

Author's Note

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Erotic content: Breast expansion, prostitution, light F/M, F/F, futanari, impregnation

Wedding Knight

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Wedding Knight

Maiden Knight

“I never thought I’d get married to someone I love,” I said truthfully, feeling like the blushing bride I was impersonating. Blushing and conflicted.

I had no interest in becoming any man’s wife, so I’d become a maiden knight, which my people tolerated in times of war. A plain daughter of a poor minor noble, my prospects for a good marriage had been as dim as the prospects of our victory over the Empire invading us, and so I’d long ago given up hope of either.

But then old Emperor Jesticus Golianis died, murdered by his son Jesticus II, whose short and infamous reign also ended in assassination by his bodyguards. During the chaos, the imperial legions had halted their advance, or even returned to the capitol to support this or that contender for the throne. A civil war ensued that gave my people high hopes, and so the king commanded that maiden knights were to be wed, “as a reward for our service” he said.

I think he wanted to be rid of us, and I know my father welcomed it, as he regarded my reputation to be utterly ruined and a stain on the family. I resisted long enough for Empress Jessica Golianis to seize the throne in her own right, the first empress to take the throne in living memory. What was more, she had a taste for pretty young women and convinced the Senate that the law allowed her as empress to take a wife like any emperor.

I’ve since learned that she carried the point because the Senators, like other schemers after power in the empire, were happy to think she might not marry a man, because her having legitimate issue would block their ambitions by creating a new line to inherit the Golianis dynastic power. They would rather the Golianis line end with her.

As long as her potential to marry a man persisted, however, allowing her to play aspirants off against one-another, her claim remained secure. With dynastic supremacy settled for the time being, the invasion of my homeland resumed, and soon we were conquered. Our king was allowed to retain his title after becoming an imperial vassal, paying a war indemnity, and sending young people of noble birth as hostages.

As one of the more expendable members of the nobility, I was naturally selected, but the king’s chancellor and wizard further identified me as someone who might be willing to serve my people in a new capacity by seducing the empress. I was dumbfounded when it was suggested to me for a variety of reasons, first of which was that neither my words nor my face were beautiful enough to catch an empress’ eye, no matter how strange she might be.

However, I could speak decent Imperial, and the wizard could fix my appearance. He cast a spell on an amulet to allow me to take on the form that would most entice Jessica, in the hopes that I could get close enough to assassinate her.

Pursuit From Afar

“It’s true, milady, that even the most beautiful girls can’t count on love, but being beautiful does help secure affection,” one of my ladies in waiting told me.

“Best to find a way to love those who marry you,” advised another, who thought I was remonstrating against the fate of being married to a woman, even if that woman was the empress Herself.

Of course, that was not really the source of my conflict.

I had failed to entice her to lay with me, and heaven knows I tried. It seemed like I might enjoy the prelude to assassination: Empress Jessica’s legendary beauty is not mere imperial hagiography. She is if anything even more gorgeous than they say. I have no doubt that her attractions influenced me when I decided to push the spell in my shape-shifting amulet a little past where I was supposed to, using a bit of the power that I was supposed to keep in reserve for when I would need to change appearance to escape in the wake of a successful assassination. I reasoned that it would be no great loss if I never fully returned to my previous unremarkable appearance after all.

Covered as I was by a cowl when I first reached her presence, no one could see me grasp my amulet. Nor could they see burnished copper hair sprout under my cowl. It was a rare color famous amongst the dancing women of the tropical islands, though it had been spread about the Empire by slaves purchased as concubines and mistresses. I could also feel my hips widen and my stance shift, and my heels raise up like the feet of a high class Hathorian courtesan. My waist pinched in above it, and what fat I had migrated up and down, swelling my bum and bosom, until I was as deep-busted as a the proudest matron of the northern tribes. I could also feel my face change, and I was worried that some might notice despite the shade of my hood, but all eyes were on the beautiful empress.

Because I had arrived in a caravan of hostages from several recently conquered northern kingdoms and I had never been well known amongst the young ladies of my own, it was easy for all to assume that I was a hostage from another group, and this is just what happened when we were presented. Even when my name was called, the commonality of my father’s undistinguished name throughout the North and the obscurity of his minor title meant that no one took notice.

