

“Hmm hmmhmm hmm~”

The sweet gentle hums of a soft-spoken lady rang out within the confines of Chrom's room. There, standing proudly before the mirror, was Chrom's beautiful wife, Olivia, puffing her cheeks and doing her makeup happily as she got ready to spend the day with her friends. Her wide smile and bright attitude indicated just how thrilled the dancer was at this moment. It would be no exaggeration to say Olivia was the happiest she'd ever been in her life. She had an amazing husband, a wonderful group of friends, a beautiful daughter and son, and she was the queen of a budding nation. Everything was truly going her way.

Especially today. Sometimes, the days of a queen could be difficult for the shy woman. But today, she would not have to worry about any types of duties, because today she was going to her book club with her friends to have a wonderful time. Her makeup done, Olivia took a few steps back to inspect herself. Serene flowing pink hair, a cute lithe body, and her revealing dancing outfit. She looked as dazzling as always. Although perhaps such an outfit was not appropriate for an evening like this, considering she was to do no dancing. But she didn't have anything else to wear...

Suddenly, a strange glimmer in the corner of her eye caught Olivia's attention. She turned towards the table, where a pretty pink present box sat up neatly. That was odd, Olivia thought with a raised eyebrow. She didn't remember seeing such a present box there before. Nevertheless, becoming curious about it, Olivia walked towards it in order to get a closer look.

Upon further inspection, she found a tag with her name on it. It appeared this box was a present intended for her. It didn't have a by line, but it didn't need one. Olivia knew exactly who would give her a present. Her wonderful husband Chrom! Olivia hopped up and down excitedly, hugging the box close to her chest. Chrom was always pleasing her in all sorts of ways, of course he would decide to surprise Olivia with a present out of the blue! She just couldn't wait to open it!

Wasting no time, Olivia quickly undid the knots and opened the box. Inside, she found an assortment of clothes bunched up together, which she rapidly took out to check out. The first and most extravagant piece was a long blonde fur jacket that looked awfully expensive, with precious fur Olivia had never seen before. Next was a hot pink tight tube top, looking about as revealing as her regular dancing garb, which was accompanied by a pink pair of hot pants. And to finish the set, there was a very fine pair of high heel stilettos, with a look so ornate Olivia could barely understand how one was supposed to walk in them.

All in all, it was a very... 'Revealing' outfit. One might even be tempted to call it slutty. Though Olivia was already used to wearing light clothes, this took things to a whole other level. The fur coat specially was not to Olivia's liking. Nevertheless, this was a precious gift from her husband, so Olivia was not about to deny it and throw it away. The least she could do was at least try it. Who knows, maybe she would even like it!

With a quick strip of her current clothes, Olivia slid Chrom's new gifts onto her body. The tube top was a bit too tight in her bust, and the pair of pants felt a little loose, but besides that the outfit felt great. Olivia turned back to the mirror to inspect herself. She shifted her body in several directions, looking at herself from different angles. She even struck a few poses, to see the full extent of how she looked like.

Though they seemed a bit too much for her at first, Olivia had to admit, she was starting to like this outfit. Olivia struck a few more poses at the mirror, growing with more confident and bolder with each

one. They didn't just feel nice. They made her feel... *Hot*~ Olivia had always been shy and unconfident, but with this outfit she felt like she could take on the world! She was here and she was ready to partay~~~ *Because only an outfit as slutty as this would befit a bitch like her*~

Olivia shook her head, ignoring that last thought. Happy with her new getup, Olivia got ready and began to head out to her friends' book club.

"Wonderful!" Maribelle happily clasped her hands together with excitement. "Now that we are all here, we can officially start the Ylisseean Ladies book club meeting!"

As the afternoon sun softly waned down in the sky, an assortment of pretty Ylisseean gals gathered within the castle's beautiful garden ready to relax and chitchat together. The girls sat around a glass table, which was magnificently set and decorated with Maribelle's finest china, along with a multitude of teas and snacks. The scent of the fresh tea and the beautiful blooming flowers wafted in the air, combining to create the most enjoyable aura. Books in hand and smiles on their faces, it really felt like the fairest women in all of the land had gotten together on this pleasant calm afternoon.

