

Their final day on the island was to be celebrated with a gala to take place in the grand ballroom of the hotel in which they were staying. It was a spacious room with high ornate ceilings adorned with chandeliers and intricate moldings, and a polished hardwood floor fit for dancing. The walls were a soft eggshell white with dark wooden panelling below, decorated with mirrors set within elaborate frames, rich tapestries, luxurious drapes, and even paintings of landscapes the world over, crafted by a master artist.

The staff were still in the midst of setting everything up, velvet chairs and sofas being arranged around the perimeter, and in small alcoves for those that wished for a more intimate, private setting. Tables were being arranged by the south facing wall in a long row, golden table cloths draped over their surface. For food and drink, no doubt. While Servants did not require sustenance, that did not stop them from partaking.

Food was a pleasure, after all. A pleasure that humanity excelled at.

“Fujimaru-sama,” a pretty girl with curly blonde hair greeted, giving a deep curtsy. She was dressed in a maid uniform similar to the one that Barghest had been wearing, and appeared to be of European descent. “I shall be your personal maid for today as Barghest-sama will be busy with her own affairs. I have been asked to help you prepare for tonight.”

“Help me?” he asked, curious about what that entailed.

“You require a suit,” she said at once, pointing out the obvious. “It is my job to ensure that you receive only the best. If you would please come with me, sir?”

He supposed he did need a suit. That wasn't something he had packed, instead focusing on beach wear. Considering he had spent almost every waking hour outside on the beach, in the water or hiking up to a hot spring, then it was the right choice.

“Sure,” he smiled, and she smiled back.

Apparently the hotel had its own tailor, and he was led to a small room where an older man with a bushy mustache was waiting, a measuring tape looped around the back of his neck, and a pencil slotted behind his left ear.

“Ah, another customer,” he greeted, perking up. “Come, come – for the ball tonight, yes? Are you fond of any particular style, sir? What about material? Whatever you desire, we have in abundance. Do not be shy in letting me know.”

Ritsuka had no idea. Suits weren't really his thing, and he didn't even know where to begin. Thankfully, his new maid already had something in mind and handed over a piece of paper. The older man opened it up and read through it, nodding.

“I see, I see! Wonderful choice, sir. Now, if you will come with me over here – yes, yes, over here. And now can you stand on top of his stool for me? Excellent!” the man clapped as Ritsuka followed his instructions.

He was positioned in front of a full length mirror.

“Now then, sir – be patient, and let me work my magic,” the man winked, unlooping the measuring tape from around his neck. “I'll have you decked out in my finest work in no time, you'll see. Stand up straight and look ahead, and keep movement to a minimum.”

“Ah, Master,” a familiar voice called from the entrance, and Ritsuka had to fight the instinct to turn to face them right after being told to keep still. “Preparing for tonight?”

“That’s right,” he replied, and saw Circe’s reflection in the mirror as she moved closer. She was very short and slender, her long pink hair pulled into loose twintails behind her long, elven-like ears.

The Queen of Witches, witch of temptation and depravity.

She was ridiculously cute!

“This nice man is helping prepare a suit,” Ritsuka continued, his eyes meeting hers in the mirror. They were a beautiful blue-green that shimmered like the ocean under the sun. She was carrying something in her arms, and when Ritsuka glanced down, he saw...

“Hehehe,” she giggled, holding out a tiny little piglet that squealed. “He’s cute, right?”

He hoped that was a real piglet and not a person transformed into one.

“He is,” Ritsuka agreed, just to be safe. You could never know how she might react. “Are you here to get fitted for a dress?”

“Not me,” she denied, shaking her head. “I already have one ready. My cute little niece, however – wait, where did she go?”

Circe looked around, confused.

“She was just with me a second ago...?”

“Auntie~!” a high voice called, and there was some type of commotion just outside the door.  
“Auntie~!”

“I’m in here,” Circe yelled back. “And be more respectful!”

