

A Corruption Most Divine

Chapter 3

"God-Emperor Perin's reign was tumultuous," her tutor said, sounding as bored as Alora felt. "Strife, rebellion, famine, corruption, disaster. From the moment Perin inherited and sat upon the Celestial Throne, to his death some thirteen years later, the world suffered the weight of his sins."

Sins. The word brought Alora back to reality. *She* had 'sins' too, didn't she? Corrosive traits that'd manifest themselves in harmful, destructive ways...

Her face heated, thinking of her desires. Her *fantasies*.

What would they do to the world when she took the Throne one day? What would her wickedness mean for everyone else?

"Perin's sins were indecisiveness and hesitation, a lack of confidence in himself and his abilities. These traits infected mankind like a plague, manifesting as disobedience and a lack of faith. The natural world bore the brunt of God-Emperor Perin's sins. Plants refused to grow, refused to do their part in the Grand Balance. Crops failed. The masses rioted. Cities burned as city leaders hesitated and second-guessed themselves."

Alora's eyebrows narrowed.

Something about what the tutor was saying didn't make sense. She went back in her head, tried to recall the things she'd only been half-listening to.

But, before she could figure out what felt off, the tutor's voice sounded again. Droning on with the lecture.

"Thus are indecisiveness and hesitation and self-doubt sinful traits. Bad – *terrible* – traits for the Divine Ruler to possess. A God-Emperor needs decisiveness, confidence. He needs to be bold and unrelenting in his decisions."

He needs to.

Not *she* needs to. Or *they* need to.

He needs to.

That was new. Different. At no point before that could Alora remember feeling so singularly rejected in a lecture. As if her tutor was specifically stating that *she* wasn't fit to rule. That *she* could never be bold or confident enough to lead.

She bristled at that. Just a little.

Sitting up straighter in her seat, looking up from the wooden table to glare at her tutor.

The man was looking at her.

Staring right at her face with a bored expression.

Their eyes met, and Alora's sudden anger vanished. A wave of tingling, overwhelming excitement flared through her. Every thought disappearing, leaving only that one fact bouncing around inside Alora's skull.

He was *looking* at her.

Staring at her.

Alora's breath caught in a high-pitched, surprised gasp.

Her eyes snapped back down to the wooden table, face feeling like it was on fire. Her heart thundered as she realised the man was still staring at her. Hadn't moved from his spot.

Alora gulped. Trembled in place.

"God-Emperor Perin's death came at the hands of an advisor. A knife in the night. Within a year, God-Empress Nalia ascended to the throne. A wise woman, whose grace and humility led to three decades of prosperity..."

Steadily, with much effort, Alora began to calm herself.

Focus on the lecture, she told herself. *Nothing else. Just the words. Just listen to the words...*

It was only later, floating in the bathhouse's large pool, that it clicked. That odd feeling she'd gotten during her lecture.

Perin had been indecisive, unwilling to commit to things.

How had *that* led to rebellion and strife?

Surely, if the world's populace had been instilled with those same traits, they'd have been *less* likely to want to fight and start wars not *more*. How did *that* work?

Greed causing strife, Alora could see and understand. Greedy people wanted more. It made sense. And it was obvious how wrathful or hate-filled or arbitrary men would lead to conflict and destruction.

But hesitation? Self-doubt?

Something about that didn't sit right.

"What if..." She whispered to herself, too quiet for anyone else to possibly hear. "What if it's all a lie?"

The Celestial Throne. The God-Emperor's power. Everything.

What if it was all some silly fabrication? A way for Alora's family to ensure they always remained in power.

Even as she considered the possibility, she knew her ulterior motive. The *real* reason she was entertaining the idea.

If it was all some elaborate ruse, it'd remove any and all responsibility from Alora's shoulders. She'd be free to do whatever she wanted, never having to worry about the kind of ruler she'd be or the consequences of her personality.

Wishful thinking. Nothing more.

She sighed, looked around the large room.

As always, two pretty servant girls were there to assist her. One on either side of the pool, each holding towels to dry Alora the moment she was done in the pool.

Both girls were staring at her.

Instantly, the familiar heat sparked.

Her eyes darted around, searching for spyholes she knew must be there. Her mind fogging as she imagined all the eyes staring at her.

