

“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 travelling 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 woman 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.

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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 woman was the 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.

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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...

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"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.

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"*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 of survive, 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 than 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, than 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 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 I-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...

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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.

Leaning down, she grabs Raella's hair, and pulls the girl upward. The princess lets out a shriek of pain. "Ah! What are you *doing*?!"

"What does it *look like*?" Qarver licks her lips. "Your noble bodyguard was delicious. Were you really stupid enough to think I'd miss out on a chance to taste *royal* meat?"

"You...!" Raella glares in absolute fury. "I gave you everything you asked for! I gave you money, I gave you my *dignity*! Serah *died* for you! I'm going to bear your child!" Qarver has never seen eyes as hateful as Raella's at this moment. "You betray us after all that?! Where is your honor?"

"I never had an ounce of honor, fool." Qarver sneers down at the princess.

Raella grits her teeth. "You *imbecile*. I'm going to bear your child. My heir will be your blood. *Your own blood would rule the kingdom for generations*. Why in the name of the gods would you throw that away?!"

The mercenary licks her lips. "Because destroying something is so much more fun than building it. Don't you know that?"

"No, but my brother does!" Even after everything that's happened to her, the princess can still look defiant. "How long do you think he'll let Trader Town stay independent? You'll be forced to kneel to him, or be destroyed! You hold the fate of your own home in your hands! How does *that* make you feel?"

"Hungry." The princess's eyes widen in horror as Qarver's maw descends. The last embers of the campfire begin to fade, and the night presses in.

"Serah..." she whispers, "...forgive me. I've failed you and our kingdom." Then the campfire flickers out, and the hungry darkness claims her.

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"Let a *peasant* into the royal hall?" The young prince shoots the royal chancellor a disgusted look. In the light of the afternoon sun, the Cortellan throne room is beautiful, apart from the spoiled brat in the center of the room. The boy doesn't yet wear a crown, but he's seated in the royal throne, and has enough arrogance around him to already be king. "Why bother? Don't tell me there's *more* delays for my coronation?"

"The coronation will be soon, Excellency!" The chancellor is an older man, nervous and fearful of the young boy before him. "B-but the matter of your sister..."

"Damn Raella!" The prince shrieks in fury at the mention of his hated sister. "I want the crown! I want it more than her! She's a dumb girl, she can't be a king! Give it to me!" Despite his age, the young man seems to act more like a child than the young adult that he is.

The chancellor waits for the prince to calm down, before holding up his hands in placation. "Y-yes, I agree that a girl cannot rule Cortella, Excellency. But this... peasant has news of your sister!"

"Well, why didn't you say so?!" The prince turns in the thrones and gestures angrily to the guards at the doors. "Let the peasant in, already!"

A few minutes later, Qarver stands before the prince, and bows politely. The prince doesn't notice her grit her teeth in distaste. "Thank you for agreeing to see me, pri-"

"My sister!" The young boy almost jumps out of the throne in malicious excitement. "You know where she is, don't you? Tell me, or I'll have the guards *flog* it out of you!"

Qarver nods quickly. "Yes, I'll happily tell you where Princess Raella is, prince."

"Yay!" To the mercenary's astonishment, the prince actually does a cartwheel in front of her. Flipping back onto his feet, the boy's face is flushed with delight. "Tell me, tell me! I want her brought to me *now*! When I'm king, I'm going to do such nasty things to her!"

"Actually, I've brought the princess with me." Qarver replies with an equal amount of cruel glee. After all, she *had* made a promise to Serah to deliver the princess to the Capital.

The prince actually looks a little taken aback to see someone as nasty as he is. "W-well, where is she?!" he demands, looking around in confusion.

"Here." Qarver pats her belly, which is a little more swollen than usual. The prince blinks in bewilderment as he stares at her stomach.

After a moment's confusion, the chancellor gasps in shock. "Are you saying that you *ate* Princess Raella?"

"Indeed." Qarver's eye twitches for a moment, as she barely manages to suppress a fart. The princess is long since digested inside her, and she's eager to leave the mercenary's body, from what Qarver can feel inside her guts.

