

Suddenly, a knowing smile formed on my face. It was like I had been blind but now could see. Tears of bright-blue energy snapped across my eyes and my fingertips as I pulled at the ether to dispense some magic retribution.

“Oh, foolish fool, your moment has passed. Enjoy a taste of LIGHTNING BLAST!” The man moving in to attack hardly saw the thunderous spell that basted them. As his crackling and smoldering body sailed off his feet, I sprang into action, passing their charred body and preparing another spell.

“No more time to sleep,” I told the women in the bed. Enfina was first out of bed, but Syra moved slower than her mother. I remembered our bedroom antics with a grin.

‘Just our luck that assassins strike when we’re all tired from fucking all afternoon and night. I bet there is a lesson there,’ We left the palanquin and found that most of my guards had been butchered. This was not some group of simple pirates, but hardened killers who knew what they were doing. I cast a Light Spell on my off-hand and a blade that Enfina had picked up. Syra was still groggy and naked, so we kept her in between us. We kept moving.

“Sire! Over here!” Lecroy called out to us. I saw the figure in the gloom, waving a torch in one hand and a dagger in the other. My spymaster was not alone. She had about six guards around her, and they were holding the helm from the attackers. Our path was blocked by blade, flail, and bodies. Stepping forward, my hand stretched out again while my lips conjured up another spell to devastate the masked assassins.

“Hear me now, a lesson very enlightening. Never stand close, against Chain Lightning!” Like my lightning bolt from before, my vision turned into a broken and chaotic, blue blur while lightning sizzled and wrapped around my fingers. The nearest attacker raised a sword. The lightning shot out from my hand, striking him dead in the heart. Things seemed to pause for a moment, and then three more cords of blinding electricity shot out of his body. Three of the first target’s partners received the attack as well. Each jerked and spasmed as my thunderous jolts raged through their bodies. With four ravaged bodies to be tossed over, I cracked my knuckles and stared down the imbeciles who ruined my sleep.

“Now... why don’t the rest of you get off my ship! Before you learn how your friends felt right before the end...” The deck smoldered with a bit of fire and smoke. The attackers outnumbered us, but in that lull, I thought I could persuade them to stop their foolishness before I killed the rest of them. They had come for a king, no doubt. But they had learned that I am the Hero King!

“Kiiiyaaaarraaaaah!”

I heard the scream of the Roc first. The spell that the rider hit me with filled my ears the next moment. It also seemed to set my body on fire.

“Whaaaaahuaa!” I shouted out as the ship’s wooden structure crumbled beneath me. I grabbed onto Enfina and Syra and then tossed them up and out of the blast zone. My hands whipped into action, and I prepared the Fly spell, but the mounted spellcaster had flown in for another strike by then. The sound of wood cracking and rending filled our ears as the spell hit. This time, my resistance couldn’t hold back. My hands gripped at my pain-filled ears before the concussive force of the magic exploded the area I was standing on.

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Salt. No. Salty sand in my mouth. After I spat out the terrible-tasting mouthful, I took the measure of the situation. I had a fresh cut on my head. The situation only grew worse with time. There was no sign of my ship. My only thought was that Enfina and Syra were safe. In my gut, I knew that both the women were strong and could look after themselves, but given how things had ended when that airborne magic-user came along, I couldn’t be sure. I moved out across the shoreline, just me in my birthday suit. It’s hard to say who I expected to run into as I moved across the shoals of the area I had landed in, but a pair of the assassins was far from the list.

I wouldn’t have known the pair of lithe women were part of the attacking crew if not for them. At first, I just saw two trim women drying clothing and armor. They had a pair of swords, but I imagined they were only warriors from a nearby village. Then one, with blood-red hair stumbled up onto the sand at the sight of me.

“That’s him! Mela! Get up. It’s the King!”

“We don’t have a king, Pevilin,” Mela said slowly with a stretch and unbothered attitude. Meanwhile, Pevilin had grabbed at her sword and unsheathed it. I just relaxed and raised my hands.