Leading said book club was Ylissee's most refined noble lady, Maribelle. She'd often set the times and dates, prepare the food, and always do her best to create a pleasant experience. As an expert in all the ways of high-class socializing, the organization such an event was nothing more than her average day. Beside her sat the cheery Ylisseean princess Lissa, who was more interested in the snacks and gossip than the books themselves. Usually, she'd forget to read the book that was assigned, which led to funny scenes of Maribelle angrily reprimanding her. Nevertheless, everyone enjoyed her high energy company.

On the other side of the table was the Pegasus Knights Cordelia, eager to start the discussion. Despite the knight's reputation as a perfect and hardened soldier, she was actually quite excited about literature, especially when it came to ones relating to the romance genre. In fact, she had been the one to initially suggest the formation of such group. And next to her was the sweet and clumsy Sumia, who had picked up her book reading habits from her best friend Cordelia and found herself enjoying the hobby quite a lot.

Finally, there was Olivia, sitting in between these two groups. Despite not being the most avid reader, Olivia quite enjoyed the socializing aspect and spending times with her friends. This relaxing reunion made her remember those fond times she spent dancing for her fellow army mates.

"So, as we discussed last week, today we will be talking about 'A Princess' Duty'." Maribelle continued. "Does anyone want to start?"

"Yes, I'll start!" Cordelia raised her hand with excitement. "I think this is a wonderful story. That story of a princess is in love with her lowly servant while she is forced to marry a snobby noble makes for such a heart throbbing tale. I'm especially fond of the ending, where she chooses to abandon her title and escapes to the mountains with the one she loves~" She finished with a dreamy sigh.

'*Bleh!*' Suddenly, a strange voice manifested in the back Olivia's voice. It was like hers, but a bit higher pitch and raspier. '*Why would the princess leave all her money to marry some stupid vagabond. If it was me, I would totally marry the hunk with tons of cash. What a stupid fucking story.*'

Olivia shook her head profusely. No, she didn't think that this was a stupid story! In fact, this was Olivia's favorite story! She had been the one to recommend it in the first place. Why had that odd thought manifested so strongly within her mind?

"I completely agree Cordelia!" Sumia responded enthusiastically. "I really love that message that regardless of what the world tells you to do, you should always try and follow your heart. It makes me feel like I could also fall in love someday~"

'As if!' The voice in Olivia's head remarked bitterly. *'That Sumia bitch will never be able get a man. She's so fucking clumsy, can't do nothing right. I bet her pussy doesn't even feel good! Hahaha'* The voice insulted her. *'Oh, but Cordelia is even worse! That stupid whore always doing shit to impress people when all she needs to do is put up her snatch. The way she acts like some fucking rod with a stick up her ass she'll never get a man either. Those two bitches are so fucking bothersome. I bet the two are butch lesbians, kehehe!'*

A horrified gasp escaped Olivia's mouth. What kind of terrible insults were these?! This wasn't what Olivia really thought of her friend! Olivia was quite fond of Cordelia and Sumia. The two had always been so nice to her, and they happily welcomed her into their group... Just the fact that these thoughts had surged from her mind made Olivia feel awful.

"I'll agree that while I do find the novel quite enjoyable, it is a tad bit corny." Marible retorted flavorfully. "Its all fine and dandy to abandon your duties in a fantasy book, but in real life one must be responsible!"

'Eugh, that stuck up bitch Maribelle is also so annoying.' The voice continued. *'Always acting like she's better than everyone else, thinking she's all high and mighty because she was born with cash. Absolutely disgusting. She probably won't get a man either. None of these bitches know how to get good dick, stupid fucking puritan whores. Though I guess its fine for Maribelle since she's also a lesbian butch for Lissa. Lissa of all people! Isn't that funny?! Kehehehe!'*

Olivia began trembling furiously. She couldn't believe these thoughts kept on coming without any stop. They were inappropriate, uncalled for and plain out wrong. For her to have them was absolutely unacceptable.

'God, if you had to describe the epitome of annoying, it'd be Lissa. Always so loud and full of energy. I fucking hate her high-pitched voice. It makes my ears bleed. That stupid smile she has, I just can't stand it. And-'

"STOP STOP STOP STOP!!!!" Olivia yelled at the top of her lungs, clawing at her head. She couldn't take it anymore, she needed this voice to stop insulting her very important friends.

Suddenly, there was silence. Olivia carefully looked around the table. All eyes were on her, a tinge of worry spread throughout her friends at the sudden outburst.

