

Defiling the Emperor

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*Summary: Martin Septim asks his lover Alix to do something which Emperors aren't supposed to want. Sequel to "Guardian of His Dreams" and "Taking the Nine in Vain". Porn without plot. Requires no knowledge of Oblivion :) *Chapter 1*:
Defiling the Emperor*

When I next returned to Cloud Ruler Temple, I was entirely unsurprised to find Martin sitting at his usual table with an even bigger collection of books and some alchemy equipment. In fact, he was now consulting so many references that he'd had to acquire a second table to store them on. He was staring at the *Mysterium Xarxes*, dark circles back under his eyes; if anything, paler than ever before. He looked drained and unwell.

I walked up to him quietly. "Martin?"

He glanced up, and relief flooded his face. He hastily snapped the book shut, before standing and pulling me into a tight hug. We embraced freely, uncaring of any Blades or visitors to the Temple who might be watching. He lightly kissed my damp hair, breathing in the smells I'd acquired during travel, and my own scent underneath it. His face was unshaven, giving him a seedy air on top of his obvious exhaustion. The stubble rasped against my cheeks as he kissed me on the lips, and he sighed – a drawn-out sigh which seemed to cover a range of emotions.

"You're not sleeping again, are you?". I hardly even needed to make it a question. It was midday, yet he looked as though he'd been up all night.

"No." He shuddered. "The *Xarxes*... it clouds my mind and haunts my dreams like nothing I've ever experienced..."

"Do you need distracting from your work?". I intended to seduce him because he so clearly needed it, but I wasn't sure whether he'd been concentrating on anything before I turned up. Or whether he'd be able to regain his concentration span now that I was here.

His blue eyes closed, and he shuddered again in my arms – though this time, with arousal rather than fear. I could feel his need, pressed hard against my belly. "*Please*...". He inhaled deeply, breathing in the scent of my hair again, before stepping back, suddenly businesslike. "You're soaking. Go upstairs and get those wet clothes off. I'll be right with you." He nodded, and almost ran in the direction of the bathrooms.

I went up to the Emperor's bedchamber, to the horror of Cyrus, the Redguard Blade who guarded the door in the daytime. "Oh no," he groaned. "Why are you coming to bed *now*?"

I laughed. "I'm sorry. I just arrived, and His Highness ordered me up here. What am I supposed to do?"

"Gods," muttered Cyrus. "You're going to be making *noises*... and I have to *listen out* for potential assassins. Why couldn't you go to bed at night like normal people?"

I shrugged. "You've seen Martin today, I take it? When was the last time he slept? He's not a normal person, he's the Emperor, and this is a time of crisis. You should be glad that I'm able to give him relief..."

"Shut up!" yelled Cyrus, interrupting me. "I don't want to hear it. Just... get in there and do what you have to do. I'll be out here dying of embarrassment."

Poor sod. But he wasn't the poor sod I was interested in, so I slid open the door and went inside. Grabbing a towel from the pile on top of the dresser, I rubbed my hair as dry as I could make it, before stripping off my leather armour. It smelled unpleasant when wet, with the blood and fat of creatures and enemies I had killed. I laid it all out to dry, then dried the rest of myself as quickly as possible, finally slipping between the sheets to start to warm the bed. High in the Jerall mountains, it was always cold and draughty in

Cloud Ruler Temple, and the snowstorm outside hardly helped. I pulled a couple of blankets over myself to keep warm while waiting for my lover.

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Martin returned after a little while, clean-shaven and smelling of soap. His thick brown hair was damp at the bottom where it brushed his shoulders, and he smiled to see me lying in the bed already. I noticed that he was wearing only his robe, for decency, and carrying his other clothes. Obviously in a hurry, he threw off his robe and kicked off his pants, before diving into bed alongside me.

"Hey...!" I said, very amused by his behaviour.

"Hey yourself," he replied, wrapping his arms around me. I was pleased to see that he already looked less grey-faced than he had before bathing. His body was very warm as I snuggled against him. As usual, the combination of his light brown skin with the clean white sheets took my breath away. His muscles flexed under that skin as he moved - the perfect amount of bulk, not too much and not too little. I had no idea what he saw in me: skinny, pasty white Breton that I was. *He* was entirely beautiful, unblemished and unscarred – at least on the outside. Martin's demons were all in his head.

