(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: The wedding night~

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Even after everything is said and done, even after the feast is over and they've retreated to their new shared quarters and she's finally been able to remove her crown from her brow… Anna can still feel it. Like a phantom weight upon her head that combines with the weight upon her shoulders, she feels it all. The grief of everything that's happened so far. The expectations of everyone for what is to come.

Is it any wonder then that she's looking forward to just… letting go for a night? Tomorrow they would be right back at it. But for tonight… for tonight, Anna does her best to shed the responsibilities of a Queen and focus on being a wife to her new husband.

As such, when Thomas takes her by the hand and leads her to the side of the bed, she does not resist. When he kisses her tenderly but firmly, his lips pressing into her own and his tongue swiping out across her mouth in a scandalously perverse motion, Anna… lets it happen.

More than let it happen, she succumbs. He wants access to her mouth and so she opens, allowing his tongue to push past her lips and dance with her own. Her inexperience almost certainly shows here, but Thomas makes no comment of it. Instead, he simply runs his hands across her body, before beginning to find the hidden ties of her dress, deftly pulling apart her garments like he's done it a thousand times before.

She's pretty sure he doesn't have *that* much experience, of course. But still, there's a gulf between them… and Anna had known there would be. She nevertheless tries to follow his lead though, her own hands moving to his shirt, bunching and pulling it up his torso.

He moves his arms up and lets her drag it over his head, revealing his chest. A moment later and her dress drops off of her shoulders and flows down her body, exposing more of her as well. Her shift follows soon afterwards.

They're both naked before long. Anna's breath hitches as Thomas moves his mouth from hers down her jawline and onto her neck. She finds herself arching both neck and back, her entire spine shifting to give him as much access as she can. She had never realized how *sensitive* her neck was before… but now she learns as he suckles away at her flesh.

Eventually, they move things to the bed. It's a quiet affair so far outside of her small mewls and whimpering moans. Just the two of them, as she'd asked. She truly did not mind sharing her new husband with his other women… she would be his wife but they had found him first, after all.

However, tonight… tonight is for the two of them. Their wedding night. The consummation of a marriage that Anna hopes will save not just her family's throne, but also the entire Kingdom. Learning about Thomas' status as an Otherworlder and his unique Gift, as well as the effects it had on not only him but also those around him… well, it had certainly made it clear to her that this was not simple a marriage of convenience… but one of *survival*.

Before she can spiral too much more into such thoughts, however, Thomas suddenly slides down from her neck, having put her on her back on the bed. But he doesn't stop at her chest or her stomach. He keeps going and he moves quickly enough that Anna doesn't even see it coming.

Suddenly, he's between her thighs and there's no more thinking about anything too high brow. No more considering the future war or how they're going to hold their Kingdom together. No, her entire world becomes Thomas' tongue pressing against her slit, pushing into her while his thumb rubs against the fleshy jewel at the top of her mound.

A cry leaves Anna's lips. And then another. Soon she's moaning far more than before, her hips bucking and her hands moving to grip tightly at Thomas' hair. If she'd thought his mouth on her neck was a lesson in pleasure… then this is a

revelation. The way he works her over, the way he presses his tongue into her in ways she's never even imagined before.

A louder, full-throated cry of ecstasy leaves her as she comes undone. Her body shakes and shudders its way through the resulting release, her climax leaving her toes curling and her figure trembling. He makes her quiver like nothing else… but then to be fair, it's not like Anna has ever done this before.

Perhaps she might have fooled around with a young man if she'd had the chance before her illness. But the Rot Lung that House Godman and the Dark Elves afflicted her with had robbed Anna of years of her life. If it wasn't for her need for vengeance as well as the Gift of Leadership shoring up critical deficiencies, she herself might have abdicated the throne and let someone else step in to take her place.

But she couldn't do that. Not while the bitch who had ordered the plaguing of her Kingdom and the death of her father still drew breath. Not while that Dark Elf cunt still lived.

Speaking of cunts… Anna lets out another squealing cry as her quim overflows with arousal, her entire body spasming its way through a second orgasm upon Thomas' tongue. Its then that Anna finally calls out to him, breaking what had otherwise been relative silence between them.

"T-Thomas… w-wait… no more…"

He pulls back, giving her a concerned look.

"Are you alright, my Queen? Do we need to stop?"

Shaking her head, her blonde locks flicking every which way, she whimpers and whines.

"Don't… stop. Just… enough teasing… surely… surely I'm ready for you at this point. Please… take me."

Thomas brow furrows, his concern seeming to grow.

“Are you sure? I would not want you to feel that I didn’t live up to your expectations.”

Anna blinks… and realizes what’s happening. He’s teasing her back for earlier, for her words back in the throne room. Her mouth opens and then closes soundlessly as he keeps up the look of concern for a long moment before suddenly breaking into a grin as her face goes red. Unable to hold it back, Anna huffs… and then huffs again, but this time with laughter.

“You… are a beast of a man. I can see why it took three women to corral you before I came along… even now, I’m sure you would drive me insane with pleasure if I did not set boundaries.”

With that said, she gives his hair a sharp tug.

