

After consecutive days of being drained dry by Scheherazade and Artoria, Ritsuka was feeling low on energy. Could anyone blame him? Not only did both beautiful women have insatiable libidos, but they were Heroic Spirits. It wasn't easy keeping up with such legends, and so the next day was spent in complete relaxation, finding a nice quiet spot on the beach to rest.

Perhaps sensing his exhaustion, he was left undisturbed. Other than a brief altercation between Ishtar and some of the resort staff – something about *money*, which Ritsuka knew probably had something to do with Koyanskaya but he couldn't be completely sure, Ishtar well known for being frugal – he was free to doze off under the shade of his umbrella.

Sometimes it was nice to have a lazy day where you didn't do anything but sleep and eat.

Though Ritsuka couldn't shake the feeling that he was being watched. A predator was afoot, hungry eyes settled on him – but whenever he glanced around, he couldn't spot anyone looking his way. Maybe he was just being paranoid.

The rest day completed its purpose, and the day after, he was back to his fully energized self.

“Master~!” a cheerful voice greeted him as he left the hotel. Ushiwakamaru waved him over excitedly. “Are you busy, Master? Do you have any plans for today?”

Ritsuka shook his head. He didn't. When he told her this, her face lit up even brighter.

“Would you like to come scuba diving?”

So that was how he ended up on a boat, some distance off the coast of the island with a handful of Servants getting ready to explore the many flourishing reefs found on the sea floor.

Alongside Ushiwakamaru in her small blue bikini, there was Scáthach in a revealing two-piece bikini that appeared more like lingerie than swimwear. It was a vibrant reddish violet with darker purple embroidery, a matching garter around her slender thigh. She was a vision of sensuality, and Ritsuka found himself admiring her slim body and healthy chest before forcing himself to focus.

Lounging on a beach chair on the deck of the boat was Nitocris, her bronze skin lush beneath the harsh rays of the sun. She appeared content to just laze about, uninterested in going in the water. Standing next to her was Jeanne, eyes closed as the ocean breeze washed over her, breathing deeply, her beautiful hair floating as the boat approached its destination.

“Come on, come on,” Miyamoto Musashi began pulling out all the required gear, shaking her rump from side to side in excitement. She was once more clad in a tight one-piece, highlighting the tight cut of her toned body. “We’re almost there~! Ushiwaka, make sure Master has everything he needs!”

“Right!”

Last but not least, Ritsuka’s eyes drifted to their final companion. Barghest towered over them, standing atop the cabin, her eyes scanning the horizon for threats. No longer in the maid uniform she had taken to wearing, she was wearing a tight, red one-piece swimsuit that reminded Ritsuka of that old American television show that had been extremely popular once upon a time. She even had the matching kick board clasped in hand, ready to save anyone that needed it.

In reality, she was probably only here for him.

Their eyes met, and Ritsuka felt a little nervous as her eyes settled on his chest, staring at him like he was a piece of meat.

“Pamela, will you be joining us?” Musashi asked. Barghest blinked, unaware of the reference. “Or are you staying on the boat?”

“I will keep watch from here,” she confirmed. “Do not worry about me.”

Ushiwakamaru dumped some equipment in front of him and he began sorting through it. There was the scuba tank, of course, and the buoyancy control device – BCD for short – that was basically a vest with installed bladders. There was a mask and snorkel, fins and booties for his feet, and a weight belt if he required it. The water was warm, so there was no need for a wetsuit.

“Master,” Jeanne approached. “Do you require aid?”

“Thanks, Jeanne,” he smiled, and she smiled back.

She helped him suit up, Ritsuka sitting on the side of the boat as he pulled on the vest and the tank was secured to his back. Pulling on the booties and fins, Jeanne adjusted the mask and pulled it over his face, settling it in place. A few tests to ensure the tank was operating correctly, and he was all set to go.

When everyone else was ready, Nitocris waved a hand lazily.

“Have fun~!”

