

“Let’s see how much she likes it when I dress up as her!”

Article after article of clothing flew out of Lucina’s closet with disregard, messily covering every corner of the room in a sea of blue cloth. Ducked down between the two open closet doors was *not*, as one would expect, the owner of said garments. Instead, it was a rather surprising uninvited visitor: The Hero-King Marth, prince of Altea and great ancestor of Lucina.

Marth waded through the myriad of clothes with fervor and care. He’d meticulously pick out a shirt or short, inspect it closely, then toss it aside with frustration. He was so close to finding it! The last piece he needed to complete the set. But every time he pulled out another blue garment from Lucina’s closet, it wasn’t what he was searching. For a tomboyish girl who always wore the same outfit, she sure carried a lot of different sets of blue clothing.

The prince sighed. If only he could find Lucina’s cape... Then he’d be able to finish his Lucina ‘disguise’ and look just like her. A feat he was close to accomplishing. Were one not paying attention, they’d think that Marth was currently donning his usual attire. But the opposite was true. From the dress shirt to the underwear, all of the clothes that currently clung to the prince’s body belonged to none other than the Yllissian princess herself. All except for the silky blue wig on his head.

The reason *why* he was wearing these clothes was a little less clear, however. Marth justified it to himself as a form of ‘revenge’. She’d gone around for some time pretending to be the Hero-King, so it was alright for him to do the reverse. Unfortunately, the truth was a bit more uncomfortable. The idea of a female version of him had sparked a strange flame in Marth’s head. He started to become curious about how it would feel like to present as the fairer sex. He’d always been somewhat more feminine than other boys, an aspect that would sometimes lead to ridicule. But now it was different. He just *had* to know what it felt like: To carry yourself as a girl.

It was nothing serious. Just experimenting. At least, that’s the excuse he came up with so that he could sleep at night. Ignoring the fact that ordering a custom made wig, constantly practicing a Lucina voice, and spying on his great-descendant for weeks to find out a perfect time to sneak into her room and try on her clothes weren’t things one would do if they were just ‘experimenting’. But Marth didn’t like dwelling on the topic too much. Whenever it came up, he’d just toss it aside the same way he kept tossing aside more and more clothes.

“Aha!” Marth finally exclaimed with glee.

He quickly stood up from the ground and expanded the piece of cloth in his hand for further inspection. Vibrant red hues in the front, and deep ocean blue in the back. This was it! He’d just found Lucina’s cape! With a quick flip, he tied the thing around his neck and swished it about with glee. Finally! Finally, his Lucina ‘disguise’ was complete!

Excitement flowing in his veins, his body unable to stay still, Marth quickly rushed towards the nearby full mirror. He gasped at the image that shone in the reflective surface before him. It was... It was-! Absolutely beautiful~! The long flowing hair, the tall combat boots, a silky pantyhose on his legs, with a long dress shirt and beautiful cape. He looked exactly like Lucina! If the two were both in the same room, they would definitely be mistaken for twins.

Marth's heart began to beat faster and faster, a light blush coming upon his face. To think that he'd be able to look as pretty as Lucina with just a change of clothes... It made him happier than he expected. His manhood sprung up with life. It wasn't a full-on erection, but it was enough to cause concern over Marth's true intentions. Not that Marth even cared about that now. He was so full of bliss at this moment that he couldn't even manage to care about anything else.

After staring on at himself for what seemed like an eternity, the prince's body began unwittingly moving to form various feminine poses. He struck his leg out, pumped his butt back, and made expressions of pure desire, the same way an attractive model would pose for a photo shoot. His mind didn't even process the oddness of the situation, he was having way too much fun. Maybe he could try some of Lucina's other outfits to see how well they fit. Or maybe... Oooohh he could try some of that make up that all the girls always made a fuss about! Marth quickly turned away for the mirror in search of some more 'experimenting methods', when suddenly-

"Hehehe, let's see how she likes this!"

Without any warning, a young blue haired boy burst through the doors, hands clasped together and a devious smile on his face. He ran into the middle of the room with confidence, until he finally caught glimpse of Marth. In that moment all of the boy's attitude instantly drained from his body. His face was replaced with an expression of confusion and shock, so overcome with surprise that his palms fell open, liberating a tiny frog that had been contained within his grasp.

"Lu-Lucina?" He asked meagerly. "Is that you?"

Marth's entire body was completely frozen in place. What the *hell* was he going to do? He never thought of the possibility of getting discovered while in 'disguise'. If this boy were to find out his true identity it would be the end of his life. Yet despite that, for some ungodly reason, his penis was pressing erect against Lucina's panties, throbbing and pulsating uninhibitedly. Why was the idea of getting discovered so terrifying but so arousing? No, Marth couldn't worry about that right now. First thing was first, he needed to find a way out of this situation, and then he'd worry about his troubling discoveries regarding his sexual preferences.

But how? Maybe he could get this unexpected visitor to leave the room? He did seem a bit familiar... Marth remembered seeing him spending a lot of time with Lucina. His name was... Ma- Mark- Mor-Morgan! Yes, his name was Morgan and he was related to Lucina in some capacity. Brothers? Marth thought. It would explain their similarities in hair color. Alright, if Marth could just pretend to be Lucina and convince this Morgan to leave, then he could strip out of these clothes and leave the disguising for another day. Piece of cake. Who said practicing his Lucina voice for months would be a waste of time?

Clearing his throat, Marth spoke with elegance and femininity. "Y-Yes my dear brother." He stuttered. "It's me, Lucina" Marth shot him a kind smile, standing stiffly in wait of a response from Morgan.

Though unfortunately for Marth, he didn't receive the instant recognition he had hoped for. Instead, Morgan continued to stare at him dumbfounded, scanning him with such intensity it was as if he was trying to verify if Marth was real or a figment of imagination, his eyes and mind fighting to determine which was correct in their assessment. Marth gulped. He couldn't back down now, he had to press on, see if he could maybe break through.

“M-M-Morgan.” Marth stammered. “Is everything alright? As your sister, it worries me to see you so distraught.”

Still, Marth’s words brought nothing but further confusion to Morgan. The young sorcerer continued to gawk blankly at Marth, almost as he was thinking of something totally unrelated. Sweat poured down Marth’s smooth cheeks. Was it over? Was he going to get found out? That’s when Morgan’s demeanor suddenly changed entirely. His expression was replaced with one of cunning, his eyes staring at Marth with hunger.

“Why yes, my dear ‘sister, *Lucina*’” Morgan said with palpable incredulity. “Something *is* wrong!”

Marth began to pray to Naga by this point. Maybe in death he’d have a better existence than anything after this.

“Why are you still in your room?!”

Blinking rapidly, Marth did a double-take from what he’d heard. “Um- What?” He asked befuddled.

“It’s almost noon, you lazy bug!” Morgan responded cheerily. “Why are you still cooped up in your room when there’s chores to do!”

“Ah- Yes- Of course.” Marth’s thoughts bounced about in his mind without direction. He had no idea what was happening, nor how to respond to it. “I was just- um- feeling a bit under the weather today!”

“Really? Is that why you’ve tossed your clothes all over the room?” Morgan asked with a sly tone.

“I- er- am- uh-” Marth was completely perplexed by Morgan’s words. Did he believe Marth’s act or not? It was almost as if he was toying with the prince for entertainment.

“No worries!” The boy exclaimed. “Let’s just go out and start working now!”

Bolting forward, Morgan took hold of Marth’s hand and began pulling them both out of the room. Marth instinctively pulled back though. He definitely did *not* want to be seen as he was by more than one person right now.

“Hey Morgan... I’m not really feeling up to par right now.” Marth shot back. “Maybe I’ll do me chores a little bit later.”

“Hmm that’s strange. Lucina you *never* procrastinate when it comes to your chores.” Morgan commented with obvious exaggeration. “Unless... maybe you’re *not* Lucina?”

“No no no!” Marth quickly retorted anxiously. “I’m definitely Lucina! One hundred percent! I was just kidding with that, let’s go do some chores right now.”

