

A Corruption Most Divine

Chapter 5

Alora woke, as she always did, to three women fanning her.

A cool breeze swept over her, cooling her skin and washing away the heat of her lewd dreams.

She'd been on her knees, surrounded by men in servant garb.

They'd had their penises out.

And she'd...

Alora flushed, quickly hopped out of bed – leaving the sweat-damp covers for her servants to clean. Her bare feet on a petal-covered floor, she looked herself over. Took the opportunity to adjust herself.

In the weeks since she'd first bonded with the Celestial Shard, things in her palace had changed drastically.

The servants fanning her, for instance.

All three were curvaceous women, clad in silks so thin and fine that they were practically transparent. Dark areolae were visible under the servants' scant clothing, and arousal leaked down their thighs past equally salacious skirts.

They waved their palm-leaf fans, eyes exploring Alora's nude form. One biting her lip, another shifting where she stood – rubbing her thighs together while she panted softly.

Before the Celestial Shard, such things would've been unthinkable. And yet, now they were commonplace.

In the palace at least.

And there it was again. A curiosity that'd been gnawing at Alora over the last few days, growing ever more insistent with each new dawn. An idea, a thought, that she couldn't set aside no matter how hard she tried. Constantly pestering her, demanding answers to questions she dared not ask.

To distract herself, Alora slid her thumb into her mouth and began suckling on it. Licking and sucking. Practicing.

Head held high, she strode to the large door of her bedchambers.

It opened up for her, the servants behind it eager to poke their heads through the opening and ogle Alora. She walked past them, well aware of how heavy she was stepping, how much the weighty motions were making her chest bounce and jiggle.

Face hot, she followed the path of petals to her dressing chamber. Strode to the centre and held her arms out. Waited.

Servants rushed her from every angle. Some with clothes, some with oils and powders, some barehanded. All eager to get on with their tasks.

As a tight corset was tied around her torso, a sneaky hand squeezed Alora's butt. As one artisan powdered her cheeks, another flicked an exposed nipple. And as one servant slid delicate slippers onto Alora's feet, another blew up Alora's skirt and tickled her exposed crotch with the unexpected gust.

It took minutes for her to be dressed. And, in that time, every erogenous area of her body had been touched, fondled, or teased.

By the time Alora strode out into the morning sunlight, her entire body was afire with desire.

Willpower was the only thing keeping her from collapsing.

For, she knew, if she *did* collapse, she'd end up pleasuring herself there and then. In full view of any servant who wanted to watch. Again.

Would that be so wrong?

Yes, Alora knew.

The Celestial Shard's power. That was the cause of all this. Her bond to it. Her hidden desires warping the minds of everyone around her. Corrupting them.

If she couldn't control the power here and now, what hope would she have of controlling it when she sat the Celestial Throne? When the whole world was under her influence? What hope would the *world* have with her depravity at the helm?

She *had* to control it.

Which meant she had to control *herself*.

If only surrendering to her desires wasn't so *tempting*.

Alora strode towards the bathhouse, fellating her thumb as she did. Pretending she wasn't thinking about penises, trying to fool herself into believing it was an innocent gesture with no depravity behind it.

When she reached the marble statue of herself, saw that it was naked but for a leather collar around its throat, Alora trembled. She stared at the amazingly accurate representation of herself, imagining it was her clad only in that collar.

She had to shake herself, force herself to look away.

Only to be greeted by a statue of her father. The God-Emperor of Mankind. Wearing modest black robes; nothing overly elegant or ostentatious, yet screaming 'authority' all the same.

It would've been an inspiring sight most days. Something to bolster Alora's determination.

Only today, the marble statue's trousers were undone. A giant marble cock hung between the statue's legs, magnificent in its size and power. Long thick shaft, bulbous head.

Alora gaped at it, face flushed and body hot.

The urge to walk over to it, fall to her knees before it, worship it, was almost too much to resist.

Was that how big the real man was?

The wickedness of that thought, of the images it summoned, drove Alora right up to the edge of madness.

She spun on her heels before her depravity destroyed her.