Ritsuka plunged into the water, mouth sealed around the mouthpiece of his regulator. A whole new world appeared to him, dozens of feet below, a world of color and vibrant life. There was

coral as far as they could see, in all different shapes, sizes and colors. There were spiny ones, flat ones, ones that looked like lettuce leaves, some that looked like seaweed waving in the current, thorny coral with vibrant red and yellow spikes, sponges, bulbous protrusions that looked like little balloons, long, slender whip-like vines, and so many more.

Then there were the fish. Yellow, blue, white, orange, black and brown, striped, spotted, long, flat, wide, small, it didn't matter. There were hundreds – no, thousands of them, swimming in schools or alone, drifting around the rocky outcrops and darting between the coral, searching for food or looking for safety.

Beyond the fish, there were sea urchins, round bodies covered in thin spines. Starfish arranged on rocks, sometimes clustered, sometimes not. Crabs scuttling across the bottom. Lobster hiding within dark alcoves, spotted only by their long antenna. Long, colorful eels looping between tight rock formations, waiting to strike.

It was beautiful.

Ushiwakamaru and Musashi took the lead, kicking ahead. Ritsuka followed behind with Scáthach with Jeanne bringing up the rear. With each kick, he was propelled forward effortlessly, swimming lower until he was among the sea life. Some of the fish scattered, scared by these new strange beings from the surface but others paid them little mind, swimming around them without a care.

He explored far and wide, completely absorbed in the beauty on display. Now that he was closer, he could see even more animals. Octopus down near the bottom, preying on crabs and mollusks. Flat flounder buried in the sand, camouflaged for protection.

This was a sight he would never forget.

It felt like every time he thought it couldn't get better, it did. Ritsuka tracked a large sea turtle that lazily swam above, the sun shimmering through the surface of the water, dazzling him. A pod of dolphins cut through the area, inquisitive as they swam circles around their boat, playful as they twirled and danced.

Scáthach seemed quite taken with the spectacle, settling beside him, watching them display their underwater acrobatics.

Ritsuka surfaced just short of an hour, the air in his tank getting low. As he climbed on board, he saw that Nitocris had obtained a bottle of bubbly from somewhere, and was halfway through drinking it.

"Master," she greeted with a little bit of a slur. "You're back~!"

She really was a light weight.

"Where did you get that?" he asked, sitting on the side of the boat as he began removing his diving gear.

He need not have asked, for he spotted the likely culprit.

"Hello, Master," Shuten Dōji waved, her body stretched out on the opposite side of the boat, one of her legs dangling off the side. Her slender body was almost completely revealed, as usual, only her most sacred areas covered. "Have you been enjoying yourself?"

It was difficult not to get caught up in her revealing state of dress, her fruity aroma carrying to his nose, filling his lungs as her enchanting voice beckoned him. Shaking his head, he spotted that she too had a bottle of wine, though it was empty.

“I have,” he said warmly. “And have you been enjoying yourself?”

She nodded, stretching sensually.

“I have. Nitocris has been keeping me company, since this mad dog is no fun.”

Barghest ignored her, those multi-hued eyes locked on him. There was something sharper about her face, her beautiful features appearing more... primal. Her gaze raked across his body like a physical touch, and he felt his body respond to the fire in her eyes.

“Barghest?”

It took her a moment to respond. “Yes, Master?”

“...You must be hot up there. Go for a swim to cool down. The water is amazing.”

Her smile was a little toothy, a fang biting at her lip. It sent a shiver down his spine.

“If you insist, Master.”

Her dive was perfect, her form tight as she leapt off the cabin and slipped into the ocean like a spear, hardly a splash even with her large frame. Ritsuka watched her glide through the water,

kicking powerfully with the kick board held out in front of her before surfacing some distance away.

Nitocris giggled, taking a sip of her wine. “Oooh, Master – if you aren’t careful, you’ll have a rabid animal on your hands.”

Shuten Dōji laughed, her voice like bells – until she tensed, feeling a certain intent directed her way. Ushiwakamaru rose from the water, her svelte body dripping as her eyes glared at her target, climbing on board.

“Master, there is a demon on board.”

“I... see that,” he said awkwardly. “She is enjoying some wine with Nitocris.”

The pharaoh waved her bottle around, cheeks flushed from consumption. “Join us~!”

