

A Corruption Most Divine

Chapter 8

The world froze.

An eternity passed, Alora's entire body tense with fear and anticipation. She kept her lips on her father's, waiting for his response. All or nothing, one way or another-

His lips moved hesitantly, returning the kiss.

Alora squealed internally, diving into the embrace fully. Parting her lips and forcing her tongue into his mouth.

In moments, they were locked in a deep, passionate kiss that filled every inch of Alora with glee and excitement. Her skin tingled, her crotch radiating heat like a furnace. Even when her lungs screamed at her for air, she kept on kissing her father. Dancing tongues with him.

The longer it went on, the more the man leaned into it. Planting his big hands on her narrow waist, holding her firmly on his lap.

One of her hands on the back of his head, she caressed his chest with the other – sliding it under his clothes, feeling the hard muscle beneath. She moaned into his mouth, feeling his bulge grinding against her crotch. Could he feel how wet she was?

When the kiss finally broke, Alora gasped for air – holding onto her father's chest, panting into his shoulder.

"Alora," the man gasped, squeezing her waist. "We can't-"

"Your heart is racing," she cooed.

He didn't say anything when Alora kissed his shoulder, his neck. He didn't make a sound, besides a breathy groan, when she began sliding her hand down from his chest. Lower and lower.

"So strong," she breathed against his neck, her hands gliding over strong abs and the tight valleys between muscles. "Let me make you feel good, Father..."

"Alora," the God-Emperor groaned.

The instant her dainty fingertips brushed against his big, hard cock, they both shuddered and gasped.

"You need to stop, Alora..." His voice was soft, commanding. But he made no move to stop her. "This is highly inappropriate. We can't..."

"Shhh," she smiled, kissing his sharp jawline. "You need release. You *deserve* it."

Her fingers wrapped around the base of her father's cock, unable to encircle his whole girth. She bit her lip, suppressed another shudder of arousal.

"The world needs order," she spoke softly, slowly stroking the base of his enormous cock. "And you've given it that. But it also needs *passion*. Excitement. Thrill..."

When he opened his mouth to speak, Alora silenced him with a kiss. Driving her tongue into his mouth, ignoring his half-hearted arguments. She bit his lip, giggled as he groaned in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

"Take me," she whispered between kisses. "Have me."

"Alora..." He groaned, tilting his head forward as she pulled back, hungry for more.

"The world needs this," she said, feeling a pulsing from deep down. "And *you* need this... Do it, Father. Fuck me..."

She looked into his hazy eyes, saw the spark of resistance still lingering behind lust and hunger and need. A lifetime of beliefs wouldn't be so easily set aside. Not even for a girl as beautiful as Alora.

"Father..." She released his cock, kisses his neck.

His grip on her waist slackened when she pushed away from him, allowing her to move freely. Perhaps he thought she'd decided to stop. That she'd given up.

She kissed his shoulder, his collar, his chest. Tiny little kisses that tickled Alora's insides as she went lower and lower, sliding gracefully onto her knees before her father's

chair. Between his legs. She looked up at him with wide, innocent eyes.

He froze, mouth hanging open.

Inaction. Not a good trait for a God-Emperor.

Alora smiled.

Then she kissed his knee over his silk robe, then kissed it again as she slid the robe open. The third kiss was on his skin. The fourth, a little higher on his leg. She planted more kisses on his naked skin, further and further along his thigh. Whether by instinct or intent, the man's legs opened wider to accommodate her the closer she got to his massive cock.

It was a pillar towering above her; thick and veiny and glorious.

She moved close enough that her cheek rubbed against his balls, tasting sweat and sourness.

The next kiss was directly on his balls.

Soft, loving, worshiping kisses. Obedient, gentle kisses.

His shaft twitched as she nuzzled into his crotch, showering her father's testicles with kiss after kiss. Until, at last, her lips found themselves on his wide shaft.

She reached up with both hands, gently stroked and massaged his length as she worshiped the base of his cock with her mouth.