Strode back to the palace, focusing on that one insane idea to keep herself from thinking of her father's perfect dick.

The one good thing about her bond to the Celestial Shard; her newfound freedoms.

While she could've explored the palace 'freely' before in theory, propriety had prevented her from going anywhere but where she was supposed to. Her pathway of petals had been more of a prison than the walls surrounding the palace.

Now, thanks to her bond with the Celestial Shard and its influence over all the palace staff, those rules were a little more lax.

Breaking propriety? Well, that's what a harlot did.

It was Alora's duty to *serve* the world, so of course she should use the servant corridors. It only made sense.

Thus leaving her petal path and delving alone into the servant sections of the palace went down a whole lot better now than if she'd attempted it before.

How exactly it would've gone before, she didn't quite know.

A question for another time.

Right now, her racing heart and mind were preoccupied with far more terrifying thoughts.

"Where are they?" She asked the narrow, empty corridor. "Where am *I*? What am I *doing*?!"

It's too late to go back now.

Another lie she was telling herself. Something Alora was growing ever more adept at.

She opened doors, discovered countless rooms in the palace she'd had no idea

existed before. Storage rooms filled with cloth, materials, cleaning supplies, crates of petals. Empty rooms and rooms that were obviously sleeping quarters for palace servants.

Now and then, she'd cross paths with servants, would endure their curious stares wordlessly.

She didn't dare ask for directions.

Surely, if the palace staff knew what she was up to, they'd stop her. Prevent her from breaking that one, sacred rule.

As Princess, she was forbidden from leaving palace grounds.

But, if she was a servant herself...

Heat pulsed inside her. Her heart thundered. And on she searched.

The casual clothes of a servant were surprisingly comfortable.

A simple brown dress with a soft blue over-tunic, a single rope around the waist to keep it from flowing and floating. Nothing grand or beautiful, like Alora was used to wearing. But, somehow, it was a whole lot more comfortable than those grand and beautiful dresses she was wrapped in every day.

Some sturdy leather boots completed the commoner look, though *those* took quite a while for Alora to figure out. She'd never tied a knot before. Had never needed to.

And then she was off. Searching for a way out. An exit to the outside world.

Which didn't take too long at all.

A rumbling stomach had her following her nose, which led her to a small servant kitchen. And, from there, an open door that led out into the outside world.

The cook didn't spare Alora a glance as she walked swiftly past.

She sidestepped a pair of servants she'd never seen before – men carrying heavy sacks into the kitchen – and wandered out into the unknown. The city beyond her palace walls. A world she'd been denied all her life, finally open to her!

First down a silent pathway to an open gate, then into the busy street beyond. Eyes drawn in every direction; a million new sights vying for her attention all at once.

She wandered, fell into a throng of moving bodies.

Sounds and scents assaulted her from all sides. Shouting voices and the hubbub of activity, the smells of delicious foods mixing with the foul odours of densely packed humanity.

Alora was a leaf on a stream, being pulled along and spun around, powerless to go against the current.

All around her, people of different shades and colours, clad in clothes not dissimilar to her own. Thousands and thousands of them, all living their lives. Blissfully unaware that their future God-Empress was among them. Unaffected, yet, by her perversion.

When Alora saw a gap in the flowing crowd, she pushed towards it. Fought through the mass of bodies. Burst free.

She hunched, gasped for breath.

Found herself staring down at untied boots, their laces slick with wet mud.

"Oh bother," she sighed, shook her head.

Her knots, it would seem, still needed some work.

As she moved away from the flowing crowd, Alora raised her chin, looked around. Realised she had no idea where she was.

And, for the first time, true fear set in.

The sun kissed the horizon.

A once-bright sun now glowed softer, painting the sky around crimson it as darkness crept in above. Dusk, in all its horrible majesty, taunting Alora for her stupidity.

She was lost, alone, frightened.

As the crowds gradually thinned and vanished, she was left to wander quickly

darkening streets. Hoping that she'd find her way home, would be able to recognise it if she did.

Surely, a palace couldn't be *that* hard to find.

And yet, in the endless maze of streets she stalked through, she couldn't find it. No grand walls, no servants in recognisable garb, no banners or signposts to guide her way.

