

A Corruption Most Divine

Chapter 6

Alora licked her lips, hoping to find any trace of flavour.

The salty bitterness of that guard's seed had long since faded to naught but an echo. More remembered on her tongue than actually tasted. It left her feeling more conflicted than she ever had before.

She wanted *more*.

And yet... it was beneath her station.

Alora was royal, her blood so pure that only the finest of fabrics were supposed to touch her skin and only the petals of beautiful flowers were worthy enough for her to step on. She was heir to the *world*. One day, all of creation would bend to *her* will and desire.

What she'd done...

Her face flushed – scandalised at the wrongness of it. The depravity.

Even as that tender place between her legs heated, quivered with anticipation and delight. Her body thriving on just how *right* the act had felt. Her soul longing for more.

She did her best to school her expression.

Neutrality. That was the air she needed to give off.

Not shame or regret. Certainly not glee or excitement.

She was Alora, God-Empress in the making. She was above reproach.

Still, her eyed flicked to the pacing man.

An older man; his otherwise dark hair was streaked with grey. Dressed as a servant, but with far more intricate robes. A tutor that Alora recognised, though the man's expression was completely alien to her.

He stalked back and forth behind his large table, muttering softly under his breath. Eyes wide, hands clasped, fingers fidgeting against his knuckles. His face was pale, ghostlike in the candlelight.

"How?" The tutor whispered to himself. "How could he *know*?"

Alora wanted to speak. Ask. But she held herself back.

This... This wasn't the scolding she'd been expecting.

According to what she'd been taught, to leave her palace without permission was a grave crime. It was, she'd been told, an act of 'rebellion'. And her father's empire had only one punishment fit for rebels and traitors.

"Foresight?" The tutor muttered. "Prediction? Premonition? It can't be... If the Throne granted that manner of power..."

Finally, the tutor stopped pacing, turned to gaze at Alora.

"What do you know of the messenger that arrived while you were... *indisposed*?"

Messenger? What messenger? "Nothing," Alora answered lightly.

"Connection, perhaps?" Her tutor asked – though Alora got the distinct impression he wasn't expecting an answer from her. "An awareness of intent? But the messenger would've been sent weeks ago. That rules out direct mind-reading as a possibility..."

"There was a message?" Alora asked, rising from her seat and demanding her tutor's attention. "From whom? What did it say?"

The man hesitated, lips pursing.

Alora straightened her back, held herself to her full height. Which, admittedly, wasn't *that* tall. But she was a princess! That had to count for something. A few extra inches, at least.

"You are not your father's only heir," the tutor said at last, shoulders slumping. He moved to sit down at the desk, gestured for Alora to do the same. "You have siblings. Twelve, I believe."

What?

Alora stared at the man, mind reeling.

"I have..." She began, faltered.

"You are the firstborn," her tutor continued. "Hence why you were raised here. The others are all spread out, kept safe and educated much as you have been – though none of them has access to a Celestial Shard as you do."

Siblings? Alora had *sisters* and *brothers*?

"A God-Emperor can't very well trust the future on a single child. What if you'd passed before your time? What if you'd proven unworthy of the Celestial Throne? Multiple heirs means less risk that the world will fall apart when the time comes for your father to pass on..."

"The message," Alora breathed, mind unable to grasp onto the revelation and everything it might mean for her. "What did it say?"

"It is... tradition. For the current God-Emperor to meet his heir sometime after they've connected with the Celestial Shard. To gauge worthiness, you understand. To decide if that heir is worthy, or if another should take their place..."

A cold knot twisted in Alora's chest.

She'd been out of the palace. Had broken the rules. Worse than that, she'd failed her 'test'. Had allowed her own perverse corruption rule her, infect those around her.

She was unworthy. She knew it. Her father would know it.

What happens to the old heir if another must take their place?

It was a question she didn't need to ask. She knew the answer.

"The message," Alora whispered.

"From your father's court," her tutor said softly. "Announcing the God-Emperor's intent to visit, meet his heir."

