The revolution that had shook the nation to its core had come to a bloody and hard fought end. In the final push to overtake the Capital, the fog of war had finally fallen and one side remained. The Empire was left standing while the revolutionary forces were eviscerated, the lives of the rebels coming to a swift end under the boot of the Strongest General, Esdeath, and the unyielding might of Shikoutazer, piloted by the young and fearless Emperor Makoto.

Having discovered the true nature of Honest during the heat of battle, the insidious old man was sentenced to death for his desertion, but all the other terrors he committed were brought to light. When his sentence was to be served out, the wise Emperor granted General Esdeath the privilege of fulfilling his execution in whatever manner she deemed.

Prisoners say that they can still hear his cries of agony to this day.

Now, nearly approaching the first anniversary of the Revolution’s fall, life had finally seemed to return to its peaceful state in the capital. As the shadows of the passing clouds in the sky broke apart to let the sun’s rays rain down on the rebuilt ramparts, the calm atmosphere was snuffed out by the methodical clicking of Esdeath’s boots as she patrolled the inner walls. Gazing through the battlements as she passes them by, her eyes swoop across the moments of scenery, not unlike a starving hawk hunting for potential prey.

Esdeath let out a drawn out sigh as her stroll was ending up like it always did. Ever since Honest’s execution and the reconstruction of the Royal Court, there had been far less crime. It seems as though the Revolutionaries did get their wish afterall, they just wouldn’t ever live to see it. She had never before lived in a world that was full of peace, but now, she could easily say that it was the bane of her existence.

“General!” Her loathing was interrupted as she turned around to find a subordinate approaching before halting to stand at attention. “The…” As he began to deliver his message, his gaze drifted from his superior’s face to her current uniform. Her jacket, previously double-breasted and descending down, passed her hips and upper thighs to form an impromptu skirt with her black belt securing the form in place. Now there was only a single line of buttons designed to hold it closed, only for just one to be able to work as the top ended so short that the mid-portion of her torso was left completely bare and revealed her taut stomach, and the remaining fabric above was kept from closing together due to her pair of breasts being far too massive in size to be confined. Her belt now wrapped around her new “skirt”, short, white, wavy cuts of cloth covering her front and back, the slits on both sides showing off her full hips while any passing breeze could reveal what personal attire she fancied underneath. While still long in length, her white boots that previously came up to mid-thigh now ended just below her knees, thus showing more flawless skin from her mile long legs.

The ice-cold woman rolled her eyes at the look of stupidity plastered over the messenger’s face. It was a more and more common sight as the months passed and she found her uniforms being made smaller and smaller. “Speak now, or your tongue is going to be fed to the hounds.”

Snapped back into proper attention, his gaze directed at the floor, he cleared his throat. “T-T-The Emperor has called to meet with you in the throne room at once!” He jumped in his skin as Esdeath took a step forward.

He was lucky though as the woman walked past him to follow the orders she was given. Something changed in Makoto when the war ended, not only was he exerting more of his own power directly, but his body went through a growth as well. While these changes might have been brought on by donning the Emperor’s exclusive Teigu, that didn’t matter to Esdeath as much as his growing fascination with her.

For the past months, she could always feel his eyes traveling across her body to look at whatever he pleased. Something that got easier as he was the one who ordered her new uniforms to be alternated quickly and growing smaller and tighter with each batch.

At first, they were simple, negligent changes that weren’t worth giving a second thought; her jacket being made to end at her belt and being provided a skirt that matched her previous look point for point, then the underused front pockets on her jacket being removed, followed by changing it to a single button down design that just saved time in getting dressed. After that, things started to get more noticable. The uniform was made thinner, from a rougher feeling material that was far less durable that threatened to tear at the seams just from a jolt of force. Then it seemed the body measurements were being shortened, making them more difficult to wear without restricting her own movements, getting to the point of making personal decisions to compensate such as forgoing buttoning the top of her jacket less and less as it shrank. As well, removing her bra in order to allow that sliver of extra space.

Though, with the coarse material and lack of any internal covering, every motion brought on more pronounced josseling of her breast that were in complete contact with a constant source of frustration. She couldn’t even take a breath without feeling the friction grab at her chest.

The only “blessing” this uniform gave was that her skirt didn’t hinder her movements, despite it’s flimsy material, the design was far less cumbersome thanks to its open nature.

Her thoughts came to a halt as the massive twin doors to the Throne Room creaked open. The reconstructed palace had been finished months ago thanks to the use of many recaptured Teigu being used to rebuild the Capital. And there sitting on the throne, looking far more confident than he had just one year ago, was the man who drank in her essence without even attempting to hide his gaze. The Emperor of a reborn Empire, Makoto.

He was no longer the ignorant and meager ruler that ran this nation under the heel of a corrupting power. Alongside his confidence, the boy who stood only half Esdeath’s size grew a few feet, putting him just at eye-level with her breasts. His skinny frame had expanded as well, growing more muscles to train his body to handle Shikoutazer again if the need arises, however he was still far from the body of someone like Budo, or even Wave. Yet the rapid development of his growth made Esdeath wonder if Honest had been drugging the young ruler’s food feeble and docile.

As for his developing mind, it would seem he had “matured” just as that old nuisance had hoped. While the old Prime Minister had originally plotted to use his base urges as another means of control in the long run of his puppeteering from the shadows, it appeared the courtesans and escorts that he brought in to show off could never seem to catch his eye. She had just assumed that the boy was too shy and embarrassed to even think about being with any woman, but she learned long ago how wrong she was. It wasn’t that he had no drive, it was that his eyes were aimed solely on her.

“General.” He addressed casually from atop his throne. “I take it you’re still enjoying our new time of peace?”

“It certainly is a new experience to partake in.” She spoke calmly and cooly, despite feeling a growling deep in her throat wanting to be let out.

But she wasn’t dealing with the same boy as before, even though her facade would be enough to fool soldiers and politicians, the Young Emperor could see the distaste she truly felt hidden behind her words, and he reveled in it.

“Glad to know how you feel.” He walked down the large marble stairs that were wide enough to take three steps to cross each, lowering himself from his position above her. “I called you to the Throne room to brief me on the latest contact we had with the eastern nation.”

That was actually something that greatly interested the Northern born warrior, the nation to the east was one that had been spoken of in ancient historic texts and legends, but it wasn’t until recently that contact had been made between them. “I was unaware that they had communicated again.”

