

Winner Takes All

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Winner Takes All

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Summary

It's a bout! Furious over Rinkah's dismissal of her flirtatious nature as "pathetic," Charlotte demands a chance to prove her martial prowess in the wrestling ring. Better watch out, Rinkah! In this no-holds-barred contest of muscle against muscle, it's Winner Takes All!

Chapter 1

Rinkah grunted as she curled the pair of oversized dumbbells, then raised them above her head. Muscles bulging like cords of wood, skin gleaming with a sheen of sweat, she somehow still found the energy to talk. “She’s at it again.”

Effie replied with a mild grunt of her own. Though her “equipment” was an outright boulder nearly twice her width and almost as tall, she hardly appeared to strain as she lifted it straight above her head, holding it there, broad shoulders tense, as she observed the source of Rinkah’s ire.

Charlotte was flirting again.

“Nobody likes a snoop, Rinkah.”

“I’m hardly a snoop if she’s doing it right out in the open.” Rinkah gritted her teeth, the dense muscles of her back surging as she mimicked Effie’s motions.

Effie, now there was a woman worthy of respect—strong beyond belief, and unashamed of her power and prowess. Nothing at all like that conceited parasite, Charlotte.

Today’s target was Xander, an aspirational goal if ever there were one, but it hardly mattered. Night or day, summer or fall, it hardly seemed to matter with this woman. Rinkah had seen her flirt with just about every man in the camp. From the crown prince of Nohr to the handsome (if unremarkably so) cavalier Silas, it was always the same act: useless, feeble—coquettish, even. As the weeks passed, Rinkah had observed Charlotte flit from available bachelor to available bachelor like a hummingbird terrified of starvation, desperate for the sweet nectar of their notice.

With a smooth motion, Effie inhaled, letting her elbows bend until the rock nearly touched the tip of her nose. “So it bothers you, but not enough that you’ll ignore it? It’s not as if she’s flirting with you.”

Rinkah nearly guffawed at the thought. “That’d be the day; a servile leech like her wouldn’t last five minutes with the Fire Tribe’s weakest warrior on her worst day, let alone me.”

In response, Effie gave only a knowing ‘mm-hmm.’ For some reason, this boiled a peculiar consternation through Rinkah’s stomach.

It was a brief reflection. Picturing Charlotte settling down with any of the Fire Tribe, an amused smile came to Rinkah’s face. She knew Charlotte’s type—simpering, mincing about. Oh, she was a terror on the battlefield to be sure, but did she have to cavort around the camp, trailing after every man in eyeshot, and always offering those boxed lunches, as if anyone would deign to stomach even a single bite of her abysmal cooking? It was pathetic! And, since Charlotte appeared to feel no shame, it seemed it fell to Rinkah to suffer Charlotte’s embarrassment for her.

The only saving grace was the meager entertainment she got from watching Charlotte's desperate struggle to secure the attention—much less the affection—of any man with a day's-worth of stubble and a pulse. She was earnestly looking forward to when Charlotte ran out of flesh-and-blood males to harass and would have to resort to trying her luck on particularly handsome clods of dirt—provided said clods came from wealthy families, naturally.

As Charlotte and Xander meandered nearer to the training ground, Prince Xander astride his horse, and Charlotte all-but prancing around the hooves like some small, yapping dog, the creases of worried plastered across Xander's face became more and more evident—he looked like an animal caught in a snare, his hope of escape growing more fleeting with each passing moment.

"If that's all, Charlotte," Xander said. "I'll be off then."

Charlotte poked her fingers together, eyes wide with coy intent, a small, sly grin spreading across her lips. "Oh, Prince Xander, you know that's not all you need."

As Xander blanched at her intimation, a remarkably less subtle reaction overtook Rinkah. A sharp peal of laughter blurted out of her, ringing like a brassy gong through the muggy air.

At the sound, Charlotte stiffened. The flirtatious look remained on her face, though it had become somewhat rictus in character. Politely, she tucked a stray bit of long, blonde hair back behind her ear. "A-as I was saying, Prince Xander—"

Rinkah snorted. Her arms began to shiver with the effort of holding the dumbbells over her head.

"Careful now," murmured Effie, conscientiously ignoring the scene playing out before her as she committed herself to her workout.

"I'm sorry Charlotte, I really must be going." Xander glanced furtively from side to side, pausing for a brief swallow. "I'm rather busy these days. If you need anything further, perhaps see if you can find my brother, Leo?"

A bleating sound like a wounded sheep spilled from Rinkah. Charlotte, fed up with the cackling of the peanut gallery, tore her attention away from Xander to shoot a pointed look.

Prince Xander, true to his noble heritage—or perhaps sensing his window for escape—made no outward acknowledgment of this building strife. "Good day, Charlotte," he said, eying the path.

"O-okey-dokey, we'll catch up later then, Xandy; tootle-loo!" Charlotte chirped, waggling her fingers and standing on her toes in a prissy pose as Xander encouraged his horse to motion with a bit more force than he usually applied.

Rinkah could take it no longer. Laughter broke from her in an uproarious wave, her cackling echoing off seemingly every corner of the camp. "Xandy?!" she bellowed, clumsily wiping tears of laughter from her eyes.

Charlotte hardly waited until Xander was out of eyeshot before storming over to the training grounds, a miniature sandstorm flaring behind her as her boots kicked up a billowing swirl of dust in her furious wake. She cleaved a path straight to Rinkah, not even acknowledging Effie's presence, and jabbed her finger against Rinkah's sternum. "Can I help you with something, ogre??"

Rinkah snorted away the final few dregs of her laughter, smearing the backs of her hands against her teary eyes. "Oni."

Charlotte's cheeks blew up like a puffer fish, her finger sallied forth for a second jab. "Excuse me??"

"The proper term—" Nonchalant as could be, Rinkah raised a meaty hand and wrapped it around Charlotte's confrontational finger, bending it away from her. "—is Oni."

Charlotte, quite despite herself, uttered a warlike growl of barely bridled frustration. "Oh, I know exactly what you are!"

Effie smiled as casually as she could, setting down her boulder and clapping the dust from her palms. "Well ladies, that's my cue. I'm off to lunch." She made her retreat as hastily as she was able—though in her case, it was more of a "trundling" retreat—calling out over her shoulder. "Try not to hurt each other!" And then, knowing their feud was well past the point of no return, she mumbled, "...too badly, anyway..."

Rinkah, done with the conversation, squatted to retrieve her weights and continue her workout, only to find herself Charlotte's pointed finger encroaching upon her, this time with a stab to her forehead. When she glanced upward, she found Charlotte's pale face piqued and red, and could almost imagine the steam pouring out of the woman's ears.

"Do you have a problem with me?" Charlotte asked through gritted teeth.

"Currently, it's that you're obstructing my workout."

"That's not what I mean!" Charlotte knelt and snatched up the pair of dumbbells before Rinkah could get her hands around on them. She hefted them both and stood with a groan, fresh sweat exploding from her forehead. "There, see?" Her jaw clenched, shoulders straining against the weights. "Just as strong as you, and ten times as beautiful!"

"You're strong; so's half the women in this camp. That's not what this is about."

