# Chapter 36.5 – The Princess’s Gift

I was actually in good shape despite the boss battle we’d just faced. Of course, that was mainly because I followed a few simple rules for dealing with CHA-based bosses. These might not be useful in all VRMMOs, but AAO, and WoD before it, tend to play like old-school pen and paper RPGs, rather than ‘traditional’ MMOs. In those old games, a boss fight lasting over an hour in real life might take only a couple minutes in game-time. Sortof like how in real life, real deadly fights (and not just exhibitions) are over very fast. Doesn’t mean the fights in AAO are dull, by any means. But, at least for normal dungeons, you aren’t going to spend half an hour spamming the same four attacks on a rotation while avoiding the random areas of fire or other unpleasantness. When you’re full immersive, you’re living the game, and the game is billed as being hyper-realistic. Which means if you stab someone in the throat, they’re going to have trouble delivering villainous monologues.

Anyways, the point was that I was still full of energy when I came back out to the main room. “All right, ladies. We managed to kill the boss and clear the dungeon, and we found what looks like a teleport pad that’ll probably lead us out of here. Anyone got anything they’d like to do before we head out?”

The orc princess, Shagar, grinned toothily at me, and stepped forward. “The fighting is done, yes? Come, and show me what you can do, Incubus.” Ah yes, I promised to fuck her brains out once the fighting was done, to help her tribe by giving her a strong child, or something like that.

I nodded, and looked to the other ladies. “Rest for a while, and then we’ll head to the surface.” Then I smacked Shagar on her rear again, and followed her into one of the guardians’ rooms.

Shagar was good looking, especially for an orc. But then, she was a Princess. You see, orcs tend to be thick, muscular creatures, and their women are never what you’d call ‘slim’ or ‘petite’. If she were a human, you’d probably call Shagar an ‘Amazon’ or ‘warrior woman’. And you wouldn’t be wrong.

Her skin was an emerald green color, and she had long black hair. Like the other slaves, she was wearing only a loincloth, doing little to conceal her ‘assets’. As I’d felt from swatting her twice, those assets were quite impressive indeed, firm and toned, while still having feminine curves. Turning to face me, she placed one hand on her hip, and said, “You know what I want, Incubus. Do you think you can give it to me?”

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| New Quest Alert: Taming the Princess  As a warrior race, Orcs prize strength above all else. This can be strength of arms, strength of magic, or strength of will. An orc female will only consent to bedding one who can prove his strength to her, and dominate her. | |
| Rank | C |
| Success | Bend the Princess to your will. |
| Failure | Show weakness to the Princess. |
| Rewards | Unknown  Reputation with Orc tribes becomes Respected. |
| Consequences | Reputation with Orc tribes becomes Unfriendly. |

Oh, I’ll give her something, all right. I activate Charming Gaze, just to add to the fun. Moving forward, I pin the princess against the wall, causing her to gasp. She brings her arms up, in an attempt to push me off of her, but I know it is all part of the game of dominance. She wants me to **claim** her, not just bed her.

She’s strong. Against a non-cheat CHA-based character, she’d probably be able to overpower them easily. Even against me, she’s slightly stronger. But I’m a cheat character. I push back against her arms enough that she can’t take control and reach down, pulling one of her legs up. She continues to struggle, but she’s off balance now, and can’t put her weight into it. And when I lean forward to bite her neck, I can feel her shudder in anticipation.

Reaching up with the hand not keeping her leg raised, I pull at her flimsy top, exposing her breasts. They are a good size, probably Cs. I roughly grab one of them, and squeeze. I look her in the eye as I shift to grind against her. “You will submit, Princess.”

She gasped, and said, in a shuddering voice, “N-never!” That’s what she said, but the heat she was feeling could be easily seen in how she was starting to pant. Time to take it to the next level.

Picking her up, I threw Shagar onto the bed, where she landed on her stomach, grunting. She tried to get up, tried to turn towards me, but I was already there, holding her down with her face against the sheets and her ass in the air. Roughly, I pulled down her loincloth, and snickered at the dampness I saw there. “You call yourself a princess? You’re flooded down here like a common slut!” She struggled at that insult, but I brought my hand down hard upon her rear with a smack. That earned a moan in reply.

I smacked her again, and again. Each time causing marks to become clear on her upturned bottom. “Submit, slut, and I’ll give you a fucking that will ruin you for any orc ever again.” And then I pinched her clit, hard. Now screams and moans were intertwined.

“F-fine! I submit! Take me, you bastard!”