Ushiwakamaru was saved from answering when some distance away, the sea heaved as a massive form breached the surface. Ritsuka watched in awe as a humpback whale rose into the air several feet, nearly its entire body leaving the water before it flopped back down in a massive splash. A few seconds later, a second whale appeared, even bigger, rising up high before crashing down.

“Wow,” he whispered, and the rest of the Servants quickly joined them on the boat to watch.

It went on for some time, the whales putting on a show. Enough time for them to dry out, and for Barghest to approach him with a bottle of sunscreen.

“Master, you should reapply your protection,” she said seriously. “Though I am a life guard today, I am still your exclusive personal maid, so allow me to look after you.”

Shuten Dōji smirked, as did Scáthach, her gorgeous eyes filled with amusement. Jeanne was all smiles as Barghest began massaging the cold liquid into his back and shoulders, her fingers kneading deep... and perhaps lingering more than they should have.

Ushiwakamaru pouted. “No fair~!”

Musashi laughed, hands on hips.

“Do me next,” Nitocris sang drunkenly.

“You don’t need it,” Ushiwakamaru pointed out.

Ritsuka was very much aware of her hands as they moved about his body, stroking his sides and chest, moving down his arms and around his stomach. She was being very thorough, making sure he was still covered, even doing his neck and face.

“Thank you, Barghest,” he said.

They returned to shore soon afterwards.

“Senpai,” Mash greeted as they disembarked, waiting for him.

“Mash,” he returned. “Is everything well?”

She nodded. “Would you like a drink?”

“Yes, please.”

There were people wandering around with small plastic bins strapped to their front, filled with ice and drinks, and some even had fresh fruit. On the front of the bins, it said cash only, and their faces told a story of exhaustion from the heat, though they were equipped with straw hats and small fans to keep themselves cool. He had a pretty good idea who was behind this.

She wasn't far away.

Lounging on a beach chair was Koyanskaya of Light, her voluptuous body on display with a pink two piece bikini, pale skin glowing in the heat of the sun. Her long, fluffy tail was spread out beside her, a pair of fashionable sunglasses perched on her face as her foxy ears twitched. When she spotted him, her smile was crafted to infuriate and please, a contradiction.

“Master,” she welcomed, her voice overly cute. “You’ve been spending a lot of time with women, as usual. I see you’ve been handling your greed all on your lonesome, without my help~♡.”

“Koyanskaya,” he looked around, noticing that many of the stalls were no longer there. “What are you planning?”

“Why must I be planning anything?” she asked playfully, snickering at his firm look. “It’s just good business, Master. Why come to food or drink, when food or drink can come to you?”

“I see.”

The ruthless business woman at work, once again.

“Don’t make trouble for these people.”

“Oh? There is no trouble here,” she lightly stroked her belly. “No trouble at all, Master. If there was, you’d most certainly put a stop to it~♡.”

She was enjoying this a little too much. She liked to goad him, this was nothing new. Ritsuka was a patient person but she was an expert at getting under his skin, needling him, making him feel things that he didn’t wish to feel. Ugly things, sometimes.

It could be tiring, exchanging words with her.

Koyanskaya’s eyes darted behind him and she frowned, a long shadow stretching over her as Barghest approached.

“Aren’t you supposed to be a maid right now?” she questioned, eyebrow arching.

Barghest nodded. "Though I may not be currently wearing the vestments, I am still performing my duty as Master's exclusive personal right hand maid. Do not let the swimsuit fool you. This is just an extension of my many responsibilities."

Did she have to keep adding things?

Koyanskaya grinned. "I see, I see~! You are exceeding expectations, Barghest-chan~! Master's greed still needs to be sated, he hasn't had enough yet."

What in the world was she talking about?

"I will fulfill his needs as only a maid can."

"That's the spirit~!" Koyanskaya clapped her hands. "Master, you've got a loyal dog by your side. Don't you think she deserves a treat? I can tell that she is very thirsty, you know~♡."

She was talking in riddles but when wasn't she? It was always difficult to get a straight response from Koyanskaya.

"Just promise me you won't cause unnecessary trouble to the people working here," he said, holding her eyes. "Can you do that?"

Her face remained pleasant but he could tell that she wasn't very happy with him at that moment.