Charlotte's left eye quivered with a neurotic twitch. Her bulging biceps and thick quads quivered as she hugged the overlarge weights beneath her large breasts; the metal was slick with sweat, and they were becoming surprisingly difficult to hold. "Then would you mind telling me what—"

"It's about your attitude." Rinkah, impatient, realized she'd been waiting weeks for this opportunity. "Always swooning, prancing around, playing the damsel whenever a man's about. So what if you're strong? Doesn't make you any less pathetic."

“Pathetic!?”

Rage exploded through Charlotte’s blood. She hurled the dumbbells to the side, and Rinkah flinched at the sound of splintering wood as they leveled a nearby sapling—well, at least it wasn’t a nearby person.

Still, she made no show of being impressed by Charlotte’s display. “Pathetic,” she repeated, turning to go.

Suddenly, Charlotte’s hands were around the heavy obsidian beads Rinkah wore around her neck, cinching them, and forcing the Oni woman’s eyes to hers. A furious sneer plastered across her face. “I’ll show you who’s pathetic.”

“Be careful what you wish for, princess,” Rinkah said, casually lifting a finger to scratch at her cheek. “In the Fire Tribe, we play for keeps.”

“Who are you calling a princess, you brute?” Charlotte’s eyes burned like fire, her fingers flexing and twisting, cinching Rinkah’s necklace tight enough to choke. “You and me, right now.”

Rinkah quirked an eyebrow, glancing between Charlotte’s twisted faced and her maniacally clenching hands with blasé care. “And what do I get out of it, when I win?”

Charlotte blinked, her hands retracting. The righteous anger flitted away from her face, replaced in an instant by one of her characteristically vampish smiles. “You said you Fire Tribe bullies play for keeps, didn’t you?” Shy as a schoolgirl, she clasped her hands to the torc around her neck, muscular forearms pushing the swells of her breasts together in deep cleavage. “Well, whoever makes the other one yield, I suppose they could take whatever they wanted.” After a pause, she practically popped each syllable off of her lips. “Winner. Take. All.”

“Winner take all?” Rinkah replied, crossing her arms.

Charlotte groaned, a frustrated scowl shattering her affectation. “What, do they breed ‘em hard of hearing in the Fire Tribe? It’s as I said! Whoever wins may claim any prize she likes.”

“We’ll just see about that.”

Rinkah took a few steps backwards, rolling out each shoulder and flexing her broad shoulders to limber herself up. The workout had left her aching, to be sure, but she had twice the fight left in her it’d require to take down this bore of a woman. “How’s this going to go down?”

“Wrestling. Bring your opponent to the ground, make her yield, simple enough for even your muscle-choked brain to comprehend.” Charlotte was already bouncing on her toes in anticipation of the fight. “No holds barred—” She gave a bit of a smirk. “Trust me, you’ll need every advantage you can get.”

“Don’t think I’m going to go easy on you, wench.” Rinkah cracked her knuckles, moving her bare foot in a brief semi-circle through the dust before her. “I’ve seen how you fight when

you think the men aren't looking.”

Charlotte snarled, spat into the ground. “Better than you, you mean?”

Rinkah advanced in a crouch, a wrestler's pose with shoulders hunched and arms extended. For all the world, she appeared almost to be a predatory cat, stalking towards her target, fingers crooked, ready to grab or strike.

Charlotte didn't crouch in response to her rival's encroaching posture—only lifted one sandaled foot, and planted it firmly, kicking up a cloud of dirt. One hand went to her knee as she bent forward insouciantly, a sneer on her lips. Her fingers curled around the haft of an imaginary axe and, finding themselves empty, closed into a fist. Left, right, her eyes shifted as she watched Rinkah stalk. Lither than she, faster than she... but Charlotte had her own ways of fighting...

A deep breath, a twisted grin, and she lunged forward, deceptively fast—the same soft skin, smoothed out over muscles, that she imagined made it so easy to seduce made her power easy to underestimate. “Jealous bitch!” She growled, aiming for Rinkah's solar plexus with artless brute force.

And perhaps Rinkah did underestimate her, in a sense, but that didn't mean she wasn't fighting to win. With surprisingly alacrity, she shifted out of the way of the blow, springing to the side on her ready knees. She'd anticipated how the over-eager movement, fueled by the very zealous rage she'd stoked in the woman, would leave Charlotte off-balance.

With Charlotte flailing from the momentum of her whiffed blow, Rinkah quickly surged in to the fill the gap. A rough hand leashed Charlotte by her long, blonde hair, spinning the tall woman around and into her, her muscled arm closing around her opponent's neck.

Pathetic, just as she'd said.

Charlotte arched her back in futile attempt to slip the hold. She tugged and twisted as Rinkah held her pinned. Grunting with the impact of Charlotte's back against her chest, Rinkah forced the woman into a half nelson and hooked a leg around Charlotte's ankle, aiming to keep her restrained. Her nose slid through the woman's silky blonde hair and over her ear, drawing in the smell of cheap amber perfume and powdery foundation layered over the fragrant sweat of exertion as she pulled her close, and onto her tip-toes to reduce her ability to resist.

The evocative scent of sweat, stoked by hard exercise and the pounding midday heat, cut through Charlotte's nose as Rinkah whispered, lips-to-ear. “I wasn't expecting much, but this is embarrassing.”

Charlotte pulled within the painful embrace, grasping for something—anything!—to give her leverage on the Oni woman. She flexed, tensed, fingers catching at the thick plates that, in armed combat, would have served to protect the woman's thighs. But she couldn't hold, couldn't concentrate, a bouquet of pain blossoming in her shoulder—and something else blossoming between her thighs. A sudden dampness—the hold she was in was so tight, and

she could feel Rinkah's plush chest, bound down by wrappings, against her back, and the straining muscles of her captor keeping her...

Rinkah permitted no counterattack. "Come on now, little kitten, I deserve a better fight than this!" Her hips flexed upward against Charlotte's rump, keeping her up on her toes, and, bicep surging pointedly against Charlotte's throat, she imbued her dominance into this woman. "Yield."

A growl came, feral, as Charlotte obeyed the blood blistering within her, scrabbling her nails against the cloth binding on Rinkah's forearm, seeking purchase, or some way to resist, to turn the tables. Charlotte's eyes blazed, and she shrugged away the onset of irritation. Stomach tensed, abdominal muscles tightening, pulling her legs up from the ground, putting her entire agonizing weight on Rinkah's arms. She set her jaw and firmed powerful shoulders to bear her full weight as slowly she sank towards the ground. One inch, then another—if she could JUST plant her feet, she might...

In truth, Rinkah was struggling too. The weight of Charlotte upon her compressed the rippling muscles of her abdomen. The hot rush of her panting breath spilling out over burning skin as she fought Charlotte's desperate, ad-hoc maneuver. Her back arched with strain, the thick silver rings piercing her nipples pressed against Charlotte's back through the thick cloth wrappings that bound her chest. Charlotte was no weak opponent, and Rinkah knew that allowing her to stay standing meant anything could happen. With a roar, she availed herself of Charlotte's bid to escape, transferring the momentum of both bodies with a twist of her hips and a flex of her biceps, throwing Charlotte's contorted body facedown to the earth.

Immediately she was upon her, depositing her full weight upon Charlotte's back, compressing the warrior's stomach against the ground and knocking the wind out of her. Thick fingers found the scruff of Charlotte's neck, pinning her face to the dirt just as her body weight did upon the warrior's back. "Yield," Rinkah intoned.

