

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

Poll Winner

Themes: Rough Sex, Voyeurism, Fucked Silly

Summary: Part 2 of [No Regrets](#). The constant mana transfers between Shirou and Saber have some massive side effects as Saber gets thicker and thicker while unlocking abilities of her Alternate Selves. Meanwhile, Shirou starts to gain an instinctive understanding of how to actually use his magic as well as the abilities of his Servant Selves. Rin being Rin wants to take advantage of this, but Sakura beats her to the punch. Saber, moved by Sakura's determination, gives them some privacy... but watches from the other room.

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“Sakura... are you sure about this?”

“We’re both adults here, senpai. You don’t have to treat me like I don’t know what I’m getting in for. I want this. I want you. Any... additional benefits are simply icing on the cake, so to speak.”

Shirou still hesitates, right up until Sakura gives him big, doe-like eyes.

“Unless... senpai doesn’t want me back?”

Damn her. Those eyes of hers should be considered weapons grade!

“I’m not saying that... you’ve grown up to be a very beautiful woman, Sakura...”

“Mm. And senpai has grown up to be a very handsome man... with a very healthy libido~”

Before Shirou can say anything in response to that teasing choice of words, Sakura reaches up and pulls down the top of her dress, unveiling her lack of a bra and revealing a pair of large, creamy breasts each capped with a cute pink nipple. The purple-haired young woman smiles shyly as she frames her chest for Shirou to stare at.

“Like them, senpai? I know they aren’t as big as Saber’s by this point... but who knows, maybe after some work, we can make them bigger~”

Shirou’s mouth opens and closes as he stares at the pair of breasts in front of him while at the same time Sakura’s words make him remember an even larger pair of breasts attached to his Servant, the estimable Saber, King of Knights and secretly King Arthur of British Mythos. Or rather, Artoria Pendragon, as her actual name was.

Indeed, the more Shirou and Saber had engaged in ‘mana transfers’ with one another, the more... voluptuous and curvaceous his Servant had gotten. At the same time, she’d also gained more power, unlocking abilities from her other class types and becoming so very, very strong.

Winning the Grail War had honestly been pretty easy. It was what came after that was a little bit more difficult. But they’d made it work. And now here they were... with Sakura finally making a move on him.

Practically skipping forward in a way that’s clearly exaggerated to make her breasts bounce and jiggle so Shirou won’t look away, Sakura makes her way over... and drops to her knees right in front of him. Shirou’s eyes follow her down, watching wordlessly as she begins to work open his pants, biting her lower lip all the while.

“I know you see me as your precious, darling kouhai... but I have needs, senpai. Needs only YOU can satisfy for me. So please... don’t reject me.”

His cock springs forth before Shirou can muster up a response and the state of his erection probably provides an answer all of its own. He’s not fully hard quite

yet, but he's getting there fast and when Sakura sees that he's already half hard or more, her eyes light up in excitement and she practically coos over his cock.

“Already this hard for me, senpai? I did this didn't I? I made you like this.”

Shirou can tell what sort of answer Sakura wants from him so he doesn't bother lying. He just nods, still a little hesitant... but quickly growing more and more aroused under Sakura's efforts. The purple-haired woman smiles brightly at his affirmation and quickly wraps both hands around his cock, stroking it up and down.

Then, just as quickly, she decides she can do better than just her silky smooth palms... and promptly lifts her tits up like she's presenting them to him, only to wrap her breasts around his cock from either side. Shirou groans as the warm pillowy sensation covers his cock... or at least tries to.

“Heh... senpai is a bit too big for me isn't he? Even though I feel like I've got a decent size... but decent doesn't cut it, does it? I really better grow some more once senpai exchanges 'mana' with me~”

Sakura pouts a little at how her breasts can't completely cover his rock hard length, especially as he reaches full mast. However, she seems to take it in good form, smiling still... and leaning forward to begin tonguing the head of his cock as it pushes and protrudes out from her cleavage.

As she said, her breasts aren't as big as Saber's massive knockers. The blonde Servant is sporting some truly impressive milkers at this point, and they fully engulf Shirou's cock whenever she performs a titjob for him like Sakura is trying to do now.

But he's not remotely comparing the two of them. Saber and Sakura... they're incomparable. Two women, each beautiful in their own right, and each meaning the world to him in their own way. It's simply... ridiculous to try to make them measure up to each other.

Instead, Shirou focuses entirely on Sakura... and how good she's making him feel at the moment.

"Sakura..."

Sakura looks up at him, eyes sparkling as she sucks dutifully at his cockhead. After a moment, she pulls off for a beat to give him another bright smile.

"I've fantasized about hearing you say my name in that tone before, Shirou. At long last, my dreams are coming true."

Shirou flushes a little bit at her heartfelt words, feeling some imposter syndrome at the idea that he really meant that much to her. But rather than focus too much on his own feelings of inadequacy, Shirou decides to focus on living up to Sakura's expectations. Which means... giving as good as he gets.

"Sakura... I want to be inside of you. I want to make love to you."

Sakura blinks and it's her turn to flush and even blush at his words. Hiding her face behind her hair for a moment, she lets out a nervous little giggle.

"S-So forward, senpai..."

Her breasts still wrapped around his cock, she hesitates to do anything more for a handful of seconds. Then, she finally nods.

