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18+



**BATTLES ON  
THEMYSCURA**

**COVER ART BY HSEFRA  
BASED ON AN IDEA BY MASHUGANA**

**BLOOMIN' FAERIES!**

# BATTLES ON THEMYSIRA - 01

*Based on an idea by Mashugana*

Princess Diana woke up with a start about halfway through a breathtaking climax. Confused and gasping for air, she felt her hands clutching her crotch, her fingers penetrating her sex and brushing against her heated clitoris.

“Great Hera!” she cried out.

It was a strong one. It lasted much longer than expected, and her athletic body convulsed all throughout. Unable to think, she rode it through until the end, then lay panting on her bed, her body shaken by involuntary aftershocks.

What had happened? Where was she anyway?

As the pleasure ebbed and her senses returned to her, she began remembering.

There had been a dream. A very, very wet dream. One where she had... Oh, Gods! That was depraved. She looked around. Yes, of course, she was in her old bedroom in her mother’s palace. She was on Themyscira. She was here for the tournament, one she was favored to win by everyone.

Very well. It was fine.

Except it wasn’t. During the few moments it had taken her to gather her bearings, a feeling of worry nagged at her. What was she forgetting?

Then it came back to her. With a surge of anger, she sat up in her bed and scanned the dark room around her. Nothing on the nightstand. Nothing on the wardrobe. Nothing on the small work desk in the corner. Then her eyes caught a glimmer just past the wafting silk curtains leading to the balcony. There, on the railing, a faerie stood in flowing green garb, her golden hair piled atop her head in a perilous tower of locks that could only be held up by magic. Like most of her kin, she had a killer body, not that Diana cared at that moment.

“Hedonia!” she shouted at the fae. “This was your doing, wasn’t it?”

The small creature smiled as she took flight and approached the Themysciran princess. Diana knew she would need to be careful. Faerie kind was mostly faerie and hardly ever kind. Their diminutive size belied a deep and irresistible well of magic that even the gods dared not challenge.

“Princess!” Hedonia said, landing on the bed beside her. “You look like you’re having fun.”

Diana repressed her anger. There had been little harm other than the actual content of her dream. She forced herself to relax.

“Was that necessary?” she asked.

The faerie nodded. “You’ve been very tense with the tournament coming up. Maybe another one...?”

Diana held her hands up.

“That won’t be necessary,” she said. “How long will the spell last?”

Hedonia looked around innocently.

“Oh, I’m not sure. Probably a few days.” She pretended to think about it for a moment.

“Say, that’s about how long the tournament will last, isn’t it?”

“And the dreams?”

“I plant the seeds,” Hedonia said with a shrug. “You chose the specifics.” She paused for a moment. “You *are* going to tell me about the specifics, right?”

Diana sighed. Of course, she’d want to know the details. Her kind thrived on human suffering and humiliation.

“Very well,” the princess said. “I had carnal knowledge of my mother.”

“That’s not enough!” the faerie said with a pout. “Tell me more.”

Diana gathered herself before she spoke again.

"I barged into her chambers," she said. "She was surprised to see me. I ripped her robes and threw her on the bed. She resisted, but I proved stronger. I broke her will, and finally, I drove her to an incredible orgasm."

Hedonia flew up and wagged a finger at the princess.

"Oooh, you little devil, you're still not telling me all the details. If you keep skipping over the juicy parts, I'll just have to pile on a few more curses. "She glanced away, tapping a pensive finger on her chin. "Giant boobs, maybe? Nah, you're already doing fine in that department. Oh, I know! An orgasm every time someone attacks you. That should make the tournament fun?"

So Diana finally confessed the details of her dream. The way she had pushed her mother onto the bed and pried her legs open. The softness of the kiss she had placed on Queen Hippolyta's lips. The way her mother fought back, then how her resistance melted as Diana's fingers slipped into the royal pussy. Resistance had made way for shameful enthusiasm. Diana had slid down her mother's muscular body, past her firm breasts and washboard stomach, and had found her slit wet and wanting. She had leaned in, tongue out, and eaten her mother out with all the skill of a well-trained amazon. Her own fingers had wandered south, found her own snatch, and slipped inside with ease. She had masturbated with the eagerness of a teenager while her own mother writhed on the bed, moaning and babbling incoherently.