Smaller and lighter, I lay on top of him. I ran my hands down his chest, and played with the tufts of hair that sprouted there. Brown hair, brown nipples, and brown skin. It should have been mundane, all that mammal brown; but the gradations in tone made each part stand out. His skin was olive, a colour which Bretons less pale than me could achieve by suntanning. His hair was chestnut, glossy and thick. And his nipples were a pinkish-brown, or a brownish-pink, darker than the rest of his skin.

The real surprises were his lips and eyes. Martin's lips were a dark pink, very soft and kissable. His eyes were a brilliant blue, which reminded me of sapphires. Even when exhausted and bloodshot, surrounded by dark circles, they glittered like gemstones. I'd seen people dumbstruck by his appearance, and utterly unconscious regal bearing. He hadn't learned how to be Emperor from his father – he'd never even *met* his father. But the knowledge had to be inherited, though I couldn't think how.

"Alix?" asked Martin. "What are you thinking?"

"I'm sorry, love. I was distracted by your beauty."

"By my *beauty*...?". He chuckled. "I'm nothing special. Just a man, trying to do his duty."

I smiled, wryly. "Martin, my love, you don't see what I see. You're the most striking man I've ever met."

Martin returned my smile with one of his own, combing out my damp red hair to form waves over my shoulders. "So is it also true that you don't see yourself the way I do? Beauty *and* brains, all wrapped up in one small package."

I punched his shoulder, playfully. "Less of the *small*, thank you."

Martin leered, his expression briefly transforming him from priest of Akatosh back to worshipper of Sanguine. "There's one place in which you're not small at all." Then he blushed, returning to himself again.

I leaned forward and kissed his mouth, pressing that *not small* part of myself against his matching organ. He groaned, pulling my head down to deepen the kiss. His lips opened, and my tongue plunged inside. "Please..." he muttered again, grinding his erection against mine, making my cock twitch. "Need you. By Akatosh, I need you."

"Where do you need me?" I asked, gazing into his blue eyes, as the pupils dilated with desire.

He mumbled something indistinct, blushing deeper than ever. One of his big hands was on the back of my neck, stroking the soft hair there. The other was on my arse, fingernails scraping the skin as he tried to yank me even closer; still grinding hopelessly against me. He tossed his head, covering his red face with a mop of hair.

"Love?"

"Want you... inside me," he muttered, from under his brown hair.

I pushed the hair off his face, grooming it into the two curtains that it usually hung in, and peered into his eyes as he flushed with embarrassment and tried to look away. I held his head still and forced him to focus on me.

"Are you saying you want me to fuck you, rather than the other way round?"

Martin nodded, bright red and speechless.

"Oh my."

Since I'd started sleeping with Martin, I'd started researching Cyrodiilic history: specifically those parts which dealt with royal bastards becoming heir to the throne, and Emperors who preferred men to women. You could say it was relevant to my interests. I'd discovered that there was a long tradition within Cyrodiil of older, more experienced, higher-ranking noblemen taking younger, less experienced, lower-ranking men to bed. Martin was a few years older than me, definitely more experienced thanks to Sanguine, and could not get higher in rank without ascending to godhood. Knowing this, I was no longer surprised about the Blades' acceptance of our relationship. Clearly, Martin buggering me was part of centuries of tradition, nothing more to be said about it.

But the other way round? I'd picked up both historical documents and dubious erotica, and the books were sitting in my bag. I was planning to leave them as a present for Martin when I left again. What better gift could there be for someone who loved reading as much as he did? I'd hoped the erotica would ease his loneliness when I wasn't there to help. I'd read the stories myself. They were pretty hot.

However, everything I'd read suggested that in the normal way of things, it was always the older, more experienced man who was the one doing the penetration; and the younger, less experienced man who got penetrated. Personally, I thought that was a silly rule - sex was sex no matter whose cock was in the other; and sex with someone you loved was special, to be treasured. But I didn't want to do anything that would diminish Martin's standing in other people's eyes - make them see him as less of a leader.

I wavered, uncertain of what to do. If I said no to Martin, he'd think he'd done something wrong, and be upset. We could try to have a conversation about Cyrodiilic tradition, but I wasn't sure if that would work while he had blue balls to go with his blue blood. And who in Oblivion's business was it what we did in the bedroom anyway? Would High Chancellor Ocatto deny him the throne, even though there were no other known Septim heirs, because he'd heard that Martin liked to be fucked in the arse? That was preposterous.

Fuck *that*. I looked into my Emperor's eyes and said "Yes".

He seemed amazed. Overcome. Relieved, even. I smoothed his hair back onto the pillow, and kissed him again, deeply; probing his mouth with my roving tongue. His eyes were wide, and dark with lust, as I reached for the bottle of oil that we kept by the bed. Then I stopped.