"O-Olivia? Are you ok?" Cordelia asked with concern.

That's right. Nobody else could hear those awfully poisonous words. Now she just looked like a crazy person yelling at nothing.

"Y-Yes, I'm fine..." Olivia spoke with shame. "I'm sorry."

“Anyways, as I was saying...”

The conversation continued on without much more occurrence after, each girl eagerly discussing their thoughts and opinions on the book. Olivia however, sat back in silence. Her body trembled with indignance. Though her outburst had been loud, it had also been unsuccessful.

‘God, this party is so boring!!! I wish we could go out and play with some guys~ Get some nice dick into this system.’

The voice continued to prattle on about how Olivia’s friends were horrible and how this whole event was awful. It continued on and on without pause, and Olivia could do nothing but listen to it with shame, a heavy weight placed on her mind. This would be a long book club.

An exhausted sigh escaped Olivia’s lips. The girl walked back to her room with her head held down and a hand on her forehead. Her mind ached with a headache that made her feel like her brain was about to explode. Those past few hours had been so harrowing... That voice in the back of her head insulting every one of her friends without care, and Olivia simply being unable to do anything about it. Even now it continued to go on a strange tirade, but Olivia’s senses were so dulled that she could barely understand a thing. Luckily with all her compromises over, she could go to her room and get some rest. Surely that’s what she needed now, some nice and comfortable rest...

Reaching her room, Olivia pushed open the door and eagerly walked inside. Her eyes darted to the elaborate bed, where she saw her kind gorgeous husband laying down waiting for her. A small smile appeared across Olivia’s face. Things might have been rough today, but seeing the person she loved the most in the world gave her a much needed sensation of relief.

Chrom’s head perked up when he heard the door open. He returned Olivia’s smile with a wide loving smirk of his own. “Welcome back honey.” He cooed sweetly. “Is that a new outfit? It looks great on you!”

Little flutters palpitated in Olivia’s heart, a soft blush coming upon her cheeks. She opened her mouth to thank him. *“Of course you would like it, you fucking perv.”*

But instead of replying with what she’d intended to, her lips spat out a horrible insult, as if they had a mind of their own. Olivia’s hands instantly shot up to cover her mouth. She felt a wave of embarrassment and shame wash over her. How could she have said something so horrible to her lovely husband?! She felt so absolutely awful about it- She had to apologize!

Again, Olivia opened her mouth to clear things up. *“You only compliment me when I wear skimpy clothes to get me in bed. You really are a huge fucking pervy geezer, you know that?”*

Yet once more, her mouth uttered sentiments that Olivia did not wish to convey. It was like she had truly lost control of her vocal cords. Pure shame spread throughout Olivia’s system. Her head pounded with a migraine, that voice still spouting off in the back of her head. Olivia felt ready to collapse onto the ground in a burst of tears.

Truly confounded by Olivia’s outburst, Chrom shot up from the bed with worry. “Olivia?! Are you ok???”

Olivia tried to respond and reveal her turbulent situation. *"What's wrong gramps? Can't handle finally being called out?"* Though it was for naught, as her mouth continued to say whatever it desired.

The poor troubled dancer didn't know what to do with herself. First her brain was thinking terrible things about her friends, and now she was insulting the man of her dreams. It was completely disgraceful. Even though she wasn't fully in control, Olivia felt totally responsible. Her cheeks glowed red with embarrassment, body trembling with shock. She just- She just-!

She just had to run away! How could Olivia face her dear husband after an encounter as awful as this?!?! Tears forming in her eyes, Olivia bolted out of her room in a random direction, trying hide away from the shame she'd brought upon herself.

"Olivia wait!" She could hear Chrom yell from their room. But Olivia didn't stop. She continued to run and run, hoping that if she ran fast enough, then all of her problems would disappear.

Turning the corner, Olivia dashed towards the first room she found and locked herself inside. She pushed her back against the wooden door and slowly slid down onto the floor. All around her, the only thing she could see were boxes and stacks of weapons, as she'd seemingly entered a weapons closet. Olivia let out a defeated sigh. Maybe... Maybe this is what she needed. Just to have some alone time with herself to figure out what was wrong with her...

It took a little while for Olivia to calm herself down. There at the foot of the wooden door, Olivia crawled into a ball and thought over the events of today. Her thoughts, her actions... Olivia had never experienced such feelings before. She'd always been kind and amicable to others, so these mean selfish sensations were entirely foreign, and entirely contemptible. Could it be that she was never as good a person as she thought she was?

