

“So you’re sure this’ll work?” Syura questioned his vampiric scientist while he looked at the small vial of white liquid in his hands.

“After how long you rode my ass on this? I know better than to give you a dud.” The blonde brushed her hair aside as she spoke. “And with how much time I spent analyzing her blood that Stylish drew for his research, I think I could actually find a way to poison her if you gave me enough time.” Playing with her bangs, the short woman couldn’t hide her frown. “Are you sure that this is all you want? Since killing her would get her off our back and leave the Capital the turf of the Wild Hunt.”

“Yeah, I’m sure. The ice cunt is a massive pain, but isn’t it more fun to see her fall? Besides, Dad’s birthday is coming up, and what better gift could I give him than the world’s strongest bitch as his personal slut.” The tanned man’s disturbing train of thought made perfect sense to him.

Dorothea shrugged. “Fair enough. So just get her to ingest this somehow and the effects should take effect within a few minutes.”

“Hm... any idea how it tastes?”

“The guinea pigs said it was sweet before I shuffled them off for my Cosmina project.”

“Got it. I’ll give your work praise after I see it actually work, until then.” The man just blipped away, leaving in a flash of light thanks to Shambala.

“Yeah, I didn’t expect a thanks, but you could still have at least tried to leave me pleasantly surprised.” The pseudo-immortal rolled her eyes as she grumbled to herself, before she started to wonder if it’d be a good idea to evacuate the Capital on the less than one percent chance her drug didn’t work.

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Their usual meeting was today and should begin within a few minutes. All Syura did was replace the honeyed milk Esdeath put in her tea with the vial’s contents. It took less than five seconds as he appeared and disappeared without even his father’s knowledge. After all, he didn’t want to spoil what he had gotten him.

Honest arrived first, reading the reports that had been written on the oncoming threat of the revolution’s growing power and bravado all while eating pastry after pastry. Soon after, Esdeath appeared, giving a briefing about the information she tore out of spies and soldiers she had personally interrogated.

Drinking her tea, Esdeath could taste a difference in the sweetness, but she knew it could have been from how the milk was preserved, how the honey was made, to even someone trying to

poison her. And with Demon's Extract having killed all viral and bacterial attempts on her body before, she didn't mark the change as anything to worry about.

And it was that complacency that Syura was capitalizing on.

At the start, there was just a strange feeling at the corners of her mind, something equivalent yet distinct from the whispers of mutilation and bloodlust that Demon's Extract left in her head. And just like the whispers, Esdeath wasn't bothered by them and could easily quiet them to nothing if she gave a bit of focus.

But it continued. A heat began to spread throughout her chilled body. It started at her frozen heart but quickly spread out from there, leaving her less and less focused as she attempted to use her unfaltering will to suppress this new and bizarre sensation.

Feeling her hair stand on edge and her breath grow heavier, Esdeath was caught off guard when Honest reached over the table and tapped her shoulder. Her mind was brought back to the present for a moment and she could see he was confused by her strange daydream of a moment. But her eyes didn't stay focused on his expression.

Her honed sight looked over his body and saw the bizarre body the Prime Minister had sculpted over his years. Despite his large stomach and boundless appetite, the fat that covered his body was in fact all muscle, a convincing facade that would no doubt make any assassination attempt end in failure when he showed his true strength.

It was the thought of what those muscles could do in combat that started Esdeath's descent.

His brute strength being used to tear a man apart, a well positioned strike smashing through a brick wall, her errant ideas began to make her wet wi-

It took a fraction of a moment for the newly promoted Great General to realize that terrible outcome of her thoughts. She had never found the dishonorable and untrustworthy man before her to be anything more than a tool to further live in her world of strength dominating the weak, but now she felt a wetness grow between her legs that was being vastly accelerated by the only other person in the room.

She outwardly scowled while redness began to paint her cheeks. It was quite the unnerving sequence of events for the prime minister to witness as his strongest subordinate didn't say a word. Closing her eyes and trying to force her thoughts to be as stale and disgusting as possible, the heat coursing through her made that impossible. Even in a vain attempt to change what was plaguing her mind, trying to picture Tatsumi and his gorgeous smile, her body that was growing ever more sensitive by the moment could not ignore the presence of the man directly beside her.

Without even wanting to, her eyes opened ever so slightly and took in another look of the older man. Looking through the clear glass table at his covered crotch, she felt a sense of shame for the first time in her life. Hyper fixating on the bulge in his pants, her body felt like it was on fire while her mind went haywire and imagined what lay beneath.

It was at this disturbing moment that the northerner decided to flat out escape from this situation. Retreating for the first time in her life, Esdeath pushed herself out of her chair and found her legs to be made of cement, each step taking more and more energy out of her. The sound of his voice calling after her made a shiver course through her burning body.