A wicked idea wormed its way into her thoughts.

"I can't," she whimpered, closing her eyes. "I can't be..."

It's not real, her own voice whispered back to her. *The Divine Blood, the All-Maker, the Celestial Throne. It's all lies. You can do whatever you want...*

The voice was too tempting to ignore.

Silent promises of pleasure and abandon. Of joy unrestrained.

"If I'm happy," Alora murmured, heat blurring her mind, "won't that mean everyone else is happy too? Besides, one time can hardly hurt..."

She'd already made the decision. Had made it as soon as she'd seen the serving girls watching her.

All she was doing now was trying to justify it.

Hesitation is a sinful trait.

Before any other thoughts or fears could stop her, Alora reached down her body.

The instant her wet fingers touched that forbidden area between her legs, stars exploded in Alora's vision. She gasped loudly, voice echoing through the huge room.

Knowing the servants could hear her caused a moan to follow.

Her fingers slid clumsily over her mound, guided by a mixture of inexperience and wild desperation.

Every touch sent tingles jolting through her.

Every caress made her whimper and moan and explore further.

When she found a little button that sent sharp jolts of ecstasy coursing through her, she lost whatever restraint she had left. Rubbing and squeezing that button, thrumming it

with her thumb, Alora lost herself to the pleasure.

Time lost all meaning as she chased a pressure building up deep inside. One hand furiously teased and toyed with that magical spot at the top of her slit, the other lifting to massage her ample breasts. As her fingertips brushed over hardened nipples, entirely new sensations joined those she was already experiencing. Pleasure, hot and tingling and desperate. Pleasure, gentle and demanding and all-consuming.

The first explosion hit her like a boulder, dragging her along as it rolled down a hill. Sparking pain mixed with a pleasure beyond anything she could have ever imagined.

It rocked her to her core, made her scream out.

Then the second explosion struck her. Just as hot and intense as the first.

She didn't even hear her own voice as she swore, losing control of her body and surrendering to a series of shakes and shudders that had her writhing wildly in the water.

Still, she kept going.

Her fingers moving by themselves, knowing instinctively where to go and what to do.

Burst after burst shot through Alora, sending so much tingling pleasure through her body that the insides of her eyelids lit up like a night sky. Constant flashing and sparking as Alora submitted herself to the endless, overwhelming sensations.

For a short eternity, that bliss was all Alora knew.

Then her body began to grow weak.

She kept going for as long as she was able, basking in the pleasure and heat and that sweet, sweet oblivion. But, eventually, her cramping hand fell limp. She sprawled out, floating on water that somehow grew colder and colder the more she became aware of it again.

Alora opened her eyes, winced at the blinding brightness, quickly shut them again.

She let herself float like a piece of drywood out at sea.

"Wow," was the only thing she found herself able to say.

And even that one word caused her throat to throb and ache.

Raw from all her screams and cries of pleasure.

A dumb smile pulled at her lips.

One that quickly vanished when a thought occurred to her.

What must the servants think of me now.

The servants!

Her eyes shot open, ignoring the glare from the... lamplight? Since when did lamps shine so brightly?

Alora's gaze shot to the nearest servant, then the other.

Both girls were still staring at her. Both blushing.

Alora dunked herself underwater. Sank down to the pool floor and stayed there for as long as her lungs would allow.

Her face felt so hot, she was surprised the water around it hadn't started to boil.

The shame! The embarrassment! It was too much.

What had she *done*!?

If she hadn't been underwater, Alora might've screamed.

What'd she been *thinking*?!

She shook her head, watched as her hair floated about around her.

How long had she even been in the water?

She felt so tired and exhausted. It couldn't have been *that* long, surely...

Her lungs screamed at her.

All she could do was kick off the pool floor, climb out and pretend like nothing had happened. Like this had been an ordinary, unremarkable bath...

But, even if the servants didn't tell anyone, *they'd* know.

Two pretty girls had watched Alora do wicked, unspeakable things to herself...

Her clothes were gone.

Dried off from her 'bath', Alora had led the way back to the bathhouse's changing room – only to find it empty.

The dress she'd worn here; it was missing.

Her undergarments, her petticoat, her stockings. *Everything*. It was all *gone*.

