

Koyanskaya was keeping a low profile.

After his promised dances with Illya and Chloe, he took to the floor with Mash. They both moved around the dance floor with smooth, effortless strides, Ritsuka smiling as Mash twirled, her lovely gown flaring out around her body. Soon he was overwhelmed with requests, different Servants stepping forth to claim their prize, and two hours in, he hadn't seen the one person he was wishing to see.

"Master?" Ana asked, peering up at him. She was his latest dance partner, the younger Medusa looking cute in her frilly light purple gown. Though perhaps cute wasn't the correct word. As any of the Gorgon sisters, young or old, she was extremely beautiful. Blindingly, distractingly so. "Are you searching for someone?"

There was no point in lying. She would see right through him.

He nodded. "I am. I have... some business to take care of."

"Who are you looking for?" she asked bluntly. "Ana could help."

It couldn't hurt to ask.

"Have you seen Koyanskaya of Light?"

Ana blinked before her brow furrowed, as if in thought.

“I think I saw her with the staff earlier, when you were dancing with da Vinci,” she tilted her head. “Is she in trouble?”

Trust Ana to understand immediately. She had always been observant in that way.

“Yes. She’s in big trouble.”

“I could find her, if you wish, Master,” Ana offered. “May I?”

Her enthusiasm lightened his mood.

“That would be a big help, thank you,” he said, giving her a twirl to finish their dance. When they separated, he said, “Let me know as soon as you find her.”

Ana nodded. “I will. I won’t let you down, Master.”

She was such a good girl.

Tired of dancing, Ritsuka moved over to the table stuffed with food. Feeling thirsty after being trapped on the dance floor for two hours, he tried to look for a beverage that wasn’t alcohol.

“Ohoh, Master, greetings,” a boisterous voice said, and Ritsuka turned to face Francis Drake. Her dress very much matched the period she was from, an elaborate Elizabethan gown with a bodice that narrowed the waist, voluminous sleeves and a floor length skirt. It matched her

crimson pink hair in color, a very loud garment to be sure. It was a rare thing to see her in a dress. "Lost something?"

"Water," he said.

She laughed. "Water is hard to come by here, though worry not. I shall provide."

She then stepped aside, and right behind her was a chilled jug and some spare glasses, stacked together neatly.

"Very clever," he said, filling a glass. Taking a sip, it immediately soothed his parched throat.

"Don't make that face, Master. It doesn't suit you."

"Sorry, it hasn't been the best of days."

She leaned in, her eyes questioning. "And what has my Master worried this evening? Parties should be a time for fun, after all."

"I am having fun," he said. "Though my mind is elsewhere. It's nothing important, just something I have to take care of."

Drake hummed thoughtfully. "It sounds like you may need some liquid courage. If wine isn't your thing, I have plenty of rum," from somewhere, she pulled a bottle and gave it a swirl. The dark liquid sloshed around in the bottle.

Ritsuka chuckled. "I'll stick to water, thanks."

"Are you sure, Master?" she pulled the cork with her teeth and spat it on the table before drinking a generous mouthful. "Kings would kill for a taste of this."

He eyed the bottle warily.

"I'm sure."

Drake pouted. "One day, Master. One day."

On the other side of the room, he heard Iskandar's loud, booming voice as he encouraged a certain Irish hound to chug. Merlin was reclining in a nearby chair, Richard the Lionheart by his side, the pair discussing something in low tones. Sasaki Kojirou danced with Miyamoto Musashi, and *that* caught his attention, the pair gliding across the dance floor effortlessly. And it wasn't because of her gorgeous velvet gown of deepest violet, or his lighter, gray suit. Their movements were perfectly in sync, and though it was only a dance, Ritsuka couldn't help but feel like it was a battle.

One of infinite possibilities, of infinite duration.

At least they didn't have their swords out.

Still no Koyanskaya – but Ana was on the case, so he tried to relax.

“You look so tense, Master,” a soft, sensual voice tickled his ears. A gentle hand settled on his shoulder, stroking down his back.

“Scheherazade,” he greeted warmly, spirits lifted instantly.

White silk clung to her womanly form, her beautiful dark skin creating a sharp contrast. Golden jewellery hung from her wrists, neck and hip, a chain looped around her narrow waist encrusted with gems. As always, she looked the very picture of feminine, sensual beauty, her black hair dark like the sky during the new moon.