"And then I woke up" Diana concluded. "You saw that part."

Hedonia paused, then clapped with enthusiasm.

"You came like a champion!" the faerie said with a laugh.

"Yes," Diana said with a sigh, "I did."

"Well done, princess!" She leaned in as if to whisper a secret. "You've just fought and won your first battle of the tournament."

Diana's eyes narrowed.

"Earlier tonight, when you first came to me, you said you'd even the odds for the tournament. What did you mean?"

Hedonia turned her head to glance at the moon outside.

"You still have a long night ahead of you, princess." The faerie gave her a mischievous wink. "By the time you fight your first battle, you'll probably have figured it out."

\* \* \*

Earlier, across the palace and in the privacy of her own bed, Queen Hippolyta had awakened with a start. Her firm body had shaken from an incredible and unexpected orgasm. She had been sleeping peacefully, then pleasure had surged through her and exploded like a nova. It had taken her minutes to come down from it, panting and shivering like a fawn.

Now she stood naked on her balcony, staring at the shattered reflection of the moon on the sea. Despite her climax, she was still a bit horny, Her hand reached down, her gaze still on the ocean. Sure enough, her clit was engorged, and the mere brushing of her fingers sent a shiver through her. This was unexpected. Though she still looked young for a woman her actual age, she no longer got casually aroused the way she did as a girl. Now, her whole body was tense with sexual need. She would have to see to that. Companionship was not hard to find on an island full of strong and vibrant women. Surely, this could wait until morning or tomorrow night.

The queen tore herself away from the peaceful view and returned to bed. She fell asleep quickly. Her unconscious mind drifted into the land of dreams, where she was visited by shameful visions of her daughter and herself, engaged in forbidden acts not allowed between kin. Acts that led to powerful eruptions of joy and delight.

When she awoke in the morning, Queen Hippolyta found her bed soaked with her juices. She pondered on the dreams, then prayed to the gods for their guidance.

As always, none came.

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Hours later, the sun had barely started its ascent across the clear blue sky when it came to be Diana's turn to enter the ancient tournament arena. She did not enter alone, though none



but she could see her companion. Hedonia fluttered carefree by her side, humming with an innocence that forebode mischief yet to come.

“Oh, look,” the faerie said, pointing at Hippolyta’s lodge not fifty paces away. “Your mother is here.”

It was customary for the combatants to approach the queen side by side and salute her before the fight. Diana’s opponent was Thalia, a thick, brown-skinned warrior with enough brawn and savagery to make up for her predictable tactics. She was a beast in combat, but good-natured and merry out of the arena. They gave each other a glance as they neared the queen’s lodge, weapon and shield at the ready. As soon as the queen would raise and lower her hand, the fight would begin.

They were only twenty paces away from Diana’s mother when the princess realized something was wrong. With every step, she was feeling an increasing pressure in her lower abdomen, an aching that she was all too familiar with. She had—to use the vernacular of Man’s world—a lady boner, and a good one at that. She frowned as she made the final steps to her mother, who looked back at her with an inscrutable expression.

The queen raised her hand, then let it drop. Almost instantly, she heard Thalia rush toward her, her feet stomping heavily into the sands of the arena. Her onslaught was relentless and immediately put Diana on the defensive. The princess blocked, deflected, or parried her blows, but the growing heat between her legs was increasingly distracting. Worse yet, with each passing moment, she felt an odd sensation where her clit was, an itch and a feeling of rigidity that surpassed any clitoral erection she’d felt before. This one was like the string of a harp that was much too tight.

The distraction gave Thalia an opportunity to strike a powerful blow that knocked her down. As her opponent charged her to deliver a winning strike, Diana flung up her legs, caught Thalia in the stomach, and used her momentum to send her flying ten yards past her. She quickly returned to her feet and faced her adversary, still bewildered by the raging nub that flared relentlessly between her muscular thighs. To think that for all her skill and power, such a tiny bit of flesh could cause so much distraction. Her eyes caught Hedonia hovering to the side; the faerie was beaming with unabashed delight. Of course, this was her doing.