"I don't understand?" The prince looks between Qarver and the Chancellor, looking as if he's going to throw a tantrum. "Tell me, tell me, TELL ME WHERE SHE IS?!"

Ah, there might be a way to solve two problems in one here, the mercenary thinks to herself. "Let me *show* you where Princess Raella is, prince." Qarver grins, and turns around.

The prince and the chancellor watch in stunned silence as the mercenary drops her breeches and squats down. The young prince seems to enjoy the sight. "Look! She's got a penis!" he giggles to himself. "It's bigger than mine!" That thought seems to please him, oddly enough.

"Er, thanks?" The mercenary sways her butt slightly, making her flaccid cock and balls sway, to show off her length. "I'm glad that it is to your royal highness's satisfaction." Noting the prince's vaguely aroused expression, Qarver grins to herself. Then, with a quick effort, she pushes with all her might.

A deafening fart splits the throne room, and the chancellor almost faints in shock. "Oh, my gods!" he cries out, swooning. The prince's eyes widen bigger than Qarver could have imagined they could. But, the next part is going to be even more shocking to him. With a cry of relief, Qarver feels the princess inside her begin to move. Another wet fart slips out of her asshole, which begins to widen until...

Princess Raella finally manages to reach the throne room that she'd so desired to reach. She plops into the floor, splattering slightly across the expensive red royal carpet. With a grunt of effort from Qarver, another load of princess follows the first, and then another, and another.

The chancellor and the guards around the throne room watch in stunned horror as the mercenary shits out the remains of the girl who had every right to be queen. The prince does not seem to share their horror, however.

Recovering from his shock, the young prince starts to laugh, a dark amusement at the sight of incredible suffering. The sight of his sister's remains seems to delight him, and the prince sits back down in his throne, patiently waiting for once in his life.

Finally, the last of Princess Raella is deposited onto the throne room floor. Qarver stands up, pulling up her breeches as she turns back to the prince. "Your sister, Princess Raella." The mercenary gestures elegantly to the steaming turd in front of her.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" The prince cackles to himself, ignoring the disturbed looks on the faces of everyone else in the room. "Raella's a poop! Haha, she's a poop! Isn't that funny?!"

"Y-yes, Excellency!" The chancellor tries to laugh along with the prince, but it's rather hard when there's a vile stink in the air. "I... suppose there's no barrier to your coronation now..."

"Yay!" The prince waves his hands in the air. "I'm gonna be king, and Raella's a poop! What a stupid girl!" Suddenly, he points at the mercenary, who's standing over the princess's remains with a look of cruel bliss. "I like you, well-endowed peasant. What's your name?"

"Qarver, your excellency." As much as the mercenary hates royalty, she loves getting rewarded more.

The prince raises a confused eyebrow for a moment. "That's it? Oh right, peasants don't have last names, do you?" He thinks for a moment, and then turns to the chancellor. "What's the name of that dumb noble family I purged yesterday for being loyal to my sister?"

"Oh yes... the Kailen family." The chancellor thinks for a moment. "Yes, their eldest daughter, Serah Kailen was your sister's bodyguard, as you might recall, Ex-"

"Oh, shut up!" The prince snaps at him, before turning back to the mercenary. "How would you like to be a noblewoman, Qarver? Would you like that?"

That... was a much bigger reward than Qarver had expected. "Yes, Excellency, I would like that very much." She smiles at him.

A slight blush seems to tinge his cheeks. It would seem that the prince may have the beginnings of a crush... "Then, from this day onward, you shall be known as Qarver Kailen. And your children, and your children's children will bear that name also. You can have all of that dumb noble house's things as well, I don't want it."

Qarver Kailen bows before the soon-to-be-king, and smiles to herself. 'Kailen' was a strong name, it didn't belong to someone as weak as Serah. "I hope my descendants are as loyal to the royal line as I will be, excellency."

Yes, this would do just nicely as a reward.