

A Corruption Most Divine

Chapter 4

Alora stared open-mouthed at her own naked breast.

The statue stood proudly, draped in a towel that barely concealed one breast while leaving the other totally exposed. Detailed pink paint coloured the protrusion of the statue's nipple, seeming to point right at Alora in accusation.

Sure enough, she felt her own hard nipples poking at the thin fabric of her lewd dress.

She gaped at the statue, frozen in time.

Why... Why was the breast exposed? Surely, it must be an accident. The palace servants wouldn't have... they wouldn't have *exposed* her like that. Would they? But then, why was the statue wearing only a towel?

Her knees trembled.

And the paint on the statue's nipple...

Someone would've had to apply it. stroking over the protrusion with a small brush, careful to paint and cover it completely. An intimate, delicate caress. Of Alora's nipple.

She shuddered, had to turn her blushing face away.

Only to be confronted with the sight of her servants staring at the statue too. Little smiles on their faces as they ogled their *lady's* breast. One even returned Alora's gaze; their smile quirking up further when they saw Alora's blush, then looking lower to stare at her bust.

Comparing the statue to the real articles?

The thought almost brought Alora to her knees.

She swayed on the spot, let out a breath of hot air, tried her best to ignore the oven-like heat between her legs and the sharp tingles filling her insides. She felt lightheaded, her mind slowing to a standstill.

Another of the servants turned to look at her. And another.

In moments, she was surrounded by staring eyes. Servants taking in every inch of her, basking in her pert curves and the scandalous dress she wore.

Even when she shut her eyes, she could feel the many eyes upon her. Staring at her. *Ogling* her.

The only thing that kept her from breaking was that ever-present voice in the back of Alora's mind. The one she'd picked up from a lifetime of tutelage and schooling. Born of thousands of lessons on history and divinity and purpose.

A God-Emperor could not succumb to embarrassment.

A God-Emperor must be dignified, firm, commanding. They must know their place and fulfil their role.

Like her father.

Calm, collected, controlled.

Controlled.

Alora inhaled a deep breath, straightened her back, turned on her heels and opened her eyes.

The servants stumbled and shambled in their haste, scattering petals for Alora to stride on as she walked towards the bathhouse entrance. Alora didn't slow, didn't wait for them. Didn't even *look* at them; one half telling herself that she wasn't supposed to, the other terrified of the sight she knew she'd see if she did.

Eyes on her body. Staring at her openly.

She smothered the thought. But, try as she might to fight it, her mind wandered right back to it. Toyed with it. The idea of being watched and admired. Of being *seen*.

It took her far too long to realise that the mass of servants followed her right into the bathhouse. Petal carriers and fanners and gardeners who'd set aside their tasks to follow.

All of them had joined her in the baths, surrounded her as she walked to the changing area where the pretty bathing servants awaited.

And all of them, every single one of over a dozen pairs of eyes, watched as she was stripped naked.

A cool breeze swept over Alora's body. A breeze manufactured by three women with large, palm-leaf fans. But, despite its lack of natural origin, the fake breeze was wonderfully refreshing all the same. Tickling Alora's bare skin and soothing away the molten heat swelling up from deep inside her.

Hours after her 'bath', and still the heat and shame and excitement flooded her and flushed her skin a bright pink.

She couldn't believe it.

It'd happened, there was no doubt there.

But still, Alora couldn't believe she'd *actually* done it.

Touched herself with all those servants watching.

Thinking back to it, the whole experience felt like a dream. A fleeting memory marred by the thrill and hazy heat stupefying her at the time. She hadn't been thinking. Had been *unable* to think. She'd just... done it. The wicked part of her had taken over and...

Alora rolled over in her bed, buried her face in a pillow.

In seconds, the pillow felt just as hot as her face.

The gentle breeze washing over her couldn't strip the heat away fast enough. Couldn't sweep away her shame at all.

So many eyes... All of them watching her...

Her treacherous hands began inching down her body, moving under her tummy towards the oven between her legs.

Alora barely managed to stop herself, resist the impulse.

What was *wrong* with her?

She rolled over again, squeezed both arms behind her back to trap them in place. She couldn't trust herself not to play with herself more. Not with the three women watching her.

Would they forget to fan her if she started touching herself?

If they didn't – kept fanning her as she touched herself – how would that breeze feel?

Alora shook herself, bit her lip.

Control yourself!

What kind of a God-Empress would she be, if she could barely handle a few servants *looking* at her?

What kind of a world would her untamed arousal create?

All her life, she'd been taught to command – to *rule*. To be everything a great ruler needed to be. So why did she feel like she had so little control? Of herself. Of the servants. Of the Celestial Shard's influence. Of *anything*.

It was *infuriating*.