“Oh they haven’t.” He waved his hand. “But that doesn’t dismiss the order I gave you.”

Despite wondering what his game was, Esdeath followed her orders. “At 0500 hours-”

“You’re talking to your ruler, so stand at attention too.” He cut in.

Not letting out her exhale of frustration or rolling her eyes in annoyance, she put one hand at her side and the other saluting him, staring straight ahead.

As she went on with her redundant report, the Emperor began circling around her as her gaze remained focused to her front. His eyes, however, ran along every inch of her splendid form.

“At 0530 hours, there was a second-” Her words suddenly stopped, not with any sort of gasp, but a powerful silence as she felt the Emperor placed his hands on her ass, firmly grasping her cheek without any fear of her response.

“I never gave the order to stop.” He clenched her ass harder to show his seriousness.

Such force was far from enough to damage her, it barely even stung. The general had worse done to her just from sitting for hours on end in war meetings.

But there was something… interesting about this. “At 0530 hours…” She carried on. Her voice was perfectly level and calm while his hand kneaded her ass for as long and as rough as he wanted, even maintaining her composure when he used both of his hands to massage and dig deep into her rear. When his molestation finally ended after nearly twenty minutes, he made sure to leave her with a loud and harsh slap, happily marking her already rubbed red ass. “At 0700 hours…” She continued on without a slip up.

As the young man walked around Esdeath again, he stopped in front of her, smiling that she was still standing at attention the entire time, but also glad that it was leaving her chest completely unprotected. Just by tapping the button that was struggling beyond belief to hold her ridiculously short top together, it was too much force, snapping the strings and sending it flying off to some corner of the throne room and leaving Esdeath’s now naked breasts without any protection. As captivating as her jiggling orbs was, his attention was drawn to the quick shuffle of someone watching from above. “Is something wrong?” He ‘asked’, looking at her with a smug look on his face while her gaze was again straight ahead.

“Nothing, your highness.” Esdeath diligently replied.

“Are you certain?” He raised his hand again to her chest, pressing his finger against her exposed nipple. “I could have sworn you fell out of attention for a moment.” Pinching her nipple in his grasp, he gave it an abrupt twist, followed by a tug, stretching the pillowy mound in whichever way he wanted as he kept his eyes locked with Esdeath’s, not even a wavering breath coming out of her mouth or the slightest bit of pink dusting her cheeks.

“Not at all.” Her voice was perfectly level, despite the harsh treatment he gave her breast that was directly contrasted when he wrapped his lips against her puffy pink tips and gently ran his tongue over them and sucked on them. Moving away from her peaks, his mouth trails upwards, kissing and tasting her luscious breasts as he makes his way to her collarbone and then her slender neck. His mouth lingers there for a moment before suddenly digging his teeth down on her porcelain flesh.

Her muscles locked up, keeping her limbs in line and forcing her mouth shut. The faintest of trembles came off her body as the room dropped to a freezing temperature that would make anyone fear what Esdeath might do to them.

The young man pulled back from the cool woman and admired the red mark he left directly on the side of Esdeath’s neck, there being no way to hide it, as any attempts to do so would only bring more attention to it. “Keep going, *Esdeath*.” Just with uttering her name so casually, he had mocked her for faltering, for showing such a weakness when attacked by such a pitiful ‘assault’. “After all, you said that this wasn’t bothering you.”

“I assure you, I’m fine.” Her tone was stern, her frigid gaze staring daggers through his eyes as she stopped just staring dead ahead.

He gave her a small grin. “I see. Then, let us both continue on.” His eyes never diverting from hers, he brought one hand to her inner thigh, grazing, admiring their feel until he reached where they met.

Feeling his fingers run across her covered slit, she steeled her gaze, and he understood the message loud and clear. *“You wouldn’t dare.”* And with that smile that made her want to strangle him, she knew exactly what he was saying in response.

*“I will.”*

In an instant, he plunged his fingers inside her virgin folds, and stared as her eyes widened in their locked gaze. Her breath was hitching, being made visible as the room turned into a freezer. She tried to think and do something, *anything,* but with his fingers pumping in and out of her pussy, she was experiencing sensations she never had before and for once in her life found herself at someone’s mercy.

His other hand wasn’t idle as he fingered this terrifying woman, moving back over to toy with her breasts to make her endure even more pleasure to rock throughout her body. Roughly kneading her tits in time with his pistoning fingers, keeping that balance as he targeted her clitoris and nipples in unison.

“H-hah!... H-H-H-Hah!” Esdeath’s lips were trembling, her tongue slipping out. “H-h-HaH!! H-H-H-HAHH!!!” With each passing second, her voice grew louder, her spit dripping off her tongue gradually down her chin to her neck. Seeing the young emperor lean closer and closer to her face, she drew her mouth wider as she saw him doing the same, her tongue reaching out as she could feel her last breath about to be screamed out.

And just before she experienced bliss, the wave of pleasure that he was building within her and she had never once felt before, he pulled himself back. His hands went down to his sides, even though his knuckles were soaked in her arousal, and those lips were pulled away. Leaving her unfulfilled and her body still desperate and sensitive.

He said something to her, but she was still reeling from the whiplash she endured as she regained her breath and focused on the world around her again.

“I said that you may leave now, your services aren’t required for the moment.” He was acting totally nonchalant despite the below zero temperature still in the room and the state of undress and horniness she was in.

“I... “ Esdeath blinked hard as she tried to wire her brain back together. Never having seen a hunter have a prey so close in hand, only to release them and act as if it never happened.

“It seems as though your current uniform has a design flaw. I’ll have the tailors deal with it in the next iteration.” With a wave of his hand, he motioned her to go as he walked back up the large steps to his throne.

Marching out the twin doors, Esdeath kept a steady pace as she passed the patrolling guards. Even while their eyes were all centered on the disheveled state of her appearance; from the translucent trails running down her mouth to shimmer down to her totally uncovered, quaking breasts and down the inner portions of her legs, the red mark on the side of her neck and that ass that wouldn’t quit being a glowing red as her skirt could barely keep half of her cheeks covered. Despite all of that, her eyes had a burning fire in them, it wasn’t of malice, or vengeance, or disgust. The Northern woman was *hungry*, the Emperor had shown her a taste of a new challenge, and she was not going to be the prey when this was all over.

