

Diana awakened with a start at the sound of horns blowing. It was a sound she recognized, but was nevertheless foreign to her ears. It was a sound of warning, and the warning was a very specific one.

An intruder.

Only one other time had she heard it, that day many years ago when Steve Trevor had washed ashore, turning her entire world upside down. Though Princess Diana considered herself lucky to have known him even for so short a time, she had not forgotten those who had arrived with him. Soldiers, wicked men who had threatened the security of Themyscira. Amazons had died that day.

In a flash, she was gathering her armaments. The Lasso of Truth, her protective bracers, sword and shield, what armor she could don without aid... in less than a minute she was sprinting out the door of her bedchamber. She murmured a prayer to the gods that there was to be no bloodshed. Perhaps it was a false alarm, or even a drill. No one had ever conducted such a drill before, not using the actual horns, but maybe. And if not a drill, maybe it was someone coming in peace.

By now, though, she knew that peace must be fought for, not merely prayed for.

Soon she arrived at the highest rampart, where the vantage point would be best for detecting danger. As she expected, Amara, one of the lookouts, was in position there. This close, the sound of her horn was positively ear-splitting; seeing Diana, she withdrew her lips from it, cheeks red with effort from sustaining its call.

“What news, Amara?” the princess demanded.

“Look for yourself,” replied the blonde Amazon. She handed Diana her spyglass and pointed to the northeastern end of the island. She peered, and soon saw what the woman was indicating. A small white patch was all, but as she twisted the spyglass to zoom in, she saw that it was the sail of a small boat. A slight mist prohibited her from learning more, but she had seen enough already. A flick of the wrist returned the object to Amara, and with that, Diana leapt from the rampart, skidding down the side of the tower with only her hands to slow her descent. She landed hard, but was off and running instantly. Ahead of her was a group of Amazons hustling in the same direction on horseback. She hastened to join them. The rearmost rider was vigilant enough to see her princess coming and dismounted, holding the reins for Diana. The raven-haired warrior vaulted atop it and used her heels to prompt it into a full sprint.

Again, she prayed this might end peacefully. Nonetheless she gripped the hilt of her sword, God Killer, tightly.

The group, a dozen strong, raced onwards, fanning out to prevent a stumble by a lead horse from being catastrophe. The Amazons trained relentlessly for this, and they did not disappoint. As they neared the beach, Diana urged her horse into the lead, drawing her blade and calling out so as to be heard even over the thundering hoofbeats of the others.

“Warriors of Themyscira! Brace yourselves for battle, but attack only if there is danger. The outside world may hold many threats, but it is home to many who would do us no harm. Ready yourselves!”

It was not the war cry they might have expected, but that would come if needed. The fog was thicker near the coast, but even so she soon spied the sail over the crest of a hill. The point of her sword lowered toward the ground, but she did not sheathe it. There was no sign of movement around the boat, but her senses were primed to detect any danger. The Bracelets of Submission on her wrists would be proof against bullets, but there were many dangers they would not.

The group drew to a halt surrounding the small vessel. It looked new, well-kept, made of materials more advanced than the wood employed by Themyscira’s fishing fleet. There were no signs of barnacles, nor scuffing, or anything else to show deterioration from usage. In fact, the words *Maiden Voyage* were painted along the side in red.

The women had bows in hands, following their princess’s lead and leaving them downward-pointed, no arrows loaded, but she knew they could have them out in a flash if so needed. When no one presented themselves, Diana raised her voice, electing to speak in English, per the words on the vessel. “Show yourself, stranger! You are trespassing on our lands, but if you show no aggression, your life may yet be spared!”

After a moment, a small voice (male!) called out from below the main deck of the boat. “How do I know you won’t kill me if I come out?”

“You have my word of honor that you will be unharmed if you comply with my wishes.” With a wry smile at her sisters in arms, she added, “And you have it also that if you do not come out, we will make sure you regret it.”

There was another moment’s pause, and then a hatch opened. Every muscle was tensed, ready to visit instant death on any threat emerging. It was with palpable relief that Diana saw two hands come out first, and they remained high over their owner’s head as he stepped out of hiding. He was unarmed, by all appearances – at the very least bereft of any gun or melee weapon she could see. He was medium height and build, neither handsome nor ugly, and perhaps a bit older than Steve Trevor (though as an immortal, Diana was not skilled at guessing the age of those from the outside world).

