

From the author: So I know I left for Thanksgiving on kind of a sour note. I'm sorry I didn't apologize face to face (and I still will when I come home to you). I just know you all know what it's like when you're hurt and you don't know where to put all those feelings. So today Destiny had this huge tournament and she's kicking every single one of the butts and I suspect even a few buttless victims as well! It did mean I had to entertain myself however yet rather than spending the day with my HS crowd again, I wanted to spend a spiritual day with my Hotties. I sat down, and I wrote this, and I can't believe I've only known you all for three months and I miss you THIS MUCH!

P.S. I have notes for the first three chapters but I needed to start with Chapter Four.

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A Thousand Miles Astride My Steed

Chapter FOUR

Mount Fate loomed large in the distance, but the distance remained very distant nevertheless. I thought that if I squinted I could see my beloved's prison towering atop the highest peak. When we paused to slake the thirst of my old, unimpressive horse Grayhoar, I felt steady enough to try. The women in what was fast becoming a convoy slowed my passage through this land of rolling hills and fertile valleys they called the High Guins, but I could not begrudge them, no matter my need to liberate Princess, to stroke her luscious mane of golden hair and tell her, as I had so many nights in my dreams, my vow to attend to her every need from then on.

I was squinting in just that manner when brigands – the pirates of the land – attacked our camp!

They were on us in an instant, leaping from the pretty flowering bushes with rapiers in hand. Three of them it looked like, two vicious, brutish men and a woman who at first glance looked no bigger than Grayhoar's forelock. No time to dwell on things, though!

"Behind me, ladies!" I bellowed, unsheathing Gloryspike, his magical steel glinting menacingly red in the afternoon sun.

"Never! I'm your girl to the end" roared Princess Joharra, hefting a thick tree branch. She blushed at the memory of what she had first thought was a tree branch when she had glimpsed it in the dark.

“Aye! We fight beside you, Sir La'Rence!” insisted Princess A'Dayna in her merry whistle of a voice. The memory of her song the night before still stirred feelings inside me, in places I hoped my beloved would understand. Which, of course, she would.

Princess Q'Tiri said nothing, simply hurled a stone at the nearest lout. He was evidently too distracted by the allure of her undeniably arousing curves, for he didn't even try to dodge and big idiot got hit right in the dose and got knocked out on his fat zitty butt, which is no less than he deserved.

Unfortunately, I was only human myself, despite the way these princesses teased that I was something greater. I too was drawn to another glimpse of those orbs of heaven, leaving just enough of an opening that the fight was over for me before it started. I had no doubt that had I been left in possession of my sharp wits, defenseless against their possession of such round tits, I would have beat the crap out of this nobody. Instead, Gloryspike was deflected and his rapier penetrated my defenses, piercing my side. I dropped in agony.

I was a fool to think my quest was doomed, however. As I fell to my knees, the three of them joined together and overwhelmed this fat drip in seconds. For some reason, I noticed, the woman with them had hesitated. She was beautiful, I saw as well – not that it mattered. If she meant to hurt me or any of these women I would defend them to the last. Though it looked like she didn't.

Meanwhile, A'Dayna, Q'Tiri and Joharra were laying waste to the pathetic lucky douche that had felled me so honorlessly. The former two looked to be content to tie this jerk to a tree and see if whatever friends he might still have out there found him before the wolves did, but Joharra... She was a softie, for all she acted like a hardass. I didn't know it yet, but she'd fallen in love with me even when she had every reason to hate me instead. And that was before we'd enjoyed that night of incredible, soul-redefining sex together. As such, she wasn't about to let anyone harm me, so she crushed his ugly head with a HUGE rock.

Maybe I loved her too? I shouldn't but she was one of the most beautiful things I'd ever seen, hair so black it shone. How could any man resist those ruby lips, her slender kissable neck, that perfectly sculpted ass just *begging* me to sink my teeth into it? How could I be in love with my beloved and still have all these mouth-related urges for another princess?

Unfortunately, and yet it was such a relief, they seemed to have feelings for me too. The sight of me bleeding on the ground sent first one, then all three of them rushing over to fawn over me, inspecting my wounds. I tried to insist that I was fine, that the Talisman of the Burning Heart was a physical and magical connection between my true love and I, that as long as our love held fast, my body would surpass any other man's in quality and virility. I might not be able to travel further tonight, not even riding that old nag Grayhoar, but by morning we could continue toward Mount Fate, and love!