From the Imperial perspective, a single look at my face identified me as the daughter of a woman purchased for pleasure rather than rank. It was not, in the Empire, considered a great shame to feature slaves and courtesans in the distaff line, but it set me on a certain course, toward becoming the sort of noble courtesan who could become companion to the elite or, for one who played her cards right, an official concubine of middle-ranked nobility.

Between the two, the courtesan path obviously offered the best chance of keeping the empress intimate company, and that was the justification I had in mind when I grasped the amulet again to nudge my appearance further toward what would catch the empress’ eye in a courtesan. This ‘minor’ change impacted small parts of my body in a big way, swelling both my lips and my nipples dramatically. Later I came to understand that in so doing I had labeled myself to worldly imperials as the product of one of the great sex slave breeding programs, which did all but disqualify me from aspirations to concubinage, though the novelty of my official rank would make be a *very* sought after courtesan.

Unfortunately, I lacked many, many skills of my rank, both because my father's holdings were so poor that as a girl I had often to work alongside the peasants, and because later I took up arms rather than the traditional arts of a lady. My ignorance was partly put down to being a northerner, but also I developed a reputation as being somewhat dense; certainly not someone worthy of being brought to Empress Jessica's attention. Even though the Empress' eye sometimes lingered on me in the larger gatherings to which I was admitted as a noble hostage, I didn't know how to secure more sustained attention.

So, I placed myself with an advisor to her secretary of urban finance. He was an overstuffed sausage of a rich man's son who enjoyed casting himself as a deep thinker surrounded by fools, and even more than my sultry appearance, he enjoyed his imagined intellectual superiority. As an imperial hostage, my virginity was sacrosanct, but learning to suck seed from his hairy little member overcame this minor impediment to our arrangement and gave me entrée into a somewhat more select group that sometimes met with the empress socially.

Of course, the other courtesans also regarded me with contempt, more because of the man I was escorting than because of my lack of the courtly arts, though both certainly contributed. On someone without refinement, my sexualized features were vulgar rather than exquisite, and I hadn't found an affordable dressmaker who could make tasteful use of my curves, making me appear to be crudely exaggerating the size of my breasts.

It was, in fact, my very ineptitude that saved me. Betraying boredom and frustration was a solecism for courtesans of any rank, let alone amongst the highest stare. For better or worse, the man who had hired my company was insensible of my failure to appear pleased, but it surely disgusted my more professional counterparts. It also, however, drew the concern of the empress Herself. When the after-supper liquors had been laid out and the social requirement to keep to one's own table was lifted, an imperial butler summoned me to follow him to one of the dining hall's vestibules.

Like the other courtesans, I expected this extraordinary attention to be the first step of my ejection from the empress' feast, never to return, but instead She Herself awaited me.

"What is your name, girl?" she asked me gently.

"Lady Khanim, if it please Your Imperial Majesty," I said with eyes wide and my mind racing. I was sure I was unlikely to ever have such a private audience with her again, but I also had no weapon concealed on me, and she was bigger and possibly stronger than I was. My military experience might tip the balance in my favor, but even if I got the upper hand, could I hope to kill her before her guards arrived?

"You are one of the northern hostages," she said, nodding as if this confirmed something she'd been wondering.

"Yes, Your Imperial Majesty."

"When did you put on gloves?" she asked, meaning when my parents introduced me to society as of marriageable age.

"Just this year, Your Imperial Majesty," I could say truthfully, giving the impression that I was a girl of no more than eighteen years, which also matched my amulet-youthened appearance.

"Where were you trained, Lady Khanim?"

"Pardon, Your Majesty?" I asked, startled. I realised she couldn't be speaking of Fort Whitehill where I learned to wield sword and spear, but in the heat of the moment I forgot that courtesans also had named training schools.

“You’re just improvising, aren’t you?” she asked, laughing, “You were never even trained as a courtesan up north, were you? Didn’t you pick up anything from your mother?”

“She died when I was young, Your Imperial Majesty,” I said, swallowing hard at both the memory and the possibility that the empress would resent being tripped into indelicacy by an undertrained courtesan.

“I see,” she said seriously. “That does explain it better, but I fault your father for failing to find another tutor.”

“I’m afraid the war...” I started, trying to figure out how to imply that the war impoverished my father without actually telling the lie.

Fortunately the empress nodded her acceptance of my hinted backstory before I had to continue. “And that’s why you haven’t learned better to hide how boorish you find young Lord Gonwin. Though the Gods know, he would try a saint. And it’s how you ended up with such undesirable protector despite being one of the more attractive women in the Empire. Tell me, are many girls in the north as pretty as you are? No, I would know if they were.” She sighed. “Such a mismatch offends me. When does your arrangement end?”