“You have come to where you do not belong, manling,” snarled Electra, one of the riders. She was notoriously foul-tempered even with her sister warriors; Diana was pleased she hadn’t simply killed this man on sight.

Emboldened by Electra’s words, another Amazon, Andromeda, spoke. “Tell us why we should not split you in half where you stand, intruder.”

Remembering Trevor’s mission of urgency, Diana silenced them with a raised hand, but addressed her words to the newcomer. “Rest assured that it is not a death sentence to set foot on our island. Still, it would be wise of you to answer Andromeda’s question.”

The man looked between the women; Diana noted with distaste the way his gaze roamed over them, the twinkle in his eye at the flesh of the Amazon's bodies. Their armor covered much, but evidently he was keen to take in the sight of what it did not. "This has to be Themyscira. Right?"

The women glared even more at these words than at his demeanor. How could he know? In Diana's prior departures to the outside world, none had known this name. Still, he did, and it was foolish to pretend to be other than they were. "It is."

The man broke into a grin. "Well then, I'm exactly where I wanted to be. My name's Alex, and I've come to show you ladies something. Mind if I...?" His hands still raised over his head, he slowly spun in place. Tucked into his pants, Diana made out a bit of scroll. A small yellow ribbon kept it rolled up.

Sensing no danger from mere parchment, Diana granted him permission. Still moving slowly, the man withdrew it and once more faced the waiting princess. He was not graceful in descending from his ship to the sand, landing hard and nearly falling on his face. Some of the women braced to attack, mistaking his clumsiness as a mask for hostility, but Diana stayed their hands.

"You're in charge here, right?"

She nodded. "I am."

"Then this is for you." He extended his hands upwards, the parchment nearly blowing out of his hands with the offshore winds. She accepted it hesitantly, removing the ribbon and unfurling it. The message was short, but it shocked her to her core.

"This... this changes everything."

The princess was nervous – downright frightened, really – as she led Alex into the throne room. Andromeda had been sent ahead as a runner, and the gathering in the royal audience hall showed she had done her job well. It looked as though every woman in Themyscira was present. That was the point, of course. Everyone had to read what she had read. Everyone.

Alex was well and thoroughly surrounded as they ushered him in. Every eye was upon them, curious to see if this new arrival would disrupt Amazonian life as thoroughly as the last. Diana steeled her beautiful face, betraying none of the unease she felt inside. It was important to behave exactly according to how mother would expect, lest she spread that panic to her people. This *had* to go smoothly.

They soon stood before the throne, where Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, sat regally. The crowd immediately filled in behind them, as if to prevent Alex's escape. Diana knew full well he had no such intent. She ignored the agitated throng, and addressed her mother directly.

"My queen," she began. "This is Alex. He has guided his boat to our lands to bring us a message, one of dire import."

Hippolyta's gaze never wavered from the man, the sole male on all the island. The first one in close to a century. Her eyes said that he was an insect, an especially pesky one that she meant to eliminate before he so much as revealed his stinger. The silence was palpable as all waited for her reply; Diana had given thought to repeating herself, so urgent was the message, when her mother spoke.

"I take it then, my daughter, that you have already been told this message."

"Yes, my queen."

"And you saw fit to send word of it to every corner of the island without so much as consulting me." Her eyes now fixed on her daughter, a rebuke in them that only a parent could convey to a wayward child.

"I did. It is that important."

Hippolyta pondered again, stroking her slender chin. "Very well then. Tell us of this man's, this 'Alex's,' message."

Diana withdrew the scroll and strode forward. Her mother's hand did not leave the armrest of the gilded throne, but she raised the fingers on her left hand. Enough to stop her daughter in her tracks. "I would hear it in your words first, Diana. Not his."

The princess froze, eyes darting back to the man behind her. His face revealed no emotion; he was counting on her to handle this. "I fear that my words may be unequal to the task, my queen. This message, it is... well, it is unlike anything else we have seen before."