We had all forgotten the third brigand however! I gasped in manly alarm as I saw her stalking up behind them. I was in too much pain to give word to my concern, so I pointed – yet all that served to do was invite Princess Q'Tiri to suck my finger between her endlessly needful lips and suck it like a cock, like she had sucked *my* cock so many times since we had set out from Spen together. It was her way of communicating with me, I'd discovered, how she revealed what stirred her tender but strong heart.

And so the girls were taken completely by surprise as the woman stepped on a twig or something that made a noise like that causing them to turn around and gasp. They stumbled back, alarmed and defenseless. Vanquishing those men had been self-defense against the hairy, lumpy commoners; this woman was different. She looked... almost like a princess! Apart from her grungy attire, that is. Tall and willowy, hair running down her shoulders like the melted butter ran down my chest this morning at breakfast when the princesses had enticed me into that strange but extremely pleasurable and interesting foodplay. They were showing me all sorts of libidinous, incredibly sexy things I could hardly wait to try out with my beloved Princess Chandrilla.

I had no choice. If it caused me to bleed out and die, I would die happy with the knowledge that I had put myself between any danger and my beloved princesses. Wait... did I just think of *these* princesses as... my beloveds...?! There was no time to dwell on it. I forced myself to my feet and

interposed myself between them, ready to absorb whatever this fiercely erotic woodland warrior woman would dish out.

She seized me by the breastplate... and kissed me.

Things got chaotic awfully quickly after that. My body reeling from the stab and my mind from the potency of this woodland warrior woman's wildly wanton willful yet wonderful wetness-of-the-lips, I admit: I froze! The princesses reacted in moments, but each in their particular way. Princess A'Dayna cried out, her blooming adoration wounded, "Don't kiss Sir La'Rence! You find your own prince!"

Princess Q'Tiri, however, found inspiration in the impetuosity of my assailant. In moment, she had unveiled her heaving bosoms and was prepared to join the amorous melee.

Princess Johara was having none of it, thinking only of my safety and well-being, which I recognized and appreciated about her so unbelievably much, and threw the woman back, bellowing defensively! It was so mighty and powerful, yet so sexy.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" she demanded of the trembling young woman, her blonde hair matted and unkempt, which I knew wasn't her fault and judged her for not at all. It wasn't as if every woman in the land could look her best at all times. Sometimes, believe it or not, I was turned on *more* by a woman looking authentically disheveled.

"I was trying to thank him!" the woman yelled back.

"Thank me? Thank me for what?" I asked gently, wanting to listen to her carefully, out of respect.

"For rescuing me, obviously! Did you think that I, a woman of such potent charms, would pal around with those disgusting ugly orcs?" (I looked down at their bodies and discovered that the men were indeed orcs, not worthy to even glimpse any woman such as my coterie of princesses. Disgusting indeed!)

I gasped! "My goodness, how did I not realize? To think, I momentarily feared you were one of them! I was so foolish!"

Princess Joharra was at my side however, never willing to let me doubt myself. "You were no fool, Sir La'Rence. You were doing your best to take extra good care of us, and we realize you can't always do a perfect job."

I wish I had her confidence, though it escaped me how my bumbling lack of awareness and humility about just how much these women desired me were so incredibly sexy to them. Had I known I could command them to pleasure me, in any way I could dream of in my horniest filthiest most lewd and lascivious man-slutty dreams, and see them leap to fulfill my every desire while still enjoying themselves being permitted to touch me and taste me and service me, their own pleasure pools brimming over with the fluids of lust until it rained down their thighs so thick I could swim up that waterfall and live a life of peace and joy and endless satisfaction swimming in their delicious waters... would I?

I was, after all, promised to Princess Chandrilla. She expected more of me than that, surely.

"Well you are in their captivity no more, madame," I said. "You are free now, and free you shall remain! I am Sir La'Rence. That over there standing in a big pile of its own horse manure is Grayhoar, my court-issued mount."

The woman wrinkled her nose, eyeing the horse with all the distaste it deserved. For some reason, I remained partial to it, even though I knew it had many, many defects. "Did you say 'Gray Whore?' Why would you give an animal such an ill-favored name – even one so unsightly as this?"

