

## Flower of Death

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An Original Character Roleplay

Emilia

Emilia tromped through the snow, a biting chill gnawing down to her very bones. The darkness of night and the howling wind transformed the forest into an icy prison. The twining limbs of the trees above resembled the bars of a twisted cage. But after breaking free from that entrapment, the young blonde lady trudged her way through the roaring storm, chilly wind slicing at her face like blades. She moved toward a singular target- a massive, seemingly empty manor in the distance. Hopefully its owner would be home, perhaps a kind aristocrat would take pity on her and allow her to spend the night here without freezing to death. She marched up to the front steps, her shaky hand knocking on the hard wood of the front door as she waited for a response.

Mr. Fleur

Alerted by a knock at the door, Mr. Fleur was surprised, and quickly went to check it out. After all, with the weather in this condition, whoever was out there was in dire need of some shelter. Opening the door, he soon found a young woman, clearly shivering from the cold. "Oh my dear! Come in, come in, you'll catch your death out there..." Mr. Fleur said, opening the door wide and smiling pleasantly, stepping aside to let her in. "Please, I have an open fire in the next room for you to warm yourself up with, and I'm sure I can find a change of clothes for you if those are too chilly."

Emilia

Emilia was so happy with how welcoming the owner of this manor was- at first glance he looked a little scary with his glaring eyes and intimidating stature, but at that point all she wanted was a place to warm up. He was a rather fancy-looking, silver-haired older fellow, dressed in his red velvet suit with a top hat and a vest that struggled to contain his rather large belly. But he was an aristocrat after all, she should have expected as much. And with her being so close to freezing, she wasn't one to judge anyone.

"T-thank you so much..." she said, her teeth chattering. "My name is Emilia...I've been traveling for a while, and I got caught in a snowstorm, so I thought I would ask to spend the night here...I apologize for intruding, sir...oh, I haven't even asked for your name yet, forgive me..."

Mr. Fleur

"It's no trouble at all, my dear. I'm Mr. Fleur, and you're welcome to stay as long as you like. I'm sure the snow will have passed by morning, and if not you'd always be welcome here~" He reassured, perhaps a little too enthusiastically. Helping himself, he removed Emilia's coat for her, before guiding her towards his living room, where there was a roaring fire waiting for her. "Why don't you sit down and warm yourself up, while I get you a change of clothes? You must have been freezing out there..."

Emilia

"You're so kind, Mr. Fleur," Emilia said. She perched herself on the sofa near the roaring fireplace, taking in the wonderful warmth. Her body felt like it was thawing out, little by little. "Thank you again for this, if I hadn't found this place, I would have frozen to death..."

She waited for Mr. Fleur to return with a change of clothes, while she slowly started to undress herself. Her current outfit was soggy and wet with snow residue, and it was only making her colder. Emilia was amazed at Fleur's kindness, but at the same time, it almost seemed...too kind. He seemed all too happy to take her in. Perhaps he was just being nice, but the cold stirred a feeling of paranoia in her mind, especially while being inside of a stranger's domain...

Mr. Fleur

After a few minutes, Mr. Fleur returned. Of course, his timing couldn't be any more awkward, as he strolled right in on Emilia when she was down to nothing more than her underwear. "Oh my, I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to..." he said, although kept approaching her, setting down a pile of clothes next to her. "I hope the fire has been to your liking? I generally hope all my guests here have a pleasant time..." As he kept talking, he walked up behind Emilia, and she suddenly found him undoing her bra for her. His arms started to wrap around her near naked form, keeping her close. "After all, my guests rarely...stay around for very long."

Emilia

Emilia let out a little yelp when Mr. Fleur walked in on her stripped down to her bra and underwear. "U-umm...yes, the fire has been wonderful, thank you sir..." She felt a bit awkward at this man being so close to her when she was almost naked, he didn't seem to have any decency for a lady's privacy...