“How do I look?” she asked, already knowing the answer.

“Amazing,” he said. “As always.”

She smiled, taking one of his hands in her own. “What troubles you, Master?”

He wasn't doing a very good job at hiding his mood, was he? Everyone seemed to know that something was bothering him. Perhaps that was a testament to how close he was with his Servants, that they could tell at a glance when he was upset, no matter how calm he tried to present himself.

Having so many people looking out for him made him feel a lot better.

“If you require my services, I would be more than happy to provide,” she offered, lips quirking in an encouraging smile. “Anytime, Master. As *often* as you require.”

A very tempting offer, to be sure. Any other time, he may have taken her up on it. His eyes took in her lovely curves, the silk clinging to her rounded hips and prominent bust – but tonight, he had other plans.

“Thank you, Scheherazade. You know how to cheer me up.”

She pouted. “That wasn’t a yes.”

“That wasn’t a yes,” he confirmed. “I will be busy this evening, correcting a certain fox. Though it is exactly what she wants.”

“Oh, I see,” her expression told him she knew exactly who he meant, and likely guessed at the why. “She has been a naughty girl again, has she? Tsk.”

“Master,” a voice said from behind him. Turning, he had to crane his neck to meet Barghest’s eyes.

“Barghest,” he greeted. “You look wonderful this evening.”

She smiled, her eyes uncharacteristically soft. “You look handsome yourself, Master.”

She was dressed in a flowing blue strapless gown, her impressive chest somehow contained as the material tapered in tightly at the waist before exploding outwards in a waterfall of ruffled lace in a floor-length skirt. A set of pearls were clasped around her neck, her long hair done in a bun, and she wore a pair of elbow length white gloves.

A very different look for her but not a bad one. Not at all.

“Did you fare well without my assistance?” she asked. “I was... reassigned.”

“I did,” he assured her. “There was a little hiccup but I will be taking care of that.”

“If you need me, I will be there in an instant,” she told him, battle ready.

“I think I’ll be fine but thank you.”

Scheherazade suddenly stepped back and before he could wonder why, the reason became obvious. Artoria approached in a shimmering gown of white and gold, the material flowing behind her as if caught in a breeze. Diamond earrings shined like stars, a sapphire gem resting on her bust connected to a silver chain. Her dress was form hugging but flared out at the hips, a tumble of different fabrics from sheer chiffon to tulle, silk and velvet.

“Master,” she greeted, her pretty emerald eyes coolly observing Barghest and Scheherazade. “Good evening.”

“Good evening, Artoria,” he returned, and when she offered her hand, he kissed her knuckles gently. She smiled.

“Could I trouble you for a dance?” she asked. “I saw you earlier but I did not wish to interrupt. That is, if you are not already promised to another?”

Scheherazade smiled. "You may go first, Your Majesty."

Barghest nodded. "As King, it is your right."

But the dance would have to wait, for at that moment, Ana reappeared. Scheherazade, Barghest and Artoria peered at her curiously.

"Master," she said. "I've found her."

Apparently she was supervising staff behind the scenes, directing them on their jobs. Ritsuka found her near the kitchens, giving orders to the waitstaff. As soon as she saw him, her face lit up. She knew what was coming, and was enjoying this. Far too much.

"Master~!" she cooed, waving him over. "You've found me at last. I was beginning to think you were ignoring me~"

He knew he was playing into her hands. He knew. But he didn't care.

"Koyanskaya," he said. "I told you not to cause trouble."

"Teehee~♡," she giggled.

Her dress was a lovely off-white hue lined with soft pink, highlighting all of her best assets; her plump, shapely breasts, her narrow waist, and her wide, rounded hips. A long slit showed a hint of her toned, long, slender legs, and behind her, her pink tail swished back and forth like an excited pup.

“You’ve crossed the line.”

“Oh, have I?”

This is what she wanted.

But that didn’t mean he had to give her everything.

“*Oh~!*” she exclaimed dramatically as he seized her wrist and began marching her away. “Master, this is very *forward* of you? Am I in trouble?”