Despite being much younger, Medea Lily was a touch taller than her aunt with similarly pointed ears, though a lot shorter than Circe’s own. Her light purple hair was pulled up into a large ponytail, her pale skin the color of moonlight.

Just like her aunt, she was ridiculously cute!

“Oh, Master,” she said happily. “Hello~!”

“Hello Medea,” he answered. “You’re here for a dress?”

She nodded quickly.

“My wife is just in the next room,” the tailor said, pointing to a nearby door. “She is free now, so go right on in.”

“Thank you, mister,” Medea said before prancing over to the door and going through it. Circe smirked, shaking her head.

“That girl,” she hugged her piglet tightly and it squirmed frantically. “I better keep an eye on her. Good to see you, Master.”

The next thirty minutes were spent being measured, beginning with his neck and continuing down across his chest, waist, and shoulders. Everything that was needed for a well fitted jacket.

“Keep your arms relaxed by your side,” the tailor instructed, taking his sleeve length, and then the jacket's overall length by measuring from the base of his neck downwards. The final part was his bicep.

Then it was time for pants. Starting at the hips, he then moved to his thigh and knee, inseam and outseam, and then finished with measuring his feet for a brand new pair of shoes.

Apparently they were included.

They were really going all out. A tailored suit and tailored shoes.

“Excellent, thank you for being so patient,” the tailor said, directing him to step down. “I have all the notes here, so there is nothing else I need you for. It will be completed by the time of the ball, and will be delivered to your room.”

“That’s fast,” Ritsuka commented, impressed.

The man smiled. “Magecraft is wonderful, is it not?”

Ritsuka should have known that magecraft would be involved somehow.

“Fujimaru-sama, you’ve got a scheduled appointment at the spa in ten minutes,” his blonde shadow said as he stepped out of the tailor’s workshop.

“I do?” Ritsuka asked, surprised.

She nodded quickly. “Yes, sir. It will help you relax before tonight. I’ve been instructed to take care of you in all ways.”

He’d never put much thought into who exactly was giving Barghest and now this woman their instructions, assuming it to be Chaldea. They were being very thoughtful, and he would have to thank whoever it was that set everything up as soon as he could.

This entire week had been a great experience.

“Lead the way,” he said before asking, “Oh, and before I forget – may I have your name?”

“My name is Sarah, Fujimaru-sama,” she curtsied.

The hotel had a large swimming pool and a spa, but it also had a more private area where staff could attend to you in a more intimate setting. Shown to a changing room, Ritsuka saw that a pair of swimming trunks were waiting for him, in his exact size.

There was nothing special about them, jet black with a small white stripe up the right leg. Undressing and pulling them on, he was shown to a spa pool that was currently occupied by two familiar faces.

“Master~!” Illya waved her arms happily, her eyes lighting up.

Chloe perked up and turned, spotting him. “Master, have you come to join us?”

He hadn’t expected to see them here, but he nodded anyway.

“I have.”

It was an above ground spa, and so Ritsuka climbed up the steps and slipped into the cool water. It was very refreshing, and he sighed as he sunk down to his chin, sitting in the corner seat.

“I’m so excited for tonight, you’ll have to dance with me, Master. I have the cutest dress ever,” Illya gushed, squirming as she hugged her slender body. “You’ll love it!”

Chloe rolled her eyes. “Master will be busy dancing with me, but perhaps I’ll permit you some time if you’re nice.”

Illya poked out her tongue childishly. “As if! I’ll be the one permitting you time with Master, not the other way around.”

As the two girls bickered, Sarah handed him a small remote and set a tray down on the lip of the spa. There were three drinks in frosted glasses, the yellow liquid darkening into a deep red near the bottom, a slice of orange sitting on the rim. Next to the glasses were toasted club sandwiches with the crust removed and cut in half.

Ritsuka eyed the drinks warily.

“Those aren’t alcoholic, are they?” he asked. “I’m too young to drink.”

Sarah smiled. “Non-alcoholic cocktails, Fujimaru-sama. I believe they are called a Sunset Glory.”

“Right. Thank you, Sarah.”

