious."

Qarver slaps her belly. "I was... quite busy last night, and I haven't eaten since our meeting yesterday." The mercenary had spent a lovely evening in one of the town brothels last night, emptying her nutsack into the face of every whore she could find. Such an activity tended to leave her hungry. "Crossing the Red Wastes on an empty stomach isn't something I'm willing to do, so..." She gives the bodyguard a meaningful look.

Serah doesn't seem to follow Qarver's thinking. "So, what?" She looks between the mercenary and her charge, seeming totally confused.

"I won't accept that." Raella folds her arms, glaring at Qarver. "We've already paid for your services, have we not? Or have you forgotten that bag of gold you've almost certainly already spent?"

Qarver shakes her head, glaring back at the princess. "The conditions of my service are steep. The gold you gave me already was only one part." It's too late for these two to negotiate any

further. The mercenary already knows how desperate they are. “You may refuse, and wait for someone else to guide you. Or you could brave the Red Wastes yourself, and risk your life. Your choice, princess.”

“What conditions?” The bodyguard defaults to glaring at Qarver, having lost the thread of conversation completely. “Is she demanding more money?”

“No, Serah.” Raella sighs loudly. “She’s demanding *you*.”

The dark-skinned woman blinks for a moment. “M-me? What do you...?”

A loud growl interrupts her, and the two women flinch back from Qarver. The mercenary grins, and pats her stomach again, winking at Serah.

“That’s...!” The bodyguard is furious. “That’s an *absurd* request!” She takes a step back, and puts a protective hand on the princess’s shoulder. “We’d never agree to that! Show us the way through the Red Wastes, or I’ll-”

“Serah.” The princess’s voice is soft, but Serah falls silent all the same. Raella stares up at her bodyguard, her eyes pleading. “You... swore an oath to me, do you remember?”

“Of course!” Without hesitation, the bodyguard kneels before the princess, her armor clicking loudly. “I swore to see you crowned, even if it costs me my...” She trails off, her dark face paling. “What... what are you asking of me, Princess?”

Raella turns her head toward Qarver. “My brother knows that your family has always supported my claim,” she says to her bodyguard as she stares angrily at the mercenary. “We must leave as soon as possible. We cannot wait for another guide, nor can we return to the Capital via the normal way. This is our only option.” She takes a deep breath, and holds out her dainty hand. “I ask you, will you give your life for me?”

“I...” Serah closes her eyes for a moment. There are tears in her eyes as she opens them again. “I will.” Leaning forward, she places a gentle kiss on her princess’s hand. Then, she stands up, and shrugs off the pack on her back. “Is this truly your price, sellsword? My body?”

That seemed like a good start to Qarver, yes. The mercenary looks behind her, to the sun rising over the red dunes. The heat of the day is already seeping into the world. “Come on, we don’t have all day if we want to start moving. Come on, armor off. I can’t digest metal.”

“My armor...” Her hands shaking, Serah begins to unbuckle her steel armor. “It’s a family heirloom, what will happen to it?”

Qarver shrugs. “I don’t want it. Leave it here on the ground, someone’ll probably take it and use it.” To tell the truth, the mercenary would have preferred to sell it, but she had no interest in

lugging it across the Red Wastes and back. "Lose the rest of the clothes as well, I'm not in the mood to pick cloth out of my teeth."

A few minutes later, Serah sets down the last piece of her armor on a nearby rock, arranging the set reverently. The bodyguard is stark naked now, her dark-skin on full display. Her chest is flat and manly, with two black nipples. One hand reflexively tries to cover her vagina, in vain. Qarver has no shame in admitting that the sight is deeply arousing, especially considering that the bodyguard seems utterly ashamed to be in this state before her charge.

"Forgive me, princess. I had no desire for you to see me like this." The naked bodyguard bows to Raella.

"You are forgiven, Serah." The princess's face is stoic, even now. "You bring great honor to your family. Once I am queen, I will make sure your sacrifice is repaid ten times over to your family. I will honor you for the rest of my life, I swear it."

"Thank you, princess. That is a great comfort to me." Taking a deep breath, the bodyguard turns to Qarver, a look of defiance on her face. "You may do as you wish, sellsword. I will not fight you. But swear that you will see Princess Raella to the Capital, on your honor."

The mercenary shrugs. "I swear it." She takes a step forward. "Arms out, meal. My guts are eager for breakfast."

The next few minutes are highly enjoyable for Qarver, and highly unpleasant for the two women. For Serah, she suffers the indignity of being stuffed down a common mercenary's throat like a slab of meat, and quietly endures her fate for the sake of her princess. Qarver's stomach is ready and eager to accept her body, and the bodyguard is introduced to the smell and burning touch of stomach acid within moments of entering it.

For Raella, she suffers the disturbing sight of seeing a close friend being literally devoured alive right in front of her. The horrifying sight of a person being swallowed whole is thoroughly burned into her mind as Qarver greedily slurps down her former bodyguard. Worse is the look of horror and regret on Serah's face as her head is swallowed, and Raella can only pray that her bodyguard didn't have a change of heart at the last moment.

For Qarver, she enjoys the heavy weight of a person in her stomach once more. With one final glup, her throat sucks down Serah's feet, depositing the bodyguard entirely into the mercenary's gut. Letting out a colossal burp, Qarver looks down at her grossly distended belly with satisfaction. "Ah, she certainly hit the spot!" Serah's body is clearly visible inside her, the bodyguard trying to stay as still as possible. Qarver lets out another burp. "Urrrp! Ah, I feel like I could cross the whole of the Red Waste in one trip now!"

She turns around, walking toward the rising sun. "Come on, we need to travel north to begin with. Best move your dainty little feet, princess!"

Behind her, Raella looks visibly repulsed by the sight of the mercenary's massive gut. But then, she steels herself, and picks up the bodyguard's pack with a bit of effort. Sweat already dripping from her brow, the princess begins to follow the mercenary. "I won't forget this, Serah," she whispers to herself.

The campfire crackles loudly, almost loudly enough to drown out the horrible noises coming from Qarver's gut. The day of travel had been mostly uneventful, apart from the unsettling sight of the mercenary's gut moving around as she walked. Raella hoped it was just the motion of Qarver's stride, and not her former bodyguard struggling in agony. Around high noon, the mercenary had suddenly stopped, and squeezed her heavy stomach a few times as if she had been searching for something. Once Qarver seemed satisfied, she'd then informed the princess that her bodyguard had just expired. The idea that Serah was now *dead* filled Raella with an emotion she couldn't identify, but it wasn't pleasant.

A few hours later, the two had stopped and made camp. Nighttime was too cold, and too easy to lose direction, Qarver had claimed. The mercenary is lying down in front of the fire, basking in its heat as her stomach grinds down its meal. The sun has dipped below the red sand dunes, and the stifling heat of the day has vanished completely, the air now uncomfortably cold.