I rushed forward, buck-naked, and thrust my arm to catch the woman’s sword-arm at the wrist. From there, I crashed my body into her own. She took a step back, and I bent down and grabbed at her leg. Flinging it out from underneath her sent us both tumbling to the sandy ground. Nearby, Mela was finally looking at what was going on.

“Pevilin. What are you doing? He can’t be the King. He’s naked and... well he does have a sword. Haha!”

Nearby, my body hung above Pevilin. I pulled on her wrist and punched her sword hand against the sand. She was tough, and if her friend were helping, it could have been a decent fight, but this time, I neatly loosened her grip and then struck her with a backhand to knock some sense into her.

As her head went limp for a while, I found my hands on her breasts. A little bit of rubbing was all it took to get her nipples nice and pointy. “How did you two end up out here?” I asked towards her companion while I gave Pevilin’s juicy breasts another squeeze.

“After everything went to crab food on the ship, we were sent to get supplies before returning to base. Wait. Are you really the King?” The brown-haired woman asked curiously as her hands stroked down to her tan pants. She licked her lips and I imagined she’d caught sight of my cock rubbing against her friend’s body.

“Yes, and you tried to kill my family and me. For that, you have to pay,” I said solemnly while I pulled up Pevilin’s sword. It would have been easy to plunge the tip right into her heart, but I saw her breasts moving with the soft tempo of her breathing. Her eyes were full of fear with edges of arousal as my body filled her sight. After narrowly escaping death, I was glad to see my cock hadn’t grown timid in the face of a beautiful half-naked woman.

Slamming the sword into the sand, the hilt wiggled while I grabbed at Pevilin’s laces. Tugging her pants down, I saw a small red blush looking at me, with lips below starting to grow damp. After jerking my cock a few times to get it as presentable as I could in the situation, I let my libido run wild before I kneed open the wench’s legs and then stabbed at her folds with my potent girth.

“Fuahauh... You beast... I’ll kill you... Nraah... just you wait! Oh no.... Whatuahaah....”

Fires blossomed in my veins as I took the bitch who had tried to kill me like a tavern slattern. She wasn’t as tight as Enfina or Syra, but her pussy felt good all the same as I conquered it with rolling thrusts powered by my hips. My body still reeled from the blast that sent me tumbling off my boat, but there is rarely a time when I can’t muster the power for a good fuck.

“You, keep talking. Where is this base, you’re returning to?” I growled out at the brunette while my lance continued storming its way deeper and deeper into Pevilin’s pussy. Her hands reached up, pushing, and then scratching along my chest and shoulders as I ravaged every inch of her now gushing walls. My cock scraped deep along her folds and pleats while the thick tip of my crown started hammering up against the entrance to her womb.

‘Wouldn’t it be fun to give my would-be assassin a gift to remember me by...’

Mela seemed to be getting too aroused herself to be of much use. I snapped my fingers at her. “Speak. Waggle your tongue, or I’ll cast a spell on it!”

That seemed to give her some motivation. “Yes, of course. My King, I mean your Highness. Our base is on Halior Island. Jakor is our leader,”

“Mela! Stop... huaah... ohuaah... stop telling him... Gods.... This cock...” Pevilin bit her lips harshly while her breasts continued jiggling to the rhythm of my thrusts. Her pussy was wetter than a fish while I continued splitting her apart with my rock-solid erection. The warmth of my balls churned, echoing my arousal as the woman’s legs rubbed and stretched out against my lower body while I continued pounding her nice and hard.

The redhead sucked on her fingers, trying to quiet her moans. The action hardly made any impact. "Ooouaahh... oh fuck. What are you doing... my... oh god... you're so big,"

Mela stepped closer, lowering her britches and small clothes around her knees. She bit her lip and ran her fingers up and down the point between her breasts. They were smaller and more pointed than her friend's, but a fine sight to enjoy, especially as I relished Pevilin's folds hugging onto my throbbing manhood.