"NEVER!" the Nohrian warrior shouted—or tried to shout, with her cheek smudged and abraded against the dusty earth. Her ears rang with the ferocity of Rinkah's cry, her body taut beneath the woman's weight. Her muscles still ached from the escape attempt, and her eyes, bleary with the pain of the maneuver and her subsequent humiliation, swam.

Not enough, though, that she could miss the sight, half-obscured by dust, of other warriors approaching the fracas, drawn by the sound of alarm. From knees-down, of course, not all could be recognized—but only a few warriors walked the camp in bare feet, after all. She howled with fury as Rinkah's fingers twisted deeper into her hair. She thrashed with piercing mortification as the Oni woman placed a bracing hand down upon her rump to keep her still.

"Yield!"

She would not be cowed so easily. "Never," she declared, eyes shut, face red with exertion, lungs screaming for each gasping breath. She could feel the heat of her opponent on her bare back, could feel the Oni warrior's hand upon her rump. "Ungrateful cunt!" She spat, heedless of her audience, of the way the dust settled upon the sodden cloth of her thong, making her desire clear.

Rinkah needed no visual indication of Charlotte's neediness, she could smell it as frankly as the summer breeze that stirred through the camp, lazily swirling up the dust that clogged her opponent's eyes and throat. Rinkah grinned with the thrill of victory flooding through her blood, sinking her thick body heavier down upon her foe, and forcing Charlotte to bear the physical pressure of her loss in full.

“Ungrateful?” She asked, feigning naivety. “By the end of this, I imagine one of our cunts will be rather grateful indeed...”

The twinge of passion that had been stirring in her gut met, and melded into, the rage and bloodlust of combat. It had been easy to win, sadly so, but that didn't have to mean it was over...

Winner take all, those were the stakes, weren't they?

The crowd grew larger with the sounds of their struggle, half the camp coming out to watch the ceremony of Rinkah unmasking Charlotte for the beast she was. Well, Rinkah thought, let's give them a show.

Without ceremony, Rinkah began to rock upon her captive enemy, letting Charlotte feel the instructive, unmistakable stroke of her cunt as it came to motion atop her—it was bare beneath the warrior's skirt she wore, and there was no mistaking the cold, wet pressure of the silver barbell that pierced her clit.

“Yield,” she said again, fingers gripping Charlotte's scalp like the caught kitten she was.

Charlotte squirmed and bucked beneath her, howling her indomitability to the dusty earth.

“Face facts,” Rinkah said, now digging the fingers of both hands into Charlotte's long hair and wrenching her chin upwards, displaying to her the crowd come to observe her loss. “You're an embarrassment,” she growled, her hips smearing a potent blend of sweat and arousal along the smooth curve of Charlotte's back, and a rosy hue came to her cheeks. “So clearly it falls to me to instruct you.”

Charlotte groped in vain with her free hand against the dirt, finding a small, useless rock—no handhold at all—and crushing it to powder, as the sudden chill of her rival's piercing iced along her spine. She grunted, indelicately, as her hair was tugged, her head yanked upwards—and her eyes, for half a second, met those of a watching Corrin. Desperate, despite herself, she gave a demure smile in defiance of the dust in her eyes and the swelling of her cheek.

The match complete, instruct Rinkah did. “This, for example?” Knuckles filtering tight against each other through Charlotte's silken, well-kept hair. “It's a liability. Were you not so vain, your hair would be shorter, more suited to fighting than flirting, and I might never've gotten you in that chokehold in the first place.”

Charlotte felt the slickness along her back, felt herself marked by the hot, untamed musk of the Oni woman. She panted, whined like grinding gears beneath Rinkah's power. “Go on... enjoy yourself.” She worked her hand faster, sending a low shudder through her back, against that damp, wet, conquering cunt, and with one hand tore away the cloth thong that barely

covered her nethers, that would stand no longer between her fingers and her pleasure. “You'll never... touch better...” A grunt, another long moan as she began to shiver with release. Before her, Corrin's eyes grew wide. Charlotte smiled; she'd made an impression, at least.

“I intend to,” Rinkah husked through coarse breaths as her body came up to speed. Her hips began to buck, and she squeezed her powerful thighs against Charlotte's effort to lift herself—mistaken for a final, futile escape attempt—forcing her back against the ground. But she grinned, noticing that Charlotte's thrashing served a different, lustful purpose. “It's what we agreed upon, after all, isn't it?”

Charlotte's eyes shot wide, and, with dusty fingers in her hair, sweat shimmering on her forehead, and her victor mounting her like a tamed animal, she moaned. Her hips rocked against the ground, her palms flat in the dust. “Loveless bitch!” She growled, half-convulsing, flexing her arms and shoulders lifting her body—and the other woman's upon it—just enough to work a hand beneath her before shuddering down, her fingers imprisoned between her clenching quads, rubbing madly at the dampened jewel that studded the hood of her now-exposed clit.

Rinkah grinned at the gathered crowd as she sat astride her lesser—that wasn't part of the plan, but it seemed the perfect method to imbue some humility into this braggart. Rinkah's fingers clenched around Charlotte's skull, digging into that long hair, perfectly suited as reins. Confident of her control, she permitted herself to loose her other hand, to slip it under her skirts, and to encourage her own hungry body to rapid pleasure as she thumped her all-consuming possession into the defeated woman with each throw of her hips. Calloused fingers found her clit, engorged and hungry, burning with lust, sexual and battle both, and she frigged her finger easily, pitching it roughly back and forth against the thick metal of her piercing and emitting an engorged groan as she displayed her conquest to the crowd at large.

Charlotte moaned, she bucked. Her fingers, delicate despite their typically brutish work, played pinned at her clit, pulled and tugged, pushed against the heating metal piercing her, feeling the silver slide electric through. She lowed again, shameful as a kept cow, pressing rigid against her captor, her own heart burning with a resentment and pride that filtered its way into lust at her loins.

Charlotte's toes curled against the earth, sending up dust and exposing the firm ground beneath. She could feel Rinkah's grip relax on her hair even as she was ground, humped by powerful muscle into the dirt. Filth, lust, and sweat stained her skin. Her free arm pulled to her side, palm flat to the ground, and she cried out with undisguised pleasure for the remaining crowd—even bereft of her primary target, there must still be someone who'd be eager—hungry even—to soothe the bruised spirit of a beautiful woman! Charlotte turned her eyes once more to the onlookers to see, as her desire puddled between her thighs, sparked by the furnace-heat of the woman above.

In the crowd, Corrin startled, surprised by the touch of Camilla's hand upon her shoulder; with an immaculately sensual grace, Camilla leaned down, whispering some quiet intimation into Corrin's ear. Corrin's cheeks exploded with scarlet color, and she bit down upon her lip, as both noble ladies of Nohr fixed their eyes directly upon Charlotte's lust-contorted features.

Teeth ground down—Charlotte could feel it burn within, stoked all the hotter by seeing the effect her actions and predicament had on Lady Corrin, and the way her sister was using this opportunity. Not so long... another moment, maybe two... and she trembled, her body home to a powerful, clenching orgasm, sparking life and energy and pleasure from her deepest core, up through her body—a sign she knew could only be seen as purest submission and abject defeat at the hands of the gleaming, powerful Oni. She cried out, a trembling sound, as the brunt of passion overcame her.

