

The King, Kelius, before he was crowned and corrupted by power and war. They always said that he looked like his mother, with his long black hair and beautiful blue eyes, there was a day when he had put on his mother's make-up for fun and had made his cousins fall in love with him.

He was trained by the Divine Magician. The young prodigal Magician, known as Polius. They were the same age but Polius taught him everything that he knew.

The divine magic Kelius was taught, far outweighed the false magic of other countries. Kelius had deeply admired Polius. Polius was treated like one of the important men of the court, and Polius had treated Kelius the same way while teaching him.



Fifteen years have gone by. A war has broken out and Kelius has become cruel and a tyrant, corrupted by power and war. He was the unlikely heir, after all his brothers had died in the war, he ascended to the throne. They would obey every word he says and he was finally being taken seriously.

Kelius had grown a beard and cut his long hair, his cheekbones had begun to protrude as well, he had completely lost the look and became a man.



Men had seen him decimate an army with his divine magic that Polius had taught him. Only a few foolish ones still joke about his former look as he had the tongues of every man who had remarked his former look cut. Burned all the portraits of his former appearances.

Now he stands in his war room. Contemplating his next strategy.



“The world has sure changed ever since my departure.” The Magician says.

Kelius looks up to see his former master standing by the doorway.

“What has happened to you, my dear Kelius?” The magician asked, approaching.



“Nothing. I am still who I am. Where have you gone while the world went to hell?” The King replied firmly, devoid of the cheery tone he used to speak to him with.

“Stopping the worst evils from encroaching and devouring the world.”

“Enough vaguery. Why have you returned?” Kelius asked furiously.



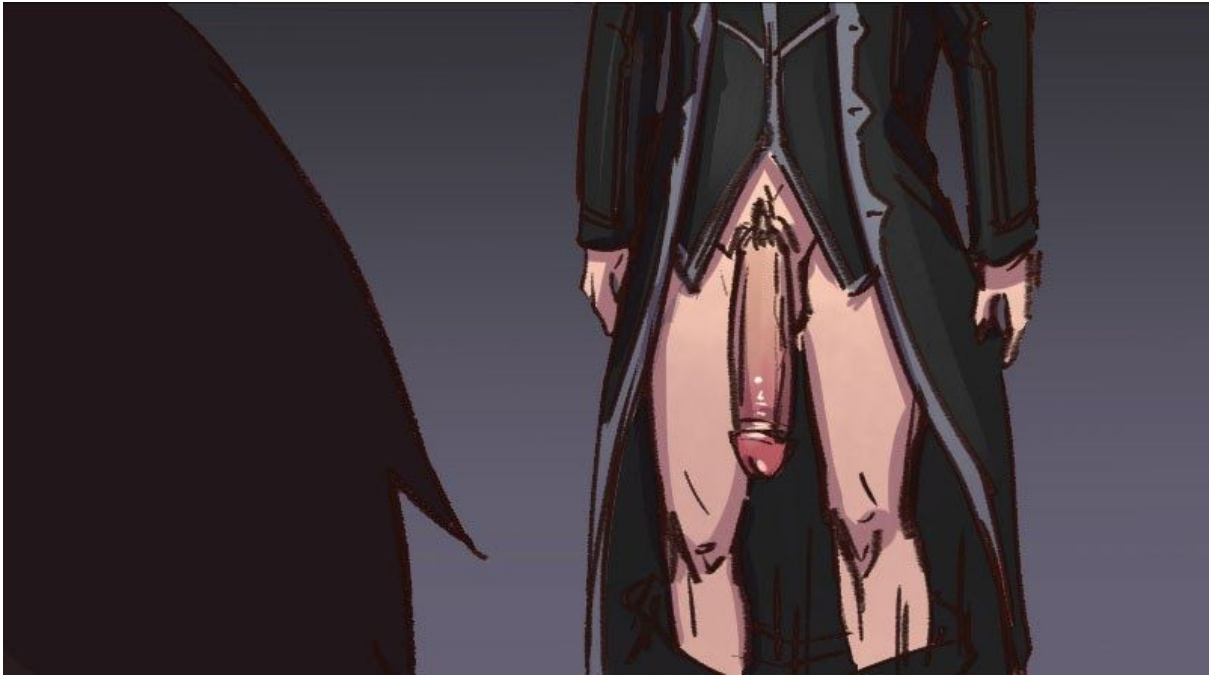
“Your beautiful face, ah, you have stained it with a beard and your silky hair. You have cut it as well. What a shame.”

“Watch your tongue.” Kelius looked at him menacingly.

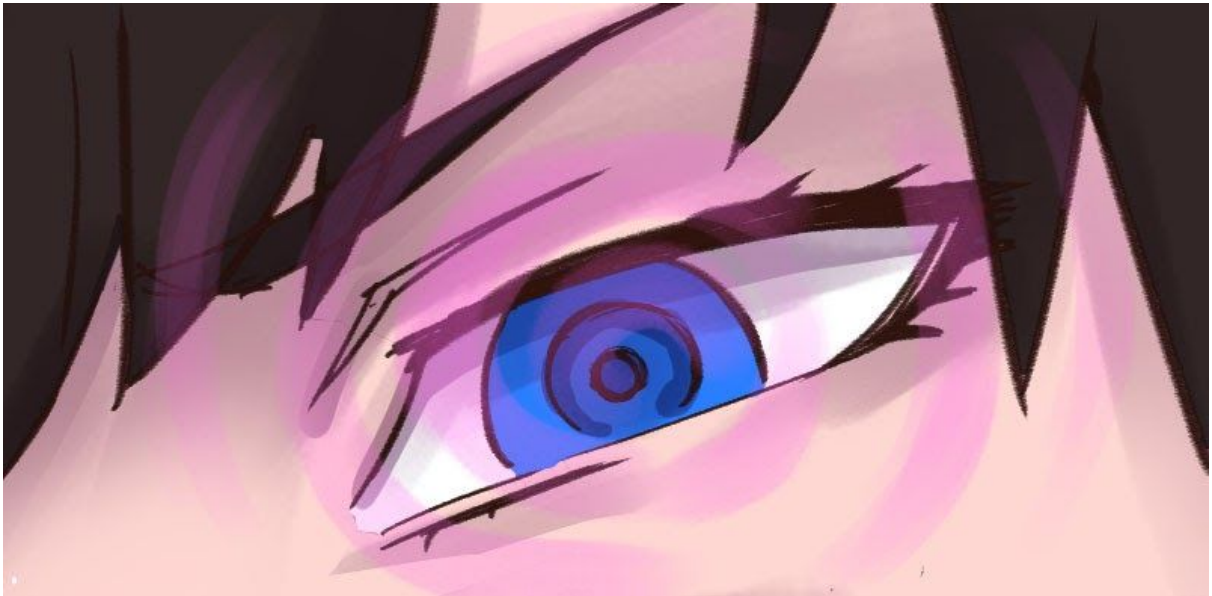
“You sound so very different than when I was teaching you,” Polius replied with jest.

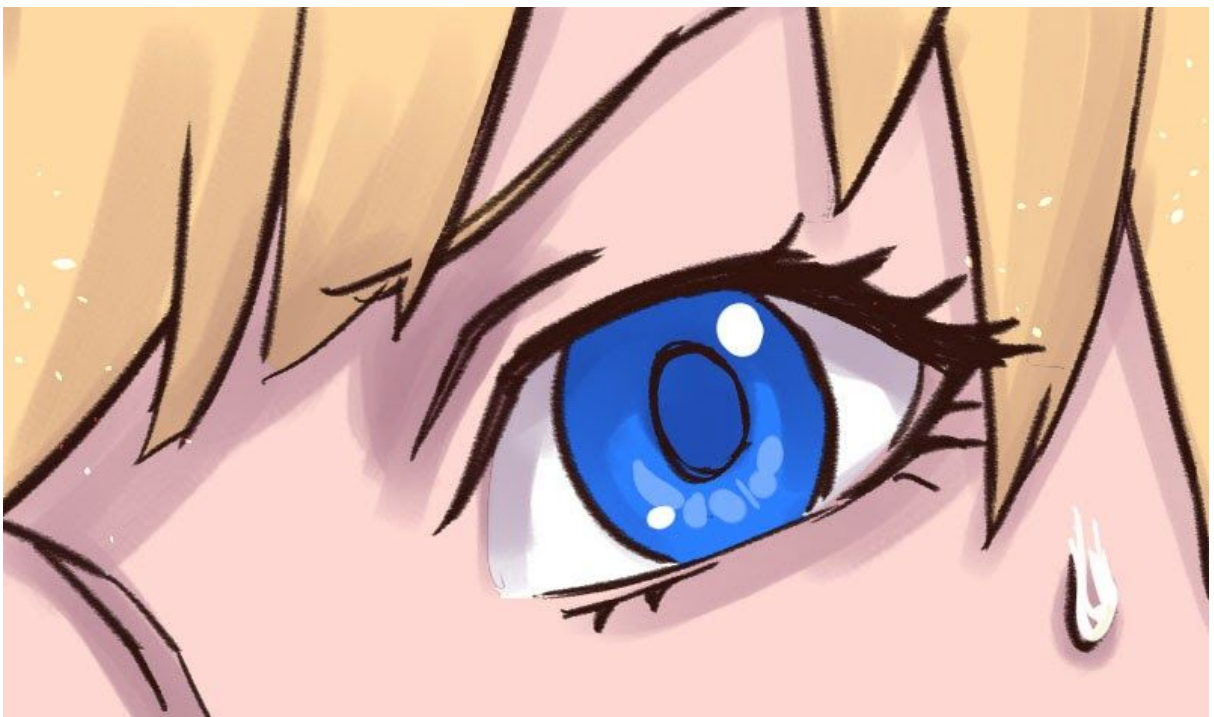
“My magic now far outweighs yours, I can wipe you out like a fly,” Kelius replied simply.