“Up with you. Put that member of yours inside of me already. Take me! Claim me as your wife and Queen… claim me as your *woman*!”

To his credit, Thomas doesn’t need to be told again. He slides up the length of her body and when she uses her grip on his hair to pull him down into a kiss, he returns said kiss with the strength of a man born to rule. Meanwhile, his own hands go to her waist, holding her steady as that throbbing phallus of his presses against her slit.

Anna won’t lie… part of her is anticipating pain as he pushes into her and claims her virginity right then and there. Hah, the black sheep of House Marlow having his way with the Princess, now Queen of the Kingdom… truly, there were probably some idiots unable to sleep right now just thinking about it… and hopefully the dead of House Godman were rolling over in their graves.

Regardless, it doesn’t hurt as much as she’s expecting. A slight twinge as her purity is taken… and that’s it. She’s wet down there, extremely aroused in fact from his earlier efforts… and though her inner walls clench and squeeze down

hard on Thomas's throbbing mast, he finds passage into her depths all too easy all the same.

Anna's back arches once more, her breasts pressing into his chest as she moans into his mouth. Her hands in his hair fall down to drape over his shoulders and loop behind his neck instead. She shudders beneath him, fully surrendering to his experience in this moment as he begins to take her right then and there on their marital bed.

His shaft slides in and out of her, making curious noises as he goes back and forth. Her insides squeeze down around his member rhythmically but provide not an ounce of true resistance to keep him from moving as he pleases.

Anna wouldn't want to hold him in place or keep him out even if she could though. She is his Queen and wife, after all. She is happy to submit to him here in this bedroom, just as she will be happy to submit to his experience in other things as well.

They will be a team, the two of them. A true partnership, just as she'd explained it. Each of them had their own tasks ahead of them. Each of them had their own ways in which they could lead the Kingdom in preparing for the First Princess' inevitable attack.

By the time Synestra Vairath arrived, they would be ready for her. And she would die along with her army. That… that Anna believed with all her heart. Even as she lays under Thomas, crying out in pleasure and joy as he spears her depths again and again, Anna knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that they will be victorious.

How can they not be… when they have Thomas on their side?

She loses herself in the pleasure, clinging to her new husband harder and tighter by the moment as she tips over the edge more times than she can count. He is every bit as good as the others promised him. Eloise had been the one to be the most honest with her on that front, but Camilla and Sevvi had also

assured her that Thomas was not the kind of man to let his women suffer or to ignore their pleasure.

Well, he certainly wasn't ignoring *her* pleasure. In fact, he was so focused on her that it was a little overwhelming. Anna had thought by having him stop tonguing her and start fucking her, that she would be able to get some semblance of normalcy to this night. But instead, she soon finds herself gasping and panting for breath all over again, quivering and trembling beneath him.

"You are… too much! T-Too much, my King!"

Thomas slows down the thrusting of his hips, turning things into more of a roll as he slides in and out of her more carefully. At the same time, he pulls back to look her in the eye, actual concern in his gaze this time.

"Apologies if I'm going too hard. I do not want to hurt you…"

Gasping the words out, Anna laughs breathlessly.

"It is… the opposite. H-How am I supposed to go back to being Queen after a night of pleasure like this? You will r-ruin me as a monarch if you keep this up… I won't be able to think of anything save for the next time I can g-get you in bed…"

Thomas hums at that, slowly nodding.

"I've wondered for a while now… if my Gift might have an effect on my prowess in bed."

Anna's eyes widen, causing him to smile ruefully.

"I assure you, I wasn't this good the first time Camilla and I laid together back in Last Hope. I had my tricks of course… but it wasn't like this."

He… his Gift… Anna shakes her head in disbelief and incredulity.

“You are a mad man, my husband. You are too much for any woman to handle.”

Smiling crookedly, Thomas tilts his head to the side, still pulsing inside of her even now.

“Regretting your decision to marry me already, my Queen?”

Anna scoffs at that… and clings to him all the tighter.

“N-Not on your life! Just… finish me off already! Leave me with some semblance of my wits come morning!”

“… Your wish is my command.”

Anna chokes on her own spit as Thomas picks back up speed. She shudders as he dives down and for the first time plies her rock hard nipples with his mouth and tongue. And she cries out as he fucks her at a much faster, deeper, more powerful pace… until eventually, he tips over the edge at long last and spills his seed within her womb.

Her back arches one final time, her entire body almost seeming to lift off the bed in euphoria as she goes right over the edge with him into bliss. Her vision blacks out for a moment as it all proves to be too overwhelming… and when she comes back to herself a small amount of time later, he’s pulled out of her and is cradling her against his chest, cuddling her.

Anna Ashwood-Marlow lets out a rattling sigh as she curls into her new husband and King’s chest, feeling so very safe in his arms. But even as every fiber of her being thrums with satisfaction, she can’t entirely ignore the small voice in the back of her head reminding her of one simple truth.

She will never be safe, not even in her husband’s arms… so long as that bitch Synestra draws breath.

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A/N: Tomorrow… preparations begin~

Please let me know what you think either on Patreon or Discord! Your feedback, suggestions, and ideas for this story are keeping the inspiration flowing in a big way!