

Son of the Hero King

Chapter 16: CH 16: CAMELIA (2)

Utterly devoid of any article of clothes, Camelia, the Supreme Daughter of Castitas, was awkwardly placed on the chair with her hands shackled behind her back, her legs spread, and her hips pushed forward in an exhibitionistic display that teased the height of shame. The creator of such a brazen display, Sol, the shameless prince, narrowed his eyes lovingly as he viewed her in all her naked and depraved glory.

Despite her growing age, her pussy was tightly shut and devoid of any pubic hair. The glistening trail of clear liquid slowly trailing down from her closed snatch was truly an enticing and erotic sight.

The holy woman, truly embarrassed by the position she was now bound to uphold, couldn't help but ask with a trembling voice lacing her soothing vocals.

"Hmmm...Sol? Why am I being bound so?"

"Of course, it's because you wish for it, don't you?"

"...?!"

"Heh, you shouldn't be so surprised, no? I remember some of the books you have in your collection. Well, most of the books. After all, they all follow the same genre."

BDSM.

It would seem that, no matter which world it was, humans were a depraved race that always thirsted for more and more depraved forms of pleasure.

"N-no... I..."

"No need to explain yourself. The way your breathing got hurried while I was binding you and the fact that you didn't resist a single bit shows that I am telling the truth."

Downright marveling at the work of art he created, Sol now pondered on how to continue from then on.

BDSM plays had varying levels to them, the levels changing with the inclusion of people involved in the act. Some were submissive and liked to be put in positions without a shred of power. However, there, the limits of their tolerances were reached.

Some people higher in the perverse spectrum of things left the level of Submissiveness and became downright masochistic and even at that level, there were different types of the deviants.

Long story short, it was a deep and broad subject that demanded the attention and plentiful time of the readers of said subject. He couldn't just begin to swing a whip on her and expect her to feel pleasure from it now, could he? Until the limits of her tolerances were probed, surely only by him, he needed to go at a slow and gradual pace. Unfolding her limits was a treat on its own that Sol couldn't wait to uncover.

"Never forget this. No matter what you say I will only stop if you say the code word. Hum let's go with Lustburg. If you say Lustburg, I will immediately stop with the act."

'Camelia shouldn't simply be a sub. From her books, it's clear that at the very least she should be a light masochist. Hum. Let's tread carefully for now. A code will allow me to know when to stop.'

"Now, tell me. Why is the one hailed as the supreme daughter reading such scandalous and perverse books? Do you wish to tell me that you have always wished to be in such a situation all this time?"

"No... Sol...I..."

"Silence." A tone of absolute command, nothing less than that, was felt in his booming voice, his now steeled eyes looking at her with total indifference. "You will now address me as Sir or Master, nothing else."

"Bu..."

"Do it!"

Uncontrollably shivering at his commanding shout, Camelia reeled back before slowly opening her mouth as she called him with difficulty laced in her tone.

"Ma...Master."

Her head hung low, unprecedented shame coloring her face in a carnival of red as she called Sol as he ordered. Sol would have normally felt bad about it but...

"Oh? Would you look at that? So you really are a filthy masochist? Does calling me master brings you so much joy?"

"Of course not!!"

"Really? Then..." Letting his words trail off, much to Camelia's fears, he came close to her and slowly traced her quivering crack with his finger, bringing it close to her face right after.

"...Then, if I am wrong, could you explain to me why you are so much wetter than earlier?"

"...!"

Her speechless look was incredibly cute. With that endearing look, a spark seemingly ignited in his heart, propelling unholy thoughts in his mind.

'I want to tease her more.'

He wanted to see her moan. See her beg. He wanted to completely mess her up according to his depraved cravings.

"To think that the supreme daughter was such a dirty woman. Tell me was it your dream? Did you masturbate while dreaming of the day you would be tied up and humiliated?"

"|—"

"Do not lie to me. If you even speak as much as one lie I will immediately stop all of this and go out, never to return."

The shudder of fear slowly wreaking all over her body showed just how much she didn't want him to stop this belligerent act of his. Her barely raised head dropped down further as she closed her eyes and voiced out in a weak submissive tone.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, master. I have always dreamed of it."

"Then. Since you are so dirty. Repeat after me — I, Camilla Castitas, am a dirty woman. Please master, punish me —"

Absolute Horror. That emotion was basically plastered on her face, hearing his obscene words. However, seemingly giving in to her fate she soon gave up any forms of

resistance as she repeated his words like a broken record. A depraved tone laced her every word.

"I, Camilla Castitas, am a dirty woman. Please master punish me. Nn!!"

The very moment she finished her words, Camelia's body shuddered violently while a greater amount of liquid gushed out from her sacred place. There was no mistake, those words had set her off.