The girl clenched up as she felt his arms coil around her, pulling her close to his body. She could feel his squishy gut pressing into her back. "They don't...stay around long?" Emilia asked, gulping. "W-why is that?" The last thing she wanted was to be rude to Mr. Fleur, but she couldn't help but feel like something was wrong...

Mr. Fleur

"Oh, I have no idea why, it's a complete mystery to me..." he said nonchalantly, as he pushed Emilia to the ground, pinning her to the carpet as he unbuckled his pants, revealing a rather erect cock. He efficiently pulled the young woman's panties down as well, before beginning to fuck her raw.

"I'm sure there are all manner of reasons I could discuss with you, but...well, I'm sure you're starting to get the picture. I do quite like to get the most enjoyment out of my guests, while I have them in my company~"

Emilia

A squeal escaped Emilia as she was suddenly pushed to the floor, smothered against the carpet and pinned still by Mr. Fleur's weight on top of her. Glancing over her shoulder, she shuddered as she watched him unfasten his belt buckle and reveal his throbbing, erect member, begging for release. "W-wait, what are you doing?!" Emilia squealed. "Please don't-"

A loud gasp escaped her as her panties were pulled down, and Fleur's cock made its way into her quivering pussy. "Ah-aaahhh!" The loud cry escaped her involuntarily, consumed by a rush of sudden ecstasy...and fear. The aristocrat completely dominated her, while she could do little more than tremble in pleasure and terror beneath him. At this rate, she would be lucky if all he planned to do was use her as a pleasure toy...

Mr. Fleur

Mr. Fleur completely ignored Emilia's comments, of course, and continued to fuck her raw, moaning as he thrust deep within her, clearly threatening to rip her in half with his cock, forming a bulge in her lower belly in the process.

"I'm merely...enjoying myself dear...I thought that much would be obvious. And afterwards, well...I think I'll go for a light snack to recover some energy. I tend to like my desserts cream filled, if you catch my drift..." His hands grasping Emilia's wrists, Mr. Fleur continued to forcibly ravage her, panting and moaning heavily as he fucked her young body.

Emilia

Emilia's muscles seemed to melt into limp jelly under Fleur's weight, every thrust pushed deeper and deeper into her, and she couldn't contain her loud cries of ecstasy blended with pure dread. She could see her lower belly starting to pudge out as he forced himself inside her, making the young lady into little more than a squirming, squealing fucktoy. What he was saying didn't make any sense either...but Emilia was too flustered and scared to think about the true meaning of those words. In her position, she couldn't help but imagine her captor not as a human, but as a hungry monster. "Please...do whatever you want with me, but please just let me go..." she gasped.

Mr. Fleur

"Ah...no can do I'm afraid...try not to burst, sweetie..." Mr. Fleur grunted, holding Emilia down firmly as he finally came. Unleashing his load deep inside of her, she began to fill out from it, as if he had an endless supply to inflate her with. By the time he finally pulled out, Emilia looked so filled up that she almost appeared pregnant, and Mr. Fleur licked his lips as he calmly rebuckled his belt. Kneeling before the young woman, he stroked at her face with the back of his right hand, gently stroking over her body's curves. "Such a sweet, young...supple specimen. Yes, I think you'll do nicely, little one."

Emilia

Emilia's squeals soon turned into loud moans of pleasure as Mr. Fleur unleashed his load, pumping his hot seed deep into her insides. The rush was so intense, Emilia felt lightheaded, fearing she would faint. Fleur's climax flooded her womb, causing her lower belly to expand to accomodate it all. By the time he was finished with her, Emilia was sprawled out on the carpet, gasping for breath, lightly touching at her enlarged belly. His fluids sloshed about within her, and Emilia was far too weak to attempt to escape from the ravenous aristocrat. "Wha...what are you going to do...?" she weakly mumbled.