“Let’s find out. I am not going to even move my hand.” Polius says casually as his pants drop, revealing his massive penis.



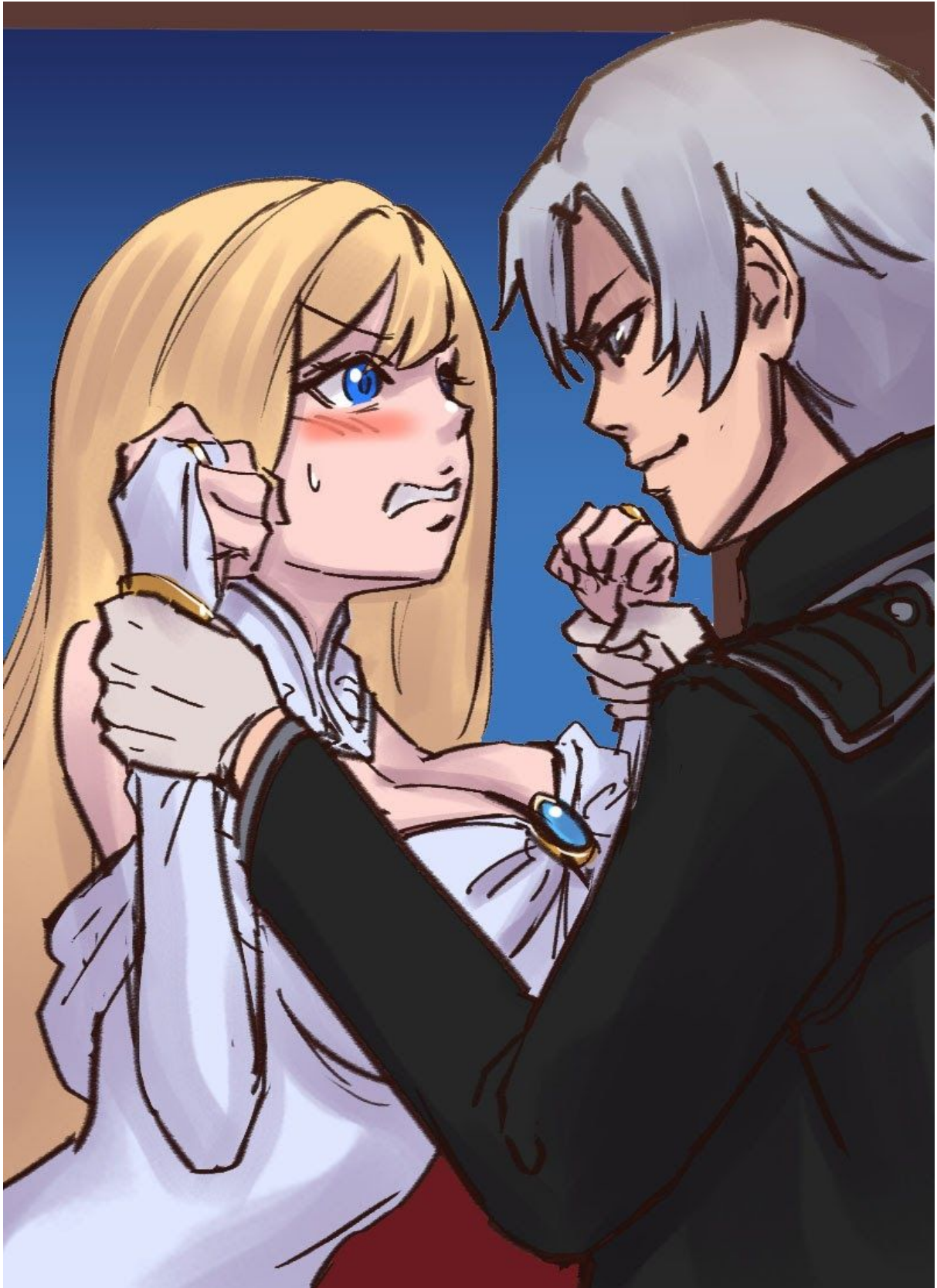
And when Kelius looked at it, his eyes became blank. His body began to change slowly.





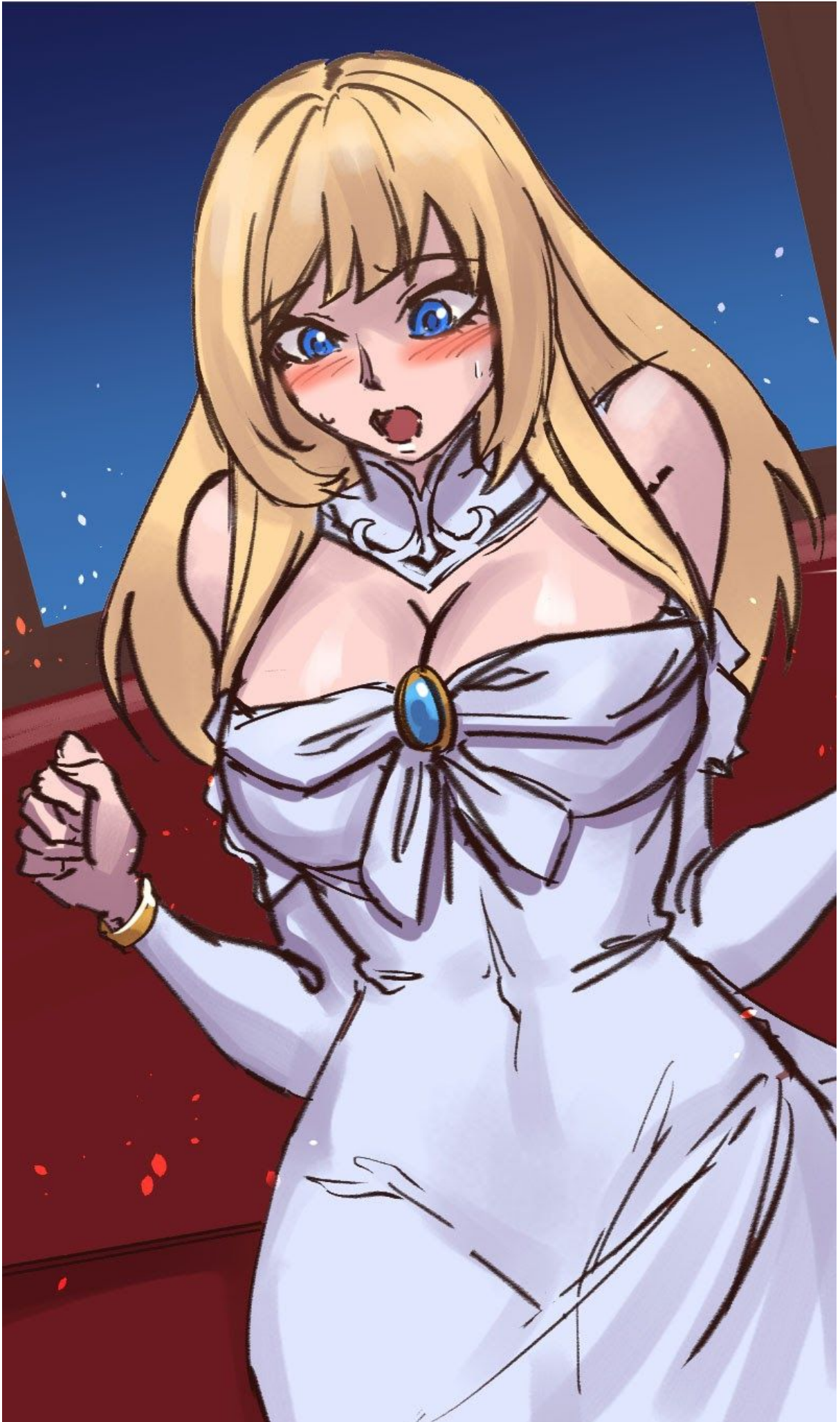
He was in a carriage, sitting next to Polius.