Confined to the palace grounds, expected to go to lessons and listen to her tutors, told she needed to be this and that for the 'sake of the world'. Being watched and observed by unseen eyes, existing for the sole purpose of replacing her father one day.

Like *she* was a servant.

The thought was like a lightning bolt.

A bright, roaring revelation that rocked Alora to her core.

Since the day she'd been born, her life and everything in it had been designed so that – one day – *everyone else* would live in a pristine, disaster-free world. The servants at the palace might be dedicated to Alora's happiness and wellbeing, but Alora herself would

be responsible for the whole *world's* happiness and safety.

More than anyone else, Alora lived to serve.

Hers was a life in service of the greater good.

I should be the one in a servant uniform.

That thought – and the many images it summoned to mind – had Alora twitching and shaking in an instant. Unable to fight the desires and the perversion, a slave to her own deviancy, all Alora could do was keep her arms trapped safely behind her back.

“Fellatio,” her tutor said, arms behind his back as he slowly paced behind his desk. “The act of stimulating another’s genitals with one’s mouth.”

Alora blushed, stared down at the large desk.

“If you are to fulfil your duties as heir to the Celestial Throne, mastering the intimate art of fellatio is a must. When it comes time for you to be bred, your proficiency in fellatio will be a boon to you and your partner both.”

There it was again. To be ‘bred’. Like livestock.

“Unfortunately,” the tutor sighed, “I have as much experience in felling a man as you do. My knowledge in the field is... limited. When it comes time to judge your technique, I will assess you from the standpoint of a partner. But, when it comes to judging your technique as a *performer* - and, indeed, when it comes to *educating* you on that front – another tutor will take the lead.”

Alora glanced up, first at the older man’s face. Then, slowly, her eyes drifted to his crotch. Her cheeks flared hot, forcing Alora’s gaze back down to the wooden desk.

“For the time being,” her tutor continued, “you will practice on your own. Any flaws in your technique can be addressed by your fellatio instructor at a future date.”

The tutor retrieved something from his robes. Placed it down on the desk in front of Alora.

Her eyes widened at the sight.

Torn between staring at it and looking away, all Alora could do was gasp. Open her mouth in surprise.

Her eyes shot up to the tutor questioningly.

“Take it,” the man said, waving a hand. “Practice.”

A wooden penis.

A big, hard, wooden cock.

Her body wouldn’t move at first. She gaped at the wooden cock in a mixture of amazement and horror, unsure if she wanted to touch it or leap from her chair and sprint away.

The two halves of her waged a silent war.

But the reasonable, proper part of her didn’t stand a chance. Not when this was what her tutor was instructing. To deny the man wouldn’t have been proper or dutiful at all.

And, while the reasonable part of her struggled with the dilemma, the wicked part of her was free to barrel forward.

Alora reached forward, gingerly touched the wooden phallus.

It was warm.

Her hand snapped away before her brain could make sense of it. Of *course* the thing was warm. It’d been kept snug in her tutor’s pocket for who-knew how long.

A real penis would be warm too, wouldn’t it?

Alora bit her lip, reached for the wooden dick again.

This time, she gripped it. Lifted and examined it.

A long, veiny shaft with a big, bulbous head.

It seemed large. Too large for her little hole. Were all penises this size? What’d happen if she tried fitting something *this* big inside herself? Length-wise, the wooden object was a good bit longer than the tip of her middle finger to her wrist. And in terms of

girth... She could just barely wrap her hand around it – every part but that swollen tip, which was too thick.

The phallus was incredibly detailed. Veins and bumps and rigid smoothness. It made Alora wonder if the object was modelled in the image of a real man's penis. Perhaps the wood carver who'd made it?

She was holding a dick.

The realisation buzzed through her, sending pleasant tingles trickling up her hands to her chest.

She was holding a *dick*.

"Begin by wetting the surface," Alora's tutor said, snapping the girl out of her reverie. "Slick it with your saliva. Kiss it. Lick it. This preparation serves two purposes. The first; lubrication. The second; stimulating both you and your partner. You'll find even the most flaccid of partners will react to a *skilful* mouth."

Alora gulped. She looked up at the tutor, standing on the other side of the desk with his arms crossed. Watching her. Waiting.

Slowly, face hot, she raised the wooden dick to her lips.

Tentatively, she pressed it to her lips and gave it a little peck. A chaste, shy kiss that made Alora blush all the brighter knowing the tutor was watching. Judging.

She'd never kissed anyone before! How was she supposed to know how it was done? The replica penis was the first thing she'd ever kissed.

She trembled.

Her two halves warred.

With a deep inhale, Alora cast all other thoughts aside.

This was her duty.

She pressed her lips to the toy again.