Sweat dripping from her forehead and arousal trailing down her thigh, the cold and inhumane woman was falling to pieces, but with the door right before her, she had a way out.

... Why wouldn't it open? Her hands were pulling at the handle and it refused to budge, it was as though the door were barricaded from the other side. Her breath grew heavier and panic began to settle. Without meaning to, a snap was heard throughout the room, and in Esdeath's hand was a torn off lump of metal.

"Esdeath?" Honest had a bead of sweat rolling down his head while he saw his most dangerous ally turn back to face him after acting wildly out of character for her usually calm and dismissive self. Even with all the training and experience he had under his belt, Honest couldn't predict or react to what was going to happen.

Her heart was pounding in her ears, the only sound breaking through the deafening beat was the call of her name. The heat filling her freezing blood had her breaking out in a sweat and left her panties as a drenched mess. She couldn't take it, the voice of lust and desire overrode her usual thoughts of death and violence, and she had to follow them.

Pouncing forward, Esdeath launched herself onto Honest, her arms wrapping around his head. The Prime Minister's attention was forced in two directions as his chair timbered over from Esdeath's forceful leap. In the middle of feeling himself falling onto his back, the soft lips of the military commander harshly pressed against his.

The impact of hitting the ground made the older man grunt and gave Esdeath all the opening she needed to let her tongue explore his mouth. In the same breath, her hips moved to grind against Honest's in a desperate attempt to deal with her burning desire.

The shock lasted for nearly a minute. His mind could not accept the situation that was happening. But with his power hungry and avaricious nature, the moment Honest understood what was going on, he capitalized on it. His wide and heavy hands dug deeply into the blue haired woman's thick curves, kneading her incredible ass.

Finally getting more sensation to help quench the want flooding her body, Esdeath moaned into the kiss, even more so when Honest's tongue danced with hers and explored her mouth.

The growing tent that she was grinding against made the northerner shiver and quake. She *needed* more, simple kissing and touching couldn't fulfill her. And the answer came when her hair was yanked on and pulled her away from their lip lock. "You've gotten me all riled up, now you need to do something about it." Honest spoke with a level of authority he'd never used on Esdeath before. "Suck it."

With a feral look on her face, the woman wordlessly followed his command. The bottom of the chair that he was still seated in was turned to ice and shattered to let her make way unimpeded. Crawling down his body, she couldn't keep herself from drooling at the restrained shaft before her. But rather than pressing her nose against it and letting herself slowly enjoy this, she was dying to get some real action.

With her bare hands, as death ripped the white haired man's pants in two. Letting his massive hog of a cock slam against her face. The musk and heat emanating from it nearly made Esdeath growl like a bitch in heat. Without hesitation, she wrapped her lips around the tip and left a slobbering trail from the dripping head to wherever she could reach by moving her head, her hands stroking and pleasuring any point she couldn't.

She really was turning into a beast. All logical thought and reason having left her. Minutes ago, this act would have disgusted her, but she couldn't get enough. The pre-cum that slathered over her lewd tongue made the burning need in her frozen soul be satiated at the lowest possible amount, but satiated nonetheless.

"Didn't I say suck? Now get to it!" While being witness to the World's Strongest licking and slurping her way around his shaft was now one of his greatest achievements, Honest wasn't going to let this golden moment pass. She was going to use that tight little mouth of hers one way or another.

While normal Esdeath wouldn't take to such rudeness, at the moment, all his command did was make her knees feel weak. Following the order, despite being more than willing to, a different problem arose with his member itself. The length of the rod wasn't the issue, but how his dick shared his girth. She tried to fit the huge dick in her mouth, but she could only really fit in the tip.

Making out with the dripping slit, Esdeath decided to try something else to help her milk the Prime Minister dry. Her hands were barely doing anything to the meat before her, so she chose to combat it with something equally massive. Breaking open her military uniform and sending buttons flying out, her twin peaks were wrapped around his cock, the pale flesh feeling electric at the red hot poker it was pressing against.

Thinking that this was good enough, she was quickly proven wrong when a harsh grip formed at the base of her skull. "I guess I have to do everything around here." Despite having the most beautiful woman in the world literally throwing herself on him, Honest still held a tone of disappointment and entitlement.

His strength was shocking, even to Esdeath --who could make out and knew of the hidden muscles the rotund man-- had no idea just how powerful he truly was until this moment.

She was nothing but a toy to him, shoving her face down his bitch breaker. Forcing her lips to open wider than she ever had before and slowly push inch after inch down her throat. Even with her seemingly limitless endurance and the superhuman body gifted to her by her Teigu, the general could barely breathe with the gargantuan cock going all the way down her throat; her jaw feeling like it would unhinge itself at any minute, the slimy pre-cum coating her throat, Honest not thinking about anything but his own pleasure, everything made it harder to keep herself from choking on his fat dick.