She bowed and left them alone.

The remote wasn’t for the television that was hanging on the wall nearby but for the spa. There were a bunch of different options to control the bubble jets, how strong they were and how they pulsed, temperature control, and vibration options for the seats.

The water began splashing as Illya and Chloe started tussling, the pair wrestling for dominance.

“Ack, don’t touch me there,” Illya squawked, Chloe’s hand on her butt.

“Where do you think *you’re* touching!” she roared in return, Illya’s hand on Chloe’s small chest, gripping her swimsuit tightly. She dunked Illya’s head under the water.

“Wharrgarbl,” Illya thrashed as she fought against Chloe’s hold, surfacing with a gasp before turning the tables, tripping the darker skinned Servant and forcing her under.

In an attempt at trying to break them apart, Ritsuka activated the bubble jets. The water began churning as pressurized air was pumped into the spa, and he felt the pressure along his back and the underside of his legs. Chloe surfaced with a cough, spitting out water, and the two young girls blinked.

“A spa is for relaxing,” he lectured, grinning at their sheepish expressions. “Here, Sarah brought us some drinks and food.”

“Who’s Sarah?” Illya asked, floating over to take her drink. She sipped at it through her straw as Chloe grabbed her own, and perked up. “It’s so yummy!”

Chloe took a sip, making a sound of approval. “It tastes like pineapple.”

She was right. When Ritsuka sampled his own, the first thing he tasted was the strong flavor of pineapple before it was followed by something floral. While sweet, it wasn’t overpowering in any way, and the citrus from the orange, lemon and lime tied everything together nicely. It was a very refreshing drink and perfect for a hot summer day.

The sandwiches were simple, the white bread lightly crisped and filled with grilled chicken, lettuce, tomato, onion, melted cheese and mayonnaise. He hadn’t realized how hungry he was until he started eating, and ended up devouring three sandwiches before he knew it.

“Make the bubbles go faster, Master,” Illya asked.

Adjusting the settings, the water was churned more powerfully. She hummed as she leaned back in the corner across from him, face filled with bliss.

“This feels *sooooo good*,” she moaned.

Chloe narrowed her eyes. “You aren’t sitting on one of the jets, are you?”

Illya blinked. “Isn’t that what you’re supposed to do?”

Chloe leaned in and whispered something in her ear, something that made her alabaster skin flush brightly.

“I’m not doing that!” she scolded, red eyes glaring. “Echi! Hentai! Gigantic pervert!”

“Then don’t make sounds like that,” Chloe grumbled, annoyed at being called a perv.

He thought about adjusting the temperature but decided against it, liking it cool rather than warm, but tried the vibration feature. It felt like dozens of fingers were kneading his back as the soft material of the seat wriggled up and down his spine.

It was like a smaller version of a massage chair.

“Ooooh,” Illya sighed, head rolling back. “We need one of these at Headquarters.”

Ritsuka wouldn't be opposed to that. Not at all.

Another round of drinks arrived as soon as they finished their first ones, and Ritsuka found himself dozing lightly as his body relaxed, Illya and Chloe's antics the perfect background noise to allow him to drift off.

He stayed in the spa until his finger tips began to wrinkle.

“How do you feel, Fujimaru-sama?” Sarah asked, offering him a towel.

“I feel good,” he said. “Really good. Thank you, Sarah.”

“I am glad,” she bowed. “Once you are dry, allow me to escort you back to your room. You've been scheduled a massage.”

They were really looking after him today.

“Bye Master~!” Illya waved as he left, Chloe copying her. Ritsuka waved.

“I'll see you both later,” he said. “Don't forget that you both owe me dances.”

Sarah collected his clothes, and then proceeded to escort him up to the penthouse suite. When they arrived, a massage table had already been set up in the middle of the lounge area. Beside the table was a small trolley that contained various different bottles, and different items to aid a masseuse in their work. There were massage balls and rollers, massage stones that could be heated to help relax muscles and improve circulation, a percussion massager gun to target deeper strains, oils and lotions for the skin, and some type of glass tool that looked like a tripod with three rounded 'legs'.

