

Wrenching against the bonds keeping her locked against the stone, a muffled scream exited the room. Her noise barely audible amongst all the other's cries and begs throughout the labyrinthine underground dungeons.

They really wanted to rub it in her face when she got caught. Leaving her with her teigu would normally mean she had a free ticket out of here, but these strange cuffs seemed to grow harder to break the more this went on. Especially not helped by the electrical currents that it shot through her body when she tried to force herself free. And the one part that made it just *that* bit more irritating was the bar gag keeping her from trying to call out and taunt some of the guards she heard passing or even just talk to herself to organize her thoughts.

She had no proper concept of time in this dark room. So she had to ballpark around a day had passed from her hunger. But none of the interrogators or torturers had come to try and get information. Why go through the trouble of getting her and the showboating of these advanced restraints if they weren't actually going to do anything with it?

Picking up something with her advanced hearing, there was someone else, someone new. Heavy-set from how the impact of their feet bounced off the ground. A heartbeat that hadn't been anywhere around here prior and it was calm and steady, so someone who knew his way around here and was comfortable under all the screams of agony and pleas for freedom and to just let them die.

He stopped moving directly in front of her door. Maybe this was the chance she could get to try and escape. Use this schmuck and leave him chained up in her place as she makes a getaway.

The door creaked open, the light from the torches in the hall forced her to look away, her eyes too used to the dark after so long. He walked inside with his own light that he hooked onto the wall. His eyes drawn over the prisoner as she squinted in the light.

"Well, I might not make up for Esdeath still being in the North, but I'm more than happy to give you what you deserve. You revolutionary scum." His voice was jovial as he insulted her. "Now let's see what I'm working with."

Blinking away the spots, the blonde couldn't even register who this was before her top was torn off her body and left as trash on the floor. His thick fingers digging in and toying with her breasts after only seconds of meeting her. She bared her fangs as best she could with the bar gag in place, and her rage only grew when she saw just who the fatass was.

The Prime Minister. She hadn't ever seen his face before, but all the detailed descriptions that Empire descentors had given to the revolution made it obvious that the cancer at the center of it all was standing directly before her.

Fighting against her bonds for the umpteenth time, she tried to fight against the electricity burning its way through her, to just try and smash this fucker's head in, but it was as fruitful as every other attempt. Simply leaving her panting and reeling with pain.

The Minister simply laughed and brushed her long golden hair off of her sweat dripping face before he continued to do whatever he desired. "I had heard about your brutish nature from the reports, but you put them to shame. Though I suppose that anyone trying to revolt against me is nothing more than a simple animal." He enjoyed the fullness of her breasts, he was always too busy with blackmailing, forging evidence, and countless other boring necessities to keep his power unchecked and unending, but every once in a while, Honest decided to make a personal project to help keep him happy. While the last one was off running around the world doing god knows what in that 'Crazy Quest' or whatever they called themselves, he had an idea that struck and knew must be implemented.

"The power of your Teigu hasn't weakened, so it seems that Stylish hasn't been able to force your transformation to cease. But it *is* quite fun to witness you try to fight, it's like teaching a dog to obey. Heh, at my feet sounds like the perfect place for someone who tries to prance around like the king of the jungle. Tell me, did you just change your name to 'Leone' after getting this power? Because I just don't buy you-" He rambled while twisting her nipples and making her cry out, her fangs digging deeper into the metal bar that she'd scratched up.

Honest was either talking to himself or asking pointless questions to the gagged woman as he continued to molest and grope Leone's perfect primal body. The revolution's biggest target was just taking his time and enjoying one of the best assassins in the world and knew exactly what he wanted. The bitch's tits were nearly as big as her head, her stomach taut and dipped in all the right places, her ass digging deep against the black bottoms she wore to seem like she was wearing nothing at all. He smiled, his mind swimming with all the horrible thoughts of what he'd do to her. Beyond being good practice for who this cell was really made for, it was a great bonus.