Morgan’s playful expression turned into one of joy. “Great!” He shouted gleefully, before dragging Marth all the way out of Lucina’s room. The ‘disguised’ prince sighed. What the hell has he gotten himself into...

With a pair of Brady’s sunglasses on and sitting comfortably on a beach chair beneath the shade of a parasol, Morgan took a sip of the fruity drink in his hand, exhaling peacefully as a gentle breeze soothed

his body from the summer heat. Yup, things were great. Morgan didn't know who this 'Lucina' impostor was or why they were so hellbent on pretending to be Lucina, but they had proven to be quite useful.

A few meters away, the fake was laboring their butt off on the soil with a hoe under the blazing rays of the sun. It was Cynthia's turn to tend to the crops this week, but Morgan decided to do her a favor by having 'Lucina' do all the work for her. After all, how could he not? This imitator did anything Morgan ordered under the pretense that 'it was something Lucina would do.' And they'd already finished all of Morgan's chores for him, so why not help out his friends in the process?

Yes, everything was going splendid. Though Morgan never expected to find a Lucina impersonator today, he was most definitely going to take advantage of it. He supposed the responsible thing to do would be finding out who the impostor was and what were their plans. However, Morgan's pranking nature made it impossible for him not to have his fun with this.

He did have to admit though, this deceiver was very convincing. Were it not for the fact that Lucina had told him earlier that she'd be gone for the whole day on a sudden surprise assignment, he would have immediately believed that this faker was the real Lucina. And even then, Marth's deception was so convincing that Morgan was sure the impostor was a girl. He and Lucina looked and sounded so much alike... Only when inspecting them closer did one realize they were not the same. Oh and there's a personality difference too. Normal Lucina was formal, but never *this* formal. She'd know that all of these chores weren't hers, and most importantly, she'd **never** call Morgan her 'dear brother'. Especially not after the multitude of pranks he'd played on her.

Morgan took another sip of his drink, causing the straw he was using to roar loudly. Another empty one. With a wicked smile, he beckoned towards Lucina and shook his dry cup.

"Dear sister~!" He called. "I've run out of juice again, would you mind bringing me another one?"

Marth's ears perked up at the sound of Morgan's voice. "O-of course brother!"

Quickly dropping the tool in his hands, Marth rushed towards where Morgan was sitting. Moving through the crops and running past the fences, the tired prince knelt down besides Morgan's chair, where a small icebox containing another cup of the juice was placed. He wiped the sweat of his brow, panting heavily due fatigue, handing the icy refreshment onto Morgan.

"Thank you~" Morgan said, unceremoniously snatching the beverage away from Marth's hands. Though as he looked at the overworked fraud, he did feel a bit bad for her. "Why don't you take a little break?" He suggested.

"Oh, that would be marvelous." Marth concurred, before collapsing from his knees and onto his butt.

Despite the apparent physical strain from all the labor he'd done, Marth bore a wide smile on his face. It was surprisingly fun to do all this commonfolk work. As a prince, all he did were diplomatic meetings and organizing the kingdom. And when he was at war, it was strategizing and managing the troop. Even now that he'd been summoned to the Order of Heroes as was just a nothing more than a foot soldier, he would mostly partake in socializing with lords of other realms and the occasional sparring. He never expected a princess like Lucina to be in charge of doing so much of it (of course, in reality she wasn't, it was all ploy by Morgan), but he had to admit he quite enjoyed it.

There was just something oddly satisfying about completing repetitive menial labor. There was no thinking, no stakes, just work to be done and a body to do it. It felt good to not have the pressures of royalty and leadership bearing over his shoulders. But more than that, Marth really enjoyed presenting himself as a female. The feminine demeanor came easy to him, he didn't have to force it. And he seemed to be quite good at it too. During his work, he'd met a few other people, and none of them batted an eye at his appearance, all instantly believing he was Lucina.

Yes, everything was going splendidly. Though he was still under Morgan's thumb, this time spent as Lucina had been more than enjoyable. Maybe it was even a blessing in disguise. If it weren't for Morgan dragging him out, Marth would have never gone outside in Lucina's clothes and act femininely in front of other people. The threat of being discovered was still very real, but Marth wouldn't have traded the last few hours for anything.

Crrrkkk!

Morgan's straw bellowed once more as the cup he was drinking from found itself empty of liquid. "Ahhh" the young man cooed with satisfaction, before throwing away the cup without care.

With his thirst quenched, the prankster began to wonder what to order this 'Lucina' to do next. Or more specifically, how far he could push her. He had to admit, she was quite determined to prove her claim. After being subjected to hours upon hours of harsh labor, she was still more than ready to work for hours more. But what request would be so preposterous, so blatantly outrageous, that the impostor would have no choice but to drop the façade and reveal her true identity? What sort of demand would completely break her?

Placing his hand under his chin, Morgan pondered this important question as he stared blankly into the sky. Many thoughts crossed his mind, but none of them were extreme enough. It would have to be something abjectly filthy, totally humiliating, and unconditionally unthinkable. It had to be something like...

Sparks glimmered from Morgan's eyes, his face forming into a fully deviant expression. He relaxed onto the backrest of his chair, thinking through the perfect way to execute his plan, and looked over the imposter with an aura of smugness.

"Alright sis... I'm ready for my daily 'relief' session." Morgan spoke authoritatively, a wide sly smile on his face.

The request caught Marth completely off guard. "R-Relief session?" He asked with confusion.

"Yeah, don't you remember?" Morgan added nonchalantly. "It's that thing you volunteered to do to help all the guys in the army. Men get pretty pent up when on the trail. And since war is so exhaustive and tiring, they don't have time to fill their needs. That's why whenever someone asks, you always help them 'satisfy' their needs. *Sexually, of course.*" Morgan accentuated that last statement by unbuttoning his pants and unzipping his fly.

"Wh-What!?!?" Marth shot back with shock. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Lucina didn't seem like the type to have her first kiss yet, much less offer sexual favors to random men. "M-Morgan, you're not being serious, are you?"

“Do I look like I’m joking?” Morgan responded, unamused. He folded his arms behind his head, stretching his body in preparation to receive his ‘relief’. “Now sis, get on with it.”

“B-But Morgan! W-we’re sib-b-blings!” Marth whined. “And- And, out here in the open? What if somebody sees us?!?”

“That’s why I’m telling you to get it over with. The faster you ‘relieve’ me, the smaller the chance we get discovered. Hmmm... That’s weird Lucina, you’ve never denied one of my ‘relief’ requests.” Morgan said, eyeing ‘Lucina’ strangely. “Unless... Maybe you’re not-”

“NO! I’m definitely Lucina!” Marth said, cutting him off. “Of course, I’ll help you. What was I thinking?”

“Good...” Morgan commented, relaxing onto his chair once more. “I’m ready when you are~”

Though he bore quite the serious expression, Morgan could barely hold his laughter in. He’d really gotten this impostor to believe that Lucina would do these sorts of lewd things with anyone that asked. And she looked like she was even seriously considering what he had demanded. Of course, she wouldn’t actually do it. But that was part of the plan. Oh, how Morgan was going to enjoy it when she broke down and admitted her lies.

Meanwhile, Marth let out a tepid sigh. Was he really willing to going this far to keep his identity a secret? He never would have imagined that Lucina was such a pervert. Not that he was one to talk. Maybe it was because of the heat fizzling his brain, or maybe it was because his body was overcome with exhaustion, but whatever the reason, the idea of giving Morgan oral sex out in the open gave Marth the biggest erection he’d experienced.

Sweat poured unimpeded down Marth’s face, the blue wigged boys licked his parched lips. He didn’t understand how a prince of Altea could be having such perverse immoral thoughts, but he couldn’t deny the allure of Morgan’s proposal. To give in to this feminine persona, to let these homosexual desires take control, to stop being Marth, a morally upstanding prince, and becoming ‘Lucina’, Morgan’s little pleasure whore... It aroused Marth more than anything ever before.