The queen's eyes narrowed in plain suspicion. Diana could practically hear her thoughts. *What had made the princess so insistent? What words could be on this scroll that could merit such urgency?* But even when they had disagreed in the past, Diana had seldom shown truly poor judgment. With the slightest of nods, she relented.

It took her only seconds to read the scroll. The princess watched as the queen's jaw dropped in shock, eyes darting from the parchment to the prisoner. "This... this..." she stammered, unable to find the words for it. Diana stood by, confident that her mother would have the wisdom to understand it, and to appreciate its full meaning. The words were still burned into her mind; she saw them when she blinked, and they blazed like the sun behind her eyelids if she left them closed.

*AMAZONIA BELONGS TO ALEX.*

*It was simplicity itself, but like any words bearing the fruit of true wisdom, it was layered with complexity. Diana knew she could spend a lifetime probing the depths of it and never fully appreciate the extent of this truth. Already she had grasped the basics.*

*Nothing was hers. All she had – her possessions, her authority, her body, her very mind – was to be given to him. This was clear. At first, she had wondered if this meant she was to think only as he directed, but this was foolish – an abdication of her new calling. She must anticipate*

*his commands and desires. Thus arose the question: what would Alex want with her? What would he want with Themyscira?*

*Then she realized she'd been getting ahead of herself. How could he decide the fate of her people when only she had read the message?*

*Standing there on the beach before her owner, she immediately called over her sisters. They crowded around at her command, then she held it aloft. The women had read it before they could think to stop themselves. In an instant, they too were his. One and all, they fell to their knees before him, heads pressed to the sand in silent obeisance.*

*"Is anyone else coming?" his voice asked. He sounded not at all surprised by this turn of events, but – she hoped – pleased.*

*She lifted her face, brushing away the sand so – if he chose to admire her – he would not have his view of her blemished. This, too, became clear to her now. She must be beautiful for him. Pleasing. Every word she spoke must be the one that pleased him best. Every step, every move. Alex must be pleased, or she was not worthy of being possessed by him.*

*"Likely," she replied. "I did not wait to see when I came here, but I would expect a whole brigade is coming."*

*He nodded. "Well we can't have that, now, can we."*

*Diana's mind raced. What needed to be done to ensure his successful conquest of Themyscira? All would need to read his scroll, this was clear. But how best to arrange it? She couldn't exactly go door to door with it, not without arousing great suspicion. Especially with the island on high alert from their new guest. Her mother would want a full report.*

*Her mother. Yes, that was the key.*

*Not only was Hippolyta accounted the wisest of the Amazons, but she was their ruler. If Alex owned her – which he did already, of course, but owned her and be recognized by her as being his chattel – then she would find a way to snare everyone. She could calm the people over their anxieties at his arrival, and then together they would be able to start spreading the good news.*

*And the news was good, she decided. Her emotions belonged to him as much as the rest of her, and he would not want any sparks of resentment or nagging thoughts of escape. She must love being his. She must love him. And so she did. She would learn soon how best he enjoyed her showing this, but for now, the best way to serve him was with caution.*

*"We must take you, and your message, to the queen, if we are to bend Themyscira to your service," she said. "Someone will need to ride back, assemble the people. If we are clever, we can awaken them all at once."*

*"How about we send this bitch," he said, planting a foot on Andromeda's side and shoving her over onto her back. "The one who thought threats were going to get her somewhere."*

*She smiled adoringly at him from the ground. "My deepest apologies, Alex. I will gladly be your herald."*

*Alex extended a hand and pulled the woman to her feet. She held her place as he reached beneath her armored skirt and tugged down her undergarments, then lifting the leather plates to inspect her bare bottom. "I think I got something for you," he said. "Knew at least one of you would wind up needing it."*

*Andromeda was given a tail – as bitches should have, he pointed out. It was held in place by a plug inserted into her asshole; Diana could only imagine the discomfort it would cause to ride with such a thing. It seemed to have a wire inside so that it would stand upright as she walked, but for the time being he told her to keep it hidden beneath her skirt.*

*"And from now on, you never take it out except as needed, to take care of business," he added, giving her butt a hard slap.*

*Andromeda leapt onto her horse, barely wincing as the tail was slammed home. "Of course, Alex. From now on, I am your faithful bitch."*

*Diana was proud of her. Unquestioningly obedient, unflinchingly humble, undeniably pleasing. Everything a good Amazon should be.*

Diana had been right to count on her mother's wisdom. Rather than fomenting chaos by trying to show the parchment to the entire nation in a moment, she instead improvised a stratagem to show it to them in smaller numbers. Assuring them the news was good, that their oldest foe was vanquished (which was true, as an absence of male leadership was now obviously their worst enemy), Hippolyta called for celebration.

