

The Queen of the Nile Chapter 8

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She wanted to see 500 virgin asses all high in the air ready for the thrust of an inflamed cock.

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THE QUEEN OF THE NILE CHAPTER 8

Neferusobek sensed that her days were numbered.

Fearful of palace intrigue, she purged the bedchamber slave-girls by having them fed to the revered crocodiles lazing just below her windows on these hot summer nights. She watched in excited rapture as each of the lovelies was torn asunder by the powerful Godlike creatures. It was so inspiring to her that she summoned 2 inner sanctum guards to fill her rectum with their sweet cream. They followed each other in lusty turns on her naked rump as she peered out the window at the spectacle below her.

Her shrill screams of heated anal penetration could not match the terrified voices of the ill-fated slave-girls. Her quartet of eunuchs looked on in amused disbelief at her battered bottom reddened from spirited use by the strong muscular males.

Crowds of onlookers milled in disorderly surges just beyond the palace gates. There were few females in the mob because females without male family protectors were considered easy prey for the deviant pleasures of the unruly masses. The crocodile Queen could see an elderly matron and her probable young granddaughter of some 20 seasons being systematically used by a group of students on the steps of the grand library. Neither of the females was protesting as they were well versed in the rigors of everyday life in 2,000 B.C. Alexandria. The males were fairly well-behaved and showed courtesy in the cleansing and lubricating of each female after each union of male and female

flesh. The younger girl was most likely a harlot seeing an opportunity to make her fortune quickly and in a short duration of time. Her older companion was not of the trade herself but from the cries of pleasure she emitted with each transaction, she obviously was enjoying the opportunity to use her feminine machinery in her declining years.

Neferusobek envied their afternoon of mindless pleasure. She counted at least 30 males laughing and teasing each other about their coupling expertise. She would have happily switched places with the females to escape the treachery and responsibility of making so many decisions each and every day of her rule.

The crocodile Queen was certain that her sister had conspired with the high priest of the mummification rituals to outwit her treachery. She should have questioned the 2 slave girls often seen so close to Neferuptah in her own bed chamber. It was just so frustrating. There was no one left alive to interrogate about her sister's activities. She considered going to the oracle necromancer and petition her to rut about in the nether world for information but knew the price might be too high for her to pay.

She spied the wild young diviner from the tribe of nomadic God seekers polluting her realm with their pompous insistence on the almighty power of their single God. The story-tellers had warned her father of their relentless advance into their territory. They all gave witness to the future superiority of the barbaric clan's single tiny sphere of influence ruling the far flung reaches of the Empire.

Neferusobek laughed at the ridiculous claims, but she knew the long haired girl with the rouged nipples had excellent skills of foreseeing the future. She needed some reassurance that her sister would bother her no more.

"Approach me, and give homage to your Queen."

The girl swung her head causing her cascading dark hair to flow like waterfalls in the distant mountains. The crocodile Queen could see the rouged nipples sway and stand erect like little nubbins of sensual desire ready to be played by knowing hands. This girl was so attractive, she felt the urge to don the harness of female to female copulation and ride her into complete submission.

"My people recognize only one true God, great Queen."

She had to admire the girl's spunk.

The Queen nodded to 2 of the eunuchs and they forced the girl to her knees and pushed her head onto the floor in front of Neferusobek. The devious Queen saw the girl's buttocks swaying loosely

under the gauze like veils. They were shaking in true deeply felt emotion. If it was from fear or from rage, she had no idea.

She indicated to the eunuchs to hold the girl in that lovely position with her flanks open and defenseless. Her bedchamber slave-girl knelt in front of her and inserted the 6 inch anchor of the training harness up into her dripping vagina. The young female of only 19 calendar years tightened all of straps and tested the correct fit by stroking the 10 inch shaft with her ready mouth. The crocodile Queen pushed the pretty face into her crotch with her hands. Her eyes were glued to the wandering tribe's wild soothsayer's pulsating brown hole with a deepening sense of inevitability.

The head eunuch slid the veils away from the posterior of the kneeling girl and looked up at the Queen with a satisfied look. He was really going to enjoy watching this proud desert female being mounted and tamed into submission.

Ruth looked over her shoulder at the beautiful crocodile Queen standing in royal dominance above her wide spread ass cheeks. She had never been mounted by any male of her tribe and had never been taken in any orifice. She was proud of her abstinence from carnal pleasure. Ruth knew the real reason was that she craved the attention of a beautiful female master to make her give her favors and enjoy total submission. She was panting not in fear or in rage but in anticipation of the crocodile Queen's penetration and possession of her virgin bottom. She wanted the weight of the beautiful Queen's body holding her down and pounding her into whimpering submission in front of all these witnesses.

The first touch was sheer torture.

The Queen saw that the silly girl had started to squirt with the very first touch of her apparatus. She had totally misjudged this slutty little thing. She grabbed the girl's long hair and pulled it harshly and was not surprised when the little sex pot squealed in excitement. Her 10 inch tool slowly slid into the clutching rectal corridor and the fine featured Ruth howled like a wild animal taken in a trap.

After a very pleasing ride on the writhing female mount, Neferusobek calmed her down with soothing strokes of her delicate hands. She signaled the attendants to leave the chamber and when they were alone, she leaned down close to the panting girl's ear and whispered,

"Tell me now and tell me true, my little spirited mount, how long will I rule?"

Ruth sighed and spoke so only the Queen could hear.

"Only 3 additional new moons and your reign is ended, Great Queen."

Neferusobek was stunned. Her remaining time was so short. She was determined to make the most of it and began preparations for another great mass defloweration ceremony. She wanted to see 500 virgin asses all high in the air ready for the thrust of a hymen breaking shaft.

She could almost hear the sound of the slapping flesh right now. The thought so injuvenated her that she fell to pounding the long haired girl's flanks once again. Only, this time she was deep inside the happy girl's no longer virgin vagina. She dug deep with her 10 inch weapon and held on the convulsing body entering a new round of orgasmic shudders.

Both she and the wise young girl stood watching the final ceremony as a thousand bodies slammed together in frenzied copulation. The priests ran up and down the rows of young straining flesh and cast long streams of purifying water from the sacred River over the heated bodies thrashing on the area sand.

The crocodile Queen knew that she would soon be joining her sister in the mummification rituals and she wanted desperately for the wise young girl to be at her side for all eternity.

"Will you join me in my final journey, little sparrow?"

The girl looked up at the Queen with besotted adoration.

"I will lie beside you for all eternity, my Queen."

Neferusobek was content. She was ecstatic in the knowledge that she would be interred in the same pyramid as her revered father and her short-lived brother. The fact that her sister Neferuptah would not be in the royal pyramid beside them was her final source of satisfaction.