When her nose finally pressed against the white bush and her world began to blur, Esdeath took a gulp of air when she was ripped back and given a moment to breathe. And in the next moment, she was shoved back down entirely. Drool and pre-cum flung against her body while she was roughly heaved wherever Honest wanted.

Tears stung at the corners of her eyes while her lungs burned at the rare and short breaths she could take. The powerful woman was nothing in this moment, reduced to a fucktoy for Honest's pleasure, but the worst part was yet to come. Despite the use and abuse Esdeath's eyes grew wild with pleasure, her mouth completely dominated by the massive cock. The violent sadist began to morph into a masochist, the general loving the pain that was being inflicted on her.

At one final grunt, Esdeath found her head being pressed against his base. The twitching shaft surging with heat as rope after rope of cum blasted down her bruised throat. His taste burned into her mind while she struggled to maintain consciousness.

After what felt like an eternity, his tsunami of a release left her eyes looking into his to beg for freedom. And generously enough, she received it; his cock being roughly wrenched out of her mouth and giving her a white makeover. The blazing heat of his seed that splattered over her face made her all consuming desire feel horrified, seeing it all go to waste.

However, the general wouldn't be able to take any action before her partner did. Honest showed incredible speed and endurance by picking the two of them up and shoving Esdeath over the table beside them --knocking all the food and glassware to the floor in a crash-- and still being hard as iron even after giving his underling the gift of his climax. In one motion, he tore off the soaked white panties that the cum drenched woman wore, and in another, he thrust his spit lubed fuckstick inside the frozen woman's virgin cunt.

She couldn't even let out a sound as all the air was knocked out of her lungs. No toy had ever reached so deep and threatened to split her in two. Without even a moment of respite to adjust or grow accustomed to his size, he slammed himself deeper and deeper inside her tight pussy. Her hands were crumpling the metal rim of the glass table that shook and rattled with every thrust.

"Tell me, Esdeath, how much do you love my dick?" his venomous voice slithered into her reeling mind. "You came to me saying that you wanted to find love all that time ago, and now you're here-" he let out a grunt as he reached down to pull Esdeath's long flowing hair taut. "Throwing yourself at me and finding your new purpose. To be my toy. So how much do you love my cock splitting you apart?"

Honest's answer came when a shrill shriek finally escaped Esdeath's cum-stained lips, her womanhood tightly wrapping around him as her juices flowed with abandon.

Esdeath became lost in a sea of ecstasy laced with the spice of humiliation. Her cum-covered face showed Honest her true feelings as she struggled to breath, her body seizing up before the tension inside her finally burst. Any shame she would have felt was promptly blasted out of her mind with each pump of Honest's cock.

Pushing the woman even further, the bearded man reared back and slapped his meaty hand against her ass. With her military skirt ridden up, he had a full view of her pale cheeks turning redder and redder beneath his smacks. Each harsh swat made Esdeath's sea of moans grow louder and her cunt to try to milk him for his precious seed.

But Honest wasn't going to gift her such a magnificent prize without making sure she worked for it.

With his third leg half-buried in Esdeath's pussy, Honest stopped dead in his tracks. One hand still held onto the waterfall of hair to keep the general leashed, but he refused to move an inch. "I've been the one doing everything so far, and I don't appreciate a selfish lover." he yanked on her hair to extenuate his discontent. "Now it's your turn. Get moving."

Just an hour ago, the cold beauty would have scoffed at being bossed around, but she had turned into a different beast. The debaucherous voice consuming her rational self made her feel robbed of release. One orgasm wasn't even close to what she had to have. With all her power, Esdeath slammed her doughy ass against Honest's colossal cock. For some reason, it felt different, willingly spearing herself on the terrible man's monolithic shaft made it feel all the sweeter. Perhaps it was the final step of her descent into depravity, but the living demon couldn't find it in herself to care anymore.

Grinning at her work, Honest chose to give the slut a reward. Pulling on her hair and making the woman's back arch, he relished in the moans that spilled past her lips before continuing. Despite her pendulous tits clapping together in all their tantalizing beauty, his hand went lower, past her stomach and the trimmed blue bush to find her clit.

When his surprisingly deft finger toyed with her pink button, Esdeath couldn't keep herself from breaking down. After spending so long with her throat being railed by a mammoth cock, the world's strongest woman now had two orgasms within minutes of each other. Her voice was

loud enough to be heard throughout the palace and was music to her partner's ears. The feeling of his dick twitching before his hot cum filled her insides made her eyes roll back as her toes curled. This moment was perfect, everything seared itself into Esdeath's mind while she shook uncontrollably with pleasure.