Thalia was charging again. Diana steeled herself, pushing down the pulsating pleasure from her clit, then charged toward Thalia. At the last moment, she threw herself to her knees, leaning way back as she slid past her opponent. She got up quickly and leaped toward the dark amazon. Thalia turned around just in time for Diana’s knees to strike her in the shoulders. The princess may have been smaller in stature, but she possessed almost supernatural strength. It was more than enough to knock Thalia off her balance. The two women rolled to the ground and dappled with each other for a minute, trying to gain an advantage over the other. As they wrestled, Diana’s crotch came into repeated contact with Thalia’s arm, or leg, or torso, and each time her clit burst with increasing pleasure. The urge to reach down—even for just a moment—and rub her aching nub was becoming near unbearable.

Finally, she found an opening. As Thalia came at her, Diana caught her head between her thighs and squeezed. If she couldn’t win from skill alone, she could choke her into defeat. The pressure of Thalia’s head against her crotch, however, sent her whole cunt into overdrive. Whatever was wrong with her clit was now a thousand times worse. Thalia shook her head, trying to free herself, which only overstimulated Diana’s button. She roared, as much from the effort as from an impending climax.

She felt Thalia weakening, but not quickly enough to release her and avoid the incoming orgasm. She screamed as she came, trying to pass off her thrashing as part of her frantic attempts to render her adversary unconscious.

At last, as she finished cumming, Thalia passed out. Panting, her chest heaving, Diana stood on trembling legs. She held up her shield and clanged her sword onto it to mark her claim to victory. She looked at her mother as the queen stood up. Hippolyta’s cheeks were a dark shade of pink and she looked a little sweaty, far more than would be warranted by the mild weather. It almost looked like the amazon queen was...turned on?

Diana glanced at Hedonia, who now fluttered just out of arm's reach. The faerie grinned with satisfaction and clapped in her direction. The mischievous glint in her eyes told the princess all she needed to know.

This was just the beginning.

## BATTLES ON THEMYSIRA - 02

*Based on an idea by Mashugana*

"Time to exit the arena, is it not?" Hedonia asked as she landed on Diana's shoulder. "This next part should be real fun."

Diana noticed the emphasis on "real" and there was trouble ahead. Any moment now. She rushed past the arched stone gate of the arena and headed toward the waiting room assigned to her. If anything happened, at least it would be in private. She passed a few amazons headed to the arena, nodding distractedly in their direction. The fire that had erupted between her legs during her recent fight was not abating, on the contrary. Then she blinked and took another look at the red-headed warrior that had just passed her. Her face... Was it...? No, it couldn't be.

Then she passed another Amazon. This time, there was no doubt. She bore a striking resemblance to her mother. Not the hair—this one was blonde—and not the body. Too slim. But her features were shockingly similar.

"Oh, Hera!" Diana thought to herself. "She *could* be my mother!"

As they passed one another, the stranger looked at the princess with puzzlement, no doubt wondering why she was being scrutinized. Diana, however, quickly looked away. The burning between her legs had reached another level, one that made every step a delightful torture. It felt like her clit was hard and incredibly swollen, and each brushing of her thighs as she stepped triggered tiny bolts of pleasure. Stars danced before her eyes and before long, Diana had to stop walking to lean against the wall. Another Amazon passed her—she was *naked* this time. And her body was identical to her mother's, or at least how Diana imagined it to be.

The fire inside her suddenly flared into a raging bonfire and she yelped before her hand could cover her mouth. The pressure at her crotch...it was growing. It made no sense. She made sure she was alone, then reached under her plated skirt and explored her crotch with trembling fingers. In horror, she felt a bulge where her clit should be, something way too big to be just a clit. And it was growing beneath her fingertips.

She quickly straightened up, noticing new (and naked) Amazons headed for the arena. All of them bore her mother's face, and for each one she saw, Diana felt a surge of pleasure swell inside her pussy. She was leaking heavily. Oh, Hera! Someone was going to notice. She positioned her shield in front of her crotch, hoping it would hide the wetness that now coated the inside of her thighs.

At last, she reached her waiting room and took refuge inside. No sooner had she closed the door than she dropped her shield and fumbled to unbuckle her belt.

"Hedonia!" she said, fighting to control the tremor in her voice. "What have you done to me?"

The small faerie launched herself into the air and hovered while Diana finally dropped her belt and skirt to the ground. The masculine bulge struggling against the fabric of the Amazon's undergarments left little doubt as to the nature of her curse.