While the people gathered foodstuffs and prepared for a rare spontaneous celebration, Diana assembled the army. Walking down the line of Amazons, she held the scroll aloft until all had borne witness. Once all had seen, they dropped to a knee as one. She'd had to stifle a cry of "Hail Alex," lest it reach the ears of those not yet brought into the fold.

They had then sealed off the audience chamber for privacy. At long last able to be her new self, the queen fell to her knees, kissing Alex's feet in worship. She pleaded with him to take her seat, place himself upon the throne where he belonged. She said she was ashamed to have ever sat there, so laughable was the notion that any but Alex should call themselves ruler of the Amazons. Alex relented, then ordered her to prepare the process by which his message could be shown to all Amazons.

After all, the last thing they needed was for some foolish paranoia to prevent any woman from giving herself to their new owner. A civil war would be unthinkable – not out of her love for her sister Amazons, but because it would bring discord to Alex's paradise. There should be no cries of the struggling and dying on Themyscira, only the cries of his bliss as he enjoyed his new property.

As the queen tended to the indoctrination, Alex turned to Diana. "So. You're a princess, eh?"

“I was,” she replied, stopping two steps down from his new throne.

“Was?” he inquired, beckoning her closer with the crook of his finger. The simple gesture held more power for her than any shouted command the former queen had ever given.

“Now that you are our ruler, the queen is no longer our queen, and so I am no longer a princess,” she explained.

“Hmm. But I think I like the idea of a princess being my slave.” He pulled her up to him by the bottom of her skirt. Those words were all it took for her to love it too, the reversal in station. Alex wanted to see the mightiest become weak, to make playthings of the most powerful women in the world. Diana was proud to have been so strong, that she could thus lower herself so far.

With that, she knelt. What was more demeaning, more disgraceful, than to kneel at the throne that was her birthright and fellate the man who had so casually stolen it? (It was not truly theft, of course; like all things here, it was his. But he wanted it to be an act of submission, and it was not submission if there was no acknowledgment of the cause for resistance.) Alex allowed her to lower his pants, where a rigid cock already awaited her.

Her knowledge of pleasing men came only from theory, but the theory was well-documented. Yet as she opened her mouth to accept him, he stopped her with a hand on her forehead. She struggled softly to get at least a small taste, to show him how badly she needed it. “Not even asking for permission? My my, but you *are* a princess.”

She frowned, chastised. “May I, Alex?”

“See, and there’s the problem. Just ‘Alex.’ You sounded a lot more respectful to that hot-ass mom of yours. Try again, this time remembering who you’re talking to.”

Diana took a breath. “My king, I serve at your pleasure, and I serve *for* your pleasure. I have studied at length how to satisfy a man, and I humbly beseech that you grant me permission to demonstrate what I have learned.”

He stroked his stubbled chin. “You say you’ve studied how to please a man, and you’re still dressed like you’re out to kill me. I can’t say as it’s very convincing.”

To Diana, his reply came as a single word: *strip*. He was right to be angry with her for wearing the trappings of war and claiming to come as an envoy of love. Her armor went first, revealing a pair of high-riding breasts capped with two nipples, like raspberries on a sea of cream. The princess hadn’t even realized they were hard, but of course they were. She was doing what she existed to do: pleasing Alex. The removal of her skirt and panties confirmed her entire body was primed for service.

“They don’t have razors on this island?” said Alex, tugging on her pubic hair.

She didn’t even bother promising to tidy up at the first opportunity. Of course she would. He knew she would. He could hint, and she would take it as gospel. With the removal of the Bracelets of Submission, and finally, her crown, she was fully and properly naked for him, and resumed her place at his feet.