"No no, Gray *H-O-A-R*, like the frost that forms on cold steel. I would never use that word to describe a woman, even one who truly did bounce between lovers like a goblin who couldn't decide if it wanted crême brûlée or another poop pie." I laughed. I might be a noble knighted hero, but poop jokes still amused me. The princesses were so incredible to overlook the way I could be sort of a dude/guy sometimes.

"She certainly is frigid like frost," said Princess Joharra, laughing as well. "And those unsightly–"

“We won’t be making fun of her for that little burn on her plump belly,” I said quickly. I might not care for my horse the way I did the princesses – they’d forced me to take her along, after all! But I thought there should be a line somewhere.

So yeah, I invited the princesses to introduce themselves, which they did.

“I’m Princess Joharra.”

“I’m Princess A’Dayna.”

“Q’Tiri!” said Princess Q’Tiri. She thumped her massive chest. It was still bare. She was so proud of her incredible body, and who could blame her. “Princess,” she said slowly, showcasing her progress at learning what was actually one of the most difficult languages in the world to learn. I was so so so proud of her for how far she’d come.

The woman accepted a hand from Princess A’Dayna back to her feet. “So what are three princesses doing following some random knight through the High Guins? Don’t get me wrong, I can tell at a glance that he’s gorgeous, strong and handsome and with that twinkle of kindness in his eyes promising that any affection I bestow upon him will be returned and satisfy my own slutty needs a thousandfold. But still, *three*? Do you really think you can handle *three*...? All *three*, together...?”

She said that number like it was very significant to her, though I couldn’t yet understand why. “These incredible, beautiful, intelligent, big-hearted women are princesses, but alas, I am promised to another, and my princess is in another castle. I will let them tell their own stories. It is not the place of a man to tell a woman’s own story when she is there to give voice to it herself.”

The princesses decided to go chronologically, because that makes the most sense. Q’Tiri once more thumped her bountiful, womanly breasts. “Q’Tiri, Princess. Sent from Spen. Go with Sir La’Rence. Told... learn his tongue.”

She meant, I knew, that she had been sent to accompany me to find Princess Chandrilla. I was to help welcome her into our culture and show her all the dignity and warmth a woman of her station (and *beauty!*) deserved. From my beloved, she would learn the art of princessy, but from me, she would learn how to open herself to the tutelage of other princesses so that they could share with her how to live among them, and so that they could learn something of the impetuosity, and other fascinating and worthy aspects, of her own culture.

So far, I worried that the command to study my tongue had been taken entirely the wrong way, though it was impossible to complain about the results. It seemed all she ever wanted to learn of my native language was how to tell me she just might be falling in love with me, and a *lot* of words for precisely how she wanted to prove that fact.

Princess Joharra spoke next. “I first saw Sir La’Rence as he was being taken captive by a trio of giantesses, the Three as they are called. They meant him no ill will, but they were deluded and thought that because they too lived in the High Guins, that they were princesses, too. I used my Princessical Powers to *Banish* them from the High Guins, and though it broke my heart, I know they will be happier out there with others of their kind. Sir La’Rence was so grateful for my assistance that he offered to repay me by any means I desired, gold or treasure or magical loot, but all I wished for was his touch. He bedded me that night and fucked my moist velvet cunt right beside the campfire. It was the most incredible sexual experience of my life, and I swore, just as he filled the whole of my hole to overflowing with the nectar of his manly bliss, his cum surging everywhere in me and through me and over me, that I would follow him to the ends of the earth.”

Then it was Princess A’Dayna’s turn. “Unlike Princess Joharra, it was Sir La’Rence who saved me. I had been forced into an arranged marriage with this prince who was the son of my mom’s court jester. She meant well, and I love her, but sometimes she doesn’t understand that part of being a princess is figuring out what I need for myself. Our hero saw my miserable state and challenged my suitor to a series of contests and humiliated him completely in every single one of them, with ease. I was so impressed. So aroused. So grateful! So... in lov—”

But she could not finish the word. What had she been going to say? It sounded like it had been something very important to her. I listened closely as she continued.