No... Now wasn't the time to think about that! Surely, this was only a momentary thing, a temporary ailment. Olivia probably just woke up on the wrong side of bed this morning. Slowly standing up from her fetal position, Olivia began to aimlessly wander through the weapons room, in hopes that it would take her mind off things. In reality, there wasn't much of interest in this room. Nothing more than bunches of boxes and dusty weapons in racks. It was an entirely normal weapons room, except for the strange stand-out mirror that was also being stored in this place.

Olivia approached the mirror with a tinge of curiosity. It was a pretty ovalled mirror with plain golden edges and nudge two golden feathers at the top. Nothing too fancy, but still quite the beautiful artifact. Unlike everything else in this room, its mirror lacked any sort of dust, looking completely pristine and shiny. Perhaps it had just been placed here recently? It was a strange find, yet a very interesting one. Maybe Olivia could find some sort of distraction in this dusty closet after all.

Looking deep into the mirror, Olivia could see her reflection clearly. It was obviously her she was seeing, but there was something... Off about how she looked in the mirror. Her breasts looked nonexistent, with her tube top looking quite tight as it wrapped around her flat chest. Moreover, her butt seemed quite larger than it should be, two large globules of fat pushing out against her pants. Even her thighs and hips seemed to have blown out, doubling down on this pear-shaped body type. But the most striking detail of all was her appearance. Her long pretty ponytail had been split into two short and cute twintails with blond highlights at their ends that somehow made her look more childish. An exaggerated amount of

makeup was slathered onto her face, almost entering the realm of parody while her fingertips were adorned with ornate long fake nails of a bright pink color.

From the reflection alone, Olivia could tell this was not an accurate representation of how she looked. It was much too different from what she currently looked like! Still, she had to admit it was quite the interesting vision. Olivia had seen mirrors that distorted people's appearances before, but never had she seen a mirror that changed someone's appearance in such a minute specific manner. The girl leaned in to take a closer look. She wondered, how did this thing work...?

"Why are ya staring you much, you fucking hag?" Suddenly, the Olivia in the reflection spoke in a higher raspier inflection. "Feeling jealous of my hot bod?"

The real Olivia shot back in utter surprise, her face morphing into one of true fear. D-Did- Did her reflection just talk?!?

"Yeah that's right bitch, I can talk." Mirror Olivia responded, as if she had been reading into Olivia's mind. "This changing thing is taking too long, so I've decided to take things into my own hands."

Body trembling in terror, the real Olivia crashed against a set of boxes behind her. "W-W-W-Who a-a-are y-y-youuu???"

"Heh" Mirror Olivia scoffed. "I'm you, idiot. I'm the *sexier* you, the *cooler* you, the *better* you. I'm the hot bratty side of you that is waiting to come out~"

"N-N-No!" Olivia shook her head violently.

"Oh yes~" Mirror Olivia cooed in a seductive tone. Soon, the surface of the mirror began to ripple like water in a pond. Mirror Olivia pressed a foot forward, and it traversed right through the mirror and into the real world. Putting her other foot forward, she exited the mirror and slowly began to walk towards Olivia with a seductive strut.

"You can feel it, can't you?" Mirror Olivia continued. "That bitchy side festering within you. Aren't you tired of being such a nice girl? Don't you want to let out that inner brat you've always been suppressing~"

"G-Get away from me!!!" Olivia shouted, her arms waving about aimlessly.

But all her struggles did nothing to keep the mirror version of herself away, as the bratty Olivia effortlessly slid close to the real one. Her manicured hands eased down to Olivia's nether region, pushing past her pants and into her vagina. The real Olivia let out a long breathy gasp as she felt mirror Olivia's long nails caress her glistening labia, eyes opening wide in shock. All waving and movement from her arms seized, her entire body instantly submitting to the other Olivia's gentle touch.

"See? It feels good doesn't it?" Bratty Olivia bragged smugly, her fingers twirling around Olivia's quivering clit.

"N-N-Noooo..." Olivia retorted weakly, gritting her teeth as she mumbled a big fat lie.