"See... now you've got her in the right mind, your Highness. Pevilin doesn't hate you. Least it looks like she loves you,"

"I could never love some noble, stuck-up... pricckhuaaaah!" The girl with hair the color of a river of blood screamed out. Her juices spilled out around my stiff cock as she came while I continued stretching out her hole as we writhed together on the sand.

"Do you think I'm a simpleton, Mela? You lasses were both my ship, trying to kill me, weren't you?" I said while I continued digging my cock deeper inside Pevilin's cunt. All my stress continued melting away while my hammering thrusts continued burying her ass into the beach. Constant splashes of her juices began flooding out of her folds and helped encourage my balls to enjoy their own explosive release. Nearby, Mela found her tongue while her hand continued playing with her lemon-shaped udders.

"Of course not, your kingliness. But I don't think that Jakor, meant to kill you," Mela said, pulling her hands from her tits and wringing her fingers. As nervous as her body looked, her eyes were now nearly unable to tear themselves away from my fat cock while I continued drilling into her friend's deliciously-warm cunt.

"Oh fuck... what are you doing to me? This cock... it... fuchaakk... it feels amazing. King... My Kinguaaaaah!" turning towards the sound of Pevilin's panting and moaning. The young woman's lips quivered out for attention. Leaning forward across her naked front, I spanked my hand down on her assassin's tits and then claimed her throat with my hand and her tongue with my teeth. She moaned and whimpered as my thrusts got faster and harder.

"More.... Ohuaha... yes... I want to cum again... Mmrraaaphh... Fuuhhckk..." Pevilin stifled moans floundered out as my dick filled up her cavity, pulled back, and then raged forward once again to knock on the door of the wannabe killer's womb.

"Keep going, Mela," I called out to her. The lazy girl who hadn't even mustered the energy to fight seemed to be losing herself to her lust as she watched me dominate her friend with my enormous cock.

"Huaaah... well, it's like, I think we were just meant to capture you. For some alliance or talk. I don't know. I'm sorry, my King. I can't... it just looks so... you have a really big cock..." She sputtered out while her hands went down across her body. One hand quickly grabbed at her

nipple and began pulling and pinching the dark-pink flesh. Meanwhile, her other hand began making a gooey mess of her snatch. Unlike the redhead beneath who had a red forest above her glistening folds, Mela's mound was clean-shaven.

I realized shortly thereafter that I probably shouldn't have asked Mela to keep going. As she spoke of alliances and talks, I found myself nearly unable to fathom what scheme was going on because Pevilin was cumming around my dick yet again. This time, her clamoring tightness was far too much for me. The wench even reached up her arms and pulled her neck and body up to kiss me as my cock railed her insides. I was surprised by this, and the loss of control meant that after a few more thrusts, all the locks holding back my release fell apart. With one more thrust, I bottomed out inside of her as far as my cock could go. The wet 'slucking' noises of her rutting faded and were replaced with dire moans and simpering whining as her body grew flush with bliss once more. Naturally, as my balls ground against her sensitive lips and her red curls tickled my chest, bliss was not the only thing that her body became filled with as my body pushed down against Pevilin's.

"Oouhaah.... Oh gods... that's it... oohuaa.... Oh no... it's so warm... It's... it's inside...." Pevilin quieted her erratic words by kissing and then sucking and licking all over my neck. Her fingers rubbed the back of my neck and my shoulders while my cock continued engorging deep inside her nether region. On the sandy beach, I only began moving again once I finished painting her fertile womb to the brim with my load. The girl who had started so obstinate seemed resistant to let me go after that. When I slapped her hands away, she let out a little mewling noise. Rising up onto my knees and then onto my feet, I walked over a few paces and then grabbed a handful of the brunette's still damp hair.

"Yes... my King. What do you require?" The dumb girl who wasn't actually one of my subjects asked quickly. Shoving her down onto her knees, I massaged my balls and then quickly pressed all of my still cum-coated cock into her mouth straight away. As Mela started gurgling and choking on my cock, I glanced over towards the boat. Imagining that once she got my cock nice and clean, we could start moving, I ended up putting both of my hands onto her head and helping out the wench out, because that's just the kind of guy I am.