"Fujimaru-sama, if you would undress and hop on the table, and cover yourself with this towel," Sarah instructed, handing him a fresh towel after taking his clothes into the bedroom.

He hesitated. "Undress?"

"This is a full body massage," Sarah confirmed. "I shall step out while you get ready. There are a pair of underwear on the trolley, behind the bottles of lotion. Please let me know when you are covered by ringing this bell," it was the same bell that Barghest had left him, and Sarah placed it on the trolley next to the bed.

"Oh, right," he said as he watched her leave.

When he was alone, he removed his swimming trunks and placed the wet shorts in the hamper provided before climbing up onto the table after pulling on the fresh pair of underwear. He wasn't sure if they wanted him to face up or down, so he lay on his back and covered his groin with the towel.

He gave the bell a ring and Sarah returned.

“Would you like me to light some incense?” she asked, and he nodded.

He focused on the ceiling as she flitted about the room, and soon the air was filled with a gentle scent of vanilla and something woody. Ritsuka inhaled deeply, taking it into his lungs and holding it before exhaling slowly.

It was a very pleasant scent. It instantly put him at ease.

“If you are ready, Fujimaru-sama, then I will begin.”

“Sarah, you are a masseuse?”

“I am, Fujimaru-sama. You will find that I have a wide array of skills.”

He nodded, impressed. “I am ready when you are, Sarah.”

He kept his eyes closed as she moved around the table and he heard her uncap one of the bottles. After a brief moment of silence, he felt her small hands begin to lather oil onto his skin, starting on his feet and legs, and then moving her way up. Though her hands were small, her skin smooth and warm, her fingers were strong. Spreading the oil across his stomach and chest, she worked his shoulders before traveling down his arms and finishing with his hands.

It was very soothing, having someone touch your body in this way. Once his skin was sufficiently oiled, Sarah began in earnest. This time, she began with his arms, lightly massaging his forearms and then higher, working her way up to his shoulders. He fought the instinct to squirm as she moved onto his sides, a little ticklish around his ribs.

When she got to his thighs, her hands became firmer, digging in harder. The oil made him feel warm, and the incense filled him up from within, his muscles relaxing completely as she continued her work. He couldn't help but groan when she started on his feet, digging her thumbs into the soles and really working deep, almost on the verge of being painful but never crossing that boundary.

Ritsuka felt... loose. In a way he hadn't in a very long time.

When she finished with his feet, she said, "Fujimaru-sama, can you turn onto your stomach for me, please."

He shuffled around until he was laying face down, his face positioned in the hole so he wasn't smothered. Sarah once again began spreading oil on his skin, across his back and the backs of his thighs and calves.

"Are you feeling alright, Fujimaru-sama?"

He nodded. "Yes. This feels very good, Sarah."

"I'm glad," she replied. "I'll now start with your legs, and make my way up."

So that is exactly what she did. Running her thumbs up the middle of his calves, she rubbed in circles, easing the muscle before attacking his thighs. He felt a little tight here, and it was accompanied by a flare of pain as she found a few knots.

“You have a very stressful job, Fujimaru-sama. It is unsurprising that your body is in need of maintenance. I will ensure that you return to tip top shape.”

“I appreciate it, Sarah,” he said truthfully. “Thank you.”

She worked the knots, one at a time until he felt the tension release in a rush of pleasure. It felt good, there was no denying that. Once she was done there, she started on his back, using her weight to really dig in, carefully making her way up to his shoulders.

As her hands kneaded his muscles, he felt himself drifting again like in the spa. Perhaps it wasn't just the massage but the incense, but his eyelids drooped as she cupped the tops of his shoulders and massaged his trapezius muscle, and the back of his neck.

She began using some of the tools, the massage balls and the glass tripod. While he wasn't quite asleep, he may as well have been, his breathing evening out.

“You may turn over again, Fujimaru-sama,” she whispered in his ear.

He obeyed without question.