**Xx Xx**

Even with her wanting to turn the tables, she kept finding herself in the hands of the young leader’s urges. The first night this all began, she went to her shower to clean herself up, but he once again ordered her to report back to him, this time to the royal bedchamber. But as she wrapped a towel around her dripping curves, she found her closet and wardrobe completely bare with a small note resting on her bed informing her that all copies of her uniform have been recalled along with her own personal attire to accurately obtain the proper measurements for the new design.

The water droplets clinging and falling off her body highlighted her path in the moonlit night to meet up with the young Emperor. Drawing the eyes of the few who were still awake at the point of night until she entered his room. Once the doors closed behind her, the Emperor rose from his bed and walked up to her.

Standing in perfect posture, she did not so much as flinch as the man grasped the edge of her towel and pulled it off her, even if her magnificent curves quaked from the force of her towel being yanked off. Looking over her body that still shone with water, he told her that the towel was all he needed, and ushered her back. This would give those who were still awake and those awoken by those few an even greater show as she strutted back to her room.

The young man wanted to show her the power he held, and it seems he believed himself to be even more powerful than Esdeath herself. She did join his empire and his army, and he was able to kill thousands of rebels with his Teigu, but just because he had some power didn’t mean that Esdeath wouldn’t bite back from his flagrant attempt to intimidate and possibly even arouse her once more. She wasn’t a scared pup to hide, she easily flaunted her body down the halls of the palace, it was just that not a single person was able to see it this time as her path was completely devoid of any life whatsoever, just walking down the paths that she could sense no person passing through.

By the time she made it back to her room, the water had dried off and she could go rest for the night, though the Demon Blood User may have enjoyed the walk in the nude a bit more than she would let on.

There was actually a “gift” placed on her coffee table as the Emperor likely had someone leave it for her while she was out fulfilling his perverse orders. A few outfits that were likely not going to properly fit her and just served as fetish fodder for the hormonal man, and a note that read ‘I hope you enjoy the casual wear I’ve obtained for you. Your new uniform should be ready for use in under two weeks. -Your Master and Superior, Makoto’

Shattering the now frozen paper, Esdeath felt her blood boil and a grin split her face. This welp really wanted to rile her up, and she was going to make the young man know how many deadly thorns this rose had.

The following day, the General paid her usual visit to her own personal garden within the palace, wearing one of her new “gifts”. While the frilled sleeveless white blouse this time actually managed to fit her figure within reason, however the buttons stopped short once again. It was showing off the bottom portion of her bust, simply due to the fact that an entire section of the blouse was missing, revealing her fit stomach and some underboob. Around her waist was a pink skirt that thankfully managed to reach her mid-thigh. As an added bonus, her legs were currently covered by black leggings, concealing her lower body from direct sight even in the case of the occasional strong gust of wind blowing her skirt up. Granted, while her current outfit certainly did manage to cover her body more that her last three uniforms, it also had the infuriating side effect of making the vicious warrior who had slaughtered countless men and women in her service of the Empire and bloodlust for power look like a cute demure girl.

While she was kneeling and pruning her plants, she could feel the growing thorn in her side arrive as the Emperor walked up from her side. However this time she had predicted his new assault. Not turning to acknowledge or face him as he silently walked forwards, Esdeath got up off of the strangely cold green stone floor and walked off the grey stone step that completely surrounded a semi-circle at the edge of the garden that met the castle walls. And when the Ice Manipulator got off, and the horny teenager took a few steps on it, she figured now would be the best time to give him a nice cold bath.

The green “stone” vanished beneath him as the ice he was walking on was shifted back into water, sending him flailing down into the green water face first. Pulling himself up as he gasped for air, the ruler of the grand nation was soaking wet as he sat in mud and silt just trying to process what had happened before a fish jumped out of the water and slapped his face to add insult to injury.

Climbing out of the pond, Makoto found Esdeath bent over a patch of flowers on the opposite side of the garden and its brick walkway with her skirt covered ass facing him. Seeing the “invitation” presented to him, he made a brisk walk to her, eyes solely on his prize. Said eyes were suddenly looking up at the clouds above when he crossed the walkway and his boots slipped on the frozen bricks before falling flat on his back on it. Knocking the wing out of him as he gasped to regain his breath.

Picking himself up once again, the young man at least had determination to keep at it. The ice demon had not given any response to his multiple failed attempts to reach her, meaning that her ass was still proudly pushed out as the cold woman with a surprising green thumb was tending to those big and poofy flowers. And the Emperor was no fool, he understood that the woman standing before him was responsible for the trouble he had gone through in the last minute and decided that she needed a proper punishment for her actions.

Walking up to her undefended ass, he pulled back his hand and was getting ready to spank the woman to show her that he was getting annoyed. And as he brought his hand down, Esdeath deftly and easily spun her body around his side and lightly pulled her foot forwards, knocking it into the leader’s ankle and tripping him into the plants that she was just maintaining.

“Oh no, my liege, whatever happened to you?” Her voice was dripping with sarcasm as she smirked at seeing his state. His normally white clothes were stained green by the water, still dripping as he was now covered in leaves, twigs, petals, and pollen.

Trying to keep himself from bursting out after just a few minor annoyances the boy crushed what was in his hands as he struggled to maintain a composed face. “I am… fine, now I just have to ask you to-”

Cutting in before he could say anything more, Esdeath didn’t even bother to hold back her grin. “I’d be careful if I were you. Those flowers have pollen that cause agony when applied to wounds. I’ve not even tested how they work when absorbed through the skin or breathed in directly.”

At that, the inexperienced king couldn't keep his eyes from widening as he took notice of the yellow powder surrounding him in the bush, and looking down to his hand, he saw a crumpled flower and pollen smeared against his wet palm.

“However, if I were to guess, you might fall into terrible pain that could possibly haunt you for the rest of your life.” She nearly laughed when his face turned as white as a sheet.

“I- I- I-” His mouth was dry and his heart racing. “Excuse me.” Was all he could manage to say as he pulled himself out of the bush and basically ran away, likely to his new chief medical officer and the current user of Perfector.

Esdeath pouted as she knew the blood tests would find nothing within his system, while she did want to show the Emperor that she would not bend the knee and become a bitch, she also knew that actually throwing him into her torture plants could end up snuffing out his potential for growth before she had a chance to see it mature and judge it for herself. That’s why he had fallen into a normal bed of flowers.