"What?". Martin was very anxious, trembling even.

"This isn't going to work. You'll either have to roll over, or lift your arse up somehow."

"I want to face you. I want to watch you fuck me." If Martin's leaking cock hadn't shown me how turned on he was, that sentence would have alerted me. He only ever used crude language when he was desperately horny.

Snatching up a spare pillow, I put a clean towel on top of it, and shoved it under his hips. It lifted his buttocks enough for me to be able to reach his hole easily. "Much better."

I'd never really played with Martin's asshole before. Never had the opportunity. I'd seen it, of course: hiding between his smooth cheeks, puckered and darker than the surrounding skin. Even brushed against it as I grabbed his arse to yank him closer when he fucked me into the bed. But he'd never specifically asked me to touch it, so I didn't know what he liked. I realised why he'd been so keen to wash himself before coming to bed, and grinned. The man was utterly transparent. To me, anyway.

I didn't want to dive straight into Martin's arse. There were too many other delights to explore. Carefully avoiding his erection, I stroked one finger under his balls, and began to massage his perineum. Martin made the most delicious noise of arousal, writhing around on the mattress. I rubbed my right thumb in slow circles around his asshole, spreading the globes of his butt with my two hands. He thrashed beneath me, barely able to stand my unhurried approach. My thumb rubbed closer to his hole, which eased open even before I'd touched it. Curiously, I licked my first finger – dragging it out slowly to tease him further, letting him see my tongue as it worked against my fingertip, then circled the ring of muscle. My wet finger slipped in easily, with no more lubricant than my own saliva.

"Divines," I whispered. "You really *do* want this, don't you?"

Martin nodded, beyond speech. The fingers of his left hand were urgently pulling at his nipple. His right arm was thrown above his head, exposing his armpit and the curls of hair that lay there, wafting fresh sweat and male pheromones into the air. Knowing that I was causing someone so intelligent and eloquent to lose his ability to speak was turning me on more than I could say. My cock bobbed between my legs, impatiently waiting for its turn.

I reached for the oil again, coating several fingers in it. Two slid in with only marginally more resistance than one. I'd never seen anyone's arse open up so easily. He was taking two fingers with no effort at all. To be honest, I was jealous. Preparing my arse for buggery takes seemingly hours, and involves quite a lot of discomfort before it becomes pleasurable.

Martin's breath hitched, and I saw he was biting his bottom lip, trying to restrain himself from crying out. Both hands were squeezing his nipples now, and I knew without even being told that it was because otherwise they'd be on his cock. His head rolled from side to side across the pillow.

"You could come just like this, couldn't you?"

He nodded, eyelids fluttering. He'd almost lost communication altogether, teetering on the edge, so far gone that the lightest touch would send him over.

Part of me wanted to be cruel and deny him orgasm now for a better one later. The rest of me wanted to please him, wanted to make him happy and relaxed. Pleasure won out. He was being unusually submissive, but he hadn't asked me to dominate him, only to fuck him. Later, when he could communicate, I'd ask for his preferences for the next time he was in this state. There was definitely going to *be* a next time. Having my lover beneath me, struggling to keep himself from coming by willpower alone – it was too ridiculously sexy.

I did two things simultaneously. I twisted my wrist, so my fingers pointed upwards, and I dropped my mouth onto his cock. A brush against his prostate – almost a tickle – and he was screaming, cursing loudly but incoherently, bucking wildly as he came into my mouth.

I pictured Cyrus outside the door with his hands over his ears, swearing at us again for having the temerity to want sex during his shift, and giggled. Not least of all because my lover had just made more noise than I'd ever heard from him before!

Martin's orgasm seemed to go on for ever, though it could only have been a few seconds. Afterwards he lay still, trying to regain control over his body and breathing. As his pulse rate slowed, his hands tangled in my hair, apparently content with enjoying the texture. I crawled on hands and knees up the bed, and kissed him with his own semen still in my mouth. Martin's tongue entered, tasting his own fluids, and he groaned, as if in some exquisite agony.

"Alix, that's fucking *kinky*."

"You don't like it?" I'd had to swallow to speak, but Martin's tongue returned, swirling around the inside of my mouth to scoop up the trace that was left.

"*Gods*. I love it." He blinked, and his eyes focused, tracking my face. He seemed slightly anxious again, perhaps worried that he'd done something to offend me: come too early, or thrown off too many inhibitions. How could I reassure him that he *didn't* have to keep repressing his desires in front of me?