“...What about necessary trouble?”

Ritsuka sighed. “That’s what I thought.”

Koyanskaya pouted. “You’re no fun, Master – but I’ll make you see things my way. Just you wait~!”

Ritsuka was about to retort when he felt something moist touch the back of his neck, causing his body to tense. Eyes wide, he felt Barghest *inhale* deeply, her nose pressed against his nape.

“Barghest?” he asked, surprised. “What are you doing?”

Koyanskaya laughed. “I told you, didn’t I? She is very thirsty, Master – what are you going to do about it?”

“Mm, Master – your scent,” Barghest panted into his skin, her soft lips ghosting along the back of his neck. “Not even the sea can conceal it.”

She was acting... off. He had thought so for a while now, of course. The constant staring, the hunger in those multi-colored eyes, but he was now only beginning to understand what it may mean. He could be... a little dense, sometimes.

He could freely admit that.

“Perhaps you should take her back to the hotel~♡,” Koyanskaya winked. “You can give her her most well deserved treat then.”

She was enjoying this.

And she still hadn’t promised him not to cause trouble.

“Just be good,” he told her but it fell on deaf ears – or perhaps not deaf, just defiant.

“Okay~♡.”

Yeah, he didn’t believe that for a second.

“Barghest, would you like to come with me?” he asked, turning her way. She backed up a step, rising to her full height.

“I go where Master goes.”

She followed him back to the hotel.

The atmosphere felt stifling in the elevator, a healthy flush coating her cheeks. Barghest was a beautiful woman, there was no denying that. Even though she towered over most men and her body was built for war, rippling with rock hard muscle, there was a softness to her that was often overlooked. Ritsuka let his eyes trace over her feminine features, the high arch of her cheeks, her slender nose, her long eye lashes. Her lips were full and a soft pink, the lower slightly

plumper, almost pouty. Her skin was smooth, unblemished, and her blonde hair was lush and soft as a feather.

Her legs were long and toned, her thighs muscled, her hips wide and waist narrow for a woman of her stature. And her bust – well, it was truly massive. Ritsuka wouldn't even begin to speculate on their size, for they were otherworldly in that regard. Scheherazade and Artoria Lancer were both incredibly gifted in this department also, and yet even they still paled in comparison.

When they reached the penthouse suite, he guided her to the bathroom.

“A shower would do us both good, wouldn't you say?”

Her gaze was ravenous.

Serving her Master was a genuine joy, and something she took great pride in. She was a warrior of the highest caliber, and helping him on his quests gave her purpose and focus, something to strive for. But she was also a woman, and a woman had *needs*.

Master was handsome, and though short compared to her, small, his body was built. Her eyes devoured those hardened muscles, gained through hard work and deathly battle. A Magus – but not one to sit idle by, willing to get his hands dirty. A good man yet capable of harshness, should the need arise. Determined.

And his *scent*.

He smelled of *Man*. Reeked of it.

It was easy to ignore, most of the time. He wasn't the only one that carried such a potent stench, even with his innocent face. He had the features of a boy yet to become a man, yet everything else about him said differently. And when that scent of *Man* was smothered in those of *Woman*, when he mated with suitable women of the highest order...

She could almost taste Scheherazade on her tongue, and Artoria – *King* – it was overwhelming. It ignited that most primal aspect of her, the hound straining to be free. Not through bloodlust but something else, a different type of lust.

Sexual lust.

It was difficult to restrain it, to reign it in. But as she'd said, not even the ocean had been able to smother their scent on his skin, their imprint on his body... and now... here... alone...

She swallowed, her fangs itching.

"Will I be joining you, Master?" she asked boldly.

"If that is what you want," he said. "You can wash my back."

She would do more than that.

Her sanity held on by a tether as he began to undress, removing his swimming trunks. Her pupils delighted, her blood boiling as his flaccid penis was revealed to her eyes. Though soft, it was still large, dangling between his legs, above average for an erect length.

“I’ll start the shower,” he said. “Come in when you are ready.”