Princess Raella sits on the other side of the campfire, chewing on a handful of dry biscuits. It's traveling food, not particularly appetizing. Though, her lack of appetite might come more from the ghastly sound of her friend and protector being digested in front of her.

"Mmm..." Qarver hums happily to herself as she rubs her belly. "That was some good meat. A top quality meal. Guess the nobility's got a talent for making quality girls." They weren't terribly different from cattle breeders, the mercenary thinks to herself with amusement. Her stomach seems to agree, as it burbles happily.

The princess shoots the mercenary a filthy look. "Keep your vulgar thoughts to yourself, would you? That's a friend of mine you're talking about." She looks like she'd prefer to be far away from Qarver's loud guts, but it's too cold at night to wander too far from the fire. "It might give you pleasure to digest her, but Serah is... was an honorable woman."

"Honor?" Qarver snorts, and slaps her belly. It ripples for a moment, revealing that there's not much solid remains inside her anymore. "My guts don't care if she was honorable or not, she's still gonna be buried inside my colon soon enough."

Raella's face contorts in revulsion. "She gave her life for my cause, so don't speak of her in such a way." She takes a long draught of water, and then daintily dabs her chin with an expensive handkerchief. "I wish it hadn't been so, but the choice had to be made. But making

the choice doesn't mean I'm going to sit here and listen to you pleasure yourself to her sacrifice."

Oh right, that reminded Qarver... The mercenary sits up and reaches down to her breeches, and begins to unbuckle them. "Well, you didn't exactly put up a fight about it, did you?" At a time like this, it's not just her stomach that's crying out for release.

"Serah served me loyally since I was just a girl. To tell the truth, she was more of a sibling than my brother ever was. But when the kingdom is at stake, her sacrifice was..." The princess blinks, staring at Qarver with a baffled look. "...what in the name of the gods are you *doing*?!"

"What does it look like?" The mercenary replies in a vaguely irritated tone. She has pulled out her cock and balls, and has wrapped a hand around her shaft. Her swollen stomach blocks her view, but Qarver has done this every day for the last two decades, so it's hardly an issue. "I'm masturbating. It's a thing commoners do, so I'm not surprised you haven't heard of it." She begins to slowly pump her cock, warming her genitals up slowly.

"I *know* what it is that you're doing, fool." Raella holds up a hand to block her vision of the mercenary's masturbation. "I'm asking why *you're doing something like that right in front of me?* Were you born without any decency at all?"

"No, I was born with a cock and balls, princess." It wasn't hugely uncommon in Trader Town, really. Most mercenary women packed an extra sword, in Qarver's experience. She sneers at the princess as she continues to jerk herself off. "I'm not going to stop relieving myself just because you're a little delicate. Put up with it, would you?"

Raella narrows her eyes. "Why should I? Can you not simply wait until your duty is done? Don't think that I'm naive enough to not realize you're getting pleasure from me being here to witness you."

Well, Qarver *had* actually thought she would be too naive to realize that. "I won't deny I'm enjoying it. And if you want to reach the Capital by the day after tomorrow, I need to drain my balls. If I'm too aroused to think straight tomorrow, we could end up going in the wrong direction." The mercenary does not miss a beat as she speaks, her pumps getting faster and faster.

The princess turns away, her cheeks flushed. "...Fine," she says at last, "Do what you want. Just don't get any foolish ideas about me getting involved."

"No, I didn't think you'd deign to." Still, the girl's words irk Qarver somewhat. As royal as she was, the princess wouldn't be able to resist the mercenary's rough cock if Qarver put her mind to it. "I imagine a penis is *much* too vulgar for your delicate sensibilities, princess."

“Are you a fool, or what?” The princess rolls her eyes, and sits back in the sand, still not looking at the masturbating mercenary. “You’re not the only one here who has been endowed by the gods, so stop pretending you’re more learned than me in this matter.”

Well, that came as a surprise to Qarver. “Wait, you also...” She looks over the campfire and stares in between Raella’s legs. Come to think of it, there was a slight bulge there...

“Excuse *me!*” The princess folds her legs quickly, her face reddening in anger. “What’s between my legs is none of your concern, commoner!” She puts her hands in her lap, and looks up at the starry sky. “It matters not, anyway. I can still bear children.”

“Really?” Qarver herself can’t bear children. There’s only a cock and balls between her legs. Does that mean... “You were born with both parts?”

“I was blessed by the gods with the aspects of man and woman.” Raella declares haughtily. “To tell the truth, my brother has apparently used this as part of his claim against me. But my... exceptional nature is a sign. That my rule will be blessed by the gods. And so will my children.”

Qarver wasn’t sure that she’d call her penis a blessing from the gods, but she wasn’t complaining about it either way. “Your children, huh?” That gave the mercenary an idea. “Hey, stop looking away, would you? I’m close, and I want you to watch.”

The princess heaves a heavy sigh. “I suppose this is another condition of your service, isn’t it?” She hesitates for a moment, and then turns her gaze to the mercenary’s crotch. The penis there is big, almost eight inches. Veins pulse along its length as Qarver’s hands stroke it up and down, bringing it perilously close to orgasm. “Is this satisfactory?”

“Y-yes...” The mercenary’s breathing becomes ragged, and her body begins to shake. “I’m gonna... hah... oh, *fuck...*”

“Oh, just finish, would you?” Raella rolls her eyes, looking impatient. “I don’t believe your nonsense about being too aroused either. I only needed Serah to relieve me every fortnight or so, and I never...”

With a loud grunt, Qarver interrupts the young princess. “Nnngh!” She stops stroking her dick, and points it at the campfire. A second later, the base of her cock begins to pulse, as her cum surges up the length of her shaft. For a moment, the white fluid dribbles out of her cock-hole, and then it shoots out of her dick, spraying into the fire.

The campfire lets out a hungry crackle as Qarver empties her balls into it. For the next few seconds, a deeply stupid look washes over the mercenary’s face, and her stomach growls loudly. Finally, the stream of sperm ends, and Qarver slumps back down on the ground.

“Are you done?” The princess asks coldly, as if there’s not a red flush in her cheeks.

"I am." Her head now clear, the mercenary pulls out her bedroll from her pack. "I'm going to sleep now. We move at first light."

"Good. And don't ask me to do this again." Raella turns to her own pack.

Qarver lays down in her bedroll. "I may ask more than that..." She rolls over before the princess can respond.

The young princess glares at the mercenary's back for a long moment, before laying down in her own bedroll, looking furious.

A little while later, Qarver begins to snore loudly. Hearing this, the princess rolls over and tries to ignore the awful noise. A few minutes later, the princess shifts in her bedroll, as if she's loosening her clothing. Then, very carefully, she begins to quietly masturbate as well...