I smiled, warmly, brushing my clean hand over his face, letting him suck on my fingertips. "Tell me what you want now. More fingers, or my cock?"

He reached for me, arms circling my waist. "Can't I have both?"

I giggled. "Slut". He looked about to apologise, but I shook my head. "That's not a bad thing. You can be as greedy as you want with me. I love you."

Crazy visions entered my mind of what I'd do if we ever fell out. I pictured myself running through the Imperial City with a pot of red paint and a narrow brush, perfectly camouflaged with my Chameleon spell – then painting "Martin Septim is a slut!" on the outside of the Imperial Palace. It would be blindingly obvious who'd done it, and that would be the most amusing part. I wondered if there existed a spell that would prevent

the paint from being removed magically. Hopefully I'd never need it, though.

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I went back to massaging his arse with the oil. Orgasm had made his muscles tighten up, and I wanted to get him properly prepared. He grumbled wordlessly as my fingers circled his hole without entering it. When I deemed him sufficiently relaxed, I pushed two fingers inside: very, very slowly. Martin gasped. His eyes rolled, he started to beg and plead with me for more - which he got, but only at the speed I wanted. I'd never thought of myself as particularly dominant, but tormenting him by going at a snail's pace was far too enjoyable. And yes, I have to admit that who he was did factor into my pleasure – the fact it was *the Emperor of Tamriel* reduced to a wanton mess by my right hand.

I fucked him with two fingers, listening to his breathing get faster. His hands were back on his broad chest, fingernails digging into his nipples. He was half-hard again already, probably because of the prostate stimulation. I wondered about putting a third finger in, but my own erection was starting to beg for attention. Another time, then.

If there was any chance of him having a second orgasm, I wanted him to have it. I didn't know if that was even biologically possible, given how males are wired, but there was only one way to find out. Pulling my fingers out of his hole, I gave his arse a couple of sharp slaps before lying down next to him on the bed. He looked curious rather than anxious, blue eyes calm, a slight smile on his lips. Very aroused, but not so desperate as to be unable to take instructions.

I chose to talk dirty. "So you want my cock, do you?"

"Yes." The slight hiss in Martin's voice let me know he was not too proud to beg, if necessary.

"You'll have to show me how much you want it."

Martin's eyes flared as he realised what I wanted. I felt his heart start to pound again. He lifted himself up, and rolled on top of me. Propping himself on his elbows so as not to squash me, he kissed me on the lips, then licked along my jawline and behind my right ear. I felt my own pulse start to race as he, very delicately, sucked the base of my earlobe into his mouth. Just when I felt myself starting to calm, he moved his mouth upwards to suck on the tip of my ear, and I almost came on the spot.

Have I mentioned that I'm the sort of Breton with recent elven heritage? My great-great-grandmother was a Bosmer, and I've inherited slightly pointed ears. I'm not sure whether my ears are as sensitive as those of elves due to insufficient experimentation, but they're certainly a major erogenous zone. Far more than for typical humans.

"That was interesting," breathed Martin, who had been watching my reaction studiously. Was he going to rush downstairs and make notes?

I could only nod, temporarily without the power of speech.

"If I fondled both your ears, and sucked your eartips in turn, would you come?"

I rolled my eyes. "What do you *think*?". My cock had stuttered so frantically that I thought I might spurt without any further stimulation at all.

"Huh." Martin grinned. "I'll remember that for later."

He kissed my earlobe very gently, just a butterfly kiss, then started to work his way down my body. He licked and nibbled along the tops of my shoulders, ran his tongue in circles around my nipples, and planted light kisses down the centre of my torso; before plunging his tongue into my belly button. I moaned and writhed beneath him, and he chuckled. He licked a long strip down the pathetically thin trail of hair on my belly, towards my erection which was standing to attention. He nosed around, inhaling the scent of my pubic hair, and gently parted my legs; then tucked himself between them, still leaning on his elbows, perfectly positioned.

Gods. If you want to feel like the most powerful person in the whole of Tamriel, then picture the Emperor of that continent lying between your legs, ready to go down on you. Especially a young and attractive Emperor like Martin was then, wearing the most lascivious grin and nothing else. He could feign innocence, even naïvety, but you'd have to be incredibly naïve yourself to be taken in. He had seen and done things sexually that most of us would only ever read about in the crudest of pornography.