Above her, the God-Emperor of Mankind groaned and gasped.

He didn't put his hand on her head to guide her, didn't take control of the situation like another man might have.

Curious...

Alora smiled, kissed higher, smothered the underside of that massive cock with kisses and saliva.

"Do you like this, Father?" She asked, the words ever so slightly muffled as she pressed her lips to his cock. "Am I doing well?"

"Holy Ancestors," the man groaned. "Alora..."

"Do you want me to stop?" She asked sweetly. "Or should I keep going?"

"I..." He gulped, shuddered. "I don't..."

Indecisive. Uncertain. Not good.

Alora mentally tutted, echoing the tutors of her past.

She lifted herself higher, pointed her father's big dick at her own face. Its tip level with her lips.

"Don't worry," she purred, looking up at him and meeting his wide eyes. She smiled, bit her lip. "I'll take care of you."

Then she opened her mouth, leaned forward.

She didn't break eye contact with him as his lips spread around the tip of his cock. Instead, she smiled around it. Let out a playful giggle. Kept going.

After a few moments, she had to let the smile slip. Her eyes widening with the effort of taking his girth inside her mouth. She winced, the corners of her lips stretching uncomfortably, until she managed to fit the entirety of the bulbous head into her mouth.

She had to stop there for a moment, breathing through her nose.

Eyes watering, heart pounding, she pushed her head lower. Took more of the monster into her mouth.

Her jaw ached painfully, and she could barely move her tongue enough to lick the underside of his shaft. But she did her best, sucking on the massive dick as she forced more and more into her mouth. It hit the back of her throat, kept going.

She had to pull back to breathe, tears rolling down her cheeks. But she didn't stop, kept going. Moving her head up and down his cock until she got used to its size. As her confidence grew, so did the speed of her movements. Head bobbing up and down on her father's cock, she gripped the base and massaged his large balls. Revelled in his gasps and groans.

When his hips started thrusting, Alora slowed down.

Much as the thought of chugging down his cum, drowning herself on it as he pumped cum down her throat, was appealing. She knew she had to go further.

Slowly, regretfully, she pulled herself away. Spitting out his rock-hard cock and gasping for air. She gripped his knees to keep from collapsing onto the floor. Squeezed him so tightly she heard him grunt in pain, her nails digging into his flesh.

No... She couldn't let him cum from head.

The moment he came down from his climax, he'd question himself. Regret the act. Post-orgasmic shame.

Alora couldn't allow that. Not yet.

He could come up with excuses for letting her suck him off. Blame her for it. Convince himself that he hadn't actually wanted it. But if he went as far as *fucking* her, being the one thrusting into her...

Alora steadied herself as best she could, rose to her feet on wobbly knees. She smiled at her father, certain her face was a mess of dark make-up, tear-trails and saliva.

"Come," she said, voice raw.

Alora took her father's hand, big and heavy in her own, and pulled lightly. Urging him onto his feet.

For the divine ruler of all the world, her father was surprisingly easy to control. He didn't complain or resist as Alora led him to his huge bed, and he didn't stop her as she slid his robes off his shoulders and her own nightgown off hers.

"Father," Alora said, guiding his hand to her chest. "You want this. It's yours to claim..."

When she moved her hand away, his remained on her large breast. A big hand gently holding onto her soft, perky boob.

"You need this," she whispered, taking his other hand and guiding it to her drenched crotch. "Don't you?"

"I..." He squeezed her breast, nodding his head slightly. "Yes. I... I need this."

Such a mailable man.

Alora giggled, shuffled backwards and smirked as her father followed her, unwilling to let her go. When the back of her legs reached the bed, she flopped herself backwards onto it. Her father fell atop her.

Whatever reservations he had vanished.

His mouth pressed to hers, kissing her deeply as he manhandled her breast and roughly rubbed at her crotch.

Alora gasped, moaned.

She thrust her hips up to meet his hand, eager for the contact. Hungry for more. And more is what he gave her, his fingertips finding her tight hole with ease and pressing inside her. Two fingers spreading her little hole apart, spearing deep inside her.