"Oooh, fuck!" A noisy fart rips across the red sand dunes, and the princess winces in irritation at the sound.

The sun is high in the sky on the second day of their trip through the Red Wastes. Princess Raella waits impatiently on the old stone road that they'd found just a few hours ago. Qarver had led them here, and told her that it was the ancient road back to the Capital. Raella was at least relieved that Serah's sacrifice hadn't been in vain; neither of them would have been able to find such a road by themselves.

Unfortunately, on the topics of Serah's sacrifice and relief, Qarver had chosen this moment to loosen her bowels. Not far away, just off the old stone road, the mercenary was shitting her brains out, and looked to be enjoying every moment.

"Oh, fuck yes!" A massive erection pulses between Qarver's legs, her dick slapping against her bare thighs as she squats beneath the shadow of a sand dune. Her breeches are around her ankles, out of the line of fire. Beneath her, a huge load of feces is being slowly added to. With another grunt of effort, Qarver succeeds in squeezing out another log of shit, which falls onto the waiting pile. "Yeah, slide outta me, you fucking arrogant noble bitch..."

"Are you almost done?" The princess complains loudly, calling out to the mercenary. She's made sure to stand upwind, not wanting to have the memory of smelling her close friend's remains.

"Oh, you sit tight, princess." Qarver smirks to herself as she feels another load begin to move inside her colon. "Your friend might have made my tits and ass bigger, but there's a lot of her that didn't get absorbed... ooooh!" A nasty fart burst out of her behind, along with a few more

nuggets of the former bodyguard. "I'm gonna be here for a little while. You'll just have to... hnngh... be patient."

"After all of this, you'd better get me home on time." The princess growls.

Qarver smirks to herself. "Oh, I'm not done with you yet, princess..." she whispers to herself, and her erection gets just a little bit bigger.

"*What* did you just say?!" The princess stares in stunned disbelief at Qarver over the campfire that night.

"My last condition of service." Qarver sneers at the princess, enjoying the utter shock on the girl's face. "Well, I didn't say I was finished, did I?"

Raella can't seem to process what she's just heard. "You want me to..."

"Have my bastard." The mercenary completes for her. "You said you could bear children, after all. I want to spurt one into you."

"Me, bear *your* bastard?" The princess can't even fathom the concept. "Do you... do you know how ridiculous that idea is? Who are you to ask for that?"

"The name's Qarver, if you've forgotten." The mercenary sneers across the campfire. "And my dick works just as well as anyone, so what's the problem? You'll need an heir anyway, won't you?"

"An *heir*?" Raella looks as if she's just been slapped. "It's bad enough that you want me to have a filthy bastard child, but you want me to *make it my heir*!?"

Qarver shrugs, pretending like it's nothing much to ask. "It's my condition, take it or leave it. We'll reach the Capital by tomorrow afternoon, if everything goes well. Or I could leave you here to fend for yourself. There's bandits in this area, if you didn't kn-"

"Are you *insane*?" The princess no longer looks fearful. Instead an expression of incredulous contempt sweeps across her face. "Who *are* you? A common sellsword? If you think I'll agree to have your bastard, you're sadly mistaken!"

Well, this was unexpected. Had Qarver misjudged the princess's willingness to give in to her demands? It certainly seemed so. "Why not?" She demands angrily. "I've fulfilled my side of this deal. I said I would set my price, and you agreed. My price is this, and I'll take you no further if you refuse!"

“Ha!” The princess snorts derisively. “You reach too far, peasant. I am the blood of Aurelia, the first queen of Cortella. If you think I’m some submissive simpering bitch for you to breed, think again. Mixing the blood of royalty with someone as base-born as you? How utterly *vulgar*.”

“Vulgar?!” Raella’s words strike a deep and unpleasant chord within Qarver. “You... little cunt! Who gives a spurt about your goddamn bloodline? You think you’re better than me, just because your mother was fucked by a king?” She stands up, towering over the princess.

Raella flinches back, but her face doesn’t lose her defiance. “What will you do, then? Rape me? Eat me? Do what you will, I won’t willingly debase myself.” She curls her lip, arrogance lining every inch of her face. “If you had any honor, you’d know your place. But, you clearly don’t. So, come then. What do you plan to do?”

Qarver snorts in amusement. “Nothing, to *you*. But the Capital isn’t far off from here.” She sneers down at the princess, whose eyes are widening in horror. “What would happen to you if I were to go to your brother, and inform him of the location of his lovely older sister?”

“You wouldn’t.” All the color seems to drain from the princess’s face. “My brother is a madman, you couldn’t imagine what he would do to me...” She stops talking, clearly realizing that she’s not helping her position. “He... has a cruel mind. You can’t think he would believe what you claim.”

“Maybe he will, maybe he won’t. I’ll take those odds.” Qarver stands up, stuffing her erection back into her breeches. “And so will you.” She turns back to the princess. “We may be commoners, but we have our own pride and our own honor that’s different from yours, blue blood. If you’re so attached to your bloodline, then go and kneel before your brother.”

The princess leaps to her feet. “Wait!” When the mercenary turns back with a raised eyebrow, Raella hesitates, as if she hadn’t considered what to actually say. “My brother is sick in his mind,” she says after a moment, “if he becomes king, Cortella will suffer.” The princess has lost her haughty demeanor. “If he gets his hands on me as king... I know not what he will do, except that it will be cruel and humiliating. If you have any honor at all, then at least *kill* me instead. I would rather die than watch my kingdom suffer.”

“You don’t have to watch it suffer.” Qarver takes a step toward Raella, and holds out her hand. The princess stares at it in dull horror. “I will take you there, if you allow me to breed you.”

There is a long moment of silence. The campfire crackles, as the princess seems to contemplate her future. Centuries, or possibly even millennia of her family’s bloodline are at stake for her. The choice was to let her brother steal the throne and bring ruin to her family’s legacy, or to let a commoner taint her bloodline forever. The stain of bastardry would never wash off their family tree. Finally, Raella made her choice.

"I cannot guarantee that the royal council will agree to choose a bastard as a royal heir..." the princess begins slowly, as if she cannot believe what she's saying. "But... I can agree to the first demand. If it is the only way to... satisfy you."

"Swear it." Qarver demands softly, and the princess's eyes turn to despair.

"Gods above..." Her hands shaking, Raella hesitates for a long moment. Then, she holds out her right hand. "...Fine. If that's what you desire, sellsword... I will swear to it." Her fear of her own brother must be quite severe if she's turned around on the idea this quickly.

Qarver reaches out and takes the princess's hand, squeezing it harshly. Raella winces in pain, but she refuses to cry out. The mercenary has to admit that she's impressed with the girl's grit. "Then, *do* it."