In echo, Rinkah's body compressed inside itself, a clench that ran straight from cunt to core. Her thighs closed around Charlotte's flanks. Her hair was soaked and tousled by the sweat pouring from her beneath the beating noon sun; but that heat was a simple, insipid imitation of that which burned inside her. Arm flexing, muscles coiling, Rinkah jerked Charlotte to further attention with the fingers still wrapped tighter than sin in her hair. With a conclusive buck, and an eager frot of her hips against the prone Charlotte, Rinkah growled out her orgasm with conclusive pride, announcing wordlessly her ultimate triumph in the match.

The first one always came and went too quick. Dizzied with satiation, Rinkah spilled from her perch to the ground beside Charlotte, falling upon her ass and bracing her arms behind her. Her chest heaved with each pant, stomach flaring like a forge's bellow. Her head lolled backwards, and she blinked away the blotches of color that sprung up in her vision as she stared up into the clear skies, relishing in cool feel of sweat upon her skin.

Charlotte's palms were already flat to the ground beneath her body. Charlotte's muscles were already stiff and taut with the downward pressure. Charlotte's toes were already curled up, planted against the earth, the motions of her feet having cleared away slippery dirt and provided firm footing beneath.

Exhausted, Rinkah let her legs splay open, exposing her climax-dampened cunt to the crowd, providing a full view of the glittering silver nestled in the dense, damp platinum fur that crowned her sex for all the see—so what? Let them look. She had no care for the crowd, not a single one of them was worth of taking her in the ring, let alone the battlefield.

Perhaps if Effie were here... Oh, wouldn't that be a good bout? Far better than that which this simpering, conniving woman provided. Rinkah had a crick in her neck, but that was the worst the fight took from her. Stretching her head languidly from side to side, she began to say, “Catch your breath, loser. You'll need it in a moment—”

Rinkah no time to utter the final edict of her dominance before the Nohrian pushed herself up from the ground, a coiled spring, directly into a pounce. Rinkah's gasping, exhilarated victory, that bare few moments of incaution, permitted a dynamic Charlotte to roll over, grasp Rinkah's arm, and force the Oni woman flat to the ground, her powerful legs scissor-locked hard around Rinkah's neck.

With the surprise of the attack, Rinkah could do naught but snarl. She couldn't even get her arms up before Charlotte flattened her to the ground, kicking up a storm of dust that obscured their forms for a heartbeat. Though she called Charlotte a kitten, it was Rinkah who mewled like a stuck cat, her trapped arms too beleaguered by her morning exercises to put up a fight against Charlotte's pinning knees. The creamy, soft skin of Charlotte's tightly-muscled thighs constricted her breathing, holding her docile.

Charlotte rose on her knees, facing out towards the crowd, looking along the line of Rinkah's splayed legs, her arms pinning Rinkah's flat to the dust, tensed thighs locking Rinkah's head against her own sodden, exposed pussy. Beneath the bandages of Rinkah's chest, Charlotte could see swelling nubs, circular relief. Pierced—like someone befitting of Rinkah's lack of grace—with solid rings. Without a care, she tore the bandages from Rinkah's chest, and the Oni warrior's thick breasts quavered like jelly atop her thick pectorals as they were bared, free to the open air, the silver rings run through her dark nipples glinting in the sunlight.

“There. Did you think you won, just because you got to yowl like a cat in heat and show off?” A vicious, twisted, unladylike grin flashed across her face like lightning, before being replaced by a sweet, demure smile, and a wink at the suddenly-terrified Xander, who had apparently meandered back to observe the show, despite his previous claims of a busy schedule—Feh!

“Now then,” Charlotte said, winking down at her captive, and giving the heavy silver rings a vicious tug, pulling at Rinkah's thick nipples, already taut with potent sensitivity. “Does the Oni cunt yield?”

Rinkah fought and struggled beneath Charlotte with all the vigor of her noble lineage, but she was helpless! And made doubly so by the potent odor of Charlotte's stained cunt clogging her nose. This close, the spicy scent of it seemed to drown her brain, and she could barely think, let alone mount a proper counterattack.

Oh, but she could shout. “Get off me, Nohrian!” She snarled, fingers flexing futilely, grasping for something (anything!) to aid her escape, much in the same way Charlotte had mere moments ago. Her hips bucked and flailed, legs kicking at nothing, her struggles providing naught but a wonderful show of her open, seeping cunt to the crowd. “You'd already lost—”

Before Rinkah could reply, or otherwise deny her ongoing loss, a crack of flesh against flesh rent the air.

“Anh!” Rinkah exclaimed, the sound almost demure in its shock—and hardly befitting a bold, brazen warrior like herself—as Charlotte's palm struck hard against her cheek.

“Still got some fight in you, eh?” Charlotte asked, her spine erect with the potent thrill of her dominance. Her hips settled down, the cloister of her thighs bracing into Rinkah's chin, setting the defeated warrior's head reeling beneath the intangible force of its overwhelming, lusty perfume. “Well, we've ways to deal with that.”

Again and again, Charlotte laid into Rinkah with a series of stinging slaps, striking over and over with her palm until her opponent's face was quite red. “Insult me, call me pathetic.” She grunted, palm going red as Rinkah's stung cheeks as she continued her work between the words. Rinkah's hands lay limp beside her, helpless, able only to flex in plaintive gesture, her abdomen shining with fresh perspiration and trembling with each husky gasp of breath. Well and truly defeated, Rinkah's entire shape shook with the resounding shame of her defeat.

“I guess...” Charlotte panted with the heaving breaths of her effort as she applied into Rinkah the physical instruction of her failure. “The whole camp knows who's the pathetic one now!” With a concussive clap, she struck a final time upon Rinkah's cheek.

As Charlotte's conclusive strike hit home, Rinkah emitted something like the subdued squall of a feral animal. Her spine, for the briefest instant, went rigid with impact before she slumped, shoulders slack and cheek lowered against the dirt, short, platinum hair scattered into her impact-reddened face.

But the humbled posture was not what drew Charlotte's interest, it was her nipples, noticeably pointed and stiff around the thick silver rings piercing them.

"Oh, that's how the Oni cunt likes it?" Charlotte's grin plastered from ear to ear as she lifted Rinkah's chin with a single, slender finger, forcing their gazes to meet. "My my, whoever would've thought..."

But it was Charlotte's other hand, plying its trade against Rinkah's silver piercings, bringing those crinkled nipples to even stiffer life with eager, painful tugs, that caused Rinkah to thrash, to mewl, to avert her eyes. Charlotte would have none of that, however, and summoned Rinkah's attention with an abrupt grab and shake of her jaw.

"Do you yield?" Charlotte asked, coy as could be.

Rinkah yearned to stand up and fight, but even the rustle of her hips caused her body to betray her. Her legs burned as if filled with acid, and her arms hung limp at her sides.

Buoyed by the eddying tide of her victory, Charlotte preened. The crowd would get the show Rinkah intended, but with Charlotte at the head. But the visual while eminently satisfying, was nothing, and fleeting. Charlotte wanted more. She wanted everything, she wanted...