Moving himself behind her, Honest's hands never stopped toying with her body. Never allowing her a single moment of peace, holding her close as she tried her best to squirm away. When the bulge in his pants pressed against Leone's ass, she was flooded with electricity from another breakout attempt.

Despite all the electricity running through the woman's body, Honest didn't seem all too affected from continued contact. The freak not being the least bit perturbed by the shock traveling through her body and into his. He simply continued his assault on the assassin. Ripping her spats to shreds before undoing his own belt and pants.

Leone couldn't fight or defend in any way. Her body, completely trapped and forced to endure this electricity whenever she attempted to do and even the powerful surges didn't give her a moment of solace. All she could do was take what the Prime Minister had in store.

Her fangs grinded against the metal bar and her muffled cries only spurred him on. His dick just as fat as the man it was attached to as he shoved his cock inside of her cunt. His hips moved faster than someone of his size ever could, Leone couldn't handle it, she'd had sex before, but she hadn't been split in two like this monster was doing to her. Each time that she thought he finally bottomed out, he pulled his hips back and slammed even more into her tight cunt.

Feeling her hair yanked back, Leone's eyes were filled with bloody murder as she saw Honest smiling. Her hatred and bloodlust only making this all the greater for him. Leaning his head forward, the Prime Minister opened his mouth and let his tongue lick its way up her cheek. While she flinched away in disgust, Honest only laughed while moving his free hand back over her tits to add to her torment. Pulling, twisting, pinching, doing whatever he wanted and subjugating the blonde to masochistic pleasure she wished was coming from anyone else.

Unable to help herself, Leone had drool dripping past the bar gag, down her chin, and spilling under her breasts. Despite the disgust and rage that flooded her body, she could not stop that same body from falling into the pleasure being forced upon her. If her hair wasn't being used as a leash and keeping her head up, she would have noticed that her stomach bulged every time he pumped inside her and that her juices stained her thighs and went all the way down her to her boots.

Honest was doing everything he could to enjoy his new pet. He had access to anything and anyone and he desired at any moment. Yet somehow this primitive upstart was the best bitch he'd ever had the pleasure of breaking. Despite being a savage who would never understand his right to rule and abuse everyone as beneath him, she had the tightest cunt he'd ever fucked. If it felt like she was trying to milk him for everything drop now, he couldn't wait to feel her climax on his cock.

"You're trying to act like you don't want this," his voice was hot against her ear, "but your body is telling the truth. You haven't had anyone as good as me, and you're dying for more." Leone's body shivered at what he said.

Feeling himself getting closer to giving this savage a creampie, Honest thrust his hips as fast as he could as hard as he could, his cock smashing again every one of Leone's weak spots, her eyes turning into sharp slits from the pleasure nearing its crescendo.

Flooding her insides with his spunk, Honest just let out a long relieved sigh of enjoyment and peace. Leone on the other hand couldn't stop her arms from yanking as her super powered catgirl body triggered the sensors again and blasted her full of power as she was in the middle of her own climax. Her body slammed with a melting heat inside her cunt and a lightning bolt shooting through her body. The cocktail of experiences making the proud assassins squirt over the floor while her hips spasmed and quaked.

Pulling out of the prisoner, Honest let go of her head and watched it lol down against her chest. He'd seen how her eyes shifted, the bitch was such a slut that she came hard enough to fall

unconscious. It was a small shame. He had planned on releasing her from the chains next. Play it off like some accident before showing just how powerful he was and raping her all over again until she broke. Then he could go and take all the information she had on Night Raid and The Revolutionary Army while she dutifully rode his cock.

"Oh well, there's always tomorrow. And you can never get too much practice when the end goal is trying that on Esdeath." He simply shrugged before he collected himself and left the room, Leone still dripping sweat, drool, and cum. The stench of sex staying trapped inside the room and leaving his pet project undisturbed until next time.