The bulge in Morgan’s pants taunted the questioning prince. He wondered how big it would be, how it would taste, how it would smell, how it would taste... After being confined in this smoldering summer heat, his package probably emitted a manly stench so powerful, it’d emasculate Marth within seconds. He wanted to see it. He *needed* to touch it. He- He-! He ***had to pleasure him~***

Yes! Marth was going to suck on Morgan’s cock! It was all to keep his secret safe, of course. No other reason could be at fault here. It was definitely not Marth’s curiosity about the act of consummating with another man. Or his increased arousal at the thought of abandoning his status as proper prince of Altea in and becoming a lustful perverted girl. And it was most definitely *not* that the the prospect of sex with Morgan had awakened a sleeping beast inside Marth. A horny, hungering beast.

With a deep ravaging lust clouding his better judgement, Marth leaned towards Morgan, his eyes greedily sucking up the boy’s tight bulge. His hand snaked from his side and onto Morgan’s body, steadily sneaking closer and closer to Morgan’s crotch before swiftly sticking the whole thing into his underwear.

Morgan jolted upwards in surprise, feeling a hand searching through his private area until it found a meaty pole to grip. “Wha-wha-what’re yo-ou doing???” He cried panicked.

“Mmmm~ I’m just doing exactly what you asked for, *dear brother*.” Marth said, with an exceedingly sultry voice, as his hand began pumping Morgan’s hardening cock.

Morgan gulped, Marth’s sexy voice helping his dick grew even more erect. “N-n-n-noo, st-t-top! I w-w-was j-just joooooooooookiiii~”

“Shhhhh, that’s quite enough Morgan.” Marth brought his empty hand and put his index finger on Morgan’s lips, rubbing them with a gentle touch while his other hand cocked Morgan’s now fully stiff and aroused penis. “Don’t you worry about a thing. Let your *big sister* take care of everything~”

The only thing Morgan could respond with a low groan, his shaft wrapped entirely within ‘Lucina’s’ thin, feminine fingers. Morgan wasn’t experienced in the realm of sexual relations, so having a ‘woman’ touch his privates with such gentleness and finesse was enough to shut any type of protest down.

With the boy fully silenced, Marth turned his attention to the other needy little man in his presence. He looked over the throbbing cock with a sense of adoration. The blood red color, the hardened shape, the pulsating eagerness. This was all Marth’s doing. Morgan found Marth so attractive when dressed as Lucina, that he couldn’t help but grow completely aroused. The thought that he’d become a center of attraction for other men sent shivers down Marth’s spine.

And my, had he grown. Morgan’s pecker was absolutely huge, at least twice as big as Marth’s (not that this was a difficult feat to achieve), very veiny and thick enough that Marth was having trouble wrapping his whole hand around it. “My my~ You might be my little brother, but you are a *big boy*~” Marth taunted him, which only helped to spike Morgan’s arousal.

It was all just perfect. The mix of sweaty and musky odor sunk into Marth’s nostrils like the most delectable perfume in all of the land. Morgan’s small number of pubes looked cute on the still growing boy, and the way his body twitched with every one of Marth’s hand motions was absolutely adorable. But it wasn’t enough. Just staring Morgan’s penis from a distance wasn’t enough. Marth needed more, he needed to have the man stick closer to his body... He needed to... Get a taste.

Releasing the cock from his hand for a second, Marth placed one hand on Morgan’s leg and another on the chair rest in for better grip. He eyed up Morgan’s penis the same way a starving man eyes up a meal, lips smacking and tongue swishing, ready to consume everything in sight. He inched his head backwards, preparing himself for the dive, and before Morgan could realize that his manhood was no longer being stimulated, Marth plunged his head towards Morgan’s crotch, taking all of Morgan’s cock into his mouth in one go.

Morgan moaned loudly as his member was enraptured in slimy warm bliss. Eyes rolling into his head, spine arching back. Fireworks blew up inside of the boy’s mind as it tried to process all of the physical pleasure. The tight yet comfortable cavern, the soft tongue cushion, and the gooey pleasant lubricant, all the feelings that encompassed his dick were things that Morgan could have only experienced in his wildest wet dreams.

And that was before Marth had even started moving! All of that stimulation was increased by tenfold the moment the blue haired ‘princess’ had started bobbing her head up and down. Though it was

Marth's first time, he was already working the shaft like a pro. Swift, methodical movements, gentle massages with the tongue, all of Morgan's masturbation sessions from now on were ruined for he'd never feel as good as he was feeling in this moment.

Even Marth himself was having the time of his life. The taste of Morgan's pole was entirely delectable. It was tangy and salty, yet Marth couldn't help but want to taste more as his face dove back and forth against Morgan's crotch. His nose came so close to Morgan's private's that his pungent man-stink coursed through Marth's respiratory ducts straight into his brain, bringing up a sea of images of delicious erect cocks right into Marth's mind, which only served to further arouse the horny man. He thought about how he wanted to touch them, suck them, pleasure them. He wanted dicks, he *loved* dicks.

Soon, Marth's motions became animalistic and primal. He wanted nothing more than to satisfy this penis. He was the harbinger of pleasure, he was the master of lust. Nothing more than a sexual object for other men. His job was to bring relief to any who desired it, and being the good little slut he was, he was going to do exactly that.

It was honestly the greatest feeling ever. Marth quickly got lost in the wave of lust that inundated his mind, letting primal desires that he could have never dreamed of having take over his body. He thrust his face up and down uncontrollably, slobbering up Morgan's pole with wet smacking sounds, his throat gagging and cooing a wonderful song of bliss. His tastebuds jumped in glee Morgan's dick started dribbling drops of precum, his whole body engorged in a state of joy. Even his own penis was fully erect and dripping a healthy dose of pre, ready to explode into climax at any second. But Marth couldn't allow that, he couldn't feel truly satisfied until Morgan's hot member had been completely pacified.

These thorough efforts were clearly having their mark, for Morgan continuously moaned as 'Lucina' assaulted his organ. The intensity and proficiency this girl applied on him was beyond imaginable. Morgan's body shook from her every motion, as if she was manually controlling every single one of his pleasure centers. As much as he didn't want to admit it, this was the best he'd ever felt in his life. His cock throbbed with necessity, balls whirring in force. With his lack of sexual experience, it wouldn't be much longer before he came from the overload of ecstasy.

"Ooooooh~" Morgan cried pleurably. "*Lucinaaaaaa~*" He yelped in the heat of the moment, taking both hands to press Marth's head closer to his crotch.

Despite his better judgement, Morgan's body couldn't help but want to be pleased by a beautiful sexy girl like this. It clamored for release, grunts and groans serving as its way to show the ecstasy that Morgan was going through. Marth took this gesture as a sign that he was doing good, so he redoubled his efforts and began to suck with increasing vigor. His lips extended to the base of Morgan's cock, mouth slurping so hard that Marth's cheeks caved inwards due to pressure. The man gulped on Morgan's member with the same force a vampire would use when trying to steal every last bit of life essence from an unsuspecting victim.

It was too much for Morgan to handle. The boy moaned and trembled spastically, melting into the chair beneath him. His penis quivered, veins pulsating madly, balls churning in preparation. He was going to! He was going to-!!!~

Arching his hips forward, Morgan groaned out loudly as his penis started to spurt out line after line of cum directly into 'Lucina's' throat. Marth was a bit taken back from the sudden jolt at first, but he quickly returned to his duty, happily downing ever last ounce of Morgan's sweet seed into his mouth. The dick continued to tremble and spit for a few seconds, until all of Morgan's sperm reserves had been depleted and the boy collapsed on his chair.

