

## A Corruption Most Divine

### Chapter 7

Today's dress was interesting for two very important reasons.

First, it was far more modest than anything Alora had worn over the last week. Its skirt ending at her knees, instead of high up her thighs. The bust was tight; showing off some cleavage without being too extreme.

Second, it was very much a lewd and scandalous dress by the standards of the outside world. Outside the palace, women wore ankle-length dresses, with not a hint of skin beneath the collarbone.

This blue dress – painstakingly tailored by Alora's servants – was a fusion of the old and the new, the modest and the wild.

Alora did a little twirl, giggling as the knee-length skirt flared up around her waist, exposing the nakedness beneath.

"It's perfect!" She said happily, grinning at the tailor.

The woman was on the older side, hair greying and laugh lines at the corners of her eyes and mouth. And she was a *genius* when it came to clothing and fashion.

"How does it look on me?" Alora asked, already knowing the answer.

"Lovely," the older woman said, staring at Alora and the dress with professional, analytical eyes. "A little too small around the chest, but I can fix that with a little-"

"Nonsense!" Alora beamed, placing her hands over her slightly compressed breasts. "It's perfect as is!"

"Yes, highness," the woman said, bowing her head.

Alora couldn't help noticing the small smile tugging at the tailor's lips. A tiny, satisfied smile.

"We'll need a few more like this," Alora hummed, doing another twirl. "Successively more revealing. Five or so should do it. With the last showing more skin than cloth."

"I'll get started right away, highness."

Alora hopped over to the woman and hugged her tight.

In the short time she'd known Myrna, Alora had grown to appreciate her in so many ways.

Myrna was, after all, the woman who'd styled and fitted Alora's clothes for... well, Alora's entire life. Practically everything Alora had even worn had first gone to Myrna, who'd resized it to fit perfectly. And, in recent weeks, it'd been Myrna who'd altered Alora's garments to be more revealing and erotic.

All those short dress skirts, the plunging necklines, even the flimsy underclothes. All of it had been Myrna's doing.

"Thank you, Myrna." Alora grinned. "You're the best!"

Alora spent the rest of the morning wandering around aimlessly, playing with her hands nervously as she waited for the inevitable messenger. She kept going outside to glance at the sky, checking the time, then darting right back indoors.

Her poor petal carriers were having to sprint and scramble around her, predicting her random twists and turns and making sure every footstep fell on pink petals.

Feeling guilty, she forced herself to sit down in the shade of a fruit tree.

Still, she found herself fidgeting nervously. Her heart pounding away in her chest, while every inch of exposed skin tingled with every faint breeze. More than ever before, Alora was aware of just how much skin she was showing. Cleavage, naked calves. A soft breeze would expose her knees, maybe more. It was the type of dress one might expect to see on a prostitute in a brothel, not on a princess.

Sweat beaded on her brow. And not from the heat.

*It's a gamble. But... I have to try...*

One way or another, this pretty little dress would decide Alora's fate. Her future.  
And just how much of one she'd have.

It was another hour or so before the messenger finally came sprinting towards the fruit tree.

Alora's heart seized, but she forced a smile onto her face.

Midday exactly. Not a minute too early or too late.

"Highness," the palace messenger bowed respectfully. "The God-Emperor's procession has arrived at the city gates."

"How-" She gulped down the lump in her throat. "How long until he- until *they* arrive here, at the palace?"

"I don't know, highness," the messenger stared down at the floor, his face heating. His eyes, Alora was pleased to see, kept flicking up at her chest. "They'll have to clear a way through the city's crowds, but that won't take too long. If I had to guess... a half hour, at least."

"Very well," Alora stood, inhaled a deep breath. "Summon the palace guards and staff. Everyone."

The next minutes were a rush of activity that swept Alora up and deposited her on a wide path, flanked on both sides by lines of guards and more servants than Alora had ever seen in one place before. *Hundreds* of people, all arranged by purpose and rank on either side of the gravel road.

Alora stared right ahead, at the massive palace gates.

In her entire life, she'd never seen those gates open.

*Until now.*

Soldiers wearing shining, polished armour led the God-Emperor's procession. Fancy feather plume tails rising from sparkling helmets, shields and lances in hand. Behind the rides marched dozens of equally vibrant footmen. And, behind them, flanked on either side by elite guards in black armour on massive black horses, was a statue made flesh.

