

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: Sveta and Lucas finally meet face to face... body to body~

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Sveta reappears in a dark bedroom, inhaling deeply and exhaling slowly to get past the heavy brick of emotion that threatens to well up from within her. Doctor Yamada had always been good to her, so obviously it felt all kinds of bad having to leave like that.

However, once she stated she wasn't sticking around, she really didn't have a choice but to go. Even if Sveta knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she could reach Lucas' side in the blink of an eye with a single thought... she still had to be able to think that thought. If they took drastic measures to try to contain her, such as rendering her unconscious, than Sveta might legitimately be unable to keep her promise to her Master. And that was unthinkable.

Hopefully the good doctor wouldn't be blamed too much for Sveta's escape. There was nothing she could have done to stop it. More likely though, she would probably blame *herself*... Doctor Yamada was just that kind of woman.

Maybe one day she'd get the chance to make it up to her. Maybe her Master could even offer the doctor a deal to help her with her work or something. Just like he'd helped Sveta. For now though, what truly mattered was Lucas above all else.

Sveta's eyes finish adjusting to the dark bedroom in mere seconds, at which point she identifies the sleeping man on the bed in front of her and knows beyond a shadow of a doubt that this... this is the man she made her deal with. This is Lucas, her Master, and he's currently fast asleep.

Biting her lower lip, Sveta considers what to do for a moment. Should she... wake him up normally? Probably, right? But there was the other option... it was

something that only a young amnesiac woman with too much internet access would think of, really. But she could do it. She could crawl under the covers and-

“Sveta?”

Before the idea can even finish fully solidifying in her mind, it ends up being a moot point because Lucas suddenly sits up, her proximity seeming to waking him from his slumber. He opens his eyes and stares at her... and Sveta stares back because despite the bedroom’s darkness, his eyes are an inhuman, shimmering yellow.

Swallowing, Sveta nods.

“Y-Yes... it’s me, Master.”

Lucas pauses for a moment before running a hand down his face.

“Please... don’t call me that, Sveta. Just... just Lucas is fine.”

Flushing, Sveta tries not to squirm too hard. Then, she cracks a slight grin.

“Alright... ‘Just Lucas’.”

The joke is undeniably cheesy, borderline stupid... but Lucas lets out a huff of laughter all the same, so Sveta takes it as a win. Finally, he reaches over and fumbles on the lamp on his nightstand, bringing light to the bedroom. His unnaturally beautiful eyes roam up and down her form for a moment and Sveta thinks he might be checking her out at first. That’s why, when he wrinkles his nose initially, her heart sinks. But then he speaks and she realizes he wasn’t checking her out... he was checking her clothes out.

“Ugh. You weren’t kidding about the Asylum. They seriously didn’t have anything better for you to wear?”

Sveta glances down at her attire, which admittedly wouldn’t be out of place in a prison, let alone the mental hospital she just came from. Its somewhat

comfortable material at least... and the first thing she's worn since waking up as just a bodiless face.

"... They weren't exactly expecting me to leave so soon, I don't think. I had to go before they decided they needed to... enforce my stay."

Lucas grows more alert at that, climbing off the bed and frowning.

"So you're a fugitive?"

Feeling a spike of fear that he'll be upset with her, Sveta hesitantly nods all the same. She won't lie to him. Not ever, if she can help it.

Far from getting angry though, Lucas just looks determined as he stares at her for a long moment. Then, his eyes flash and he lets out a sigh of relief.

"Alright... it'll be fine, I've got you covered. Nobody who goes looking for either of us should be able to find us."

A Stranger Power of some sorts? That was interesting. Sveta wanted to ask for clarification, but she also didn't want to come across as rude. Instead she looks down at herself again.

"... I could take it off, if you wanted. They are rather drab, aren't they?"

Lucas blushes, his face going a little red at the offer.

"You don't need to strip naked. I'll get you something better to wear. I should have some gender neutral clothing for you. Might be a little baggy but we'll go shopping later today..."