Ritsuka made sure the water was nice and warm, the spray caressing his bare skin. Turning around to face her, he watched as she removed her red swimsuit, peeling it down her body. It had fit her like a glove, keeping everything compact and firm. Without it, her massive breasts spilled free and he stared, arousal kindling in his stomach. They were pale and sagged beneath their considerable weight, yet they maintained their shape. Her nipples were wide and creamy in color, only a little darker than her skin tone, the tips pebbled and hard, though surprisingly small. As Barghest shimmied her hips, her rippling abs tensed and flexed, and then the swimsuit pooled around her ankles, revealing her crotch.

Her mons was carpeted with a swath of blonde curls, thick and lush. Further down, he saw the plumpness of her vulva, flushed and swollen, and her clitoral hood was large, perked up, puffy. Ritsuka felt his cock respond, swelling with blood, and he watched as her eyes darted down to his cock as it began to lengthen and stand beneath its own power.

Barghest trembled as she witnessed her Master’s cock grow, twitching and jerking as his erection continued to enlarge. It was long and thick, the shaft bulging slightly in the middle, a webbing of veins stretching the skin. The glans were fat but mostly concealed by his foreskin, though it did nothing to hide the shape of his head. It was outlined clearly, the lip of his crown stretching his foreskin aggressively. It looked incredibly hard.

Her mouth salivated.

“Come here, Barghest,” he held out his hand, and she joined him, her tummy throbbing down deep.

This was a breeding cock. As a Servant, she could not get pregnant but if she were not, this was the type of cock that ensured insemination. It would dominate a woman’s body and guarantee a successful breeding, and something hot and silky pooled in her crotch.

“Master,” she whispered.

“Let me wash you first,” he suggested.

Ritsuka lathered up a loofah with soap, and began with her broad back. Her skin prickled as he scrubbed at her, starting high across her shoulder blades before making his way down, along her spine, around her sides and then the tops of her butt. Her cheeks were large and full, pert, and pale, and Ritsuka paid special attention to them, finishing with a focused assault between them.

Her breathing became uneven, the scent of the soap – a mild fruity, citrus note – doing nothing to smother the scent of his manly musk, her powerful senses drowning in it. Ritsuka moved lower, lovingly washing her thighs and calves, and he couldn't help but peer between her legs, spotting her puffy undercarriage.

Barghest jerked when he touched it, a startled moan escaping her.

“You can turn around now,” he said, and she did so, his long cock swiping along her hip and leaving a trail of heat.

Facing him, he started on her hips and belly, mapping out her hard muscles, cleaning her bellybutton, and then higher, his hand swallowed in the valley between her considerable breasts. Her body felt hot. Her skin tingled. Her crotch was an inferno of lust, and wetness continued to gather and drip down her inner thighs, washed away by the spray of the shower as it cascaded down her body. When he began washing her breasts in earnest, sparks of feathery pleasure fluttered from her chest and down to her core, her nipples tightening until they ached.

“Master,” she panted, body taut. This torment – she could not endure it. Her chest heaved.

“Almost done,” he assured her, drinking in her flushed features, her eyes slightly glassy. Her figure was one of exaggerated femininity, making his cock tense further. Pre-cum oozed from the tip every time his dick throbbed. “Just under your arms.”

Barghest squirmed, ticklish. Ritsuka took his time, scrubbing her nice and good, up and down her arms.

“There,” he said. “Now it’s my turn.”

She wasn’t sure if she could complete her task. Her vision shook, her heart racing and her body filled with such pleasurable warmth. Her toes flexed against the tiled floor, legs tense but she took the loofah from him, and he turned his back to her, hiding that delicious length.

He was much smaller than she was, but that did not mean much. Most people were smaller than her. Barghest started with his shoulders, his broad and strong shoulders that shouldered the burden of the entire world. Scrubbing down his arms, she swiped down his spine before lathering the rest of his muscular back.

*Master has a nice butt*, the thought pierced the lust of her mind, the observation unhindered by the madness that was consuming her.

Kneeling, she focused what remaining sanity she had on his legs, scrubbing his thighs and lower, until she was done.

“Turn around, Master,” she breathed out, and then she was lost.

Ritsuka did as he was told, and his erection was engulfed in pillowy heat. It slotted neatly between her huge breasts, and Barghest froze.

She couldn't take it any more.