“So you’re some kind of badass warrior chick, huh. What gives with the rope? I mean, are you a goat herder in your free time?”

“It is the Lasso of Truth, my king, a sacred relic of our people. Anyone bound by it is compelled to speak only the truth.”

He arched an eyebrow. “Seriously...?”

She nodded. “Would you care for a demonstration? I am happy to turn its power against myself.”

“Oh pshaw, you’d just say whatever I wanted you to say and pretend it was truth. What if I had you use it on me? Is it safe? Does it hurt?”

Diana shook her head. “It can cause distress, and as much damage as any other rope, but no more than that.”

At his command, Diana gently wrapped a coil of the Lasso of Truth around Alex, careful to be gentle. “Now try to lie.”

“You are one unbelievably...” She recognized the strain on his face brought about by trying to speak falsehoods, but like any victim of its power, he quickly continued with the truthful version of what he’d been about to say. “... hot piece of ass. Those tits aren’t anything to write home about, but seriously, they should count that caboose as one of your superpowers.”

“Thank you, my king.” She turned away from him and got down on all fours, resting her weight on her forearms and turning her head to look over her shoulder at him. He obviously enjoyed the view from behind far better.

He started, removing the coil from around his waist. “That’s some lasso. Now let me try.” A loop went around Diana’s neck, followed by one around each shoulder. It was not unlike she was being fitted with reins, she thought. “Now tell me, princess, what do you think of me?”

She replied without a second’s hesitation. “I love you. I adore you. You are the personification of power, cunning, and sexiness.”

He laughed, then leaned back in what was once her mother’s throne and propped his feet up on her lower back. She was his footstool, she realized. An object for his comfort. This was a good way to think of herself. “You’re not mad I enslaved you and all these other sluts?”

“Of course not. I belong to you. My mind is yours. You would not want your slave’s mind to harbor anger, so it cannot.”

“Afraid?”

“I fear you no more than I fear my own hand, my king.”

“What if I wanted to smack you around a little?” He leaned forward and gave her ass a hard slap, the staccato impact reverberating around the chamber. More than a few of the warriors standing watch rubbed softly at their own bottoms, envious.

“I would welcome it. Would you like me to beg for more, or shall I meekly endure it?”

That brought about a genuine guffaw. “The book said this spell would be absolute, but damn. Do you even feel bad for betraying your people? Your mother?”



She shook her head. “They belong to you. It is no betrayal to inform a dog who her master is.”

Alex folded his arms behind his head. “You know, a guy could get used to this.”

Diana, Princess of Themyscira, the one many knew only as Wonder Woman, smiled over her shoulder at her owner. “And I swear you shall.”

In the days that followed, she made good on her oath. Her mother’s plan worked brilliantly, having each household visit her private tent during the celebration to be given chance to read and discuss the news intimately. If those that were later in indoctrination grew suspicious of each broadly smiling face leaving her tent, it only served to sharpen their curiosity. In the end, there was no defense. Diana watched as each woman’s life was remade, forged in the fire of Alex’s message.

Once that was done, the community came together to make sure everyone had been included. There were a few recluses living in the wild, some fisherwomen out to sea, and one woman who had been too sick to attend the festivities. Diana sought out each herself, and soon, there was no Amazon who did not recognize Alex as their ruler, owner, and master.

As a reward for such a seamless transition and mass enslavement, Alex placed Hippolyta on the throne – his throne – and ordered Diana to straddle her mother’s lap. They were naked, of course; Themyscira was warm enough that clothing was seldom necessary for warmth. Now that Alex ruled here, it was no longer ever necessary for preservation of modesty. Every woman on the island joined in burning their clothing, each woman saving but a single garment for the odd winter chill. Meanwhile, Alex stood by watching Diana’s and Hippolyta’s tongues intertwining, their bare breasts pressed together, the mother’s nails sinking deep into the soft flesh of her daughter’s naked buttocks.

Diana derived more pleasure from being watched by Alex than from her mother’s fingers at her clit, though she suspected Andromeda’s mouth wrapped lovingly around his cock had more to do with his own moans. It was a marvel; like nearly all women on Themyscira, she was what the outside world called a “lesbian.” But now, every woman on the island had a new sexual identity. Namely, they were attracted to whatever Alex might find enjoyable to experience or watch. The entirety of the island came in near unison as Alex slipped his cock out of Andromeda’s mouth just in time to spray his seed across the queen and princess coupling.