Her feet ached. Shoulders slumped. Spine yelling at her to sit down and rest. Mind repeating fears without stop.

Even if she *did* find her way back to the palace, what would be waiting for her inside? She'd broken the rules. And not just any silly rules. *The* rules.

Never leave the palace grounds.

To do so was rebellion against the God-Emperor. And there was only one punishment for rebels and traitors.

Alora shuddered, hugged herself.

Kept walking.

And walking.

Until her feet refused to walk anymore.

She squatted down in the mouth of a narrow alley, head lowered, and stared at the ground. Defeated.

I... I don't know what to do...

Her stomach rumbled painfully. Her shoulders shook. Her lips quivered. And, before the first tears could fall, Alora shut her eyes tight. Wished and wished with everything she had.

Maybe... Maybe the Celestial Shard would hear and...

A pair of boots crunched the ground in front of her.

She opened her eyes, looked up, blinked.

A man stood before her, clad in dented and rusted armour, a club under his belt and a miasma of sour, bitter sharpness around him.

"It's curfew, girl," the man grunted. "Go home."

He was an older man. In his thirties or forties. And he was *leering* at her. Looking down at her like she was a piece of meat. A delicious meal he wanted nothing more than to savour.

Alora's breath caught, her body warming.

"I-" She stammered, blushed. "I don't-"

"Come now," the guardsman said firmly. "You know the rules. On your feet and off with you."

"I..." Alora gulped, looked away to hide her blush. "I'm lost."

The man let out a sound half-way between a groan and a sigh.

"I work at the palace!" Alora added quickly. "Live there, too. I'm new! I... I got lost and-"

"Not my problem," the guardsman grunted, waving his hand dismissively. "Find your way back and-"

"I don't know the way," Alora insisted, heart thundering.

"Not my problem," the guardsman repeated. "Nothing's free in life, girl. Unless you've got coin, I don't know the way either. Now off with you, or it's the dungeons you'll be calling home."

"I don't have any coins," Alora whispered.

The guardsman grunted, looked her over one last time, then turned and began walking away.

"But..." Alora squeaked.

The man paused.

"I do have..."

Lessons. Her mind flitted through lessons and lectures like with panicked haste.

Lessons in barter and dealmaking, legalese and ethics, duty and principle. Yet, of all the lessons she'd been taught, only one offered an answer to her predicament. One lecture that prodded and pulled at her, urged her to embrace it.

Fellatio. The art of pleasure.

Alora flushed, her own heartbeat drowning out all other sound. Body aflame with shame and something far worse.

"...My mouth."

"Yeah?" The guardsman said, turning back to face her. Intrigue writ across his rough features. "What's that got to do with anything?"

"I'll..." Alora gulped. "If you show me the way back to the palace, I'll... suck you."

The man's eyes widened.

He looked left, right. Took a step closer and leaned over, spoke in a conspiratorial whisper.

"Suck me?" He asked, breath reeking of foul drinks.

"Your..." Alora's face glowed so hot, she was afraid she'd faint. Her mind, rather than deal with all the conflicting thoughts and emotions, went quiet instead. Stopped thinking entirely. "*Penis.*"

"Pretty thing like you?" The guardsman said, disbelieving. "Whoring yourself for *directions*? I must be dreaming..."

"I swear," Alora breathed. "On my father's soul."

"I don't know your daddy, girl," the guardsman breathed into her face. "And I don't know you. We do this, we do it *my way.*"

"Your way?" Alora squeaked, taking a step back. "And what might that entail, precisely?"

"Slurp first," the man smirked, "directions when we're done."

Alora trembled. Fear warred with heat and need.

After a few moments, a thousand silenced thoughts, she nodded her head.

"I accept," she said, trying to stand tall.

Still the man towered over her.

"Right then," he said, walking past her into the alleyway. "Come on then. Let's see what a palace whore is worth."

Alora gulped, followed meekly behind.

And, when the man stopped, turned to her, leered down at her body, Alora shuddered. Not with fear, but with arousal.

He was *looking* at her. *Down* at her.