The man whose marble replica she'd walked past every day, who she'd dreamed of and thought about for so long.

Alora's father.

The God-Emperor of Mankind.

A tall man astride a beautiful white stallion. Wearing a simple yet elegant tunic and pants, plain black with little by way of decoration. His black cape billowed in the breeze.

It was a beautiful, terrifying sight.

The man's statue didn't do him justice. A wide, sharp, clean-shaven jaw. Dazzling, pale eyes. Short, neatly swept-back hair.

Alora's heart did backflips as the procession neared, the soldiers taking positions either side of the road. Watchful and professional, each and every one taking the safety of their master deathly serious.

And, before she knew it, Alora was tilting her head back to stare up at the man sitting in a massive horse's saddle.

"Father..." Alora breathed the word, gazing up at him in awe.

He raised an eyebrow at her, his cool eyes searching hers.

She blushed, quickly lowered her head and curtsied respectfully. Cursing at herself mentally even as she forced herself to remember all the protocols and procedures her tutors had drilled into her over the years.

*You can do this.* She repeated the words over and over again in her head.

She knew her father.

The man might never have spoken a word to her, might've spend her whole life half the world away. But she *knew* him. And she knew him *intimately*.

As did every other person in the world, even if they didn't realise it.

The God-Emperors, every man and woman who'd ever sat the Celestial Throne, had shaped the world to their will. The hearts and minds of its people, the natural world, the weather, everything. From the moment Alora had been born, right up 'til she'd first touched the Celestial Shard, she'd been under the influence of her father's personality.

The minds of God-Emperors were reflected in their subjects. And Alora had seen it, *been* it.

Back before she'd been given control of the Celestial Shard, she and her servants had been dutiful. Committed to their assigned roles, obedient and unquestioning. Alora's whole world had revolved around being a worth princess, a *good* heir. And her servants had existed to serve. Everything in its 'right' place.

*That* was her father.

Ordered, duty-bound, rigid in his beliefs.

The man existed to fulfil his role. And, because of that, the rest of the world did too.

What would such a man do if he knew Alora's corrupted heart?

Alora smiled to herself.

She hummed as she stood waiting in a dining room that was far too massive for the two people who'd be eating in it.

Protocol dictated that she stand behind her chair until her father arrived. Then, and only then, should she sit. Noble women took their seats first, then the noble men would sit in order of rank. Since it'd just be the two of them, Alora would sit first at her end of the massive table, then her father would sit at his end.

And they'd eat in silence. As was proper.

Years and years of lessons came back to Alora. Thousands of rules about etiquette and nonsense that, for the first time in her life, Alora was actually able to use.

The real challenge would begin once dinner was finished.

A private conversation with her father, in which he'd no-doubt judge her worthiness as an heir.

Which she wasn't.

But, at least, Alora had a weapon of her own.

She just needed enough time for it to work...

Senior palace servants led the way, flanked by elite guards in beautiful black armour. Behind them, more servants – these ones carrying baskets and scattering leaves for Alora and her father to walk over. Pink petals for her, white for him. Alora herself walked to the side of and a little behind her father, as was proper. And, behind them, more servants and guards followed.

No-one spoke. Not a single word.

Clinking armour, shuffling petals, and Alora's own pounding heart were the only sounds she could hear through the silence.

When they arrived at their destination, the senior servants opened the doors. The elite guards entered the room, looked around, then came back out and stood aside. The petal carriers did the same, scattering petals around before retreating.

Then the God-Emperor of Mankind entered the small room, and Alora had no choice but to follow.

Behind her, the door closed as she stepped past the threshold. Her father, his hands behind his back, stood in the middle of the room, staring right at her.

Despite herself, Alora blushed.

He was a handsome man. Breath-takingly so.

Was that a result of good breeding, or simple luck? Or perhaps the lingering influence of the Celestial Throne on her was making her see the man as attractive, the ideal entity upon which the whole world relied.

Regardless of the cause, he *was* handsome.

*Control yourself*, Alora warned herself.

Time. She needed time...

"Alora."

The word, spoken in a rich, deep voice, sent a thrill through Alora. Excited tingles exploded across her body.

Slowly, she looked up, met the man's cool gaze.