Lucas moves over to his closet. Sveta watches him go. She hesitates for a moment before speaking up.

"But what if I wanted to take them off... for you?"

Another pause from her savior. Slowly, Lucas straightens up from the closet and turns to face her again. His eyes are more considering this time, his blush still present but a little bit more contained.

“... Yeah?”

Sveta can't help but blush a little in turn. She's not being subtle, after all. So if he really didn't want her in that way, he definitely would have just shut her down. That he isn't... well, it bodes well for her chances, right?

“Y-Yeah.”

Swallowing, Lucas tilts his head to the side.

“Well... I suppose I'd have to ask if you were sure... and make sure you don't feel any sort of obligation. You might have to serve me because of the deal, but you don't have to serve me in that way if you don't want to. In fact... I don't want your service to take that form, Sveta. Anything of that nature that happens between the two of us... should take place outside of the bounds of our deal.”

O-Oh. That was... incredibly nice of him to say. It also made her a bit embarrassed. Sveta had definitely been hiding behind the deal and the fact that he was her Master a little bit. It just made sense that everything she was now, everything he'd given her, body included, would 'belong' to him.

But the way he was speaking now made it clear he wanted something more... r-romantic than that. Sveta hadn't thought she could get so lucky.

“I understand. It's not out of obligation, Lucas. I want... I want you. D-Do you want me?”

Slowly, Lucas moves away from the closet, crossing the bedroom until he's right in front of her. He stares into her eyes and Sveta stares back, tense as a bowstring.

“... Yeah Sveta. I want you too.”

When he moves in to kiss her after that, Sveta feels nothing but pure exultant joy. Especially as his hands come up to caress her face... and then beyond her face. His fingers graze over ears that she didn't have at the start of the day, and down a neck that didn't exist before he granted her fondest desire.

His lips against her lips taste unbelievably good... though that might just be a placebo effect brought on by him being the first man she's ever kissed. And also being the most important man in her life, bar none.

Sveta moans, her own hands coming up to brush against Lucas' chest as they makeout like that for a solid minute. Their tongues dance with one another, becoming entangled and then not. And when he finally pulls away, Sveta's heart pounds in the chest that she only has because of Lucas, and down between her thighs she's wet in a way that's only possible because of the man in front of her... in more ways than one.

"Sveta... how far do you want to go?"

All the way, of course. But also... Sveta flushes and glances to the bed.

"B-Before... before you woke up, I was considering waking you... by crawling under the covers and sucking your c-cock. So I think... I'd like to start there."

Lucas blinks... and then chuckles.

"God, I don't know how I would have reacted to that. But yeah, we can start there."

Sveta tries not to twitch too badly at the idea that he might have reacted poorly to her acting out her fantasy. Admittedly, this wasn't some porno so maybe she was being silly for thinking he would want to wake up to some stranger's lips on his dick.

She's not a stranger now though. Lucas moves over and sits down on the bed and Sveta... Sveta sinks to her knees between his legs. Then, after a moment of

thought, she reaches down and shucks off the top she'd been given back at the Asylum, exposing her slender frame and her supple pale breasts, each capped with a rock hard pink nipple at this point.

Lucas' breath hitches at the sight of her chest, her tits bouncing a little bit as she tosses the top aside. Sveta just smiles in response, making sure he gets a good view before reaching out for his own pants. He's just wearing sweats, so all she has to do is hook her thumbs into the waistband... and tug down.

Her master and savior's cock comes springing forth from its confines already half-hard. He's definitely enjoyed their time together so far, even if it was just a bit of kissing. Sveta fixates on the cock as soon as its out in front of her, her breathing coming out light and uneven as she licks her lips eagerly.

Wrapping her fingers around the base, she leans forward and slowly, tenderly applies her tongue to the tip. In response, Lucas groans out her name, shuddering from the sensation.

"Sveta..."