She swiftly tries to push him aside but he restrains his arm with ease.



“What is wrong, my dear?”

“I..I...” The princess was struggling to remember something as she looked down.





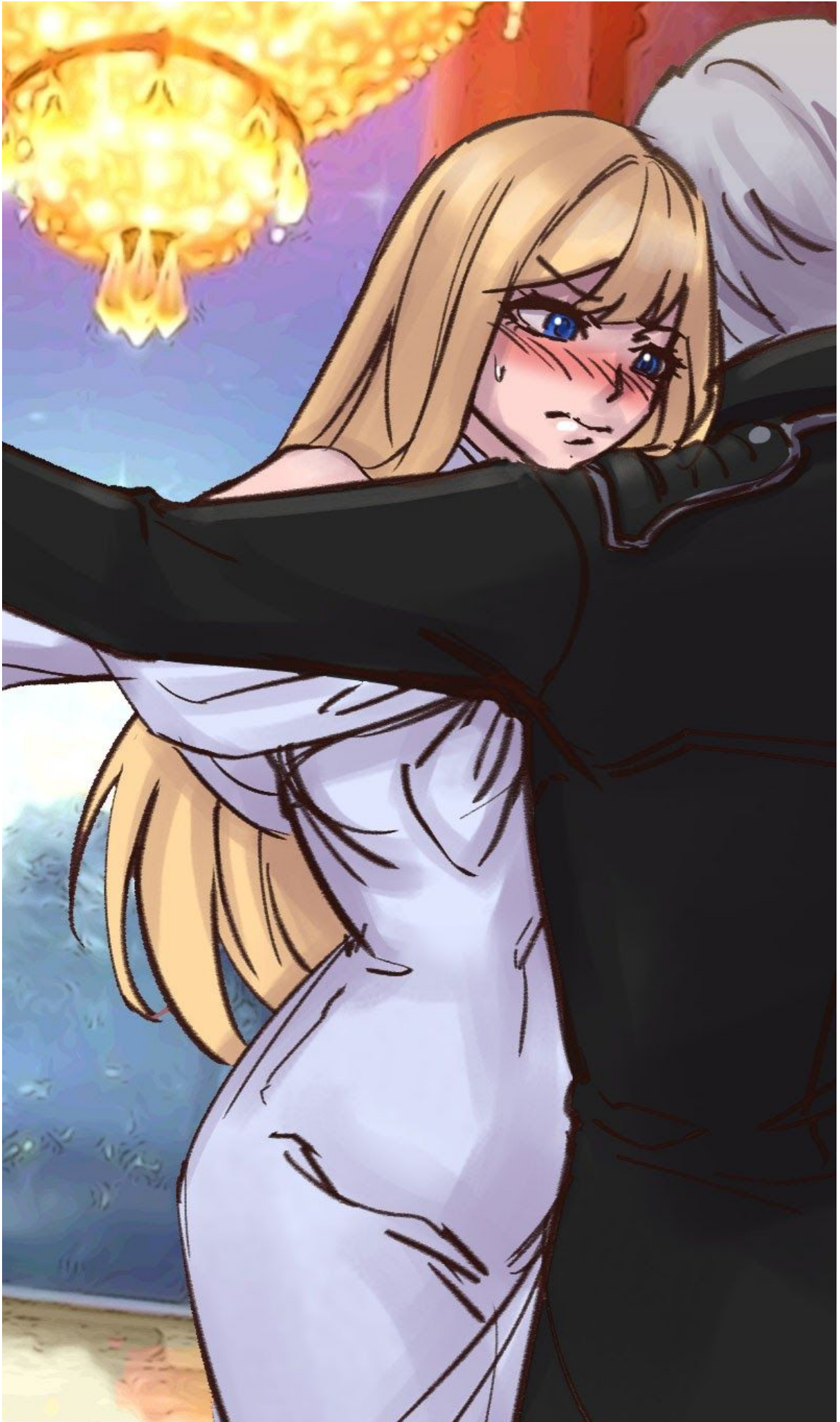
“To think I would marry a princess? I would never imagine.”

“You seem to be deep in thought, my dear. What’s wrong?” Polius asked slyly.

“N-nothing...”

They got down from the carriage. Royalties dressed like them had recognized Polius here but no one recognized her, the halls were tall and lavish, decorated with gold and glimmer. They entered the ballroom.

They danced for a while, all gazes were on them as they moved across the dance floor. She was fiercely blushing, fighting off the thought and strangeness of it all. She was in the throne room just now, she was contemplating strategy for war a moment ago. What was she doing here now? Dancing with her former master of magic?



“Master Polius? Is this the Princess that you say you will go back for?” A knight had come forward with a bouquet of flowers.

“She is.”

“I could see why you rejected our Queen’s proposal. She is in fact beautiful.”

“Truly she is. And as kind and good as they come.” Polius replied.

“For you, milady.” The knight extended the bouquet to her and with everyone watching, their expectations weighing on her, she was forced to take it.

Finally, they went into the chambers.

She was spared her embarrassment, as she had felt her dress tear with the movement of her legs as she tried to spread it. But it occurred to her as everyone praised her beauty and her gracefulness, that she had to follow their compliments as if they are a command.

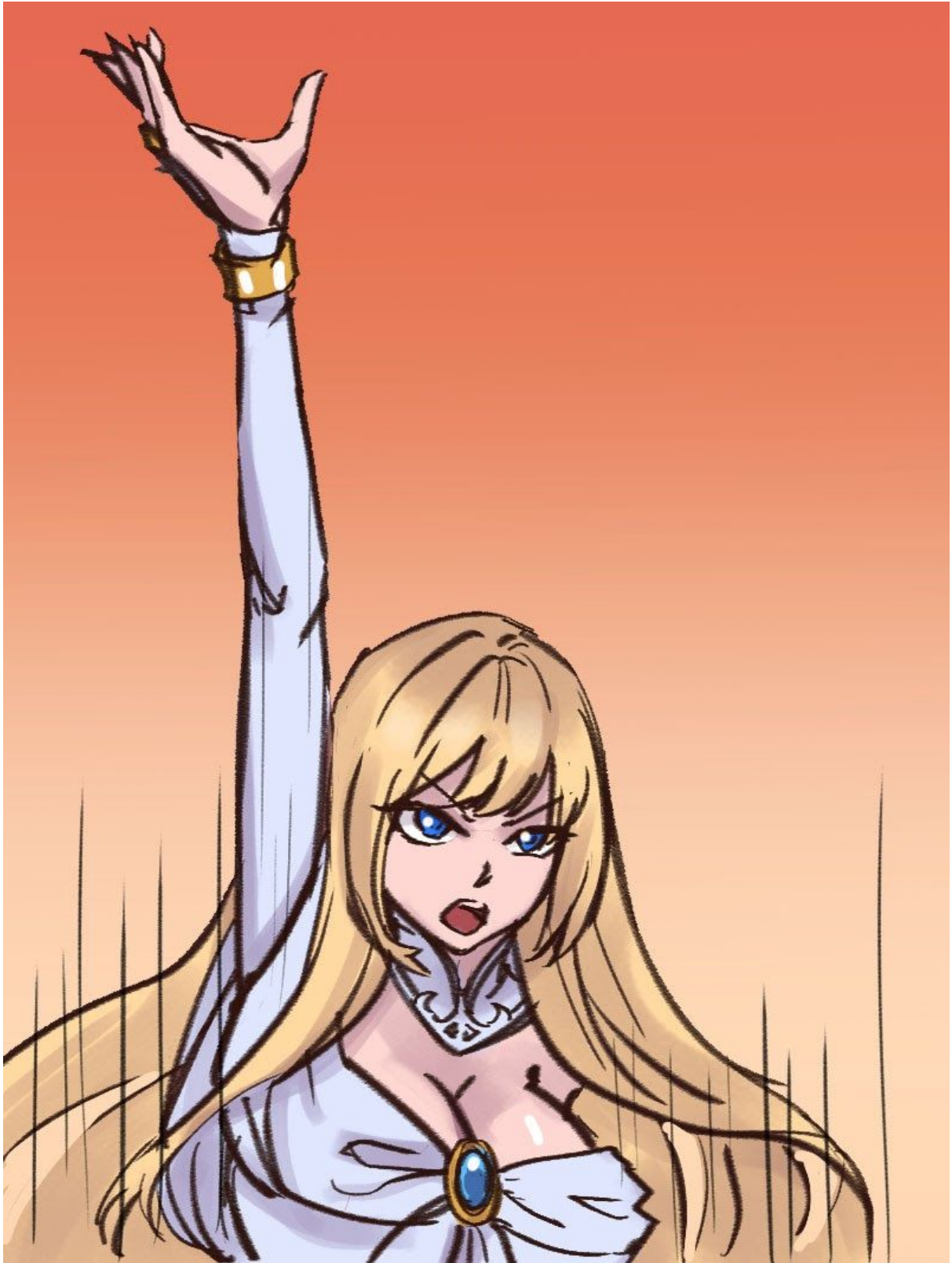
“Everyone at the ball was talking about how beautiful you are.” Polius said with that silent assertiveness he always had.

