

Lessons in Humility

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Lessons in Humility

by [praxyn](#)

Summary

During a trip to the countryside the royal guards grow tired of the spoiled princess's arrogance and have their way with her.

“What’s taking so long?” Princess Karina demanded. “We’ve been traipsing through the middle of nowhere all day long! I want to go home!”

She was tired and her feet hurt and her stupid guards were standing in a circle and talking to each other in quiet voices. They were ignoring her. Her! The queen’s favorite daughter! Her mother had ordered her moved to one of the country estates during some political thing that Karina hadn’t been interested in anyway. Politics were boring. She wouldn’t have minded the country estate if she’d been allowed to bring her friends, but instead she was stuck in a dirty forest with half a dozen uncouth guardsmen who thought themselves important because they had feathers on their helmets. They were still dirty commoners and dreadful company.

“We were discussing how to proceed, Princess,” said the captain of the guard and sauntered over to her. He was a big, coarse man with an ugly scar and a rude sneer on his face.

“I do not like your tone, Captain,” Karina said sharply and drew herself up. She didn’t know what the man’s problem was, but she could tell when a commoner forgot his station. She was about to start lecturing him on the correct way to address royalty when pain exploded on her cheek. A second later she found herself on the dirty forest ground without quite knowing how she got there. It took her a moment to realize that the insolent oaf had struck her.

“That’s funny, because none of us like your tone, you arrogant little bitch,” the captain said. The other men had come closer, too, forming a circle around her. “We’re all tired of a useless cunt like you bossing us around. So we’ve decided you’re gonna compensate us for all the trouble.”

“How *dare* you?!” Karina snapped. Her voice cracked and tears were streaming over her face, but her outrage was stronger than the pain. “My mother will have your hands taken off for putting them on me! And then your heads!”

“We’ll put more than just our hands on you, little princess,” said another voice, filled with ... something. She couldn’t have said what it was, but it made her shudder in fear. Before she could think of another threat – if they weren’t afraid of the queen, what would they be afraid of? – rough, gloved hands were on her, ripping at her travelling clothes, tearing carelessly through the beautiful fabric. She screamed when cold air hit her exposed skin and again when one of the men drew a knife to cut her bodice off her.

“Stop it! What are you doing?” she screamed when her stockings and undergarments were torn off her slender body. She’d never been exposed out in the open, certainly not in front of men. The only person who’d ever seen her like this was the chambermaid who helped her bathe. The fall air was freezing on her bare skin and the men’s gloves felt too rough.

“Look at those perky little tits!” one of the men jeered. A second later rough fingers grabbed one of her breasts, fondled it carelessly before pulling on her nipple. She screamed and tried to pull away from his touch, but the men were holding her mercilessly – her arms and her legs and her waist.

"Why are you doing this?" She was closer to sobbing than yelling now. Not only did these men have no respect for her, nor any fear of her station, but to make it worse she didn't know what they wanted. Why were they exposing her, why were they touching her like this? Why would anyone do such a horrible, cruel thing?

"She can't be that fucking naive," a voice said. The men were touching both her breasts now, tweaking her nipples and pulling on them. It hurt so much that more tears shot into her eyes. When she looked down at herself, her nipples were red and puckered in the men's fingers.

"You think? As pampered and sheltered as the little bitch is ... Don't think her damn mother made sure she was taught what that sweet little body's good for."

"We'll teach her all right." That was the captain again. One hand in rough leather gloves touched her bottom and she squealed when the fingers pressed between her cheeks. They didn't stay there, but instead moved between her legs and pressed against her soft flesh. The touch was unfamiliar and strange and she struggled as best she could, but that only led to the men holding her up: one standing behind her, arms wrapped around her upper body, two of them holding one leg each and pulling them apart so she was completely exposed.

"If you were my daughter, I'd have spanked that brattiness out of you a long time ago," the captain said. She wanted to reply that she wasn't some filthy peasant girl, but instead she only yelped when his hand slapped her hard between her legs. Again. And again. The pain was worse than anything she'd ever felt before, it made her body twitch and shake in unfamiliar ways. Another guard was still pulling on her nipples. As the beating continued, one of the men put his mouth on her nipple and licked it, then bit it like a dog and suckled on it. Her stomach cramped funny at that.

"Stop it! Oh, please, stop!" It should have been unthinkable to beg such ruffians, but she was so scared of the way they were touching her and looking at her. Like she was a feast they were planning to devour.

"Stop?" the captain asked. He did stop beating her, but his hand stayed between her legs, pushing and rubbing against her. It felt odd and slick and strange and a confused sound escaped from her mouth. "All right, Princess. Then we'll move on to the main part."

She wanted to ask what he meant, but her throat was hoarse from screaming and groaning and one of the men was still biting her pert nipple.

"Those tits would look just right on a fresh little whore," one of the men said and the others laughed. Karina didn't know what a whore was or why the men were so interested in her breasts, but they kept touching them. One of them had started slapping her breast and making it bounce up and down on her chest.

The captain had opened his breeches and reached inside and – she didn't know what it was that he pulled out of it. It looked like skin and flesh, but she'd never seen a body part like that. Like a thick, big rod, glistening at the tip.