"Oh, look at that!" Hedonia exclaimed. "You got yourself a nice little dick! And a HARD one too!"

"Great Hera!" Diana grumbled. "This...I did not need!"

"Need or no need," Hedonia continued, "that's what you get for winning fights. This is only the beginning. After your next victory, it'll be...magnificent!"

Her cheerful tone contrasted with the sheer cruelty of her intent. Diana felt a flush on her cheeks as she imagined struggling with another warrior—a naked one that bore her mother's face—with a raging erection pressed against her adversary's body. The dick inside her underwear throbbed in response. Diana shuddered and clasped her thighs together in reflex. Gods, that thing was sensitive! Not as much as a clitoris, but the way it constantly got caught in her drawers would eventually drive her mad with lust.

"You should relieve yourself," Hedonia suggested. "Here." She pointed at an empty corner of the small room and snapped her fingers. A marble bathtub appeared, filled with warm water. "Use this, make yourself *cum*fortable."

Diana had no intention of masturbating, but she was filthy, both from the fight and from her leaky pussy. She removed the rest of her armor first, then slid her underwear down her muscular legs. At last, her dick sprung free. All six or seven inches of it. She deliberately ignored it—and the way it pointed almost vertically at the ceiling—and slipped into the bath. She winced as she sat, the warm water somehow hardening her erection. Deliberately ignoring it, she began washing herself.

"So you're *not* going to use it, huh?" Hedonia asked. "Then maybe THIS will help."

The faerie grinned and made windmill gestures with her arms, conjuring a shimmering portal that floated at the end of the bath. Slowly, an image formed in the middle, blurry at first, then coming into focus. It was Queen Hippolyta, her mother, entering her apartments and sporting a hard-on not unlike her own.

\* \* \*

The queen had struggled with inexplicable horniness throughout her daughter's fight. Ever since waking from her wet dream, she'd been feeling randy. There had been no time in her busy schedule to relieve herself of sexual tension. And during the battle between her daughter and Thalia, her ladyboner had gotten worse, sometimes painful enough to make her wince. When Diana finally defeated Thalia—through wrestling, no less—Hippolyta found herself panting and heaving from forbidden excitement. She kept envisioning her daughter holding Thalia in a half-Nelson headlock and humping her from behind. In her imagination, Diana even had an oversized phallus and was pounding it inside Thalia's drenched cunt. Except that it wasn't Thalia anymore.

It was herself!

Immediately after her daughter's victory, she stood up, feeling the heat in her cheeks. She had struggled to maintain her composure while she saluted the princess' victory.

Then, the constant pressure she'd felt at her crotch suddenly intensified. She gasped, drawing the attention of the matriarchs who sat with her in the royal booth. Something was wrong. Something was...growing between her legs. She had promptly excused herself and rushed to her apartments.

The two-minute walk to her chambers had been excruciating. She had swept past several puzzled servants, her hands covering her crotch. There was a bulge there that didn't exist just five minutes ago. She was experienced enough to know what it was, though it made no sense. How could *she* have a penis, suddenly and out of nowhere?

She then realized that every single servant she passed looked like her daughter. Her naked daughter. With her broad shoulders, proud breasts, and muscular body. Shamefully, she found herself glancing at their crotch, her embarrassment and arousal multiplied when she found them dripping wet.

What was happening to her?

At last, she reached her chambers and hurried inside. Glancing down, she saw that her penis had grown sinfully big erection, standing up proudly through the diaphanous fabric of her robes. She grabbed it with her fist, her eyes almost rolling back from a rewarding blast of pleasure. Oh, how could she resist stroking it a few more times? What would it hurt? She was alone after all...

"My queen?" someone said. "What are you... OH!"

Hippolyta opened her eyes, realizing she wasn't alone. Her daughter stood before her, her beautiful daughter, so obviously wet, willing, and horny as fuck. The queen half-understood that it might also be her personal servant Selene, but her brain was drowning in a sea of lust and she couldn't reason clearly. She didn't want to reason clearly. She stepped toward the other woman, stroking her cock through her clothes, and reaching out with the other hand.

"Diana," she said, "I want you."