Meanwhile, Marth kept on sucking even as Morgan's penis went flaccid, slurping every inch of the member until the last drop of Morgan's cum had been swallowed. Finally satisfied, he released the soft stick with a fulfilled 'Puahh'. The taste of cum wasn't as sweet and pleasant as he'd thought, but it was most definitely tasty. Marth looked over at the tired boy with pride. Morgan could barely open an eyelid, his entire body too overcome with exhaustion. It looked like Marth's 'relief' session had been quite successful~

Marth giggled. With a little hop, he sprang up from the floor energetically. Unlike Morgan, he felt full of vitality and life. "Now then *lil bro*. I'm gonna go ahead and finish up in the field. Don't you move a muscle~"

With nothing further to say, Marth pranced away happily. Morgan gave a groan. That had been so intense his body wasn't responding to him. He never honestly expected this impostor to do such a thing. He even felt a bit of respect that she would go that far. In the end, though Morgan thought he had control, it seemed like *he* was the one getting pranked. He made a tired sigh.

"Hey Luci, can you get me another drink?"

"Ugh, where did that boy go off to now?"

The prince and exalt of Yllise, Chrom, walked through the fields of the grand Askrian castle, the sun setting down behind him, in search of his immature carefree son. It was almost sunset, and Morgan hadn't shown up to his daily sword training with Chrom, which most definitely meant he was causing trouble somewhere. Chrom didn't know what he was doing, but knowing Morgan, he had to stop it before it got out of hand.

Chrom turned left, entering into the crop field. Morgan wasn't one to spend time near vegetables, but when he got one of those pranks in his head, the possibilities of where he could be were endless. He looked around the field intently, when his attention was caught by a parasol and a beach chair. Bingo. That wasn't supposed to be there so surely it had to do something with Morgan.

Stomping towards the parasol unceremoniously, Chrom readied himself to reprimand the boy. He turned his head to its insides and, just as he'd suspected, spotted none other than his son, Morgan, relaxing on the beach chair as if he hadn't a care in the world. Chrom frowned, crossing his arms in annoyance. Morgan didn't notice him for a few seconds, but when he did, the boy simply smiled, not even moving a finger from where he was.

"Greetings father." Morgan said nonchalantly.

“Don’t ‘Greetings father’ me, young man.” Chrom replied angrily. “Where have you been?! I know you’re not very fond of sword training, since you took on your mother’s proficiency with tomes. But even she is quite good with the sword, and skipping sparring is unacceptable.”

“Sorry dad.” Morgan apologized in a tone that wasn’t very apologetic. “Something very crazy happened to me. I *had* to skip training.”

“Is that so?” Chrom asked skeptically. “Very well then. Let me hear what was so important that you ‘had to’ skip our practice.”

As if by cue, another person then entered the tent.

“Here you go, my dear brother.” She said, bringing a cup to the sitting Morgan.

Chrom looked confusedly at this unknown figure to see it was... Lucina? That was strange. Chrom didn’t think that she’d already be done with her surprise mission. And he was sure that she’d come to tell him as soon as she returned. But when Lucina stepped back and noticed him, instead of greeting him warmly and lovingly, she jolted upwards in surprise, as if she never expected, or even wanted, to find him here. The girl looked downwards with embarrassment.

“H-Hello father...” She said shyly. A greeting that felt very cold to Chrom.

“Lucina?” Chrom asked with bewilderment. “When did you-?”

Before Chrom could finish his sentence though, Morgan jumped up from his chair and stopped him. “Woah hoa! Hold on a second there, pops!” Morgan exclaimed to Chrom. He leaned closely to his father and began whispering to him. “I’ll explain everything to you, just... Gimme a second.”

Chrom acquiesced, keeping his mouth shut for now. Morgan meanwhile, turned to ‘Lucina’ with a smile. “Hey sis, why don’t you give dad and I a bit to talk.”

“Of course!” She replied with a smile, letting Morgan lead Chrom out from under the parasol.

When the two were sufficiently separated from ‘Lucina’, Chrom turned to look at Morgan with a suspicious expression. “What did you do to Lucina?” He commanded. “Why is she back already? And why was she fetching you drinks?”

“Ok, alright, settle down.” Morgan said, trying to calm his father’s demeanor. “I can explain. You see, that girl over there... She isn’t Lucina!”

“What?!” Chrom asked with an eyebrow raised. “But she looks just-”

“Yeah, yeah, she looks just like Lucina, I know.” Morgan explained. “But she’s not. I found her today in the morning sniffing around Lucina’s room when I tried to place a toad under her bed.”

“Morgan!” Chrom shouted angrily. “How many times have we told you not to prank your sister with frogs?”

“That’s not the point!” Morgan quickly changed the subject. “What I’m trying to say is that this isn’t the real Lucina, she’s an impostor, a faker. And she’s being really adamant about convincing me that she’s the real deal.”

“How do you know it’s not the real one?” Chrom asked dubiously.

“If you look closely, you can see they’re not the same.” Morgan made a sly smile. “Plus... I’ve gotten her to do a bunch of things by saying that it’s something Lucina would do. This girl is crazy! She’ll do whatever you ask her to as long as she thinks it will make her seem like Lucina. And I mean *anything*.”

That tone if that last word sent shivers down Chrom’s spine. “Wh-what’s that supposed to mean?”

Morgan responded with a giggle. “Let’s just say this girl has helped me become a real man~”

“Morgan!” Chrom shouted angrily. He wasn’t sure exactly what Morgan meant, but if the implication was what he thought, he didn’t like it one bit.

“What?!” Morgan answered defensively. “I was just having a little fun with her!”

Chrom sighed. “If what you’re saying is true, you shouldn’t just ‘be having fun with her’” He commented responsibly. “You should find out who she is, what she wants, and get her to stop.”

“Oh, come on!” Morgan complained. “You’re telling me you wouldn’t have taken advantage of her either? I mean, you can even use her for that one fantasy you have!”

“Huh?!” Chrom asked with confusion and shock. “H-How do you know about that?!?”

“Don’t play coy with me father!” Morgan commented plainly. “I might be young, but I’m not oblivious. I could tell that you’re attracted to Lucina by the way you interact with her... Plus, mother told me of that time you asked her to dress as Lucina in bed.”

“She told you?!?” Chrom’s face turned beet red, the prince overcome with embarrassment.

“Oh yeah.” Morgan answered tauntingly. “She was *super pissed* when that happened. Though now she thinks it’s very funny that you actually built of the courage to ask her. As do I.”

“I can’t believe she told you...” Chrom looked down at the ground with a forlorn expression. “She said she’d never tell anyone...”

“So...” Morgan wrapped his arm around Chrom’s head, pressing his body very close to his father’s. “Why don’t you go ahead and get your revenge using this Lucina impostor? You can kill two birds with one stone. Fulfill this long felt fantasy once and for all and get your revenge on mom for breaking her promise. And I get to mess around with this fraud for a bit longer. It’s a win-win situation for all!”

Chrom looked at his son with a troubled expression, seriously considering Morgan’s proposition. “And you won’t tell your mother about this?”

“Nope, zip, nada!” Morgan made a zipper gesture with his mouth. “It’ll be like it never happened at all! And once you’re done with her, we find out who she is, give her a stern taking, and it never happens again.”

Once again, Chrom shifted his sight towards the ground. He wasn’t fond of the idea of cheating on his wife. But he *really* wanted to bang Lucina, or at least a lookalike. Ever since he’d first seen her in the Ylissian castle, Chrom had been completely smitten. Had she spent more time with him during those weeks, Chrom was sure he’d proposed to her instead of Robin. He still loved Robin if course, especially

now that he had two beautiful children with her. And having intimate relationships with his actual daughter was a big no no. But that first love he'd experienced had never really gone away. Chrom always wondered how it would feel to experience it.

"Very well." Chrom said, sterling his resolve. "We can mess with her for a bit. *But-!* After we're done, we find out who she is and get her to stop. Understood?"

"Yes sir!" Morgan responded energetically, jokingly saluting Chrom with his right arm.