"I swear..." With a look of loathing, the princess slowly chokes out the words. "... I s-swear to bear you a child. And to the best of my ability, have that child become my heir. On the blood of my father and ancestors, I will do this. To take back my kingdom, I will... gods above... I will do this." She glares at Qarver. "Are you satisfied?"

"Not yet." The mercenary leers at the young princess, and nods toward her bedroll. "You know what I..."

Raella scowls. "Yes, yes, I know what comes next. I'm not a fool." Walking over to the bedroll, the princess begins to unbutton her shirt. Then, she pauses and looks back at the mercenary, who's breeches are already tight. "A princess's flesh is not lightly sullied. I expect you to enjoy it, but don't expect me to enjoy it in return."

Laying down in her bedroll, the princess turns away from the mercenary. With a triumphant sneer, Qarver undoes her breeches, letting the cloth fall to her ankles before kicking it away. Her white shirt quickly follows, and the mercenary is stark naked as she lies down next to the princess.

Raella makes no move to disrobe, but as Qarver grabs her belt, the princess makes no attempt to resist either. Pulling away the fine leather garment, the mercenary slips a hand down the front of the princess's soft cloth pants to find her prize.

The princess had indeed been telling the truth about her 'blessings'. As Qarver slides her hand in further, she feels the warm, pulsing flesh of a penis. It's not erect yet, but she can feel the princess's penis stirring at her touch. Traveling down further, the mercenary discovers a dainty pair of testicles, small enough to rest comfortable in her palm. From the sound of Raella's distressed squeaks, Qarver's touch is not as unpleasant as she'd expected.

But the real prize is even deeper. Slipping her fingers behind the princess's balls, Qarver finds her goal, a soft, hot slit between the girl's thighs. At her touch, Raella lets out a yell of shock,

before clapping her hands over her mouth with a shameful blush. "Ah, it feels good, doesn't it?" Qarver whispers smugly into her ear.

"N-no!" Raella refuses to crumble. "Enough of this! Take your pleasure, and be done with it!"

"Your pleasure is my pleasure..." Qarver leans in and kisses the princess on the neck, and feels the girl shiver at the touch of her lips. "Now then, let's get you warmed up..."

Moving her hand back up, the mercenary wraps a hand around the girl's growing erection. It's clear that Raella's body is responding to her touch, even if the princess herself refuses to admit it. "N-no... don't touch that!" She squirms in Qarver's grip, but doesn't try to stop the mercenary. "It's... it's dirty!"

"No, it's beautiful." Qarver finds the princess's small cock and balls to be rather... cute. Though, the cock in question is rapidly getting bigger. "Do you masturbate, princess?"

"No!" The princess responds quickly, a horrified look on her face. "That's... that would be vulgar and disgusting!"

"...and sexy and erotic as well." Qarver rolls her eyes at the princess's words. How utterly naive. The mercenary had long ago abandoned any fear of being vulgar or disgusting. In fact, she reveled in it. Pleasure was the only goal in life for Qarver. "I can believe you're too dainty to masturbate, but I can't believe that you could have this thing between your legs and *not* feel the need to drain your balls..."

Raella lets out a whimper. "S-Serah would... if it became too much for me, she would l-lay hands on me. But we did nothing to ruin my purity!"

"Yes, I appreciate that!" Qarver begins to slowly move her grip up and down the princess's shaft, enjoying the feeling of the girl tensing up beside her. "You saved your purity for *me*." Sticking out her tongue, the mercenary gives the girl's neck a long lick, savoring the taste of royalty. "When you say 'lay hands', you mean something like *this*?"

Feeling that Raella is now fully erect in her hand, the mercenary begins to jerk the girl off quickly, and the princess can't resist crying out in pleasure. The sound echoes off the quiet sand dunes around them. "Ah! No! Stop! I'm going to... I'm going to..."

In her hand, Qarver feels the princess's dick twitch violently, and suddenly feels hot liquid in her palm. "Ahhhh!" The mercenary grins in amusement as Raella jizzes in her hand, coating the interior of her fine cloth pants. "I knew you were a dainty girl, but I didn't expect you to cum *that* quickly. A nineteen year-old girl should have a little more stamina than *that*, princess!"

"Gods damn you, sellsword..." Raella is breathing heavily. "Why did you..."

“To prepare you, obviously.” With her cum-coated hand, Qarver reaches down again, past the princess’s cute balls. She can feel the girl’s vagina, hot and wet. “You’re nice and slippery down there. Ready for cock, I’d say.”

Raella does not resist as Qarver pulls off her clothes, leaving the princess naked as the day she was born in the purple. Her smooth abdomen is coated in cum, but her dick is still hard and ready for use.

The mercenary stands up, and pulls Raella up with her. “On your hands and knees before me, princess,” she sneers. The princess shoots her a disgusted look, but she complies, kneeling down with her royal behind facing the mercenary.

Qarver’s dick is ready, and eager. She squats behind the princess, enjoying how vulgar the position would seem if anyone were watching. Grabbing her cock with one hand, and the princess’s blonde hair in the other, she directs the head of her penis into the princess’s glistening vagina.

Raella barely manages to suppress her cry of shock as Qarver enters her, easily smashing aside any internal resistance. The girl grits her teeth as she bears the shame of being penetrated by a commoner. She feels soiled, as if there’s now dirt in her royal veins. But, the worst shame is yet to come.

Qarver has little patience, and quickly begins to move inside the princess. Moving her hips with practiced ease, the mercenary pushes her dick deep into the princess’s folds and then pulls it back. After testing the girl’s depth to her satisfaction, Qarver moves her position slightly and then begins to fuck downward.

Raella is forced to suffer the indignity of being fucked by the mercenary, as well as the indignity of realising that it’s not nearly as unpleasant as she’d hoped. She’d hoped to preserve even a slight sliver of her honor by not submitting to the mercenary completely, but her unconscious body was proving unable to maintain her composure. As the mercenary penetrated deeper and deeper into her, Raella was distressed to feel her own arousal mounting, and she desperately hoped that she at least wouldn’t cum.

The sex does not last long. Qarver has no desire to prologue the process, instead seeking to reach orgasm as quickly as possible. A few minutes later, she succeeds. With a vulgar grunt, the mercenary suddenly stops moving, driving her dick as deep into the princess as she can manage.

For a moment, the princess is confused. Her haze of pleasure has confused her a little bit, and it takes her a moment to register the warm feeling spreading inside her. “Ah... you didn’t just...” Raella feels Qarver’s dick twitch again, sending another spurt of cum deep inside her royal womb.