Koyanskaya was a Servant and if she really wanted to escape, she could. Ritsuka would have no chance of restraining her. Yet she followed him dutifully as he pulled her along, making fake sounds of distress in an attempt at making him uncomfortable.

“You mustn’t be so rough with a maiden such as I, Master,” she said coyly, just loud enough for any passing staff to hear. They shot them awkward looks as they passed by. “I am delicate, you know~♡?”

Koyanskaya grinned as he tugged on her arm a little harder, searching for an empty room. She could almost *taste* the frustration rolling off him, his futile attempts at keeping calm. Her Master liked to pretend he was in control at all times, that he was a *good person* – but she knew the

truth. He wasn't good or bad, but capable of both very easily. Though he strived to be righteous, his ideal self – it was her duty to remind him that he was *not*.

She would trample on it again and again, and reap the benefits.

This was far from their first time and it would not be their last. He'd been so cute at first, so flustered – but he'd grown somewhat immune to her *charms* as of late. Perhaps through the distraction of other Servants. Koyanskaya was well aware of his activities with many of them.

Master had an appetite.

One that Koyanskaya had no problems helping feed.

Barghest-chan had been more than willing. A hound tugging at the leash.

But the Servants of Chaldea weren't the only ones that desired him. Sarah-chan was such a cute little thing, but would never presume to make a move on her own. She just needed a little push, that was all!

Koyanskaya knew it would fail.

And she knew it would upset him so, when he found out it was her that nudged in that direction. Nevermind that Sarah-chan wanted it, all he would see is her manipulation. He could be so cute like that, easily led.

There was no person more entertaining to her than Fujimaru Ritsuka.

Now he was going to *punish* her. Already, she could feel her body responding to him. He pushed through a closed door, saw that the room was empty and pulled her inside roughly, Koyanskaya giggling as she spun around, her back against the wall. Ritsuka closed and locked the door, his blue eyes so *serious*.

“Mmm, Master – what are we doing here?” she asked playfully, innocently. Her foxy ears flicked, enhancing her cuteness. “There is no one around... we are all alone...”

Ritsuka was sick of hearing her false voice. It was time he made her show her real self.

He cupped her cheek, his thumb stroking the skin gently before he roughly grabbed the back of her neck and forced her towards him. Koyanskaya squealed as he kissed her passionately, angrily, frantically, her mouth opening instantly as his tongue slipped between her lips. He was pure aggression, venting his frustration, tongue curling and dominating her own, their lips smacking wetly. She met him just as enthusiastically, her tummy quivering as he pinned her to the wall with his body.

He may only be human, but his body was firm with muscle, strong, powerful. Her hands instantly dropped to unlatch his belt but before she could, he pulled back and spun her around, Koyanskaya yelping as he pressed her front against the wall.

“*Master,*” she cooed, shaking her hips. Her tail fluttered between them. “Are you going to *spank me~♡?*”

Ritsuka pressed his pelvis against her ass, grinding. Already, she could feel his erection swelling. His long, fat, manly cock that was such a contrast to his innocent, boyish face. His lips attacked the back of her neck, Koyanskaya shivering as he nipped at her skin, biting it hard

enough to sting. She felt a little stifled, her large chest squashed against the wall, squirming as he rolled his hips, dry humping her with growing vigor.

“This is what you want, isn’t it?” he growled, his voice lower than usual. Koyanskaya preened, biting her lip.

“I don’t know what you mean, Master~♡,” she sighed as he bit her harder, tongue soothing the irritated skin. “Why would *anyone* want to be treated like this?”

A low, deep throb developed in her belly as one of his hands curled around her hip, cupping her stomach. Using his fingers, he pressed down roughly, massaging her tummy right below her belly button, pressuring her womb. Koyanskaya gasped, squirming harder as his fingers moved in circles, stimulating her deepest spot from above her skin, through her gown.

She began rolling her ass back, meeting his confined cock. It was frustrating with all the material between them but there was no doubt about his hardness, grinding into the plush curve of her ass. His other hand began loosening his belt, and the sound sent a bolt of desire straight through her body, her needy pussy clenching as it dampened quickly with arousal.

“M-Master, what are you doing~?” she asked dramatically, her voice ‘wavering’. “Is this my punishment?”