"You came?"

Sol wore an incredulous expression before barking out a laugh full of mockery and derision, still in the prime of his act — deeply engrossed in it.

"Hahaha~! You are truly a dirty woman. To think that even without having to touch you, you would come from humiliating yourself."

Brushing his fingers once again against her soaked vagina, Sol scooped up a large part of her leaking fluid, slowly bringing it toward her heavily blushing and panting face.

"Now, Camelia, lick my hand and experience your own flavor."

"N, no, stop, ..."

Shutting her mouth tight, Camelia shook her head to escape his evil grasp, no mercy was shown by Sol, however.

"Weren't you taught as a child not to be a picky eater?"

He pinched Camelia's small nose shut, making it hard for her to breathe. Once she had no choice but to open her small mouth, Sol shoved his glistening fingers inside it. Those fingers pinched Camelia's tongue, rubbed at her gums, and overall toyed with the insides of her mouth before pulling out.

"Delicious, isn't it?"

"It is not! Please, stop this already!"

Camelia tearfully pleaded, but he continued to ignore her pleas, the same belligerent smile stretching his lips.

"Hehe~ ! If you insist, I will end the foreplay there. You're plenty wet, so we should be able to move on to the next phase. Don't you think so? Now beg me. Beg me like your life depends on it."

In a slow shuddering rhythm, the masochistic woman's heavy breasts moved up and down. Drowned by the lust she felt for the first time in her life, in a depraved tone she voiced out her true thoughts, not letting down Sol's expectations.

"Please master. I am a dirty woman whose head is only filled with lust and shameful thoughts. Please use me as much as you like."

"Hehe~! Perfect!!"

Laughing gleefully, Sol began to unbutton his suit, shirt, and his pants in order. It didn't take long for him to be as naked as Camelia was.

Now was the moment of truth. He really wanted to continue the play, but he was hesitating about taking her virginity just like that.

It seemed like Camellia caught on to his hesitation but she neither complained nor used the word. Hence, he decided to press on.

But just as he was about to slam home, clarity flashed in the Supreme Daughter's lust-dazed eyes. Heavily panicked, she interjected in his advance with the code word.

"... Wait wait. Lustburg."

Without the slightest bit of hesitation, his belligerent stride immediately stopped at those words. BDSM, be it light or heavy, was all about trust. The M trusted the S and the S should never betray that trust or it'd inevitably lead to a disastrous outcome — an outcome Sol wasn't willing to undertake, not when it came to the ones he loved.

"Did I go too far? Are you okay, Camelia? Are you hurt somewhere?"

"No, no, no. In fact I...I loved it. It's just that. I can't lose my virginity right now."

Sol tilted his head in utter confusion. After all this time and all the things they've done, why wasn't she willing to cross the last line?

"*Sigh* I will explain to you later. But I need to be a virgin for the ritual I am about to conduct. But.. Well. Perhaps you could try the other hole?"

Her voice lowered down to barely a whisper toward the end, but he still understood what she meant; his eyes almost popped out at the implications.

'I-I never even thought about using a girl's asshole...'

Sol had always been satisfied with the vagina, so he had never wanted to try the anus instead.

But now that she was proposing it, he felt a sudden urge to try it out.

'But, wouldn't it be a little dirty?'

It seemed that Camelia caught onto his untold question as her face grew bright red...again,

"I... I already made all the preparations."

"Oh?...ohhhh. You are truly a dirty woman. But you are my dirty woman. So I guess it's alright."

He came close to her before lifting her in her arms in one swift motion.

"Kya!"

Once he was sure that he was correctly holding her, he brought her to the bed and put her face down, her hips facing up.

Her sexy backside became entirely visible to him.

"I guess first I should use some lubrication."

He held his raging erection and began to press it against her vagina coating it with her flowing nectar.

'I really want to just slam it into her, but there is no need to hurry.'

Despite his desires, Sol refused to break the trust she put in him just for a temporary moment of pleasure. Pleasure was a dangerous thing, treading around its edges without care always resulted in disastrous outcomes for relationships.

With sheer will, he forced himself to only coat his penis in the love juices dripping down endlessly from her dripping vagina.

Then he used both hands to spread the white squishy flesh.

'Ahh~ Even her asshole is so pink and pretty.'

He gently placed his penis against the pink throbbing flower in the center of the two round, thick and cushy parts of white flesh.

"Okay, I'm putting it in."

This was Sol's first time having anal sex, so he felt oddly excited and simultaneously nervous about it.

Seeing Camelia's nodding gesture, he waited for her to breathe in deep and pushed his cock inside.

"...!?"

He forced the hard object inside her puckered hole.