She grabbed the young woman by the shoulders, turned her around, and pushed her tits down on her writing desk. She protested, but Hippolyta was the stronger woman. Without hesitation, the queen opened her dress, freed her majestic dick, and positioned it at the entrance of the young woman's drenched pussy.

"Let me show you who's your mommy," she said.

And with that, she thrust her pelvis forward. Her hard cock met no resistance and then was engulfed in a sea of warm and wet folds.

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Diana watched the action in the portal with a mixture of shock and fascination. Her mother was fucking Selene, her personal servant, reaming her glistening pussy with a phallus worthy of mighty Zeus. Her own cock wasn't quite as spectacular, but still respectable. And so hard!

"Come on, princess," Hedonia said. "You know you want to. Imagine you're in that servant place, being fucked by your mother's big hard cock?" She paused, then giggled. "Or better yet, you're behind your own mother right now, fucking her wet pussy while she's fucking her servant. Imagine it! See it in your mind."

Diana fought for control, fighting the faerie's suggestions. Trying *not* to imagine something just made it worse. Her hips were twitching, her maddeningly sensitive prick begging for release. She felt fingers clasp around it and stroke it gently at first, then faster. She looked down—it was her own hand doing it. Part of her wanted to stop, but each stroke brought absurd waves of pleasure that drained her will to resist. She saw herself sliding her cock inside her mother's pussy, then her asshole—oh, so tight!—then her mouth as the queen kneeled before her. In another scene, they were wrestling and squirming against each other, feeling their hard dicks pressing between their taut stomachs. Finally, they screamed as they came against one another.

And at last Diana came, her cock splurting long strings of cum up in the air and splashing it against her face and breasts. Soon, she was covered with thick streaks of her own semen.

After a minute, just as she came back to her senses, Diana heard the resounding gong outside. The next fight was in ten minutes. She barely had time to get cleaned up and ready for it. How was she going to hide her cock and win the fight?

She had no clue, but she'd have to figure it out.



## BATTLES ON THEMYSKIRA - 03

*Based on an idea by Mashugana*

The fight with Aella had been different from the one with Thalia. Where Diana's first opponent had been brute strength and stamina, Aella was swift and tricky. They'd also been lovers in the past—not an unusual occurrence in Amazon society—so there was no shyness between them. On the first moment they'd grappled on the ground, Aella had quickly felt Diana's unexpected cock beneath her plated skirt and taken hold of it as they tumbled on the arena floor. Rather than squeeze it to induce pain, she'd stroked its great length with one hand while attempting to choke Diana with the other. The princess had groaned, feeling her stiff member throb in Aella's palm. Her adversary had finally managed to squeeze her legs in between them and with a great heave, she'd sent Diana flying back.

The princess had landed with grace despite the distraction provided by her rock-hard member. She stood up while Aella kipped up to her feet, graceful as a cat. She needed this to be over quickly. She needed privacy, and soon! She needed to hold that cock in her hands and make herself cum hard. It was all she wanted at the moment. As Aella rushed toward her, Diana lifted the tiara from her head and flung it into her opponent's face. It didn't knock her out—she was an Amazon after all—but it provided enough of a distraction that Diana was able to rush in and headbutt Aella straight between the eyes. Her rival fell down, sprawled in the sand, and moaned as she held her face.

Diana felt the rush of victory, but also a primal boiling in her blood. Her gaze fell upon Aella on the ground, her legs splayed and her skirt flapped up to reveal her underwear. Thin, clingy underwear that barely covered her pussy. A pussy that Diana had known before, and that made her dick twitch eagerly. And not just her dick. Her balls felt achingly full of jizz ready to erupt at the first stroke. Something should have clicked in her mind. She should have asked herself when those swollen testicles had appeared, but she had other things on her mind. Lewd and vulgar things.

Diana strode forth toward Aella, intent on pinning her down and forcing her to surrender. And if by chance her underwear was torn in the battle, and if by chance her cockhead pressed against her adversary's pussy lips, and if by chance she plunged it inside her, and if the cock had magical powers to make women mad with lust, well...those things happened in combat, did they not?

Wait, was someone *whispering* these things into her ear? There was a faint buzzing sound nearby, like the wings of a bee or a dragonfly. Maybe a tiny female voice dripping with sarcasm? She couldn't be sure. She grappled Aella in a pose that she imagined would pin her opponent down, but more importantly that brought the tip of her cock in contact with her with the flimsy fabric separating it from her warm slit. A warm, slutty cunt, made irresistibly wet by the power of Diana's magical dick.