*Don't let him see what you are.*

"That dress," the God-Emperor said, looking her over with an unreadable expression. "It's... different. Not like the fashions of the capitol."

She bowed her head to hide her blush, gave an exaggerated curtsy. "It's not what I'd usually wear," she said – which was certainly true. "But it's a hot day and..."

"Yes?" Her father urged.

"I wanted to show you I can be bold. I'm not a meek, shy girl that'll be restrained or crippled by awkwardness."

It was a gamble. Twisting things to seem like a more fitting heir. If her father saw through her...

*He won't. He can't read minds.*

The God-Emperor stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Your servants adore you," her father said. "Even a blind man could see that. They're happy to serve, and they seem to fulfil their duties well. The kitchens are clean, the servant rooms are tidy, the grounds are well kept."

Alora bit her lip, glanced up at the man. "Father."

His eyebrows rose, eyes widening in surprise.

It was probably the first time anyone had ever addressed him so casually.

She forced herself to stand straight, meet his cool gaze.

"Formality has its place, but an excess of it can be just as disruptive as too little. More so, even."

The man stared at Alora for a few long moments, weighing her.

"May I call you that - 'Father'?" She asked, fluttering her eyelashes at him. "It will make things so much easier for us."

Alora went to bed that night with her head still attached to her shoulders. That was a good sign. More than that, she'd broken down the first of her father's barriers.

Over the next days, she worked on the others. Encouraging the God-Emperor to grow ever more familiar with her.

It wasn't until the first week was coming to a close that Alora saw her plan fully taking effect. Relaxing in the shade of a tree with her father lounging beside her, taking a break from reading correspondence and running the world. Her father looked over at her, his eyes flicking to her chest for just the briefest of moments.

She smiled, pretended not to notice his interest.

"It's nice," she said, keeping her eyes on the sky. "Finally being able to spend time with you, Father. All those years walking by a statue of you, left with only my imagination to fill in the blanks..."

"Yes," the man said, voice sounding unusually tight.

"What's your favourite colour?" Alora asked, sitting up and turning quickly to face him, making sure to jiggle and bounce her chest as much as possible without being too obvious about it. "I'd like to wear it for you!"

The God-Emperor of Mankind gulped, struggling to keep his eyes on his daughter's face. "I don't think-"

Flustered! He was hiding it well, but he was flustered!

Alora smiled wide.

"Black!" She said, giggling playfully. "I don't know why I even asked. It's all you ever wear!"

He frowned, shook his head. "No, it's not black."

Before Alora could respond, her father stood up and brushed himself off, grass and dirt and petals falling around him. "I've stayed here long enough. I'm satisfied with your growth and development, Alora. I don't need to see more."

"Wha-" She scrambled to her feet after him, making sure to bounce plenty. But the man had already turned away from her. "Father?"

"I have an empire to rule," he said, not looking back as he started walking away.

The instinct to rush after him, ask him what was wrong, tugged at her. But something in her gut warned her against it.

She watched him stride away, her brows narrowed at his back.

Alora floated in the large bath pool, staring up at the ceiling.

Her mind going over everything, searching for answers and understanding. Not even the eyes of her servants on her could distract her from the puzzle.

The plan; it was working.

Since the moment he'd stepped on the palace grounds, her father had been under the influence of her Celestial Shard. With each new day, her naughtiness and dirty thoughts grew like a wicked seed in her father's mind. And, as far as Alora could tell, he was completely unaware of it.

Was that why he'd reacted the way he had? Could he have realised what was happening – why he was beginning to lust after her?

But no. That didn't feel right.

His favourite colour. It'd been Alora's words that'd jolted him.

*Why?*

It was a question that Alora had no answers to.

She flailed her arms about in frustration, splashing water and putting on a show for the many hidden eyes.

Her father leaving was a good thing. She'd passed his test, convinced him that she was a worthy heir. And yet it still felt like a failure. A task half-done.

"Ugh!" Alora groaned petulantly. "Let me suck your dick!"

Was that so much to ask for?

She sighed, shook her head.

If he was planning on leaving tomorrow, tonight would be her best – only – chance to have the man who'd filled so many of her nasty thoughts.

She *deserved* it, dammit!

He'd been glancing at her chest, hadn't he? He was attracted to her! Why couldn't he just make things easy and just fuck her already?!