Ignoring the silly gesture, Chrom walked back to the umbrella with Morgan at his tow. Once back, he took some time to more closely inspect this 'impostor' Lucina who was still waiting patiently beneath the shadow of the parasol. Morgan did have a point, this Lucina looked just a tad bit different. But if he hadn't pointed it out, Chrom probably would have never noticed.

"Alright Luci. Thanks for helping me out today." Morgan spoke with an air of smugness. "Why don't you go ahead and patrol the castle a bit with father?"

'Lucina' hopped upwards with a smile that seemed a bit forced. "Yes, I can't really say no to patrolling the castle with father, can I?" She sighed, walking over to Chrom.

"Nope! You can't" Morgan responded unapologetically. "Now go ahead and have fun you two!"

As 'Lucina' interlocked arms with Chrom, the two began to walk off in unison. A light blush appeared in Chrom's face, nervousness creeping into the exalt.

"But not *too much* fun~"

Step... Step... Step... The two lords walked through the halls of the castle uninterrupted, not a single glance, gesture or even comment exchanged between the two. Chrom was completely stiff, in more ways than one. The prospect of having sex with a Lucina lookalike had shut down his logical brain entirely. At this moment, he was nothing more than a blubbering nervous mess.

He looked over at 'Lucina'. The soft facial features, the lithe body, the feminine strut. It was all so god damn attractive. The image of this lady in the nude and pleasuring Chrom set his loins on fire. Noticing Chrom's gaze, 'Lucina' turned to face him. But the moment their eyes met, the two instantly faced in different directions, returning to the same place they were in before.

Gods! This sexual tension was killing him. He hadn't felt this awkward since he accidentally walked in on a naked Robin in the bath. No, he couldn't let things continue this way. He'd wandered off with this fake Lucina in order to sex her up, so why was he wasting his finite time dawdling his thumbs around like an idiot? He had to take charge! Put his insecurities aside and take what he wanted. The time was now! Chrom was not about to squander such an opportunity.

Looking around the hall, Chrom searched for a place to take the girl to for some 'private time'. He spotted a door to his left that, if he recalled correctly, led to a packed weapons room. That would do. Really anything would do, as long as he could fulfill his long-held fantasy. Without so much as a warning, he grabbed 'Lucina' and forcefully dragged the both of them inside. 'Lucina' yelped from the sudden jolt of her body, but her lean physique made her completely unable to resist Chrom's might.

Once the two were fully inside the dusty arms room, Chrom slammed the door close and pressed the impostor against the wall. He then pushed his lips against the girl's without the slightest indication, catching her completely by surprise as he sunk his tongue deeper and deeper into her mouth. His arousal enflamed by the sudden show of authority, Marth couldn't help but give in to the kiss, moaning lustfully into Chrom's mouth.

The pair continued to make out undisturbed for minutes, saliva flying from one mouth to another, lips gently caressing their partners, tongues clashing in an intense show of affection. Only once the two had run out of air did they separate, strings of drool connecting their mouths together while they stared lustfully into each other's eyes.

"F-Father?" Marth asked full of doubt.

"I-I'm sorry Lucina." Chrom spoke with a tone of desperation. "I've been wanting to do this for so long..."

"Father..." Marth's first reaction should have been one of surprise and disgust. To think that Lucina would even do such a thing with her own father... Yet, as his heart throbbed with excitement and his penis poked erect through his panties, Marth couldn't help but feel for the man. The need in his eyes was palpable, the desire in his heart was real. This was a man in dire need of Marth's sexual satisfaction. What other choice did he have but to help him?

Standing on his tippy toes, it was now Marth who initiated a kiss with Chrom. The two princes smooched lovingly, a sign of agreement and acceptance of the events to come. When they were done, Marth gave Chrom a horny excited smile.

"Don't you worry father!" He exclaimed cheerily. "I'll take care of you *real good*~"

Marth slipped himself out of the corner, pushing Chrom back against a stack of boxes. The Yllissian prince's resistance was nonexistent, his body too aroused and excited to perform any action of its own. Marth rubbed his body seductively against Chrom's, that same fog of arousal that he felt before growing in his mind once more. Lowering his hands towards Chrom's eager bulge, he slowly and teasingly unzipped Chrom's pants, letting the exalt shiver from his mere touch.

The moment Chrom's pants hit to the floor, his cock exploded out from his underwear. Marth gasped as he saw the thing. It was absolutely enormous! Like father, like son they say. But Chrom was much more well endowed than his offspring. The monster looked more like a club than a dick, with a bulbous angry red head, a veiny pulsating trunk of a body, and testicles almost the size of oranges. It was so large that it looked like no woman could be able to take such a large man stick, yet Marth couldn't stop thinking about how much he wanted it inside him.

Hearts forming in his eyes and unable to hold back any longer, Marth quickly lowered his panties and flipped up the back of his skirt, exposing just enough to present his bountiful assets, but not enough to reveal his gender. His butt twitched in anticipation. Before today he'd never thought about indulging in anal sex with another man. It seemed immoral, downright repulsive to him. But at this moment there was nothing more that he wanted to do than have Chrom's cock in his ass.

Slowly backing into Chrom, Marth pressed the monster dick between his cheeks. "Fuck!" He whispered in his regular voice, as he felt the head swelling against his entrance.

In that minuscule moment, a twinge of doubt entered Marth's mind. Was he really going to have sex with another man? His cock was so big... Marth would definitely break from taking it. Plus, Chrom was Lucina's father, which in turn made him Marth's descendant. Not only would he be committing adultery, he would also be willingly partaking in incest. It was wrong, he shouldn't be doing this.

But his heart beat quickly, cock throbbing with bliss. He wanted to do this more than anything. He **needed** to feel what it felt like. There was nothing in the world that aroused him more than what he was feeling right now. Just as fast as it had come, the moment was gone. A debauched expression appeared on Marth's face. He was going to that monster dick whole~

With one swift motion, no lube, no preparation, no training, Marth pushed his ass back with force, effortlessly taking most of Chrom's penis into his back canal. The two boys moaned in unison, their voices merging to form a song of carnal pleasure as static shocks of ecstasy spread through their bodies. Marth grunted loudly, a dopey smile forming on his face. Stars started to cloud his vision, his ass went completely numb. Gods, this dick was so large! A visible bump appeared on his belly, his intestines engorging to make space for the massive invasion of girth.

Still, Marth felt no pain, only a rush of pleasure as his ass encompassed most of Chrom's length. The pace of his breath quickened, his penis quivering with delight. To think that he would be able to take such a massive dong without so much as trying. And to think that it would make him feel so amazing. Marth could barely maintain the force to stay conscious as Chrom's amazing size rubbed against his prostate.

And it wasn't just the cock that aroused him, but the reality of the situation. Here he was, a prince, a king, a hero, taking his great-great-great-etc. descendant's cock like a slut. A filthy adulterer humiliating himself in search of pleasure. Emasculating himself for some sort of cheap perverted rush. He loved every second of it! He wasn't a leader. Right now, he was nothing more than a common whore.

With a quick bump, Marth pressed his rump even closer to Chrom's crotch, his libido yearning for even more pleasure. Chrom moaned as his back crashed against the boxes behind them, his dick sliding entirely into 'Lucina's' hole. It was incredible, his deepest held fantasy finally coming true. Never in a million years did Chrom think he would be able to have sex with 'Lucina', and it felt better than anything he could have asked for.

Before long, Marth had begun pumping his hips back and forth, sliding Chrom's dick in and out of his butt with ease and force. Chrom had envisioned this same scenario countless times in his mind, but his wildest dreams didn't come close to what was happening right now. The way this girl moved, the way she sounded, the way she looked, it was like she was a hypersexed version of Lucina who was extremely attracted to him. It aroused Chrom beyond anything imaginable.

And the way she handled his dick was simply masterful. Normally, Chrom had trouble with women in bed because they couldn't handle his tremendous size. But this girl barely batted an eye when she saw him, in fact, she looked to be excited over its gargantuan nature. She rocked her ass rhythmically and confidently, taking in all of Chrom's cock into her hole like it was nothing, a feat not even Robin had managed to achieve. It sent shudders down Chrom's spine. Was this how sex was supposed to feel like?