“We’re in negotiations to extend, but this term ends with the solstice, Your Imperial Majesty.”

“End the negotiations. You can find better.”

“I’m afraid, Your Imperial...” I said, but she cut me off.

“Enough of that address when it’s just the two of us. Call me Empress. Now, why don’t you think you can find better?”

“Uh, because, Empress, my wits are thought to be somewhat dull, and my manners are undeniably far from perfect.”

“Imperial is not your mother language, though. You speak with an accent,” Empress Jesica said thoughtfully.

“Yes, Empress.”

“Break off your negotiations, and I will find you another protector.”

“Yes Empress!” I told her with surprised and genuine gratitude.

“What sort of man would you prefer? And don’t pretend you don’t have preferences, it’s so tiresome.”

“What sort of man?” I echoed her somewhat stupidly, trying to think of something to say that wouldn’t sound suspect in one respect or another.

As I struggled to come up with an answer, her thoughtful frown gave way to amusement. “Oh, I see. Well then, I know just the man for you.”

Close Pursuit

“You knew from the start that the Lord Vice Chancellor ain’t the marrying kind. Everyone knows it,” added another lady in waiting, in case I felt disappointment that the loss of the male protector my future wife had previously chosen for me.

The Lord Vice Chancellor Kais of Logistics for the Legions was not a young man, but he was considered to be a dangerously handsome rake, and I could see why. He was fit, funny, and finely

chiseled in his facial features. He kept a small harem of courtesans like myself, though to be fair, they were not *that* much like myself, comprising some of the most exotic and distinguished courtesans of two generations, some of whom had been with him since his youth.

I was by far the youngest and least polished, but they accepted me with every appearance of real warmth, adopting me almost as a kid sister in need of tutelage, which they provided. Besides learning better techniques for pleasing pricks, they also helped me improve my wardrobe, drilled me on artful dodges to impertinent or awkward questions, and a bevy of other skills key to being a successful courtesan. Of greatest interest to me, however, was a lesson I wasn't quite sure was strictly professional: how to please a woman with tongue and toys.

Of course, I had a fair bit of experience taking care of my own needs when privacy permitted, but amongst my people, a woman pleasuring another woman was unthinkable depravity strongly associated with witchcraft as well as Imperial decadence. Lady Josefin, however, treated it as an ordinary skill a courtesan needed to learn when under the protection of a man with multiple women, though one that should be treated with a little extra discretion. It was a revelation to me, providing a reason beyond commiseration why so many Imperial noblewomen seemed close to the courtesans under their husband's protection. Lady Josefin may have had ulterior motives for taking me as a student in this respect, but I was *very* willing pupil.

I also got some practice working on the Lord Vice Chancellor as well, though I couldn't congratulate myself on my results; he was distinctly dispassionate about it, giving feedback in an almost avuncular tone, presumably from a lifetime of being serviced by far better courtesans than I. He even reassured me when I failed to bring him to completion within the time period he had available to devote to me. It was plain to me that he had taken me under his protection at the empress' behest, and not because he had any personal interest in me either carnally or socially.

Being under his protection did bring me much more closely within her orbit, but my hopes that this indicated her intent to make use of me were frustrated, in several senses. I'd told myself that I would judiciously not attempt to kill her on our very first tryst, but instead would do the deed at some nebulous future time. My loyalty to my people was of course not in doubt; I *must* kill her for their freedom, but I couldn't deny that I admired her and hoped fervently to be given the chance to please her first.

But I was given no such opportunities. I did find myself included in conversations to which she was a party, and joining quartet games in which she was a contestant, but our initial private audience was not repeated. Sometimes I felt her eyes on me, but when I tried to catch her in the act, she was never looking in my direction. On occasion she would compliment the Lord Vice Chancellor on my presentation while I stood nearby, so that I felt like she was complimenting me directly, but otherwise she didn't distinguish me with her attention.

If my frustrations tempted me to attempt to seduce her more directly, two demonstrations of the danger of trifling with her made me circumspect. In the first case, she personally executed a

disloyal general at a dinner party by suddenly drawing her sabre to cleave his head from his shoulders during the third course. In the second, an assassin dancing a cotillion next her attempted to stab her in the back during a turn. Instead he caught a stiletto in his eye she delivered without even breaking time. Clearly Her Imperial Majesty was talented at detecting plots and foiling them, so I would need to be very careful. At least I felt that I no longer felt I had been foolish not to seize the opportunity to attempt murder in our very first meeting. Not only was she clearly more expert in the relevant martial arts than I was, I came to doubt that she was ever unarmed.