She was blushing.

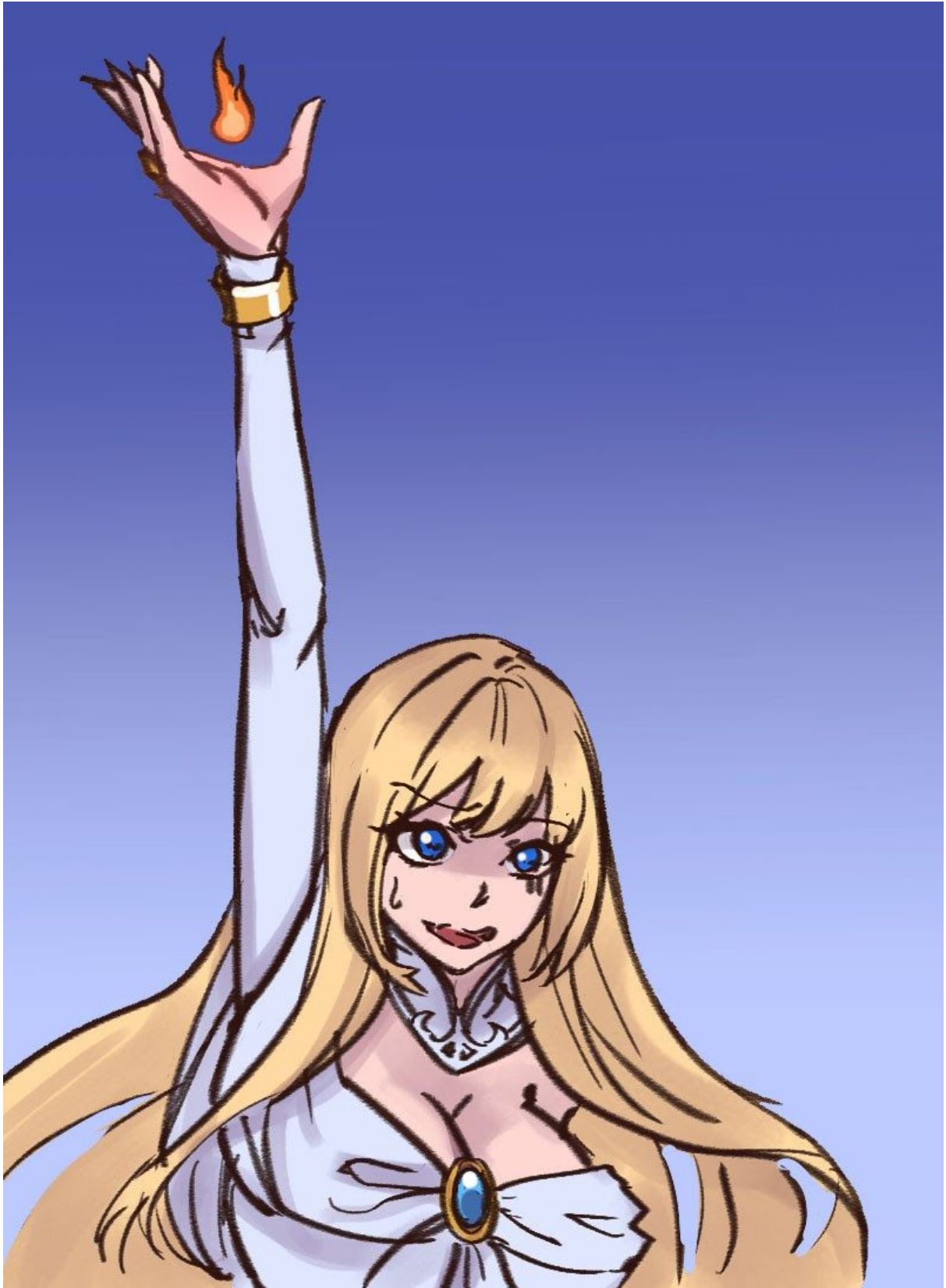
He puts his hand around her shoulder and then slaps her ass. She jerks forward holding her ass, and she was about to submissively complain before realizing who she was supposed to be now they were in a room privately.

“I AM THE KING!” She yelled.

“By the Dragon, I command fire!”



There was a little spark before it went out.

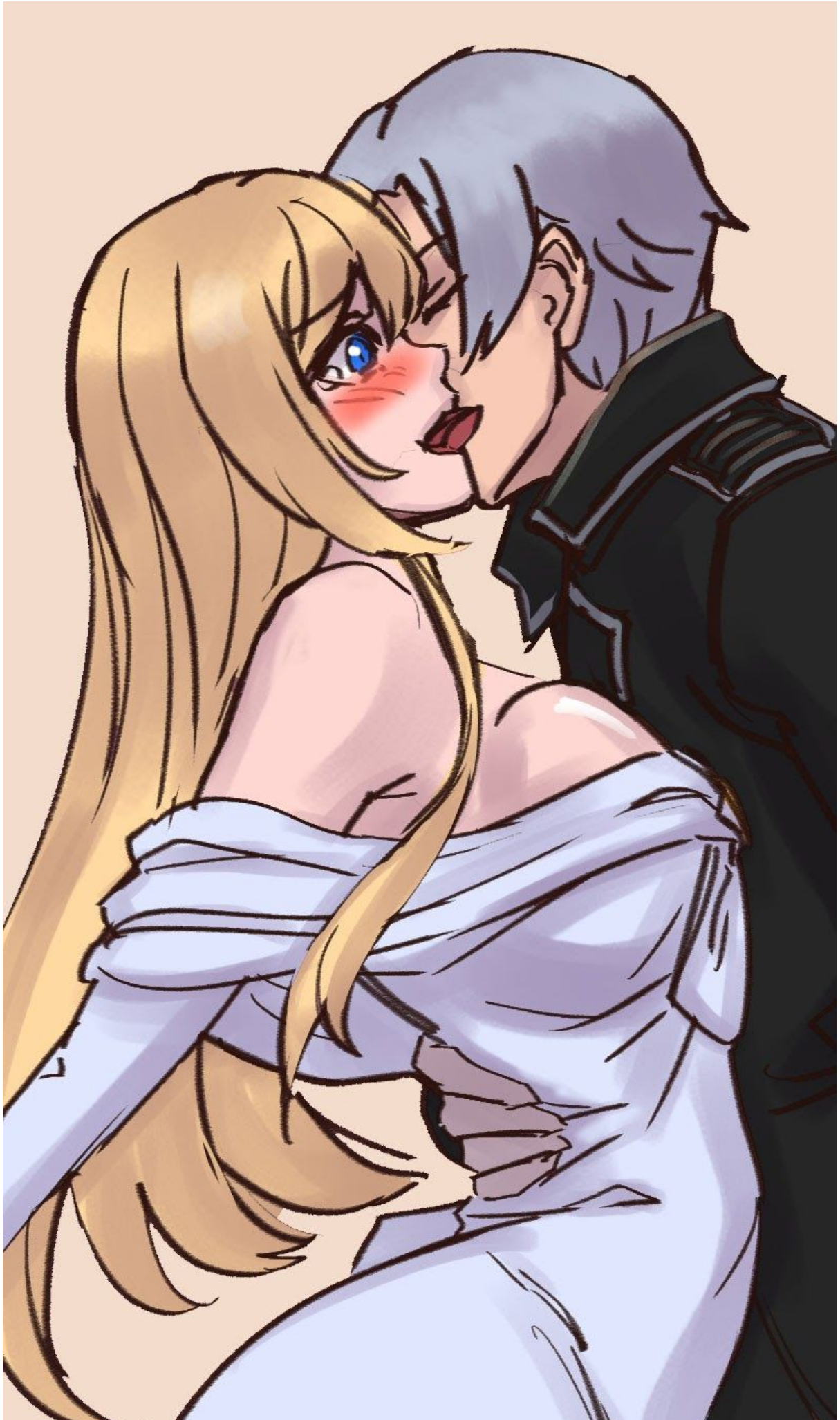


Her eyes enlarged at the horror in front of her as she could feel her breast bouncing, she looked sideways and saw in the full-body mirror, a beautiful princess with an innocent look reflecting back at her.