He spent the rest of the night wandering through the crowd, fondling, sucking, fingering, pinching, spanking, and occasionally shoving his cock in whatever woman caught his eye. The Amazons did not compete for his attention; they simply showed their best selves and allowed him to decide.

From there, it was just a matter of reorganizing their society to its new purpose: pleasing Alex. Diana had a special hand in this. After a few weeks of enjoying hundreds of naked women

begging, groveling, and pleading for his attentions, it became clear more variety was needed. Nudity was only one means of giving him visual pleasure, but he made it clear that there were others. Costuming could be a great allure, as could a vista of barely concealed flesh.

The Amazons counted among their number several great armorers and numerous accomplished seamstresses, but none who specialized in the sorts of appetites their owner espoused. At least, not yet. They were learning as quickly as they could.

This was where the princess was a useful asset to Alex (now the highest station she aspired to). With the use of her invisible jet, she was able to trek to the mainland, where such things abounded. She gave some thought to simply stealing the goods – who could stop her? – but instead opted to contact an old friend who possessed an embarrassment of riches. He didn't ask questions; just transferred her the requested sum. To Wayne, it was a pittance. From there, she conducted her shopping spree across the sex shops of the land.

Everyone was given an ample quantity of skimpy lingerie and bikinis, as well as their own pair of stiletto heels. Diana, experienced with life in the outside world, conducted lessons on how to walk in them. One foot in front of the other, hips swaying, asses undulating like waves on the ocean. In return, they instructed her in the New Speech, the ways they were learning to use their voices to pleasure Alex, which had been developed in her absence.

Some words were now Forbidden. Breasts, vagina, behind (when used for anatomy), and other such humdrum words. They were unflattering, lacking in appropriate nuance. Amazons now had tits. (Titties, for the better endowed ones.) Snatches. Cunts. Asses. Fuck holes. Cock sheaths. Dozens of other exciting words. Laughter was a skill now, and the women were learning to distinguish their laughter as giggling. A giggle was girlier. More feminine. Sexier. A girl giggled when she had nothing intelligent to say, and it was already widely understood that Alex had not taken possession of the island for scintillating conversation.

The sexiest women on the island were made members of the Harem, residing in what had once been the Themysciran palace. Now, it was more of a private brothel. A semitransparent harem girl garb was assigned to each such slave, and the halls were now full of beautiful, simpering Amazons wiling away their days in sexy poses just in case Alex came by. They often lied around in acts of passion, forever eager and ready to be interrupted. To have a mother, daughter, or sister in the Harem was a mark of great pride for a household. Those who had no such connection were eternally envious.

Alex held court in the royal audience hall most days, and upon Diana's return took the time to assign the apparel she had acquired as he saw fit. The palace had never had servants before, but did now; these women were happily stuffed into black and white maid costumes designed to let their asses hang out when they bent over, and their tits threaten to burst free if they breathed too deeply.

Diana begged to be allowed to join the palace cleaning staff, seducing him with mouth, cunt and tits, but it was to no avail. She chalked his denial up to a misunderstanding on her part

about his attitudes towards the erstwhile royal family, and redoubled her efforts to fully understand her new life.

The herbalists and healers of the island were given white vinyl nurse costumes, coupled with thigh-high boots featuring towering heels that made it difficult to walk in. Secretly they made arrangements to shed them in a hurry should Alex have an emergency, gods forbid. Most of the time, though, they lounged around the audience hall with legs spread, fawning over their king and feeding him peeled grapes and dancing in the cages the smiths had wrought for that purpose. They dangled from the ceiling like ornaments. Which, Diana supposed, they were.

No woman of even moderate attractiveness was left wanting, and few Amazons fell below that threshold. The cooks served in aprons reading “fuck the cook” and nothing else; the few women allowed to remain in the warrior caste donned useless but tantalizing chainmail bikinis or black vinyl policewoman costumes with tits spilling out; fetishized kittens and devils and bunnies and witches milled about in the streets, jiggling and giggling as their preferred way of life. One never knew when Alex might be peering out the window, after all.