But despite her resistance, it was clear what she was feeling. Her body trembled furiously, crossing Olivia's word as if it was intentionally betraying her. Her muscles relaxed, arms easing downwards and back arching against the wooden crate behind her. It was like Olivia's entire body was being submerged in pure pleasure. Though her pants were still firmly secured, she could somehow feel Mirror Olivia's

hands passing right through the cloth and into her pussy, as if she was nothing more than an apparition. And it felt absolutely fantastic.

“Stop being so stubborn, you fugly bitch.” Mirror Olivia teased real Olivia, her fingers ghostly fingers twirling inside of Olivia’s snatch. “Can’t you see how much your body wants this?”

It was true, Olivia couldn’t deny how amazing her body felt at the moment. Never in all her life did Olivia feel so aroused or alive as she did now. The previous nights she’d spent with her husband couldn’t compare. Her pupils dilated, tears forming in her eyes. Her legs quivered lightly, barely able to sustain her standing as her hips rocked forward along to the motions of Mirror Olivia’s fingers. She was completely immersed in this arousing feeling, but... She couldn’t give in to it, could she? Olivia liked being who she was- Plus, how could she bear with herself if she was mean to her friends? What would the love of her life think?

“B-B-But what about Chrom?” Olivia sputtered out between moans.

“Bah, you’re still worrying about him?!” Mirror Olivia rolled her eyes annoyedly. “That sleazy pervert doesn’t even like the current you right now! He much prefers your hot bitchy side~”

A sparkle lit up in Olivia’s eyes. “I-Is that true?!”

“Girl, I’m you! Why would I ever lie to you~?” Mirror Olivia motioned over to the mirror, where a reflection of Chrom appeared out of nowhere.

“Gods Olivia, you are such a fucking prude.” Mirror Chrom said with disgust. “Why can’t you learn to let go and enjoy yourself more often?”

“I-I’m sorry honey!” Olivia cried loudly, her eyes fully dazed with lust. “I-If t-that’s what you want- I-I’ll do it for you~~~”

Mirror Olivia’s malevolent eyes shot wide open with greed. “Yes! Give me your body!!!” She exclaimed with excitement.

Mirror Olivia began to pleasure real Olivia with further intensity. Her right hand darted in and out of Olivia’s pussy at extreme speed, while her left hand eagerly groped Olivia’s bouncy left breast. Meanwhile, Olivia’s body was spasming like crazy, eyes rolled back in pleasure as the very fabric of her mind was being rewritten. Soon, the stimulation wracking her pussy became too much for the poor girl to handle, and her womanhood was quickly enveloped in orgasm.

Powerful squirts of vaginal fluid shot out of Olivia’s hungry hole, soiling her panties and tight pants. The girl opened her mouth happily, letting the lewdest and most perverse moans escape her vocal cords. Every last inch of Olivia was arousal, her body was enveloped in total heat. Her brain was so overcome with ecstasy, that not a single coherent thought could pass through, only the mindless joy of climax.

This powerful feeling then began to spread all over Olivia’s body, multiplying and proliferating like some sort of virus. First, Olivia’s supple round bust began to slowly diminish in size, losing most of its rich soft mass as it grew flatter and flatter. In return, her butt started to expand outwards, ballooning into comically large buttocks that could put Tharja’s ass to shame. Her long pink ponytail shrunk back into her head, while two flowing pigtails with golden ends surged in its stead. And finally a thick layer of makeup covered her face, while her nails were perfectly beautified and her outfit was totally polished.

As the heat and force of her orgasm died, Olivia couldn't help but lean onto the weapon crate behind her loudly gasping for air. Her eyes fluttered about, mind still dazed as it tried to comprehend what had just happened to her. Gaining a bit of her composure, Olivia slowly stumbled close to the mirror. She looked deeply at the reflection on the other side, as a wicked smile came over her face.

"Oh yeah~~~" Olivia cooed in a raspier higher pitched tone. "I'm going to enjoy this body~"

Chrom let out a frustrated sigh as he returned to his room. After Olivia's strange sudden outburst, he'd rushed out after her in hopes of finding and comforting his wife. The entire display had worried him deeply. Olivia was never one to spout such mean words, and the distress he saw on her face clearly told him that something was wrong. Unfortunately, all his searching had been for naught. No matter where he looked, Chrom couldn't find a single clue as to where Olivia had gone. He looked the places she frequented, asked around to her friends, even interrogated many guards around the castle to ask if they'd seen her, all to no avail. He just couldn't find her.