“Ah. I taught you that.” Polius walked forward.

“Don’t come any closer!”

He leans in and goes for a kiss as his hands seized her waist, pulling her in.



His finger found her pussy as he lifted her dress.

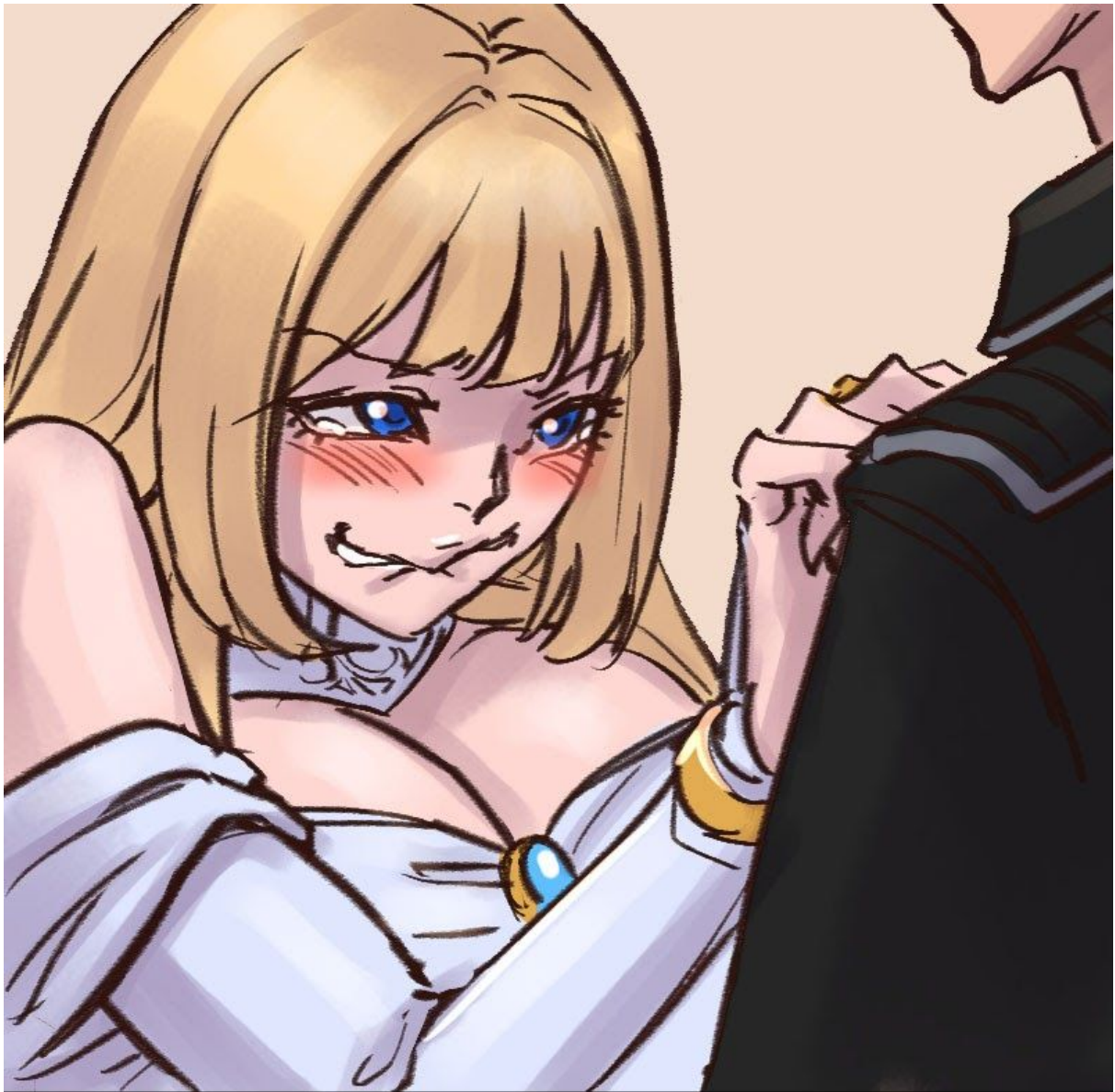




(H-how am I so sensitive and weak...?)

She was being fingered as her face became hotter and she was trying to push him away but her face couldn't lie and she was almost unconsciously smiling. A magic was warping her mind, slowly molding it into something else, awakening her admiration for him before and stirring pleasure and submissions into it.

(I am a King...I am a King...I am a King...)



(My strength...It's all gone...And this...this feels so...)

(M-My manhood...I-If this keeps going, I am going to lose it...)

“Please stop...” She begged, sweating and hot, biting down on her lower lips while trying to stop the corner of her lips from conjuring into a lusty smile.

“Where did all your vigor go?”

“I-I am going to kill you if you d-don’t...” Her gratifying facial expression was betraying her words. A moan was coming, a sound produced from how good she was feeling right now as the magic was beginning to break her mind.

“Who is the King?”

“I...don’t know...” She replied submissively. Her mind being toyed with as she could feel it coming.

Immediately Polius put his hands on her breasts and began squeezing it.

“So soft and supple.” He grins.

He stuck his finger further into Kelius’ pussy.

“Ahhh!” She moans before realizing the voice she made.

Polius began moving his fingers faster.

“You like this, don’t you?”

“I-I don’t...” She stumbles, saliva gathering in her mouth, wanting to kiss her former master as she was beginning to notice how handsome his face looked.

“Then why is it overflowing?” He leans in with a sly smile, before softly biting her sensitive red ears.

“L-Lies!!” She let out a cute little yell.

“Do you really want me to stop?” He says.

“Call me your master, promise me you will be a good girl and I will make you feel heavens and beyond.” Polius continued, his voice was soft yet assertive.

She felt her surroundings blurry as she tried to regain her senses and quickly tried to assert herself again.

“I-I AM A KING! I AM NOT GOING TO CALL YOU MASTER, YOU FOOL, K-KNOW YOUR PLACE...AHHHH!” She was just looking for words Kelius would say as what she truly wanted was given to her through the interruption he had somehow taken her clothes off all at once, his penis thrust into her pussy, breaking her hymen.