Charlotte crouched forward, like a beast atop its kill. "Say it, and you'll get everything you'd ever dreamed." Her words cut the air in a harsh whisper, a clandestine message, quiet enough for only Rinkah to hear. "Right here, in front of all these people, just as you've always wanted."

Rinkah was well and truly defeated; so weak she couldn't even find the strength to voice the words, she could only whimper. Her eyes flicked away from the sneer, wild visage above her. The shame of her loss, and of this pointed display of it, was rivaled only by the searing, burgeoning desire firing through her body, sending clamping ripples through muscles, stomach, and fiercely needy cunt. But she could not. She would never, not even at this unfair turnabout—Charlotte, that underhanded cur, she'd cheated! That's the only reason she'd lost!

...memories of Effie's knowing "mmhmm" filtered through Rinkah's head, and her slap-stung cheeks flared even further red with her realization; she wasn't ashamed of Charlotte's ridiculous flirtations with the men of the camp...

...she was... envious of it?

"...say it..." uttered Charlotte,

Rinkah's voice spilled from her in a croak, eminently aware of her position below this woman, not just physically, but...

Her face grew crimson with the vocal acceptance of her role. “I-I yield...”

Charlotte, resplendent in her victory, stifled a brawny cackle. “Wonderful!” Her first orgasm had only lit the furnace of her, and now her hips flexed and roiled with further, oncoming need. “Now then, let’s move on to the winner takes all portion of the evening, shall we?”

Despite her acquiescence, the yearn for battle still surged in Rinkah’s veins. She could not fight, but she could speak. She would scream her defiance, and, thus, impart this slim, remaining measure of her strength not just to the feeble woman astride her, but to the whole, lingering, leering crowd!

Or so she thought. Whatever words Rinkah might've said next were gone, consumed by the thrust of Charlotte's body into her. Cunt compressed atop Rinkah’s pliant, accepting lips, comfortably muting her. Charlotte relaxed back, grinding her hot, sweat-and-lust sopping pussy directly against her captive's face. Rinkah’s nose flared immediately in search of breath, and her on-going screams—yes, even a faceful of pussy could not dampen her prideful nature—went unheard, but for the magnificently pleasing vibrations they ricocheted through Charlotte's sopping sex.

“Hmhmhm! This isn't the first time you've lost, is it, cunt?” Charlotte trilled, manic with the sensation of passion and possession surging through her supple, muscular shape. Fingers captured the tousled tresses of Rinkah’s pale white hair, skillfully guiding the frustrated waggle of her prize’s tongue. “You seem to have a taste for it!”

In that moment, Charlotte was, perhaps, terrifying. A captive opponent screaming defiance underneath her, as she practically lounged back, eyes lazy with pleasure, face sculpted into the most elegant smile she could manage as her opponent's pain and humiliation thrilled through her. She moaned with the ecstasy of sound through sensitive flesh, the vibrations sending her piercing a-buzz, but she clamped down on the sound, forcing it into a contorted, ladylike titter.

Rinkah's nose wheezed with effort to take in fresh air as Charlotte crushed the blunt of it with each possessive sweep of her hips. She moaned—not from pleasure, perish the thought!—with the difficulty of clearing her mind when each strangled breath only drew the piquant aroma of Charlotte's cunt deeper into her dizzied senses.

Legs locked tighter around Rinkah's neck, warning swift, powerful retribution for any defiance, and Charlotte reached behind her. Her impossibly delicate fingers danced along the sharp delineation of Rinkah's abdomen—slick and powerful—and with two fingers, she spread her would-be captor’s pussy wide for all viewers. “Gracious...” she murmured. “Did Lady Corrin know you were such a tremendous slut, when she recruited you?” Another vicious giggle, the frenzied ring of her axe on steel around the edges, and she tugged at Rinkah's piercing even as she pressed her own cunt, barbarously hot and wet, against Rinkah's face.

The shackled lock of Charlotte's thighs around her neck kept Rinkah compliant in a way she'd never acknowledge as conscious. This was her fate, as the loser; inwardly, buried deep, she craved it. Slowly, the flailing of her legs stopped, replaced by the subtle, sensual writhe of her claimed shape. Her eyes went to slits at the trace of Charlotte's fingers along her heaving

stomach, but just as quickly then went wide, when Charlotte found not one, but two ways to besmirch her prowess. First with words, which were embarrassing, surely, but altogether fleeting. Words didn't bother her, not one whit.

The painfully erotic tug of Charlotte's fingers around her piercing, however, did. Again, she moaned, and this time, even she could not deny the ripple of pleasure she felt at this—being conquered. Her muscles unwound; she gave in. Despite everything still fighting inside her, Rinkah whimpered out the sound of her submission, and what followed was evidence of this pact—obediently, she parted her lips, groaning as the salty taste of sweat and sex flooded her mouth. Compliant, eyes drenched with reburgeoning lust, she extended her tongue, and painted the declaration of her defeat upon her champion's power-drenched pussy.

Charlotte felt her rival go slack beneath her, felt the woman's powerful muscles relax—and then tense, Rinkah's powerful body bent to her will, played like a lute by the merest tug or press of her fingertips. She spread Rinkah's pussy wide, once more, leaning back, her strong arms against that rippled abdomen. Two fingers delved within Rinkah's cunt, testing the warmth, feeling how she made Rinkah's pinned body. A flex of scissored fingers, and Rinkah's back arched, lifting her up. A pinch, a pull, and Rinkah coiled in anticipation and pleasure. A slow thrust, and Rinkah twisted beneath her, within the strong—somehow comforting—lock of the Nohrian woman's legs.

And Rinkah, eddied by her passion like a ship in furious sea, could only silently entreat her victor. Blindly, her fingers reached for Charlotte's hand, begging her forward, urging those fingers to thrust every deeper inside her, to force her over the teetering brink, and reward her shameful acceptance of her role with the blistering, white-hot orgasm she deserved.

Few spectators remained—by now, all had the good grace to see that what they were watching was no longer a vicious wrestling match, and the crowd was dispersing. Coins changed hands; Benny strode away with a bulging purse that had once belonged to Hinoka. It seemed that Corrin was already long gone, along with Camilla, but Charlotte knew the reason for their early departure, and derived great satisfaction from it. Now, Charlotte thrilled in the remaining attention—the eyes upon her—as much as she did the worshipful ministrations beneath her. She led her sore muscles to pull and tense once more, build the pleasure in the deepest pit of her stomach, and, in the swelling release, gush across the lips and chin of her rival-turned-lover. Another crowing laugh of triumph as her orgasm soared victorious across the camp. That'd teach Rinkah, she exulted, to call her a...

That word echoed in her mind as her winging ecstasy began its glide back to land. Her hips pulled forward and off, giving Rinkah room to breathe, but they unconsciously retained a languid stroke against the Oni's chest as the tremors of abating climax still tickled within Charlotte. Rinkah's lungs surged with new access to fresh air. Divested of Charlotte's weight, she could fight back.

But... she had already yielded...

Charlotte removed herself from atop her prey. She lounged on the ground, legs splayed carelessly out before her, muscles quivering with latent energy. "Mmmm. Hey, loser. You ARE an actual princess, ain't ya?"

An abashed flush of color scrawled across Rinkah's dusky cheeks. She lay limp upon the ground, and the weight of her beaded obsidian necklace felt like shackles upon her form. Her face was ruddy from fighting and fucking, her nipples still stiff and anxious for touch, and her denied second orgasm rang through her loud as a chapel bell's clanging. "S-so what if I am?" She asked.