With no other options and the moon growing higher in the sky, Chrom couldn't do anything but retire to his quarters in remorse and pray that Olivia would return of her own volition as well. Hopefully whatever had happened earlier wasn't too serious and the two would get to see each other so-

"Ooomphh!"

When out of nowhere, an unknown force pushed Chrom deeper into the room. The poor lord was so caught off guard that he couldn't help but gracelessly plop onto his bed, his back crashing against the tender bedsheets.

"What the-?" Chrom spouted in surprise.

He slowly began to lift himself up but was sent crashing back down as he felt a person climb on top of him. Adrenaline began rushing through his veins. His body prepared itself to wrestle this unknown assailant, eyes readjusting to gauge the identity of the-

"Olivia?!?!"

However, instead of finding an enemy assassin, Chrom quickly discovered that this had not been an assassination attempt by a foreign faction, but rather a playful attack by his wife Olivia.

"Hey gramps~" Olivia spoke with a sly smile. "Did ya miss me~?"

Nevertheless, despite this show of affection, Chrom remained quite confused. Why had she insulted him and run away earlier? And why was she tackling him onto bed now? It was like Olivia's personality had almost completely shifted in these past few hours. Moreover, there was also something that was bothering Chrom a bit. Olivia looked... Different. Her hair was done in a different style, her makeup had been altered, and he could swear her body had changed in some form. Rather than feeling relieved at finally having found his wife, Chrom only felt confusion.

"Olivia, what happened to you?" He asked with a bewildered expression.

But Olivia simply ignored him, as if his words didn't matter to her. Instead, her eyes traveled down to his crotch, her manicured hands unzipping his pants with gentleness but also excitement. "Let's see what's behind door number one~"

With a swift shifting motion, Olivia successfully pulled Chrom's pants down, exposing his bulging cock within his underwear. Though Chrom was indeed worried for Olivia, the fact was his body was betraying him. His cock eagerly twitched within his underwear, throbbing erect and ready to go. Chrom just couldn't help himself. For whatever reason, having Olivia jump him and be so forceful was really turning him on.

Olivia wasted no time continuing her plan. Quickly pulling his pants down, Chrom's erect cock shot upwards with life. The girl licked her lips, staring greedily at her husband's dick. No longer did she see him as her faithful lover. He was now nothing more than another object for her to use. Slipping her panties aside, Olivia hopped into the air then thrust downward, enveloping Chrom's whole dick into her womanhood.

"Oooooohhhhhh~" Chrom moaned as he felt his entire penis penetrate Olivia's tight snatch.

His eyes widened, body spasming in surprise. Olivia's pussy... Its girth.... Its slickness... The way it squeezed on Chrom's cock with such finesse... It was the best thing Chrom had ever experienced in his life! Whenever he'd fucked Olivia before, it was always slow, grinding and a bit tedious. But now, Chrom's dick was bustling with joy within Olivia's mound. It was as if the two pussies were entirely different organs. Soon, Chrom's worries began to melt away. As much as he wanted to truly care for his wife, the truth was that he couldn't beat the fantastic feelings of sexual elation that Olivia's pussy was bringing him, and so all of Chrom's mental power focused on that. His head shot back, weak unwitting moans and grunts escaping his voice.

"Go ahead and enjoy it you perv." Olivia giggled. "I charge by the hour."

With her prey completely snared in her hook, Olivia began to pump her hips up and down on Chrom's cock in a repeated continuous rhythm. Her motions were savage, every single movement oozing with confidence and force. The way Olivia carried her body, it looked like she was a professional. And Chrom could feel it. Every inch of his body was bursting with excitement, every one of Olivia's thrusts filling his cock with more and more pleasure. Chrom could simply not believe what he was experiencing. It was beyond his wildest expectations. A sexual experience so amazing, he couldn't help it when his face began to morph and distort into all sorts of weird and undignified expressions.

"Hahaha look at what a stupid face you're making!" Olivia sneered at him. "Does my bratty cunt feel that good?"

But Olivia's insults did nothing to reduce Chrom's arousal. In fact, it seemed to make him even more aroused. Chrom had always been a man of command and action. He'd fallen in love with a demure quiet girl that would go along with anything he wanted. So to see that turned around so thoroughly, it aroused Chrom more than anything else had before. All of his responsibilities as a leader and king had worn on Chrom. Now that the war was over, he wanted to do nothing more than submit into this pleasure.