"O-Okay... but first, cum for me? I want to swallow your seed just like Saber does~"

Shirou doesn't need to be told twice, especially when Sakura punctuates her request by returning to sucking his cock. Only, instead of just nursing at his dick tip, she goes all the way, sucking the first few inches of his shaft in and sliding her breasts up and down the rest of his throbbing length.

To complete the move, Sakura even reaches down under and fondles his churning balls... prompting Shirou to toss his head back and let out a groan as

he proceeds to cum a few seconds later. True to her word, Sakura immediately begins to swallow as the first spurts of seed hit the back of her throat. And... she doesn't spill a drop.

Gulp. Gulp. Gulp.

The purple-haired woman's throat convulses as she drinks down Shirou's mana-infused jizz. There's a moment where nothing happens... but then she pulls back off of his cock with a gasp and starts to glow a little bit. Shirou's... magic has its effects on people. Saber mostly so far. But now it seems it also has an effect on Sakura, leaving her eyes fluttering as she quivers on her knees before him.

“O-Oh... that feels... a-amazing~”

When the glow finally subsides, Sakura has... not quite transformed, but certainly changed a little bit. The details aren't as pronounced as Saber was after her first fuck. But then to be fair, Sakura already had the body of a full grown adult woman. Instead, it's more like Sakura has just become all that more mature.

She smiles up at Shirou with lips ever so slightly fuller and breasts ever so slightly larger and clasps her hands together.

“Please... fuck me now, senpai.”

Shirou flushes at such crass language, but after the things they've already done he doesn't see how he would have any standing with which to tell her off. Instead he just nods.

“Yes... to the bed then?”

“Mmhmm~”

Sakura rises to her feet and the two of them finish stripping naked before moving over to the bed. Shirou grabs Sakura before she can climb on and pulls

her in close, hugging and kissing her as she moans into his mouth and melts into his touch.

After that brief makeout session, he lifts her up and drops her onto her back on the bed, before climbing on after her and spreading her legs apart with his body. Sakura gasps, eagerly following along in widening herself for him. She even reaches down between her thighs to use her fingers for splaying her pussy lips in invitation.

Shirou's cockhead, still throbbing and hard, presses against Sakura's slit and her breath hitches in anticipation.

"G-Give it to me Shirou... my first taste of a man... it was always going to be you or nobody. Only ever you. Please... make me a proper woman, senpai~"

Shirou grunts and thrusts forward, claiming Sakura right then and there. She moans beneath him, her voice as heartfelt in moaning as it was in speaking. Truth be told, Sakura has had a hard life. She's had bad experiences that Shirou had feared might make sex... difficult for her.

But apparently so long as it was him, she could forget all about those memories. She could set aside the past and look to the future while embracing the present. So long as it was Shirou, Sakura was happy to be on her back, feeling him buried deep inside of her.

Eyes lidded but focused on his face all the same, Sakura wiggles a little under him.

"Thank you, senpai. Please... don't hold back!"

With that, they begin to fuck. Despite Shirou's words about 'making love', there's no other way to describe it. Oh sure, he tries to start off slow, not wanting to rush her into anything, but Sakura just begs or demands for him to go harder and faster and to 'not let up'. And Shirou has never really been able to say no to her.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The sounds of flesh slapping against flesh and a throbbing cock squelching in and out of a sopping pussy quickly fill the room, with Shirou grunting and groaning while Sakura moans and mewls, crying out underneath him. And he knows... he knows they're both right where they belong.

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As Sakura's moans and Shirou's groans fill the air, an onlooker from the other room smiles widely and wickedly. Saber is pleased to see her Master branching out to other women at long last... after all, the pleasure he visited upon her body every time they had sex deserved to be shared, not hoarded. She was a generous King like that.

She was also a generous King in that she'd ultimately decided not to be directly involved when Shirou and Sakura finally had their first time. It probably wouldn't have been out of the question if she'd pushed for it, admittedly. All she would have had to do was offer to join in and the two young people could have been convinced to have it be a threesome.

It was Saber's choice not to do so in the end. Instead, moved by Sakura's determination and resolve, she'd elected to give them their privacy... while of course watching from the other room.

Keeping her own moans down to as quiet and muffled as she possibly can, mostly by biting down on the cloth of her top which she's pulled up off of her incredibly lewd body, Saber has been watching all along as Shirou and Sakura go at it. Her eyes sparkle with enjoyment and excitement, even as her hands... her hands have a mind of her own.

One rests upon one of the King of Knight's massive mammaries, groping and squeezing the breast while pinching and pulling at the rock hard nipple. The other hand though is the only place it can be, down betwixt Saber's thighs, three fingers driving in and out of her pussy.

It's nothing compared to Shirou's magnificent member of course. His phallus is truly the only thing that Saber wants these days. What had started as mana transfers had evolved into something utterly... depraved. And yet she can't bring herself to mind all that much. She can't bring herself to care.

As Sakura cries out and cums all over Shirou's cock for the umpteenth time and Shirou gets closer and closer to his own release, Saber watches on with a sort of feverish delight. She's so glad to welcome Sakura into the fold~

In the room beyond, Saber watches as Shirou suddenly arches his back and lets out a hoarse groan before filling Sakura with his seed. In response, Sakura cries out and clings to him all the harder, holding him close. Both of them... happy as can be.

Saber quietly reaches her own orgasm, cumming all over her fingers... before stepping away and leaving them to their fun. Sure, she probably could have taken that moment to join in... but slippery slopes and all that. Tonight was theirs. Tomorrow... tomorrow was whatever they wanted it to be~