“My mother and I had a long, deep, heart to heart, and I told her how I felt – not that I have feelings! No, no... none at all.” She shook her head anxiously. What was she hiding inside that soft wonderful beautiful heart? “She released me, and I came to Sir La’Rence to thank him with my only gift: the gift of music, a song for the man who had freed me to love whoever I wanted, as long and loud and deeply as I could ever want.”

The non-princess smirked. It was sort of bitchy-looking, but she had a way of looking hot while still looking sort of bitchy – which was also another word I would never ever use to describe a woman out loud, but there was no way the other princesses weren’t thinking it, too. “Surprised you didn’t demand a turn on his big fat cock, too. At least, I assume it is.”

Princess A’Dayna gasped at the implication. “After all he had done for me, I could never make such a demand of him! Not that I didn’t desire it. Desire *him*, and all his wonderful manly manfulness in his manhood. But in fact, my song moved Sir La’Rence so, that he said he had no choice but to ask me, just once, if he could give me something as moving and beautiful as the song I had given him. I said yes, thinking he meant a flower, a poem, or perhaps a golden retriever of some kind. Instead, he gave me a kiss, and once I tasted his lips, I couldn’t hold myself back. He made a true *SLUT* of this princess, and I’m not ashamed to say it.”

That was very true. Ever since I had made a woman of the golden virginal Princess A’Dayna, she had happily proclaimed to any who would listen what a giant slut she felt like being now, though only with him. *Always* with him, she prayed.

“So there you have it. Three princesses, somehow along with me for our stay in the High Guins. What about you? What call you yourself?”

The woman straightened, every inch of her stuffed with a foot of pride and dignity. (I couldn’t help imagining how pleasurable it would be to stuff her with a foot of something else, too.) “I am called Ali’ad’Ymaditu,” she said.

Princess Joharra gasped, even bigger than before! “Why, you’re a Muse!”

I had not heard of her, however. I wasn’t really the sort of knight who sought the sort of inspiration I suspected this muse provided, not that I judged people for wanting to put beauty and a little fantasy into the world. “Ali’ad’Ymaditu? That’s a heck of a mouthful.”

But Joharra shook her head, enviable black hair fluttering. “You’re saying it wrong. It’s not Ali’ad’Ymaditu. It’s Ali’ad’Ymadi *Two*. As in the number two. Because there’s three of them. I can’t believe you haven’t heard of them! They made a name for themselves exposing a nest of medusae, and since then have traveled the land bringing beauty and inspiration to the Eight Lakes of Vayu! They’re *legends*!”

“My apologies, beautiful Ali’ad’Ymadi Two. I meant no disrespect. Yet Princess Joharra says there are three of you. Where are One and Three?”

Her eyes lowered. “We have been separated, for the first time in many years. My heart aches for their absence, three twin souls intertwined. I hardly know where to begin looking for them, and I would need a mighty prince who was wise and patient and beautiful to reunite us.” Suddenly she gasped in realization. “Wait, didn’t I hear Princess A’Dayna say *you* were a prince, Sir La’Rence? Could you help me?”

“Alas, she spoke in error. Though these incredible women dote on me as if I were a prince, I am a knight only. Unless the symbol on this talisman my birth parents left around my neck when they abandoned me in Spen means I’m a prince!” I laughed at the ridiculousness of it. As if I had been born worthy of princessly love. My beloved Chandrilla loved me as a man despite my humble origin, and these other princesses might well love me because of it. For all they insisted it was the potency of my cock pounding their fragile, delicate, unbelievable bodies within in inch of losing their minds to the madness of the pleasure, I suspected they might see me as more than some mere piece of meat. Though I didn’t mind letting them tenderize me like I was.

"It's a shame you're not a prince. You see, I know something of interesting mystic omens," said Ali'ad'Ymadi Two. "For on my backside is a glyph of unknown origin. I cannot show you, unfortunately. Prophecy foretells that the man who sees it will free me from bondage, then bind me in free use. It's a paradox, you see. While the idea of letting a man such as yourself touch me, probe my innermost places, squeeze my petite yet supple young breasts, fondle me at his leisure, drag me to his bed and fuck me for a day that feels like a thousand years of endless unbridled pleasure, making me come and come alongside my sisters, who are included in the prophecy as well, holds great appeal sexually, I cannot let myself be distracted by any but the foretold one. I might almost have thought it would be you, but a man weakened by some wretched loathsome ugly fat orc could not possibly be the hero with the virility and stamina to accomplish such a feat."