Ritsuka unzipped his trousers, worked his hardening cock through the flap of his underwear and pulled it out. He then fisted her dress and pulled it up, gathering it around her tail and pinning it to her back. Koyanskaya jumped when his hand met her bare ass, palming it, caressing it before squeezing it – *hard*.

She gasped, tilting her pelvis and thrusting her cheeks back against him harder. Despite his annoyance, he couldn’t help but marvel at how soft and plump her ass was, his fingers sinking

in easily, gripping her flesh like his life depended on it. He couldn't feel any panties, and when his fingers moved inward, searching, he realized she wasn't wearing any.

"*Master*," she squealed when his hot, growing cock slapped against her rump. "What's *that*?"

"You know what it is," Ritsuka spread her ass, slotting his length between her thighs. Her burning, dampening core rested against the top of his shaft as he continued to lengthen and swell. "This is what you've been waiting for all this time, isn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean," she lied, biting her lip as she swiveled her hips. His cock was so hot, a brand of flesh between her thighs, her pussy beginning to leak all over him. "Master, this isn't what I wanted~♡!"

It was *exactly* what she wanted. But she wanted more than just his dick. She wanted his anger, his desperation, his frustration. She wanted him to *fuck her* like she was trash that deserved to be punished, to want to make her *suffer*. She wanted to see him lose control, to become that which he tried so hard not to be.

She wanted him to be a monster.

She cried out as he slapped her ass, the sharp clap of his hand on her rump echoing throughout the room.

Ritsuka grinded his cock up against her damp vulva, thrusting between her thighs. She clamped them together, embracing him in the meat of her plump inner-thighs, and he felt his foreskin peel back, revealing his crown.

“Haaah~! Master, *you’re being so rough*,” she bit her lip as he pinned her harder, his hand against the back of her neck. His fingers tightened in warning and she *melted*. “Mmm~!”

He made sure to coat his length in her arousal, getting it nice and wet, sighing as her baby soft skin slid over his sensitive head. He then pulled back with his hips, finding the perfect angle and lined his cock up with her snug entrance.

“*Ahn~!*” she moaned, deep in her chest as he pressed forward. Her pussy yielded to the pressure, her puckered entrance splitting open as he slid into her moist, trembling pussy. She was *tight*, and Ritsuka felt her powerful inner muscles rippling over his glans as he forced them apart, digging deep into her hot cunt.

When his pelvis rested against her ass, his cock buried balls deep in her wet quim, Koyanskaya’s eyes crossed. She could feel all of him; the bulging veins along his shaft, the width of his crown, its shape as it *pulsed* inside her. The very tip settled against her cervix, giving it a kiss, and her womb *clenched*.

He stayed that way for a long, beautiful moment, relishing her tight embrace before getting serious. Drawing his hips back, he groaned as her folds caught on his crown, dragging over his sensitive head in the most exquisite way, maximizing his pleasure. Koyanskaya panted, enjoying the way it felt like he was tugging her inside out, clamping down on him desperately, enjoying his rugged breath.

Out, and out, and out until the ridge of his glans tasted air, and then with a brutal swing of his hips, he buried himself in her to the hilt. She squealed, raising up on her tippy toes, her body rocked by the impact of his thrust. The hand on her ass curled around the front of her hip, his fingers tensing in a punishing hold for better leverage, and then slowly, slowly, slowly pulled out.

“*Master~!*” she sobbed, delighted. Again he pulled back until his glans threatened to pop out of her pulsing cunt, and then he thrust back into her swiftly, cleaving open her tender insides and punching into her cervix. “*AhhhnNn~♡!*”

Hearing her blissful cries made him angry, knowing that this is what she'd been after all along. Eyes locked onto the back of her head, he moved harder, faster, until he was pistoning in and out of her drooling snatch with reckless abandon, groaning as she writhed around his cock. Sultry, pleasure-filled cries echoed around them as he fucked her with long, desperate thrusts, using the whole length of his cock to torment her.

"Hnnngg~! Yesss~! Fuck me harder, Master~♡!" she sobbed in delight. "Punish this naughty pussy~! Fuck me, fuck me harder~!"