“Afgh nmmmmhhhh” Chrom tried to defend himself, to snap out of his condition. But his mind was so overcome with arousal, that only incomprehensible babble came out.

“What’s that? My bitchy pussy is so good you can’t even talk?” Olivia continued to tease him. “That’s fine. I didn’t want to hear your stupid fucking voice anyways~”

Again, Chrom screamed out in pleasure, his eyes rolling backwards in bliss. The man was entirely lost by now. His hips pushed upwards, rocking along with Olivia’s movements as her thick fat ass slammed onto his crotch. Though a part inside of Chrom knew it was wrong for him to give himself up entirely to pleasure, he was fighting a losing battle. He loved the way Olivia’s pussy felt, he loved the way her body moved, and he *loved* the way she treated him, like he was nothing more than human garbage. Just like Olivia had planned, he was entirely wrapped around her finger.

“You know what old man? Your cock is actually pretty good~” Olivia grunted lightly. “I bet you could pick yourself a real pretty wife if you wanted to. Too bad you’re stuck with me~”

But Olivia’s words did nothing more than further arouse Chrom. His cock squirmed within Olivia’s slippery mound. His balls shuddered lightly, as warm sperm was prepared for ejaculation. The fact that his wife was looking down on him with such viciousness could only fill him with more pleasure. Her quality pussy felt like it was melting his dick. Soon, Chrom’s brain was overrun by sensations, as his shaft pulsed with need.

“Ngghhh!! O-Oliv-via-!! I’m gonna c-cum!!” The man shouted in desperation.

“Oh hell naw!” Suddenly, Olivia squeezed her pussy muscles with incredible tightness, stopping her humping and cutting all circulation from Chrom’s penis. “Not until I get my money.”

Chrom choked up on his own spit. “W-What?!?”

But Olivia showed no sort of sympathy for his pain. “Sorry gramps, but I have a lifestyle to maintain.” She responded nonchalantly, while uncaringly staring at her nails. “I can’t be fucking perverts like you for free. If you want to cum, you have to pay.”

“B-But-” Chrom sputtered out, his dick in dire need of ejaculation.

“No butts!” Olivia shook her head firmly. “If you want to nut, you pay up!”

Chrom’s eyes were dazed, his vision became blurry. The only thing he could hear now was the slow throbbing of his cock. Everything else came in second. He desperately needed to achieve orgasm. His cock pulsed with such vividness it felt as if it was about to fall off. Though he’d only wanted to have some regular normal sex with his loving wife, it was clear that something else was going on here. Something had changed in Olivia, something had intrinsically changed in their relationship. But Chrom wasn’t strong enough to return things to normal, so the only thing he could do was change too.

“I’LL DO IT~!” Chrom shouted with despair. “I’LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU WANT! I’LL DO ANYTHING YOU WISH~~~”

An eerie smile appeared on Olivia’s face. “Anything~?” She asked, biting one of her nails malevolently.

“ANYTHING~!” Chrom repeated in a moan-shout combination. “FOR YOU MY QUEEN I’LL DO ANYTHING~~~”

“That’s what I like to hear~” Olivia cooed, looking over Chrom with twisted sense of triumph.

Having achieved her goal successfully, Olivia released her pussy muscles, giving her pathetic man-slave what he so desperately craved. Chrom’s entire body shuddered intensely. His dick rumbled left and right, pulsating like a volcano ready to erupt. All his worries and inhibitions melted away. He had achieved Nirvana.

With a loud bellowing spurt, Chrom’s hips bucked up and down frantically as he began to release his load directly into Olivia’s womb. His balls throbbed, semen rapidly flowing through his urethra as his entire shaft was engorged in pleasure. His shameless dick couldn’t help but spurt line after line of jizz into this bitchy woman until his reserves had been entirely spent. Eyes rolled back and whimpering moans escaping his quivering lips, Chrom had become a complete slave to the amazing sensations that rocked his body.

Olivia merely giggled as she watched Chrom bukkake her. Things were going to be very different here from now on~

Fwip fwip

Olivia laid atop a gold coated couch in her quarters, uninterestedly turning the pages of a fashion magazine. Around her, the room was filled to the brim with all types of luxuries and beautiful artifacts. The walls glittered brightly with gold, big shiny diamonds incrusting into most of the items in the room. To say that this place looked expensive would be an understatement. It looked as if the entire royal treasury had been spent on her. Nevertheless, Olivia did not seem enthused. As a servant constantly fanned her on her right and another one fed her grapes on her left, Olivia felt nothing more than boredom.