She ran the glass tool over his chest and down his stomach. Sighing, he almost drifted off completely when she cupped his crotch directly.

Ritsuka stiffened, suddenly wide awake. His eyes shot open, and he saw Sarah's expression, her cheeks burning as her eyes glittered with a hint of desire.

“Sarah, what are you doing?”

“I’ve been *instructed* to take care of Fujimaru-sama in all ways,” she said, though there was a slight waver to her voice. “May I continue?”

He seized her wrist and removed her hand, sitting up. She stepped back quickly but he didn’t let her go, meeting her eyes and holding them. She looked away first, ashamed.

Though the desire had been real, this wasn’t her idea. Ritsuka could tell instantly.

“Who put you up to this?”

Somehow, he already knew the answer.

Sarah didn’t look like she wanted to say it but one look into his eyes, and she caved.

“Koyanskaya-sama said I should,” she admitted. “She said... you were expecting it, as your personal exclusive right hand maid.”

Right.

Now everything was starting to make sense.

“Thank you for the massage,” he said kindly, not angry with her. “But I think I’d like to be alone.”

“Fujimaru-sama,” she bowed suddenly, hair touching the floor. She couldn’t bow any lower. “I apologize if I’ve upset you.”

“You haven’t upset me,” he assured her. No, someone else had upset him. “I would just like to be alone for now.”

Sarah straightened up and saw his smile, hesitated before nodding, leaving the room. He waited until the door was shut before sighing, pinching the bridge of his nose.

Koyanskaya of Light.

That cheeky girl.

She was in need of correction.

Barghest being assigned as his maid, that was her. He’d already seen Koyanskaya begin to influence the workers on the beach, so it wasn’t difficult to imagine that she was influencing the hotel staff in a similar manner. It wouldn’t surprise Ritsuka at all if she somehow already owned the place, purchasing it off Chaldea.

She was a savvy business woman, after all – and was not above doing whatever it took.

Why she had sent Sarah to... *please* him was another thing.

She was purposefully testing his patience.

She *wanted* him to react.

Normally, he wouldn't rise to the bait. Though she was uniquely qualified at getting under his skin, more often than not, he was able to brush it off.

But not this time.

The staff at the hotel were all part of Chaldea in some form or another and were not completely clueless, but using one of them in her games with him? That didn't sit right with him.

That didn't sit right with him at all.

A part of him wanted to search for her, right then and now – but he stopped himself. If Koyanskaya didn't want to be found, she wouldn't be. But he knew where she would be tonight. It was where everyone else was going to be.

The ballroom.

It was all probably a part of her plan but he didn't care. Irritated, he took a shower to cool off. Washing the oils from his body, he remained beneath the spray for nearly half an hour before stepping out. When he entered the bedroom, he saw that his tailored suit had already arrived, and the massage equipment had been removed from the lounge area.

The gathering was beginning at six, and a quick glance at the clock showed that it was less than an hour away already. His time spent at the spa and getting a massage had taken up the chunk of his afternoon, so Ritsuka began getting dressed.

It was a black three piece suit with a white shirt and dark blue tie, the shoes polished black leather. Slipping into the trousers, he buttoned and tucked his shirt in before pulling on the waistcoat. Pulling on some dark blue socks and his shoes, he checked himself in the mirror.

It was very sharp. The tailor had done a magnificent job.

Of course, this was another of Koyanskaya's little plans. This entire ball was probably her idea, as well.

He sighed again.

That girl...

He adjusted his hair and made sure it was as neat as he could possibly get it, applying some cologne that smelt of woody, earthy tones before pulling on his jacket.

He was ready.

Not a moment too soon as someone knocked on his door.

He wasn't sure who he was expecting when he opened it but it was only Mash, his eyes widening as he took her in.

She was dressed in a beautiful lilac gown that matched her hair, the thin straps revealing plains of unblemished, smooth pale skin across her shoulders and collar. It conformed to her body, some type of silky material, hugging her impressive bust and tapering in, highlighting her narrow waist before embracing the curve of her hips and butt. There was a high slit on the left side, and it was slightly shorter on that side than the right, the asymmetrical design only helping to draw the eye. She wore a pair of matching lilac heels, and from her ears hung a pair of golden earrings.