"It's just occurred to me that, perhaps, I've been going about this entirely the wrong way." Charlotte tapped a cunt-scented finger against her lips, her thoughts meandering towards shrewd calculations of love and money. "You were so much easier to conquer than they were!"

Rinkah hated how these types spoke, Nohrians and Hoshidans both, how they dallied with words, dangling their true intent before you like a juicy, ripened fruit. She curled onto her side, hands slinking surreptitiously between her legs, fingers working aimlessly against the heat of her sex—it was futile. Her groping hands felt like clubs, inexperienced and inarticulate compared to the masterful axe stroke of Charlotte's touch.

"Ah!" Charlotte said, capping off the statement with a spritely giggle. "But you're such a needy one, you muscle-bound oaf, frigging yourself in your own dirt."

Rinkah suffocated the growl building in her chest. Her orgasm was caged inside her, and, with despair, she realized it was the capricious, willful Charlotte who held the gaoler's key. "Get to the point already."

"Well, you're a princess of the Fire Tribe, you're bound to become queen one of these days," Charlotte declared. Lost for a moment in a daydream, she had no care for the frustrated writhing of Rinkah's body. Then, with a heady inhale of breath, she fixed Rinkah with her gaze, those pale, dangerous blue eyes burning with pecuniary lust. "And the winner takes all."

After the war, Rinkah and Charlotte absconded back to Rinkah's ancestral home, where they wed and ruled as the Fire Tribe's first tandem queens. As the years passed, Charlotte became known as the Queen of Many Faces. A skilled, demure, obsequious diplomat to their allies, a ferocious, blood crazed, near-feral berserker to their enemies, Charlotte's tact in the stateroom and terror on the battlefield staked a claim for the Fire Tribe the world over. Charlotte's parents were quite surprised when the stipends their daughter sent them experienced a substantial increase.

Rinkah, for her part, became known as the Queen of Crushing Pride; the only soul able to quell her wife's tantrums, Rinkah proved every bit the nurturer, teacher, and strategist Charlotte was not. Under her instruction, the Fire Tribe entered an era of great prosperity, and Rinkah became a shining icon, leading her people through trial, struggle, and triumph for decades to come.

The two's ongoing feuds and contests upon the fields of battle became legendary—as did what transpired in their private liaisons each night, after the flames of battle died. Though many of the Fire Tribe were confused as to why their dual queens only allowed

a single throne in their great hall—instead, the loser of their most recent competition would kneel atop a pillow beside the victor’s throne while court was held—no one was brave enough (or stupid enough) to actually question it aloud. Though their queens’ methods of conquest, diplomacy, and even romance were tempestuous even on their mildest days, the tribe could only assume that such oddities must be the custom, back in the distant land of Nohr...

An Oni's Memory, Or The Lack Thereof

Chapter Summary

A lady's birthday comes but once a year, you know!

Chapter Notes

WAAAAH, I couldn't get it done! D: I missed Charlotte's birthday by a single day!!!

;-_-;-_-;-_-;

Well, even so, I tried my best, and I hope you like it just the same!! :o

"Four..."

Charlotte leaned forward, wrapped her arms around the iron bar. Jaw set, back flat, rear high, breasts sandwiched between biceps.

"Hundred..."

With a grunt, she pulled upwards, her body sheening with sweat, treating her companion to a view of each muscle pulling to tension—calves, then thighs, her magnificent ass, her abs—still barely visible beneath a feminine softness and the clutch of her biceps.

"...Fifty!"

Finishing with an ecstatic gasp, she dropped the heavy dumbbell. The pound of the weight against the ground echoed across the small city of the camp in the lowlight. For now, the camp was quiet; dinner would be called soon enough, and there would be a rush and cry, but the training ground in this moment belonged to her—and her rival.

Charlotte grinned towards Rinkah, smile gleaming even brighter than her sweat-dappled skin. "That's twenty five better than your best, any day."

Rinkah, who had lost her will (and her muscle tension) at an even four hundred. Sitting on the ground, knees cocked open and a hand behind her, she'd yet even to recover from her panting exertion. Her face streamed with sweat, and she grunted noncommittally, glancing away.

Her bronzed skin struggled vainly to disguise the heated flush of her cheeks, about as effectively as her general strategy of disinterest hid her embarrassment from Charlotte's

notice.

Not one to be dissuaded by Rinkah's familiarly truculent refusals to admit defeat, Charlotte posed, hands on her hips, thighs slightly parted. "Queen goes to the strongest, right? Still me." A triumphant twist of her lips compounded her pride, and Rinkah's indignity. "Plus one for winning, that's two you owe me for today."

"After dinner," Rinkah said, mildly. She sat forward, windmilling each thick arm in turn to work away the stiffness of her muscles—and, hopefully, the embarrassment of failure clouding her mind as well. "I've worked up an appetite."

Charlotte strode towards Rinkah, arms crossed. Her customary outfit, the metal torc and form hugging bottoms, made exercising convenient, in a way. The heat of her skin was exposed to the air, and she could sweat and breathe free. Less conveniently, though her skin could breathe, the scent of her sweat—and of her musk—was made as plain as, well, practically every one of her shimmering, muscular curves.

"*After* dinner? But dinner's my..." Her nose wrinkled at first, but her chin tilted up, and her eyes assumed a familiar, haughty expression. The grin she reserved for besting her inferiors was somewhat softened, for Rinkah, but no less self-satisfied. "You forgot, didn'tcha? Do oni have holes where their memory ought go?"

"I didn't forget," As if her briefly widened eyes, weren't indication enough, Rinkah started a bit in her seat, husking gruffly in that inimitable manner, a quiet, stoic sound that blared her failure like a trumpet across the training grounds: yes, of COURSE she forgot, she just would admit it; women like Rinkah were stubborn in those ways, Charlotte knew.

"You absolutely did." If the realization of this stung Charlotte, she took great pains to let no evidence of that show on her face. She rested a hand on her hip and leaned forward. Coy and cool as a viper in shadow, she said to the retreating Rinkah, "Hey, if we wait til after dinner, you'll be all sore and stiff..." Charlotte gestured quickly with two fingers, beckoning upwards. "So I think I deserve my presents right now."

"You're being self-centered." With sternly pursed lips, Rinkah proved she had a modicum of composure left to her. She patted the dust off her thighs as she groaned and dragged herself to standing. "Come on, now," she said, already lumbering off in the direction of the dining hall. "I'm starved."

Charlotte's lips set with an incipient snarl, her Windmerian accent coming to the fore in full glory. "Maybe you didn't hear me, ~loser~." She lashed out, her hand catching Rinkah's wrist in a wide swing, wheeling the woman away from the ground proper and towards the rear wall of the Arena.

Caught off-guard, at first, Rinkah could only reply with a grunt and a tensed abdomen; grabbed and handled like a common mutt. Indeed, if it were any other woman, she might've torn that offending hand off at the wrist... but... Charlotte...

The dull thwack of flesh on stone resounded through the camp like a church bell, and Rinkah found herself duly pinned.