Slapping and moaning sounds continued to fill the room uninterrupted, as the two princes lovingly mashed their bodies together. Chrom places his hands on Marth's hips to get a semblance of stability,

though he did not have the strength to speed up or slow down Marth's perpetual movements. The crossdressing prince was the conductor of this train, and Chrom was merely a fleeting passenger, subject to any of Marth's whims and desires.

A desire that kept burning and growing with every passing second. A smile on his face, Marth bounced energetically on Chrom's cock the same a kid would bounce on a trampoline. He was having the time of his life. His cock sputtered precum, his butt twinging from the endless assault. The only thing that was missing from his happiness was Chrom's climax. He squeezed his sphincter, moving with intent and determination to get his 'daddy' to cum~ He wanted it so bad!!!

"Oh fuck daddy!" Marth yelled loudly. "Yeah! Give it to me, daddy!!!"

The words further aroused Chrom beyond what he thought possible. It really felt like he was fucking his daughter. His attractive, smart, beautiful daughter. The dream he never thought could be accomplished finally fulfilled. It was too much to handle. His cock throbbed with impatience, sperms crashing against the walls of his testicles demanding release. Chrom grunted uncomfortably.

"Lucinaaaa!!!" He yelled amorously, holding the impostor's body tightly.

Marth made a girly yip as Chrom started to release his massive load into Marth's ass. It started slow at first, with a few thin warning shots of precum. But pretty fast a whole tsunami of sperm started to inundate Marth's entire cavern. Marth's eyes rolled to the back of his head, tears dribbling down his cheek. His stomach visibly bulged, his intestines being filled with such a large amount of warm seed that Marth himself released his own load, his dick exploding into orgasm and and shot various strings of cum into his panties.

Chrom kept unloading shot after shot of sperm, beyond what seemed to be humanly possible. It almost made Marth's stomach look pregnant. Marth happily cooed at the sensation. To think that such a stallion would unleash this massive of a load inside him made his dick instantly grow erect once more. In a fit of lust, he leaned against Chrom and pressed his lips against Chrom's. The mellow exalt did not even think of resisting, and the two boys continued to share saliva until Chrom's balls had been fully emptied.

Separating from their kiss, they looked at each other lovingly. Marth happily patted the bump that had formed in his stomach.

"Mmmmm~ That was so good father~" He cooed, as he softly caressed Chrom's chiseled chest. "Wanna do it again?" Chrom's still hard cock throbbed while inside Marth's asshole, telling everything he needed to know.

"Luci, I would love~"

KLANGGG!!!

Suddenly, the two were interrupted by a loud crash at the door. They both turned towards the entrance at the same time, getting a glimpse of something quite unexpected. In the corner of the room, next to the shut door, was the Nohrian/Hoshidan royal, Corrin, with a look of disgust and shock on his face.

"What the *HELL* is going on in here?!?!" He asked angrily.

Chrom quickly jumped from his spot, pushing 'Lucina' to the side while pulling his pants up. "W-W-Wait I-I can explain!"

About 30 minutes earlier...

"So have you seen Lucina?"

Brady shot the draconic white-haired man a sour look. "Who's askin'?"

"Uh... Me? Corrin." The Nohrian noble replied simply. He extended his hand towards the crouching priest politely. "I don't think we're met before, nice to meet you!"

"That's not what I meant ya' knucklehead!" Brady pushed his arm away as he stood up. "I was asking why d'ya wanna know?"

"Oh!" The question took Corrin a bit off guard. "I just haven't seen her all day and I wanted to know if she was doing ok."

Brady stared doubtfully into Corrin's eyes for a few seconds, making the prince a bit uncomfortable. "Well, have no clue where she is!" He finally responded, before turning his back on Corrin and walking away. "Why don't cha go ask her pa' or somethin'?"

Corrin let out a deep sigh. If only it was that easy. Having failed to gain anything from Brady, Corrin continued his quest in search of the Ylissian princess. He wandered through the halls of the castle, asking anyone who might know her, searching in the places where she might be. But it was fruitless, no matter where he went, there was no trace of said princess.

Why was a lord from another world looking for Lucina anyways, one might ask? Well, the answer was quite simple, it was love. The moment Corrin had been summoned into this world and he'd laid eyes on the sapphire beauty, he'd become instantly entranced. Not a single woman, from Nohr to Hoshido, could even compare to her splendor. She was like a girl pulled out of his dreams, cute but tough, lean but soft, and with an adorable personality to boot.

Ever since then, Corrin had made courting her his main priority in this strange land. He spent as much time as he could with the lady, meeting her friends, cozying up to her family. He'd shower her with gifts, compliments, and his undying devotion. He even tried confessing to her a few times, but for some reason she seemed to hold back. Was he not attractive enough? Or did she have someone else she held dear in her heart? The latter didn't seem probable, as Corrin hadn't seen such a person around her. Maybe she was just trying to protect him, not wanting to enter a relationship only to be separated once their contracts were over. Such a sweet gesture would only be appropriate from such a sweet flower.

Regardless of the reason, the two ultimately weren't an *official* couple, but that didn't deter Corrin in the slightest. As long as he could stay at her side as a friend, he would continue to support and care for her every day, so that when her attitude about it changed, he'd welcome her with open arms.

Except- Today was different. No matter how hard Corrin tried to find her, Lucina was nowhere to be seen, almost as if she was avoiding him. The thought sent a stake through Corrin's heart. To think that his sweet darling would detest his advances so much that she never wanted to see him again... Had he

pushed to far? Was he being too clingy? A regular man might say it was just a coincidence that they hadn't met all day, but Corrin had seen the signs. Her brother had told him that she was away on some sort of mission, but when he asked Cynthia and Inigo, they both said they'd seen her today. This set conflicting information could only mean one thing, Corrin was no longer welcome at Lucina's side.

Corrin sighed once more. The moon was beginning to rise under the mantle of darkness, stars and torches illuminating the castle's halls. It was getting a bit too late. Maybe he should turn in for now and call it a day. See if he can find Lucina tomorrow.

But then, something miraculous happened. Right before him two blue haired warriors appeared, the unmistakable colors of the Ylissian royalty. A lean small girl accompanied a tall man as they walked through the castle corridors. It was them! Corrin had finally found Lucina!

Running at top speed, Corrin rushed towards the pair. He watched them turn left into a hallway and followed closely behind, but when he entered said hallway, the two were somehow nowhere to be seen. As if they'd been warped away by some sort of staff, Chrom and Lucina had completely disappeared from the air! Corrin could barely believe his eyes. A bit of doubt dripped into his mind. It was clear from this that they were definitely avoiding him. Yet, Corrin did not want to give up. If he was going to be ultimately rejected, he wanted Lucina to tell it to him face to face. Until then, his heart would continue to love and his spirit would continue to burn.

With a new surge of determination, Corrin began to look for Lucina's whereabouts once more. The two couldn't have gone that far honestly, they were most likely hiding in one of the nearby rooms. Corrin searched everywhere he could around the local vicinity. The supply closet, the armor closet, the weapons closet, the tomes closet... Every single storage room nearby was thoroughly searched through (if your definition of thoroughly is opening the door, peeking inside, and calling it good). Yet despite these good efforts, Corrin was unable to detect a single trace of Lucina.

Letting out a long drawn out sigh, Corrin felt ready to give up. Maybe things weren't meant to be between the two. He would just have to settle with one of the many Nohrian or Hoshidan bitches that lusted after him. But just as he started walking away, Corrin heard a sudden noise. His pointed ears perked up. It was momentary, but he'd definitely heard something that sounded like... Some sort of cry? Wailing? It wasn't quite indistinguishable, but it was absolutely present.

Then he heard it again, more continuous cries that rang in the distance. Pressing his ear against the wall, Corrin began to search for the source of said noise. He slowly followed the howl, hearing it get louder as it got closer, until he finally found its peak. It seemed to be coming from the weapons room. That was odd, he thought. Corrin was sure he checked there before.