**Xx Xx**

It actually worked a little too well, as the green haired man didn’t attempt anything for quite a while, spending a few days repeatedly going in and out of the medical room out of paranoia. Though he finally seemed to realize the fact that Esdeath had lied to him after almost a week of her being free from his touch, though she was still forced to wear an entire cabinet of outfits specifically chosen by him. It was after all this time that she had finally received orders to leave the Capital… and be alone with the person who wanted some revenge on the tricks she pulled.

It was a mission to the Church, Makoto went to go and meet the new head that he had put in place after the prior leader had brought his flock into the rebellion, and of course he had Esdeath accompany him as a guard to prevent any radical attacks. But the whole conference was as peaceful, boring, and mind-numbing as the Capital had been these last few months. However, while she had originally come with a new set of casual clothes, he had seemed to find a work around on this occasion. Now wearing a personalized nun uniform, with a corset too small for her voluptuous body, accentuating her hourglass figure even more, alongside the window atop her cleavage and the slits along her dress going up and over both of her childbearing hips.

Esdeath was to stand besides the Emperor for an entire three hour sermon to make sure that there was no threat within the massive new church that could hold over five hundred people. The new religious leader was to read from the sacred scripts and Makoto was there to be a symbol of solidarity between the fractured factions. So it was looking to be a terribly dull day, and this was to happen for the next three days.

As the words of the man of faith turned to white noise, Esdeath had already scanned the crowd a dozen times, and she had hand picked the guards who stood outside the many exits and entrances to the building, there was absolutely no one getting in who would cause any distractions or interruptions.

And it was during this pristine moment that the Emperor’s hand wound its way through the slits of her dress, and he slipped his fingers under her panties, caressing her moistening slit. Drawing his digits across her lips, they would on occasion fall off path, brushing against her clit and diving into her folds, doing the action while paying little mind. He did not care of doing so to his subordinate in a room filled with hundreds of onlookers whose gazes were only kept from witnessing his depraved actions thanks to the duo standing behind the altar they had congregated for.

Esdeath had assumed the boy would get his fill and move on, but for the first time in a long while, she was proven to be wrong. The minutes bled into each other as the young ruler cared not for what might happen if they were discovered, only taking into account the pleasure and desires that he felt.

Keeping her gaze forward and inconspicuous to the onlookers, she slipped her hand down her side, grasping the interloper’s wrist in a vice grip, holding off enough to not *yet* break it. Yet, even with that clear warning, his fingers continued as they were. “Should I take it that you wish for me to remove that hand from the rest of you?” Her voice, ever powerful, was left low enough for only him to hear, and not even a quiver from his continued actions.

“Oh? Have you been spending your nights ‘training’ for this? You certainly seem to be faring better than the last time.” Makoto questioned, the subtle taunt coming across clear as day.

“I take that to mean ‘yes’?” She didn’t dignify his lewd accusation with a response.

“I think it’d be better for you if it were to stay exactly where it was.” He strengthened his point by pushing two of his fingers shallowly inside of her folds. “Since I thought of something that you would enjoy.”

“And what might a boy have to offer me?” She still kept her expression forwards and solid and her grip painfully tight around his wrist.

“Your *Master* and Emperor of all on this continent would offer you a challenge.” He made sure to emphasize the word that he knew would make Esdeath growl in anger. “It’s simple, if you win, I’ll give you the entirety of the North to rule as your own independent nation to do with it however you wish, but when you lose, no more masks or biting back from our… games.”

“It’s adorable to hear a puppy howl like that.” Her words aimed to kill his ego. “You bring up another of your frivolities, but don’t even say how it’s played.”

“It’s simple really, I need to make the Great General, the strongest warrior in all of the capital, kneel. When I do that, you lose. If you can somehow manage to keep yourself from doing so these next three days, then you shall become an Empress of your own Nation.” As he gave her the rules of this bet, he looked away from the masses to look at Esdeath’s eyes, staring into them even as she didn’t look back at him.

With her hand still gripped around his, Makoto continued to do what he wished as Esdeath went silent, he understood that she was actually thinking about this deal. Of course she didn’t have a single cell in her body that believed he could win, but rather mentally debating whether she should just snap his wrist right now, or endure for the next 3 days to obtain a massive country that she could do whatever she wished with it for as long as she reigned. Coming to her decision, she released her grip on his wrist.

Grinning in response, the young emperor stopped his slow and shallow motions to rough, fast, and deep pilfering of her honeypot, making the proud general’s body begin to twinge harder and harder.

Bracing herself, clenching her mouth shut to keep any sounds from slipping out, locking her stance as her knees fought to hold steady as her arousal ran down her legs. Her eyelashes began to flutter and her face started to grow flush. Holding in her breath, her limbs tensed as she came for the very first time, christening her virgin juices onto the church’s holy floor in front of over five hundred pairs of eyes. Fighting off her body’s desire to go slack, she endured the onslaught of the hand that hadn’t shown any mercy during her moment of ecstasy as it went on to force orgasm after orgasm after regrettable, humiliating, euphoric orgasm throughout the rest of the sermon. By the time their day had ended, on shaking legs, she nearly slipped on the puddle of her own arousal and she went to leave. Collapsing in her bed and feeling more tired than she had been in the Revolutionary War, yet also completely restless as she stripped of her sex stained garments and laid naked and panting on her sheets deep into the night.

Returning on the second day, with the light coming in through the stained glass windows as she approached where she and the emperor were to partake in the services, she could see the stains she had left on its floor from her cumming the day prior.

Once again, Makoto ravaged her cunt with his hand. Still going unnoticed by the crowds of people, while normally she could know who was new and who had come before, her mind eroded once again from the pleasure she was put through for the second day in a row. Leaning his head close to her ear, the green eyed man spoke with confidence and arrogance. “You should see yourself. You’re supposed to be the world’s strongest, its fiercest, most deadly killer. And yet, here you are, in a place of worship, being watched by hundreds, wearing something not even a harlot would be shameful enough to put on, squirting your sinful juices without remorse. You’re nothing more than a slut.”

She wanted to break his jaw to shut him up, to break off his hand to end this humiliation, but with each insult that passed his lips, she proved him right, growing more aroused, bringing on another climax to her shame. Drool started to dribble out of her lips as she couldn’t find it in her to keep her mouth shut anymore, dripping down her chin and wetting the cleavage that was exposed to everyone.