Charlotte could smell the sweat off of her lover as she pinned her, face first, to the sturdy stone, Rinkah's arm held firm behind her back and Charlotte's hand wrapped around her neck. The rough arena wall lightly abraded her face, and her helpless fingers flexed and groped at Charlotte's heaving abdomen.

...any other woman...

The sensual hiss of Charlotte's words tickled through Rinkah's brain, just as her lips did along the curve of Rinkah's ear. "Admit it."

...what filtered through Rinkah's head wasn't anything so prurient as "love," of course. If it were any other woman, Rinkah would overpower them to a factor of ten. She would turn her honed instincts and brutal might towards... towards...

But this woman? Charlotte? She was a pureblooded beast. She'd have to be, to be the only woman that defeated her.

"You won!" Rinkah growled.

The beat of Charlotte's heart, eminently felt by Rinkah through the compress of Charlotte's breasts against her back, surged like a raging boar at the words "You won". An overproud woman, Charlotte was; surely, hearing those words from anyone would have made her blood rush. Surely, it wasn't just THIS woman, it wasn't just hearing her strength praised by this one, superlative, beautiful...

Rinkah grimace was as impotent as her squirming in Charlotte's locking hold. The scent of a different sort of musk was subtly filtering through the evening air. "T-there, are you happy?" Painfully--but only of the emotional sort--she noticed the discomfort of her stiffening nipples, sensitive enough already that she could feel the cool stone of the arena boundary even though the thick wrappings that held her breasts.

Not entirely, Charlotte wasn't. Those words thrilled her, but they weren't what she yearned to her. All the same...

Her thighs were parted; she could smell her own need, she could smell her lov... Rinkah's scent. She could hear footsteps leaving the Arena just on the other side of the wall. The building ache of acid in her muscles thrilled her, as did the submissive squirm of Rinkah against her possessive, locking grip. Her smile shone in the twilight like the gold of her hair.

Rinkah shuddered, the muscles of her back tensing and unwinding with all the power of a serpent at the stimulus of Charlotte's bare nipples dragging alone them. Her back arches, with the impact of Charlotte against her, pinning her to the wall in full, and the thunder of her lover's heartbeat. Her bare toes curl in the dirt.

"If you didn't FORGET, I mighta just hauled you back to our bunk. But now..."

Always the stubborn one, was Rinkah. "I DIDN'T forg--unh!"

You see, Charlotte has ways of dealing with stubborn oni

With an uncharacteristic bleat of surprise, Rinkah found her legs swiftly parted. A sandaled foot kicked Rinkah's own wide. Fingers press up along Rinkah's thigh, making room for Charlotte's advance—Rinkah never wore anything between her fragrant cunt and the world, and if she weren't ready to admit something as simple as her forgetfulness, Charlotte had no qualms about teaching her a lesson, pressing up and against her rival, and taking her present, there and then. Rinkah gritted her teeth at the burn of the ground in her heel. But it was the inchoate pressure of Charlotte's fingers against her now-exposed cunt that caused her to groan out her tender distress, her body stuck in a perpetual, subliminal writhe of capture.

At once, the drowsy lull of Setsuna's voice on the other side of the wall called out.

"Hooo~ Did you hear that?"

Rinkah broke into a submissive whimper between gritted teeth, sounding like a caught animal, the way she struggled to force the sound back into her gullet, potently aware of the shame that tickled through her stomach, at the thought of being discovered in this pose.

And, all too obvious to Rinkah, her ear ground firmly against the stone wall, Setsuna's mistress Hinoka replied, "It sounded like..."

Charlotte's crowing laugh rang through the air as Rinkah unleashed that nonverbal acceptance of her compliance. Not that it was unusual to hear such a thing around camp, but it masked the soft, damp whisper of two arrogant fingers against a proud cunt, pressing against Rinkah's lips. At first, a threat. And then, as Rinkah twisted and mewled like some overlarge kitten, a promise kept. Charlotte kept her nails dainty and short, and those deceptively soft fingers pinched at Rinkah's unusually thick, erect clit, tugging in time, before pulling back, and pushing up and inwards, giving the oni something to properly writhe upon.

"There." Charlotte released Rinkah's arm. "You ain't going anywhere now..."

It was true; she was strong enough, with her one busy arm, to keep Rinkah occupied and pressed to the wall, the oni's rump cradled to her forearm. Her pleasantly jeering voice, barely an inch from the woman's ear, imbued Rinkah's every nerve with a sublime agony that an army of voyeuristic Setsunas couldn't have possibly aroused. "Not til I'm done, anyway."

And Rinkah if knew anything in that moment, it was that she was, indeed, well and truly stuck.

Charlotte's free hand caressed Rinkah's cheek—she'd have done it to anyone, certainly! Anyone who lost so badly, who insulted her so! "Shush now," she said, quiet enough for only Rinkah to hear. "Be brave."

Rinkah's body laid out its plaintive resistance against Charlotte's fingers--that silly sort of crushing and flexing of inner muscle that pulls as much as it pushes. So it was that Rinkah drew Charlotte in as much as Charlotte pushed. Abdominal muscles tightening with each huffing pace of breath, toes squeezing and clutching at ground as if she were afraid she might fly off somewhere, Rinkah whimpered at this soulful intrusion into her body, and the events that led her here. It was foolishness. Such a silly pose, Charlotte piercing her from behind, so

that her arm was almost a seat for Rinkah to relax into. Even with the jocular ramblings of Setsuna and Hinoka on the other side of the wall, Rinkah committed herself to accepting this—but she would do it boldly. She would not cry out. She would endure it. To unwind, untense, and enjoy this mo—

Willful as she ever was, and today being a special day besides, Charlotte thrust another finger upwards into Rinkah's steaming cunt.

CRACK!

The stone of the arena broke into a spiderweb beneath the pound of Rinkah's fist.

"Hee~eyyy," chirped Setsuna lazily. "Is it all alright, over there?"

Charlotte cooed out in response. "I'm just training, Setsuna dear!" Her accent melted from her voice in an instant. "Keeping Rinkah on her toes!" A girlish giggle; her mask remained firmly in place. Her body pinned her rival soundly to the stone—as if there were any question of her complete and utter dominance in this moment—and she pulled her fingers from Rinkah's pussy...

The lull of Setsuna's voice whimsied from over the wall. "Ooooh, are you sparring?"

"Setsuna, shush," said Hinoka. "Pay attention to your own work."

....only to let the reeking digits hover before Rinkah's nose before pushing decisively past her lips and into her mouth, filling the oni with the pungent flavor and scent of herself, and stifling the cries she knew were coming.

"Taste," she said, for only Rinkah to hear.

Rinkah unleashed a sniveling sound, more befit to animal than oni. Yet, her body radiated heat like a forest fire in bloom. She squeezed her lips and suckled, thrusting her tongue against these invading digits, squirming the only muscle available to her around Charlotte's fingertips, desperate to sublimate the pained cry of pleasure building inside her. She drowned in her own musk, eyes watering, and nose flaring for every difficult breath. Two more cracking sounds nearly caused Setsuna and Hinoka to leap from their skins, as the Rinkah shuddered against Charlotte, spidering the stone.

Rinkah drew her breath back into her with a strangled gasp, as her mouth was suddenly freed of the choking invasion of Charlotte's fingers.

"That sounds see~erious~" Setsuna crooned.