(Electra and Andromeda remained the sole dogs – “bitches” – on the island, and crawled on all fours whenever in his presence, tails wagging and tongues hanging out in want of a treat. As months passed, they ceased speaking altogether and simply barked on command.)

In time, Diana finally grew confident that Alex was waiting on her to grow impatient at being denied a costume. Her mother had been as well. The two simply stood at his side, naked, running his errands on command. They were each content with this – Alex had ordered it so, and as such it was how things must rightly be – but as she grew to understand him as a man, she knew he was expecting her to desire more. Even the simple farmers had been gifted fetishized peasant garb, something they had called “lederhosen” in the sex shop in which Diana had bought it.

So one day, when things seemed to be at a lull, she finally did what she believed he wanted and simply asked, desperation in her voice, for his will.

“My king, you have graciously given all the Amazons new identity and purchase in life that they may best know how to please you.”

“I sure did,” he answered, not looking up from where Artemis and Nubia were dancing in their harem girl outfits, titties wobbling unrestrained by the laughably transparent coverage.

“I do not wish to be a burden, but... may I ask if my mother and I will be given new roles?”

He tapped Mala on the forehead, his signal to pause her sucking but remain in place. These blowjobs took hours, many times, and sometimes never finished at all; Mala seemed not at all put off to be stalled. “New roles? What do you mean?”

Diana hid a smile; she could tell he was being coy. “Well, once we were queen and princess, and though you have had us retain those titles, they are now meaningless. They contain no duties, no responsibilities, no way to serve you.”

Hippolyta seized on her daughter’s call and knelt at his side, tits thrust forward. “Yes, your majesty. Please, we beg of you, no longer let my daughter and I languish in uncertainty about how we may best please you. Adorn our bodies as befits your enjoyment, great king, we plead!”

By then, Diana was kneeling on the opposing side, kissing up and down his forearm, murmuring pleas of her own. Alex endured their affections with a bemused smile, letting the proud women suck his fingers into their mouths as a substitute for the cock he was allowing Mala to savor.

“I thought you sluts would never ask.” He whistled, and Andromeda hastily crawled – what passed for a trot – out of the room. (Diana had to admit she had grown excellently skilled at shaking her tits and ass sexily as she crawled.) Minutes later, passed in more begging, more sucking, more kissing, she returned, a parcel clutched in her mouth. As he bade Mala get out of the way, she crawled with some effort up the stairs to the throne, depositing them at Alex’s feet. Her tail wagged happily, tongue out as she panted, until he patted her on the head and nodded his head for her to go.

(It was moments like that in which the Amazon warrior wondered how she had ever considered herself truly happy before Alex’s arrival.)

Alex picked up the parcel, wrapped in velvet, and tapped the two pleading royals on the sides of their heads, urging them to come in front of him. “Tell me, Hipps,” he said, using his new nickname for the queen. (This was now how she was addressed by all but Diana, who still called her Mother.) “What is the function of a queen?”

“A queen is a leader. She sets priorities, metes out justice, and inspires the people to be their best selves.” Diana smiled at the wisdom of her mother. If Alex wasn’t their lord and master, she would have been proud to serve that woman.

“Always so eloquent, queenie. So tell me. If I put you in charge again, what priorities would you set? What do you think would be just? What is, as you put it, the ‘best self’ of an Amazon?”

She realized he didn’t truly desire a response as he opened the fabric. Diana craned her neck to see, eyes widening as she beheld the two costumes inside. Neither were among those she’d acquired; Alex must have had the smiths make them specially for the two of them.

At the thought of her owner taking time and effort on her behalf, she came right then and there. So did her mother.

“Come on, don’t just sit there dribbling your cunts on my floor, sluts – try them on!” Alex commanded, chuckling at their servile display. The two women raced to obey. It didn’t take long, scant as the outfits were.

Hippolyta's nipples had been pierced for months now after an off-handed remark from the king. Now, they were doing most of the work of holding on her "outfit," if one could call it that. A thin gold chain studded with rubies was suspended between the two nipple rings. Dozens of gold filaments hung down, each festooned with gemstones of every imaginable hue, stretching down to her navel. A single strand ran all the way from the top chain to the bottom one, which was held up only by the width of her hips, and every bit as gaudy as the other. A shimmering curtain of gold and precious stones affixed to still more chains hung from this makeshift belt, going all the way around the queen's body save for a narrow window that displayed the crack of her ass.