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| Quest Complete: Taming the Princess  As a warrior race, Orcs prize strength above all else. This can be strength of arms, strength of magic, or strength of will. An orc female will only consent to bedding one who can prove his strength to her, and dominate her.  You successfully caused the Princess to submit to your strength and charm. | |
| Rank | C |
| Success | Bend the Princess to your will. |
| Failure | Show weakness to the Princess. |
| Rewards | Princess Shagar is willing to bear your child.  Reputation with Orc tribes becomes Respected. |

I smiled at her, and simply slapped her ass again. “Good slut.” So she’s willing to bear my child, hmm? Well let’s make sure that happens. It only takes a moment to cast Fruitful Passion on her. Rubbing her slit with one hand, I lean forward to whisper in her ear. “The blessings of Sharess be upon you, Princess.” She shuddered again, knowing what I meant by those words.

Behind her, I stripped off my clothes, enjoying the view of the princess. To keep her from getting bored, I would play with her pussy or slap her ass as I undressed, though I didn’t linger too long in the process. We had so much to do today, after all.

I licked my lips and said, “You’re going to feel this in the morning, I assure you.” And then, grabbing her hips roughly, I thrust inside the wench without a shred of mercy. She wanted to be taken, claimed. She wanted it to be rough. So I gave it to her hard, and rough. Once again, Shagar’s screams and moans became one. I may have neglected to mention to her that I was more well-endowed than the average orc.

“Oh, FUCK! How can an incubus be that big? I thought you were a man, not a horse!”

“I’m a Traveler, and you’re my bitch, now. I told you, didn’t I? I’m going to ruin you for all other orcs. When I’m done with you, you’ll never be able to look at one of your people again without wishing he were me.”

I laughed as I continued the… well, one might call it ‘brutal’ fucking I was giving Shagar. There was no tenderness, no lovemaking, no gentle expressions. There was just the raw, primal slapping of flesh against flesh, of man penetrating woman as hard as he could, and the woman moaning beneath him. It was a primal, animalistic rut. I wanted her, and I was taking her. It was only slightly better that she wanted me in turn.

I reached down with one hand and pulled back on her hair, bending her back up as I thrust again. “Say it! Tell me who owns this cunt!” My free hand came down hard on her rear again, bringing more moans from the woman’s lips.

“You do! Its yours! It is all yours! I’m yours! Just keep fucking me like that!” Shagar writhed under me, and I was pleased to see her shudder in pleasure, moans turning to screams as she came.

|  |
| --- |
| You have gained a new Thrall.  Shagar Bloodthistle will now serve you as your loyal servant. While not enslaved to your will, she will not betray you unless you first break faith with her.  As you have made the Princess of the Black Rock Tribe your Thrall, you gain the status of Consort amongst the Black Rock Tribe. |

The sudden window broke my concentration, and with a savage growl, I thrust in as hard as I could, and exploded within Shagar’s willing womb. And goddess did it feel good!

|  |
| --- |
| New Title!  For assembling a full party of women devoted to serving your will (whether they like it or not), you gain the title: Harem King.  Harem King  You have taken the mantle of a Harem King. As such, your allure is increased, and those who willingly serve you are happier. Those forced to serve you are more likely to become willing.  +10 CHA  +20% to Seduction  Willing harem members +10% Morale bonus to all actions (stacks with other bonuses).  Unwilling harem members -20% morale penalty to resist attempts to make them willing members. |

|  |
| --- |
| New Title!  For successfully impregnating five women inside a year’s time, you gain the title: Stud Horse.  Stud Horse  You have a reputation for having strong blood. Those seeking to add strength to their bloodlines may seek you out. Those you lie with are more likely to become pregnant thanks to the magic of your blood. You may even be able to impregnate nonhumanoid creatures. You may also be used as a scapegoat for those seeking to cover up their own misdeeds.  +420 Fame  +440 Infamy  +5% chance that females of childbearing age may seek you out as a stud.  +25% chance that any ‘unplanned’ or out of wedlock pregnancies in your area will be blamed on you.  Can impregnate any creature of the Humanoid, Magical Beast, Dragon, Outsider, Fey, and Undead types at the normal rate for his race. |

After checking the windows for a moment, I withdrew from Shagar’s womb, and smacked her on her firm ass once again. “Get up, woman, and get over here. I want you to clean me off with your mouth so we can rejoin the others.”

In a daze, the Princess pushed her sore body off the bed, and fell to her knees in front of me. “As you wish, my lord!” She sounded quite happy. But then, I figured that she hadn’t really been ‘claimed’ like I’d done it before. She was a proud one. If she hadn’t found someone who she felt was worthy, she may have been a virgin before ending up in this place.

Once her blood (it seemed I’d ripped another one, even though her priestess magic had already healed the wounds) and our juices were cleaned off my member, I pulled her up, so we could get dressed, and return to the others. There would be time for more such things later, I knew.