

I had been planning to have another monster show up, but due to IRL stuff and the deadline approaching, I had to reorganize how things went in order to finish in time.

Warnings for monster sex in this entire story.

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Following behind the rotund man, Esdeath was curiously eyeing their actions and path. She'd been in the army for two months now and could plainly see her talent being wasted. Her superior officers were only so in name, even if they had more years than her, they were far weaker and less intelligent. She'd only ever properly followed a handful of orders, every other one was far too stupid, so she used her own methods to obtain the same results, but in a far more efficient manner. It seemed someone was keeping notice of her, as she never got disciplined for insubordination, but she still hadn't moved up out of her footsoldier rank either.

At least that was the case until this man came to her barracks. She knew who he was, you'd be damned to find anyone in The Capital who didn't. The Prime Minister himself showed up with a proposition: "If you follow me, I'll be sure to get you a position suitable for a... person like you."

While it was strange he didn't bring up her might or intellect, Esdeath was eager for the chance to rise in the ranks, she knew that getting Generalship would be ridiculous, but perhaps a right hand where her words and power would no longer be suffocated by imbeciles.

She had entered the palace a few times, though mostly she found herself positioned in the outskirts and slums, never before had she gone through such a deep and winding path. Her peers told her their theory of the politicians and nobles finding a Northerner being besides them disgusting, but even if that were true, the blue haired sadist could care less about some people hating her, if she wanted to be the strongest, then enemies would naturally follow.

Reaching a large iron gate, the two came to a stop. While Honest grabbed something off the wall, Esdeath took notice of the dozens of individuals she could feel on the other side. "You want to show everyone what you're made of, right?" The man with whitening hair was handing her a simple short sword. "Well, just follow the rules of the game, and by the end you'll be where you belong."

Her eyes narrowed, something felt off about this man, like she was making a deal with a cobra, but she was willing to take this shortcut and overcome the danger without fail.

Trading in her rapier for the gifted weapon, she spoke up. "And what exactly are the rules?"

"It'd hardly be any fun if we couldn't see how you adapt to new information." He chortled.

'He's making it up as it goes. Or more likely 'they' if that "we" is anything to go by.' She kept her thoughts to herself and waited by the door while the prime minister walked away.

In a few minutes the way forward began to open, the chains on the other side pulling the heavy gate off the ground and revealing the arena that hid behind it. Looking up past the caged ceiling of this pit, Esdeath saw all the people she had sensed earlier, all men and women with extravagant clothing and clear sight to the event before them. Seeing that they all wore masks for anonymity, she put together how this must all be going on under the Emperor's nose, but what was so different about this arena than the grand coliseum?

The path behind her closed with an earthquaking slam as the chains opening the door quickly unwound. An announcer began speaking, but Esdeath didn't bother paying attention, just rolling her shoulders and readying herself up for the show. Feeling the monsters begin to group together behind the numerous other doors into the arena, she exhaled and readied her given sword.

With only a crack of the door being opened, the enemies began to scramble out from beneath, just simple goblins. Danger Beasts that could be a problem to inexperienced fighters finding themselves ambushed by these two foot tall green annoyances. While she'd rather half-ass a fight against something so beneath her, with her rising through the ranks on the line, she knew just how she had to play this.

Allowing them to scramble forward and a horde of them to come through the widening gate, Esdeath's movement was so swift and precise that she seemed to dance through the mob, blood and death following her as the weak creatures couldn't keep their eyes on her. Even the upper crowd watching it all was astonished by her precision.

A small snag hit her as after the tenth goblin, the sword had looked as though it was good quality, but the metal had already crumpled far enough that it was nothing more than a warped and folded metal club. Trying to pull the sword free, Esdeath was slowed for enough time that a goblin managed to grapple her. Its grubby little claws dug into her chest and its rancid breath hissed in her face while the bumpy and slimy tongue reached out towards her face. In that moment, she left her worthless weapon embedded in a goblin skull and showed how she didn't have any need for it. She ripped the pesk off her chest and used him to crush another. Her hands were even deadlier than her sword, single strikes left the first wave of opponents completely defeated, a total of thirty of those beasts having been felled by her.