So rather than trying to get close to her physically, which might cause suspicion, I tried to show that I had no hard feelings about the Empire's invasion of my homeland, and strove to be of service to my protector, giving him what advice I could on how to supply the armies. In one respect, I was in fact more experienced than he, having personally served on the battlefield, whereas his skills ran more to finance and law. Of course I couldn't frame any of my commentary in terms of personal experience; I just asked questions that I thought might have productive answers for him, and hoped that he appreciated my contribution.

This served well, and he began bringing me to different sorts of meetings beyond the social, which also presented opportunities to showcase this more insightful side in the empress' presence. She already knew from playing against me in games of skill that I was not *stupid*, merely untutored, so I didn't feel that this would represent a suspicious surprise to her. It was also fascinating to see these wars of imperialism from her perspective. I hadn't had any idea that she usually negotiated with the local kings and chieftains both before and during wars, attempting to reduce the toll of war for both sides. Of special significance to me, I saw that she seriously considered whether the barbarian leaders were good or bad to their people when deciding what offers to make and accept. She sought Imperial domination, but not at *any* price, and she even regarded it as a mercy for the people. I privately disagreed, of course. Sometimes.

My efforts that time were not in vain, and Empress Jessica began to invite me to small social events in my own right. Still there was no sign of intent to seduce me, or allow herself to be seduced, but she did at least let down her guard enough that I caught her admiring my extensive cleavage on a couple of occasions. Taking advantage of my putative youth, I decided I could let the amulet nudge my chest a bit larger, as further development was not uncommon amongst young women of my supposed age. Afterwards, feeling their increased weight, I wondered if I had perhaps pushed it too far, but I thought they looked very alluring, and based on the noticeably increased distraction they inflicted on the empress, I thought it was a very worthwhile investment of a very minor fraction of the amulet's remaining power. And it wouldn't be so bad to have somewhat larger breasts than I'd had before arriving in the capitol, would it?

Special Day

“No, it’s my dream come true,” I objected, “I’m just... I’m a nobody, and it’s hard to feel right about being Her Imperial Majesty’s first wife.”

The looks they exchanged suggested they did not disagree, but they continued their reassurance by telling me that the empress knew her own business best and not to worry.

Certainly the empress seemed to know her own mind with great confidence, and had no doubts as to her welcome. She had asked me to be her bride out of the blue one long night of debating the merits of various forms of government that prevailed throughout the known world. This shocked me, given that the Lord Vice Chancellor sat next to me at that very moment, and Lady Josefin across the table next the empress. I can’t even recall the exact way she phrased it; all I can recall is the silence that stretched as I looked at the others in disbelief, trying to assess if I was going mad, or the empress playing a prank, or what was going on.

Of course I said yes, though I probably seemed more panicked than overjoyed, because that was how I felt. Because I *really* wanted to marry her. And I was also still bound in honour to murder her. It was my dream come true, and my nightmare.

I struggled for days to set my mind in order, until in desperation I promised myself that I would give myself a month’s grace, then tear my own heart out. At that point, though, I stopped caring what came after I struck, as I knew I would never be happy again in any case. If I bumped my breasts a bit more or made my feet slightly daintier to present a more exquisite bride for the empress’ enjoyment, then it hardly mattered if it cut into my ability to change myself afterwards. The only limit on changes was that I couldn’t stray into the unexplainable.

So, the dress I wore would be the envy of millions, tailored to show off a tiny waist and fascinating hips, and neither exaggerating nor minimising my increasingly famous bust. It made my purported descent from slaves bred for sexual characteristics impossible to miss, but because it was noted by the elite that someone as exalted as the Empress Herself valued this, it became a sort of craze. By the day appointed for the imperial wedding, all the most fashionable women had dresses squeezing them into some suggestion of my shape, and fashionable men had hired those courtesans most able to present a similar silhouette.

