

Futanari Empire: The Founding

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Futanari Empire: The Founding

by [Lust Writer \(NazoAO3\)](#)

Summary

The prequel to Futanari Empire.

This is the tale of 3 sisters who've lost everything. Unknown to all, the last of the Discordia bloodline are alive and have sworn vengeance. Read as they journey to gain power and get their revenge. As they do so they will grow, learn new things and discover things about themselves they never even considered before. They don't know how long it will take, but they will not only achieve their goal no matter what. But also their dreams.

This is the story of how their Empires were built and how those who opposed them began fall.

(Deleted and re-uploaded for reasons)

Everything was burning, buildings were crumbling....people were dying. An entire kingdom was falling. Hundreds of soldiers flooded the capital all while thousands waited outside and were also spread out throughout the whole kingdom. Armies of many varying races all converging on the kingdom of one. They weren't aiming for genocide however, only those within this kingdom will perish. The kingdom Dark Elves, Vael'Aser. It was an invasion born of fear. The Dark Elves had a natural talent for magic and an even deeper connection to the forces that powered it. All types of Elves were natural specialists in something. But the Dark Elves took it to new, higher standards. While magic was what they specialized in, they also strived excel in every specialty they could. Now it was natural for a species to want to better themselves.

The problem with this however was that they were making frightening headway. Their incredible lifespans allowed just one them to amass great experience. Experience that they passed to the next generation. And when their high libidos they able were able to breed like rabbit. Which they more than gladly did. Now while this was cause for concern when one considered the balance of the world. But that concern turned to legitimate fear when Vael'Aser was founded. Dark Elves flocked to the growing kingdom and became at least 90% of it's population. All that potential and quickly growing power in one place was a threat and needed to be eliminated. So those who were scared gathered their forces and did just that....or so they thought.

There were survivors, 3 Dark Elves to be exact. But they weren't just any Dark Elves. Vael'Aser was a kingdom after all and kingdoms need someone to rule them. They were ruled by Queen Nualia (I do not own her she was made by LordAardvark) and her wife Ophelia (I do not own her she was made by Onagi Hanzo). They were beloved and lusted after by their subject and they felt the same. Persecution was hardly an unknown prospect in the world. But it always seemed worse for Elves, especially Dark Elves. A subrace they may be but the Queen's believed they more than proved their peoples worth and ability, but only when united. That's why Vael'Aser was founded, to focus their growth and potential. They ruled together for hundreds of years and even had 3 daughters!

Daughters who survived.

It was one of the darkest nights in the acres and acres of forest outside Vael'Aser, in more ways then one. Even the light of the burning kingdom could not pierce it's veil. That being said the flames could still been....and seen they were. 3 young women stood amongst the trees as they desperately attempted to catch their breath. But between the dead sprint out of the kingdom they just finished and their own sobbing it proved to be a difficult task.

Olga, the middle child stood the furthest from her sisters leaning against a tree with her eyes firmly locked on the flames. She like the rest the Dark Elves was dark-skinned and exotically attractive. With her black hair in a ponytail, three hoop earrings on both ears and honey-colored eyes. Her G bust was contained by a dark purple and black striped blouse she wore with her cleavage exposed. She also had white thigh-high stockings under a red skirt that end alittle above her ankles and somehow she managed to run there in black high heel boots.

Harribel was the eldest and was currently crushing the tree she was bracing herself on with the grip of her hands alone! Harribel had dark skin, aqua green eyes, short golden blonde hair which she kept messy with three braided locks. She was more dressed for an event like this than her sisters. She wore a black undersuit with 6 pieces of dark gray armor. Bracers, greaves, a chest plate hid her bound HH breasts but left her abdomen exposed and lastly a segmented armored skirt held together with chain mail. She had also been carrying 3 large adventuring backpack, one on her back one in each hand.

Finally there was Cia the youngest daughter who was on her knees crying. Unlike her sisters who took more after Ophelia in looks Cia took after Nualia. What this meant was that Olga and Harribel had dark brown skin. Normal hair and eye colors like black, blonde, shade of brown or blue which came from one of their grandparents on each side. Cia instead had dark blue skin, long white hair and yellow eyes(for fans of Hyrule Warriors I will be calling this Pre-Division Cia). Hugging her body and FFF breasts was a dark red medieval dress covered in violet arcane symbols. Like Olga she favored black heels, only hers were the regular kind. And lastly she was the only one who wore any kind jewelry befitting a noble with a gold and moonstone circlet(Skyrim style).

Despite their slim and youthful appearances all 3 were actually much older than they seemed to be. Harribel was 355, Olga was 237 and Cia was 118. They would have died at these ages if they hadn't escaped. Their mothers had sent them off before the armies even reached the castle and had decoys put in their places. Olga and Cia refused to leave, but luckily Harribel was always able to take charge with her sisters and had things prepared for if they ever needed to flee or travel.

"We need to keep moving. The spot I planned for isn't much farther" Harribel told them taking her hands off the tree, visible indents and cracks were left. She went over to Olga and gave one of the backpacks who slowly took it. They walked over to their sobbing little sister and knelt before her, Olga next to her and Harribel in front. The eldest gently grabbed Cia's shoulders. "Look at me Cia. This isn't over, far from it. **None** of them will get away with this. They. Will. All. **Pay**. But we have to survive in order for this happen. Our mothers sacrificed themselves so we could do this, because only **we** can. They built themselves up and made a kingdom. But not us. We will build an empire. An empire that will expand and rule over all we know! So that this will never happen again!" she declared to her sisters. Her little speech seemed to do the trick as Cia got up and wiped her tears.

Harribel led them to the edge of the forest into a large clearing on a cliff. It was overlooking the eastern end of the territory and they could see for miles. She set her bag down in the middle of the clearing. "I know it isn't much. But this were we're be planning what we do next. This is were we plan our revenge and our Empire"

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