The line of Aurelia dates back almost a thousand years, to the founding of the Cortellian Kingdom itself. Long ago, the powerful queen had established a mighty bloodline, who had ruled Cortella with nobility and grace. And now, with a vulgar spurt, Qarver's balls brought the dynasty's glory to an end, staining the bloodline forever with the taint of a peasant's sperm.

"Damn you, sellsword..." Raella whispers through her teeth, as another spurt of warmth fills her. The princess feels her own penis pulsing, and realizes the shame of what she's about to do. "Forgive me, ancestors..." Cum spurts out of her dick, shamefully dribbling down her legs. Raella tells herself it was only the physical stimulation that caused her involuntary orgasm, not the shame of being impregnated by a commoner, and she almost believes it.

"They're probably enjoying the view, if they're watching." Qarver can already feel her dick hardening again. "Come one, let's give them another show!"

"A-again?!" Raella braces herself as the mercenary begins to move once more...

A few hours later, the princess slumps into her bedroll, as Qarver finally lets her go. The mercenary's dick is red and raw, having been subjected to almost half a dozen more orgasms. Behind her, the campfire is burning low.

The princess herself is utterly wrecked. Almost unable to move, Raella presses her face into the cloth of her bedroll, feeling shame settle deep into her belly. It will never leave her, she knows.

Qarver stands over the defeated princess, and stretches her arms in satisfaction. It's not every day that she got the satisfaction of conquering a royal dynasty. But now, post-nut clarity is setting in.

Was delivering the princess to the Capital like this *really* a good idea? The girl was clearly quite ashamed of what Qarver had just done to her. As queen, there was a good chance she'd decide to take revenge. Did Qarver really trust the girl's word that she'd keep her oath?

As the mercenary looks down at the princess, she makes her choice.

"What?" Rhaella stares up at the mercenary, her eyes still flickering with a tiny hint of defiance. "Are you *still* unsatisfied? How do you even still have seed inside you after all that?!"

Qarver smirks down at the princess. "No, you milked me rather well, Rhaella." To tell the truth, her balls are aching somewhat. It's been an age since she'd been this satisfied with a sexual conquest. The young girl had tried to resist somewhat, but her pussy had quite eagerly surrendered to Qarver after a few minutes. Fluids were still leaking from the end of the mercenary's dick.

“Don’t...” The princess’s face reddens. “You can’t call me that... I’m a princess, you can’t be so familiar with...”

“Oh, Rhaella.” Qarver rolls her eyes. Reaching over, she grabs the young girl’s head in both hands. “I think we’re well past the stage of worrying about intimacy, right?” Rhaella’s eyes widen in fear as the mercenary takes her royal head in a firm, but irresistible grip.

But Qarver simply pulls the exhausted princess’s head into her lap. Rhaella seems slightly confused for a moment, as the two of them sit by the campfire together, silent but for the crackling of the dry desert sticks. The worn-out girl has a moment to catch her breath, feeling her lower body aching, especially the internal parts. She can feel hot liquid running down her thigh, slowly leaking out from the huge reservoir of warm cum inside her womb.

After a few minutes, Qarver reaches out a hand, and absently begins to stroke the princess’s long blonde hair. The princess flinches slightly at the mercenary’s fingers, but then accepts the touch after a moment. It’s an oddly sweet moment, as the two of them lay there together.

“Are you comfortable, Rhaella?” the mercenary asks, her voice a mixture of playful and mocking. She seems to be rather enjoying the moment.

“I...” The princess tries to swallow a reflexive retort. “I am... not uncomfortable...” Qarver’s lap is oddly comfy, especially after the workout of the last few hours. Next to Rhaella’s head, she can feel Qarver’s warm dick resting gently against her temple, still radiating post-coital heat. She knows it’s obscene, but the warmth of Qarver’s penis is strangely calming. “Why would you...”

The princess can hear the smirk in the mercenary’s voice. “Well, I’m your guide, aren’t I? It’s fine if I make you comfortable, right? Or do you somehow object to that?”

“Comfortable?!” Rhaella’s too exhausted to move her body much at all, but she can still feel a rush of anger. “You’re trying to make me comfortable after *raping* me?”

Qarver snorts loudly, as if the princess has just told a joke. “Oh, princess... really? Rape?”

“W-what?” The amusement in the mercenary’s voice throws Rhaella off a little bit. “What are you talking about?”

“Rhaella...” Qarver sighs theatrically. “I know you came a few times as well. I can still see the cum running down your other leg from the head of your own cock.”

Ah, she’d noticed that?! Rhaella had hoped she’d been too preoccupied with... No, it wasn’t true. A princess of Cortella was far too refined and pure to fall to pleasure like that. “T-that was...! That was just stimulation! It’s not proof I enjoyed it!”

It wasn't Rhaella's fault anyway! After her pussy had given up and surrendered to Qarver's cock, what could she have even done? The furious pace of the mercenary thrusting into her flesh was simply too much. Her young body hadn't been able to cope with the stimulation. *That's* why her penis had become erect, and why her cock had succumbed to orgasm and sprayed cum down her thighs. Not because she'd enjoyed...

Oh gods, why was she even bothering? At some point in the last few hours, Rhaella had stopped fighting back, and had enjoyed what was happening. She could continue to deny it to herself and Qarver, but she knew that the mercenary wouldn't believe her, and nor would she believe herself.

"That... it..." Rhaella can feel herself blushing almost as red as the cock next to her head. "...please don't tell anyone I... was stimulated by your penis." She already had enough trouble with people insisting that a futanari was too horny to govern a kingdom, she could ill-afford the discovery that she'd submitted to another futanari's dick. If the people of Cortella found out that Qarver had debased her like that, then Rhaella could forever kiss her chances of ever holding the throne goodbye.

"I think you're a bit too late there..." Qarver's other hand reaches down and touches the princess's stomach. "It's going to be rather hard to explain an immaculate conception in that case."

Rhaella had been a little too tired to think of that, but the mercenary made a good point. "It's... not a guaranteed chance that you got me pregnant just now..." But, the princess knew that Qarver's cum was too strong. It had almost already seeped into her womb, and Rhaella knew it wasn't a safe day for her at this time in the sun's cycle. There was little chance that a bastard wasn't being conceived right now, as Rhaella lay with her head on Qarver's lap.

"It is." Qarver says this with such certainty that Rhaella has no choice but to believe her. The mercenary licks her lips, looking supremely smug. "You're the first princess I've fucked, but you're far from the first girl I've knocked up. I know what a pussy hungry for sperm feels like, and I felt the feeling of a pussy slurping down sperm just now. And even if I somehow didn't knock you up..." She bites her lip, and the princess feels the cock next to her twitch slightly. "I'd just do it again."