Nevertheless, a clue was a clue, so Corrin opened the door to the weapons storage once more. He looked inside with precaution, gazing intently through the myriad of weapons and boxes stacked up to the ceiling. Still he found no trace of a person inside, though the voices did get louder, growing into moans more than wails, which meant that Corrin had to delve deeper into the room.

He cautiously passed through the dusty boxes and racked weapons, stepping quietly so as to not get discovered. Then, as he crossed the corner of the room, he saw it. An atrocious sight horrible enough to destroy any man's heart. There, snuggling closely to some stacked boxes, were Chrom and her darling Lucina, doing- making- having-! Having sexual intercourse!!!

Corrin felt a torrent of rage swell from within him. The lustrous girl he'd courted for months, the beautiful lady he'd show nothing but the utmost of respect and admiration, the one who'd declined his advances multiple times. Here she was, having intimate relationships with her own father. It was... It was absolutely disgusting. To think that her own family would be more appealing to her than Corrin, it filled the draconic man with an anger that he'd never experienced before.

In this rage, Corrin grabbed the closest weapon rack and slammed it onto the floor, letting the metal weapons clang out loudly as they hit the cold stone. The sound seemed to have notified both lovers of Corrin's presence, the two turning towards him with terror.

"What the *HELL* is going on here?"

...

"Ahh... I see. So that girl is not the real Lucina, but merely someone pretending to be Lucina. And that's why you've been taking advantage of her." Corrin reiterated.

"Yes, but only for today!" Chrom added nervously. "After we're done, we'll find out who she is and what she wants and get her to stop doing it."

Corrin felt quite relieved at the fact that the real Lucina wasn't committing such a perverse act with her father. Still, the shock that he felt in that moment had such a damaging effect on Corrin's psyche that he would not truly feel well any time soon. It made him realize how much of his time he'd spent on her, and how he'd gotten basically nothing in return. They weren't even close enough that Lucina warned him of her extended absence. What was the point of everything he'd done until now?

"Hmm..." Corrin hummed aloud. There was no one that loved Lucina more than him, and yet two people had already had sex with her lookalike. Maybe...

"I want in." Corrin piped up out of nowhere.

"W-What?" Chrom asked confusedly.

"You and Morgan already had sex with this girl." Corrin clarified. "I also want to do it."

Chrom thought about the request deeply. "I don't know... I think we've messed with her plenty already..."

"Unless... You want me to tell the Order of Heroes that you took advantage of this poor lass and tell your wife that you cheated on her." Corrin threatened Chrom without hesitation.

"Alright, alright!" Chrom instantly acquiesced. "You can keep her the rest of the night if you want! J-Just-! After tomorrow we're finding out who she really is."

"That's fine." Corrin commented with a devious smile. "One night is all I need."

Their transaction finished, Corrin opened the door and entered the weapons room once more. "Ok Luci." Corrin addressed the 'Lucina' waiting inside. "Chrom's gonna finish his evening patrol alone. Why don't you accompany me to my room?"

The girl looked at Chrom doubtfully. "Is that alright, father?"

"Yeah, just go with him..." Chrom said, not even able to look at her.

With nothing left to say, Corrin took hold of 'Lucina's' hand and dragged the two of them out of the room, slamming the door shut behind them. The pair quickly walked through the moonlit corridors of the castle, Corrin stomping angrily in front, while Marth meekly followed closely. Not a word was exchanged between the two as they passed torch after torch, pillar after pillar, only silence. Corrin's anger put Marth a little bit on edge.

"Is everything alright, Lord Corrin?" Marth asked, trying to refuse the tension. He didn't know much about the white-haired man, but he did know that he spent an awful lot of time with the heroes from the world of awakening, considering that he was not from that world.

"Oh yes, everything's just great." He responded sarcastically, not even bothering to turn to face Marth. The Altean prince took this as a sign not to press on, and so the rest of the trip the two remained completely silent.

It didn't take long for the pair to arrive at Corrin's quarters. Once inside, Marth was a bit impressed at how tidy and neat the room was. It was also pretty dark, with the only thing that Marth could discern being the large fluffy bed with black covers.

After shutting the door locked, Corrin looked at Marth menacingly. "Alright then, take your clothes off."

Marth jumped back, surprised at Corrin's forwardness. "Wh-What?!"

"You heard me, *whore!*" He incanted fiercely. Putting his two hands firmly around the crossdressing man's hips, Corrin lifted Marth from the ground and threw him into the bed, making the 'princess' bounce safely on the soft cushion.

"Y-Y-Yes s-sir!" Marth complied as he began to undress. He was absolutely terrified now. But more than that, he was also *superbly* aroused. This wasn't his first experience with a man today, but in both of those previous cases, he'd had full control over the situation. Now he didn't even have that, Corrin was the boss and he was simply the thing to pleasure him. His transformation into a perverted bitch that was nothing more than an object for men's pleasure was finally complete, and it aroused his loins more than anything.

Soon, Marth was left with nothing on but a bra, a pair of panties and his custom-made wig. He blushed heavily covering his crotch to hide his massive erection.

"Good, good." Corrin said with a smile, admiring the lean feminine body. "Now turn around and show me that ass."

Marth complied without thinking twice, getting on all fours like the bitch he was and showing his round rump to Corrin. The white-haired royal couldn't help but appreciate the sight. It was a good ass, a bit bigger than Lucina's, but still quite good. But he was more pleased with this impostor's submissiveness, seeing this Lucina-like figure trembling beneath his feet was more than delightful. Pleased with the situation, Corrin discarded his loincloth, his penis poking erect through his underwear, and clambered on top of the bed.

He slapped Marth's soft butt viciously, making the other boy moan out lustfully as his backside jiggled, shivers running down his spine. "I can't believe you cheated on me with your family, you *slut*." He muttered angrily. The accusation made Marth gasp. What was he talking about? Marth had done everything Lucina would normally do, why was he talking as if he'd done something bad?

"As your punishment..." Corrin continued, gripping the strings of Marth's panties with both of his hands. "Let's take a look at that pussy~"

"NOOO!!!" Marth's defensive reflexes propped up instantly. He closed his legs to Corrin, cupping his balls with one hand to hide them while holding his panties in place with the other.

An act of subordination that was met with more ire, as Corrin slammed the back of Marth's face against the bedding, his hand firmly gripping the boy's neck. "What was that, you *bitch*?"

Barely able to breathe, Marth's dick was nonetheless on the edge of ejaculation. "A-A-Ass..." Was all he could mutter.

Corrin responded to her words with a smile. "Oh, so you're a little ass-slut, is that it? Very well. I'll fuck you until you can't feel your asshole anymore."

Releasing Marth from his grip, Corrin lowered Marth's panties until he revealed the other boy's buttohole. The thing twitched and throbbed with such passion it made Corrin giggle. This girl was a totally huge butt-slut, her asshole was basically begging to be taken. He lined his cock against the hungry entrance, and, taking a deep breath, he jabbed the whole thing inside Marth in one go.

Marth's dick sputtered a solid string of precum onto the bed, as Corrin pushed his dick inside Marth's asshole. He moved slowly at first, getting a lay of the land before him, but as the noble became more comfortable, he began to pick up in speed and power. Corrin leaned down towards the crawling Marth, his chest pressing closely against Marth's back. He wrapped his arms tightly around Marth's body, taking his hands to tease Marth's sensitive nipples and chest, all while continuing to piston the prince below him with animalistic force.

It was severe, it was vicious, it was... *wonderful*. The way Corrin fucked with such a primal savagery made the blue haired boy moan out in pure bliss. Though he was much smaller in size than Chrom and even Morgan, what he lacked in girth he more than made up for in effort. He moved with precision but also power, with determination but also passion. He wasn't just trying to make himself feel good, he was abusing Marth. Every time he hit a spot that made Marth cry with joy, he'd hit it again with twice the force. And before long, Marth was mewling along like a bitch in heat.