Aella moaned beneath the princess, spreading her legs wider and humping lewdly against the massive shaft. Somehow, the underwear was now gone and Aella was helplessly impaling herself on Diana's cock. The princess winced as her adversary's pussy clenched and released around her, again and again. Her cunt was so strong! She'd never experienced anything like it! She couldn't resist it. Her hips rolled forward and back, thrusting the giant member inside and out of her subdued opponent, balls slapping Aella's firm ass, faster and faster. Aella met her back her thrusts with increasing passion. Neither woman seemed to care about where they were and who was looking at this point. They mated in public, like rutting animals, grunting and growling as their pleasure mounted rapidly.

Diana came first, seizing as she gave one final forward thrust, her cock shooting its impressive load into her opponent. Aella—no doubt triggered by a blend of Diana's orgasm and her own humiliation—came moments later, the pleasure so intense that her legs shook and her

eyes rolled back inside her head. Neither noticed the roar of the crowd, shocked by this wild and debauched display.

Orders were shouted, not that the combatants heard them. By the time the half-dozen Amazon soldiers reached them, Aella had turned around, pushing her tits into the ground, and raising her ass in the air. She wanted more. Diana was about to shamelessly shove her ever-hard dick back into that warm pussy when she was grabbed from behind by two of her Amazon sisters. Two other warriors dragged Aella away.

It didn't fare well for the Amazons struggling with Diana. She was raging with lust, her mind drowning in a desire to fuck any pussy that came within her reach. In the struggle, her cock smacked one of her assailants' hands. The Amazon immediately gasped and squirmed, both hands flying to her crotch. She was quickly on her knees, head bobbing as she sucked on Diana's cock, fingers buried deep in her burning snatch.

Then a creature appeared before her, hovering in the air, her dragonfly wings buzzing behind her back. No taller than a doll, with mischief dancing in her dark eyes. She couldn't quite remember who it was, but she knew she should. She fought to remember, but the warm mouth and slippery tongue around her cock drove her to distraction.

"It's okay, Princess," the small creature said, "you can't think right now. Just fuck them. Fuck them all. Get them to touch your cock, and their pussies are yours, all of them."

Diana understood that much. More pussies. Touch my cock, get more pussy. It was a primal directive she was happy to obey. Within moments, she'd pulled her cock from the first Amazon's mouth and smacked it against another one's thigh, and yet another one's bare stomach. Another moment and she was fucking one, then the other, ravaging the pussies that were freely offered with implacable strength and precision. More joined the fight and driven to mindless passion.

In the end, it took a dozen Amazons well over ten minutes to subdue Diana (and her harem of lusty warriors) using nets, long poles, and Diana's own magical lasso, which she'd discarded at some point during the erotic rumble.

From the privacy of her booth, Queen Hippolyta watched with a blend of horror and shameful longing as her daughter—along with her majestic hard-on—was dragged away. Unbeknownst to the other Amazons in the queen's booth, her own cock was throbbing with pleasure, neatly tucked away and bound between her thighs. It couldn't spring into full view, but it was also increasingly uncomfortable the harder it got.

And at present, it was very, very hard.

The queen quickly excused herself to return to her quarters.

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The walk to her bedchambers took much too long for Hippolyta's taste. For the last day or so, she'd been thinking about sex. She knew she should have sought some form of medical assistance to explain and perhaps cure the erection that constantly plagued her, but part of her mind—a dark and perverse compartment—wanted to keep it a while longer. Explore it. Play with it. Fuck around with it.

Finally, in her apartments, she stripped down and unwrapped the bindings that kept her cock out of view between her legs. It sprang up almost angrily, its head red and swollen, ready to invade any pussy that presented itself. Hippolyta couldn't help but notice something new—massive testicles hung below her foot-long erection. That was new. She touched them with hesitant fingers, shocked by their warmth and the tightness of the skin. They were full and swollen like she'd never seen on a male before. As her warped mind drifted into forbidden territory, she conjured up her daughter's face and imagined what it would be like to slide her cock inside Diana's wet snatch. How strong would she clench around her? How long before either of them came? Would her daughter squirt like a slut? Cum from her rock-hard phallus? Both?