The look in Qarver's eyes makes Rhaella's heart skip a beat. "Ugh, you're so crude..." Rhaella was far too exhausted to worry about the purity of the royal bloodline coming to an undignified end inside her womb right now. "When you bring me before the royal court tomorrow, you'd better mind your manners..." The princess yawns, and settles into Qarver's lap, her eyes drooping.

As darkness closes in, Rhaella feels Qarver lean over slightly, and then feels a soft blanket cover her naked body. It's Serah's cloak that Qarver had taken from the poor noblewoman

before she'd eaten her. Now, it felt reassuringly warm against her bare skin. "Sleep now, Rhaella..." The princess feels Qarver lie back, still patting the princess's blonde hair. "You're carrying precious cargo now. So sleep, and let me guide you back home tomorrow." Feeling vaguely hopeful for the first time in a few days, Rhaella lets the darkness of sleep claim her...

"I am Rhaella!" The princess stands before the royal council, and calls out in a loud and clear voice. "I am heir to the throne, and I have come to claim what is mine by right!" Dressed in her traveling clothes, Rhaella still manages to radiate an air of confidence.

Beside Rhaella, the mercenary Qarver seems a little out of place. She's still dressed in her rough clothes, quite a contrast to the finery of the royal court around them. Rhaella can see the nobility of the royal council stealing horrified glances at the mercenary, as if her mere presence was a stain. Well, let them feel disgusted, the princess thinks to herself. She'd rather have the mercenary at her back than no-one at all.

Her brother, the prince, is scowling at her from next to the empty throne. His usual nasty grin is gone, to her small enjoyment. It's clear from his expression that he's not happy to see Rhaella alive. The princess glares back at him, their utter disgust with each other mutual. She's hated the little creature for his entire life, and he's made no secret of his desire to take what's rightfully hers, nor his utter contempt for both her gender and her genitals.

"Filthy bitch..." The prince mutters under his breath. It's not clear if it's directed at his sister or Qarver, but Rhaella feels offended either way.

"Princess Raella..." Beside the throne, the old man in ceremonial robes speaks in a tentative, yet calm voice. Rhaella's spent most of her life hearing this man speak down to her like this, and she can't help but be irritated by his calm tone. "You are alive! We had heard unpleasant rumors about your wellbeing. We are glad to see that you are safe..." From the sound of his tone, the old man had probably hoped those rumors were true.

The princess has no time for the old man. "Well, as you can see, Chancellor, I am alive. And since I'm alive, and my father is not, that means that it's time for me to take the throne. I *am* the eldest child and heir, after all." First order of business will be to get rid of this unpleasant parasite, the princess thinks to herself.

"Well... yes, that *is* true." The Chancellor nods slowly, speaking slowly as if he's addressing a child rather than a princess. "But you see, Princess Rhaella, it's a little more complicated than that..."

"No it isn't." Rhaella taps her foot impatiently. "How in the name of the gods is it *more complicated*..."

“He means you came too late, you stupid bitch!” Suddenly, the old Chancellor is shoved aside, as the young prince pushes past to point at his sister. “I’m the heir now!” And with that, the young prince flops down into the throne.

Qarver watches with interest as Rhaella’s pretty face contorts with rage at the sight. “What are you doing?! *Get up from there!*” she yells at her younger brother. The prince just rolls his eyes at her, clearly not intimidated. “How *dare* you...”

“Princess, please!” The old man’s voice is pleading. “After the death of the king, there had to be an heir. And since you were not in the capital, and due to the concerning rumors we’d heard, we were forced to pass you over for the royal throne.” He sighs theatrically, and the mercenary wonders if he actually expects them to be convinced by this display. “It is a shame, but what’s done is done. I suggest you simply relax and enjoy that you are no longer burdened with the responsibility of ruling the kingdom...”

Qarver has no experience with political machinations, but the underlying message is obvious even to her. *We’ve stolen your throne and given it to someone we can use as a puppet. And you can’t do a single thing about it.* It doesn’t need to be said, but it’s plain as day to everyone in the royal hall.

Rhaella is stunned at the audacity of the Chancellor. “You...” She begins indignantly, and then trails off. Slowly, she realizes that it’s true, there’s absolutely *nothing* she can do about it. The royal council won’t allow her to take the throne, and she has nothing with which to compel them. If Serah was here, maybe she could gamble that her noble family’s support would be enough, but her bodyguard was cooking somewhere in the Red Wastes right now. “I... you can’t do this!” she finishes lamely.

“Of course I can, you stupid *girl*.” The prince’s voice is high and grating, made worse by the smugness of his victory. “Oh, right. You’re not even a *real* girl. Go and jerk off in the corner or something, bitch.”

Despairing, the princess looks around for help. Qarver’s behind her, but she’s only one woman, and Rhaella isn’t even sure that the mercenary will support her if it looks like she won’t be rewarded. But along the walls are guards, who are watching the display with nervous interest. They’re wearing the royal colors, so perhaps... “Help me!” she calls out to them. The guards look between each other, and then begin to walk toward the princess. For a moment, a ray of hope dawns in her chest.

But it’s dashed when the guards draw their swords. They’re not approaching to help her, they’re approaching to *arrest* her. Behind them, Rhaella can hear her brother laughing maniacally. “Yes, take her!” he calls out to them, bouncing up and down on the throne excitedly. “Chain her up in the dungeons! She still has a womb that I can use before I get rid of her. That should be a nicely humiliating end for this futanari bitch princess!”

Oh gods, no! The thought of losing her throne is bad enough, but the idea of being forced to bear her awful brother's children is just too much to bear. And what would happen to the child that was almost certainly brewing in her womb already? The princess turns to flee, but the guards are already surrounding her. Rhaella feels their grip on her arms, far too strong for her to break free. The princess's heart falls into the depths of darkness, as she sees her future fading away.

"Hands off!" With a yell of shock, the guard on the princess's right is knocked away, rolling with a clatter of metal armor across the floor. The guard on her left goes for his sword, but Qarver's fist crashes into his face, sending the man into a nearby marble pillar with a loud thump. Stunned and without support, Rhaella feels herself begin to topple over...

Qarver catches her, pulling the princess into a strong embrace. The princess looks up at the mercenary with shock. "You just... saved my life!" she exclaims with shock.

The mercenary rolls her eyes. "Well, there's no point coming this far if I'm just gonna throw all my efforts away, is there?" She looks deep into the princess's eyes, her face strangely handsome at this moment. "That said, what was that pitiful display, princess? What happened to that fire in your eyes? You had such a lovely look of defiance last night, and now you're just giving up?" She grins at Rhaella, as if there's nothing in the world to be worried about.

"I..." Rhaella feels tears pricking at her eyes. "I can't... do anything! I don't have anyone to support me!"