I nodded. She was right. Though the Talisman of the Burning Heart, as my birth necklace was called, could use the love of my one true faithful and adoring princess to heal me, it had not been nearly long enough. In fact, I decided to inspect the wound, because they can get infected out here in the woods, which can be very dangerous.

I gasped! It was already almost completely healed! The princesses' and non-princessly muse's eyes were drawn to the exposure of my naked skin and saw what I did. A mere scratch, not even really bleeding any more!

"How can this be?! Only the love of my beloved can power the Talisman of the Burning Heart to heal me. Even the true love of my beloved Chandrilla cannot work miracles as quickly as this!" I wondered aloud.

Princess Joharra knelt at my side, pressing her gentle lips fiercely to my bare abdomen. They were so well-defined, so sexy. "What if the Talisman uses the love of *any* princess to strengthen you, Sir La'Rence?"

I shook my head. What she was saying actually made perfect sense, but it was also completely insane! "How can I love *two* princesses at the same time? That's not what love is supposed to be... Is it?"

Princess A'Dayna joined Joharra at my feet, her mouth hungrily tasting my rock hard washboard abs. They were so firm they were fingernail proof, so the princesses could scratch and claw my manly flesh with all their passion and do no harm, and I wanted them to, so they could enjoy me in every way a royal, beautiful princess deserved. "What if it more than one princess loves *you*, Sir La'Rence?" she asked even as her dainty fingers worked to unbuckle all the fancy weird straps on my armor.

"No, the god-queen Ramana told me when she sent me on this quest that only true, pure love, both emotional and so very physical, could lend me the strength of its magicness. It cannot be that pure love exists between so many princesses and only one humble, simple, lustful knight like myself."

"How well do you know Spen, Sir La'Rence?" asked Ali'ad'Ymadi Two. "Do you know of its curse?"

"Everyone knows about that," answered Princess Joharra, pausing her soft, wet rain of kisses across my lower belly to answer. It looked like it took real strength of will not to succumb to those unfathomable lusts we had awakened in one another. "The High Guins is cursed to be a land of all princesses with no prince. One and all, they pine to be found, to be seen, to be loved by a prince all their own, and though many have tried to hook up with them at fancy royal parties and whatnot, they were never up to the standard such enchanted, incredible, kind and funny and brilliant and adoring and best-friends-forevery princesses like those of the High Guins deserved."

Princess Q'Tiri had shed her dress when nobody was looking. I had noticed that she really liked to get naked and receive attention. It must be extremely easy for her because she was one of the sexiest princesses who had ever lived, and one of the nicest, too. She was the sort of princess so incredible even my beloved would indubitably love despite my inability to resist her pillowy soft mountainy tits. She took yet another place at feet, displacing the cock-starved slut Princess A'Dayna, who actually now that she thought about it wanted that to be her new nickname, the Slut Princess because she was sweet and delightfully innocent but wanted to be known for more than just her song. She wanted to be known as a

woman – and she wanted Sir La'Rence to be the knower of that knowledge. Her cunt ached for him, as did her lips as she watched Princess Q'Tiri needfully engulf my unbelievably rock hard sledgehammer-shaft of a dick.

Though she would rather be sucking my dick herself, A'Dayna contributed to the discussion even though she was so adorably shy and sweet. "If only there could be some end to the curse, but so far the High Guins hasn't permitted even a single prince, much less the dozens needed to satisfy so many princesses, each of us cursed with an insatiable need for love and affection from the prince who will someday rule our hearts."

Joharra watched Q'Tiri fellate me with open envy. She clearly missed the taste and feel of my gigantic cock in her horny, easy mouth. "I would gladly share a prince with my fellow princesses if only I could find one as sexy and eternally turgid as Sir La'Rence."

"As would I," declared Ali'ad'Ymadi, lifting her surprisingly fashionable dirty woodland outfit and gently stroking her honey-sweet pussy. "Am I crazy to consider settling for a knight? Perhaps a knight would be enough, with princes nowhere to be found, to accept a taste of my desperately buttery love muffin as pre-payment for what I promise would be a very brief quest to find my sisters, Ali'ad'Ymandi One and Three."