Hippolyta realized she was now sitting on the edge of her bed, legs spread wide, leaning back on one hand while she stroked her own huge boner. Her hips bucked with every thrust,

sending waves of motion that made her large breasts wobble on her chest in response. Fuck. She was going to cum soon! No! Not soon! NOW!

The sudden orgasm almost took her by surprise. She didn't have the will or strength to hold it back. She kept stroking her giant cock as it gushed long streaks of spunk that splattered against nearby furniture—including a full-length mirror that reflected her own image to her. She locked eyes with the middle-aged beauty looking back at her, each stroking their magnificent cocks in perfect unison. Once orgasmic spasms were over, she fell back on the bed, the head of her swollen member resting right between the base of her stunning breasts. She stroked it gently, marveling at its persistent hardness. Was it not done? Her balls still felt full.

She was ready for more. She **wanted** more.

Her mind wouldn't stop imagining Diana standing naked near her. Now she pictured her daughter positioning herself near the bed, parting Hippolyta's legs. Without asking, Diana was guiding her cock into her mother's pussy, her **forbidden** pussy. Would it cause the queen to go wild with lust like the amazons that had attempted to capture Diana in the arena earlier? Oh, yes... Her pussy was wet and wild, turning itself on beyond Hippolyta's ability to control, becoming wet and clenching around the princess's cock inside her.

Except there was no cock and there was no Diana. It was all in the queen's head, and she stroked her massive erection and fingered her rebellious pussy, quickly bringing herself to a thunderous, full-body orgasm. That one was stronger than the first and spouted more come than the previous one.

And yet it wasn't done. Every time the queen conjured filthier scenarios in her mind, all of them featuring Diana, the harder she came. The more cum spattered against the walls, floors, carpet, bed, and even herself. Her tits and cock were slick with her own juices. She didn't care it would take hours to clean up in the morning, nor did she care about the humiliation she should feel when the mess was discovered. All that mattered was fucking Diana, even if only in thought.

It was an hour before Hippolyta somewhat came to her senses, realizing her arousal remained unabated. Just imagining fucking someone wasn't enough. Her hand wasn't enough. She needed to feel something hard and wet around her cock. Could she...perhaps call a servant? Have her lean forward, expose her snatch to the royal cock, and submit to it?

No, even in this state of depravity, Hippolyta had to resist. There had to be another way, another...

Wait! Could she...do it herself?

The perverse image in her mind sent a thrill through her that stiffened her nipples and hardened the aching cock on her stomach. It was impossibly thick and long. Yes, she could reach it if she just...

From her resting position on the bed, the queen slowly lifted her hips in the air and brought her knees closer to her ears. Despite her many years, her constant training as a warrior had kept her strong and flexible. It was hardly a challenge for her to fold her body this way, to bring the head of her tremendous cock to her own lips. Her mouth was watering as her dick slipped in. She knew how to give good head—all amazons did, if for no other reason than that it made most men more pliable. To be on the receiving end of it, however, was another experience altogether. She was twirling her tongue around the swollen head in the way she knew drove men to mad levels of lust, the very same lust she was now experiencing. Her hips were gently humping back and forth as she fucked her own mouth. It felt—and tasted—so good! She imagined for a moment what it would be like if it was her daughter's mouth around her cock instead of hers.

The sheer debauchery of the thought was her doom. She couldn't last. The idea that she, the queen of the amazons, could fall so low was too much to bear. Her vision got blurry. She felt a now-familiar tightening in her lower abdomen. She was about to cum. No! It was too soon! She had to stop, at least slow down, draw it out... But her mouth and tongue had a mind of their own. She sucked harder on her dick, her tongue darting deftly along the enormous tip. She was seeing stars! She was cumming! Now!

Her balls tensed up and she felt a huge load race along the length of her colossal shaft, It erupted in her mouth, filling it instantly with hot, delicious semen. There was so much of it...too much! Most of it went down her throat, the rest spilling out of her mouth and nostrils. She choked and coughed, her body quaking from the devastating orgasm, her dick slipping out of her lips and spraying ludicrous amounts of seed all around her. Hippolyta grunted with every delightful tremor, slamming her fist into the mattress to punctuate her incessant cumming.