"Father!" Alora cried out, hips bucking.

He groaned and growled into her ear, breath hot on her cheek.

"Yes!" Alora moaned. "Have me! Take me!"

An hour later, she hobbled out of the room in a daze. Knees weak and thoughts scattered. She smiled at the elite guards standing watch at the doors, flashed a few little winks and suggestive looks.

They were such good men, guarding Alora's father. Protecting him from harm, even if that meant putting themselves in harms way instead. They deserved a *reward* for their diligence.

Not tonight. A voice of reason broke through the daze.

True enough, she was in no state to be rewarding *anyone* right then. Gods, she could barely *stand* right now.

Her little flower had been thoroughly plucked.

Alora shuddered, a happy smile tugging her lips into a wide curve. The area between her legs ached and throbbed, pulsating with a mixture of pain and satisfaction. Her thighs screamed at her, muscles afire. Her knees wobbled and trembled, felt like they'd give out at any moment. And yet, a tingling thrill still tickled her skin; every inch of her body.

Drenched in sweat, naked save for the slight handprints and tiny bruises, Alora drifted back to her rooms.

Victorious.

She woke to hands and lips on her body. Pretty girls, kissing her most sensitive spots as their hands explored Alora's perfect body. Fingers caressed her breasts, massaged her thighs. Lips gently teased her nipples and neck, her knees, her crotch.

The servants meant to fan her taking liberties with their duties.

Alora groaned happily, spread her legs wider – still half asleep. Caught mid-way between waking and dreaming, she cooed and moaned, opened her mouth for an imagined lover. Unfortunately, it was a tongue that found its way past Alora's lips instead of a cock. Still, she tasted and played with it eagerly.

As the minutes went by, and the dreams subsided, Alora came fully awake. Aware of what was happening.

She giggled, gently pushing her lusty servants away one by one.

Yes. As pleasant as it was to wake to fanning, this was a *much* more enjoyable way to join the waking world.

She rose from her bed, smiling at the clear disappointment on her servants' faces. She thanked them with a smile and a shimmy of her chest. Then Alora strutted out of her sleeping chamber, went to be dressed for the day.

Her crotch still ached, slight sparks of pain jolting her with every step.

Alora welcomed the pain. It was a lovely reminder.

She'd done it! *They'd* done it.

Her and her father...

Alora beamed.

She wasn't out of the woods yet. It was quite possible that the man would regret his actions, what he'd done. He may even recognise the new feelings he had for what they were – the Celestial Shard's influence on him. *Her* influence.

A chopping block was still a very real possibility for her.

But Alora ignored that fear, that reality.

She was influencing her father. And would continue to do so, as long as he stayed here.

Arms out, Alora allowed her dresser servants to fondle and grope her before putting her in a sky blue dress; skirt cut short and collar sheared way to flaunt Alora's bust. The servants styled Alora's lush hair, painted her face to make her natural beauty shine all the brighter.

As they did, Alora mused.

Her father was surprisingly malleable. Not nearly as confident and commanding as she'd been expecting.

Was that because of *her* influence? Or was it a natural part of him? What did it mean, exactly?

She thought back to a time before bonding with the Celestial Shard. Back to when her life revolved around duty and doing her part in the grand scheme of things. The good princess who acted proper, did her duty, yet longed for something else. Surrounded by dutiful servants all dedicated to their purposes. Alora remembered the self-doubt, the uncertainty, the knowing that she had to do her job despite all her doubt.

What if her servants had been the same? All dutiful, yet doubtful? What if *that* was

her father's true self?

The world was a reflection of the God-Emperor. Whosoever sat the Celestial Throne ruled all the world, in more ways than one.

If her father had doubts and uncertainties, those feelings would leak down into everyone else too.

Alora closed her eyes and imagined it.

A world filled with people all stressing and worrying about doing their jobs, if they were good enough or not. The tension of uncertainty with none of the relaxing ease Alora had been enjoying lately.