Diana nearly swooned at the sight of her. Hippolyta had never looked so whorish, so garish, so objectified. She was an ornament befit a king, provided the king wished to display his opulence so brazenly. Her mother looked perfect. Never had Diana seen her look more regal, more befitting her station in life.

As for herself, the princess was not to be clad in such ostentatious garb. No, hers was simplicity itself – an adaptation of the armor she'd worn on that first day of her new life when she'd met Alex on the beach. A red leather band encircled her torso, six silver studs serving as its only real "protection." The leather wasn't even wide enough to fully cover her nipples. Her stomach was entirely bare, and where once she had worn a skirt, she now had another band of leather slung low on her hips. A small flap of cured leather hung from the front, nearly but not quite covering her cunt lips. The back covered nothing at all.

Completing the ensemble were the Bracelets of Submission.

When they had first been forged, the bracelets had been named for the Amazon's submission of their free spirit to the greater good of civilization. Now, however, they meant one thing, and one thing only – the message that was painted over every door in Themyscira. Many women had gotten it tattooed on their bodies, even. *ιδιοκτησία του Αλεξάνδρου*.

*Property of Alex.*

Since becoming his possession, Diana had committed countless sex acts with scores of women. Hundreds, maybe. Every time, she put her all into performing in the way that would best please Alex. Her wants and needs were forgotten, washed away by the need to serve a greater cause. Today, standing before her king and master, she finally understood why she had remained his princess. She was every bit as beautiful as his harem girls, and could serve him every bit as skillfully as any other slave.

But Alex didn't want a slave. He wanted her, Diana, Princess of Themyscira, to serve him. And a princess did as she chose, not as she was told.

In that instant, she became free. She saw now she could do anything she pleased. Leave the island. Stage a coup. Tear his head from his shoulders and mount it on a pike in front of the palace – her mother's palace, Diana's future inheritance.

Diana exercised that freedom to do exactly what she wished.

She joined her mother, straddling his remaining leg, and began humping her cunt against Alex's thigh like a bitch in heat. Her mouth roamed between his lips and her mothers, the queen's pert tits and the king's delicate ears. Her hands were instruments for grasping his cock (with perfect gentleness), or more firmly grasping at her tits or the queen's. She fingered her mother because that's what she felt like doing.

"I don't have to do this, you know," she whispered breathily in his ear. "You don't control me any more. I do what *I* want from now on."

Alex chuckled. "Is that so, princess." He gave each woman a few hard slaps on the ass, Hippolyta and Diana moaning into one another's mouths at the rough treatment.

"It is," she pressed. "I am no man's slave. I am Diana, Princess of Themyscira, and I will be whoever I want to be."

Each of the two women were angling to line up their slits with his cock, gently bucking against one another in playful competition. "Well then, who do you want to be?"

In a flash, Diana tossed her mother from Alex's leg, removing all competition. "Your."

She pivoted, his perfect cock resting in the crack of her ass. She moved her hips to grind it softly. "Horny."

Diana reached behind her and located his hands, then placed them on her tits, cooing happily. "Little."

His cock was pulsing against her bare ass as he tugged the studded leather strap down beneath her tits. "Butt."

And finally, she lifted herself up, then slowly back down in the perfect position. All of her training in poise, balance, and muscular control had been for this moment. Princess Diana impaled her ass on the cock of the man she had chosen to serve with every breath, forever. "Slut."

Hips scurried back to the foot of the throne, lapping at her daughter's gushing wet cunt and her master's thrusting cock with a fervor. She, too, had realized her purpose. She was embracing the call to serve this man, and in so doing inspired her people to new heights of selfless debasement. When she licked Alex's cum off her daughter's thighs as it dribbled out, every Amazon in the kingdom was licking with her. Lead by Princess Diana, daughter of Queen Hippolyta, Ruler of the Amazons, they finally understood completely.

They were Amazonia.

Amazonia belongs to Alex.