However, there was no cheer for her victory, just a murmuring among the crowd. Perhaps they didn't think killing goblins was that entertaining? Still, everything so far didn't seem to cross the line of legality that the usual public fights had, just what was it that they were hiding for?

The announcer spoke up, but again her attention went to the next opponent. The Goblins' doors barely even had time to close, but two more intimidating presences were behind them. The heavy iron gate opened and the chains clanked, with just inches of space, a large hand gripped the door and heaved it upwards. The crowd above was abuzz at the sheer strength the monster

displayed, as a ten foot tall troll entered the combat arena, a second one doing the same, leaving Esdeath trapped between these muscular green giants.

Using her fists just like before, Esdeath struck the right one's knees to get the advantage. Dodging back to evade a hand slamming down on her, she could feel her hands shaking after making contact. Their skin, bones, and muscle were all so thick that it felt as though she punched pure metal. Maybe she'd have an actual challenge for once?

The thought made a grin cross her face while she ran forward into the fight once more. The monsters were normally disposed of by a troop of soldiers to distract and cut them down over time, but that was never her style. If they had no weak spot, she'd make one.

Their strength was only offset by the lumbering speed at which they moved, allowing the deadly woman to focus her attention on the right one until it fell, deftly avoiding any hits that splintered the ground with just their bare hands. Focusing her attacks on one leg, it was a cold and calculated victory. Eventually the giant finally fell onto its knees. With one hand keeping itself steady and the other held close in a guard, it still was a simple task to attack at its throat and kill the beast. The guarding hand was easily misdirected, as the untrained and unintelligent monster would move to protect his chest after a swift barrage, leaving the far more vital neck exposed.

She could feel when the job finished beneath her fist, basking in the monster gripping at its own throat and trying to roar out.

The young psychopath had been swept away by her new accomplishment of barehanded brawling, she forgot about something important. Until that something important wrapped its hands around her from behind and heaved her up into the air.

With her arms held against her chest, Esdeath tried to push herself free before she was smashed against the stone floor, but before she suffered her life's first injury, a noise fell through the hidden colosseum. In an instant, the monster stopped winding up the hit, but still kept her in its grip.

The sound of an instrument continued, looking for the origin, she saw a man standing with the nobility at the rim of her barred arena, masked like all the rest with a military outfit and beret. All eyes were on him as he played a melody that made the nobles cry out in excitement. It had to be some form of code or control, was this one of the "Teigu" she heard about?

His fingers deftly moved on the black body of his flute, pressing the golden keys to a beautiful melody. And in the next moment, the Troll acted.

Rather than finding herself crushed, the monster harshly shoved her against the floor, leaving her winded, but no worse for wear. Letting go of her for a brief moment, Esdeath tried to move, but he simply spun his hand and wrapped his digits around her again. Now the monster dragged her against the rough stone to spin her around.

Trying to regain her bearings after all of that discombobulation, Esdeath was looking up to find herself at the feet of the monster, but what was honestly worse was the view this shot gave her. The troll's erection had pushed the simple loincloth it wore to the side, and Esdeath then realized exactly why they created this underground arena. This wasn't simple fights to the death, it was a far more sordid and disgusting affair.

The monster dropped on his knees and crashed down on the ground just inches away from her head, his heavy cock, slapping against her face and hitting her with enough force to leave her reeling. It seemed *everything* about its body was thicker and stronger than a normal human's.

The melody continued to play and nobles cried out what the woman should go through and how this was what a Northerner deserved. The troll changed its grasp in accordance to the music, moving its hand, the thumb caught the footsoldier uniform at her neck and he easily began tearing the front of her outfit off. The simple gray and white outfit was torn at the seams and broken beyond repair as Esdeath's chest was fully visible to the excited crowd. The nobles were no better than the commoners they isolated themselves from.