Her voice was music to his ears, her inner walls clutching at him. It was upsetting how good her body felt, milking his length perfectly, the depth of penetration, the snugness of the fit, everything about her pussy felt tailor made for him. He moved harder, slamming into her, the hand pressing on the back of her neck heavier, but that only made her moan in excitement.

Her arousal was gushing around the tight hold she had on him, leaking down her thighs, staining the floor as she wailed. The wet, obscene sounds of mating filled the room, Koyanskaya clawing at the wall as he fucked her deep, just like she liked it.

Ritsuka grit his teeth, lowering his hips slightly and angling *up*, and she howled.

"Master~! Yes, fuck me right there~!" she sung, eyes rolling.

"Why are you enjoying this?" he said, voice tinged with anger. "I told you not to cause trouble and what do you do?"

"Harder," she gasped. "Fuck me *harder*, punish me, Master~!"

“You shouldn’t enjoy your punishment,” he punctuated this with a particularly brutal thrust, driving the air from her lungs. Her tail stiffened between them, twitching as he rolled his pelvis and grinded the tip of his dick over the mouth to the womb. Koyanskaya spasmed around him. “Punishments are to be dreaded!”

“I’m sorry, Master,” she hissed, face twisting in ecstasy as he swiveled his hips, working his cock in circles. Then he was thrusting again, pounding into her. “*I’m sorry, I’m sorry, I’m sorry~!*”

She wasn’t. It was all lies.

“Sarah had nothing to do with this,” he panted, flexing his cock inside her. Her hips bounced, Koyanskaya’s mouth falling open in a silent scream. “Don’t you care who you hurt?”

She could feel the beginnings of her orgasm fluttering in her belly, the knot of pressure building and building. Every deep tap to her uterus sent her spiraling, and his words, his anger, the tightness in his voice, the pain of his hand clenching her hip hard enough to bruise, it was all pushing her over the edge.

Ritsuka felt her pussy begin to twitch around him, faster and faster, and her voice grew higher, and higher. Hints of that cute voice she liked to put on, that voice she liked to use to *mock* people. Pretty – but fake.

But there was nothing fake about this.

“Are you going to cum?” he asked, finding a good spot that made her sob.

She nodded awkwardly, voice cracking. “*Master, make me cum~! Make this naughty girl cum~♡!*”

That was the one thing he wasn't going to do.

He drove her right to the edge, and as she was moments from shattering in climax, Ritsuka groaned as he unsheathed his cock from her warm, wet, tight embrace. Koyanskaya made a sound of surprise, a sound of loss – and then Ritsuka released her, taking a step back.

She blinked stupidly, her pussy aflame with passion, and she was *close* – oh so close – but not close enough, not able to tip over the edge. When her mind caught up to what had happened, she turned, and saw Ritsuka tucking his still hard erection back into his pants which wasn't easy, considering his size.

“What...?” she asked dumbly.

“I'm sorry,” he said, sounding anything but. “But I promised to dance with Artoria, so I need to get back. I can't keep her waiting any longer.”

Koyanskaya gaped at him, and for the first time, there was genuine shock in her eyes. Ritsuka felt a vindictive thrill rush through him, pulling one over on her for the first time ever, but with it came the realization that deep down, this is what she wanted him to be.

But at this moment, he didn't care.

“Perhaps if you are good, I'll attend to you again,” he smiled, and Koyanskaya saw how devoid of mirth it was. “After the ball.”

The heat of her building orgasm receded rapidly, and what was left in its place was indignation, the anger of a scorned woman. It was such an unexpected, new emotion for her that it was overwhelming.

“Master,” she snapped, incensed but without another look, he unlocked the door and stepped out.

He didn’t immediately return to the ballroom, instead finding somewhere to sit for a moment and calm down. Both his heart and his cock, which was angry at being worked up without the chance to finish. No guy enjoyed blue balls, and he’d given himself that voluntarily.

But it had to be done. Koyanskaya needed to learn.

When he returned to the ballroom, the party was in full swing. He found Artoria and danced with her first, and then with Barghest and Scheherazade. Each one of them gazed at him with curiosity, feeling the tension in his body as he swung them around the dance floor.

Ritsuka felt Koyanskaya’s eyes burning a hole in his back.