Mr. Fleur

"Oh, it'll be much easier to just show you," Mr. Fleur grinned. Picking Emilia up by her waist, he lifted her up with surprising, superhuman ease, with her legs sticking to the air, and head left hovering open his slowly opening jaws. "Goodbye, my dear, I look forward to seeing how you add to me," he sneered, before promptly letting her drop. Emilia's head disappeared beyond Mr. Fleur's lips, soon given a detailed look of the inside of his throat. His hands firmly locked her arms to her waist, to prevent her struggling, and gently guided her deeper and deeper downwards, moaning as his tongue lapped at her face and neck.

Emilia

The young blonde let out a yelp as she was hoisted up, her feet left helplessly kicking at the air as she was forced to gaze into the gaping abyss of Mr. Fleur's jaws. "W-wait, stop it!" she shrieked. "Don't eat me, please-"

Her screams soon turned to muffled cries as she plummeted into Fleur's maw, rapidly sinking into his throat. Wet, quivering flesh bound its grip around Emilia and sucked her down with every gulp. The tightness was unbearable, she couldn't even attempt to struggle at all. Her instincts had been right all along...there was no way Fleur was a human, he had to be some kind of monster...but it was too late to come to that realization as she was being devoured whole and alive.

Mr. Fleur

Of course, Emilia's pitiful cries for help were thoroughly ignored as Mr. Fleur kept guiding her deeper, soon gripping at her thighs with both hands as he pushed her down, down, down...

It only took some heavy gulps and some encouragement, but soon she was all the way to her final resting place, curled up in a ball within his gut. From the outside, Mr. Fleur groaned, rising to his feet only to crash into a nearby leather chair, groping his now incredibly rotund gut.

"Hah...that really hit the spot. Thank you, Ms. Emilia, you'll add wonderfully to me. I must say, you're the most fun, and delicious, guest I've had in quite some time..."

Emilia

There was seemingly nothing Emilia could do to halt the inevitable descent to Mr. Fleur's gut. Tears poured down the young lady's face, terrified and utterly humiliated to be treated as mere food, eaten up by a frightening stranger, especially a cruel man like this...

Slowly but surely, she began to emerge into a larger space, sliding out into Fleur's cramped stomach, which expanded to accommodate her form. She was forced to curl up into a tight ball, drenched in the sticky, sour-smelling digestive juices that seeped into every inch of her skin. The fleshy walls squeezed and kneaded around her squirming body, already eager to churn her up. The threatening rumbles of his fat belly echoed all around her, like the growl of a hungry beast. Emilia was stunned in disbelief, unable to fully comprehend that she had been gobbled up whole by this awful man. "Let me out, please!" Emilia squealed. "You can't just eat me and digest me like food, you monster!"

Mr. Fleur

Mr. Fleur simply rolled his eyes, massaging his gut as he felt Emilia pathetically moving around inside him. "Oh, don't be silly, little one. There's no way out for you, it's far too late for that. Now why don't you be a good meal and start digesting already, hmm? I have no intention of letting you go, and you have no way to escape. But it's alright, at least you'll be nice and warm, just like you wanted when you knocked on my door." Groaning, Mr. Fleur arched his back as he felt the digestive process beginning to take hold, his stomach massaging at Emilia's body, softening her up to become nothing but some extra pudge on his belly...

A few hours passed, and Emilia's struggles had long since died down. All that remained of her was a slush of fat and nutrients that had swiftly and easily added onto the older man, who had elected to take a nap as he waited for her to settle. Waking with a yawn, Mr. Fleur looked down, smirking as he grasped the fat with both hands, and groped it eagerly. "Mm, well good morning, my dear. I see you slept well, I know I certainly did. Well then, shall we see what today has in store for us? The storm seems to have cleared up...I guess it'll be some time until we have another visitor, hmm?"

Getting to his feet, Mr. Fleur noticed that his shirt now failed to fit, Emilia's remains jutting out as a pudgy gut as he waddled around. "Hmm, I guess I'll need to invest in larger clothes again...oh well~"

The End...

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