"Hold her still," he said and pushed the rod against her – no, *inside* her. Somehow she was slick and wet there, but it still hurt so much when he violated her body. It hadn't looked that

big, but it felt gigantic when it tore her open and went deeper and deeper still.

“Such a tight little cunt,” the captain groaned and laughed.

“Won’t be tight when we’re all done with her, fucking her holes and pumping her full,” another man said. She didn’t know what any of that meant, but she knew to be terrified. The captain started thrusting into her again and again, rough and fast. It sent her breasts bouncing on her chest so hard that it hurt, but not as badly as the pain spreading through her lower body along with a strange warmth she didn’t understand. The men kept talking – about her “tits” and her “cunt”, calling her words she didn’t understand but that still made her blush and cry and hate herself. The captain moved faster and faster until he moaned loudly and suddenly she was even wetter. When he pulled out of her, something wet and hot trickled over her thighs, tickling her like her tears tickled her cheeks.

“She’s so much nicer like this,” one of the men said. “Who knew the little bitch could be such a sweet, obedient whore?” The captain laughed and slapped her between her legs again.

“Hey, Princess, look at me.” She obeyed, although she could barely see through her tears. “Be a good little girl and say thank you.”

When she hesitated, there was another slap, and this time he shoved two gloved fingers into her sore flesh. She yelped in pain.

“Thank you,” she stammered quickly, not sure what she was supposed to be thanking him for. Hurting her? Making her feel dirty and used?

“Say ‘thank you for fucking me, Captain’,” he demanded. That word again. She didn’t know what it meant, but she suspected it was the word for the horrible thing he’d just done to her. She wanted to tell him no, but his fingers pushed deeper into her and another man had his hand on her bottom again. Surely they wouldn’t put anything inside *there*? But she didn’t think anything should be put past these ruffians.

“Thank you for fucking me, Captain,” she said obediently, stumbling over the unfamiliar word.

“There’s a good little slut. Told you we’d teach her some manners.” The last sentence was addressed to the other men. “Let’s make sure the lesson sticks.”

With those words she was thrown to the ground and turned around to her hands and knees. In this position her sore breasts hung down heavily and when another man positioned himself behind her to slam his rod into her as well, they bounced painfully forward and back. This man used her even more brutally than the captain had and when she cried and whimpered, he complained that she was too loud. Another man put his *thing* right in front of her face, made her smell the strange, foreign scent and then forced his fingers between her teeth before he put it inside her mouth. That was how she learned what the fluid they shot inside her tasted like, salty and pungent. The third man shot it all over her face instead and laughed, they all laughed while her body was passed around between them, fingers and what they called pricks pushing into every orifice, violating her and covering her in that sticky mess.

She was filthy and aching by the time they seemed to grow tired of the game, one by one. The biggest of the men kept going for the longest time. He'd put her on his lap at the end, her back to his chest, and bounced her up and down on his giant prick while his huge, meaty hands pulled her breasts up and down, up and down until she wondered if he wanted to tear them off. Her belly seemed full to bursting from all the fluid they'd spurted inside her and when he lifted her off his prick and sent her stumbling forward, it trickled and slushed out of her. She felt disgusting, covered in sweat and dirt and *that*, like an animal covered in filth. The men laughed and jeered, but she didn't have the strength anymore to listen to their words. They left her lying in the mud, too weak to sit up, while they took a break to eat and drink.

Karina didn't know how long she lay there. Every now and then one of them would reach out and touch her like one would pet a dog or a horse. One of them shoved his boot between her leg and toed at her sore, wet flesh. She whimpered helplessly, but couldn't move away.

Eventually rough hands pulled her back to her feet, not without touching her body some more.

"Time to get going," the captain said. "You can stay like this until we reach civilization again, Princess. Whores don't wear clothes."

Her face and thighs felt crusty and sticky where things were drying on her skin and she could barely stay on her feet, let alone walk. Naked. Barefoot. But she was too afraid of what they'd do if she said no.

"Yes, Captain," she mumbled when he waited for an answer.

"Good girl. When we get near the estate, we'll clean you up and you can put on a pretty dress again, but if you say a word of this to anyone ... if you try to say no the next time we come to have a bit of fun with your used cunt," he shoved his fingers between her legs, like he had to make sure she understood, "I'm going to cut out your annoying tongue. Are we clear?"

She shivered again. Their bodies were crowding her, touching her. She couldn't imagine ever telling anyone about this. She knew at her very core that what had happened was filthy and wrong, that everyone would hate her if they knew, that nobody could ever find out that she'd been used like this. The idea of telling anyone was almost more horrifying than the idea of this happening again.

"Yes, Captain. I won't say a word," she promised. He pinched the most sensitive spot between her legs and pulled, sent her stumbling and reeling, but she stayed on her feet.

"That's what I like to hear. And because you've been so good, you get to walk for the rest of the day, rather than crawl through the dirt like the bitch you are."

Relief and gratitude flooded Karina's body, even as he pinched her again. Without even thinking about it she said, "Thank you, Captain."

He smiled a cruel, satisfied smile and she desperately hoped she'd be able to keep them all satisfied.

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