"Who cares?" Held in Qarver's embrace, the princess can't help but feel quite flustered. The mercenary grins widely, as if Rhaella amused her. "You're the fuckin' heir to the throne, aren't you? Why would you need to be supported by anyone?" Her words are crude, but they resonate just a little bit with the princess.

Rhaella feels something odd in her chest, a strange and unsettling feeling toward the rough mercenary. She's far too proud to admit that she's just fallen in love with Qarver, so she pushes away from her instead. The mercenary lets her go without resistance, just a smirk of amusement at the sight of Rhaella's reddening face. "Yeah!" The princess says to the mercenary. "Yeah, you're right! You're fucking right! I *am* the heir!"

"Wha- No!" The prince leaps out of the throne, making the royal council who'd been staring in shock now flinch in alarm. "*I'm* the heir! You can't have the throne, I *want* it! I wanted it, and I took it! Just shut up and let me win!"

"Shut up!" Rhaella yells at her younger brother, feeling elated as he flinches back slightly. "You're a pathetic idiot, and you'll never be a real king! You're just a puppet for these..." She gestures rudely at the royal council. "...*parasites!*"

“Bitch! I’ll fucking kill you!” It seems that the prince has no concerns about making himself a kinslayer, as he leaps out of the throne, drawing his royal sword. It’s a weapon made more for beauty than combat, but Rhaella’s got nothing to match it.

But Qarver does. As the prince approaches in a blood rage, the royal council crying out feebly in protest, the mercenary steps forward and draws a hidden dagger from her shirt. Where she’d managed to hide the weapon, the princess had no idea. As the prince raises his silver sword, Qarver strikes the blade just above the hilt with her own blade. With a rather girly cry of shock, the prince shrieks and drops the sword, and it bounces away across the floor. As he tries to back away, Qarver reaches out and grabs his royal tunic.

“What are you doing, you filthy peas-” A ringing slap knocks the rest of his nasty insult out of his mouth, as the mercenary decides to quieten him.

The mercenary raises her eyebrow at the stunned prince. “Protecting my investment?” She looks back at the princess, smirking slightly. With a kick of her boot, the royal sword bounces across the marble floor again, landing near the princess’s feet. “This is yours, isn’t it?”

Rhaella had no experience with wielding a blade, and it was starting to dawn on her that maybe that was a bad thing. Qarver’s loyalty had just saved her life, twice. If the mercenary hadn’t been moved to help the princess... Well, Rhaella could only shudder at the idea of what her fate might have been. “It... it is!” Reaching down, the princess snatches up the royal sword. *Her* sword. Holding the heavy weapon nervously, Rhaella touches her belly and nods at Qarver. “You... *have* been greatly rewarded, and you *will* be greatly rewarded for this.”

“Now then...” Qarver smirks down at the bratty prince in her grip. “I’m a mercenary, Rhaella. What will you give me in exchange for getting rid of this unpleasant little excuse of a brother?” There’s a series of horrified gasps from the royal council, which only makes Qarver’s smirk wider. “I don’t see a royal executioner here, but if there’s a nasty usurper that needs devouring, I’m happy to take a payment of gold...”

Oh gods, the mercenary still wants to negotiate?! Rhaella knows that Qarver will protect her, but she can’t let herself be held over a barrel like this. She needs to offer the mercenary something big enough to make any further demands impossible. In panic, Rhaella says the first thing that pops into her head. “Marriage!” She offers the mercenary. “I’ll marry you, okay? Is that good enough?” She points the royal sword at her young brother. “Just... get rid of him!”

“What?!” Both Qarver and the prince she’s holding seem quite taken aback at this offer. In the mercenary’s grip, the prince struggles in vain to break free. “You’re offering to soil our family line? I should have you tortured for- urk!” His shrill complaints are cut off by Qarver tightening her grip for a moment.

“Wha... marriage? Are you serious?” Qarver stares at Rhaella in shock. After a moment, the princess nods quickly. “Well that’s... yeah, okay!” The mercenary eagerly accepts the

outrageously generous offer. “Yeah, I’ll fuckin’ marry a princess! This is awesome, even better than just knocking you up!” There’s a series of shocked gasps from the royal council at those words, but Rhaella really couldn’t care less what they thought at this point.

Rhaella knows she’s already thrown her family’s dignity down the toilet. Qarver had already demolished it by fertilizing the princess with commoner seed, but actually *marrying* a commoner would be utterly humiliating for the royal house. It would take generations for their prestige to recover, if it could at all. But, that’s a small price to pay for Rhaella’s life. Besides, once her family’s hit rock bottom, there’s nowhere else to fall to. And part of the princess feels oddly excited at the idea of her people mocking her for marrying a crude woman like Qarver...

“Okay, let’s do this!” Qarver licks her lips, and grins cruelly down at the terrified prince in her hands. “You’re my ticket to a royal seat, you hear that? You’re gonna be eaten by a commoner, and shat out by a queen!”

“You filthy-!” The nasty little prince tries to spit out, but Qarver has no patience for that, and she chokes off his last words.

“Nope! Just, for once, die *quietly!*” Grabbing the prince, Qarver opens her mouth and begins to swallow.

To tell the truth, Rhaella had expected her brother to try and put up a fight, but all that follows is a rather pathetic wiggling. In the face of Qarver’s raw strength, the young prince is simply utterly outmatched. It’s an almost comical display, as the mercenary stuffs his royal head into her mouth.

“My gods...” One of the royal councilors lets out a sigh and faints at the sight. Rhaella, however, is transfixed.

Gulping down the prince with little effort, Qarver quickly swallows his shoulders, forcing the prince’s flailing arms to become locked in place at his sides. The mercenary seems to be having even less of a struggle as she had with Serah, who’d allowed herself to be eaten.

Eventually, only her brother’s flailing legs are left sticking out of the mercenary’s mouth. The princess watches in fascination as Qarver grabs the flailing feet and shoves them down her gullet one at a time. Then, with an almighty gulp, the prince is deposited into Qarver’s stomach, which is already gurgling dangerously.

All around them, the royal guards seem rather uncertain. Their would-be king is gone, and the royal council is clearly in trouble. They look to each other, having lost any real initiative, clearly waiting for someone else to tell them what to do. It’s an opportunity that Rhaella won’t miss.

“What are you waiting for?” The princess snaps at the nearest royal guards who are still upright. She clicks her fingers and points at the royal council. “Arrest them! I’ll decide what to do

with them later!" The guards waver for a moment, but then they march over to the shocked councilors, seizing them roughly and beginning to drag them from the hall.