Again she left the hallowed halls and nearly collapsed on herself multiple times as she just locked herself away for the rest of the day. It only finally occurred to her that she might not win this after all as she tried to cool her body down with her ice, yet found herself radiating heat no matter how long she tried.

“What a disgrace.” He continued to both mock and torment her, taking great pleasure at seeing her cheeks still flushed a burning red from last time, her nipples that were clearly visible through her clothing, and the tantalizing wet spot atop her skirt’s crotch.

For the first time, Esdeath placed her hands on the pedestal before them and used them to help her keep balance, after all, there was nothing saying that the use of assistance wasn’t allowed. Makoto even looked as though he was going to say something, but held his tongue, the devious smirk returning to his face.

She endured the challenge once again, feeling her toes curl and breath shorten as horrible things were whispered into her ear while nimble fingers worked to toy with her dripping sex. Wave after wave of pleasure crashed against her mind as she buckled her legs and leaned heavily against the altar, breaking her down slowly.

While she had lost all sense of time mere minutes into their final match, the sun was easily visible through the dozens of windows and Esdeath smiled. With it, the ice user knew that this was almost over and she’d end up ruling over a people who she could submit to her survival of the fittest beliefs. She even allowed herself to imagine waging war on the Empire after her own civilization was cemented, but the maniac only felt her knees weaken at the thought of battle.

But she wasn’t the only one who could see how much time had passed. Figuring that he had broken her down enough, and with only half the service left, Makoto enacted his final gambit to make the proud and fearless warrior kneel.

His hands had been drenched for forty minutes, but he wanted her to notice what he was doing and be in shock. Digging his fingers down to the base, he pressed against her g-spot and saw her eyes go hazy as her cum dripped down his hands and between her thighs. Pulling his fingers entirely out, it was the first time since his original teasing that he had actually stopped at some point during the service. While Esdeath was panting and trying to keep herself from falling, Makoto just moved his hands around her exposed hips, going from the front to the back. Spreading open her ass cheeks, he saw the blue eyed woman turn to him with wide, unbelieving eyes as he shoved a pair of fingers up her completely untouched asshole.

She wasn’t even able to cry out, not when all the air got knocked out of her lungs from the sudden intrusion. Even her vision was blurred as she wasn’t sure what just happened in the last few seconds, only that now Makoto’s hand wasn’t touching her anywhere.

Without any warning, she felt something long, hot, and hard slap against her cheek, the stench it released was overpowering and made her head spin all over again. But as she turned to it, she found a cock pressing against her as she was on her knees right before the boastful Emperor, she had lost.

He didn’t say anything as he roughly grabbed his most powerful general by the roots of her hair and shoved her mouth against his prick, forcing her to face him as he stood tall and proud before the congregation as he fucked this slut’s face with a serene smile on his face.

Even as she choked and gagged on his dick, the noises were muffled out by the choir’s singing and the leader’s speech. He had been toying with this goddess of a woman for long enough without having his needs taken care of, now it was his turn to get some pleasure.

Unable to think clearly, the blue haired beauty was demeaned to just a toy as her chin was slapping against his balls and her nose against his pubes. Lines of spittle and drool thickly coating his cock and the heavy ropes that connected to her lips fell apart as quickly as they were made, leaving the sexual mixtures to dribble over her chin and splatter over her chest, staining her nun kink-wear as well.

The younger Ruler didn’t seem to care that she was gagging and struggling to breathe, enjoying watching her squirm, the tightness of her throat, the quaking of her breasts. He was forcing this ruthless killer who dominated every battle field to take everything he had been bottling up for years, making her into nothing more than a lowly slut.

“GHLCK! GHLCK! GHLCK!” Her eyes were just hazy messes as this tribal warrior was forced to taste salty pre-cum slather over her tongue, feeling all the veins along the shaft that was being shoved down her throat.

His grip in her hair tightened to an almost painful degree as he slammed her face against his crotch and forced her to stay there with his cock rammed down her throat. The member twitching and pulsing as he finally came, painting Esdeath’s throat white.

As she struggled to swallow it all, it felt like his load was going on for an eternity, not helped when he went back to fucking the Demon Blood user’s face, shooting cum all over her mouth before cramming it down her throat. And it seemed, just like with Esdeath, he wouldn’t stop at one.

Using the proud woman like nothing more than a fleshlight, fucking her beautiful face as the congregation continued. Eventually stopping, and finally giving the woman a break, when the mass had ended. Leaving Esdeath a quivering mess on the floor behind the altar as he zipped his pants back up and talked to the figurehead he had installed, keeping him from seeing the sinful mess that hid behind him.

Seeing as the devilishly sensual woman was currently laying her arching back against the backside of the altar on her splayed apart knees. Her tongue hanging out of her mouth as she was panting like a bitch in heat, shaking sporadically like the rest of her twitching figure, her own drool mixing with the man’s semen, spilling from her stained lips and down her long and sensual tongue as a murky mixture down her soaked clothes and pooling in her cleavage. The mess didn’t just go down, the young ruler saw to that when he had pressed his still hard member against her face as he delivered the last of his long awaited load, glueing one of her glassy eyes shut and splashed against the cap of her outfit. But no matter how degrading the mess he had made of her from above, the truly humiliating mess she saw from this ordeal was from what she had made. Her body trembled in pleasure, growing drunk off his cum.

It was only after her eyes came back into focus and she was able to finally catch her breath after hanging on by a thread for nearly an hour and a half of getting her face unrepentantly fucked did Esdeath realize something.

She had lost.

The younger, less experienced, more annoying man had bested her in this contest they had played. Thinking about it, this might have been the only time she had ever lost at anything in her life. So the gears in her mind started to turn as the sex smelling woman came to a conclusion.

They had to have cheated.

**Xx Xx**

She didn’t speak to him at all on the escort home, nor the next few days after. Trying to find something to help prove her theory, but there was nothing that this brilliant strategist could come up with. She hadn’t eaten or drank anything given by him, and even if she had, the Demon’s Extract would kill nearly all poisons in the world. It was nearly a week of silence between the two of them before Esdeath finally broke it.

Barging into the throne room by shoving the two massive doors open in a powerful crash, her frozen stare had finally fallen apart to show off a look of fury.

But the green eyed man just smiled at her entrance, waving away those at the stairs to his throne. “Ah, Esdeath, how are you enjoying the new uniform?”