What a terrible, terrible image.

Maybe... Maybe her influence on her father was what he needed. What the *world* needed.

Release. Relaxation. Pleasure. Excitement.

When Alora opened her eyes, they were filled with determination.

All her life, she'd been raised to make the world a better place. Literally. The entire purpose of her existence was to provide the best environment possible for the peoples of the world to flourish.

And she could do that. Right here. With her father.

Bring passion into the world; fill it with naughtiness and freedom and joy. Satisfaction.

Leaving the dressing chamber, Alora paused for a single heartbeat.

Am I lying to myself. Justifying this... depravity?

She shook her head, smiled, kept walking onward.

One way or the other, it didn't matter.

Alora knew what she had to do.

"Alora, we need to-"

She skipped forward before he could finish, wrapping her arms around his neck and pressing her lips to his.

The God-Emperor flinched, froze.

Which only emboldened Alora to go further, kissing him deeply until he had no choice but to either push her away or reciprocate the kiss. After a few seconds, he made his choice. His tongue danced hesitantly with hers.

Her father's guards looked away. Alora's servants watched with glee.

"You need this," Alora whispered when the kiss broke, her hand sliding down her father's body to his crotch. "Don't you?"

"I..." He gulped nodded his head. "I do."

"Then take it," Alora urged. "Have me."

He gazed at her, his eyes flicking from her pretty face to her chest and cleavage. Alora pushed her chest out, inviting him to stare more. Her hand, still on his crotch, massaged him over his clothes. It took only a few gentle squeezes before she felt him grow noticeably harder.

"I'm yours," Alora breathed. "Allow me to please you."

He groaned, eyes hazing over with arousal.

"Fuck me," Alora continued, pressing herself against him. "Have me. Claim me..."

She had to place his hands on her hips, but eventually he broke. Lust winning out over propriety, as it was wont to do. The God-Emperor, Alora's own father, lifted her up and pressed her against a cold marble wall. Too hot and flustered, too hungry, to take her to a bed. Hands pawed at Alora's pretty dress, tearing and shredding it.

"Yes!" She cried out. "Do it! Fuck me!"

When she felt his cock press to her opening, Alora bit his shoulder hungrily. Braced herself.

A second later, her screams of pleasure filled the palace hallway.

She bucked and writhed as her father fucked her against the wall, lost in his own lust. She moaned and panted, hot tingles pulsing through her. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw her father's burly guards shuffle closer to her pretty serving girls.

"Yes," Alora gasped, moaned. "Do it!"

Ordering her father to fuck her more, for the servants and guards to fuck to. Ordering the world to obey.

"Do it!" Alora screamed.

For the second time in her life, Alora left the palace.

This time, it was on horseback. Specifically, her father's horse. And, more specifically, snuggled against her father's chest.

What would the common folk think when they saw her?

Would they see a father and daughter riding together, an innocent act? Would they look at her and see the impropriety, judge her and him both? Or would they stare at the couple with knowing, lust, desire?

Alora giggled, feeling her father's massive cock pressing against the small of her back.

Several layers of clothing, and she could *still* feel how hard it was. How much he wanted her. With a smile, she wiggled her butt a bit, teasing him. Tempting him.

How long would it take before he had to stop the convoy, fuck her beside the road?

Or, better yet, could she tempt him enough that he'd fuck her right there on the saddle?

One way or another, she was determined to find out.

Alora spared one glance back at the palace – or, more accurately, the tall walls that'd been her prison for all her life.

"Good riddance," Alora muttered under her breath.

"Hm?" Her father hummed, chest rumbling.

"Nothing!" Alora said quickly. "I just said I've never really ridden before. Could you hold me tight, to make sure I don't fall off?"

The man chuckled, one of his large hands moving to her waist.

Alora beamed, placed a loving hand over her father's.

And – silently – she challenged herself. By the time their procession left the city walls, she'd have her father's hand between her legs instead.