"Where is-" She glanced between the two servant girls. "Where are- They're not here! My clothes. Where are..."

From the confused expressions on their faces, Alora saw that neither of them knew anything. And, exhausted as she was, she didn't have the energy to push further.

If she'd been more awake and alert, she might have sent one of them to fetch her something else to wear.

As it was, she simply snatched up one of the larger towels and wrapped it around her body as best she could. A makeshift dress that started at Alora's thighs and barely reached past her swollen nipples. No undergarments. Only the faintest illusion of modesty.

It was scandalous even compared to what some of Alora's ancestors had worn. And yet...

Alora left the bathhouse wearing only the towel.

Cool, evening air tickled her legs and arms and shoulders as she walked along a path of pink petals. Her head held high, even as a chilly breeze swept its way up under the towel and stroked Alora's flaming crotch.

She flushed, tried not to moan, kept on walking.

Ahead of her, the servants scattering petals for her to walk on kept glancing back at her, their eyes sliding up and down her near-naked body. More than one stumbled as they walked, torn between looking at Alora and their petal-bearing task.

Alora refused to acknowledge them directly, didn't even look at any of the servants. She only kept watch of them out of the corners of her eyes, silently basking in their attention.

Their eyes felt as pleasant on her skin as her own fingers had.

The clothing her servants had put on her today was almost too much for Alora to accept. As she'd been led from the dressing room, she'd been nearly tempted to stop and turn back – demand something else to wear.

But she hadn't. She'd kept walking.

And now she was trapped wearing *this* for the day.

A dress that'd been hacked apart with no regard for style or propriety. A sleeveless, collarless dress that'd had its skirts cut so short that Alora's bare knees were visible under it. A large chunk at the front of the dress had been haphazardly cut away, leaving Alora's collar and bust almost completely exposed. A deep valley of cleavage was visible to anyone looking. And, with the dress cut as amateurishly as it had been, every step Alora took threatened to disrobe her. Expose her left breast to the world.

The two halves of her warred as she made her way to her first lecture of the day.

There was the naughty, sinful aspect of herself. And there was the noble princess who, for the sake of the world, had to be perfect and prim and proper.

One side wanted her to wear one of her older, far more modest dresses. The other wanted to tear off the scant clothing she had on now, flaunt her body to the fullest and revel in all the eyes that'd gaze at her.

Duty warred with desire.

And, to her own quiet horror, Alora found desire to be the stronger of the two.

Had it always been this way?

Surely not.

She'd always had certain *inclinations*, but never to the extent that she'd forsake her

duty.

So why now? What'd changed?

She didn't have time to ponder the question.

The petal-scatterers stopped outside a door that opened as Alora approached. Bidding her to enter the tutor's classroom beyond.

Sucking in the sigh she couldn't permit herself to make, Alora stepped through the doorway.

The room beyond wasn't large. There was a bulky wooden table, a comfortable chair either side. A few more doorways that led to servant corridors and the like. And, standing behind the furthest chair, an older man with greying hair and a stooped back. Clad in a robe that looked as old as he did, the tutor bowed his head as Alora entered and refused to meet her eyes.

For a brief, wonderful moment, Alora allowed herself to believe that this man – unlike the other servants – was unaffected by the Celestial Shard's influence. That he'd treat her as her tutors always had. With respectful deference.

Then she realised he was staring at her chest.

Alora blushed, quickly walked over to the nearest chair and sat herself down, eyes staring intently at the wooden table.

"Hm'mm," the tutor cleared his throat. "Princess. Are you ready to begin?"

Usually, this would've been when the tutor either sat down themselves, or else started pacing on their side of the table. Beginning their boring lecture.

This time, the tutor didn't back away from the table.

He leaned over it.

And stared directly down between Alora's breasts.

"Y- yes!" Alora squeaked, frozen in place.

"Mmm..." The man mumbled, moving away. "Your lesson plan for today has... changed. The political history of the Redtooth Isles will have to wait for another day. It has come to our attention, *Princess*, that you have been exploring certain... 'educational topics' by yourself lately."

Princess. Not 'highness' or 'your radiance' or anything Alora was used to. *Princess*.

Since when had the servants started addressing her with such a lack of reverence?

"It is time," the tutor said, walking over to one of the servant doors, "that you learned about the *intimate arts*. The act of reproduction."