"Wh-" Alora gulped, stared at her tutor. "When?"

"Weeks. Within the month. They're already on their way."

Alora stared out at the palace grounds, the wall they ended in.

Her whole world was encased in that wall. Save for her adventure the other day, every moment of her life had been spent here. Surrounded by those walls. Trapped.

Would they bury her inside these walls too?

There weren't any graves around, not that she'd ever found.

No. They wouldn't bury her here. There was probably some special crypt or barrow somewhere for royal corpses.

Funny that. She'd finally get to explore the world a little – albeit as a dead woman. Funny. And morbid.

Alora tilted her head back, flopped onto the grass and looked to the sky. Beautiful blue dashed with fluffy, fuzzy white. A pretty shy to match the pretty girl staring up at it.

Around her, the servants stole glances.

She smiled. Appreciated their attention. Their gazes.

On her face, her chest, her legs.

What would happen to *them*, she wondered.

Corrupted by her perversion, touched by the influence of the Celestial Shard. When she was gone, what would happen to her loyal servants?

Don't think about it.

And so she didn't.

Instead, she reached down between her legs. Dragged her dress skirt up to reveal her bare, bald crotch to the servants. Gently started teasing herself, playing with that most forbidden of places.

For everything they'd done for her, she owed it to them.

Her other hand tugged at the neckline of her dress. With how skimpy the thing was, it took no effort at all to expose a hard nipple, then a full breast.

They'd served her. So she'd service them.

"Ah!" Alora gasped, tweaking her nipple.

Make the most of whatever time she had left. No more running from her wants and desires, that dark temptress inside her.

"Look at me," she commanded her servants – not that she needed to. Every pair of eyes were on her. "Watch me."

When she slid a single finger inside herself, stars exploded in her vision. Hot, sharp tingles shot through her, radiated out from her crotch and her chest. Numbing her mind, the sane and proper part of her. And forcing the slut out instead.

"Watch me!" Alora moaned, plunging her finger deeper. "Want me!"

She stood before her own statue, marvelling at it.

It'd been made before her awakening. And the mason who'd carved it was a master of their trade.

The marble statue stood tall but not arrogant, beautiful but not egotistical. It was the statue of a kind, pretty, loving person – inside and out. The idyllic princess. Flawless and pure and perfect.

Only now it wore servant garb – cut down the middle to expose cleavage and a hint of nipple. Dirty rags covered in crusty stains, the likes of which no servant of hers had ever actually worn.

Her servants were neat and proper and true.

But this statue – the Alora servant – was depraved and unworthy. A mess only useful for one thing.

She was half tempted to swap clothes with the statue.

Somehow, she held herself back. Chose to stand there marvelling at it instead. The master craftsmanship ruined by human foulness.

When the impulse hit her, she followed it.

Stepped close to the statue of herself, kissed its lips.

A pleasant shudder quaked through her.

"Tomorrow," she said, not looking back at the gaggle of servants behind her, "I think I'd like to clean this statue myself."

It wasn't dirty. Not yet.

Alora was certain her servants would get the hint.

She smiled at the image her mind conjured, knees practically trembling with anticipation.

A statue covered in cum.

Alora covered in cum.

Having to lick it clean...

She had to move away from the statue. What little self-control she had, Alora latched onto. Stepping over to the statue of her father, the God-Emperor of mankind.

A handsome, powerful man – if the statue depiction was to be believed. And Alora had no reason to doubt it.

She stood before the statue, raised herself on tiptoes, and planted a gentle kiss on the statue's lips. Hoping and praying she'd have the opportunity to do the same to the real thing.

The same. And much, much more.

"Father," she whispered into the statue's ear. "I want you to be my first."

Reached forward, Alora planted a hand on the statue's marble chest. Marvelled in the shape of strong muscles under the statue's thin clothing. Before she could muster up the resolve to stop herself, she let that hand wander lower. Across chiselled abs and down to an enticingly large appendage.

Slender fingers did their best to wrap around the statue's dick. Rock-hard and tree-like in girth, Alora found herself unable to encircle the monster entirely. Try as she might,

she couldn't get her thumb and fingertip to connect.