He took his time, meeting with many of his other Servants. Cú Chulainn was in good spirits, and regaled him with stories of his youth. Ushiwakamaru and Benkei invited him to sit with them, and took his time enjoying their company before being whisked away by Nitocris who was already three sheets to the wind.

“Master,” she slurred, beaming at him as he swayed with her.

“Nitocris,” he grinned. “Don’t you think you should be taking it easy?”

“Whaaat? I *am* taking it easy,” she protested, resting her head against his chest.

“You’ve been.. indulging heavily since we arrived here on the island.”

She giggled. “A vacation is time to let loose, isn’t it?”

He supposed she was right.

Even Gilgamesh was enjoying himself, though maybe that was more to do with the fact that Artoria Saber was glaring at him as he smirked arrogantly, no doubt egging her on in some manner. Dressed in a gold suit, he looked every part the King of Heroes, though Saber was not intimidated in the slightest.

Ritsuka knew it must have been wearing on Koyanskaya’s patience. Watching him take his time, moving around the room, speaking with all the different heroes gathered as her body burned with dissatisfaction.

He was in the middle of enjoying Iskander and Blackbeard engage in a drinking contest when he felt a hand clamp his wrist tightly. Turning his head, he saw the angry, frustrated visage of Koyanskaya, her usual cool, calm, collected aura shattered.

“Koyanskaya,” he greeted.

“Enough,” she hissed. “Enough!”

There was a sharpness to her features that reminded him of Barghest, as if she was struggling to hold back her bestial urges. Her fingers tightened around his wrist, nails pricking his skin.

“You don’t look so good,” he commented.

Her glare was both a bonfire and an icy tundra, scorching and freezing to the core.

“You’ve made your point,” she grated.

“Have I?”

“You have, Master,” she said through gritted teeth. “I’ve been sufficiently chastised.”

“So you won’t involve innocents in your little games?”

Her face was sour. “I won’t.”

“Is that a promise?”

Her eyes hardened. “It is!”

Koyanskaya was a lot of things but a promise from her was as binding as a command spell. She would not break it.

Ritsuka gently removed her hand from his wrist. "Come with me."

They left the ball together, and as soon as they stepped in the elevator and the doors closed, she was upon him in a frenzy. Ritsuka met her with equal enthusiasm, pinning her to the wall as he devoured her mouth. Their tongues dueled desperately, lips smacking as his arousal was rekindled, the ache in his balls throbbing as she palmed his cock, blood rushing quickly to fill it.

"*Master,*" she gasped, groaning when he bit her lip. She bit him in return, clawing at his back.
"*Mmmwah~! Haah~! Master~!*"

Her lips were soft, and she tasted of peaches. Cupping her cheek, he deepened the kiss, sucking on her tongue until she trembled. When the doors opened, he pulled away and pulled her down the hall, Koyanskaya stumbling after him.

They didn't make it to the bedroom.

Koyanskaya couldn't wait that long, peeling her body out of her dress until she stood in front of him, completely naked. Ritsuka drank her in, her soft, alabaster skin, her large, heaving chest and wide hips, and her trim stomach set above her mons. Her nipples were a soft pink, the areola puffy caps, her breasts sagging beneath their weight and giving them an alluring teardrop shape. A light carpet of pink dusted her mons, though it wasn't hair but fur. Damp fur, for her entire crotch was drenched with her juices.

"*Master,*" she growled. "This is how you left me."

Ritsuka removed his suit, starting with the jacket. Koyanskaya watched, her pupils blown wide as his torso was revealed first, and then his cock as he removed his trousers and underwear, springing up eagerly.

She flew into his arms, and it was a battle for control as her nails tore at his skin, her soft body rolling against him. He managed to turn her, and they fell onto the couch, his erection wedged between their bodies as their mouths moved furiously.

He kissed a trail down her body, between her shapely tits, down over her firm stomach, tongue lashing out to lap at her belly button. Koyanskaya cried out, arching her back, and then his nose was filled with her musk, Ritsuka forcing her legs apart as he kissed her inner thigh, lips coming away slick with her arousal.

“Master,” she gasped. “No, I need – *cock*. Give me your *cock*.”

But he wasn't done tormenting her.