The way he says her name is like straight crack. A shot of dopamine right to her brain. Sveta continues to lick and lap, eyes sliding up to his face as she enjoys his reactions immensely. There's nothing better than watching him shiver and groan and twitch from how she's making him feel oh so good.

Eventually though, she does have to go further. Opening her mouth as wide as possible, she takes his cock past her lips. Mindful of her teeth, not wanting to risk hurting him, Sveta nevertheless sucks down on what is now a fully erect member.

Lucas groans even more, clearly enjoying her warm, wet mouth quite a lot. She's pleased to see that, just as she's pleased to suckle at his dick. Even if she's never done this before... it's not too hard. And it's certainly not bad by any stretch of the imagination.

Her 'research' online had always said that fellatio was mostly for the guy. The girl wouldn't get much out of it in most circumstances, obviously. And to be fair, in a physical, literal sense, Sveta had to agree with that. Even as she bobs up and down on the first couple inches of Lucas' member, she's merely enjoying the taste and that's about it.

On the other hand, however... she's certainly enjoying it in an emotional, mental sense. Here is a man who has not only been a very good friend to her for years now but has also given her everything she ever could have wanted. Here is the man who she owes her life and freedom and her new body to.

Even if he doesn't want her to call him Master, Sveta will dedicate everything she is to making him happy. Whether it's to do with her service or not, she refuses to fail him.

And so with that taken into consideration, this fellatio becomes so much more for her. It's an act of love, her nipples hard in the open air and her slit wet and slick, starting to stick to the inside of her bottoms from the Asylum.

She moans and sucks in equal measure, eyes fluttering. Her hand on the base of Lucas' cock eventually goes further down, sliding over his balls instinctively to begin fondling them so she can in turn take him deeper into her mouth, even hitting the back of her own throat.

"Glughk... Glughk... Glughk..."

The soft, slow sounds of her gagging and choking fill the bedroom as she forces herself to take Lucas' cock to the base. Sveta just keeps going though, even as her eyes water a little. It's not that uncomfortable... and she's willing to handle a lot more than this to make him happy.

"Fuck... Sveta..."

There's an urgency to the way he says her name this time around. Sveta's eyes flick up to meet Lucas' and she knows instantly that he must be getting close.

Hollowing out her cheeks, she doesn't stop... in fact, she sucks even harder, swirling her tongue wildly and inexperiencedly.

But it's still enough in the end. With one last heartfelt groan, Lucas places a hand atop her head, resting it among her tendrils, and his hips jerk with a shudder as he begins to cum.

Sveta has big plans of swallowing his load, of course. That was always the idea anyways. Drink down his cum, swallow every last drop, show her submission in that manner. But... ah, in the end, she might have bitten off more than she could chew. Certainly more than she could... swallow.

She ends up choking and gagging, his seed coming too fast and hitting the back of her throat too early. Some of it winds up coming out of her mouth from around his cock, dribbling down her chin as she gurgles in frustration. She swallows some, but her throat burns and she still feels like a failure, even as Lucas looks down at her in concern.

"Shit, sorry... I should have given you more warning."

But Sveta is quick to shake her head, coughing to clear her throat and speaking as quickly as possible, albeit in a raspy tone.

"M-My fault... I should have been able to handle it... next time, I'll do better, I promise."

Lucas just sighs.

"You did amazing, Sveta. You don't need to worry about that... you were spectacular."

He means it too, she can tell. And that does make Sveta feel a little better, even as she looks to the bed. The foreplay was done now, right? Sure Lucas had cum already, but he could go again... hopefully? Glancing at his cock, Sveta quickly leans forward and begins to suckle at the tip again. At the same time, she looks up into Lucas' eyes, catching his gaze with her own and holding it fast.

Slowly but surely... she keeps him from completely softening. And soon enough, he's fully erect once more and ready for another round. Excellent~

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A/N: Remember to Vote, leave a Like, and let me know what you think!