Talking down to her.

He was about to... About to...

Alora gasped when the man gripped her shoulder, shoved her against a cold stone wall and pushed down.

She let him guide her to her knees.

"Best be quick about it," he said, struggling with his belt and armour. "Wife'll throw a fit if I get back too late. Bitch already thinks I spent too much time at the tavern."

Wife. Married. He was *married*.

Adultery. Fornication. Infidelity. Sins upon sins. Debauchery upon debauchery. Cementing Alora's depravity as she panted like an animal, terrified yet eager.

"There ya go, whore," the guardsman said, finally getting his trousers down. "Eat up."

A big, fat cock bounced in front of Alora's face.

Fleshy and real, with an angry purple head and a veiny shaft. A wild bush of hair at its base, along with a heavy ballsack.

Alora gaped.

A penis. A *real* penis.

She licked her lips, glanced up at the man.

He was sneering at her. Looking down his nose, a smile on his face. A lowly guardsman, about to have his dick sucked by a divine princess.

A *whore* princess.

Alora moaned, pushed all other thoughts from her mind, leaned forward. Wrapped her lips around that cockhead.

It flooded her senses. The taste, the smell. Intoxicating.

Her hands came up. Dainty, uncalledoused fingers wrapping delicately around the man's girth. Holding his meat in place as she slowly massaged it, basking in its rigid hardness.

Her tongue moved cautiously at first, not quite sure what to do. But, after all the practice and imagining she'd done these last weeks, it didn't take her long to find a rhythm. Gain confidence. The encouragement from about helped.

"That's it," the man groaned. "Just like that."

She sucked more of his length down, breathing through her nose until even that wasn't enough. She slobbered around the guardsman's cock, lost herself in the heat and the taste and the disgusting yet exhilarating scents.

"If I'd known palace girls," the man growled, "could suck a cock like this, I'd have signed up for palace duty years ago."

She was doing a good job!

A thrill surged through her, energy aplenty. If not for the cock in her mouth, Alora would've smiled from ear to ear. Instead, she poured all her joy into the act. Doubled and tripled her effort. Dedicated herself to the task at hand.

When calloused, firm hands gripped her head, Alora moaned around the cock. All too happy to let the man thrust himself. And thrust he did. Hard, powerful thrusts that had the tip of his cock slamming the back of her throat.

"Fuck," the man gasped. "Right... *there!*"

His pace sped up, hips jerking like he was possessed.

Then it happened.

The guardsman stilled, groaned.

And a new flavour flooded Alora's mouth and throat.

She drank it down on instinct. As much of it as she could, at least. Unable to pull back because of the man's grip on her head, even if she'd wanted to.

He thrust a few more times, breathing laboured. Body teetering slightly. Then took a stumbling step backwards.

His cock slid from Alora's mouth with a wet *plop*.

A frothy mess of saliva and semen spilled from her parted lips, the corners of her mouth.

She hunched forward. Coughing. Gasping for air.

Throat raw. Heat quickly fading. Realisation setting in.

She covered her mouth. Winced at the mess that quickly formed in her palm.

"Well," the guardsman said after a short silence. He was yanking at his trousers, stowing his deflating cock away. "A deal's a deal. I'll show you to the palace. One of the servant entrances."

"Th- thank you," Alora whispered, the taste of cum still full in her mouth.

"Whore that thanks you after," the man shook his head, bemused. "Girl, you're something else."

She rose to her feet on shaky legs, blushing fiercely.

When she was finally standing, she looked to her guide and gave him a polite curtsy. Smiled at him.

His eyes widened. He looked away quickly, a hint of pink appearing on his cheeks. Muttering something under his breath, he turned and began walking away from Alora –

back towards the street.

When he got there, he paused, glanced over his shoulder.

"Come on then," he grunted. "Ain't got all night."

"Right," Alora blushed, rushing after him.

it." "Wife's gonna flay me," the man sighed as he led the way to the palace. "Eh. Worth

Alora beamed.

Whatever punishment was waiting for her back at the palace, at least she'd had
this.

A little taste of freedom.

In more ways than one.