Her pussy was very pretty, her vulva swollen with blood, her outer labia thick and plump. Spreading her open with his fingers, her cute inner labia were small, compact, salmon pink and moist, her entrance drooling over the curve of her ass. Her clitoris was small, hidden by its hood of flesh, and when he began flicking around it with his tongue, she moaned loudly.

Her taste filled his mouth as he lapped at her, lashing her clitoral hood, circling it, kissing it, pleasure lancing up Koyanskaya's spine. Her pussy had been *burning* ever since he left her wanting, and now he was stoking the flames, the burning becoming an inferno.

"Master~!" she whined, then her voice cracked as he licked her whole pussy, drinking her essence from hole to apex.

Drowning in her taste, in her scent, he ate her out with vigor, making out with her puckered entrance, slipping his tongue inside her clutching pussy. Koyanskaya trembled as her uterus quaked, tongue swirling inside her pussy as his nose nudged and teased her clit. Wet, lewd smacking sounded as he sucked at her pussy, creating a delicious pressure deep inside her twat.

"Please," she begged, her thighs shaking. *"Master, please~!"*

He gave her entrance one last hearty suck before kissing his way up, sucking on her clit. She howled, her insides clenching as her orgasm built – and then he was towering above her, his chin wet with her arousal, eyes dark with lust, his muscular body taut as his fat, long cock rested across her plump little pussy.

"Put it in," he commanded.

She obeyed.

Her hands fumbled with his cock, lining him up – and then with a swift, brutal thrust, he penetrated her up to the root.

Koyanskaya choked, his cock stretching her out, tapping her cervix as he bottomed out. Her pussy squeezed him, her groan caught in her throat, and then he was fucking her with long, deep shots that drove her insane, her tender insides yielding to his massive length.

“Yes, *fuck me~!*” she begged, clawing at his sides, his powerful body moving above her. She surrendered completely, grunting every time his glans pressed against her womb. “*Right there~! Ahhnn~! Fuck me right there, Master~♡~!*”

His eyes followed the way her large breasts rolled with the impact of his thrusts, her puffy nipples calling to him. Leaning down, he wrapped his lips around one and sucked, Koyanskaya sobbing. The feeling of his hot lips around her sensitive nipple rippled down to her cunt, and it squeezed him every time he sucked on her, his tongue twirling to tease the stiff tip.

He kept a smooth, steady rhythm, his cock gliding inside her tight cunt effortlessly. Her arousal gushed around the snug grip it had on his shaft, squirting over his balls as they slapped against her pert butt.

When he teased her puffy areola with his teeth, she groaned loudly. Flicking the tip of her nipple with his tongue, she squealed. Sucking harder, he popped off her aching peak and switched breasts, bathing it in attention as he flexed inside her. Finding her a-spot, that sensitive, mind bending spot just in front of her cervix, her entire body shook as she cried out.

Koyanskaya struggled to breathe as he fucked her perfectly, tugging on her nipple as he flexed again. Her insides coiled tighter and tighter, getting tugged by his fat crown, the sensations cresting higher and higher. Shifting the angle of his hips, he looped an arm under one of her legs and hiked it up, changing the position of her hips. He tapped *deeper*, Koyanskaya screaming as he pressured her deepest spot.

“Don’t ever disobey me again,” he panted, gritting his teeth as she spasmed around his pistoning length. “You’ll be a good girl from now on. Won’t you, Koyan-chan?”

Her toes spread as the tip of his dick almost breached her cervix, poking the mouth deeply. Her eyes crossed, body thrashing, her voice raw with pleasure.

“*That’s it~♡!*” she gasped brokenly, the pleasure building, a ball of molten liquid heat collapsing under its own weight. “*Right there, Master~! Right theeeeere~♡!*”

Giving her delicious, plump nipple a final nip, he kissed between her two heaving breasts, licking the skin of her sweaty cleavage. Hiking her other leg, he placed them on his shoulders, bending her in half as he pounded her down into the couch. Mounting her completely, he jackhammered down into her upturned pussy, *clap, clap, clap*, setting a punishing, vicious pace as he fucked her furiously.

Her screams of pleasure drowned everything out. Ritsuka groaned as her insides spasmed, pulsing faster and faster, as he pounded on the door to her uterus.

He needed to go deeper.