She was breathtaking.

Mash flushed cutely as he stared at her, squirming. "Senpai?"

Ritsuka smiled. "That dress suits you, Mash."

Her red cheeks darkened. "That suit looks very fetching on you, Senpai."

Mash was such a good girl.

"Have you come to fetch me?"

She nodded. "I thought we could go together, if you don't already have plans?"

“I don’t,” he offered an arm, and she slipped her hands into the crook as he shut the door behind him. “Let’s go.”

When the elevator doors opened in the lobby, Ritsuka saw an ocean of expensive suits and beautiful gowns, a rainbow of different colors. Stepping out with Mash, he was immediately accosted by a familiar face.

“Master,” she said teasingly, her lovely black hair falling about her shoulders in gentle waves. “Have you been enjoying yourself this week?”

It was the Mona Lisa come to life, a woman with a perfect body and the beauty of a goddess. Crystal blue eyes peered at him, holding a hint of mischief while her face was calm, inscrutable. Wearing a gorgeous strapless red gown that cinched tight at the waist before flaring out in a number of pleated ruffles, the dress parting down the middle to reveal a sheer blue fabric.

Leonardo da Vinci – once a man, and still one, technically. Though now she was one of the most beautiful women in the world, having taken on his version of ideal beauty.

“da Vinci,” Ritsuka greeted warmly. “I haven’t seen you.”

“I only just arrived,” she confessed. “When I heard there was going to be a ball, I couldn’t miss it.”

“So this wasn’t planned from the start?”

She shook her head.

“Nope~! A certain foxy Servant put this all together,” her lips subtly lifted in perhaps the most famous smile in the world. “She’s been a little devil, hasn’t she?”

“You have no idea.”

They followed the crowd as everyone began moving, walking through a hallway off the main lobby and towards a part of large doors. They were open, and as they stepped into the ballroom itself, Ritsuka saw that preparations had been complete. A small stage had been erected and on the stage was a small ensemble.

A bright, vibrant song filled the air led by the violinists, instantly setting the tone for this evening. It was joined by the gentle, lighter notes from the piano, the pianists fingers dancing across the keys beautifully.

Everyone was here.

Medusa in the corner, decked out in a magnificent purple dress that emphasized her tall, voluptuous figure, joined by her sisters, Euryale and Stheno. They were dressed in pure white gowns, their hair flowing free like their taller sister, pooling around their feet. Seeing the three of them together was almost blinding, their radiant beauty like the sun.

By the table stacked with food was Artoria Saber, her white and blue gown fitting for her more slender body, highlighting her narrow waist and giving her a regal air. Surrounding her were the Knights of the Round Table; Percival in a white suit, Tristan in blood red, Gawain in a soft gold, Bedivere in dark cyan, and Lancelot in purple.

Even Mordred was there, in a dress remarkably similar to Artoria's – though colored in red and black as opposed to white and blue.

They were all trying to give her food, attempting to outdo the other. Even the King's son, though perhaps for different reasons than the rest of them. While they were all attempting to please their liege lord, Mordred was taking great delight at the annoyance on Saber's face, her eye ticking as another dish was thrust beneath her nose.

Though annoyed, she sampled it anyway because – well, it was food. Good food.

Saber and good food was a winning combination. Always.

Ritsuka's eyes carried over countless different Servants. From EMIYA in his black suit lurking at the side of the room, arms crossed, to the always spirited Illya in her doll-like white dress and Chloe in a matching doll-like black. There were toasts going on, champagne glasses clinking together before they were upended in eager mouths. Nitocris in particular was very enthusiastic, dressed in a silken garb that showed much of her lush brown skin.

"Master~!" Illya had spotted him, and Chloe soon after.

His search for Koyanskaya would have to wait.

He owed them both a dance.