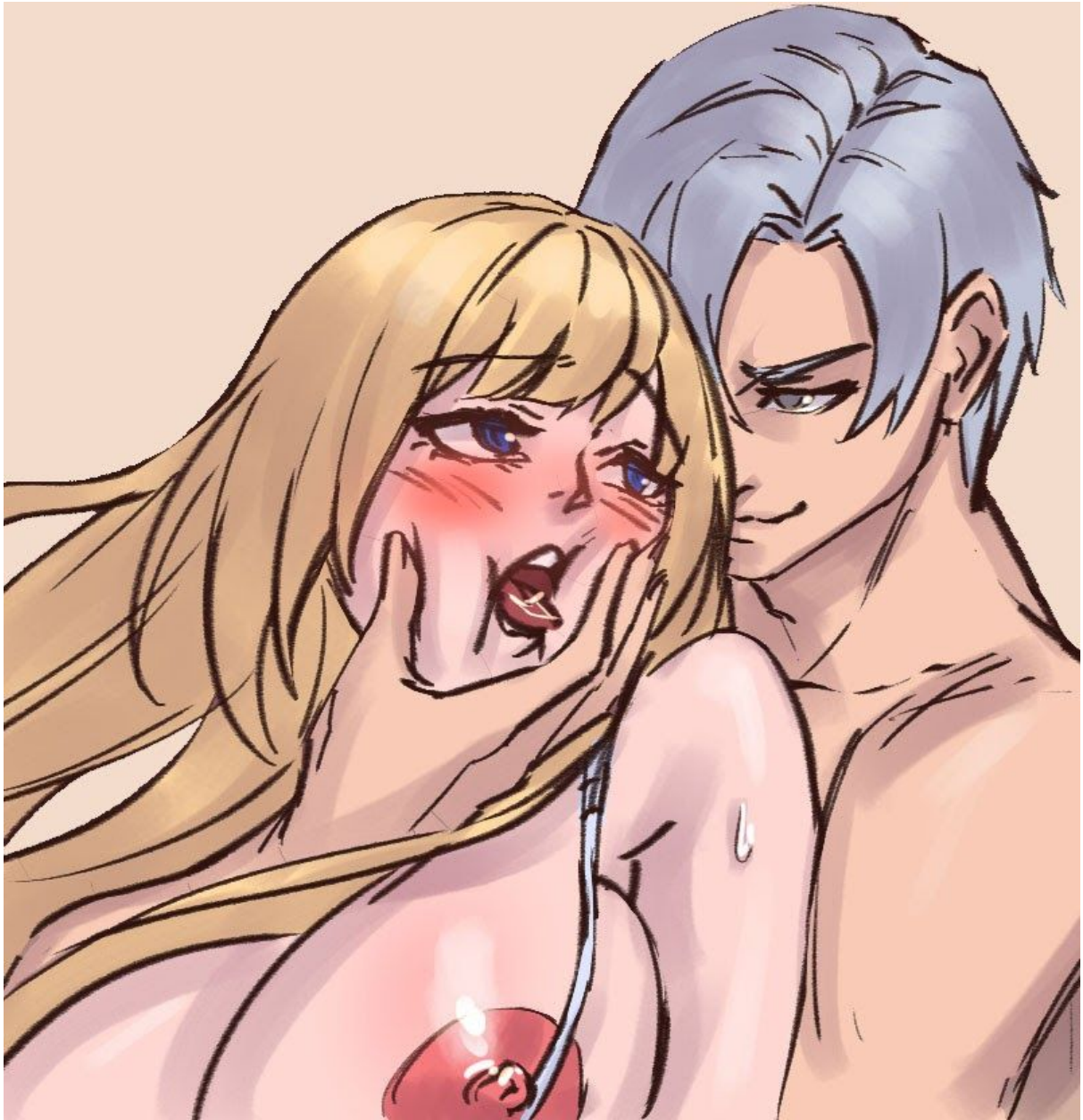
“AHHH! IT-IT HURTS! S-STOP!” She yelled before he kept thrusting. He brought her breast up towards his mouth.

“S-STOPPP....! NGHHH...!”



“Be a good girl and abandon your delusion of Kingship.” Polius roughly handled her, pulling the back of her neck towards him, turning it around, cupping her face.

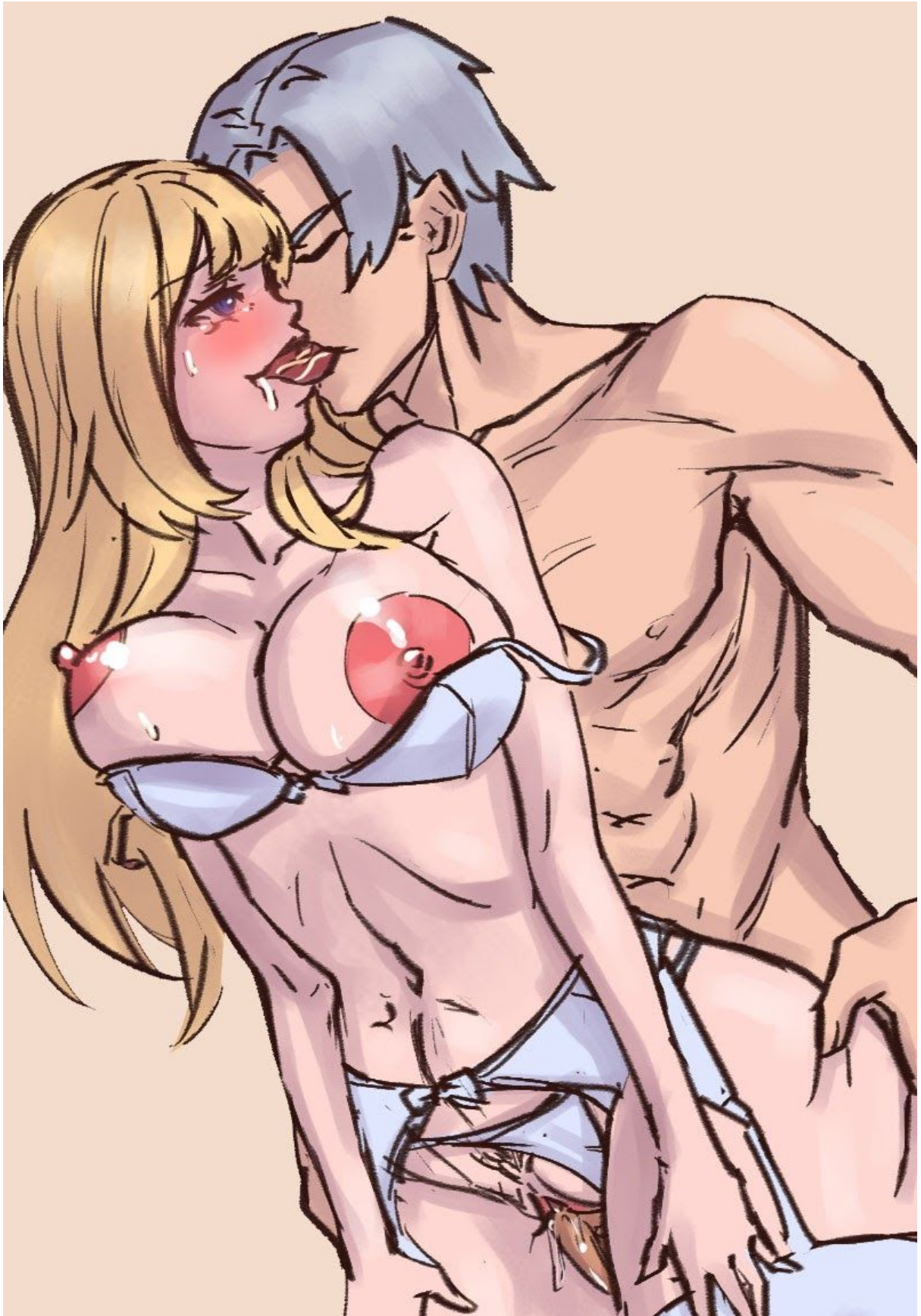
“YOU CAN’T HOLD ME LIKE THAT...AHHHHHHH!” She says trying to remember who she was, what she was, but everything she was feeling was denying her completely.



“AHH-AHH-AHHH-AHHH!” She moaned, each sound being interrupted by his violent and forceful thrust, overwhelming who she is or claimed to be.



She could no longer hide her pleased smile in front of him as she began kissing him as he pinches her hot and bulging ass.



“...Am...I...A...King...?” She asked in confusion.