Corrin saddled up closer to Marth, he nibbled the crossdresser's ear. "You like that, don't you?" He whispered softly to Marth. "You impostor bitch."

"Ahh! Uh-! Wha-!" The sentence disoriented Marth, the myriad of sensations affecting his body contributing to fry his brain.

"Don't play dumb with me, you little *whore*." Corrin continued, his hips bucking with purpose. "I know that you're not the real Lucina. In fact, *we all know* that you're not the real Luci." He let out a groan, his breath getting faster. "I mean, did you really think that Lucina would be such a slut that she'd fuck her brother? Or her father? Huff... Huff... No that's all you. You're the one that's a little whore."

Marth shivered in place. Oh gods, oh no! He'd been discovered! No... He'd never tricked them at all. They knew he wasn't Lucina. And now not only would they find out his real identity, they'd discover he was a huge gay buttslut too. His life was over! His life was-!

"Angghhhh!!!~" Overcome with emotion, Marth climaxed on the spot, his dick spurting jet after jet of hot jizz. Despite the fact that his life was over, the little slut couldn't help but orgasm at the thought.

"Ack, unf!" Corrin grunted. "Your ass just got so tight! You liked that? Heh, I bet you wanted to get discovered in the first place, didn't you? That's why you were acting like such a huge *whore*."

"Unghhhhhhh!" Marth's mind was completely delirious. The mix of verbal, anal, and mental assault broke his brain into an utter mess. The only think he could think of right now was how he had a delicious dick inside his asshole, and how much he wanted to take more and more of it. He was an insatiable slut, despite the fact he'd just orgasmed

Corrin huffed and puffed happily. He thought he was just going to do this to teach this fraudulent bitch a lesson, but he was honestly really enjoying this. This girl's reactions were amazing, and her asshole felt heavenly. With every passing second, Corrin wanted to tease her more and more.

"Turn around." He cried to her, finally releasing Marth from his grasp. He knelt back up, standing authoritatively, though he didn't stop pumping Marth's asshole full of his cock. "Turn around, I wanna see your face."

Marth didn't comply. He couldn't. Corrin had already found he wasn't Lucina, how would he react when he learned the truth about Marth's gender. Unfortunately for him, Corrin wasn't taking any of that bullshit.

"I said, turn around!" Corrin yelled at the top of his lungs. Not willing to wait another second, he grabbed firmly onto Marth's asscheeks and turned to boy a whole 180-degrees, making the blue haired boy moan as he gyrated on Corrin's cock.

Once the 'girl's' back was turned away from him, Corrin began to proudly gaze upon her body, while his cock continued to pump in and out relentlessly. 'Lucina's' face was covered by her hands, though Corrin could still see a deep red blush. Her soft flat chest was cute and puffy, while her lean stomach had a bit of muscle. However, when Corrin got to Marth's crotch, he found the biggest surprise of them all. Instead of seeing a perfectly shaven dripping pussy, he found a cute tiny hardened cock, covered in loads of sticky white sperm and bobbing up and down with glee. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. This beautiful lady he'd been fucking for the past few minutes... She was a man.

"You're a guy?" Corrin asked astounded. Marth didn't give a response, he continued to cover his face embarrassedly. The gesture made Corrin angry. "Show me your face!" He commanded. But again nothing. Corrin hadn't been delicate before, so he wasn't going to start now. He reached towards Marth's hands and pulled them away with his own. "I said, show me your face!"

"Eeeep!!" Marth shouted once he was exposed to Corrin. His entire face was colored in red, a blush so hot it could melt steel weapons. Corrin gasped, stopping as he looked at Marth's features.

"Yes I'm a guy!" Marth responded angrily, still talking in the feminine 'Lucina' voice. "It's gross, right? I'm super ugly..."

“No...” Corrin muttered. Marth’s face was fantastic, as pretty as Lucina’s. No, it was much prettier than Lucina’s. His cute face, innocent demeanor, adorable attitude. Corrin felt a feeling he felt once long ago. A feeling he felt when he saw Lucina for the first time. Corrin had fallen in love. “It’s beautiful.”

Without any warning, Corrin dove towards Marth and planted his lips against the other boy’s, his tongue sinking deep into Marth’s mouth as his lips pressed lovingly onto Marth’s skin. Marth was completely taken aback by this. Corrin just discovered that he wasn’t Lucina, he discovered that Marth was a man. And yet he continued to fuck Marth with even more vigor than before. He accepted Marth’s previous actions, he accepted Marth’s body... He thought Marth was beautiful! It made him so happy! It made him-!

His body spasming wildly, Marth ejaculated full force, covering Corrin’s stomach with sticky white fluid while returning Corrin’s affectionate kiss. Corrin didn’t mind one bit though. In fact, it made him happy to see that he could pleasure this Lucina-looking man so thoroughly that he’d happily climax in Corrin’s arms.

Though he was filled with so much hate and anger a few seconds ago, Corrin was now filled with nothing but love. He loved the man underneath him, his tight asshole, his precious sounds, his cute face... He even loved the sticky seed that clung to his underside, and the adorable penis that it shot from. He would have loved to keep fucking him for hours and hours, but after all the effort he’d gone through, his penis was about to reach its limits.

“Ahhhh!” Corrin moaned, finally separating from Marth’s mouth. “I’m gonna cum!”

Marth hugged the other boy tightly. “Do it! Cum inside me, Lord Corrin! Cum inside!!!!”

Corrin didn’t need to be told twice. With a grunt and a buck from his hips, Corrin began orgasm inside of Marth’s asshole, his dick shooting out load after load of sperm. Marth yelled out joyfully, his eyes shooting wide open as tears formed into them. He was so happy and aroused right now his dick was overcome in climax, but because he’d emptied so much of his supply, only clear liquid came out. Warmth and love spread through both of the boy’s bodies as more and more sperm filled Marth’s hole, their arms and legs interlocked in amorous affection.

Once their bout of lovemaking was over, not a single extra word was exchanged. Both men had been afflicted with such intense mental and physical stimulation that they instantly collapsed in each other’s arms, Corrin’s softening dick still snuggled inside Marth while white goopy seed dripped out of the blue haired prince. Both of them went to the land of dreams with smiles on their faces.

“Look, we’re sorry that we played such a nasty trick on you, but you must understand that what you did yesterday was not ok.”

The following day, Morgan, Chrom, Corrin and Marth had gathered up in Lucina’s room to confront the impostor. Chrom was currently reprimanding Marth, who was still wearing Lucina’s clothes.

“I’m very sorry.” Marth replied, turning his head down in shame. “I promise to return these clothes and never do it again.”

“Good, apology accepted.” Chrom replied with a smile. “Now all that’s left is for you to reveal who you are.”

Marth fretted in place. “Do I have to!?”

“Yes...” Chrom nodded slowly. “It’s to make sure who you are so you won’t do it again.”

Marth sighed. He really didn’t want to do this. But honestly, after what happened last night, he felt a bit better about revealing his identity.

“Very well then.” Grabbing hold of his custom-made wig, Marth pulled it up and took it off, making his true identity brutally obvious.

Both Chrom and Morgan gasped loudly as they saw who it was. Morgan staggered back, placing a hand on his forehead while his face turned sour.

“Aw man! I just lost my virginity and it was to a guy!?!?” He complained.

Chrom’s reaction was much more visceral. He collapsed onto the ground, a look of disgust and terror on his face. “I-I-I-I... I had sex with the hero king?!?!?” He looked into the distance forlornly, as if he’d committed a great crime of some kind.

Finally, Corrin walked up to Marth without an inkling of doubt or regret, instead a shy blush covered his face. “Hey um... This might sound strange but- If you ever wanna do a repeat of last night, you can always... You know... Hit me up or whatever... Whenever you want... Only if you want to!”

Marth smiled lustfully. He leaned close to Corrin and whispered into his ear. “How about tonight?”