The musk of his pre-cum invaded her nostrils and went straight to her brain. Her primal instinct won, and any remaining scraps of intelligent thought were blasted away.

Cock.

Master's cock.

His long, fat, delicious cock.

Dropping the loofah, she caressed his length, staring down at it as it rested on her bosom. Ritsuka sighed as she grabbed him, stroking the veiny shaft before tickling the tip, peeling his foreskin down until it snapped taut beneath the head, his fat cock head free at last. It was flushed red and moist with pre-cum, her tongue tingling.

"Barghest," he tried but she wasn't listening.

Her grip firmed. Even with both hands holding him, it still poked from the end of her fists. Directing it towards her mouth, she opened her lips and invited him in.

Heat washed over his glans, and Ritsuka groaned in pleasure as her lips tightened around his crown. His taste flooded her mouth, her womb *clenching* as he throbbed.

Master's cock was in her mouth.

Barghest started slowly, slightly unsure of her actions, driven only by her lust. One hand palmed his large balls, the other pumping his shaft as she swallowed more of him. Cradling the underside with her tongue, she sucked, lips tightening, and when she heard his panting groan, it was music to her ears.

She bobbed up and down, instinct guiding her actions. His thick pre-ejaculate oozed over her tongue as she sucked and slurped, growing faster, more assured. Bathing his cock in a mixture of her saliva and his leaking discharge, her cheeks hollowed as she sucked aggressively.

"That's it, Barghest," he praised, fingers threading through her damp hair. "Just like that."

Her crotch felt like it was melting, her tender insides oozing from within. Liquid fire ran down her inner thighs as she lashed the head of his cock with her tongue, twirling it in circles, lapping at the underside which made him swell. Sinking further down, it pressured the back of her throat, making her cough.

Too deep.

Not deep enough.

Her movements became less smooth and more frantic, overcome with a desire to take all of him into her mouth. Ritsuka hissed as his tip grinded against the roof of her mouth, the pleasure sharp, his balls churning with desire.

On the next bob of her head, she took him deeper. Her throat protested the move, and she was wracked by more coughing, but she would not be denied. Slurping off the end of him, she stared at the fat dick she was trying to swallow completely in challenge.

“Barghest?” he questioned.

She took him to the hilt on the next plunge, eyes bulging as he entered her throat and stretched it to the limit. Ritsuka gasped in surprise, hips rocking, and Barghest swallowed around him desperately, choking.

She held him there for as long as she could before backing off, a hacking slurp filling the bathroom as his cock spilled from her mouth. It was drenched in her saliva, pulsing, wanting more.

Ritsuka watched with lustful eyes as she began throating him regularly, taking him in until her lovely lips were wrapped around his base, kissing his pelvis. Her face would spasm every time, eyes crossing as they bulged, and yet she was persistent, eagerly depthroating him. Whenever he plunged into her spasming throat, he was hit with a wave of pleasure, her tongue writhing on the backstroke, her lips catching on the ridge of his glans.

She was very close to milking him dry. The pressure built steadily in his balls, a knot of pleasure forming in the base of his shaft. His balls dripped with her saliva, the spray of the shower unable to remove it all. Ritsuka panted as the ecstasy mounted, and began to thrust lightly into her mouth whenever he swallowed him whole.

Barghest's lust fucked mind noticed that he was swelling even further, growing *bigger*. Her mouth felt like a sloppy mess, her jaw unhinged as she face fucked herself on his ridiculously long, thick dick. Her body was alight with sensation, unlike anything she had felt before, burning up in a pleasurable flame that made her want more, more, more.

Beyond the manly musk of his pre-cum and salty skin, she could taste the lingering remnants of spice – Scheherazade – and *dragon* – Artoria, despite the days and multiple washes since. It only made her suck harder.

“Oh, Barghest, I'm going to cum,” he groaned as she took him to the hilt once again.

Cum.

He was going to cum.

Cum. Cum. Cum.

She wanted his cum.

Ritsuka panted as he balanced on the edge, his cock straining. Rocking his hips to meet her head movements, he fucked her throat until with a groan of ecstasy that sounded more like a growl, his balls lifted and pulsed in orgasm, depositing several long, thick ropes of cum straight down her throat as he held her head against his pelvis, grinding against her face.