"Wait! Mercy, please, mercy!" The old Chancellor calls out to the princess in a panic, as he watches his authority crumbling. The guards holding him pause for a moment, and look to Rhaella. "Please, princess! You need advice and guidance! Don't throw away my-"

Rhaella has no interest in mercy at this point. These people just tried to take her throne away, and she wasn't going to let them try a second time. "We'll see. Take them to the dungeons, and have them wait for my orders there." Best not to announce her intentions right now, so the slimy councilors might quieten down, thinking they have a chance to talk their way out. She jabs the sword at the door, and the guards drag the traitors out. She'd have them quietly butchered tonight instead. The thought that she'd be seeing their heads on spikes tomorrow fills the young princess with cruel joy.

"Not bad..." Behind Rhaella, she feels Qarver approach, and she turns to look at her new fiance. The mercenary's gut is horribly engorged, and the princess can see her brother's body silhouetted against the surface of Qarver's stomach. He's struggling feebly, clearly in great pain, to Rhaella's satisfaction. Qarver licks her lips. "I get to taste royal meat, *and* get a reward for it. Best job I've ever taken... so far."

The princess points the sword down to the floor, leaning forward on its pommel to leer at Qarver's active gut. "Yes, you did quite well. I hope your rewards will satisfy you." She looks up at the mercenary with a smirk. Now, it's her time to be smug. "Though, I wouldn't worry about any future jobs. You've got one for life, now. You're going to be quite busy as my queen."

Qarver blinks, and her grin fades slightly. "Busy, huh? Y'know, I kinda thought it'd mostly involve sex and shit..."

"Well, yes, that will be *one* of your duties." Rhaella's grin widens, as the full impact of what Qarver has agreed to seems to be dawning on the mercenary. "But you'll also be responsible for helping me govern Cortella, hosting the royal court, teaching our future children... you're quite handy with a blade, so perhaps I might even put you in charge of our army..."

"That's... that's a lotta work..." The mercenary, or rather *former* mercenary if Rhaella had anything to do with it, seems to be reconsidering her choice. "Okay, I get it, no need to hammer it in!" Qarver takes a deep sigh, patting her swollen belly in frustration. "Look, I'll give up the whole marriage thing if you want someone better suited for-"

"Absolutely not. You've already impregnated me. You're going to be my queen." Did Qarver think she was just going to slip out of their agreement after stealing Rhaella's heart? She'd named her price, and Rhaella was going to give it to her, whether Qarver wanted it or not. "You've already claimed my body, and Serah's. This is your reward, and you're going to accept it."

Qarver heaves a big sigh, and then groans. “Okay, *fine*. I guess I did agree to it, and you held up your end of the agreement, so...” Clearly, the former mercenary isn’t quite *that* opposed to the deal. “Guess I’ll have to learn on the job.”

“Good.” Rhaella knows she’s won. Qarver’s hers now. It was a small consolation for the annihilation of her dynasty’s dignity, but if Rhaella was already going to have to deal with the fallout of that, then she might as well enjoy the upsides. Qarver was rough and tumble, and Rhaella was looking forward to being dominated again. Being humiliated by a peasant’s dick was oddly exciting. That being said... “Well, there is one *slight* complication...”

Qarver slaps her belly, letting out a loud and undignified burp. “Nah, he just died inside my guts. No more usurper prince to worry about.” The sight of her doing something so crude in the royal hall greatly amused Rhaella for some reason.

The princess sees that Qarver’s correct, the prince is clearly no longer moving inside her gut. She’d have to order a servant to bring along a chamberpot later. A really big one, if Serah’s remains had been any judge. “Well, yes... but that’s not what I meant.” Rhaella bites her lip. “As a commoner, I can’t actually *legally* marry you...”

Qarver looks hopeful for a moment. “Yeah, that sounds like a problem! Stupid nobility, making nasty laws like that!” She pats her groaning belly. “Well, I’m as common as they come, princess. So, if you really wanna marry me, you’re gonna have to-”

“Make you a noblewoman yourself.” Rhaella finishes for the former mercenary, enjoying the sight of Qarver’s eyes widening in alarm. “It’s an extreme solution, but it’s within my power, after all...”

“H-hold on a moment...” For the first time since Rhaella’s met her, Qarver seems actually worried. “I told you how I feel about blue bloods! I’m from Trader Town, we take *pride* in being commoners...”

“Yes, we’ll see how long you can hold on to that pride once you’re a blue blood yourself.” Rhaella knows that Qarver won’t refuse. The former mercenary is a greedy and materialistic woman, and a few years of indulgence would turn even the most hardcore populist into a sneering noble. Rhaella was going to enjoy corrupting Qarver into becoming a true queen.

Despite her protests, Qarver does little to actually refuse Rhaella’s offer. “Well... if you insist.” As the princess predicted, the former mercenary’s hatred of the nobility is quickly crumbling when it’s face with the prospect of actually becoming one. After a moment, she gives her soon-to-be wife a wry grin. “Is this supposed to be payback for putting a bastard in you?”

Rhaella smirks back at Qarver, and touches her own flat belly. Inside, she knows that Qarver’s child is already growing. “What bastard? The child inside me is a legitimate one, of course.”

Once we get married, anyway.” She enjoys the look of surprise on Qarver’s face. “Well, you did make me swear that your child would be my heir. And they will be, now.”

“Well... fuck.” Qarver just shakes her head, grinning softly. “You really played me, princess.” Despite that, the former mercenary looks quite happy about it. “Yeah... okay. I’m into this, let’s get married, then. You can make me a noble if you want, but I’ll always be a commoner with a big cock at heart.”

Excellent. Everything was falling into place for Rhaella now. Serah’s sacrifice hadn’t been in vain. Granted, the poor bodyguard would have been undoubtedly rather unhappy at the thought of Rhaella marrying the mercenary who’d eaten her, but she was dead, so Rhaella didn’t really care. Actually, she was already intending to tell Serah’s family that the marriage had been Serah’s idea. That would smooth things over with them quite well.

“Well, my legitimacy is going to be at rock bottom when the news breaks to the people.” Rhaella grabs Qarver’s hand, and places it on her breast. “We need to start rebuilding it as quickly as possible. And that means putting that big cock of yours to work making a few more heirs.” She feels Qarver squeeze her tit, and her royal penis begins to stir.

“Now that’s a royal duty I *can* do!” Qarver grins, and then lets out a noisy fart. “Ah... might have to wait until after I finish destroying your brother though...”

“No, I think not.” Rhaella fully intends to enjoy what’s coming next this time. It had been a bit too brutal to watch Serah’s fate, but her brother’s would be a delight. “I don’t see a reason to wait. The chamberpot can support two people on top of it, I’m sure.”

“So impatient...” Qarver seems far from upset by it, though. “You’ve already named our future children, haven’t you?”

Well, actually... “The first will be ‘Nina’, after my own mother. After that...” Rhaella begins to pull her soon-to-be wife away, to the bedroom.

Yes, this would do just nicely as a reward, Qarver thinks to herself.