“Oh my god! I’m so bored!” Olivia childishly threw the magazine somewhere in the room. “Can’t anything interesting happen around here?”

“Bark bark!”

As if by cue, a set of excited barks eagerly responded to Olivia’s inquiries. Such barks did not come from a dog, however. They came from none other than Ylissian’s supposed exalt, Chrom, who had been turned into nothing more than Olivia’s obedient mutt. No longer did he have to care about any affairs of the state. After submitting to Olivia, all control of the country had gone to its new undisputed queen. Now all he had to worry about was making his master Olivia happy and feeling good. Fully nude except for a leash that was tied around his neck, Chrom panted happily, the throbbing erection on his crotch indicating his desire to play.

“Ugghhh, not you again...” Olivia haphazardly placed her foot on Chrom’s face, pushing him away from herself. “I’ve already played with you a lot this week. Isn’t that enough?”

Unfortunately, this did nothing to deter the eager Chrom, who instead of retreating, began to lick up Olivia’s foot with gusto.

“You are such a perverted little dog!” Olivia said with a giggle.

Seeing him lap up her food with such desire made Olivia feel bad for the little animal. Perhaps she should indulge him for a few minutes...

"My Queen!" Suddenly, Olivia's train of thought was interrupted by a servant coming in. "Those mercenaries you requested have arrived."

Instantly, Olivia's entire mood perked up. "Oh goodie!" She kicked Chrom's face away, readying herself for the sweet hours of fun to come. "Send them in right away!"

Excited for the event, Olivia quickly dismissed the rest of the servants in the room. She took Chrom by his leash and tied him to his nearby post, so he wouldn't be a bother later. Finally, she fixed up her makeup and prettied up her clothes, before resting atop her golden couch in a seductive pose.

Before long, a group of three mercenary men entered the Queen's quarters with smiles on their faces. All three of the men were quite large and burly, about as tall as the mountain Frederik himself. Their skin was deeply tanned like many of the strong barbarians of Plegia, and despite their muscular bodies, a round gut hung down from their bellies. They were all bald, and though each possessed a set of unique differentiating facial structure, they all look oddly faceless.

"Welcome, welcome!" Olivia greeted the three excitedly, spreading her arms and legs in a welcoming motion. "Come on in! And without shame. My house is your house."

The three men slowly stepped inside, in awe of the sheer amount of wealth that was currently being displayed in this room.

"So, you're the famous bitch Queen, huh?" One of the men asked dumbly.

"Hey!" The other jabbed him with his elbow. "You're in front of a queen, ya moron. Don't be calling her names like that!"

"Nah, its fine." Olivia waved it off. "You're right. I am the famous 'Bitch Queen'. And I suspect you three know what you're here for~"

An eerie smile crept over the three men's faces, as they knowingly exchanged glances. "We're here to fuck you"

Shifting their hands downwards, they pulled the top of their pants down, letting their three enormous cocks flop freely from their restraints. Each one was absolutely massive, at least three times the size of Chrom's. They looked more like horse dicks than human, with how thick and long they were. And they weren't even fully erect yet!

"Mmmmm~ The three of you are such smart boys~" Olivia licked her lips hungrily, her eyes eating up the massive meat slabs that hung down from their crotches. "Now come over here and give your Queen what she desires~"

The men didn't need to be told twice. Dropping their pants right where they stood, they all began to approach the queen enthusiastically, their dicks growing larger as they were pumped with more blood. That was when one of them glanced out into the corner of the room, catching sight of the doggy Chrom tied to a post as he whimpered with need.

"Hey, uhh are we gonna do it while that guy's watchin'?" He asked with doubt.

“Oh yeah, don’t pay attention to that thing.” Olivia dismissed the question. “He’s nothing more than a filthy animal.”

“Aight...” The man shrugged his shoulders, not really caring enough to complain.

Soon, Olivia was surrounded by three huge black men, their throbbing cocks ready to pounce her holes. The queen greedily extended her hands and began to massage two of their dicks, gasping loudly as her palms touched the firm delicious shafts of manflesh.

“Very well boys. Shall we get started~?”