Barghest gagged around his fat dick as it flexed in her throat, ejaculating and flooding her throat with his seed. Her eyes rolled up into the back of her head as her sense of taste and smell were dominated by his powerful musk, nose buried in his crotch as he fired endlessly.

Ritsuka wasn't sure how long it took for his balls to finish their heaving, his fingers loosening their grip on her hair and letting Barghest retreat. She slurped off his length with the most obscene, wet sucking sound he'd ever heard, saliva and the final pulses of his climax spilling across his cock as it was removed from her sloppy mouth.

She felt his cum pool hotly in her stomach, her throat burning. When she tried to speak, it got caught on the thick sperm lodged in her esophagus, causing her to cough wetly.

Not that her words would have been coherent, her mind filled with nothing but pure lust.

Ritsuka felt a little unsteady, placing a hand on the wall to keep himself upright. Water sprayed against head, steam filling his lungs as he tried to catch his breath, his vision a little blurry.

She'd drained him dry, and yet his cock remained hard, throbbing and twitching, as if wanting more.

"Barghest," he said, but whatever he was about to say was abandoned as she grabbed him, the world flipping as she pulled him to the floor and mounted him. "B-Barghest!"

She towered over him, her knees on either side of his hips. Her eyes burned with madness born of desire, her muscles taut, as if bracing for battle.

"*Master,*" her voice was primal and touched something deep down inside him, his cock flexing up off his belly. She grabbed it with one hand, directing it up towards her swollen cunt. "*Inside.*"

Cock standing upright, Barghest plunged down on his shaft without hesitation, Ritsuka groaning as his hyper-sensitive cock cleaved through her tight entrance and further inside, burrowing deep into her pussy. Her inner walls were plump and soft, tunnel tight, hugging him snugly as he reached all the way to her cervix.

The pleasure was sharp, Barghest moaning as his manly cock penetrated her all the way to the back. Her uterus throbbed as it felt his glans settle against her cervix, putting pressure on the mouth to her womb. Panting roughly, her insides rippled around him as she *clenched*, drawing a groan from his throat.

“Barghest,” his hands grabbed at her hips, fingers digging in roughly.

She took that as her sign to begin.

Her entire world was the cock buried inside her body, touching places that had never been stimulated before. Animalistic sounds of ecstasy spilled from her lips, her body undulating on his mighty length, hips rowing back and forth, grinding him deep. Her insides spasmed, pleasure sparking through her body, straight into her brain.

She was mating with Master. Breeding. She was being bred.

Only Master could make her feel this way.

Ritsuka grunted as she moved faster, her large breasts swaying as she fucked herself on his dick. He was hypnotized by their movement, and one of his hands moved up and gripped her right breast, squeezing it. Her bountiful flesh spilled out of his hand on both sides, much too large to contain, his thumb and forefinger trapping her nipple. Barghest gasped as he rolled it, pinching it, her chest throbbing in a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Her nipples were sensitive.

Every time he pinched her nipple, her pussy reacted by squeezing his cock, her inner muscles powerful. Ritsuka lifted his other hand, palming her other tit, squeezing and pulling on it, playing with her pillowy chest. Her hips stuttered, their rhythm compromised.

“That’s it,” he encouraged her when she pulled up slightly and slapped down, driving him deep against her womb. “Ride me, Barghest.”

She rose up again, halfway up his shaft before plunging down, grunting as he punched into her cervix. It reverberated deep in her womb, her wetness gushing out around the tight hold she had on the base of his cock, and so she did it again, and again, riding higher, slamming down harder, her face collapsing in pleasure, her moans growing louder.

*Clap, clap, clap, clap* – their furious fucking echoed in the bathroom, water splashing around them as Barghest mindlessly rode his pole, his fat crown tugging her folds on every rise, the tip kissing her tender cervix whenever she plunged down. Ritsuka continued to manipulate her nipples, rolling them both between his fingers, her tits stretching as she bounced up and down.