Koyanskaya squealed as he rutted his hip, grinding her cervix, attempting to pry it open. Eyes rolling, her claws tore at the fabric of the couch as her climax built and built, the pleasure almost too much to handle. Pulling back, his cock nearly left her before he thrust *hard*.

Something gave way, and Ritsuka groaned as his glans passed through a tight ring of flesh, seated in her deepest place. Her womb was pure heat, his hips trembling as he rocked against her desperately, groaning as he felt his balls ache with desire.

He was going to cum.

But not before her.

Koyanskaya saw stars as he penetrated her deeper than ever before, fucking her deeper than she thought possible. There was a pinch of pain, the sensation of her womb being invaded

rushing through her, and then with a shuddering cry of delight, her pussy erupted wildly in orgasm.

Her tight vaginal muscles contracted around him furiously in that age-old instinct to milk as much cum from the balls as possible, crying out for the fire in her womb to be doused by his seed. Over and over, her body thrashed, her feet arching, toes spread, her muscles locking up. Ritsuka continued to hump against her upturned ass, grinding his dick deep in her womb as she unraveled completely around him.

“Maaaaasster~♡~!” she wailed, wave after wave of ecstasy crashing upon the shore of her mind. *“Cum in meee~!”*

Each contraction stole his breath, and Ritsuka couldn't hold on any longer. A guttural, primal groan escaped his lips as his balls tensed, lifting, his cock swelling – and then with a heavy gush, he cum. His cock jerked as it spat massive, fat streaks of his load directly inside her uterus, and if she wasn't a Servant, it would have been a guaranteed impregnation. It felt like his soul was being siphoned out of his balls, muscles taut as his hips jerked with each ejaculation, packing her as deep as possible.

Koyanskaya didn't think she could feel any better but experiencing his hot, thick, silky load being blasted directly into her womb almost sent her over the edge again, her vagina clenching around his ejaculating length as he spent his lust inside her.

He had completely dominated her, just as she'd desired.

Koyanskaya moaned pitifully as he pulled out of her, her cervix aching as it was tugged from within before his fat crown popped out. It sealed up quickly, trapping his heavy load inside her womb, and when he pulled out of her pussy completely, she felt void, empty.

She gazed up at him blearily, his sticky cock twitching as it rested on her thigh, Ritsuka having let her legs down. His boyish face was flushed, his dark hair damp with sweat. His tight, built muscles glistened, and without thinking, she reached for him, stroking his chest.

“*Mmm, that was amazing, Master,*” she cooed, stretching out beneath him. Her core throbbed, having just been beaten into submission by his ridiculous cock, yet it couldn’t be happier. “We learn something new about our bodies each time.”

Ritsuka sighed as he leaned back, removing himself from between her thighs and sitting on the couch normally, his feet against the floor. Koyanskaya followed him, embracing him from the side, her sweaty body sticking to his.

“I don’t like when you do this,” he told her tiredly.

“That’s why I do it,” she said cheekily, kissing his cheek, his ear, his neck. “I so *love* when you are cross with me, Master. Especially when you take it out on me like this.”

“Just remember your promise. Don’t ever do something like that again,” he said seriously, enjoying the way her fangs scraped over his pulse point.

“I won’t,” she said, nuzzling him. Her fox ears tickled his cheek, and her tail curled around the both of them. It felt good against his sensitive, flushed skin. “Though everything else is fair game, yes?”

“Try not to run the staff into the ground,” he said, reaching up to cup her cheek. He stroked it with his thumb, and she shivered before biting it, nipping at the pad before sucking on it, soothing the hurt. “Their jobs are hard enough without you cracking the whip behind them.”

“Mm, but I make everything so efficient, Master. I can’t help it.”

“Just try.”

“No promises.”

That was about as good as he was going to get. At least she wouldn’t be manipulating girls to get into bed with him. That was a line he had clearly drawn in the sand.

“Master,” she said, and when he looked at her, he saw that she was looking downward. Following her gaze, he saw his erection, still full and strong. “I don’t think you’re done with me yet, are you~♡?”

She slid down in front of him, her lips pecking him on the tip. His cock throbbed happily.

“Let me take care of this for you,” she said before swallowing him whole, her soft, wet mouth surrounding him in heat.

Ritsuka didn’t get any sleep that night.