Finally, perhaps a minute or two later, or perhaps an hour, the climax finally abated, leaving her gasping and shivering. The magnitude of her deviance slowly dawned on her. The degenerate thoughts about her daughter filled her with shame. Gods, she was her daughter, not some hot piece of ass for her to fuck like a rutting beast. And giving herself a blowjob like that? And...liking it? Despite her shame, her cock stirred between her thighs. She caught herself reaching for it and stopped.

No! This was over! She was done with this madness. She would bind her monster cock between her legs and never take it out no matter how much it ached, no matter how much she wanted to. She had to hurry. The cascade of orgasms had returned it to a flaccid state, but even now she felt the stirring of lust begin to harden it.

\* \* \*

Antiope, the queen's sister, paced quickly along the corridor leading to Hippolyta's chambers. The queen had left the arena quickly, leaving Antiope and a cadre of Amazon warriors to subdue Diana and take her to a well-guarded hospitaler's tent. The princess had been laid onto a stone table and bound by her own lasso to ensure she wouldn't escape. That hadn't stopped her from trying, which had sent her enormous phallus swinging in all directions. All amazons stayed away from it, having witnessed how merely touching it had sent so many of them into uncontrollable heat. From a distance, Antiope had examined the thick, veiny member, wondering how it could get into any woman. The head alone was almost the size of her fist. There wasn't enough lubricant on the whole island to help that thing glide into an Amazon's pussy.

Or was there?

She paused as she reached Hippolyta's door. What would she tell the queen about Diana? That the princess was so mad with lust that she'd tried giving herself a blowjob—and had almost succeeded? No, she'd keep the details of Diana's debauchery to herself. No need to alarm the queen more than necessary. They had the island's best priestesses working on solving the problem. She'd focus on that.

She knocked at the door and entered without waiting for an answer—one of the privileges of being a sister to the queen herself. She quickly closed the door behind her, glancing around the room. The smell of buckets of cum splattered everywhere hit her as fast as the sight of her sister, Queen Hippolyta, standing naked just a few yards away. Her hair was matted with so much semen that it looked like a dozen men had jacked off on her for an hour. Her breasts stood proudly on her chest, slick with cum. Antiope's eyes looked down at her sister's crotch and saw the hardening manhood that the queen was holding against her leg, attempting to wrap it with rolls of bandages smeared with white streaks of semen.

Antiope froze for a fraction of a moment, her mind getting over the sudden shock of seeing her sister afflicted with a mammoth phallus similar to Diana's. That slight hesitation was her undoing. She saw the hungry glimmer in her sister's eye a moment too late. She turned to race toward the door, but Hippolyta was already on top of her, grappling her from the back.

"Polly!" Antiope shouted. "Don't!"

But her sister had already thrust her phallus forward, sliding it between Antiope's thighs. She looked down, seeing its tumescent head protrude almost half a foot from the front of her skirt. She felt its heat against the inside of her thighs and along the length of her slit. Already, she felt the contagious heat that had brought down the amazons trying to subdue Diana. She had to fight back, get out the door, and seek help before... No, she couldn't think it!

"Let me go!" she growled, shoving her shoulders back in a powerful blow to free herself from her assailant.

Hippolyta was knocked back on the floor. She got up quickly, the grotesque phallus wobbling obscenely as she walked toward Antiope. The Amazon general never stood a chance. She did manage to return to the door and grab the knob, but her legs were weak from the aching desire that flooded her empty pussy. Her needy pussy. Her wet pussy that now flowed with an incessant stream of lubricant. Her hands were between her thighs as if to attempt to stem the flow of juices. The heat within her was so powerful that she could hardly breathe. Her heart drummed powerfully inside her chest. She needed to fuck. It didn't matter if it was her sister, it didn't matter if it was a cock the size of a horse's—she needed it.

Antiope turned around to face her sister. Without hesitation, she brought her into her embrace, raising a leg to lock it around the queen's waist. She kissed her sister, holding the back of her head with one hand while the other yanked her underwear out of the way. She felt a torrent of juices coat the insides of her thighs.

And at last, she guided Hippolyta's cock inside her pussy, and her world became an explosion of colors and blinding lights.