“*Maaaaaster~!*” she wailed, a deep knot of pressure developing in her tummy. It pulsed every time she sheathed him deep, threatening to rupture. “*Master, Master, Master~!*”

“You’re so beautiful, Barghest,” he praised. He could feel her pussy begin to twist and twitch erratically, tightening. “Are you going to cum?”

Her response was to move faster, gasping brokenly.

“Cum for me,” he urged. “Cum, Barghest, cum!”

Her knees slipped outwards, and she plunged down harder than ever before, gasp trapped in her throat as he breached her innermost sanctum for just a brief moment. It was enough, the flare of pain tipping her over the edge, that throbbing knot of pressure cracking open and spilling hotly like molten yolk.

Barghest howled as her pussy contracted, her back arching – and then she sobbed as her insides pulsed wildly in orgasm, a thick gush of girl cum gushing around his fat dick. Again, again and again, she thrashed as rapture rushed through her body in pulsing waves, skin tingling, her breasts feeling heavy and tender. Ritsuka panted as her strong inner muscles clenched rhythmically, attempting to milk him of his seed but his cock wasn't primed just yet, riding out her orgasm with a drop spilled.

As her orgasm died down, she flopped on top of him, boneless. His face was buried in her cleavage, her breasts on either side of his head as she lay on top of him, pinning him to the ground. For a moment, he thought she had passed out – but then she groaned, rolling them onto their sides, his hard cock still buried in her twitching quim.

“Master,” she slurred. “Cum. Cum. Cum in me.”

So that's what he did.

Rolling them over completely, he grabbed her powerfully built thighs and spread her open, getting a good look at her pussy for the first time. Her plump outer lips were scarlet, engorged with blood, her large clitoris peeking from its hood, puffy and pink. Her inner labia were unfurled around his shaft like pretty pink petals, her entrance stretched wide around his girth.

Pulling his hips back, Barghest moaned in loss before a feminine squeal escaped her as he thrust back inside, her rippling pussy gripping him tightly.

Aftershocks were still pulsing through her body but Ritsuka was relentless, building up speed, the spray of the showerhead hitting him in the back as he plowed her sensitive post-orgasm pussy. Now on her back, her breasts sagged in either direction, their weight pulling them apart. They rolled and jiggled with every thrust, her back arching as he fucked himself deep into her tight pussy.

It felt ridiculously good, her body even hotter than it was before, her heat seeping into his cock. Wetting his thumb in her syrupy discharge, he brushed it over her clit. Her abs tensed visibly, her hips jumping as she wailed.

"I'm getting close," he said while thumbing her clitoris, the pleasure overwhelming. Barghest was drowning in a sea of pleasure, her back arching, her moans growing desperate. He continued pistoning in and out of her body, his pelvis clapping against her, balls bouncing off her fat ass. "Oh, Barghest. Where do you want me to cum?"

*"Inside~!"* she almost screamed, her pussy fluttering as he fucked her into another orgasm. *"Inside, inside, inside, inside~!"*

Ritsuka grit his teeth as the pressure in his balls grew, his sensitive crown swelling. Her pussy pulsed as her second climax rolled through her, squeezing him, sucking on him, her plump folds twisting tightly. Three, four, five powerful thrusts, his hips snapping against her, and then he was done.

Sealing his glans to her cervix, he rolled his hips frantically as he groaned darkly, cock pulsing as the cum rocketed up his shaft and spewed directly into her womb. Barghest whimpered as her melting uterus was doused in boiling hot cum, thick jets thudding into her deepest spot, rendering her senseless. Ritsuka rutted against her mindlessly, packing her womb full as he deposited a fat, thick load of semen that would have instantly impregnated a normal woman.

“Haaah, haaaah, haaaah,” he panted with each pulsing ejaculation until there was nothing left, sagging between her spread thighs. Barghest moaned as his body rested on top of hers, trembling as his sperm sloshed around in her tummy.

Her lust sated somewhat, her mind rose out of the depths of desire, embracing his body firmly.

“Master, did Barghest serve you well?”

He nodded against her wet bosom, kissing the side of her breast tenderly.

“Barghest served me well,” he confirmed.

They remained like that for almost half an hour before leaving the shower, drying off, and engaging in more mindless rutting on the bed.