As fierce as her presence was, the recent outfit she had been given could have been anything but. Her white boots, while back and restored to their mid-thigh glory, somehow felt as though they now covered less of her legs’ dignity as what was left was covered by the thinnest black fishnet leggings. Meanwhile, her skirt, jacket, and blouse had all been replaced by a single, black leather, double buttoned down corset that fit more like a leotard, digging into her crotch and ass while hugging her breasts that it could barely contain, crowning the center of her exposed cleavage with a black cross emblem. With small white frills accentuating her wide and jaw dropping hips and making her boobs somehow look even bigger. Her sleeves had been shortened to cuffs that were strapped onto her upper arm, her cap replaced with bunny ears, and her choker made into a collar, complete with a solid gold heart shaped tag with the words ‘Prince’s Pet’ carved onto it..

“I know that you cheated!” She accused him as the spectators were all scurrying out of the doors that the guards were rushing to try and get closed. Nobody sane wanting to deal with an angry Esdeath.

“Oh? What brought up this accusation?” Makoto said as he raised a brow and sat up, someone finally truly gaining his attention after hours of boring political work.

Neither one paid attention to the thudding sound of the door closing and leaving the duo properly alone. “I have never lost at anything in my life, and I cannot accept that that has happened.”

“That just makes you sound like a sore loser.” Makoto teased as the room got colder. “But you’re wrong, I didn’t cheat, you're just reacting to some changes.”

“And what does that mean?” She took a step forwards up the huge stairs.

“Well, I wanted to keep you guessing for a while before I told you. But you took losing way worse than I ever expected. I was honestly hoping for you to end up being tsundere about it and end up getting fucked into submission every time.” He scratched his chin as he thought of his daydreams.

Seeing his breath form in front of him, he decided now wasn’t the best time to slack off. “It’s simple, we’re more than human.”

“Yes, yes, I’ve heard. The royalty descended from gods and the idiot countrymen think I was a demon born in human skin.” These droll stories just made her more frustrated.

“No, I’m not talking about the rumors and legends surrounding us. We are literally beyond human.” Makoto strolled down the steps as he spoke. “You have the blood of a demon inside of you that allows you to manipulate ice nearly one thousand years after it had been slain.” He placed his hand on the symbol of the ice demon that emerged on Esdeath’s flesh after she obtained its powers.

“And what is it that you have?” Her voice was calmer as she was listening to his words.

“Well, I figured that was easy given that I only ever used it the one time.” He tapped his foot against the floor of the room to bring up the palatial sized teigu. “Ever since I entered Shikoutazer, my body has been altering, turning into a peak physical specimen.” He let out a chuckle. “I mean, there’s no way I could last blowing your hot mouth full of cum for over an hour if I was the same kid I was back then.” At his lewd comment, he put his hand on Esdeath’s cheek and ran his thumb across those seductive lips, tempted to push open her mouth with it, but knowing that he might lose his finger if he tried that at the moment.

“You said that I was reacting to you, explain.”

“You mean you don’t see it? In what world would you let someone, anyone, handle you like this without then being carted off to the dungeon?” He said as one of his hands slid behind her and grabbed a handful of her covered ass, while the other made her tits spill over the top of her corset.

She furrowed her brow as she tried to think, her mind only making the excuse of a game and boredom for her allowance in all of this. Opening her mouth to say something, she was cut off as Makoto pressed his lips against hers. His tongue fighting against hers as she put her hands on his shoulders, thinking about pushing him away, but finding herself unable to do so as she pulled him in closer.

Getting off his tip toes, Makoto broke their first kiss and smiled at her. “Shikoutazer has made me enter peak mental and physical condition, but that doesn’t explain why you love this.” He nipped at her neck as he spoke. “Shikoutazer is the best and strongest of the Teigu designed by the best of the best of their craftsmen. It is a God among the rest of them, and with your blood being replaced by the Demon’s Extract, you're more Teigu than human by now. You can feel the pull it has, even if subconsciously. You want to submit, you want to obey.”

It was then he winced as the blue haired woman heard enough of his theories. The hands on his shoulders now gripping him painfully tight and pushing him at arm's length. Her powerful gaze locked with his in the cold fury of an oncoming blizzard. ”I’ve never heard anyone be so wrong in my entire life. And I had to put up with Honest.”

Now the young man was caught on the backfoot as he asked her what she meant.

“When I felt something for Tatsumi, he had yet to hold a single drop of Teigu blood within his body. Even more, if your theory was right, then the Lioness should have plagued my mind. Blood is not and cannot be a factor in all of this, no matter if it’s a ‘god teigu’ or not. I remember how you would look at me back when you were someone meek and unable to even think about speaking for yourself.” Her nails dug deeper into his back. “You were a weak, spineless boy, yet you still had the emotions you’re now expressing. Years before ever touching or entering it, you’d already fallen for me.”

“Just in short; You are an idiot of a king.” She finished her statement by flicking his head, leaving a bright red mark of a hit that could cause a minor concussion in a normal human.

Rubbing his head he asked her a question. “Then why do you let me touch you? You can attack me before I could ever activate my own Teigu a hundred times over, but you never told me no. Why?”

Esdeath released her grip on his other shoulder and rubbed her chin. “This honestly all began out of boredom and curiosity. I wanted to see how far you would want to take this and found it to be a surprisingly fun arrangement.” As Makoto looked down to the floor, she pushed his chin up to look at her. “But I don’t think having an idiot king beside me is something I dislike.” Moving in closer, her lips were brushing against his ear. “So, while you might be a foolish pervert, I find myself perfectly fine with that.”

“Then tell me, do you still think I cheated?” He put his hands on her hips and spoke softly in her ear.

With a roll of her eyes, the woman finally conceded for once in her life. “You won.”

Esdeath could feel the massive grin on his face before she pulled back and heard him speak. “Then I can freely enjoy my reward.” One hand on her hip pulled back and slapped her ass, his fingers digging deep into her fat cheeks that were completely covered in silky leggings. Only getting the slightest raise of a brow from the warrior woman, as if she was saying ‘Oh is that it?’

Not backing down from her challenge, his hands kneaded and slapped her ass as he kissed her luscious lips. Quickly growing from striking her bottom to ripping apart the fabric and touching her bare skin. And as the tent grew bigger in his pants and was pressing against her thigh, he knew exactly what he wanted to do.