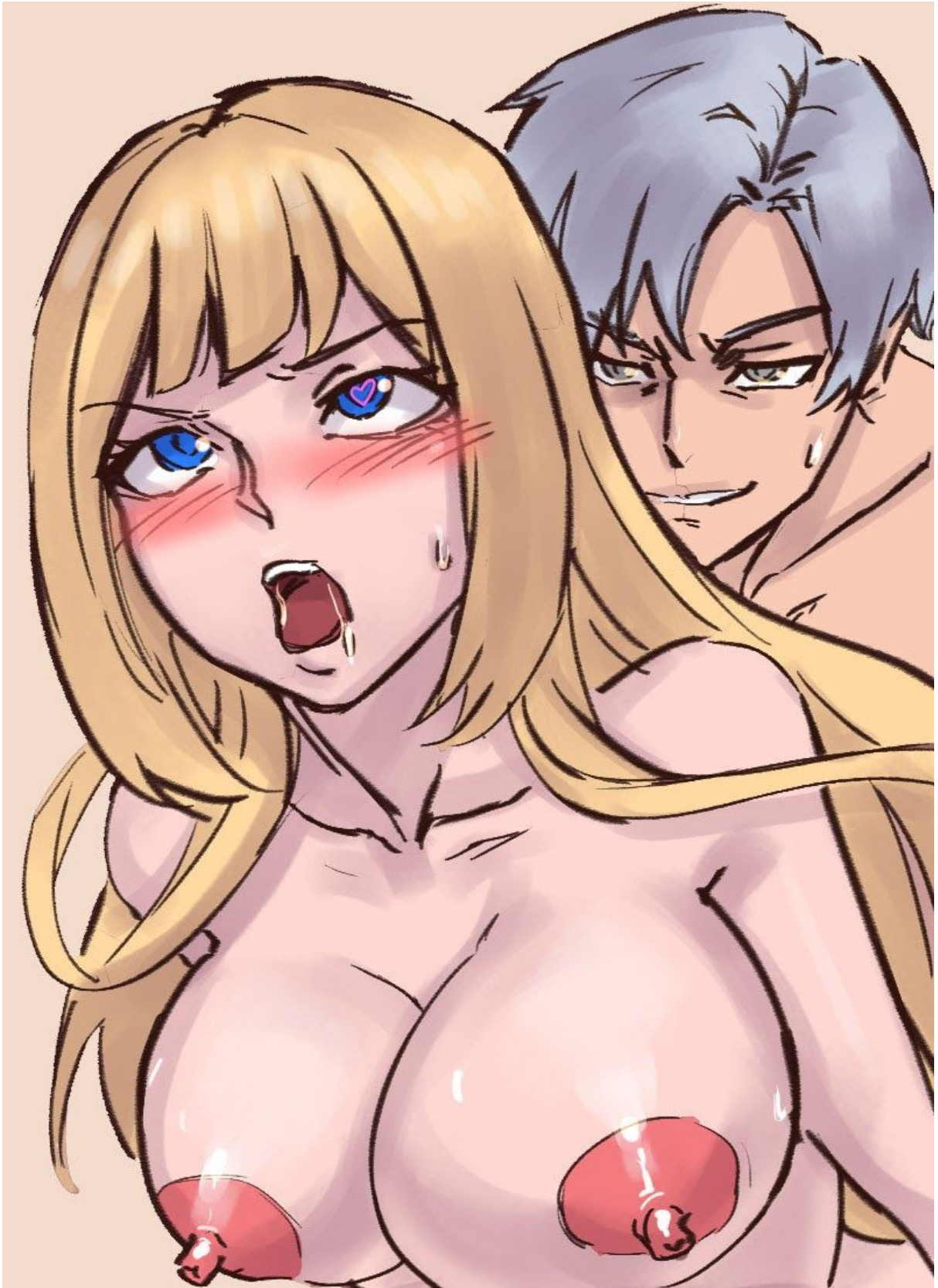


“Will a King be so shameful to like this?” He stuck his finger into her asshole.



“ARGHHH...AHHHHH!” Her eyes flying up, her nipples perking up, hard and firm. Feeling that sensation in her asshole together with a cock inside her pussy. No king would ever endure this humiliation from this pleasure. So was she ever a King?

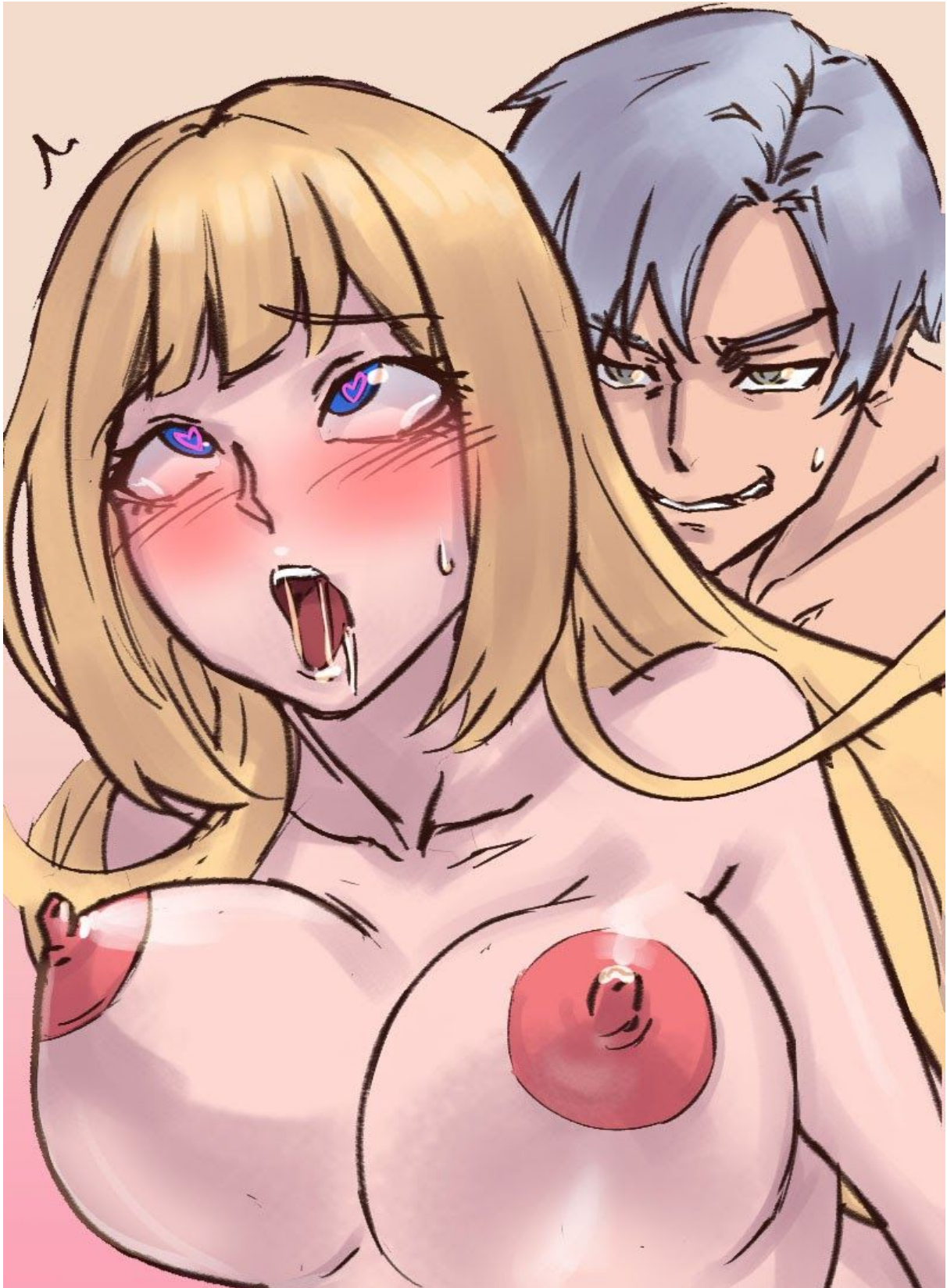
“NOOOO! But...But I...I...am a...” Her face jerks back in pleasure and ecstasy. The word barely resounding in her mind, what she formerly was, the man that had stood on the battlefield, on the horse and led the armies into battle. But one last time she tries to summon it.



“A...A...A...!”

“What did you say?” Polius asked.

"I will stop if you don't admit who you truly are. It's in your mind already." He thrust violently again, her mind bursting with pleasure and being broken. Her breasts bouncing freely in the air with the sweats and heat as Polius continues fingering her asshole.



“I-I...” Mind breaking, her nipples were so hard and sensitive even the winds had tickled them.

“I-I AM A GOOD GIRL, YOUR BRIDE, YOUR PRINCESS AND I-I WANT YOUR COCK YOUR SEED AND YOUR FINGERS DEEP, DEEP IN ME! MASTER POLIUS!” She looks back at him shamelessly, yelling out those words.