There was some outrage at the prospect of the empress wedding me, a jumped up daughter of a sex slave, but that outrage emanated from the same people who would never approve of the empress wedding *any* female, while opposing most anything else the empress advocated. Thus the judgements of such intransigent antagonists could be safely ignored. Their discontent might have spread more widely, but of course I wasn’t becoming a first wife in the sense of a spouse with official imperial honours of her own. Legally, I had the same status as a concubine; only because she had no other spouse I was referred to as her “wife” by courtesy rather than right. And, because of course I couldn’t bear her legitimate children, I would never follow a concubine’s sole path to power of becoming mother to an heir. The spectacle had minimal political consequence for the Empire.

But for me, standing in my shining satin one-piece dress, laden with jewellery of the Imperial

Treasure picked to show off my hair to greatest effect, gloved hands clutching a bouquet symbolizing fertility that would never be at the empress' service, it was the most consequential day.

My special day, and the beginning of the end.

Mission's End

Wedding Night

I enjoyed the ceremony; I was mostly able to put murder out of my mind and pretend to myself that I would be able to honour my new vows, and indeed I wished to do so to my utmost until I had to honour the other. The other courtesans had prepared me well; I could dance, I could make measured little witticisms here and there, and avoid offending anyone. And most of all, I could please the empress by presenting myself at my best. I might not be the highest ranked courtesan, or the most distinguished, but I was by some measures the most sexually alluring and exotic, fit for an empress' collection.

And then came our wedding night, and despite all my training, I became so, so anxious. Everything had to be perfect; I wanted it to be worthy of her. I wanted, against all reason, for it to be worth my eventual betrayal.

Though I was already bargaining with myself. What if I could convince her to free my people as a favor to me? Would she be willing to do that? It seemed against her principles, but maybe, if I was good enough, I would be able to extract that one deviation from her, and we could continue on forever.

“Shh, it’s okay,” she whispered in my ear as I stood next the bed, waiting for her unwrap me. By its construction and because of the gloves that were part of it, the dress didn’t allow removal by its wearer. Usually a dresser would do so, but on wedding night a groom attended to his bride. Sometimes he cut it from her, and other times he removed it the normal way.

My wife the Empress did neither, instead kneeling in front of me to grasp the hems of my skirts for a moment, then my ankles. From there she ran her hands thrillingly up my stockings over my bare hips to my waist, where she hooked her fingers into the band of my suspenders. Although she gave my generous bum a squeeze, she didn’t remove the suspenders as I expected. Instead she continued running her hands up my body, in the process lifting my skirts up around me.

“The seam is on the back,” I said with nervous laughter. The way the dress used the shoulders to support my bust impaired my arms’ range of motion, and with her hands having wrapped my skirt around my torso, I’d be completely unable to use my hands. I was fairly adept with my tongue alone, but I wanted every tool at my disposal to make it a memorable first night for her, and I definitely didn’t want Her Imperial Majesty going down on me first. It felt wrong.

“I know,” she told me, and pushed me backward onto the marriage bed, still wrapped in my skirts but with my bare buttocks on the bed and my glistening vagina exposed.

“Please, Empress, let me please you first,” I begged.

“Oh, don’t you worry, my bride, my lady, my sweet,” she said in a husky voice, “You will please me. I hope I will please you, too.”

“Of course you will, Empress!” I insisted, my heart breaking a little to think *she* might be uncertain of *me*.

“I’m so sorry, but I must be sure of it,” she said apologetically, climbing atop me until she straddled me under her own, less voluminous skirts. She was heavy and further trapped my hands at my side, but her weight was not unpleasant. I just didn’t understand what she was doing.

“Of course. What should I do?” I asked in confusion.

“Ah, here it is,” she said, and plucked my amulet from behind the tight choker necklace that hid it. She weighed it in her fingers and added an affectionate, “My beautiful northern knight.”

In an instant, everything that mattered to me was collapsing at once. She knew. She had known. She was sitting on me so that I couldn’t assassinate her. She probably thought it was all a lie.

“I love you!” I cried hysterically.

“Shh, shh, I know,” she said, putting one manicured finger over my plump trembling lips. “But you still have a sacred duty to your people, do you not? Well, I must free you of it.”

“What? How?” I asked, watching her fingers rub my amulet.

“The impossible cannot be a duty, my sweet, nor in honour can you be tasked with suicide. That is part of your northern religion, is it not?”

I nodded wordlessly, wondering what terrible vengeance she would take on me.

“So, I’m just going to exhaust your amulet, sweet. *My* amulet, as you are mine.”