"Not serious!" Charlotte only called back. "She..." one finger, into the steaming, clenching, furred cunt. "Just..." Another. "Keeps..." The third, tight, tented and full. "Messing..." And THRUST! "UP!"

A earnest, gagging cough broke from Rinkah as the gradual but implacable advance of Charlotte's expanded her body to its absolute limits. To certain ears, the moan that broke the air certainly might've sounded like the cry of a warrior enduring a resounding blow.

Perhaps, in a way, it was.

"You are sparring. Oh, Hinoka, let's go watch. It may go like last time, where they nearly f—" There was a soft grunt.

"Setsuna!" Hinoka's I told you to watch all the netting!" Hinoka sighed in deep umbrage, grumbling in her uncertain, fluting growl. "I'll be hours untangling you now."

Charlotte crowed with joy, practically lifting Rinkah onto her toes with one hand, resting the oni's weight on her fingers. Rinkah whipped an arm back, not to resist, but to plaintively grab and grope at the thick, firm, fleshy muscle of Charlotte's hip. A plainer indication Charlotte never needed. Charlotte permitted her rival to gasp and clutch mightily against her body. She permitted Rinkah to writhe, pull, finally, relax just slightly...

"That's a good little oni..." Charlotte called, sweet in one moment, and burning like a demon the next. "Now, gimme my present!"

And so, Charlotte's rival, her oni, Rinkah, became her marionette too. Rinkah found her heels in the air with the strength of Charlotte's thrusts inside her, her toes barely able to scrape at the dirt.

Rinkah's returned to the ground, moments only before Charlotte pounds into her, fast and hard, face triumphant. Her hips thrust with a will of their own, as though she would pound Rinkah herself, had she the capacity! But no, fingers would have to do.

With Setsuna and Hinoka still chattering away on the other side, Rinkah maintained enough presence of mind for a singular thought: how fortunate she was this wall was built strong enough even for an oni's might. That it doesn't collapse, with each impact of her balled fists and bared breasts, wraps fallen loose, against it! How lucky she is that nobody's come to inspect the sounds or damage. Setsuna seems to require more than enough attention, but only mere feet away, Rinkah is conscious of every noise. She mewled and moaned and whined in certainty now--and the only saving grace was that her voyeur was a particularly prudish princess and her naive underling, who probably thought nothing of the sort about this peculiar form of training.

"Yield?" Charlotte grinned, speaking through teeth clenched with furious passion. Her thighs were slick, and a hooked arm around Rinkah's abdomen reined the oni back to against her body. "Or do you need another round?"

"I didn't..." Rinkah husked. Her voice was hoarse, and her throat dry. Her body quivered like a weakling mess. Sweat poured down her face. She could feel it along her sensitive nape, her breasts, and the treacherous, overwhelming fluidity of her body. Her stomach roils in shallow, uncertain breaths. Charlotte's grip on Rinkah was not particularly tight. One arm (Rinkah-scented) beneath her breasts, one snaked down Rinkah's front, and between her thighs, teasing at her over-sized clit. Yet, emotion strangled Rinkah's breath in her chest, as if Charlotte's arm beneath her breasts were crushing the life out of her.

"I didn't...." Charlotte's touches of her felt like ice upon fire. Her thighs, thick as lumber, shook like saplings in a fierce gale.

Charlotte licked her lips—she knew how her... sparring partner, not "beloved," certainly... was embarrassed by her almost clumsy, brute size. Charlotte herself had certainly never called it "handsome" aloud, hadn't yet begged Rinkah to fuck her with it - but she could curl her finger and thumb around it, tug at it, play at its piercing. She knew these techniques, these hidden methods of power and submission. She had no need to fuck Rinkah to concrete her power, that was done and proved, and Charlotte knew the electricity of this touch alone, its potency, would drive language from even stoic, unceasing Rinkah's lips.

"Yield?" She asked again.

But the answer wasn't important—the wide-eyed, beautiful, dazed oni was.

"I-I-I..." Rinkah thrilled in the possessive clutch of Charlotte around seemingly every inch of her. Even at the memory of the stretch of tented fingers inside her. At the slip of sweat between their bodies and how her mind clenched down so hard her head exploded in overwhelming pain and the transcendent agony of her frustration as the orgasm overcame her senses like wildfire. "I YIELD!"

She split the evening quiet with a climactic growl, the ferocity and shame of that sound twinning around each other like miserly snakes. Her body erupted. Or perhaps it sung—indeed, much less of an even spar, it was more akin to Charlotte playing her something like an instrument, wasn't it?

The bulk of Rinkah's worn-raw shape (she'd only recently lost the contest of strength, let's recall!) collapsed backwards into Charlotte's ready embrace. She wheezed like a terrified rabbit, clutching at Charlotte's arms and gripping at her hair, head turned just-so, lips groping at open air, struggling for a kiss.

There was a hint of playfulness underlying Charlotte's haughty visage—that she might just have gone from a nobody to a princess was the farthest thing from her mind. She'd bested Rinkah, won her, made her shiver and cry out. The thought gave her immense pleasure! Why, she hadn't thought about money in... well, minutes! Not since sizing up Hinoka, anyway. But she had far more pressing concerns. The triumph in her eyes gave way to a momentary confusion at the expression in Rinkah's.

Was it weakness? Impossible. Fear? Unlikely. There was something different, there. Something strange.

Her arms, only now starting to stiffen with exertion, pulled the oni close, held her up. She was looking closer. That was all. Very close. Supporting her.

And Charlotte's smile was almost genuine—perhaps as genuine as Rinkah, or anyone else in camp, could ever have seen. "Good," she said, with lips quirked upwards in gleeful victory. "You're mine, loser."

Charlotte's lips, almost unbidden, so practiced for the day she'd hook a prince, matched to Rinkah's, slowing Rinkah's wheezing and speeding her pulse, soothing her rival's worn body and, for the moment, her conquered heart.

Rinkah's eyes were dull with the exhaustion of spent passion. Her lips trembled beneath the gift of Charlotte's kiss, fingers clenching and unclenching around her lover's bicep, and her heart thundering behind the heaving weight of her breasts.

"Y-yours..." is what her rival said.

And there was no value behind it. No dominance, no submission. It was nothing, but a word.

Rival?

Perhaps "beloved" was all right. It was a good word, if you were a princess, and you had someone very strong, and you didn't intend to give them up. She closed her eyes, and smiled into the kiss.

It was a good thing, that Charlotte was so strong. One wonders if anyone else in the camp would be able to keep a woman like Rinkah upright without assistance.

Some hours later, after time to relax, and bathe, and eat, and seek an oni's method of revenge aside—without going into details of such sensitive, and secretive things, say we only say it involved a great deal of rutting, and left at least one oni's palm and one golddigger's rump a blissful sort of sore, before the night was over?

Moving on, after all such matters were dealt with, and most of the fires in the camp were smoldering down to cinders, and the crickets had resumed their nightly symphony, Rinkah reached beneath their shared bedding and produced a small, velvet-lined box. Inside were a pair of jade earrings, carved into a series of intricate, inter-locking whorls by a set of some of the thickest, clumsiest fingers Charlotte had ever known (and known them well, one might add). Her characteristic surliness recovered in the passing hours, Rinkah still turned away to mask the reddening of her cheeks as she, with unremitting surliness, said...

"I did NOT forget."

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