Kissed it up and down, ignoring the heat flushing through her. When she reached the base, she kissed her way back up. When her lips pressed to the tip of the large cock-head, she shuddered and continued back down. Up and down, over and over.

She lost herself in the simple act. Let her imagination run wild.

Some of the rare male servants – the cooks and the guards and the overseers and tutors – were plenty attractive. Not as aesthetically pleasing as all the pretty girls. But they were far from a burden to behold. Alora found herself imagining their faces. Strong, muscled guards. Burly cooks. Tall and thin tutors. Even a few of the male statues, in their strange clothes – but stripped from the waist down.

When she poked her tongue out, probed the dick with it, a shiver ran up Alora's spine. She let out a moan, let the shiver rock her body.

As she licked up to the cock-head, another face flashed in her mind. A familiar face. One she'd thought and dreamed about for years.

A stern, domineering look. The man staring down at Alora coolly. Appraising her without uttering a word.

The God-Emperor of Mankind.

Alora's father.

She whimpered, pressed the fake cock tight to her face. Smothered herself with it. When she angled the tip to her mouth, opening her lips as wide as she could, she learned the limits of her 'skills'. Alora couldn't fit the tip of the toy into her mouth. The cock-head was too large. Her lips could slide around it – just – but her teeth barred entry beyond. Her jaw wouldn't open wide enough to accommodate the wooden cock's girth.

Alora whined.

She licked around the cock-head, lubricated it as much as she could. Tried to force her jaw to open wider.

But it wouldn't happen.

She couldn't slide the object into her mouth.

Across the desk, her tutor tutted.

"Disappointing," the man said, shaking his head.

Shame and heat and excitement collided inside Alora in a dizzying cacophony of emotion. Desire flowed with defeat, arousal alongside abject humiliation. Alora had no idea what to make of it, what to think.

So she didn't.

All she could do was practice and get better.

And so she did.

For the first time in her life, Alora entered the servant areas.

Narrow corridors and hidden rooms, dotted throughout the palace. Places Alora knew about conceptually, but which she'd never attempted to explore before.

Why would she – the daughter of divinity – ever have to skulk around in the palace's secret underbelly?

Sure enough, when she'd turned to one of the innocuous servant doors, let her petal bearers know she intended to go through it, her servants had been more than a little surprised. In the uncertain silence, the servants looking to one another in the hopes someone knew how to handle the situation, Alora had taken the initiative. She'd snatched a basket from one of the servants and had made her *own* path forward.

Right towards the door.

A door that *didn't* open for her.

Ignoring the murmured protests behind her, she'd opened the door with a trembling hand and stepped through, shutting it behind herself.

And now here she was.

In a dimly lit, tight corridor.

She picked a direction, started walking; dropping petals for herself as she went.

What would she find in these passages?

What secrets did the palace hold?

Alora strode on, head held high. Mind alive with questions and ideas and wild thoughts.

Would she find the palace tailors here? The servants who painted and dressed the statues? What about the one who'd carved her new practice dick? She knew the palace had mysteries. She'd lived here all her life, had seen servants disappearing into thin air and others appearing out of nowhere.

The prim and proper part of Alora quietly complained, voice muted and defeated.

She was in too deep to stop exploring now.

Why had she never done this before? What'd stopped her?

Duty, Alora knew.

These corridors weren't her place. This wasn't where she belonged. Before, it hadn't made sense for her to explore.

It hadn't been long ago she'd felt that way.

So... What'd changed?

What had pushed that dutiful, 'proper' Alora aside?

Somehow, without quite understanding it, she knew the answer.

The Celestial Shard.

From the moment she'd 'connected' it, things had started to change. Not just with her. But the servants. The palace itself.

It was as if she'd stepped out of the shadows and into the light.

Alora wanted to explore.

She wanted to run and dance and laugh.

She wanted to *play*.

The tutor hadn't let Alora keep the wooden phallus. It was back with the man,

hidden away somewhere for use another day.

But, just because the fake dick was gone, didn't mean Alora couldn't *practice* in her own way. As she walked, she dropped the basket of petals aside, watched as its pink contents poured into a little pile. Then, slowly, she raised her finger to her lip.

Just one to begin with. Her index finger.

She kissed it. Smiled.

Alora looked left and right, strode down random corridors without a direction in mind.

Her finger circled her lips at first, drawing an invisible outline around them. Then, steadily, she grew bolder. Pushing her lips apart and sliding that single digit into her mouth.

Her tongue was there to meet it. Slide around it. Tease it.

Clumsily at first.

More confidently after a little while.

Practice with her fingers first.

Then with the replica 'tools' her tutors brought her.

Then with the real thing.

Alora found herself salivating at the thought.