Her body flinched slightly as it accepted the intruder.

"Ah!"

"Haa..."

'I-it's so tight!'

His hand supported her body while his other hand on the bed squeezed the sheets tightly. A grunting moan flowed out of his mouth, the sensations racking his nerves.

This was it. Her slightly slippery insides wrapped perfectly around his manhood as they squeezed hard. Their point of union fit tightly without any gaps.

As he burrowed his desire into her warm and wet insides, he was filled with a sense of utter satisfaction. Her breasts under him jiggled up and down with the little movements he made.

Her pink nipples, wet from his saliva, and her glossy fair chest were littered with his bite marks. Her taste that had been in his mouth till now excited him immensely.

The tightness was entirely different from that of a vagina. The entire vagina would softly squeeze down on him, but only the anus's entrance squeezed down with great force.

Even so, the rest of his hard rod went inside much easier after he got the head inside.

'I-it's in. My dick is completely inside her ass...'

"Hgh~! ..." he groaned in pleasure.

He did feel some disappointment that he could not stick it in her vagina, but using her ass instead brought a sense of sinfulness along with the usual sense of conquest. It filled him with a different kind of arousal.

He lost himself in thrusting his hips.

“Ahhh!”

Camelia opened her mouth wide and arched her back as her eyes glazed over in pleasure. Drool dripped from her red lips and soaked the bed.

But Sol could not stop his rocking rhythm.

He felt like his penis could continue forever when he thrust in and felt like her anus would come out with it when he pulled back.

Her now red and engorged anus spread wide as the boy's hard cock mercilessly pumped in and out.

As this continued, a change came over her pained moaning.

“Nn! Nn! Ah~ !...”

These were now the signs of a woman beginning to feel pleasure.

Her anus never grew wet as he pounded it, but nectar poured endlessly from her untouched pussy lips and soaked her white inner thighs, trailing down and staining the sheets.

'Good. It looks like she is liking it.'

Knowing she was enjoying it, his last bit of worry vanished.

"Hahaha~! What would the believers think if they saw the woman they respected being plowed in the ass by a man so much younger than her."

Her groan and shudder were the sole answer he got as a response.

The movement of his waist quickly increased in speed, upping his tempo to newer heights, plunging deeper into her core without reserve.

“A-! Aah!”

Her body shook in accordance with his movements, swaying rhythmically with each thrust. Her body twisted and twitched as she mewled out in pleasure.

When he slowly pulled outwards, it felt like her insides were pulling away with him and when he thrust hard, the heavy force caused her body to tingle in jolting rapture.

He held her waist firmly so she wouldn't move up to the head of the bed and thrust powerfully inside.

"You look like you're about to cry but your insides won't let me out. Do you like it that much? Does it feel good, you dirty woman?"

"Ah! Ang!"

"Tell me, do you want me to go deeper? Do you like when I put it this way?"

He didn't feel embarrassed by his depraved teasing words. Just like he'd said, her insides were actively sucking and wrapping around him. Her sensitive inner walls moved with him as though attached to his penis and the movement excited her immensely.

"A-! Please ! More-! Hng!"

The stimulation was too intense. She felt short of air as though she was falling from an incredible height. His hard penis ravaged her anus vigorously and when he moved outwards, she felt like she was losing her mind from the dizzying delight.

As though intent on splitting her in two, his heated shaft repeatedly thrust in and out of her. And every time her deep inner flesh was prodded and rubbed, she screamed at the pleasure that filled her brain and turned it into a putty mush.

Her body twitched and gasped at his seemingly never-ending thrusts.

"Haa-! Aak!"

Reaching her climax, Camelia lowered her head and screamed seductively. As her inner walls viciously clamped down on him, a wild roar burst forth from deep within him.

She spasmed in pleasure and he continued to burrow into her. He lifted her buttocks and plunged even deeper inside her.

It was exhausting. But it felt extremely good. His powerful force as he penetrated her, his passionate movements as though he wanted to eat her up, his muscular figure that she could make out through her blurry eyes, his low moans that slipped out intermittently too, she liked them all and they excited her to no end.

Her body had learned the joy of a union with a man. And it was the man she loved.

His body stiffened momentarily as he released deep inside her ass. Camelia felt a hot fluid spreading and filling up her insides and she shut her eyes. Her vaginal walls clenched and squeezed him tightly as she climaxed again in short outbursts.

His arms shook and a growl escaped his throat while her body twitched and spasmed with pleasure.

“Ah... Ah...”

His weight came down on her as he stopped to catch his breath. He wasn't completely leaning on her as he held some of his weight with his elbow but his body moderately pressing down on her gave her a pleasant feeling of comfort and security along with the endless pleasure that was intent on ravaging her whole.