If the statue were true to reality...

She let out a little gasp, imagining trying to make such a large object fit inside her. A single finger alone had struggled against her tightness. Something like this.

Alora bit her lip, leaned in close.

"Father," she said, lips practically touching the statue's wide jaw. "Do you have a statue of me?"

Her hand moved from the oversized cock and drifted to the statue's balls instead. Two hanging bounders that, as soon as she touched, conjured images and sounds and sensations to mind. Heavy balls slapping against her body every time he thrust deep inside her...

"Do you look at me?" She whimpered at the statue. "Do you *want* me? Is that why you're coming here, father? To claim me?"

Her hips, she couldn't help notice, were grinding against the statue's side. All but humping it. Her mind imagining the man in place of his statue; warm, hard flesh in place of cold stone.

"Do you see me?" Alora whispered.

She kissed the statue's perfect jaw before stepping back, away from it. Her crotch aflame with heat and desire.

I need to calm down...

Alora gulped, took an unsteady step towards the bathhouse entrance.

I... I need to cum.

A good thing she had so many servants to wash her, bathe her, massage her. Cool her down and clean her.

She awoke to a hand squeezing her breast.

It took Alora a few seconds to realise, to separate her wonderful dream from reality – understand which was which.

By the time the grogginess and uncertainty were gone, so too was the hand. The servant it belonged to backing away from Alora's bed, collecting up the giant palm leaf they'd set aside.

But Alora could still feel the shadow of contact. The remnants of that gentle fondling.

Skin tingled where fingertips had been, warm and keen.

Her hard nipple poked out, exposed for all to see.

Around the room, servants shared glances. One far more red-faced than the others, a dumb proud grin on her face.

It took Alora a few minutes more to get off the bed.

And, when she did, she found herself unable to meet the gazes of the servants fanning her. They looked at her freely, eager to stare her in the eye – irises filled with such intensity and desire that it warmed Alora from the inside out.

Eyes down and cheeks pink, she stood tall with her chest pushed out. Strode out of her bed chambers and made her way to the changing room.

Her dressing servants already had an outfit set for her. A long ribbon that'd wrap around certain parts of her body while leaving the rest uncovered. Enough cloth to hide her nipples and crotch from view, and not a whole lot else.

"No," Alora said, glancing at the length of cloth with a pang of regret. "Not today."

Her dressing servants look to each other.

Alora had never refused them before. She'd always worn whatever they'd set out for her.

Alora smiled at their confusion.

"I have something else in mind," she told them. "Something a bit more fitting."

"Princess?" One whispered cautiously.

"Fetch me some servant clothes," she told them. "Whatever the lowest ranking servants wear. We'll need to make some minor adjustments, but it shouldn't be anything difficult."

The dressing servants exchanged looks, uncertainty clear on their faces. But, after a brief moment of inactivity, one nodded her head. Quickly rushed off to find the clothes Alora wanted. The other servants stood there awkwardly, not sure how to act in this completely unheard-of situation.

"While she's doing that," Alora said, taking charge. "Let's figure out how you're going to style my hair."

A half-hour later, Alora was stepping out into the early morning light with a neat, braided ponytail and wearing a modified servant uniform – a simple, sturdy tunic and skirt combination with a plain rope around the waist to hold it together. Only, in Alora's case, the skirt had been cut short – ending at her thighs rather than at the calves. And the tunic had been cut. A large hole over the chest area, her breasts exposed for all to see.

The cool air tickled her nipples, prickled her skin.

Alora held her head high, walking along a trail of petals to her first lecture of the day.

A lack of underclothes made walking feel far more liberating than Alora had expected. Gentle breezes fluttered the short-cut skirt, occasionally flashing her sacred places to her servants. The heat between her legs reacted to the cool breezes with pleasant, blissful tingles.

As she strode towards her lesson, Alora made a promise.

Whatever happened when her father arrived, she'd never wear underclothes again. Not when it felt *this* nice to go without.