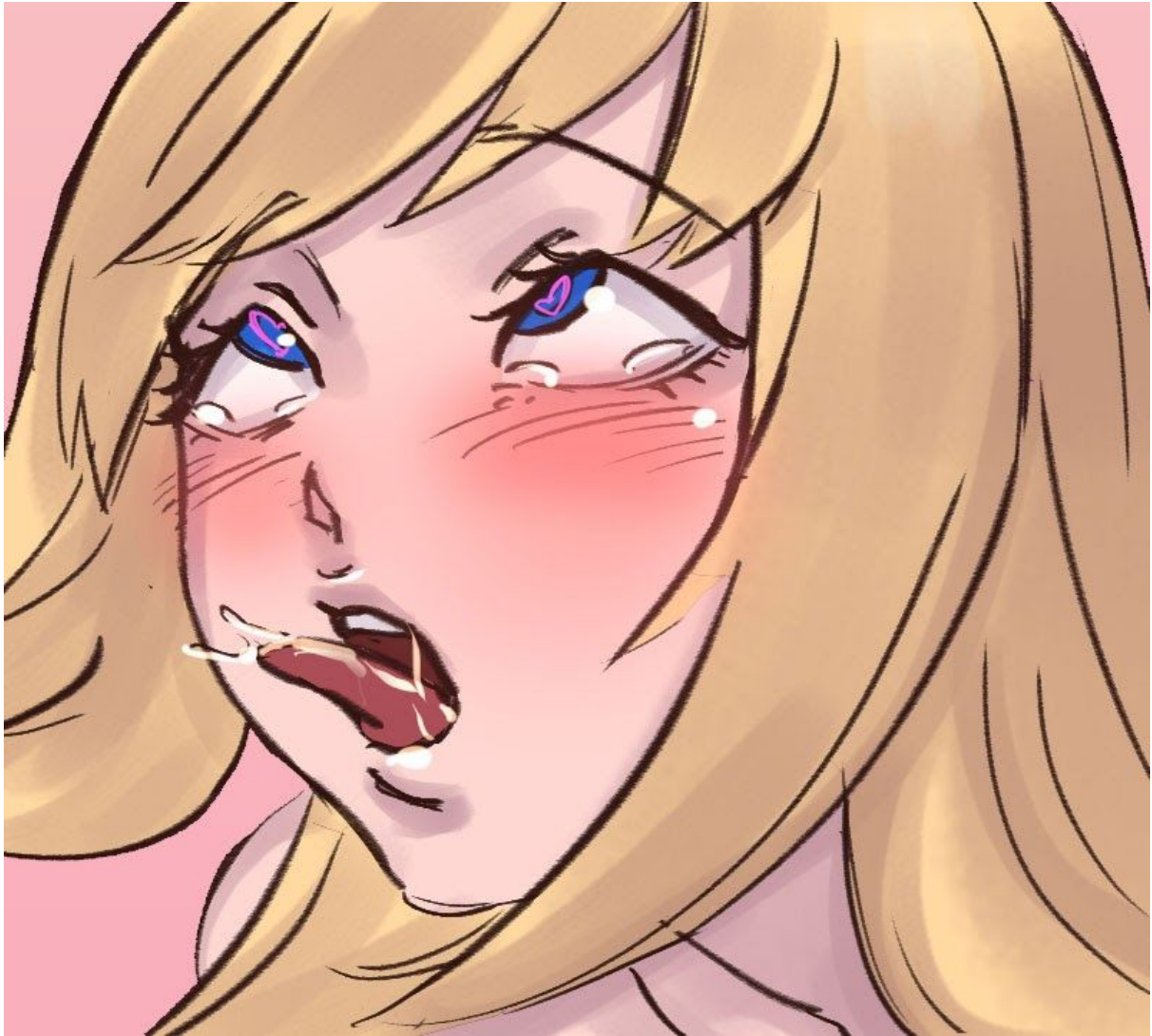
“You really have no shame admitting that?” Polius conjured up a rubber dick and stuffed it in her ass. Her head shot up again from the tightness of the two rods squeezing tightly inside of her.



“AHHHHHHH! HAH! HAH! MASTER! I-I HAVE NO SHAME BECAUSE I-I AM YOURS!” Her vagina and asshole tightening while they enlarged in it.

Her face now was completely taken in by the pleasure, her eyes slowly rolling back, while her eyelid twitches almost losing consciousness from being overwhelmed by the senses, her

tongue out as if in search of his second cock in front of her.



The once prideful King almost gone from sight as her mind was now being controlled by Polius's penis. Power, women, and conquest, gone from him. It was the most pleasurable feeling Kelius ever felt, to have two hard rods stuck inside of her. That was all she ever wanted and desired.

Now she wants one more deep inside her mouth.

"You dirty slut, what else are you looking for with that tongue?"

"NO-NO! I AM A GOOD GIRL! M-MASTER POL-POL-POLI-LIUS!"

Kelius could feel it coming even as she could feel the hard rods, thrusting hard and fast inside of her. The initiation of her womanhood.

"And was there a petty and cruel King Kelius that cuts out people's tongues for saying how much of a good wife she would make?"

“No! I-I am a good girl! King Kelius is a good wife! I would never make trouble for Master Polius!” She yelled, her Kingly dignity completely stripped from her with each thrust. “Then, take it!” Polius yelled as she cums, reaching climax, love filling up her eyes and not even realizing the humiliation that she was taking with the face that she was making.



“AHHHHHHHHHHH! MASTER!!” She yelled as the semen wetted her buttcheeks as it exited her vagina.





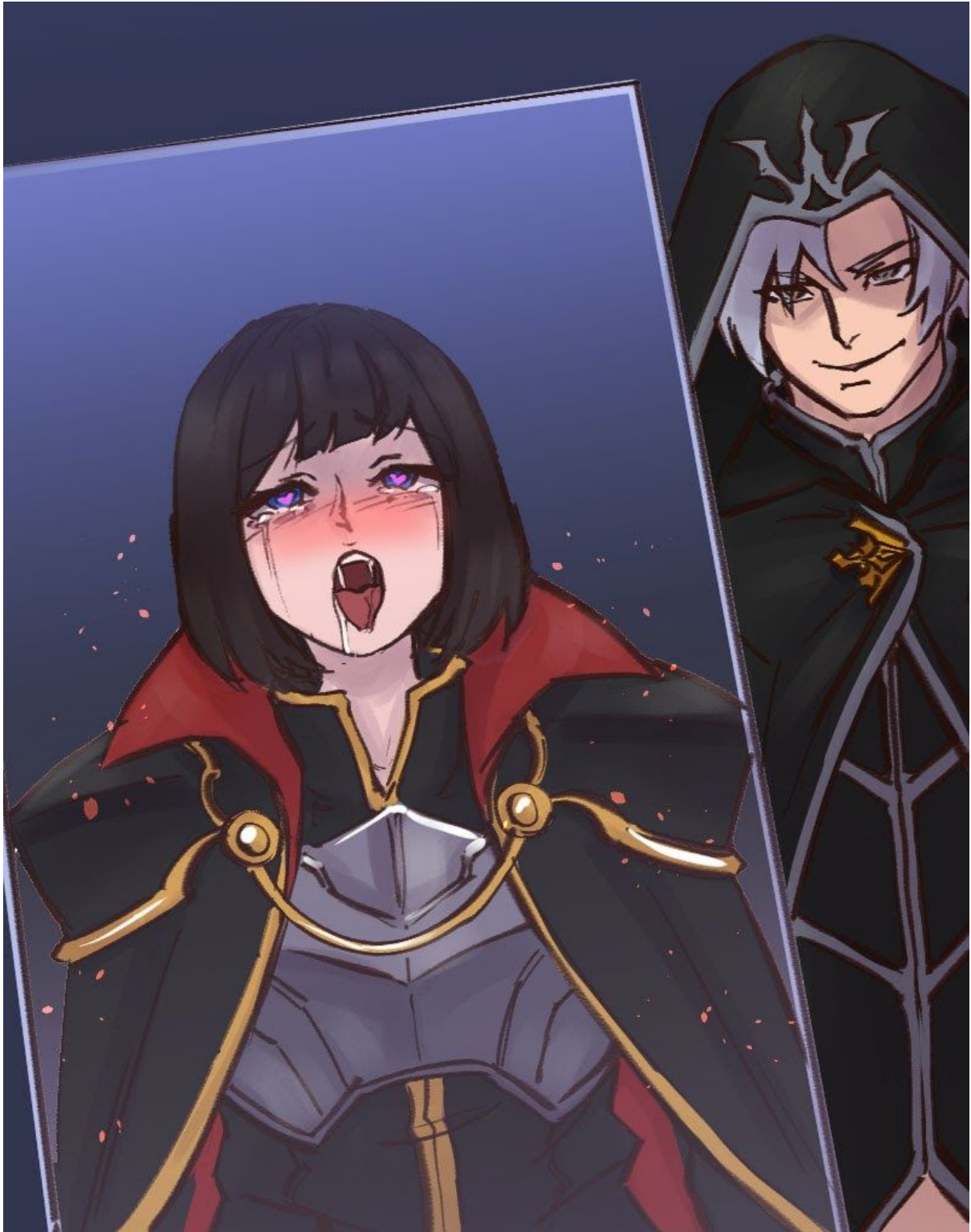
“T-Thank you, master for giving all of you inside me...Was I a good girl...?” She turned back again, anticipating his approval, her mind completely dominated as her ass twitched from the pleasure of being penetrated from two holes.



As the entirety of the semen dripped from inside Kelius's womb, still throbbing, her submissive yelling filled her mind, her groveling, and humiliation that she so loved in those moments, completely losing herself to it.

But Kelius was back again, standing in the room. His face altered into the appearance of his former self from a long time ago, flesh had part below his penis forming a growing pussy as his chest expanded a little as well. His mind was ravaged by those thoughts, his Kingly divine protection dying away.

Polius put a mirror to Kelius's face and he saw in it, the beautiful girl that he once was, a reddening expression, tearing up, salivating. He was hard as the pleasures streamed from below him, he had cummed just standing there at the thought of being fucked by his former master.



“What...hah...have I done..?”