"You're not leaving here until you do," Alora promised.

*I'm going to have what I want.*

The black-clad guards looked her up and down.

Alora might've been convinced it was normal procedure for anyone wanting entry into the God-Emperor's private chamber, if not for the way their eyes lingered on her chest.

They'd been touched and corrupted by her Celestial Shard just as much as the man they protected.

She smiled sweetly at the men.

"Step aside," she commanded, leaning ever so slightly forward, allowing a better view of her cleavage. "I'm here to speak to my father. Privately."

The guards hesitated – not sure what to do.

And, in that hesitation, Alora strode forward. If the guards didn't move aside, she'd

walk right into them.

Alora was almost disappointed when the guards hopped out of her way, allowing her access to the rooms beyond. But that disappointment was quickly dwarfed by the glee of feeling their eyes on her backside as she passed.

She made sure to wiggle her butt for their benefit.

Then the door was closed behind her, and she was left in a large, spacious room she'd never seen before.

In all the years she'd lived in this palace, she'd never even *known* there was a bigger, more important bedroom than hers. Yet, here she was, in the God-Emperor's private bed chamber.

Curiously, there were no servants with fans.

She'd been prepared to dismiss them, but this was much better.

Her father wasn't in bed yet. He was seated at a small desk, a mountain of letters and scrolls piled in front of him.

He'd looked up and over at the sound of someone entering.

Clad in a black, silken robe. Eyes tired after long hours of reading. He stared at Alora, brows furrowed.

She took the initiative, walking towards him.

"Father," she said softly, sultry. "I wanted to apologise for earlier. I didn't mean to offend you."

Her steps were exaggerated to make her breasts bounce. She swayed her hips, smiled and fluttered her lashes. Doing everything she could to seduce the man while appearing as innocent and clueless as possible.

"I'm sorry..." She bit her lip, looked down at the floor.

Alora felt her father's eyes on her. Gazing up and down her body, taking in the sight of her in her thin, lacy nightgown.

"Alora," he said, voice choked. "I wasn't- You didn't-"

For the man who ruled the world, and who had god-like control over it, he sounded very hesitant. Uncertain.

She smiled.

Those were traits her tutors had spend years lecturing Alora to avoid. A God-Emperor must be confident and decisive.

"It's not black," her father sighed, slumping in his chair. "My favourite colour. It's not black."

"Oh?" Alora purred. She stepped to the desk, carefully lifted herself to sit on it – making sure her nightgown's skirt bunched up around her thighs. "What is it, then?"

He had to drag his eyes away from her bare legs, force himself to meet her gaze.

Alora smiled sweetly. Played the part of the naïve princess.

"Blue," her father answered after a moment. "Pale blue. The colour of a nice sky, with a few fluffy white clouds."

Alora tilted her head, waited for him to continue.

"Stormy skies mean trouble," her father said softly. "Grey skies, dark skies. A little rain is good to feed the earth, but too much..." He shook his head. "Gentle sky blue. That's my favourite colour."

"Why did you leave so abruptly earlier?" Alora asked.

And, to her delight, her father blushed.

His eyes flicked down, took in her figure – clearly displayed in her tight, naughty nightgown.

"Duty," he answered simply.

She shimmied closer to him, ignoring the parchment crumpling under her butt. She took her father's hand in both of hers, held it comfortably – right between her thighs.

"Alora, it's late. I-"

"You're encumbered by duty," Alora whispered. "You need a break. Some time to unwind and relax. It's not good for you to stress and overburden yourself so much..."

She massaged his hand with hers, making sure his skin brushed her milky thighs plenty. His eyes, she noted, were focused intently on her legs, his hand, the dark area where her nightgown's skirt ended.

"We can't have a God-Emperor with such overwhelming stress, can we? That won't do anyone any good," she said, subtly spreading her legs a little wider. "It's our duty to ensure you unwind and unstress yourself as soon as possible, isn't it?"

Gently, she placed his hand on her leg, left it there.

"For the sake of everyone, the whole world, we have to make sure you're happy and satisfied..."

He looked at her face with wide, stunned eyes.

But he didn't remove his hand from her leg. He couldn't.

Alora smiled, leaned forward and slid her arms over his shoulders.

Then she pressed her lips to his.