Despite everything, something inside me tightened in happiness to hear her describe me as *hers*.

“The spell in it seems to still be keyed to me,” she muttered thoughtfully, “Well, that clears my conscience a little, though I would be lying if I said I wasn’t excited. And you know, this means you’re free to give up that hopeless quest. You should further know that if you’d killed me, it would eventually have been traced back to your kinsfolk, and even my enemies would still feel compelled to take terrible vengeance on your people, eventually. As much as my rivals hate me, a barbarian kingdom cannot be allowed to get away with such outrages against the Empire. It was always a foolish, self-defeating plan, from a foolish, self-defeating king, and you’re well rid of him.”

While she spoke, my body changed, becoming steadily more exaggerated. I could feel my buttocks deepening and spreading further apart on the bed, my waist cinching in just a tiny bit more, a strange stretching feeling deep behind my navel, my hands becoming more delicate and

my shoulders narrowing. My lips tingled and felt tight, and I could literally see my eyelashes thickening, much like my hair, which was collecting in coppery curls around my head as it added months of growth in seconds.

But the greatest change was obviously on my chest. By becoming slimmer and more delicate, my torso had left more space in the chest of my dress, into which my swelling breasts expanded, and overflowed, until they dragged my thickening nipples out of the cupping fabric and waved them in my view so I could see just how huge they'd become, like the tips of two broom handles.

"Stunning!" she said in awe, encircling each with thumb and forefinger.

I gasped and shuddered at the sensation. For a moment, all thoughts were wiped from my mind beyond my *need*. "Please!" I begged.

"Please what?" she asked.

"Let me..." I wasn't even sure what to ask for.

"Yes, I will," she agreed, and rolled off me.

I shrugged easily out of my dress easily now, down to my waist, which was loose enough for me to reach the pick thread and start freeing myself. I could feel that my arms were far daintier and feminine than they had been, all vestiges of my military strength gone forever, and so murder made that much more difficult. Not that I saw any point in it now. For all knew, the king was already dead himself, along with anyone else involved in the plot. Even if not, no one could expect me to accomplish my mission now, could they? That was the point of this body; to lift that awful duty from me.

And to please my empress. My *wife*. I was almost ashamed of how relieved and excited I was by my new body, and its inability to harm the person I loved most.

"Don't worry, I made sure you could take this without pain," Her Imperial Majesty assured me.

I had to lift my head up and separate my mountainous breasts to see what she was talking about, which was a huge cock jutting from between her legs. It was frighteningly large, but also smooth, perfectly proportioned and completely hairless. Despite being freakish, nearly as long as my forearm and bigger around, it also looked familiar, and delicious, more like something I'd dreamt about than a real appendage.

"It couldn't possibly fit," I said, feeling more disappointment than anything else.

"Yes it could. The amulet made sure we're perfectly matched."

"How?"

"I'm a witch, as I hope is obvious by now, and I was able to copy a little of your spell, sweet. Just like your amulet makes you my dream girl, this ring gives me your dream cock. We are like lock and key."

"You did that for me?" I asked, awed that she would change herself for my sake.

"Well, and for the Empire," she said with a smile. "I can't let the ancient Golianis dynasty die

with me. The civil wars would never end without a first family to hold it fast.”

I stared and the beautiful, terrifying thing as she wiggled it into me bit by bit. “But what about... infighting... in the...”

I was unable to continue my critique of her dynastic ambitions because all I could think about was the feeling of her slowly fucking me with her magic dick while she used my nipples like handholds.

Ten Years Later

When the late king’s wizard became the empress’ captive, she compelled him to teach her how to summon similar changes for anyone, including reversing mine, but I every time I saw the empress’ majestic cock get hard, I knew I never wanted to go back. Maybe remove a few stretch marks here and there, but otherwise I was blissfully happy in my role.

Which wasn’t always as Her Imperial Majesty’s wife; naturally statecraft eventually dictated that she take a king’s daughter as first wife, thereby relegating me to concubinage, but I didn’t mind. She had named Her daughter with me as the imperial heir. Moreover, I presided over Her harem, selecting the best, most loyal and clever concubines, and fashioning them to Her taste using amulets enchanted by my mistress’ magic. An “empress’ concubine” became a byword for a paragon of loyalty and bountiful fecundity, an ideal for all to aspire to.

And someday, when they are old enough, Her Imperial Majesty will choose one of my beautiful daughters to become the new queen of my independent people.