He tapped the door twice. A heartbeat later, it opened.

Two servants entered the room.

Both of them were naked.

A young man and woman.

Alora's jaw dropped.

"What better way to learn," the tutor continued to say, the tone of his voice slightly different. "Than through active demonstration?"

Her mind stopped working.

This situation – everything about it – was so far beyond anything she'd been expecting that Alora's mind reeled and recoiled at the picture before her.

A pretty girl with large, pendulous breasts.

A fit, tanned man with a meaty rod dangling between his legs.

Heat rushed to Alora's head so fast that she swooned, almost toppled right out of her chair. Her eyes darted between the two newcomers, still not quite believing what was happening.

"As you can see," the tutor said, nodding to the man. "This male is flaccid. Which is to say, his organ is not ready for the act of intercourse. This is the female's duty to see to. Sara, go ahead and show the Princess how to prepare a man."

Without hesitation, the girl – Sara – dropped to her knees before the naked man.

Alora watched in stunned silence as Sara took the man's cock into her mouth, started bouncing her head back and forth, wet sounds spilling from her lips as she worked herself along his length.

"One day," her tutor said, though Alora could barely pay attention to his words now. "You will marry. This will be your duty. To prepare your husband to seed you, and to do so without complaint or argument."

The constant bouncing of Sara's head made Alora tremble.

She found herself licking her lips, one of her hands straying down between her legs.

After a few minutes, the girl pulled back. She spluttered and coughed, hunched over to catch her breath.

The man's cock had grown even larger, stood out angrily.

"Now that he is ready, the female will present herself to him and he will *take* her. This is, after all, a female's purpose. And your purpose especially, Princess. To be the vessel for the next generation."

As the tutor spoke, the servant girl approached the table, climbed onto it on her hands and knees. She positioned herself in such a way that Alora had a perfect view of her side. Breasts dangling right before Alora's eyes.

The man climbed onto the table behind Sara.

Propriety forced Alora's gaze down to her lap, her eyes only catching the ensuing movements in their periphery. But, even with her eyes down, she couldn't avoid the *sounds*.

The rhythmic slapping of skin against skin. The gasps and moans flowing from the woman's lips. The grunts and groans coming from the man. The creaking of the wooden table.

Thump, thump, thump.

As she listened, barely managing to stop herself from looking at them, having to sit on her hands to keep herself from touching her own body again, Alora found herself panting in tune with Sara. Gasping when she gasped, whimpering as she moaned.

She shut her eyes tight, waited for it to be over.

But all that did was make her listen all the harder to the sounds. Sounds that gradually sped up, grew more intense.

She wandered around the palace grounds in a daze. Stumbling more than once as she walked, her eyes seeing forward but her mind lost someplace far away.

The servants did a good job of keeping ahead of her, adapting to the random directions she chose to walk in.

A path of petals welcomed her bare feet.

The sun soaked her bare shoulders, arms, legs.

Thanks to her scant clothing, she didn't overheat. There were no fanning servants today. No reprieve from the sunlight save for those cool, shadowed spots dotted around the grounds. But Alora didn't want to be in the shadows. She wanted to be out in the bright sunlight.

Where everyone could see her.

Her mind replayed the scene over and over again in her head. The stolen glimpses, the hesitant glances.

Sara getting fucked right in front of her.

Those big tits dancing as she squealed and moaned and bounced on the other servant's cock.

In some of the scenes Alora imagined, it wasn't Sara but Alora herself on the table. On hands and knees. Being fucked by a lowly, unworthy servant boy. Just the *thought* of how degrading and humiliating that'd be had Alora panting.

When a moment of lucidity came, Alora turned in the direction of the bathhouse.

The noble part of Alora convinced her it was to cool off, wash away the impure thoughts.

The wicked part of her knew the *real* reason.

But, as she approached the large, marble building, something else entirely pushed those conflicting desires aside.

Dumbly, Alora plodded towards her own marble statue.

A near-perfect likeness of her.

Only, instead of a dress – flimsy or otherwise – the statue was wearing something else. Something unexpected.

Something that made Alora flush and one of her servants snicker.

Wrapped around the statue's torso was a large, wet towel.

A towel that was only covering one marble breast.