I frowned, which didn't come easy with Joharra and Q'Tiri tongue-fucking my cock while the Slut Princess A'Dayna slurped my balls like the slut she had longed to be since first she'd tasted them. I wished that I could help the muses, too, but there was only one problem. "There is only one problem! I swore to god-queen Ramana, who pays my knight salary of treasures and gold, that I would not deviate from my quest to reunite with Princess Chandrilla, my beloved, except to see to the needs of her fellow princesses. We knew she would want it that way, that given the curse, she would never forgive me if I failed to serve all the other princesses as I serve her."

Ali'ad'Ymandi sneered, coldly and so unbelievably beautifully it was pretty fucked up to think that there were two more identically as hot. "Does that include sexual service?" she asked.

"I once thought it didn't, that it was forbidden for a knight to bestow his affection on a princess, but the law was revoked, and... Gods help me, I do not think I could deny how incredibly horny these princesses make me. I look at them, and my head is filled with so many lustful, sinful, *arousing* thoughts."

I looked down at where Q'Tiri was openly sucking Joharra's perfect perky tits. I didn't quite understand how the lust she felt for me could swell up so full that she couldn't resist the urge to pleasure even another princess. (She had tried to explain to me in pictures drawn in the soil with a little stick she could use sort of like a pencil how she seemed to be looking to save another princess while we were out and about, Princess First-Light, who was held captive of some secret desires that Q'Tiri both feared and loved, but I didn't understand what it meant. Perhaps when she learned enough of my language, I could help her save her friend.) Anyway, Joharra wasn't deterred from her all-consuming need to taste more of my cum, not even when A'Dayna let my balls escape her talented songstress lips and began tongueing my shaft like it was a flute and she an unparalleled flautist. The piper of my pipe, Slut Princess A'Dayna, pleasuring me more than I'd ever dreamed possible along with my Protector Princess Joharra, basking in the endless libidinousness of Fuck Princess Q'Tiri, who loved fucking so much that sex was truly her first language, and she had a LOT to say to me in it.

The muse looked incredibly disappointed by my answer. She might be a big deal, but she was still a woman, and I was so very much a man. I sighed in empathy, stoic despite the trembles of inimitable ecstasy reverberating through my cock, which was so big that other, lesser men found it downright menacing and knew they had no hope of competing with it, especially not for the glory of princesses such as these. "I wish I could let you join in, Muse, yet I have sworn to serve only princesses, and it would be a betrayal for me to bed any others. I would as soon defile myself with Grayhoar as violate my sacred duty to the princesses of the High Guins."

She was desperate, however. I could see it in her eyes, the way my cock battered down a woman's will the way a catapult would smash down an pathetic little hut made out of sticks. "Not even if I

offer you what I have never offered any man? Perhaps the prophecy was wrong, and I could be freed and freely enjoyed by a knight until my sisters' and my three separate princes find us?"

I could not help but stare as she disrobed, revealing a body as exquisite as any princess I had yet fucked, which was a number so large no other man was man enough to boast. Only, as she turned around and displayed an ass that millions of men (over 2.8 million, I'd wager! Insane!) would follow from all over the earth, she spread her taut ass cheeks to reveal more than just the next pussy I would be fucking.

There, on her scrumptiously toned butt, was the glyph she had helpfully mentioned earlier. "Wait!" I told her, afraid she would leave before I could say more. It was a foolish fear, however; Ali'ad'Ymadi had already decided she meant to inspire yet another man, only this time, to inspire him not to jerk off his tiny cock alone in his castle bedchamber, but to inspire one to claim her for his own with such power and authority that when her sisters recognized the pleasure in my service, how fucking *good* it always felt to touch me and be touched by me in return, that they would pledge themselves to me as well.

"Well? I'm waiting," she said pridefully, still bent over pulling her ass apart to offer me any hole I would desire. There were some incredibly tantalizing options there, but first I had to tell her what I had realized.

"I realized something! Your glyph! It's not magic – it's a princessic rune!"

The princesses all gasped – that's freaking right, *including Ali'ad'Madi Two!* "What?! I'm no princess! I'm a muse!"