Grabbing at the leather that hid her womanhood from being exposed, Makoto used his newfound strength to rip it apart. His fingers pushed in and from there she started to moan into their making out as she brought her own hands down his body.

Before then deciding to pull out Makoto’s legs from beneath him and knocking the wind out of his sails.

Though he didn’t have any time to mind that as he found her crotch on his mouth and she was gripping at the bulge poking up in the air. Her scent was absolutely intoxicating, he had it staining his fingers for hours on end and several days before, back as she stained the church floors, and even still he found himself entranced by her essence.

While he started to lick her folds with the same zeal his younger self would have with simple candy, the demon blood user simply tore off his bottoms and found herself being hit in the face with this surprisingly huge cock once again. As she remembered herself getting drunk off of his thick and salty cum, her eyes became half lidded. Wrapping her lips around the tip, Esdeath worked on his dick like a porn star. She had read countless books about love making alongside her relationship books when attempting to find someone to love, but she never had a proper way to test her knowledge until this point. But from the moans echoing in her cunt, it seemed like her studying was very much appreciated.

Esdeath had to wonder if the young man had someone to tutor him in how to pleasure a woman as he was shockingly adept at using his tongue. Doing things with it that not even his fingers could, making the northern woman lock her legs around his head and press him deeper and further into her dripping snatch.

Deciding he deserved a bit of a treat for how well he was doing, Esdeath gripped the part of her outfit that cupped her breasts, and ripped the whole body of it in half. Splitting her outfit open from her tits to her already released cunt and leaving her in nothing more than a bunny eared hat, sleeves, boots, and a glorified set of rags. Keeping his tip in her mouth, she grabbed the sides of her breasts, sinking her fingers into the supple flesh, she pulled them apart and she dipped down to surround them around the base of his shaft, making sure to avoid grazing his girth just yet.

Releasing his cock with a wet pop from her plump lips, the general couldn’t help but let out a small laugh. “I must say, you’re doing a much better job of reciprocating the affections you’ve gotten from me than I had expected. In fact, I believe it’s only fair that I give you the pleasure of something new.” And with that said, she closed the gap and embraced his cock with her massive mammaries, burying all but the head as the shaft and her fingers disappeared.

Hearing him moan underneath her, she smiled to herself before having some fun with their current position. She massaged his dick with her breasts, from squeezing the sides with her arms repeatedly, to moving them up and down both in sync and tandem pumps before licking the protruding tip in a teasing manner until she returned it to the inside of her glorious mouth. She relished in the attention he was giving her and the reactions she was getting from him, feeling herself in complete control. That was, until, with one prominent groan from the young ruler, the shaft in her mouth suddenly and rapidly grew in length and girth. Her eyes shot wide open as she began to choke, but then looked off in affection and her cheeks grew red. She wasn’t certain what had triggered the sudden change, but she was far too pleased to truly care.

Despite having difficulty breathing, in a matter of seconds, she had managed to cram most of the colossal beast down her throat. Choking on his shaft, she couldn’t resist the feel of every detail of his cock carving away at her throat, his excessive amounts of precum acting as lube alongside her drool to let it reach deeper and deeper.

Below her, the young emperor wasn’t certain what exactly was causing this change in his body, but he was far too enamored with the general’s gushing folds to devote much thought to the matter. The taste, the scent, the mere sight of her love nectar was driving his instincts mad with desire, driving him to go deeper into her, to explore the unseen parts of her and witness her submit to his carnal wishes.

Feeling his release approaching, and being damned if he’d let her take the lead, Makoto held nothing back. Raising his arms up around Esdeath’s lower half, he clasped his hands deep into the abundant dough of her ass cheeks as he pulled her in closer. Striking each weak point he had found inside her pussy in rapid succession, before he abruptly pulled away to spy her untouched clitorus, the perfect spot to finish her off. With one fierce latch, Esdeath’s muffled voice screamed out as her body spasmed and her fluids rained down on the young man’s face.

While her moans of pleasure echoed through the cock slammed into her throat, it seemed as though the smaller man was about to do the same to her. She could feel his dick twitch and pulsate, his thrusts becoming erratic, he was about to blow his load and force Esdeath to drink every drop, or drown in his burning hot cum.

So Esdeath chose her own option; making the overzealous boy groan in dismay and discomfort as she choked his shaft in her powerful, freezing hands and killed his orgasm just moments before it came.

As she left the green haired boy unsatisfied and his face completely dripping with her own cum, the evil woman rolled off to the side and basked in her own glorious pleasure. Breathing clearly and deeply now that she wasn’t being forced to swallow a python. She really would need to figure out how that happened, and more importantly, if she could trigger it to get even larger.

“Tell me.” Esdeath started as she propped herself up by her elbows and looked down on the unfulfilled king. “While it is true I’ve agreed to not impede you from enjoying my body, did you think I’d simply just let you go unpunished?”

“You may be the Emperor of the world’s strongest nation.” Her toying gaze turned sharp and her words even moreso. “But *I* am the one that is in control of everything.”

Her goading seemed to work just as she planned, the younger man having a fire in his eyes as he grew more emboldened. Pushing himself up and over her body, doing something that made Esdeath’s eyes widen in shock and awe.

Looking over the valley of her expansive cleavage, she was stunned to see its size as it laid across her stomach. Feeling it throb seemingly angrily at her for being denied its release, she couldn’t help but find it more intimidating as its length and girth both looked to have expanded once again. His previous proportions were already proving difficult to take in with her mouth and breasts, but now she wasn’t sure she could take even the head alone past her lips. Feeling its weight across her stomach, the pre-cum dripping tip managed to hit the underside of her large chest, and she couldn't even wrap her fingers around it if both of her hands worked together. She couldn’t begin to fathom just what it would feel like to have that sheathed inside her throat again, let alone from maidenhood. It was as though she had gone in unarmed and provoked a monster to do her in.

His gaze locked on the expression marking the once confident general’s face, Makoto growled. “You will submit to me. It isn’t a matter of if or when. You will be mine, and now!” As he shouts his order, his dick mirrored his bravado, twitching and releasing more of his pre-cum against her tits.

Before he even put it inside her, Esdeath was clinging harshly against the red carpet that ran up the stairwell to the throne as his bitch breaker slid against her slit. The sheer heat and weight it had made the ice user’s head spin. Just what would happen when he actually put it in her?