Oddly enough, she felt no dread. No panic at her father's looming visit. She had only simple satisfaction in her heart. A desire to enjoy, have fun, experience all the pleasures that'd been forbidden to her. To live the rest of her life – however long that might be – without regret.

"Today," she said to no-one in particular, "I think I'd like to eat my food out here. In the sun. Naked."

She closed her eyes, imagined the sensation of the sun on her bare skin as she laid back, servants feeding and fanning her. Only, there was one thing missing...

"Hmm," Alora hummed, realising what it was. "And I'd like everyone else to be naked too..."

She smiled, skipped a few steps.

Her perky breasts bounced with the exited motion.

Out the corner of her eye, Alora caught a servant ogling her.

She let out a happy giggle, made sure her next few steps were even more boisterous and bouncy.

"The last notable rebellion against the Celestial Throne," her tutor droned on, "was some eighty years ago. The God-Emperor at the time..."

When the tutor looked to Alora, an eyebrow raised, she flushed.

Her brain reeled. Daydreams of dicks and naked bodies were quickly pushed aside and paused as her brain searched for the correct name. Her great-great-grandfather...

"Ladrian," Alora answered after a painful pause. "God-Emperor Ladrian."

"Yes," the tutor hummed, glancing at Alora's chest for only a brief moment before turning away, resuming his lecture. "A free-spirited individual, more interested in passive autonomy than rightful authority. God-Emperor Ladrian's connection to the Celestial Throne spread his anti-unity philosophies across the world, sparking continues revolts and rebellions. According to the records, it wasn't uncommon for revolutions to occur within rebel groups – leading to total pandemonium and chaos."

Alora rolled her eyes. This, as with all lessons on her ancestors, was one she'd heard countless times before.

'Freedom' was a dangerous thing. Too little would stifle, too much would suffocate. Or so her tutors believed. Tutors that, until recently, had been under the influence of her father's personality. Slaves to his firm will.

Everything in its rightful place. Everyone fulfilling their assigned roles. Crops growing as they should, the weather coming and going without extremes, people doing their jobs as they should. *That* was her father's – the current God-Emperor's – influence.

No stepping out of line. Conformity over everything.

How would such a man react to Alora?

Alora pursed her lips, sat back in her seat, looked at her tutor.

"What will my father do when he sees what I am?" She asked.

The man paused, looked at her – eyes flicked to her exposed breasts. When he didn't reply, Alora took that as an answer itself.

"In a way," she hummed. "He's responsible for how I've turned out. His influence. I am the way I am, in part, because of *his* beliefs. If you think about it, I'm just an extension of that..."

It was the way of things. Abundance led to complacency, complacency to neglect, and neglect to competency – for what did the neglected strive for if not something better? And endless line of success-bred failures and successes bred from past failures. Consequences of consequences. And what was Alora, if not the consequence of her father and her father's fathers, going all the way back to the beginning of everything?

What was anyone, but the natural consequence of the world and environments that grew them?

An aching pain inside Alora's skull cut off that line of thought.

She winced, rubbed her head, looked to her scandalised tutor.

A tutor that, just a few weeks from now, might find himself on a chopping block because of Alora's deviancy – her brain.

"I'm responsible for you," she said.

And it was true.

She'd been raised to be the perfect princess, but she was just as much a servant as those around her. More than that, she was *responsible* for the others. A servant of servants.

"Let me..." She blushed, looked down at herself and her exposed breasts, then at the tutor – the bulge between his legs. "I want to thank you..."

And that was *right*. It was *her*.

Outside of everything else; all the questions and complexities of line, outside of her father and her place and *all* of it. *This* was Alora.

"I want to make you feel good," she said, the words feeling *true* right down to her very soul. "Let me make you feel *good*."

The tutor blinked at her, blushed, looked away.

When Alora got off her chair, circled the desk to the man and lowered herself to her knees before him, he couldn't help but return his gaze to her. Look down at her.

A few seconds more, and he was fishing out his dick for her.

The sight of it made Alora beam with pure happiness.