"You're both," I told her, crooking my finger. It was all the gesture she needed to fall to her knees and crawl to me, joining her fellow princesses in worshipping the full glory of my impossibly perfect cock. "I have been trained since birth, even blessed by the gods themselves, in the service and pleasure of princesses, and the first thing I learned was how to recognize one. And *that*," I said, joining her on the ground (where Q'Tiri very sweetly and helpfully spread out her big extremely fashionable and pretty dress for us to fuck on), and sliding my cock inside her like a spear skewering a lamb made out of pure golden butter, "is the mark of royalty!"

She gasped in utter bliss, toes curling as her tight triplicated twat spasmed around my dick of legend in undying pleasure that promised to last until she collapsed in exhaustion. "But... the prophecy said only a prince could sap the frosty iron pole from out my pussy and teach me the joy of pleasure in submission to whatever scraps of pleasure he can give me!"

"They won't feel like scraps, trust me, Princess Ali'ad'Ymadi," said Joharra, who was making out with Q'Tiri while she waited in hopes of a turn on my cock herself. Not that anyone, knight or prince or even princess, could complain of the delights of Q'Tiri's heavenly tits and hellishly hot pussy. (Maybe someday my beloved would even want to take a turn with us? Who knows! ;)

"This isn't payment," grunted the silken voice of the newest princess of the High Guins. "I do this because you have pushed me beyond my desire to stay out of all the drama of being a princess with a lust like no man could ever equal. I would fuck you, gladly, every day of my life, and suck your cock just as gladly, even if you said you had no desire to help them. Though I pray you do, and that they share my good sense to embrace it."

I spun her around and adjusted her position so I could look into her eyes while I kept relentlessly fucking the shit out of her sweet wet pussy, a pussy so soft and wet and incredible that the existence of three such pussies proved to me that the gods loved us and yea, planned good things for us. "And I won't rescue them because you're giving me such an unbelievable fuck."

Joharran stuck her tongue as deep as she could inside Q'Tiri. She screamed in bliss even as A'Dayna sluttily played with herself and watched all the hot sweaty raw fucking around her and gasped in pleasure. I twisted Ali'ad'Ymadi's pert pink nipples until her head threw back with a howl of unearthly release, coming and coming and oh my god coming around my dick, and I wasn't going to let her stop, I twisted and fucked and thrust harder and harder as I felt any resolve not to join her princessly pals in perfect perpetual pleasure pursuits pour from her pouty pussy lips.

“I am going to rescue them because they are princesses, and because I will not rest so long as a princess languishes alone under this evil curse. Tonight, we fuck together, all of us, until we can fuck no more. [That will be chapter five I think! Just so you all don't think I'll spare the good stuff!] Then tomorrow... I will mount my old nag and we will ride out together and reunite you, and see if I can figure out the riddle of this strange prophecy as well.”

I released her. Her muscles had melted like they were made out of cum, and she lie there between the sweating, lustful, horny princesses I had already pledged to serve as my cock finally could take no more and sprayed blast after white gooey blast of salty yet strangely delicious cum all over their sexy, gorgeous naked bodies. (I would never just assume princesses enjoyed being cummed on, but these all seemed to, so I didn't apologize like I otherwise might, to be gentlemanly.)

“If my ride through these cursed lands must zig and zag and zag and zig such that I must ride a thousand miles, I will ride them as I have ridden each of you.”

Princess Ali'ad'Ymandi sucked some of my cum into her mouth and sighed in delight. There was something about cum, *my* cum, that just satisfied a princess like nothing else seemed to. Probably just a weird coincidence. Only, as her eyes slid shut with a gasp of pleasure trembling through her body, I felt the last of that scratch on my side seal itself, and I was a whole man once more, thanks to my princesses.

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From the author: I hope this wasn't too horrible to read! I don't really read in the Dungeons and Dragons sort of genre, but I saw the Lord of the Rings movies when I was little (or maybe the Hobbit movies or maybe those are the same thing, I am not sure, sorry!) and Destiny helped give me some pointers for what kinds of jargon to use. I hope I wasn't being insensitive about anything, and if I went too far with anything please just let me know and I will apologize and make it right, I PROMISE.

I love him, and I love you, and I love us, and love love love love love.

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(I tried to trick it into putting glasses on "A'Dayna" and capturing her rocking tan, but it wouldn't play ball. And I know some of you think AI pics of real people are creepy but... right? Princesses!!!!!!!!!!!!!!)