Despite having poked a dragon, Esdeath would never back down, even as she could feel the massively thick head pressing against her virgin lips, she didn’t back down from the challenge and locked eyes with Makoto as he pushed himself inside.

It only took two inches before she couldn’t keep up her eye contact and threw her head back, screaming in rapture and puncturing the rug with her nails alone. He had barely put any of it in her, and he already made the northern born warrior climax more powerfully than anything he could have done with his fingers.

“Is that all it takes?” The green haired boy asked. “I thought you said you were in control, but you couldn’t even hold yourself together long enough for me to get halfway in?” While his words were big, Makoto felt that he was going to lose his mind from how ridiculously tight and incredible this woman’s body felt. Having been a virgin himself until ten seconds ago, he never once had any direct experience in this. He knew it’d be something fantastic, but nothing he dreamed up came even close to the real deal.

Pushing his monster cock even deeper, he had to grit his teeth to keep himself from moaning as Esdeath came around his shaft for a second time. And as he buried himself deeper and deeper into her cunt, she came over and over again. Every time he’d push in and pull out, it’d send her over the edge and make her scream in euphoria.

The floor was being drenched in their juices as the royal carpets that had been there for the last twenty years were being soiled by both parties without a single iota of a shit being given. The bizarre couple being too engulfed in pleasure and performance to even think about anything beyond sex. Giving everyone in the palace quite a tune as their moans and cries of ecstasy were breaking past the giant double doors to the throne room and echoed through the halls of the prestigious palace.

Not long after, the emperor finally rested the base of his behemoth at her lower lips. His batter churning balls slapping against her incredible ass. Once he had accomplished breaching her with all of his length, he wasted no time in going full force; Pistoning in and out of her with all of his strength. There was no notion of being gentle for either’s first time. He had already been robbed of his release by her already, and wouldn’t stop until she paid him back a hundred fold, regardless of her compliance.

Not that it mattered. With how much she was forced to orgasm from just his thrusts slowly digging himself deeper into her, having the entirety of that monstrosity ravaging away at her had brought her to far greater heights of ecstasy. Her mind a blur, she couldn’t keep track of the world around her, only the dim silhouette of the man savagely fucking her womb. Completely blind to his body growing even more muscle as time passed and the strength of his thrusts increased.

Esdeath was a complete and utter mess, beyond just the whorish look of nirvana etched into her face. The tattered remains of her bunny suit were still clinging to her body, sweat making it stick to her skin in random and uneven patches, however Makoto made sure that her breasts were always free. Taking his own joy in kissing, sucking, touching, and doing everything he could think of to them. And the general was completely on board, if her boot heels digging into his back was anything to show just how badly she was trying to push him deeper.

Finally coming to the end of his rope, the young ruler could feel his orgasm finally coming to a head after having been so rudely interrupted by the woman currently going mad with pleasure as it reworked her insides. Makoto’s mind was growing blank as he leaned upwards and dove his tongue deep into the moaning mess of Esdeath’s mouth. He could feel his cock twitch and pulse inside her, surging for release. Then he felt a deep coldness around the base of his shaft as Esdeath somehow had the mental capacity at the moment to create a frozen cockring around his gargantuan dick, once more trying to show her control of the situation and power over her junior lover.

Not again. Makoto was furious at this woman attempting to blue ball him once more. His bizarre body reacting in kind to his desires, his shaft grew yet again, shattering the ice ring as he finally flooded her womb with his copious seed. Volley after volley of hot spunk shot into the ice general’s convulsing body, whose levels of euphoria spiked with each load. After the hour long build up of sex for a release, it felt like he was absorbed by pleasure for far longer before the emperor finally felt his climax tapering off.

Calming down as he took in the depraved sight of the proud general so many feared; her entire body shaking and covered sweat, her pussy a gushing mess of both their cum, and tears running from her eyes that were turning back to her skull, down her face to converge with the drool dripping from her panting tongue. Her tits were quaking erratically as she fought to find her breath, her heart beating painfully in her chest. Never before had she felt something so exhilarating yet so exhausting, so absolutely mind breaking in all her life. The fight for survival, all of her battles to this point were meaningless compared to the sense of fulfilment this experience had given her.

Her mental escape from her current position was thrown out of Esdeath’s head as she moaned in rapture as she found herself being flipped onto her stomach while still stuffed on Makoto’s stills somehow iron hard shaft. “You didn’t think that we were done, did you?” The younger boy said as he was lightly pushing himself in and out, already sending Esdeath clawing against the floor as she was screaming in pleasure again. “I don’t think I could even count how many times you came, but I’ve only got off once, and there’s still the fact that you’ve messed with my climax twice.”

His thrusts grew harsher as he pressed his body against Esdeath’s back and reached beneath her to play with the massive tits that were squished against the floor. Whispering into her ears. “We’re not finished until your *Master* says we are.”

**Xx Xx Xx Xx**

Makoto honestly had no clue if Esdeath was aware of anything at the moment as the light from the morning sun seeped into the throne room’s windows. The ruler of the world’s strongest country laying his back against the foot of his throne, with Esdeath’s face dug against his balls. He had turned back to his normal state a while ago when he had stopped trying to win against the beautiful blue haired woman beneath him and just wanted to enjoy her body. And enjoy he did.

All across the throne room were massive stains of cum splattered and furniture destroyed. He honestly couldn’t remember half of it, just the recollection of how good it felt and the way her body was absolutely made for him.

It would appear the cold general felt the same way, as she was glassy eyed and still licking his cock and balls after their ungodly amount of sex. Her bunny eared cap still on her head as cum was dribbling off the ears, bending them down with their weight, and rolling down her cap to land on her face. The man’s cum had been haphazardly painted across the body with the most abundant amounts pouring from her ass and cunt, spilled around her mouth and pooling in her cleavage, and several clumps matting her iconic flowing blue hair. The only other source of color on her body beyond white and blue were the areas of red, from the countless slaps and harsh gropes to her tits and ass cheeks, and her face and neck from the repeated choking brought on by her throat fuckings.

He’d need to delegate his tasks for the next month among his advisors and assistants. After all, there was no way he’d be leaving Esdeath’s side for more than fleeting moments for the next long while. He was ready and willing to spend however long it took to show her how she belonged by his side. And with that report he had gotten just before Esdeath showed up and accused him of cheating, he knew just where they should take their vacation.