Martin wrapped his finger and thumb tightly around the base of my penis like a cockring, and squeezed. Holding my cock carefully to stop me getting overstimulated, his tongue began to flick against the silky head. His teeth grazed the most sensitive part, right under the head where it joined the shaft; I wasn't into pain, but this didn't hurt. It was pressure and sensation rather than pain. The quick, wet movements of his tongue were driving me wild. His hair fell into two waves around his face, making him appear younger and strangely innocent considering what his hands and mouth were doing. He kept looking up at me through his long eyelashes, pretending he had no idea what effect he was having on me; yet totally aware, putting on a show. Now it was my turn to thrash and curse, though he surely didn't want me to come.

He knew what he was doing better than I did. At some point he judged me unable to take any more, and removed his mouth. I groaned in disappointment, but he kept squeezing my cock firmly against the throbbing veins, and gradually the urge to spurt died down. I was speechless – I couldn't manage much more than "Wow", which made him laugh. He sat back on his heels and watched me.

"Do I deserve your cock, now?" he asked.

"Gods, yes. By the Nine, Martin, that was incredible."

He smiled and blushed – why blushing *now*? - and I saw that he had a full erection. He arranged himself on the pillows as he had before, his arse up in the air for easier access. I reached for him - my hand was still slightly greasy - and found that his hole was still wide open and relaxed.

"How do you *do* that, love?". I didn't need to specify what. With his amount of experience, he must have known how unusual he was. I was pretty sure I was unusual the *other* way, given how much preparation my asshole demanded.

He giggled. "Practice."

I'm sure I looked confused. "But you told me you'd been celibate for ten years."

"I haven't slept with anyone else. You surely don't think that I didn't touch *myself*?". He seemed genuinely confused, which made sense – I couldn't see how someone with his intensity of sex drive could sublimate it *all* into religion and good works.

Instead of answering, I picked up the bottle of oil and poured some into my right hand. Setting the bottle back on the bedside table, I coated both palms, then oiled my cock. Placing myself between his legs, I slid slowly into his arse. I hadn't been inside another man like this in years, and the *heat* almost undid me. So much hotter and tighter than his wet mouth. Martin's hands seized my buttocks and squeezed, trying to pull me further inside. I lay still for a moment, adjusting to the sensations, before slowly withdrawing and thrusting in again. Martin shuddered and bit his lip.

I fucked him as hard as I could, slamming into his asshole. I knew he liked rough sex and had been on the receiving end of erections far bigger than mine. He hadn't told me much about his intoxicated orgies of a decade ago, but had occasionally mentioned orcs and Nords – races much larger than even the biggest of Bretons. He grunted with each thrust, one large hand straddling both of my cheeks while the other raked down my spine. "*Please, Alix...*" he begged, urgent for release.

Martin's breaths were becoming erratic, and his cock twitched like a fish out of water. I was a little way off, but I knew his orgasm would likely drive me over the edge with him. Spitting into my palm, I took hold of his manhood, giving it a couple of firm tugs. Martin screamed obscenities and came undone – cock convulsing in my hand, muscles throughout his body clenching and releasing. His asshole suddenly gripped my penis so tightly that I forgot how to breathe, losing myself entirely. I yelled as I spurted, his anal contractions milking me of everything I had.

Part of me wanted to pull out and decorate his body with my fluids. The rest decided it was far more appealing to paint Martin's insides. He would be walking around for the rest of the day with the proof of my devotion to him filling his arse and leaking into his underwear. Defiling the Emperor... Not that it was really possible to corrupt the man *himself* given that he used to worship daedra, of all things, and there's nothing dirty about passionate intercourse with someone you love; but I adored the idea of subverting or profaning what Cyrodiilic culture said was acceptable for someone of his rank. In a way, Martin symbolised Cyrodiil itself – the priceless ornament that everyone other than me treated him as - and he was now filled with my ejaculate. The thought of something so utterly improper made me almost come again, though I had nothing more to give; my cock stuttered and twitched dryly.

I collapsed on top of Martin, and he sighed, happily. I stroked his chest hair lovingly. His strong right arm tightened round my back, trapping me in place; wholly consensually. Neither of us wanted our love-making to end, but we were both tired and satiated. He held my cock inside himself as it softened, until it slipped out of its own accord. I pushed out the pillow from under his arse, and used the oily towel to mop his belly. He smiled, kissed the top of my head, then yawned. His eyelids drooped and closed. Very carefully, I wriggled out of his embrace, pulling the sheets and blankets over us to keep warm, before lying down beside him.

"I love you," he whispered, almost asleep.

"I love you too, Martin. Sleep well."

I lay with my head on his shoulder and the weight of my body pressing into him; hoping my presence and the afternoon sun were enough to save him from bad dreams.