The musician knew how to order this beast well, as the troll used both its hands to hold Esdeath's arms far at the side, only letting her be able to use her legs, which would do absolutely nothing in this situation.

Finally, the worst began to happen, thrusting its hips back and forth, the green eyesore began pumping its shaft between the deadly woman's huge tits. Esdeath grimaced and clenched her eyes and teeth shut in rage and disgust. The hot and heavy cock rubbed against her cheek and breasts at the beast's leisure, her arms flexing in effort to free herself, but she couldn't move them more than an inch beneath this monster's overwhelming raw strength.

While she was given the most humiliating moment of her life, the masqueraders had a wonderful view of her fat tits jiggling and wobbling at the monster's thrusts. Even with her heavy twins nearly being the size of her head, they weren't able to cover his sheer size. The clapping of his swinging nuts slapping against the footsoldier's face came alongside her screaming in outrage, a perfect tune for the worst people in the world.

The pre-cum dripping from his bulbous head was beginning to fall down on Esdeath's body, letting the fire light bounce off and paint her pale skin to be even more enchanting, while also showing the beast's own growing pleasure. Its voice grew more and more disgruntled, the grunts and pants not sounding tired, but restless. And then the music stopped.

The strange and unsteady thrusts that held back the troll's power were now replaced by the beast's own personal instinctual need to fuck. The hands left Esdeath's arms, but where they went next wasn't much better, one gripped her torso, their thumb pressing down on her breast while the rest held her back, and the other grabbed onto her skull.

Instead of being forced to go to the slow and arduous pace that is required for the prisoners they normally get for these shows. Now the monster was forcing Esdeath to follow his pace. Lifting her up off the floor, Esdeath found his wide and slick cockhead mashing against her lips. Attempting to hold out and not give the monster the satisfaction, a tighter grip on her torso led to a wince, and that was all the opening the troll needed to force its shaft in her tight mouth and bulge against her throat.

She had no second to catch her breath, she was lifted up and down, back and forth of his cock as nothing more than a sex toy. His cock slamming to get as deep as it could inside her with every thrust, his balls clapped against her face with even more force and echoing in the ring. The groans of discontent had been handily replaced by prideful roar and chortling laughter with his mammoth sized dick finally getting the service it deserved.

Trying her best to stay conscious, Esdeath didn't have much to help her. Trying to push herself away, the troll's motions barely slowed before returning to normal. Her chest was held in a powerful grip while her breast was still being toyed with by the monster, his thumb flicking her nipples and molesting her tit to however he wanted. Alongside this never ending list of humiliation was the fact that she was forced to overcome her gag reflex in this moment, her throat was spasming, but while she was going through hell, it only made the troll feel that much more pleased. And to cap all of it off, her lungs crying out for air. There wasn't so much as an instant where the beast pulled her back far enough to sneak in a breath. She was made to slobber over his shaft and have that drool and pre-cum drip down over her face into her waterfall of beautiful hair.

The only thing she could do was feel this monster cock rape her mouth, its disgusting taste just as overpowering as everything else about it, the sticky salty substance making the strands of spit spilling over his cock grow thicker and murkier as it progressed. Tears began to form at the corners of her eyes from her lungs burning, her whole vision growing blurry as she was losing consciousness. She wasn't even aware of how her lips tried to properly suck his shaft to give her freedom again, his dick was so big that it didn't need her to participate to feel her tight vice of a throat milk his shaft.

Getting her mouth sheathed fully against his cock once more, Esdeath's wasn't lucid enough to notice her body was lifted up so she was now parallel to the monster. Her eyes did widen however when his thick tongue pressed against her panty covered cunt. Through her underwear, the troll began to eat her out.

At the same time, the spire in her throat began to quake and pulse, that was the only warning Esdeath had before the torrent of cum launched down her throat. She couldn't even begin to swallow it all, most of it spewing past her lips and splattering on her face before it drenched her hair.