And it was in the middle of this that Honest took control yet again.

Retching her off of the coffee table, when it shattered and fell to the side, it let Honest press Esdeath's body against the cold stone wall behind it. Using the woman's own weight to sink herself down his shaft. Never before had Esdeath taken notice of their difference in height, yet now with her thigh-high heels not even making contact with the ground, she could only quake and moan as drool escaped the corners of her lips.

Just as she had never felt so filled than in this moment, when Honest pulled himself out, Esdeath had never felt so empty and hollow with his seed spilling out on the floor. But in the brief moment she was placed on unsteady legs, she could barely process how his hands were spreading her ass cheeks apart.

Defiling every part of her that he could, Honest gleefully rammed his cum stained cock inside Esdeath's asshole. Instead of being left with the wind knocked out of her, this time Esdeath cried out and said her first words since this all started. "FUCK! MY ASS~ MY ASS IS ON FIRE~!!" With her entire body being lifted off the ground, the northerner could do nothing but moan and claw at the wall; her exposed breasts smashing against the marble and stimulating her nipples.

Being shoved between the fat man with an undying erection and the thick wall, Esdeath was stuck between a rock and a hard on. His form was pressing against her and the constraints of her uniform were being felt all over. Throughout the whole debacle, the only item of clothing she had shed was her panties. With Honest's hot and heavy body smothering her against the wall, it made her jacket that much more restrictive, her sweat building up inside all her clothes and feeling like a second skin that clung as tight as possible. His hot breath and nibbling mouth working on her neck only made the sensation stronger.

Hooking his hands over the warrior woman's legs and digging into her thick thighs, Esdeath was once again just a toy for him to move around. With her legs dangling inches above the ground, she was nothing more than a cocksleeve. Her ass was just a good fuck as every other hole she had, even though he had no idea what possibly made Esdeath start this, Honest wouldn't let the woman go, not after she showed him just how much of a slut she really was beneath her cold militaristic appearance. The proud and powerful ice manipulator was letting loose obscenity after obscenity and it was all out of the sheer pleasure he was drowning her in because of his dick.

Getting fucked into a puddle, Esdeath felt a mini-orgasm every time she was pressed down on his cock, it felt like her body was made for this, made for him. And even with so much pleasure running through her body, she was desperate for more.

Using Honest's grip on her legs for leverage, Esdeath moved in time with the fat man's thrusts, grinding her ass against his crotch and feeling his dick bulge against her stomach each time. In just a few minutes, the freezing woman was biting her lower lip and drooling over her cum laden face. She was so close, it was at the edge of her reach, just a little more.

Reaching his own climax, Honest knew just what he wanted. Moving one hand off of Esdeath's leg, Honest pulled the other one directly upwards, forcing the general to show off her flexibility as she was pushed into a vertical split with her ass being impaled on a cock that kept her from reaching the floor.

With her waist being moved, Esdeath's chest had to move as well, allowing Honest to finally witness the world's most dangerous being, its deadliest killer, break down into pieces as another orgasm rocked her world and her face contorted in humiliating pleasure. Her eyes rolling back, her tongue out like a bitch in heat, and the biggest smile working across her face.

With his own climax pushing forth and spraying cum inside her abused ass, Honest leaned forward to suck on her tits to make himself feel even better. His thoughts wandering about, he was more than willing to see if he could get cold milk from the tap if the frozen woman ended up pregnant. But with her wailing on his cock and her body trying to coax out every last drop of sperm he had in his body, Honest could wait a few more years before trying. He was going to enjoy Esdeath's body for every second he could.

And when Esdeath's legs wrapped around his waist, he understood she felt the same.

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The two hadn't been seen in days, the only evidence that they were alive to the staff and officials alike were the dirty dishes brought down by the dumbwaiter and the noises that left Prime Minister Honest's bedroom.

Syura's present may had been a little too good with how both of the highest ranking officials in the government couldn't stop fucking. But at least he never had to worry about giving Esdeath more aphrodisiac, the ice bitch would forever be crazed for his father.

While Syura felt good about giving the present, Honest was lying completely naked on his bed and enjoying his present.

Wearing nothing but black lace underwear that popped against her pale skin, Esdeath was crawling up the bed and over her master's body. Her breasts sliding against his body and her chilled breath making his hairs stand on end.

Even after exploring the other's body for days, Esdeath still felt her heart flutter every time Honest brought her in for a kiss. His tongue was practically fucking her mouth, it was fantastic.

Pulling away from the kiss, the northerner spoke "I need you in my ass~ I want my legs to be numb when I wake up."

Nodding, Honest knew that he was now going to make her endure getting face fucked for hours until he really heard her beg.

Ah, life as Prime Minister was incredible.