She couldn't control herself, her body was not her own at the moment, it was the property of this behemoth. As such, when her body seized up and a climax ripped its way through her, he drank

all that he could. Her loopy head and lack of air only made her orgasm feel that much more powerful to her fading consciousness.

Then a sudden rush of air slammed into her. She was absolutely gulping it down as everything got clearer. Coughing in an attempt to clear her throat, her eyes finally began to focus once more. She didn't need her eyes to realize that the troll had yanked her off his still surging erection. But scoping out the crowd that had yet to silence, they were electrified.

She quickly scowled once more as her senses were regained and her rage began to burn once more. But before she could even think about vengeance, she was spun around to be upright where the crowd was full of chatter and calls at seeing her new cum-coated look in greater clarity. And in the next moment she was lowered once more.

The fat cock head pressed against her covered lips, sending a shiver of disgust through her body. Trying to beat her arms against his chest, it did nothing to dissuade the beast. The urge to breed running through its hulking body made everything attempt to stop him fruitless. Sinking her dripping cunt onto his fat dick, the monster's growl felt like it reverberated through Esdeath's whole body.

The northerner herself wasn't fairing nearly as well, she tried to keep up her assault, punching, kicking, scratching, but when she felt her virgin cunt be split open by this bitch breaker, she couldn't keep her cold facade up. Her expression, lined with disgust and hate, quickly melted into pleasure. Her voice shifted from grunts of exertion to beat him into moans that she couldn't hold back.

The only thing that gave her a gentle few moments of sex was the stupid monster attempted to fuck her pussy while her panties were still in the way, but he quickly succeeded in his bullheaded approach as the simple cloth snapped beneath the pressure.

Now with nothing in his way, Esdeath was once more just this monster's fuck toy. This time however, it was a far different experience than how he used her throat. She couldn't keep her head straight as it fell back while she started wailing in pleasure. She didn't have to look down to know her stomach was bulging every time he forced his dick to the base again and again. In just a few thrusts, Esdeath climaxed and began forming a puddle on the floor. Her fists stopped impacting the monster and just held onto his broad shoulders to retain some semblance of support. His cock was reshaping her insides with every motion. His arching shaft reaching her deepest possible depths with his mushroom tip dragging against her walls every time he pulled back, his obelisk was practically crafted to be perfectly designed to break a woman.

She couldn't think, she lost count of how many times such a disgusting beast made her cum over and over again. She knew that this was terrible, but she had no choice in the matter. Time lost its meaning, and the new recruit was pushed to her limits.

The feeling of his dick twitching inside her was all that preceded Esdeath's womb being completely flooded by white. A torrent of cum blasted its way through her body, she honestly didn't realize how her voice cried out, at the moment she had become deaf and blind to everything beyond the troll that made her into a woman. Her toes curled and her tongue lolled, she was buried to the hilt, and had her mind washed away by her ungodly orgasm.

The beast fell on its back, having used its monstrous strength to finality, the crowd above roaring at the spectacle they just witnessed. Their cheers and remarks were unfettered, yet not a sound made it outside of the hidden colosseum. Until it was cut short by an unexpected action.

Rather than staying broken and ready to be discarded like all their challengers before, this filthy, uncivilized, tribal woman started to move forward. While still drenched in cum with her core dripping out so much excess, she crawled her way across his massive chest and got her revenge. The savage crushed his throat just like the first one had been dealt with, but she cried out in a scream of fury and continued attacking and beating the dying monster even after it could no longer move.

The crowd above had gone silent, the only sound audible was the panting, enraged breath of Esdeath.

Then the announcer spoke. And for the first time, Esdeath listened to his words.

"The Wild Woman has made it through the first round. Now let's see how she'll fair against round two!" The iron chains began to clank again beside the cheers of the crowd. While Esdeath just sat there in her humiliated state, unsure if she could be the strongest.